

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Disparity in Age

By WINIFRED BLACK

Well, my dear, what do you want me to say, and I'll say it, for really you are going to do just as you wish about it after all, aren't you? And why shouldn't you, pray tell?

You love the man and he loves you. He is able to take good care of you. You are unhappy away from him and he wants you with him. What is there for you to do but marry him and say no more about it?

Six years older than he? Is that the objection? Not half such an objection as if he were just the right age for you and drank, or if he were dishonest, or if he likes one kind of life and you like another. There is always something, but this matter of a few years difference in age is not one of the really serious objections to marriage, after all.

The most miserable woman I know married a man just five years older than she was. She is as pretty as a picture and as good as gold. But the man is dead in love with an elderly widow, and the wife's heart is broken.

Six years older, are you? In years you mean, of course; but how much older are you in all the things that count? Years are such deceitful things. They mean less than almost anything else.

Some women are old at 30 years, some are young at 40 years. Some men are boys at 30 years and some boys are men at 30 years. What sort of woman are you and what kind is the man you love? Another woman I know married a man four years younger than herself. He looked ten years younger, for the woman had much responsibility, much care and much sorrow in her life.

When they were married all the men said "He's making a mistake," and all the women said "She'll live to regret it." As a matter of fact, it is turning out to be a much happier marriage than some of the marriages made by the people who criticized it as "unsuitable."

The man and woman who started four years apart are just about even now, for the woman is a vital sort of person, strong, full of life and energy, active and fond of all that living means.

The man is quiet, gentle, fond of routine. He'd rather stay at home every evening of the week than go to the first play that ever was acted. The woman would rather go to the play than do anything else. They compromised by going once a week, and the man stays at home and reads in comfort the other six, while the woman entertains herself with her own friends in her own way.

So it has all turned out for the best. The woman who worried years the older on the wedding day is ten years the younger now, simply a matter of disposition and temperament, that's all. She's the sort that stops growing old at 30 years; he's the sort that stops being young at 35 years. And there they are—very comfy, thank you and highly amused at the idea that there could be anything undesirable about their marriage.

When a man falls in love with a woman he isn't thinking of her age—he's thinking of the woman and of himself, and age hasn't a thing in the world to do with it.

Brains, character, taste, education—these are far more important than a mere matter of a slight difference in age.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox Says:

Educating Mothers is the World's Best Work

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

This pathetic letter, unsigned, holds a world of unwritten sorrow in its few pages, and a whole sermon is to be read between its lines. It should set every woman who believes herself to be a friend to her sex thinking, and it should give every ardent suffragist a moment of self-analysis to discover just what her attitude is, or would be, under similar circumstances.

Here is the letter: "A girl that is an unmarried mother is a social outcast, whether the cause was from ignorance or a false lover. Only those who have experienced this know the obstacles placed to hinder such a girl living a virtuous life. If she applies for a position, or wishes to join a church, a social society or a sewing circle, or anything leading to a better life, the members may not openly deny admission, but they freeze her out by being so unsocial.

"Every human being needs living associates and friends. If a girl who has erred confesses her error, and does not try to hide her past, it seems better to me, because it saves her from being found out later; yet when she does confess, then she meets with much cruelty. Women that are married and are having shameful affairs with other men, even bearing children by men not their husbands, will frown on a girl who has made a mistake and is trying to be decent.

"Girls that are immoral, but have not become mothers, will turn their backs on the unfortunate unwedded mother who has made only one mistake; and will in every way try to hinder her from being received by respectable people.

"So what is left for her but to go on down?"

"The writer of the letter adds a plea, that the matter should be a subject for discussion and says 'I believe boys would be helped if it were written about. They need help, too.'"

Yes, "boys need help, too," and mothers are the ones who should be awakened to this need of boys to know more of the great facts which underlie life and birth.

Two boys reared by wise and sensible mothers were instructed at the age of 10 years in matters of sex. They were told how human beings were a part of God's wonderful systems of worlds; and how, like the seed planted in the earth, they grew and flowered. They were told how they must never refer to the subject save to their mothers, who would explain gradually the marvels of life as their minds unfolded.

They were told that all women were once pure and good; and that each girl and woman should be regarded as some boy's mother or sister; and just as a boy would want to see his sister and mother respected and treated with clean, high honor by all men, so they must treat all women.

Both of these boys at 21 years of age were magnificent specimens of young manhood; both were strong, capable, high-minded fellows, popular with their own sex and admired by women; and both married good girls and carried no

The New American Beauty, Reine Davies, Thinks This the Red-Haired Woman's Year



By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

Have you red hair? Nineteen hundred and thirteen is the great year for red-headed girls.

