

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

PLAITED skirts will be a decided feature in late winter and spring models. The yoke effect will be used to give a snug fit about the hips.



So much has been said recently about the revival of the plaited form of skirt that its inclusion in the demi-season modes does not cause much astonishment. It is here in its original guise and in various adaptations of the same. But where it once was cut in straight breadths and kitted from waist to ankle, it is now shaped in gores and the bell outline is accentuated. By way of maintaining the slim hip effect, the yoke feature is incorporated in the kitted models. Women who are anxious to plan an early wardrobe, may be fairly certain of the plaited skirt with smooth fitting top section.

A model that is not too radical in its style, pronounced as illustrated in the sketch. It will be noted that the skirt introduces flat panels down the sides, alternating with the plaited sections at the front and the back. This permits ease and grace for pedal movements and besides it is well within the fashion regulations of the moment. The hem is cut unevenly to give a creneleated suggestion which is featured in several of the new models. Satin hats are replacing those of velvet. The shapes have not been greatly altered and the trimmings remain simple. The one in the picture is of black satin, ornamented with a pom-pom of black marline.

Little Mary's Essay (New Year's Resolutions and Broken Vows)

By DOROTHY DIX.

New Year's is the time when folks turn over a new page, and goodness knows they ought to. Also at New Year's everybody makes good resolutions to give up doing all the things they like to do, and they go about for three or four days so pure, and self-righteous, and virtuous that nobody likes to associate with them. They go back to doing the same old way and are nice and comfortable again.



Every New Year's my papa makes a New Year's resolution that he will cut out smoking for that year, and he is as cross as a sore-headed bear, and when he comes home he slams the door, and kicks the cat, and gouches about the dinner, and jumps on us for everything we do until my mamma says: "Here's that box of cigars your brother Jim gave you. I hid them away because I knew you'd want them, and for goodness sake, smoke up and let us have peace in the family." And my Uncle Jim always swears off drinking, and when he comes to see us, and my papa says, will you have anything, he says: "No, can't I've passed up the drink for good and all. Bill, and not a drop shall ever pass my lips again." And then he sits around and says that the country is going to be beset, and business is rotten, and people are rotten, and everything is rotten, and he's just about as cheerful to have around as a funeral, and my papa says: "Cheer up, Jim, and take a little for your stomach's sake," and Uncle Jim says he believes he will just this once, but that he's taking a drink because he isn't feeling well, not because he can't keep a New Year's resolution. And my mamma makes a New Year's resolution that she won't gossip any more, and she sits up so silent that everybody says: "Are you mad about anything? And what makes you so dull and stupid?" And then somebody comes around and tells her a real nice interesting scandal about some of her friends. Oh, how nice a father, would be if he would only keep that resolution.

Third, I am going to resolve that the cook shall keep the cooile jar on the lower shelf of the pantry where I can get to it easily. Fourth, I am going to resolve that the cat won't lick all the jam off of her whiskers, so that it will be there when my mamma asks me who has been in the jam, and I say I spent it must be the cat. Fifth, I am going to resolve that all of my aunts and uncles will quit saying, "My, how she has grown," every time they see me, and won't all tell me how much I look like somebody in the family that they hate. Sixth, I am going to resolve that all my good-kind teachers will fall down the steps and break their necks, so I won't have to go to school any more, but can stay home and play with my dolls and my new sled. Oh, how much better and brighter this world would be if we all kept our New Year's resolutions.

Power of Mind Over Matter

Remarkable Case of Woman Afflicted for Twenty Years Who Refused to Let Trouble Overcome Her Spirit and Faith—Now Encouraging and Helping Hundreds.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

(Copyright, 1914, Star Company.) You were, perhaps, made unhappy today by a touch of neuritis, by a sensitive tooth, by a lame knee or by the inability to purchase a fashionable costume or a seat at the opera. If you were writing to an intimate and sympathetic friend you would probably express yourself in terms of discouragement or dissatisfaction. Well, now what would you do if for twenty years you had spent the greater portion of the time flat on your back in bed, paralyzed?



Then, if you had been enabled for two or three years at a time to sit up, sometimes even to stand, and to take a few steps, but always suffering with what is called a hopeless spinal malady, often with the wolf howling at the door? I know such a woman. During the last year she has been able to sit up, and it seemed good in the eyes of Providence to afflict the wage earner, this woman's husband, with a malignant malady which was said to be fatal, but this woman wonders has never believed it was fatal. She has believed so positively that he would get better that he is actually improving. Now she writes: "I am still watching the sick man make extraordinary efforts for health. I am doing just the same for him as I do for myself. God is the healer. Don't you be surprised if I alternate with physical handiwork and come to the front every bit whole. I am not giving myself over to this isolation; I am effervescing; I want to get out and be busy, and I am thinking of going into the printing line. I have got ideas of my own concerning stuff the

public wants. I will let you know as my plans evolve. Just now the strain is hard, but I am not afraid. I am capable of being and doing, as here goes. I am anxious to give sunny talks to people; I have a lot of ideas which I think would do the world good."

