

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT And There's Blonde-Haired Esquimaux on Broadway Drawn for The Bee by Tad



### A Bride and Groom

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Yesterday I saw a wedding. Such a simple wedding it was—no fuss and feathers about it at all.

The bride wasn't even a beauty, and the groom looked as if he worked for a living—and worked hard at that.

The bride's mother was a little withered old woman in a gray cloak she must have brought over when she first came to this country, and she wore the bonnet that went with it, too, gray with an old-fashioned wreath of damask roses in the underfacing. Dear me, how they would laugh at that bonnet and those faded roses on Fifth avenue!

And the bride's father! What a giant of a man, and what a fire burned in his blue eyes, eyes that had watched the night fall a thousand times on the tossing seas, or there is no such thing as a sailor's eye.

And the aunts of both sides of the family, funny, old-fashioned women. One of them cried from the minute she entered the church till the little group at the altar faded out into the dusk of the fall day, cried delicately and in a most refined, lady-like manner, as one cries who does it from duty and a sense of what is done in the best circles.

And little Hughie and little Mary Ann, I heard their names, but I should have known them anyway. What a starched frock was Mary Ann's, and what a huge tie of bright blue was Hughie's.

And the baby, too. Oh, yes, one of the aunts had a baby, as rosy as a pink rambler, and as blue-eyed as grandfather. Such a good baby, too, not a whimper all during the long service.

"Hail, Mary, full of Grace," the beautiful old prayer whispered through the little chapel, and every pair of eyes turned to the little shrine outside in the autumn flood of yellow sunshine.

"The Lord is with thee," and the flickering light caught the tendrils of a belated vine that clung to the shrine like a bit of cloud of glory.

"Blessed art thou among women," the old sailor prayed, too. He held his beads in the hollow of his great hand. How many times had he said them, I wondered, when the tempest shrieked around him?

"Pray for us sinners now," the old mother prayed aloud, her eyes full of hope and anguish.

The young bride at the altar looked like a sweet flower swaying on its stem, and the tall lad beside her could scarcely keep his countenance for the joy of it all.

Poor folk these, simple folk, ignorant, too, I suppose. I don't believe the girl at the altar even heard of "engagements," and she'd blush herself half to death if some of the modern teachers should try to tell her even in private the things they have from every lecture desk these days.

The lad at her side, why, he'd knock a man down who tried to explain to her what it is they talk about at the fashionable clubs so much.

Poor, ignorant things, they wouldn't know what you meant if you asked them about the "economic conditions" under which they were marrying. "Economic conditions!" They never even thought of them. John loved Mary, and Mary said yes, and that was all there was to it. They do not ask what your wages are when you want to get married in the Old Church. I wonder what salary Adam got when he told Eve her eyes were like lakes of blue and her lips were like a thread of pomegranate.

And sweet, and sweet the music thrilled through the little chapel, no specially fine voices, no hired singers, just plain everyday friends of the bride and groom, who were proud to be in the choir on their wedding day.

The beautiful old ceremony was over, the girl was a wife, the old mother had lost her baby daughter, and the old sailor's blue eyes were full of dreams.

The sun was setting across the canyon, some belated cowboy halloed to his little bunch of homegoing cattle. There was laughing, and crying, and joking, and smiling at the door. The old priest who had baptized the bride warned the groom, with a twinkle, that "Mary had the O'Donnell temper sometimes," and the groom who was baptized by the old priest, too, laughed and took his chances, and down the walk of the little churchyard they went, the wedding party, as happy as the birds that mate in the spring, and my heart and all that was in it went with them.

Be a good girl, Mary; be earnest, be clever, be true, be patient, but, above

all and beyond all, be loving, for love can forgive all else but the cardinal sin of unlove.

Be true, John. Oh! be true to the girl you've taken and whose feet you have set beside yours in the path you walk so easily now.

There's trouble coming, sickness, suffering, poverty, self-sacrifice. The little girl there won't always look as she does today. Her eyes won't always be so bright, her step will falter sometimes and so will her temper. She likes her potatoes baked and you prefer yours boiled. Oh! there are lots of things for you to talk about and agree upon.

Be tired, be ill, be a failure, be a success, be clever, be stupid, but, oh, John, be true, be true, that is all that matters, all that really counts—with the likes of Mary or any true woman.

