

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Lonely in a Great City

By WINFRED BLACK.

So you are lonely in the great city, little woman? You love trees, and grass, and flowers, and the bare earth, and the wild winds, and the leafless branches.

And the laugh at you and say you are out of date because you do not think it the height of bliss to sit for hours in a glaring light and "drink another," and watch people and wonder who she is, and whether the diamonds on her hands are real or imitation, and who the blonde at the next table is, and why the waiter takes so much trouble for the greasy little man with the pig's eye.

And they say you'll learn city ways soon, and you don't want to learn them, and you wonder if there isn't a real woman somewhere in New York, a woman who likes to sew, a woman with a new recipe for salad, a woman with a baby to love, a woman with a real husband, not just somebody who pays the rent and was in love with her once when she was younger and prettier.

A woman who reads poetry and cries over a love story, a woman who would like to see a decent play once in a while, a woman who hates vulgar jokes and can't see anything fascinating in a display of middle-aged persons in scanty clothes pretending to be college girls out for a lark.

A woman with a good sensible clear head who doesn't want to spend every dollar she can whittle out of her husband for clothes with which to make her look so that some man on the street will ask her "whose doll are you?"

Lonesome, are you from Kentucky, you say, and can't get used to Broadway? Well, little woman, you don't have to get used to it, and don't try; don't even think of trying.

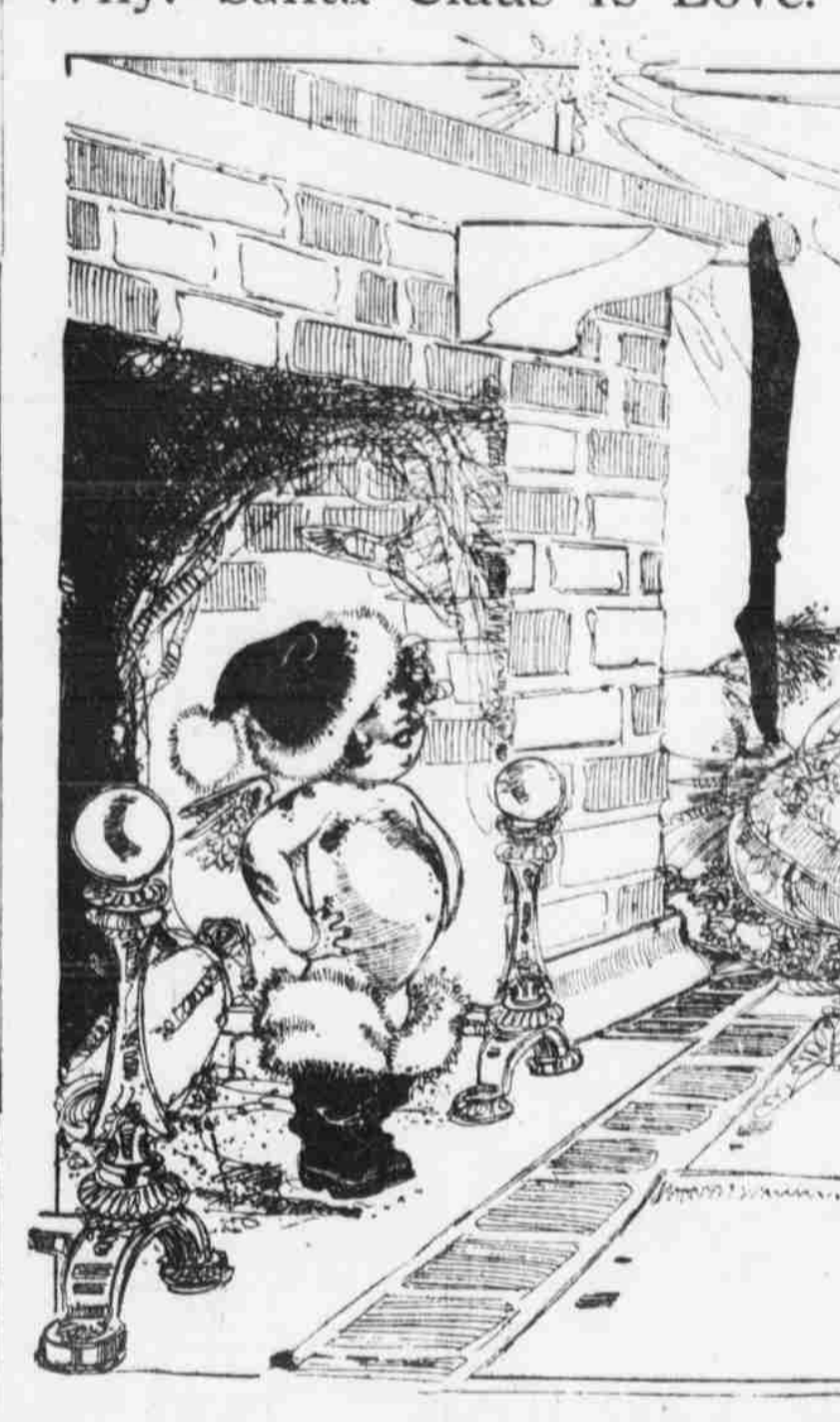
The people you see on Broadway aren't the whole city, no, nor even those you see on Fifth avenue, either. They may think they are, but they are not. They are only the bubbles on top of the cup of so-called American coffee that is underneath.