The name of this woman is Mattie Gammon, and she calls her house "The Sunny Shack," and she lives in Riverside, R. I. It is well for you who are feeling blue and complaining of the ill-usage which life has given you to know about such a character as that and to feel a bit ashamed of yourself.

It is well to come in mental touch with people who have learned the great art of patience; people who have cultivated hope in the darkest hours, and faith in Divine Love through overwhelming troubles and disasters.

Mrs. Gammon was told three years ago, while she was only able to sit a few hours in a chair, that she had a complication of heart troubles that made it absolutely imperative for her to keep very quiet and not exert herself.

But she had been "quiet" for so long, and she had been so very eager to see New York City once more, that she resolved she must go to New York. She is a living proof of what a mighty determination and an unquenchable desire can do.

Paralyzed, alarmingly ill, unable to walk, poor, and without influential friends, she yet drew to her, by her concentrated thought on the subject near her heart, a friend who asked her to come to New York and spend some months with her.

She went; and the visit improved her condition to some extent, and her association proved of peculiar value to the friend she visited. Then came her husband's illness, and she went home to demonstrate again the wonderful law of mind over matter. And now she is writing hopeful and stimulating letters about the future, while thousands of people possessed of wealth and health and youth and friends are writing despondent epistles to their acquaintances!

Such a woman is worth knowing, and her letters are "human documents."

They're Still Buying and Selling Men

By ADA PATTERSON.

"I have lost my taste for base ball," the woman spoke with clearness and decision. "Re-arrange," grunted the man with the unimpeachable air of a man who is buried in the sporting page. "I have," she repeated.



"Wasn't it now?" "I don't like the vocabulary of the base ball field." "Maybe a little underdone." "Overdone, I should say. But I don't mind its elegance. I can understand that in stress men may barge each other to slide and may call each other names that don't look pretty. But when you read in a headline spread clear across a page, "Colonel Brown has Bought the Gray Stock Team" you are shocked. Unless you're delicate you are blunted by too much reading of sports. When I read "Harry Brandt Has Been Bought by Jim Griggs" I felt faint. It made me think of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"But that's just what happened to him." "Do you mean that the splendid looking chap sold his muscles and his brain to anyone on earth?" "He certainly did." "What rights has Colonel Thingamall over his new property?" "Well, there are certain restrictions. If a player—

"Can he tell him whether he may call on a girl this evening?" "If he's in training, part of the—"

"Don't try to explain. Just answer 'Yes' or 'No.' That's what the lawyer said when I was testifying in my jewel robbery case. It's a good rule."

"Well, whachawanda know?" "Suppose Harry Brandt is in love. Suppose, as generally happens, you know, that he is jealous; suppose matters are at a critical point. There's a note or never-time in a courtship. You remember that, my dear?"

"What's up bringing all that up? I beat him to it, didn't I?" "You did. But suppose somebody, with a lot of money had bought you and you couldn't have called before he did that evening? Put Harry Brandt in your place, my dear."

"M-m. When a man's training he's no business to be in love." "As though Cupid ever chose a convenient time. He's as you would read on the sporting page a horn butter-in."

"I-huh." "Suppose Harry Brandt had to decide between the game and the girl? How do you suppose he would decide?"

"He wouldn't decide. His owner would decide that for him. There's only one thing when you're training and that's the game."

"There you go. His owner. How often must I tell you that nobody really owns anybody. The game is inhuman. It only confirms my state of mind. I certainly have lost my taste for base ball."

"In any game you've got to conform to the rules." "But there is a gracious way to do everything."

"Uh, huh! What would you suggest?" "The man signed and laid down his paper. 'I would vanish that word "buy" from every transaction in human beings.'

How about buying at Monday morning bargain rushes? Aren't those rushes transactions between human beings? I

Are You Your Own Boss?

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

The question has no bearing on labor conditions, or the manner in which one earns his daily bread. No one, strictly speaking, is his own boss under conditions of labor. The one who works for others must take orders from them; the one who has his own business must take orders from the public or his business falls.

The question is asked concerning your friends. Do you walk home a certain way every night because you choose that street, or because a dominating friend chooses it for you? Do you spend your evenings in the manner that benefits and pleases you most, or do you spend them at the mercy of the dictation of others? Do you stay in and read when you long to read, or do you put down your book with a sigh and partake of some amusement or occupation for which you have little heart, because a friend insists?

Do you resolve to buy an inexpensive lunch at some cheap little restaurant, and spend more at a more ornately furnished place because a friend insists that you go there? Does any friend slip an arm in yours and say, "Let's," and with the word do all your resolutions to do the contrary vanish in thin air? Are you like a feather which one blows this way, and another blows that way?

If you are, you are not your own boss, and so long as you remain so weak willed you will never make a resolution that will live past the first corner.