"Mary, Mary, you hold a man's heart in the hollow of your little hand. Don't let anything make you forget that. Nothing else matters or will matter as long as you both shall live if you only keep on loving each other and be true.

"For better, for worse"—oh, yes, there's worse in it; "for richer, for poorer," just think, Mary, John may make as high as twenty-five a week some day. Shall you grow purse-proud then, little Mary, and will you turn away the old friend that comes to you for help?

Don't do it, Mary—it doesn't pay. It never pays to harden the heart—never, never. For, whisper, Mary, I'll tell you a secret on your wedding day.

Keep your heart soft, keep your heart kind. Keep your heart generous, keep your heart young, and not all the years that will silver that brown hair of yours can make you anything but divinely young.

Bless your little heart, Mary, and joy go with you, John. I'm glad you never even thought of marriage as a "problem." It isn't one when love stands at the door of your little home to bid you welcome home.

How simple all these problems we hear so much talk of these days are when we meet them simply.

### Unshakable Grip of Youth

With all the advice that we are getting these days on how to remain youthful and how to grow old gracefully and kindred topics relating to the common desire to cut the acquaintance of Father Time, it is gratifying to note that a few exceptional persons have really mastered the secret and can get along without expert advice. The secret, after all, is not buried very deep. It consists mostly of the ability to forget, as far as possible, the annoying little matter of age. Any man is liable to stay comparatively young so long as he can succeed in actually forgetting how old he is.

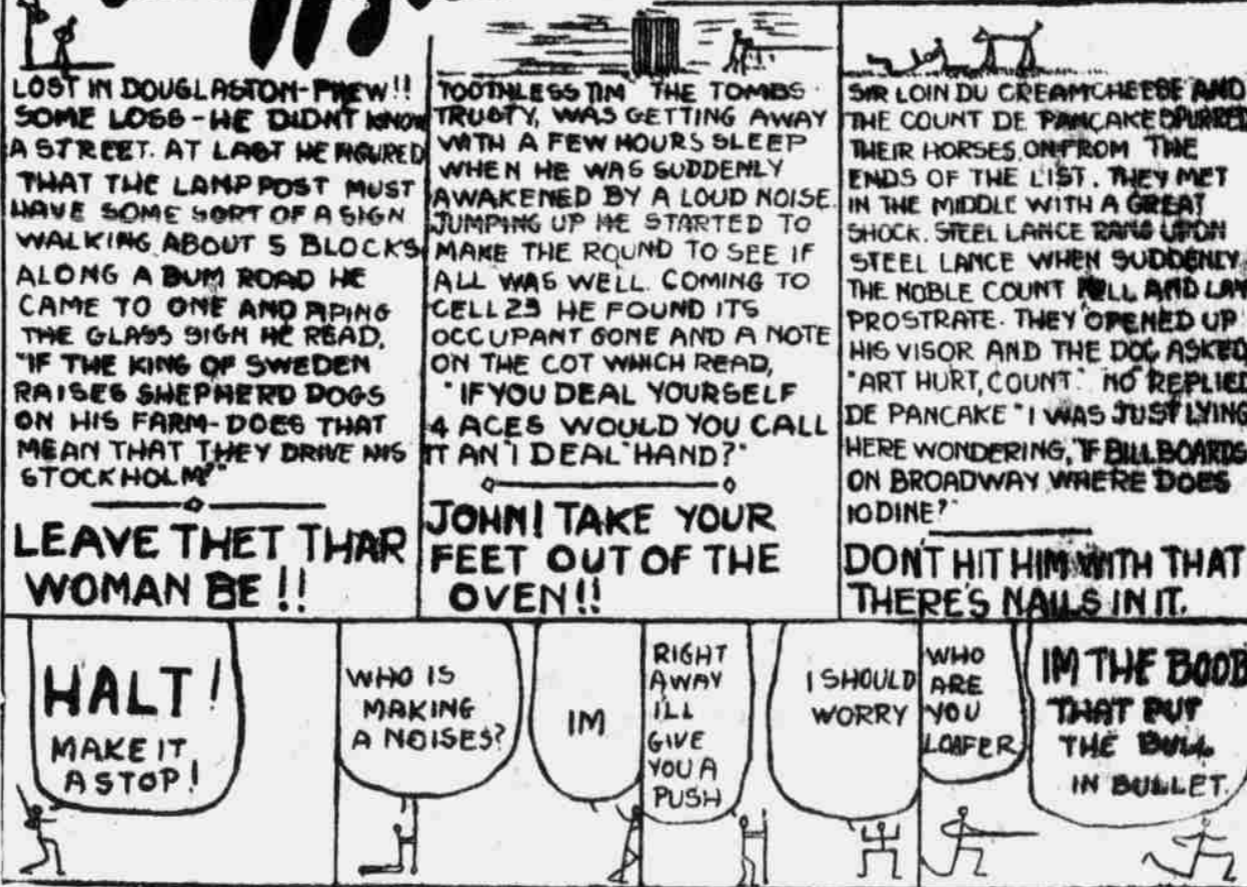
Perhaps there are few who can really do this, but a case was reported in New York the other day. A man waited himself breezily into the office where they keep the vital statistics in storage, and announced that he wanted to find out how old he was. He said that he had been so busy for twenty years or so that he had entirely lost track of his age. Now he was going to get married and he needed the information. He was not sure whether he was 41 or 48 years old, and he was both surprised and elated when the indisputable evidence of the records showed that he was only an even 40.