That's all.

Sombody works, somebody plans, somebody sacrifices. Who do you suppose says for all those clothes, who meets the rent day, who settles the grocery bills—why, the very woman across the hall from your own little flat. Came from Tennessee. You just ask her some moonlight night is she ever gets "river sick," and watch the tears come to her eyes.

What, the woman up stairs, the one with the gorgeous hats and the electric runabout? Why, she's from the west, can't you tell that by the way she says good morning to the elevator man? Yes, indeed! she's from Decatur, Ill., or Neenah, Mich., as sure as you are born. She has picked many a pair of blueberries

## "Why! Santa Claus Is Love!"



For the little maid who has just acquired the circlet for the pink third finger of her left hand Santa Claus is Love.

I heard a girl the other day, with the hot color in her cheeks, a conscious flutter of hands and a lowering of black lashes over the shimmer of her eyes, define that elusive, mystical chap, whom some of us never see or know after we're "leaven." "Why," said she, and laughed, "I know—Santa Claus is Love!"

And the little maid, who had just acquired a ruby and diamond circlet on the pink third finger of her left hand, was right. For her the chap who always wears red velvet and white rabbit fur, even where there is no snow, is Love!

Mothers who worry and sew and "skimp" and buy—and who are merry withal—know when they remember they are doing it, that Santa Claus is Love. Then, of course, there's an awful bunch of folks who buy the splindest things for folks they don't care a rap about, and then haven't anything left to get Christmas for the folks they DO care

## "Information From a Girl Who Waited Upon Christmas Eve."

Copyright, 1912, by Journal-American-Examiner.

## By Nell Brinkley



about—they NEED to know that he is Love. Maybe if you, little maid, can prop your blue eyes open long enough on Christmas eve and sneak down the minute you hear a scuffling in the black fireplace—you may see the little chap whom I herewith show to you in this picture.

## The Actor Folk

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

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There was a time when actors and actresses were supposed to be eminently laughable. Then they exercised for us a wonderful fascination. Now that we have reached mature years, more or less, and know humanity in its varying phases, in degree, we realize that members of the theatrical profession were never any worse than the rest of us.

Actors and actresses are just men and women, with all the instincts, ambitions and limitations that the rest of us possess.

Helen said: "There are three sexes—men, women and actors." But that was only jolly josh; that "listened" good.

The actors used to hoodwink us with the thought that they were very, very, very bad—a bad and for a time this made believe was so well carried out that the actor was an attraction. We read stories about their peccadilloes and the records of divorce courts were laid open before us. He was a great admirer. And so we used to go and buy seats to see him strut and hear him rant.

But now all this showy shadow of veiled villainy has been blown away, and we know that the actor in private life is even quite as other men. He studies his part feverishly, watches the clock and counts the hours before he will go on. He is nervous, irritable, touchy, absurd before the play. After the performance he is apt to be frisky and frolicsome—until he thinks of the next night.

