

# THE BEE'S HOME MAGAZINE PAGE



## Hat With Box-Pleated Brim



PHOTO BY JOEL LEWIS

This fetching model of black hat with plush trim and a box-pleated brim is the novel trim with its box pleat in front and facing of plumes in several shades of blue, massed Persian silk are all distinctive new notes in a high cluster at the back. The low, round-shaped crown and the novel trim with its box pleat in front and facing of plumes in several shades of blue, massed Persian silk are all distinctive new notes in a high cluster at the back. The low, round-shaped crown and the novel trim with its box pleat in front and facing of plumes in several shades of blue, massed Persian silk are all distinctive new notes in a high cluster at the back. The low, round-shaped crown and the novel trim with its box pleat in front and facing of plumes in several shades of blue, massed Persian silk are all distinctive new notes in a high cluster at the back.

## Boss of the Establishment

He Believes That a Wife's Place is Her Husband's Side.

The wife of the Boss of the Establishment smiled wistfully across the breakfast table. "It must be lonely down at the seashore now," she exclaimed regretfully. "Huh!" said the Boss as he mopped his forehead, "it's anything but lonely there. I wouldn't mind if it was dry heat, but this blanketed humidity gets me somehow. 'I know just how you feel,' replied the Boss' wife sympathetically. "I'm having just the same experience myself. Of course, there's a reason for your being tired. You always do so much more work when you are resting. When I saw you running along the beach with almost a cord of drift wood in your arms that night when we had the beach bonfire and playing golf in a driving rain the next day I would have given anything in the world for a snap shot!"

"When I told Mr. Winters I saw you doing real work and setting as the liked it while we were away, he said he didn't like to doubt a lady's word, but that the next time such a startling natural phenomenon occurred please get a photograph of it."

"Don't let Winters kid you," observed the Boss in his most superior manner. "Poor old fellow! I guess because he feels he's headed for the down-and-out club every-body else is traveling that way."

"The Boss' wife walked to the door with him. The Boss, noting her dejected walk, the general writing of her usually buoyant aspect, felt a sudden pang which returned at intervals during the day."

"Women can't stand this sultry weather," he reflected. "I'm a big, healthy brute and it won't hurt me, no matter how much I kick about it, but she's different. I ought not to expect her to stay in town with me all summer."

At lunch the Boss met the Confirmed Married Man. "How's Mrs. Winters?" inquired the Boss incautiously. "I've sent her back to the sea shore," the Confirmed Married Man confided.

"The city's too much for her in summer. I got a letter from her this morning. She says she's having a wonderful time and that she'll bet she can spend more money than I can make."

"The Boss' evening paper contained an unusual amount of summer resort news and as he looked at it his mind reverted to the Confirmed Married Man."

"I guess if that man can afford to send his wife away for the summer, I can."

Then his mind bustled itself with sentimental pictures of the pleasures in store for his wife. "Poor little thing; she certainly did look pale and tired this morning," he thought.

There was, however, no suggestion of fatigue about the crisp and radiant creature in a white gown that opened the door of his home.

"I'm so glad you're early!" exclaimed the

"I think you dress very quietly." "You do, eh? Ought to hear me when there's a button off my shirt!"



PLAYING GOLF IN A DRIVING RAIN.

"There's everything you like best for dinner—roast beef and corn and lead tomatoes, and I've had the house dark all day, and I took the money I had in my savings bank and bought an electric fan! Come out in the dining room and hear it buzz!"

"Where was the tired and wilted young person of the morning?"

"As his wife chattered across the dinner table the Boss thought she had never appeared fresher or more vivacious. But the filmy texture of a woman's mood, he decided, should not stir him from his fixed purpose."

"How would you like to go back to the seashore for a while?" he inquired, casually.

"Oh, can we?" exclaimed his wife, delightedly. "Won't that be perfectly lovely?"

"You can," the Boss answered, assuming the pronoun. "I've decided to send you away for a month. New York's too hot for you. I can see the weather is telling on your health. Of course, I'll be pretty hard for me here in the city all alone, but I guess I can stand it."

All the lights in the lady's face went out as suddenly as though an unseen hand had switched them off. Cold suspicion shot swift glances at the unheeding Boss, who, intent upon making his wife see how noble and self-sacrificing he was, babbled on of how comfortable and gay he would be without her."

The corners of his wife's mouth began to quiver and suddenly, without a word, she rushed from the room.

The Boss, busy with his absorbing thoughts and his more absorbing corn on the cob, did not for the moment realize his wife's absence."

But the sound of a muffled sob brought him to a swift, dazed appreciation that something was wrong.

