

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Picturesque Heralds of Spring

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Bright red roses, which defy the sun, outline the top of the high crown of a fine Milan straw in the hat above. The brim on the left side curls up to show the hair. The trotteur hat for spring, shown below, is an ambitious affair, as is demonstrated by this bright red Tagal straw pierced by equally bright quills.

The grace of the old-time favorite—the leghorn—is shown in the upper picture, is emphasized by the arrangement of the black velvet ribbon. The charm of the garden-party hat of long ago has been revived in this sand-colored Milan straw, faced in black velvet, and wreathed in large poppies, hand-tinted in soft pastel shades.

## Environment a Key to Beauty

So Says Frances Starr, Who Urges Girls to Try Character Building

By FRANCES STARR.

The scientists today are telling us that environment is more important for physical and mental development than is even heredity. I believe in it more than I do anything else, and I am sure that in a great many instances we can create our own environment.

Girls of today are longing to be beautiful. All over the world we have beauty doctors, advice to the beauty seekers and all manner of things on the same subject that are frequently of no good whatever. If every girl seeking beauty had a happy environment there would be no more trouble of any kind, and if one is not born in a happy environment then the thing to do is to create one.

Suppose, to take a concrete example, a girl is surrounded with things that do not please her. Suppose her home life is not happy, that she is living in an atmosphere of a nagging quality. First, she becomes fretful and morbid, emerging from her fits of introspection only until she is plucked once more in the environment she dislikes. Gradually her entire nature is changed, she becomes hard to please, cantankerous.

Do you think she will keep any lasting beauty during a process of undermining of this kind? Not at all. The thing to do then is this: Have a spot in your home that you can freely call your own and make an atmosphere for this room. Learn not to hear the things going on about you. Envelop yourself in a personality so heavy that it is impossible for people to please it unless it is agreeable to you. Oh, yes, it can be done, although it sounds rather hard just at first.

Have something in your room that no other room in the house can boast of, whether it be your favorite picture or a blot of fascinating color in the shape of a potted flower. You will long to get home just to be in your own room; you will begin soon to recognize the things that you like, to differentiate them from the things you are not fond of. That means that you are building up a personality which will make for your entire environment later on.

As you proceed with this character building you will find it extending to everything you do. It is far-reaching in its influence and is capable of being stretched and stretched until you get the greatest benefit from it. An act of volition becomes a habit, sometimes in so short a time as a week. Try to have your days made up of good habits so that your personality as it develops makes for a strong environment. The things you do for yourself are just as important in your life as the things that people do for you. Try to remember that every visible effort that you make comes back to you a thousand fold in the environment that you are creating. What you inherit from another is something you cannot help beyond fighting to conquer it if it be something undesirable. But what you make out of life is your own to do with as you will.

Make your body that an outer reflection of the mind within. Life is well worth the effort.



Frances Starr in a Characteristic Pose

## The Father and His Boy

By MRS. FRANK LEARNED.

Comradeship and true friendship should exist between a father and his boy. Unless a child grows into boyhood with the feeling that his father is his friend as well as his guardian and protector there will be a loss of confidence. More than that, there will be danger for the son. A father's enduring power is in the love that exists between his boy and himself and the respect that his boy has for him. The less a boy fears his

father, the more he finds in him a comrade and companion in everything, the greater will be his respect, provided always that the father knows how to maintain that respect.

Naturally, a boy believes in his father, and that he is a little wiser, a little better than others. He likes to quote his father to other boys and to say: "My father says so, and it must be true!" His father is to him almost an ideal of manhood.

Although the boy looks to him for guidance and depends on his wisdom, it is a mistake for a parent to assume the attitude of being an infallible person. Let him be honest with himself and not assume artificial dignity, and never pretend to possess characteristics which are not his own. He may feel that the trust and confidence which his boy gives him should be an incentive to the noblest efforts in example and advice, the most determined efforts to win characteristics which are worthy, and to correct himself faults which he would not like to see reproduced in his son.

Boys are quick to detect inconsistency. Nothing creates distrust and lack of respect more than inconsistent conduct. The father who has moods, sometimes scolding, even punishing, sometimes indulging a boy beyond all common sense, cannot expect to lead his boy to a reasonable, happy boyhood. Scolding never does any good. It is an irritation, an annoyance. Bodily punishment is absolutely wrong. It is lowering to a man's own nature to inflict corporal punishment on his child; it makes him ashamed, or it hardens his conscience. As for the boy, he goes his way with anger, resentment or hatred in his heart. Corporal punishment is barbarous, and in the resources of the savage and not the wisdom of the reasoning, loving father.

Helpful and constant companionship and honest counsel from his father ought to keep a boy out of trouble, and prove far better than any sort of punishment for getting into it. If a boy has done wrong, he should be met with patience, kindness, but firmness. It takes time to talk things over, to reason with a boy, to persuade him to see the right. It is only by patient, intelligent affection that a father can develop in his boy the strong, fine, hardy qualities of manliness. To understand his boy he must study him. The study is well worth while.