"Guess this will please the lady," said he as he went out.

That illustrated the only true story of the way in which to cheat the advancing years. Keep busy! The life that is properly busy has no time to think about birthdays. The trouble is that nearly all of us establish the habit of thinking about birthdays in our juvenile years, when we are apt to count the passage of time somewhat impatiently, and it is hard to break the habit in later life. In the significance of a birthday impresses us with a reverse English. Our birthday gets into the minds of our relatives and intimate friends as a minor annual festival, an event to be celebrated.

The joy-makers radiate their gloom with painful reminiscences and with such ingenuous remarks as, "Well, we're getting along!" "Hair's getting kind of thin, George, ain't it?" "Only six more years to go and then you'll be 50." "I must say, you hold your age pretty well." Many of the remarks are intended to be complimentary or consolatory, but somehow they convey a subtle sting. After one has reached a "certain age" there is apt to be the suspicion that a congratulatory utterance may be only a polite euphemism for "Get the hook." The way to dodge these doubtful emotions is to keep busy and liberally sprinkle such things as birthdays liberally with a strong solution of oblivion.—Providence Journal.

### Daffyads



### Beauty Secrets of Footlight Favorites

A SIMPLE METHOD OF CARING FOR THE COMPLEXION

By PEGGY DANA.

Most women admit that there is nothing quite so good as massage for keeping the face young, the complexion clear and the skin in good condition.

But the trouble is, who has time to have regular massage treatment? Certainly no girl who has her living to make, whether she is on the stage or in an office. Then there is the constant question of expense. A good massage treatment costs from \$1 to \$3, according to the time and amount and quality of the creams and lotions used. Few of us have that to spend on beauty culture, and so we have to try other and less expensive ways of retaining our looks.

The woman on the stage thinks more of her appearance because it is a real asset. The girl who makes a good, pretty stage picture is sure of a job, and the one who looks ugly must search for another position. That is why even very young actresses begin to take care of their looks, and also why it is worth while finding out how they do it.

Five minutes daily massage keeps my complexion in good condition, and I am perfectly willing to tell you how I do it, though, after you have found out, you will think it the most simple thing in the world.

To begin with, then, I never use water on my face at all. That is because I have to travel a good deal—or, rather, I did have to before I was in this play—and the water in the different cities, and even in the different hotels, varies so much, and is often so hard and bad for the skin, that I gave up using it on my face. I get a good, soft and almost fluid cold cream and use a very simple lotion that I make myself. This is made of the great, big cucumbers that one can get just now for almost nothing.

Peel the cucumber, being very careful that you get all the green and yellow parts off. Take out the seeds as well, and then mash the pulp up and add a little water, just enough to cover. Put this in a saucupan on the stove and after it has come to a boil set it back on the stove to simmer until the water is all absorbed. Take the mixture off the stove and strain it through a fine piece of muslin. Add about four times the amount of rose water, or if you want to have a cheaper preparation use just plain boiled water.