"Go away!" called a strangled voice, as he pushed open the door of his wife's room. "Go away! I don't want you here! Why can't you at least be frank about it? Didn't we agree that we would always tell each other if we got tired or fell in love with anybody else? But you're a hypocrite! You talk about my health and sending me away, and all that! Why can't you say what you mean? Why?"

Here the Boss' wife became incoherent. And the Boss?

Half an hour later he was still apologizing and explaining—and the corn on the cob was all cold.

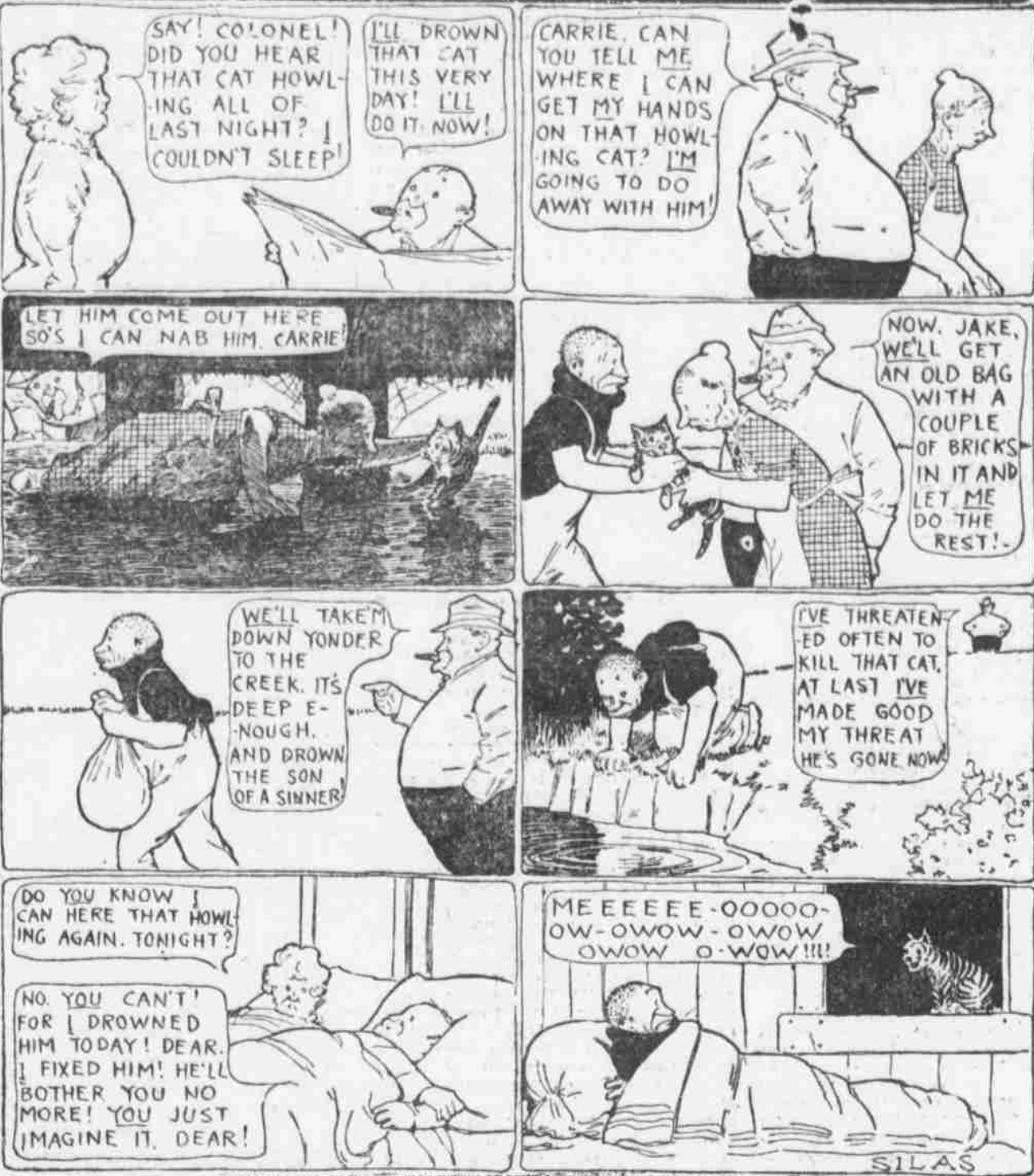
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### Daily Health Hint

One of the best methods to relieve a swollen gland or relieve an inflamed throat is to paint iodine on the outside of the inflammation.