"Who would be a comrade with his children must first be just with them," said a sensible father. Truly, he must treat them as individuals, respecting their rights, seeing things from their standpoint. They have the right to be understood.

Imprisoned Laughter. "They say that champagne contains the imprisoned laughter of the peasant girls who bottled it." "Now I know where we get the expression. Let's have a smile." — Boston Transcript.

Read It Here—See It at the Movies

## Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

By special arrangement for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the installments of "Runaway June" may now be seen at the leading moving picture theaters. By arrangement made with the Mutual Film Company it is now possible to read "Runaway June" each day, but also afterward to see moving pictures illustrating our story.

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FIRST EPISODE  
The Man With the Black Vandyke.

CHAPTER II—Continued.  
And he handed the ace looking office boy an envelope and laughingly squeezed the boy's chin and ruffled his hair. The boy grinned delightedly and popped the envelope into his inside pocket. Then Ned walked over to June and handed her an envelope. It was larger than the others. He bowed to her very courteously as he presented it. He spoke a frankly, and the cast down her eyes. There seemed to be a distinct understanding that she had not earned her envelope!

A poor, shivering old woman sat huddled in a doorway. Ned stopped, looked at the old woman a moment and then walked across to her and handed her a coin. He was very magnificent about it in spite of his companion. He broadened his chest with the exhilaration of the good deed, then he smiled down at the wife most generously. Yes, his wife, for the old woman was gone and June, in luxurious furs, but huddled, was in the doorway. It was she to whom he had given the coin!

A man and a woman, pinched and hungry looking little boy stood mutely beside their piteous appeal in his upturned eyes, and held out his clawlike little palm. Ned, beaming with kindly good will, placed a coin in the outstretched palm and put his hand in benediction on the head of June, for it was she, and not the "little boy, who stood there piteously begging!"  
"What wonderful scene was that? A bleak, wild country with huge, strange birds flying over it and no human habitation in sight. There were ponderous creatures, though, two of them—a big, ponderous jawed savage with matted hair who carried an enormous club over one shoulder. Behind him trudged a smaller figure, a woman, with matted hair hanging to her waist. In her nose was a ring, and to this ring was attached a leather thong, the other end of which was in the man's hand. He was taking home his bride! Music, the wedding march, the little grey, ivy hung chapel at Brynport. Was that Ned coming-down the aisle? Was that June just behind him? Was there a leather thong in Ned's hand? Oh! Was the other end of that thong—  
There was a sudden jolt and screeching noise, a rattle and a bang and the sound

of hissing steam. June Warner jumped wildly to her feet and gazed around the little compartment. There were the flowers, the boxes of candy, the scattered rice. Comprehension came to her slowly, for she was still half in her dream. The train had stopped. She snatched up her cloak, jumped up on the seat and brought down the paper bag which contained her little traveling hat; then she jerked open the door. In the opening she stopped with a sudden flash of memory. Ned's money, the first of his generous bounty, the first of her pay for being Ned's wife! She jerked it from her belt, threw the loose bills on the seat, ran down the steps, jumped to the ground and sped across the tracks.

As the train started to pull out she had a mad impulse to run after it, to have it stopped, to call Ned, but there was no movement in her.

Across the tracks in front of the station a man, tall, splendidly groomed, black Vandyke, stood watching her intently.

CHAPTER III.  
Ned Warner, as the train pulled out, from that momentous station, was in the wash room of the smoker, with a pleasant smile on his face, making the most elaborate toilet of his existence. He was to have the honor of dining alone for the first time with his charming wife.

Thoroughly complacent, he strolled back through the car to awaken the sweetest girl in the world.  
"June!" he called, and turned to bend over her seat.  
She was not there! He hurried out to the vestibule. Not there! And now for the first time he saw the three ten dollar bills on the seat. One of them was slightly torn; all of them were crumpled. Frantically he rang the bell; then he rushed out to meet the white toothed porter on the way.

"Where's my wife?" he demanded.  
The porter's eyes widened until they made his teeth look gray.  
"Dead? I don't know, boss!" he replied, as scared by contagion alone as if he had been accused of throwing the pretty little bride out of the window.  
"Honest to the Lord, I don't know!"  
The delirious search began from that instant. In about two minutes the conductor, the brakemen, all the porters and half the passengers were searching for June Warner.

Ned, in his most lively vision of all, saw her dropping off the train, crushed and mangled beyond all recognition. No vision, however, portrayed to him his bride slowly crossing the tracks toward the black Vandyke man. As she approached the man gave her a sharp scrutiny, smiled and strolled across the station platform to the bulletin board. New York local was due at 4:15. An express was due at 4:20.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## Battling in the Air

By JACK BINNS.

Expert Wireless Operator who was on the Republic.

How vital command of the air is to a battling army has been vividly portrayed in the reports of Colonel Swinton, the official "eyewitness" with the British headquarters staff.