This is the foundation of the best bleach and lotion for the face. In winter time I add a few drops of glycerine, but I prefer it without in summer, as the glycerine is so sticky.

But I must go back to my treatment. Having cleaned off my face thoroughly I wash it with this cucumber lotion, using just a little on a dab of cotton. Then I apply some more cream, as I am sure my face is quite clean now, and that all the impurities are washed away. At almost any drug store you can get a small cup or glass with a rubber ball at the end. They are called suction cups and they come in almost all sizes. I have them in four sizes, one for my face, one for my neck, one for the eyes and one for the forehead.

Place the cup over that portion of the face that you wish to massage and press the bulb. A very little of the flesh is taken up in the cup. Pass the cup rapidly over the face or neck and you will have the same sensation as well as the



One of the Beauties in Ziegfeld's "Follies of 1912" Company.

same results as you would get from the regular massage. I don't say that hand massage is not better still, but one cannot always get it and next to that my method is the best. I always work my little suction cup upward, no matter on what part of the face I am working, and I am especially careful when I work around the eyes.

Every girl's eyes get tired-looking, no matter what her age is, and there is nothing that annoys the would-be beauty as those dark rings under the eyes. I find that a few minutes with the cup will make the blood circulate and, of course, that is the cause of the trouble.

Before working on the eye you should be very careful that the eyelids are covered with cold cream and then, of course you must be sure that none of this is allowed to get into the eye. Close the eye and with your smallest cup, which shouldn't be larger than a 10-cent piece, massage very gently over the eyelid and then under it. Work from the inner corner of the eyelid out toward the corner of the eye and then up to the temples.

It will do no harm if you try this way of beautifying every day as long as you

don't pull the skin. If your cups are small enough, this is impossible. The cups, by the way, should not cost more than a quarter.

Anything that will make the blood circulate right under the skin of the face will make the cheeks rosy, and with my treatment there is no need for rouge or any of the other substitutes for natural color that are so easily detectable.

My secret of beauty, I am thankful to say, is not a very tiring one, because I have neither time nor patience to waste. Indeed, I am short on both. But I do like to look well—who doesn't?

### Where She Was Lacking.

"Funny," declared the young man, "but when you find an otherwise perfect girl there is one thing that spoils it all."

"What now?" asked his friend.

"I saw one on Labor day. She was one of the summery kind with tan skin, shirt waist and all that. Beautiful teeth and eyes. You know the kind I mean—out of those that look as if she had stepped out of a magazine."

"Wherein was she lacking?"

"She wouldn't look at me."—Youngstown Telegram.

### Preventing Accidents

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

Every great calamity has its recompense. The law of compensation never rests. Nature, however, does not consider the individual; her solicitude is for the race.

The White Star line is expending \$3,000,000 to fit the Olympic with cross-bulkheads, side bunkers, and lifeboats to carry every person on the ship.

Now behold the Lackawanna "railroad" issuing an imperative order to all of its employees who are engaged directly or indirectly with the running of trains that none of them shall use strong drink in any way; nor shall he visit a saloon or any place where strong drink is sold—this on a penalty of instant dismissal.

It seems that the engineer of the train that recently ran into another standing still claims that he did not imbibe spirituous liquors, but he admitted that he had visited a saloon on the day previous to the catastrophe.

The block system in use on the Lackawanna has a cautionary signal the precedes the block arm which warns the engineer to stop. The engineer ran past the cautionary signal and the stalled train was only 200 feet beyond the stop block. This distance did not give opportunity for the train behind to avoid the collision.

Having missed the cautionary signal, even if the engineer had seen the block, he would not have had time to have stopped and avoided the collision; running as he was at sixty-five miles an hour. In any event, he ran past the flagman, who was a mile back.

The engineer's plea that he was mend-

ing the injector on the engine is not regarded as sufficient excuse for running at a rapid rate without being on the lookout for signals. No engineer has the right to tinker his engine and omit observation of the block system.

The Lackawanna accident must be charged up to that long list of fatalities and tragedies for which the Demon Rum is responsible. The engineer was not intoxicated; his mind, however, was evidently befuddled and dulled by the use of intoxicants.

In this new order issued by the Lackawanna a big stride is taken to the front in the direction of sobriety. Liquor never makes a good man a better man, and it often makes a bad man worse.