Many "Why seek for fame, ambitious youth? The world too oft forgets the wise." He answered, "I do so, in truth. Because it pays to advertise." T. E. M.

## POOR JAKE



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## The DIARY of DOLLIE A Summer Girl

BY M.F.

TUESDAY—There has been so much to do here that I've hardly had time to write anything. The moonlight nights have been gorgeous. Although Mrs. Dickson has had the largest piazza thoroughly lighted by electricity, there is a little side veranda that looks out over the water that has no light at all. The first evening Tom and I sat there we found a lamp, but we broke that almost immediately in trying to kill an insect it had attracted and they haven't put any more there. Mrs. Dickson always had such ugly, unbecoming lights around. She has a bright green effect in the sitting room that is warranted to make a beauty look plain. She seems to think a dim light is sort of immoral. The other evening they all went out to dinner. Tom couldn't go because he had some business letters to write, and I told Mrs. Dickson I had some mending that ought to be attended to. She thoroughly approved of that, and it was perfectly true, too, as it really ought to be attended to. We went sailing in the

thought he had better do that writing, after all the has such a strong sense of duty) and I felt that I ought to see that button on that pink dress, anyway. It but just liked the atmosphere. I talked about what a wonderful character Mrs. Dickson had and he was rather rude about it. I looked very much hurt and said I was dreadfully sorry if I was boring him and began to talk about socialism. I had been reading something about it the day before. I was talking quite well, I think, though I've forgotten what views I had that night on the subject, when he suddenly jumped up and said something very rude again. I began to laugh and laugh, and ran over to the table and said I was going to find that book and read him a chapter about it. We were sitting on the sofa when dear old Mrs. Dickson's, and is staying here at present, came in and asked if I had seen a ball of gray darling cotton anywhere. There is absolutely no use in feeling like a Russian princess in this place. If it had been pale blue darning cotton, or manno—anything would have sounded less dull than gray. She began fixing things on the table



"WE WENT SAILING IN THE AFTER-NOON."

was too damp and cold to sit outdoors that evening, and as we were obliged to sit in the sitting room I draped some red tissue paper I had found in a table drawer all over the globe of the glaring green lamp. It made the whole room look a different place entirely. It shed such a charming red glow over everything. Tom seemed much better looking, somehow, and I think I must look more attractive by that kind of a light, too. I had put on that black dress that always makes me feel like a woman of the world and pinned a single flower in the front of it that made me feel like somebody in a book, and I put on some long black earrings and some perfume, like Charlotte had, and felt like a Russian princess, or some interesting person like that. I caught sight of myself in a mirror in the hall, and though I think I looked a little fast, I think I looked quite nice. Tom asked me to take off the earrings, but otherwise he liked my appearance ever so much. He says he doesn't care for perfume, but I had put on such a small amount he didn't know it was that

"ASKED IF I HAD SEEN A BALL OF GRAY DARNING COTTON."

afternoon, and after we had returned we felt so lousy that when we thought of the delicious dinner those people gave we decided to go. There was no one at home when we got back to the house, so we had a tea party by ourselves and found some wonderful salad and quite a lot of other things. After we had finished Tom

Five minutes of mist will ruin the daintiest Bond street coquet of this description. While a pretty trimming of ribbon or Indian muslin, that a girl can arrange herself in less than a quarter of an hour, keeps fresh to the end of the holiday, stout shoes, short skirts and some sort of sunshade, should form part of the holiday equipment; the latter is often discarded, but the girls of the sun tree even the strongest eyes and a bright red nose, the result of sunburn, is not a keepsake one cares to carry home.

There is a theory rather popular with men that women have a ruder soft snap of it all around. In recent years women have made a strenuous effort to have this theory come true. But the truth is women at the best have much more suffering to endure than men. Their physical weakness, the bearing of children, the little worries and cares which are at all times harder to bear than the big ones, all fall to woman's lot, and it makes up a sum total showing no

## Things You Want to Know Will England and Germany Fight?

Will England and Germany fight? Oceans of ink have been spilled in the last two years in attempts to answer this, the most momentous question propounded in the realms of international politics for many years. And, naturally, it is yet unanswered to the satisfaction of anybody. Curiously enough, the so-called conservative thinkers, speakers and writers of both nations directly interested have replied in the affirmative, and the radicals have said "no." The one thing certain is that both British and German governments have not scrupled to multiply burdensome taxes in order to prepare for a possible, even a probable, war.

