



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Vegetable People and Flower Talk

By WINIFRED BLACK.

It brought me a bunch of violets—the English boy who is visiting us—great violets, fragrant violets, heavy with dew and as sweet as the memory of one we loved in early youth.

Violets, sweet, sweet violets, and the whole street was full of potatoes and cabbages and beets and turnips, and things that he might have bought. I'm glad he didn't do it.

Violets! Some-times I am in the mood of forgetting that there are such things. I look at onions and carrots and potatoes and think what's for dinner till I don't even remember that somewhere down in the brown earth the flowers are asleep, waiting for Spring to call them from their deep beds. I hate that, don't you? I don't believe that it pays.

I know many people—vegetable people—that never think of anything that isn't useful—something to eat or drink or wear. Poor things, poor things; what a lot they missed, don't they?

"I never read novels," said a cross old woman to me the other day. "I haven't time to waste," and she pursed up her disagreeable mouth and looked virtuously at me out of the corners of her self-righteous eyes as if she were proud of what she had just said.

"Never read novels? What a life—what a life! Shut up in the little, narrow, dark room of her own experience when all those beautiful doors are open wide to her if she'd only turn the handle of them by opening the book-case at the right time.

Are you tired? Come, let's wander far afield with Burroughs and sit under a shady maple on the edge of the green woods and wonder with him if it is worth it to read.

Are you bored? There's Mark Tapscott, right there at the first turning to the right, down by the book of red fairy tales. He'll cheer you up.

Is life a wearisome round of "meats" and "ought to's"? Come, let's go into Wonderland with Alice, the White Rabbit is such an entertaining company.

I like to spend an afternoon with the princess and her maids once in a while, don't you? What princess? Oh, any of them, so long as she has fair hair and rosy cheeks and a lace frock shot with silver and a crown of sparkling gems and a poor swineherd for a sweetheart.

What food she eats, the princess in the red book—ambrosia and honey! Flow all the fountains where she sits with her maidens fair sparkle and gleam! What enchanting roses bloom for her, what delightful songs the birds in the rose tree sing! Oh, but a princess is lovely company for a dull day!

Poor woman, so you never read novels? I suppose you'd think me crazy if you saw me poring over Aladdin and his wonderful lamp, and wishing I had a lamp just like that one in the story, wouldn't you?

Violets, not for you; what good are they, pray tell? Just imprisoned sunshine, living dew and air and fragrance, just the smile of the Great Giver of all good.

A letter from an old friend of mine will gladden my heart for hours. I suppose my practical friend who "never reads" wouldn't even stop to open the envelope, unless she thought that there was something in it about money and how to get it.

A smile from a rosy baby? Why it's worth walking blocks to get on a dull, cloudy morning. There's no money in it, though, so it doesn't amount to much in some eyes.

Hark! What is that? It sounds like bells, silver bells chiming in the moonlight under the jasmine flowers. Puff! Was that a yellow primrose opening by the light of the stars? All the little four-o'clocks are fast asleep, but you can tell where they sit along the edge of the path by the perfume of them.

Ah, there are the tiger lilies, tall and girly, close to the flowery fox. What a pretty pling row that is! You can tell it even by starlight. "Ring-ting, I wish that I was primrose, a pretty yellow primrose, a-blowing in the sun."

What a sweet chiming that was! How it makes the stupid city streets over Tongue-tie-ting-ting. Why, it's nothing but a little boy striking two bits of glass together. See how he laughs to hear the ring!

Chime, chime, jingle, jingle, ring, ting, ting. Now he shuts his laughing eyes

and blows out his rosy cheeks like one who blows bubbles. Ring, ting, chime, chime. He can't stand still for the joy of it.

Throw it away, little boy, throw it away, and all your pretty dreams with it. It's nothing but a bit of broken glass and wouldn't fetch even one penny in the market.

What, you won't? You love the chime and the rymes and the faraway chime-chime of it? You like it better than the jingle of pennies in a bank? What a stupid little boy! Why, you'll never be a man—a real man—if you keep on like this.

You love music and books, and flowers, and sunlight, and the soft sparkle of the stars and you'll love to live, just to live as a healthy child loves it, and when you are those that you love behind him will cry bitterly. But they will find nothing in the chests but sunshine and sweet memories. What a disappointment!