The hair need not be real carrot red, just a suggestion will do, but if you want to be a beauty and a mascot, you must have the tawny gleam and the redder the hair the more the luck and the greater the beauty, this year anyhow.

The last type of beauty was the small young person who looked as if she had just come from Russia, by way of Paris, of course. She is still somewhat in the running, but the real thing is the red-haired girl.

Reine Davies is the embodiment of the beauty of 1913. She has all the attributes which makes the Titian haired girl particularly lovely, a perfect pink and rose complexion and a neck that artists proclaim the most beautiful in New York.

"Why is it lucky to have red hair?" I asked Miss Davies. "I never knew it was lucky until this year, when the red-haired girl seems to be coming into her own at last," answered the lady of the Titian locks. "She's been invited to act as mascot for the christening of battleships, and I bear that a western hotel keeper, who is opening an annex to his hotel, has chosen a

red-headed reception committee for the opening festivities, as he says that they will bring luck to the enterprise. A theatrical man told me that he was always glad when there was plenty of red hair among the audience, because that meant that if the play was any good at all it would go with a rush.

"Red-haired people have been famous, but they haven't necessarily been lucky; perhaps in 1913 they are turning over a new leaf. Among the notably unlucky ones was Mary Queen of Scots, who lost her head and hair at the same time, and Cleopatra, whose life was full of titillating tribulations.

"But I think I know why red-haired people are lucky, and I'll tell you. Red-dial hair is a sign of vitality, and people with great vitality believe in themselves and in their own luck, and that is half of the game. No one ever was a mascot

or could bring people good luck who didn't absolutely believe in his or her certain powers to get the better of misfortune and adverse circumstances. "Red hair is very interesting, at least, it is to me," Miss Davies went on. "Because it is so changeable. The color of the hair seems to change with the degree of vitality. Yes, probably the luck changes, too, so to keep luck one ought to keep one's hair as red as possible."

"I am told the 'henna spray' is the latest thing in shampoo," I interrupted. "But that is the false red that can have nothing to do with luck, as it has very little to do with beauty. Artificially colored hair never looks right, no matter how cleverly it is done. There are other ways of bringing back the natural red gleam to the hair," insisted the beautiful young actress.

"Red hair grows dark because it lacks sunshine and ventilation. People with red hair should wear hats as little as possible, especially when they notice that the hair is beginning to darken. "It's a pity that we can't go round with our hair braided down our backs, in the house at all events, for hair needs all the ventilation and airing it can get, especially since we have begun to wear those tight-fitting hats and keep them on all day. This is what ruins the color of the hair, and the only thing that will bring back the color is sunshine and air, and last, but not least, a careful diet.

"I don't know what the doctors say on this subject," continued Miss Davies, "but I am perfectly certain that the condition of the hair is affected by the condition of the stomach, and that people lose their hair or see it grow dark and ugly because they eat not wisely nor well.

"I go about as much as I can in the open air without any hat at all. Of course, an open-air life makes one feel healthy and vigorous, and whenever I can enjoy country life, I find that my hair grows a brighter and prettier red, and that I have no trouble in handling it. You know," explained the 1913 beauty, "hair that won't stay 'put' is sickly hair; that means that the person herself is in bad physical condition.

"My advice to the red-headed girl who wants to keep her luck is to avoid heavy millinery, and if she is wearing one of those close fitting fur caps, insist on having ventilation holes in it. Men always have these little ventilators, and they don't need them half as much as we do. Then redhead washes her hair at least once in two weeks with a plain castile soap and a little bit of soda. If the hair is too oily. After the shampoo, when the hair is quite dry, she brushes the hair for at least half an hour, using a considerable amount of brilliantine or olive oil, perfumed to suit your taste.

"But don't use henna or any artificial coloring. Take the sunshine cure instead, and stay out of doors without a hat just as soon as the weather allows. And if we keep on having a warm winter like this, you can get your sun bath any day."

Reine Davies, B. F. Keith's first star for 1913, who is at B. F. Keith's Orpheum Theater in Brooklyn this week.

Miss Davies will be the headliner at B. F. Keith's Colonial Theater next week.

How goes the old rhyme? If he knows not the language of flowers, the loves not to hear the blast blow. If he sets not on ruins and towers, My own Araminta, say no.

Nothing about the age limit there, you see—not a syllable. Marry the man you love if only six years divide you, and if you are not happy together it will not be the difference in age that will bring you sorrow.

Woe Comes to the Race, Says Dorothy Dix, Because Women Are Ill-Taught About Love

A girl of 28 who has reached the age when a woman begins to feel as if she would like to settle down and have a husband and a home of her own is in a dilemma. She has a suitor who comes up to her ideal, but doesn't fire her fancy. He is everything of which her head approves, but he doesn't give her palpitation of the heart every time she catches a glimpse of him.