Imperialists, their attention directed solely to the national fortunes of the two greatest European empires, have been able to see only the growing rivalry in politics and in trade which daily increases the friction between the two countries. They do not scruple to predict an early clash of arms. They say that the continued growth of Germany's political power threatens England's diplomatic supremacy; that the increase of Germany's foreign commerce endangers the prosperity of Britain's commercial empire; and most important of all, the avowed intention of Germany to make its navy strong enough to dispute with England the mastery of the seas—all operate together to make the war inevitable.

Democrats, with minds engrossed by the economic and sociological problems of the age, declare that neither Germany nor England can afford to risk the blood and treasure which would be lost in such a war, regardless of its issue. They say that the growing social intelligence of both peoples is bringing about a universal recognition of the fact that war is a useless human and economic waste, however glorious politically, the results of which even in the case of the most tremendous victory cannot compensate for the loss involved.

To this argument the imperialists reply that the rapidly increasing expenditure for military establishments to guarantee the peace soon will prove to be more costly than actual war. The democrats admit this, and suggest that the preparations for war be discontinued and that the poor people of both countries no longer be required to stint their stomachs in order that they may afford the luxury of battle-ships. And then the dispute goes on, the imperialists denouncing the democrats as impractical idealists, and the democrats denouncing the imperialists as inhuman monsters.

Military men take a more practical view of the question than either school of politicians. It may be that the wish is father to the thought, but it is a fact that army and navy officers, not only British and Germans, but those of every other nation, are practically a unit in predicting the certainty of war. Perhaps it seems to them unthinkable that such great preparations should be made all for nothing. Their business is to fight, they too seldom get a chance for active service and they always are passionately dubious of the efficacy of diplomacy to settle major international quarrels.

A long time ago somebody, in discussing this same question, asked how it was possible for a tiger and a shark to do battle. That was when Germany was all army and England was all navy. As long as the British obtained Germany could not start things because it was afraid of the British navy, and England could not attack because it was afraid of the German army. The difference in the constitution of the chief military arms of the two nations was an automatic guarantee of peace.

But in late years Germany has been building a navy, and England has been attempting to organize an army. The Kaiser has said that the trident must be placed in the fist of Germania. The British military experts have said that every British boy must be trained as a soldier. This means that the shark is trying to grow teeth, and the tiger is trying to grow claws.

Of course there is no real reason for war. England is not attempting to infringe Germany's natural rights, and Germany is not interfering with British affairs. But it must be remembered that there is very seldom any reason for war. Rebellions and insurrections usually, if not always, have a real and logical cause. When a people, or a section of a people, arises in arms against its constituted ruler, there is always a grievance of a real or fancied oppression, and the rebel believes that they are fighting for their liberty.

When two nations go to war there is usually no reason except greed and ambition. If the war between Japan and Russia had not been fought the status of the Japanese and Russian people would not appreciably differ from its actual condition today. That, the greatest war of history so far as the number of men engaged and the amount of money spent is concerned, was caused by greed. Both Japan and Russia wished to possess themselves of defensible Korea for entirely selfish purposes. The Koreans would have suffered a great deal, and their independence would have been terminated as completely, if Russia had won. The significant feature of this bit of history, finally consummated only the other day, is that both Japan and Russia went into the war solemnly avowing the single purpose of preserving the independence and integrity of Korea. This shows that diplomatic assurances are to be taken only for what they are, most generally lies.

Therefore, it is wholly unnecessary to consider the fact that both German and British diplomats deny emphatically that there is even the slightest reason to suppose that Germany and England will come to blows. They would continue these demands in spite of the truth, until within one minute of solar time of the transmission of the sudden ultimatum with which the war will begin, if it does begin. In all matters even remotely concerning the horrible business of war, it is the honorable part of the honorable diplomatists to deceive. If they are not successful in deception they are failures in diplomacy.

Optimists pooh-pooh the possibility of a war between the German and the British empires on the ground that civilization has advanced so far that in this enlightened age it is impossible for two great countries to go to war merely on suspicion, or for the base purpose of gaining territory. Yet it is only forty years since Prussia humbled France and exacted an indemnity of \$1,000,000,000 besides taking much valuable territory. It is only a decade since Great Britain fought a tremendous war in South Africa to extinguish the national existence of the Boer republics. It is only twelve years ago that the United States began a war of unselfishness to free the Cubans and ended by stripping Spain of its every colony. It is only six years ago that Japan and Russia fought a terrible war for a prize to which neither of them had the slightest legal or rightful claim.