Five millions of girls and boys and people older grown, never have time to do that which is for their own good because of the encroachments of their friends. The might-have-beens receive hundreds of recruits every day through the waste of time made in the name of friendship, and those who count their friends by the score pay a tax so dear that days, weeks, months, opportunity and life itself are counted in the cost of it.

It is as if ambition said to one, "I will walk with you all the way," and is pushed-off the sidewalk in the next block by time-an-effort-monopolizing friends. One sets out to accomplish certain results, and before the work is fairly begun these same friends, who, either caring for work, or knowing its necessity, are looking for some one with whom to play. Like playful puppies, they cannot play alone, and the comparison does not end here, for the puppies are also incapable of clear, unselfish consideration or thought.

It is not good to be too much alone, and it is less good to never be alone. One should have solitude, and one should learn to love it, and regard it as the most helpful and sympathetic of friends.

You have a certain task set before you; every one has; that is why we are here. You will never complete your work, and the little you do will be poorly done, if you permit one friend to pull you this way and another that way, till you become like a puppet in a show, with no thought, or will or purpose of your own. Be your own boss. Have a will of your own. Make your own decisions and know a good reason why, and abide by them.

supposes the woman who crowds you isn't human. She's a friend."

"Don't be flippant. If those headlines were 'Colonel Brown Has Invested in Gray Stock' it would be more dignified. And Harry Brandt to Be Managed by Jim Griggs,' would not be misleading. Base ball has enough horrors. For pity's sake don't conjure one of the slave

"A Hint to the Wise" * By Nell Brinkley

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Do you think any chap around New Year's time, who sees a dear of a girl standing under the dark-green and snow-white berries of the

mistletoe—needs that hint at all, at all—if he thinks he could venture a kiss without it? NELL BRINKLEY.

Advice to Lovelorn * By Beatrice Fairfax

By Beatrice Fairfax

Question of Precedence. Dear Miss Fairfax: On going in and out of a theater with a young lady who should go first, the young lady of young gentlemen? Is it proper to give a young lady friend a small Christmas present?

Always allow the lady to precede you in passing through the door, either going in or out; this leaves you in a position to protect her, should she need it. The propriety of giving a gift depends on how well you know the girl, and your footing with her. This you can determine for yourself.

Artistic Temperament. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a school teacher, 24 years old, and I know and admire a young man of about 22 years. He is very kind of me, and I of him, but he has an artistic temperament. I fear that if we were to marry, his artistic temperament would cause him to ignore me at times, and I might be unhappy. Do you think the difference in our ages insuperable? Would you advise me (not having the "temperament" myself) to marry one so artistically inclined?

Do you think a boy of 21 years capable of selecting a life partner? Except in rare cases, I doubt the advisability of marriage for a man so young, and I think a girl of 24 years is really a woman, and so a bit old for a boy of 21 years. However, this is a generalization, and cannot be made to suit every case. "Artistic temperament" is an elastic term, and may be used to cover a nature that

occasionally seeks inspiration in solitude. Also it may be used to gloss over a selfish nature. The difference in your ages is not insuperable by any means—nor is the difference in temperament a real barrier. Since you are a girl of education, I advise you to bring your best judgment to bear on your situation, and after you have used your head to solve your problem follow the dictates of your heart a bit, too. Your ordered nature and didactic habit may be just the force needed to balance his more erratic habits.

How to Become Acquainted. Dear Miss Fairfax: Would you kindly advise me how to become acquainted with a few girls? I go to business and at night when I should be enjoying the air I remain at home, simply because I haven't any friends with whom I can go out. I am too young to bother with boys, and do not care to belong to any clubs.

Why not try to make friends with the girls who work in your business office? Do you not belong to a church? If you do, you ought to have no trouble in meeting other girls who attend the same place of worship.

He Should Come to Your Home. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 23 and am keeping company with a young man who wears my senior. He wants me to call at his place of business, from which we go out together. His opinion is that he does not want to see my parents. They

never interfered in our affairs or said anything out of the way to him. He is at present drawing \$15 per week, and claims that it is not enough to live on when married. Is it proper for me to go and see him? Do you think him in earnest, or a sovery time I speak to him he tells me I am the only one for him and not to mind his dealings with my parents?

If this man truly loves you, some of his tenderness of feeling must extend to the parents you love. Instill pleasantly, but sincerely on his coming to your home and being amiable to your mother and father.

The Demonstrative Girl. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a man, 23 years old, and in love with a girl 20 years of age.

When I am at her home or we are out together she always insists upon my showing my affection for her, whether others are around or not. I am often embarrassed because of this for it is my belief that carriages should be kept for private demonstrations only.

I have on a few occasions tried to admonish her for this, but she always gets angry and says that if I loved her I would not care if the whole world were looking on. Don't you think I am right on this question? I. D. T. You were quite right in your feeling that love and affection are sacred things. The girl you care for is fortunate in having a lover who is so high-minded and considerate. Stick to your principles and try to make her take a more dignified attitude towards your mutual affection.