So long as he makes us laugh we get our money's worth; but as for waiting around the hotel to catch glimpses of "the perfect" or bring in wait at the entrance to the alley—forget it!

And for rascality, some of us can give them pointers as ten to one. They have to walk the moral chalkline, otherwise they could not do their work right out in the limelight.

And they are the most generous and charitable folk you ever saw. Their work evokes imagination and sympathy. Whenever a great calamity happens some one always suggests a "benefit" for the sufferers, and the player-folk are always the first to volunteer.

When the preacher used to warn us against attending the theater the play was much more mysterious than it is now. Those who can remember the rolling accent, as well as the rolling eye of Edward Forrest, never tire of telling the thrills he imparted at H. per. Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett came on, mildly imitating the mighty Forrest.

John McCullough gave hope that the race of barnstormers was not yet dead, and then his light went out in darkness because he took himself seriously.

Then we had Mary Anderson, Clara Morris, Lotta Crabtree, and a woman of wonderful shape whom I remember by the name of Lydia Thompson. Alas, these are all gone from the boards and have left no successors.

One reason why we loved the actors in the old days was because we were so impeccably respectable. We acknowledged our respectability and our virtue was ever before us.

And to equate matters we got a fine tang out of the wickedness or supposed wickedness of others. We were eminently proper ourselves, but we reveled in the thought of impropriety in others.

Actors idealize actual life; and no doubt actual life is often a beautiful take-off on the stage.

"I believe the gentleman acts," said someone to Janne MacNeill Whistler; and the answer was, "He does nothing else."

Nowadays, we are all encroaching on the actor's preserve. If a fish could ask a question it would be, "Oh, where, oh, where is the sea?" And where is the stage? "Oh, where, oh, where is the stage?" And the answer to this question is, "It is right under our feet." We are all playing parts, not just pretending we are playing.

The surest thing in this world is a friend you can't depend on when you need him.

I am sure that the gentleman was glad of the opportunity to serve you.

You Are Too Young.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 16 years of age and deeply in love with a young man of 22 years. I have known him for some time. He recently asked me to marry him, but I think I am too young. However, my parents gave their consent to our marriage. What would you advise me to do, as I love this young man very deeply?

A HEART-BROKEN READER.

You owe yourself at least two more years of girlishhood, and if the man loves you he will be glad to wait for you that long.

I can see no reason why you sign yourself "Heart-Broken." You love and are loved. Your parents approve, and youth is a handicap so soon overcome.

## "Beauty's Hour at Candle Light"

## Eighteen is the Ideal Age, in Artist's Opinion

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

When is woman's hour of beauty? At the hour of candle light.

Take it from a man who knows all about beauty and all about lighting—Eudolph Eichmeyer, artist-photographer.

If the famous beauties of the past had had to stand the glare of modern electric lighting as our women of today do, few of them would have retained their reputation for loveliness.

"Electric light is the most unflattering light in the world—reveals every defect, makes the face look hard and takes away all delicacy of coloring."

"The old-time beauties owe a great deal of their reputed claim to candle light, which makes every beautiful woman's face more lovely and sheds a glow, a sort of romantic radiance over the plain and unlovely ones."

"If women really cared as much about their appearance as they are supposed to do, every sitting room, all drawing rooms and boudoirs would be lighted by candles and Mr. Eichmeyer's pet admiration, the 18 central chandelier, would be banished forever."

In the meantime we were sitting in the studio where most American beauties are photographed. In a big hotel famous for its brilliantly lighted ballroom, and I had asked Mr. Eichmeyer and Mr. Judd, the manager, to settle the vexing question once for all, and decide at what age women reached the perfection of physical loveliness.

"Youth, of course, is the most beautiful age," said both gentlemen, more or less simultaneously.

"Of course," I agreed, "and a pretty girl of 16 is a goodly sight to see."

Two pairs of masculine eyebrows went up as high as they could go.