No, no, little boy, this will never, never do. You must be "practical." You must love money and land and bonds and bargains and rents.

Violets, all purple and sweet with dew, I'm glad the English boy brought them to me instead of buying some potatoes for tomorrow's dinner. But then I am impractical, like the little boy with the ohming glass—very impractical—and I don't get much out of life but the mere joy of living. It is terrible to be made so, isn't it?



Follow Instructions of Gaby Deslys and Become a Rival of That Famous Beauty

By GABY DESLYS.

Here I am once again writing to you about beauty.

I should hesitate to do so if it were not a subject about which every woman is keenly interested, and which also occupies the mind of man a good deal of the time.

I am willing to write about beauty, to divulge those secrets which have helped me gain my reputation for good looks, and when I speak about my own looks, understand that I do it in the most impersonal way.

To be beautiful, at least to be as beautiful as I can be, is a matter of the utmost importance to me because it helps me in my work. My looks first attracted the attention of the public toward me, and it was due to such looks as I had that I gained the approbation of the critics.

I am above all else a business woman, intent on earning a certain sum of money which will secure me complete independence from hard work when the time arrives when I shall be no longer young, pretty and full of health and vitality. And no longer have the good fortune to please the public.

There is a great difference between the attitude of the so-called professional beauty and the beautiful woman in the ordinary and more sheltered walks of life toward this question of beauty.

I once heard the most beautiful actress in America say that her reputation for beauty was a sort of iron ball to which she was always chained, and which made her a slave. "If I should be seen in public, even once, with my hair badly undulated and a shiny nose, it would cost me an enormous amount of money, because people would say: 'Dear me, how she's gone off in looks,' and that would affect the box office, which in turn would affect my salary."

So this very intelligent woman, who often would have preferred to spend her time in other ways, who would like to have kept up with all that was best in modern literature, who was immensely philanthropic and would have liked to give some attention to charitable work, spends almost all her life taking care of her beauty and she admits that it is drudgery pure and simple.

If she were not a beauty and did not devote most of her attention to her looks, however, she could not earn the large sums of money which she gives to charity, nor would she be able to help young and struggling artists and writers.

Beauty is a business asset, but the life of the professional beauty is not the gay butterfly existence it is pictured to be, but one of painstaking, systematic care, which necessitates abstaining from most of the things one would like to eat, not doing most of the things one would like to do.

For there is no elixir of youth, no fountain of beauty. They are the result of intelligent and systematic care of the body, and the modern beauty, providing, of course, she has some foundation of good looks to start with, studies the matter scientifically and becomes beautiful by dint of hard work.

In France we say: "You must suffer to be beautiful." That was because in olden times women did so many ridiculous and barbarous things to enhance their complexion. They put clothes pins on their noses, and compresses of raw beef over their faces which could have been anything but pleasant.

Today the proverb could be changed—you must work to be beautiful.

I have been reading a great deal about eugenics lately in the daily papers. I take it that this means the production of a perfect race, governed by all the known laws of health and hygiene. Eugenic babies ought to grow up into beautiful men and women, for beauty gets its real start in babyhood.

Of course, I know that many famous beauties have come from the most wretched and even squalid beginnings. Still, as a general rule, the child whose advent was longed for, whose babyhood was carefully watched and guarded over by love and affection and whose early training was intelligent and even scientific, has the best chance to grow up to happy and healthy maturity.

Happiness is the dancing partner of beauty. They can hardly be dissociated; where you have a happy child you generally have a pretty one. But the little girl who is gloomy and sad is involuntarily



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casting her features into a look of settled melancholy or discontent. Neither of these is beautiful.

So if we are to start out with the secrets of beauty, let us begin at the very beginning with a happy childhood.

It is said that the women of the hard laboring classes age prematurely. Naturally, they must, for long before they have reached an age where the normal child could understand about serious things, like work and responsibility, they have taken their load of the family burden and are already hard at work plodding and toiling to support their meagre home.

A long, slow and very gradual development, both of the physical and mental, are needed to store up vitality and health which will be used to make the future beauty.

In the meantime there are all kinds of sports and exercises to develop the little body and bring it to its highest point of perfection.