And now, with our civilization at its highest and the tide still rising, the last four years has witnessed the sad and shameful spectacle of every considerable nation in the world doubling, tripling and quadrupling its expenditure on the machinery of murder. The advocates of arbitration are more numerous and respectable than they ever have been before, but they are unable to influence a rational legislature in a single one of the principal nations of the earth, Russia and Japan, instead of decreasing taxes after the war, actually doubled the special war taxes in order to get ready for other wars. England and Germany, exponents of the highest type of European civilization, are facing bankruptcy because they are preparing for a war. Even Argentina and Brazil have joined in the mad game of Dreadnought building.

The United States, a peaceful and democratic republic, is spending more every year on its military establishment than does imperial Britain or military Germany. The Americans do not feel the burden so much because they have so much more wealth. Even China, having a civilization older than that of any other country in the world, is forsaking its peaceful traditions and is making pitiful efforts to equip an army in the hope of withstanding the abominable and murderous expeditions sent against it by the greedy nations which pretend to be worshippers of the Prince of Peace.

Greedy still rules the world, and greed is controlled by the financiers. It is the great bankers of the great money capitals of Europe who alone can answer with confidence the question: Will England and Germany fight? If the financiers of England conclude that German trade rivalry is a real and not a fancied menace to British trade, then there will be a fight. If the financiers of Germany decide that Britain must be humbled in order to make way for the advancing cohorts of commercial Germany, then there will be a fight. If the financiers of either nation become convinced that the democracy of their country is about to abolish the special privileges of the wealthy and aristocratic classes, then there will be a fight.

Will England and Germany fight? Time alone can say. But the fact that oceans of ink are being spilled in attempting to answer the question, and that such a question can be asked in seriousness, is enough to cause every thinking man to blush with shame for the failure of our boasted Twentieth Century civilization.

BY FREDERICK J. HASKIN, TOMORROW—Ambassador, Veterinary Surgeon.

## A Specialist Tells When a Woman May Wear False Hair

"There is just one time when I believe in a woman wearing false hair," declared the visiting hair specialist, as she massaged vigorously, "and that is when a woman has lost the original color of her hair, either through bleaching, dyeing or sunburn, and is trying to hasten restoration. She can do this only by copious use of oil in some form or another, and that doesn't tend to make her look very well. But, if she adopts a certain style of coiffure she may cover her own locks and have them as greasy as she pleases the while."

"Incidentally," she went on, changing the treatment to brushing, "false hair would be injurious if the wearers of it took care to counteract its effect upon the scalp. If I think I'll have to give you a texture on that before long. Now I'm going to talk of restoring color, because the season has come around when it must be done. There is always more demand in late summer and early autumn for such information. Funny, isn't it?"

"As I said before, oil is the thing to use, and this you will understand when you know that loss of color, in the three instances I have mentioned, is due to lack of natural oils which nourish the hair follicles. Without their natural food the roots are impoverished, and the hair is dry and lifeless. Castor oil is great food, it has an unpleasant odor, but if lavender oil is added its efficacy is not impaired and the natural color is lost. Another, an ointment well suited to a dried scalp, is made of equal parts of oil of argot and mercury oleate. Still another is more elaborate, but it can be made at home."

"There are needed four ounces of beef marrow, melted and strained, three ounces of pure leaf lard, also melted and strained, one and one-quarter ounces of sweet almond oil, three-quarters of a dram of

A Gold Mine. "This is a fine country, Bridget!" exclaimed Norah, who had recently arrived in the United States. "Sure, it's generous everybody is. I asked at the post-office about siddy's money to me mither and the young man tells me I can get a money order for \$10 for 10 cents. Think of that, now!"—September Lippincott's.

The Unanswerable Riddle. A plain and simple answer for this question's what we wish: Does fishing make a man a liar, or do only liars fish?—September Lippincott's.

## Items of Interest for the Women Folks

The simplest frocks and hats are most effective by the sea, and become their wearers far better than rich attire. With tossing blue waters or heavy down for a background, "fine feathers" look out of place and stamp their wearers as "a girl who doesn't know." We cannot go far wrong if we follow Dame Nature's choice and the sea gulls who circle over the waves or skim the air to reach their nests on the crowning cliffs, are far more in harmony with their surroundings than more gaily plumaged birds would be. "The sea-side girl" is charming in her cool white linens and dark blue serge; the trailing silk and muslin dresses that she would wear when visiting in town or at some formal garden party are quite out of place by the seashore, and if she wishes her hats to be something better than "a dragged mass of gauze and finery" by the end of the day she will carefully avoid both chiffon and artificial flowers, says Home Notes.

When working eyelets in lingerie or any garment through which ribbon is to be run the threading will be made much easier if the eyelets are pierced in an oval shape instead of the usual round.

No more white gloves; gloves match the costume.