"Have you noticed the tendency to drag the age limit of youth upward as one ascends the scale of years oneself?" said Mr. Judd in a contemplative and impersonal way.

"Indeed yes. Mr. Swan, New York's most beautiful artist, who is not more than twenty-one himself, says that eighteen is the ideal age of beauty."

"I was going to say twenty, but let us settle on sixteen or from sixteen to twenty as the age at which a girl is most beautiful from the photographic standpoint," said Mr. Judd.

"Then from eighteen to twenty she needs no retouching," inquired the writer, but Mr. Eichmeyer objected. He insisted that there was too much retouching and that it was not necessary, and showed me how one could shorten a long nose or bring forward a retreating chin and perform other incredible transformations merely by proper lighting, which brought us back to the magic of candle-light as an idealizing medium for those who want to be beautiful as well as those who are so already.

"Now please tell me what constitutes beauty in a woman? How do you judge whether a woman is beautiful or not?"

"To be beautiful a woman must have a striking head, a head that makes an instant impression on the mind," said Mr. Eichmeyer.

"The eyes make the face," said Mr. Judd, looking around the walls covered with the photographs of pretty women.

"One woman has a fine head, which attracts immediate attention, the beauty of another woman is partly her face, partly her gown, her manner or her carriage and gestures." Of course, in photo-



MISS BLANCHE SHEEHAN.

Who has the "fine head" and other points which make the young American beauty, according to Eudolph Eichmeyer.

graphing women I have to study each one carefully and find just when and how they are at their very best. There is always one moment when each one looks nearly beautiful, if not quite so."

Mr. Eichmeyer went on pointing out some beauty of each type as he spoke. There was the very thin society woman, whose hands and eyes were her two great charms. Both held the attention in her photograph.

"There was the beauty who was 'all eyes,' and another who was 'just dimples,' a third whose perfect profile was reflected in a mirror against which she leaned, showing two sides of her face in

## Advice to Lovelorn

By HEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Then Don't Lose Time.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am nineteen and deeply in love with a young lady, with whom I have kept company for two years and she keeps company with some other friend. I still love her, in fact, I think of nothing else but her.

JAMES.

You have wasted two years in mourning for her. I shall love all patience with you unless you go to her at once and tell her what you have told me.

Give her a chance to have a choice between you.

Second Chance at Happiness.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young woman of 25 years. Seven years ago I was married to a young man two years older than myself. Two years ago he went away and I was left with two children. I have not seen him since. A year ago I met a young man 23 years old. He heard my story, but still insists that I marry him. We love each other very much.

G. B. G.

If your husband deserted you, you are entitled to a divorce, and a second chance at happiness.

But I hope your first experience made you wise enough to know men. Unless this man is honorable, steady, able to support you, and will be a good father to your children, the fact that you love him is not sufficient reason for marrying him.

You Did Nothing Wrong.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I was coming out of a store, and I noticed that it was raining very hard. I had my good clothes on, and was also in a hurry to get home. A young man of about twenty-one years of age happened to pass by with an umbrella. He looked very respectable, so I asked him if he would take me to the "U" under his umbrella if he was going that way. He said he was, and I went with him. But I do wrong under the circumstances. I am twenty years of age.

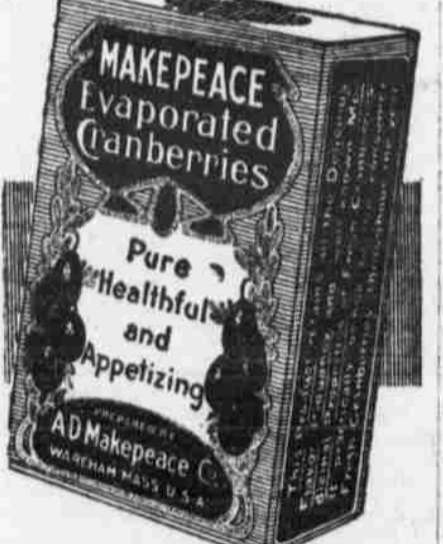
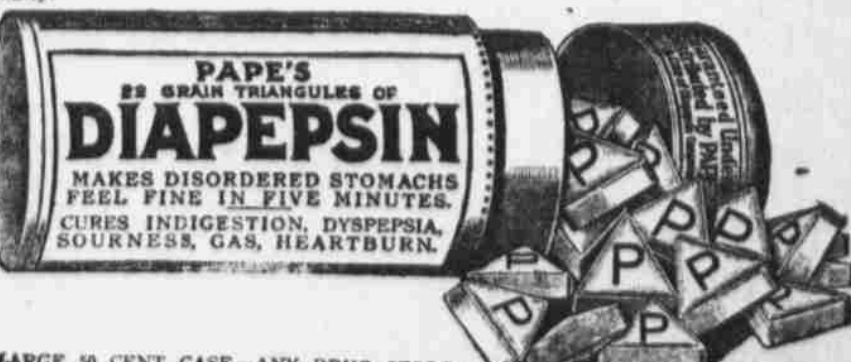
D. B.