If a child is not properly formed almost any imperfection can be overcome if taken young enough and systematically worked at.

Eyes that are crossed can be made normal; and we have, in France, just as I am sure you have here, many schools where gymnastics are taught for children under the supervision of a doctor, who examines the children carefully and gives them the exercises needed to correct whatever imperfections they may have.

Don't forget that the foundation of beauty is laid before one is 19 years old, and see that you are not neglecting the

BOBBIE BURNS

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

When the sky seems lower, somehow, closing down to shut me in, Closing down to roof a prison full of sorrows and of sin, There's a book I always worship, as a mother loves her own, And I can sit upon when I have it all alone, For the heart that's full of sunshine or the stricken heart that yearns, What a mine of priceless nuggets are the songs of Bobbie Burns!

Countless lips with grief have straightened, countless lips with mirth have curled, Since the coming and the going of the Flowery of the World; But the lines he fashioned lightly hold a deep and deathless spell, O'er the mortals who are groping through the world he knew so well, Just a bonnie boy who washed of his Scottish hills and lakes, He was worshiped for his genius; he was loved for his mistakes.

How Hypocrisy was ridiculed by the shots he fired so well! How he sang his songs of Heaven while he laughed at threats of Hell! Little babies could command him, but no monarch had control, Of his wondrous brain and method, or his stony, troubled soul, Sometimes strays my fickle fancy, but forever it returns To a little battered volume—just the songs of Bobbie Burns.

The Ideal Man of Today

By ELLA WHEELER WILSON.

So much is said about the new woman and so little about the new man, yet man is a very different being from the one who used to dominate the world. It would be impossible today to interest the reading world with a great novel or a great poem or war with such heroes as made history in the days of Alexander the Great, or Caesar or Napoleon.

The taste of the times is changed. He alone the man of the times has changed from the heroes of the past. From the days of Alexander the Great, or Caesar or Napoleon, the taste of the times is changed. He alone the man of the times has changed from the heroes of the past. From the days of Alexander the Great, or Caesar or Napoleon, the taste of the times is changed. He alone the man of the times has changed from the heroes of the past.



include the use of the gun, or the sword or even fists.

Many a splendid fellow endowed with the strength of a young Olympian god has no taste for shooting or boxing.

Good health, good habits, a love of nature, a love of humanity, and a mind filled with high ideals of helpfulness to humanity; a brain alert to understand the world's needs—these are attributes of the new man.

He may not write essays on the best way to slaughter wild animals, but he will know how to slay the evil beasts of selfishness and lust, and greed in his own nature, and how to deal with them in others.

However war may be raging upon the earth today, yet the day of the war hero is over.

Humanity calls for a higher type, and it is coming.

Whoever the world demands a new order of hero, he arrives.

Even now he is on the way—the man of the future.

And he will not be a "molluscoid," a warrior, or a hunter—but a thinker, a statesman, and a humanitarian, in the largest sense of those words.

Here in this new world he will be born and bred, the grandest type of steed man the world has yet seen.

The world is just beginning to know that thought is the most wonderful force in the universe. It is greater than dynamite or gunpowder, or electricity. The man to be will understand the limitless power of rightly directed thought, and he will not need to be a pugilist or a hunter to conquer or attain.

Just as the old monsters of land and sea passed away from the earth, so will the soldier and the hunter pass and give place to better types.

For above the sad world sobbing, And the strife of clan with clan, I can hear the mighty throbbing Of the heart of God in man.

And a voice chants through the chiming Of the bells and sweet to the ear, As we climb, we see climbing, As we circle on our way.

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Daily Fashions



By LA RACOTEUSE.

Very rich and elegant evening gown of ruby velvet and Bohemian lace. The chief part of the gown happily mixes the old princess gown and the panther effect. The front is cut on the bias and the velvet forms a short overlapping skirt which crosses in front and dips down in back where the drapery is caught by a band of stunks which also outlines the front. The bodice—front and back—is of silk muslin of the same color, covered by an empiement of Bohemian lace, slightly blousing and gathered at the waistline by a girdle of draped velvet, fastened by a round buckle of brass with long ends. The empiement falls very low under the skirt hiding the drapery.

Ah, Yes! That Happy Home Drawn for the Bee by Tom McNamara