Some years ago the Northwestern railroad issued an order identical to that which the Lackawanna has just now issued; and an interview with Marvin Hughtit, president of the Northwestern, avers that after five years and more with the imperative order against the use of strong drink or the visiting or the loitering around places where strong drink is sold, he sees no reason why the rule should be changed or altered in any way.

In this connection it is encouraging to see that the National Association of Automobile Chauffeurs at its recent convention demanded a pledge of total abstinence from every member. So far as I know no trades union has ever asked for any such pledge from its members, although the American Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers has a bylaw which prohibits engineers from drinking when on duty.

A motion has now been made by one of the members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers demanding a pledge of total abstinence from each member. The subject is being agitated, and it is quite likely that it will be passed.—Copyright, 1912, International News Service.

### The Manicure Lady

"Wilfred got stung good and plenty at a social the other night," said the Manicure Lady. "The poor boy was going to recite two of his latest poems there just to please the Ladies' Auxiliary a little and himself a lot, and he recited the poems all right, but he didn't get no audience to speak of."

"They was having this social in the shade of an old elm tree that had grew up in the shadow of a church and had saw many things since it was a sapling, especially about church socials. I seen right away that the poor boy was disappointed to think of reciting out in a picnic crowd in the afternoon."

"He had been telling me all the way down on the train about the way he was going to stand up inside the church and recite about the first temples, and all them naves and architraves or whatever they call them parts of a church. He had wrote two of the most solemn poems that he had wrote for years, and imagine his feeling when he had to stand up there with a kid rubbing jam on his only suit and hollering, 'Oh, mama, come and see the funny clown!'"

"When Wilfred had got through reciting his first poem he said that he was going to get the next train home, and I seen at once that his artistic temperament was getting colder with winds whistling around inside his brain. I guess for a moment that the poor kid seen snowbirds and musk-oxen. His face took on the blue, stern look of old Doc Cook defying the Danish nation."

"But one of the ladies of the auxiliary came over and patted him on the shoulder kind of nice. She was a awful sweet looking lady, with a young face and snow white hair, and after she had told Wilfred that she had a son who loved poetry she had him won over, so he promised her that he would stay until he recited his second poem that he had wrote—that is, if he could wait until after dusk to recite it. 'It is about moonlight,' Wilfred told her, 'and I thought that this was going to be a moonlight social. Poetry was not made for daylight the garish day, the biting sun,' said Wilfred."

"Very well," said the sweet-faced lady with the gray hair, 'you shall recite out under the lanterns after dinner. We are going to have our bazaar this evening, and just as the moon comes up and our Chinese lanterns are lit, with all their suggestion of the Orient and of pulsing poetry, you shall read your lines.'

"I don't know nothing about pulsing poetry," said the Head Barber, "but always heard that poets was apt to feel their pulse while they was writing."

sometimes with their fingers, sometimes with one of them needles the surgeons uses to carry them over a long strain."

"My brother ain't no needle user," said the Manicure Lady. "Goodness, knows, George, that he is too much a son of his father, who comes from that old Bourbon strain you read about in the histories. But I want to give you the real laugh."

"When Wilfred got up to read his Oriental poem with the moon behind them fleecy clouds and the lanterns swinging in the trees, the lanterns went out in the middle of the first verse, and at the end of the verse the moon went behind a cloud, too, and in the stilly darkness somebody pinched the watch that Pa had gave Wilfred for a birthday present. That's how Wilfred got stung at the social."

For many years the greatest inventors and scientists of the age have worked to produce a device to protect the trolley cars and the line equipment from the ravages of lightning. These devices, crude and imperfect as they were, did fairly well under ordinary conditions and were called "lightning arresters" because they sometimes stopped the lightning before it did any serious damage and led it away to a place of safety.

It was not until very recently that an aluminum cell lightning arrester was perfected which worked equally well under all conditions and offered protection even during the most severe thunderstorms. This "arrester" was taken to the mountain districts of Colorado, where thunderstorms are the most severe on record, and given a thorough demonstration. The device proved an absolute protection to trolley cars, power stations and all other outdoor electrical equipment.—Electric News.

Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle. These who are slow to wrath should make fast friends.