It is always right for a woman to appeal to a man's sense of gallantry, and

## Time It! Any Sour, Gassy, Upset Stomach Cured in Five Minutes

Sour, gassy, upset stomach, indigestion, heartburn, dyspepsia; when the food you eat ferments into gases and stubborn lumps; your head aches and you feel sick and miserable, that's when you realize the magic in Pape's Diapepsin. It makes such misery vanish in five minutes.

If your stomach is in a continuous revolt—if you can't get it regulated, please, for your sake, try Diapepsin. It's so needless to have a bad stomach—make your next meal a favorite food meal, then take a little Diapepsin. There will not be any distress—eat without fear. It's because Pape's Diapepsin "really does" regulate weak, out-of-order stomachs that gives it its millions of sales annually.



Good cooks agree that all the cranberry dishes in the cook book or out of it are more delicious and appetizing when made with MAKEPEACE Evaporated Cranberries.

All the flavor, tartness and goodness of the juicy, red cranberry ripened on the vine. They are far better than the ordinary cranberries bought in bulk from barrels—because they are hand assorted and sterilized—no waste—economical. We simply evaporate the water and send them to you in package form. Then you can serve them any day in the year by soaking them in water according to directions inside the package. They will keep in your home indefinitely without losing flavor or goodness.

A 10c box of Makepeace Evaporated Cranberries has a cooking value equal to one quart.

Ask your grocer today for Makepeace Evaporated Cranberries. Cooking receipts inside the package—just follow directions—then if you don't see they are better than any cranberries you ever bought—simply take them back to the dealer and he will cheerfully refund your money. Comparison is the real test. You be the judge.

In the unlikely event of your dealer not having Makepeace Evaporated Cranberries, tell him to get them for you from his jobber.

A. D. MAKEPEACE CO.  
Wareham on Cape Cod, Mass.

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## If We Should Meet Him

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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Now, what were the words of Jesus, And what would He pause and say, If we were to meet in home or street The Lord of the world today?

Oh, I think he would pause and say: "I am with you, chosen laborer. Speak only good of your neighbor. Widen your farms and lay down your sick. Or dig up the soil with each saber."

Now, what were the answer of Jesus if we should ask for a creed? To carry us straight to the wonderful gate.

When merit from body is freed? Oh, I think he would give us this creed: "Praise God whatever betide you. Glad joy on the lives beside you. Better the earth by growing in worth. With love as the law to guide you."

Now, what were the answer of Jesus if we should ask Him to tell Of that last great goal of the homing soul?

Where each of us hopes to dwell? Oh, I think it is this He would tell: "The soul is the builder—then wake it; The Mind is the kingdom—then take it; And thought upon thought let Eden be wrought; For heaven will be what you make it!"

Favorite Fiction.

"It Will Be No Trouble at All, I Assure You."

"Yes, Sir. This Gas Engine Will Start Just as Well in Cold Weather as in Warm."

"I Knew Him When He Wasn't Knee High to a Grasshopper."

"I Shall Take Great Pleasure in Doing All I Can to Secure the Position for You."

"My Friends, I Don't Want You to Vote for Me if You Disapprove of My Record."

—Chicago Tribune.