The allies have been able, in a fair measure, to attain such an ascendancy by means of the large number of their machines fitted with wireless telegraphy. With machines so equipped an army commander is enabled to order his pilots to make any additional reconnaissance made necessary through unexpected developments while the machine is still aloft.

The problem of communicating with aeroplanes while in flight demanded the attention of wireless engineers from the moment the art of aviation passed from the sphere of demonstration to that of utility.

It was an easy matter to design a suitable set for an aeroplane or an airship, but the main difficulty was experienced in devising an aerial and ground connection.

The first real success came with the Wellman dirigible airship, which set out from Atlantic City in an effort to cross the Atlantic. The set installed on this machine proved eminently successful in that it called the steamer Trent to the aid of the crew when the dirigible was on the point of collapsing, out of the beaten track of steamships.

Jack Irwin, who was operator on the airship, told me after the flight that the chief difficulty had been caused by the noise of the engine, which had to be stopped every time he received signals. In the airship America's case the ground connection was made through the "trailer" that carried extra fuel for the motors, which floated in the sea and was attached by means of a cable to the dirigible.

During later experiments it was found that when a balancing wire was used underneath the flying machine equal in capacity to the aerial above it, ground connections could be dispensed with. This discovery made wireless on aircraft possible.

In this country the first successful communication was made four years ago in Florida, when Ralph McCurdy communicated with the Miami station, three miles away from the point where he was making his flight. This was followed shortly afterward by a successful communication over forty miles, while at an altitude of 1,000 feet, from the machine of Lieutenant Beck, United States army.

In the meantime, these experiments were elaborated abroad, and the results standardized, until now an almost perfect set has been evolved. The set, though necessarily small, compact and light, comprises every detail of a regulation wireless set. The whole outfit weighs

only 150 pounds, yet gives two-thirds of one electric horsepower—corresponding roughly to a range of 100 miles.

The set is divided into three units bolted to the framework of the fuselage underneath the pilot's seat. One unit consists of the motor-generator and a counter-rotating spark gap, which are driven from the propeller shaft. The second unit comprises the transmitting gear proper,

and the third the receiving apparatus. The aerial is arranged in the form of a triangle, with the base stretched across the wings and the apex at the tail of the machine.

With monoplane the aerial is raised on the center pylon, and in place of a counterbalancing capacity the apex of the aerial is left open and a trailing wire drops over the tall side of the machine.



Large Package, 10c

### Compare the Cost of this Dish to an Expensive Meat Dinner



Here is a fair comparative cost of a meat and a Faust Macaroni dinner for a family of six, showing a clear saving of 85c in favor of macaroni—for 1 meal only:

3 lbs. of sirloin steak at 35c per lb.	\$1.05
Bread and butter, say	.10 \$1.15
One pkg. Faust Macaroni	\$.10
One can of tomatoes	.10
Bread and butter, as above	.10 .30
	\$0.85

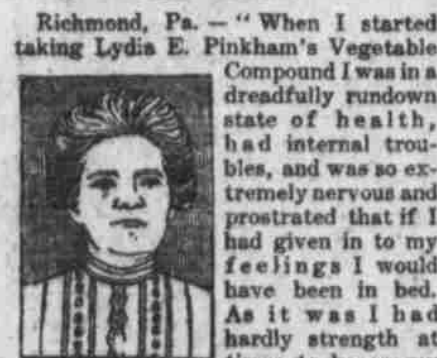
Of comparative nutritive values, Dr. Hutchison, the famous dietitian, says that meat contains practically 75% water, macaroni only 10%. In other words, when you pay \$1.00 for meat, you pay 75c of that \$1.00 for water.

And it's so easy to digest and so easy to prepare Faust Macaroni. Besides serving it as the whole meal, you should serve it often as a side dish.

MAULL BROS., St. Louis, U. S. A.

## WOMAN WOULD NOT GIVE UP

Though Sick and Suffering; At Last Found Help in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Richmond, Pa. — "When I started taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was in a dreadfully rundown state of health, had internal troubles, and was so extremely nervous and prostrated that if I had given in to my feelings I would have been in bed. As it was I had hardly strength at times to be on my feet and v. . . I did do was by a great effort. I could not sleep at night and of course felt very bad in the morning, and had a steady headache.

"After taking the second bottle I noticed that the headache was not so bad, I rested better, and my nerves were stronger. I continued its use until it made a new woman of me, and now I can hardly realize that I am able to do so much as I do. Whenever I know any woman in need of a good medicine I highly praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound." — Mrs. FRANK CLARK, 3146 N. Tulip St., Richmond, Pa.

Women Have Been Telling Women for forty years how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored their health when suffering with female ills. This accounts for the enormous demand for it from coast to coast. If you are troubled with any ailment peculiar to women why don't you try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? It will pay you to do so. Lydia E. Pinkham, Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.