So the young woman is undecided whether she should marry him or not, and she wants to know if an honest affection can be cultivated, and if liking and respect for a man ever turn into love.

Of course, Cupid is a tricky imp, and there is no accounting for his vagaries. Nor can anybody prophesy what he will do. Certainly we do not always love the good and noble, whom we should love, and we are often drawn irresistibly toward those who are unworthy of our affection.

So much may be conceded to the general contrariness of human nature, but it has always seemed to me that there is no subject about which women are so ill taught as love, and that not a few of the woes of the feminine sex may be laid at the doors of those false prophets who preach a fallacious doctrine about it.

Every girl, for instance, is taught that some day she will find her Fairy Prince, and that he will be as beautiful as a dream, and that he will come riding up on a milk white steed, and that he will quote poetry by the yard, and woo her in lovely, soulful Booth Tarkington language, and wait her up into the regions of romance.

It's too idiotic to be true, but every girl believes in the Fairy Prince just as unquestioningly as St. as she believed in Santa Claus at 5, and this childish faith ends only too often in one of two things. It causes her to be an old maid, or else to make a disastrous marriage.

If the girl is of a fanciful turn of mind she goes about with her Fairy Prince halo, fitting it on every man she meets, and she's just as apt to slip it around the head of the first good-looking scoundrel she meets as anybody else. If, on the other hand, a girl is short on imagination, she keeps waiting and waiting for somebody that has the earmarks of a Fairy Prince to come along, until she lets her marriageable years slip by and finds herself stranded in the desert of spinsterhood.

Any number of good men, men who could have given her an honest affection and the comforts of life, have asked her to marry them, but they didn't come on milk white steeds. They arrived by trolley; they talked plain everyday language; they wore coats of mail or satin and lace ruffles, and so she didn't recognize any one of them as her Fairy Prince.

Girls are also taught that when the right man comes along they will palpitate and thrill, and have cold rigors, and that they will not be able to eat or sleep for thinking of the adored one, and that every minute away from him will be an almost insupportable anguish. For these are accepted signs of being in love.

Many a girl refuses to marry the man with whom she would spend a happy and contented life because when she searches her system for these indications of love she doesn't find them, and she is afraid to marry without them.

She's very fond of John and thinks him the finest fellow she knows, but her heart is a healthy organ that doesn't skip a beat when she sees him turn the corner. She enjoys John's society, but she has a very good appetite whether he's around to see her eat or not, and she knows perfectly well that if John should die she would never even think of taking a dose of poison. Therefore, she concludes that she isn't in love with John, and she never dreams that what she lacks is not affection, but hysterical tendencies.

It's a pity that women can't realize that we love according to our natures and general temperament. The neurotic woman, who goes off at a tangent about everything, loves crazily and jealously. The placid woman loves calmly. The fickle woman loves lightly and intermittently. The violent woman loves violently and the sensible, well-poised woman loves even as she is made.

How foolish, then, for the level-headed, self-controlled woman to expect to be swept off her feet into some mad whirl of passion that will transform her into another creature! In judging of whether she loves or not she must first take her own nature into consideration.

Of course, if a woman is of the excessively temperamental sort, who lives upon her emotions and has to have sentiment served up to her piping hot, she should not marry any man with whom she is not madly enamored at the moment, because she will grow tired of him soon enough anyhow.

But for the ordinary woman, sincere, liking coupled with respect for a man is a good enough beginning of love to marry upon. The whole tendency of matrimony is to narrow a woman's interests down to a husband and a home, and any normal woman will come to love the man she is married to if he is kind to her.

Therefore, a woman is wise if, in picking out her husband, she goes by her head more than she does by her heart. For romance is as fleeting as the dew of morning, and the most sentimental of fairy princesses settles down into just an ordinary mortal once the marriage ceremony is said over him; but a good, comfortable home and a generous shopping ticket are perennial pleasures that never fail. Also, the husband who is more in love with his wife than she is with him is the husband that is always on his god behavior. DOROTHY DIX.

Two mothers are trained to be guides and protectors of their children. We can not hope much from present day mothers. But we can educate the new generation.

Meaning women who claim to be workers for humanity and to believe in one standard of morals for both sexes must organize some method of helping girls who have fallen, through love or through ignorance; helping them to wholesome social life, and helping them to become useful citizens and possible good wives and mothers, just as young men who have gone astray in early youth become good husbands and fathers afterward.

There is so much hysterical talk on this subject, and so little actual work done by women when they face the situation in real life.

It is a very needed work to be done.

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Two

By WILLIAM F. KIRK. One is a woman that wandered Through fields of honey and sin And came to the house of care and carouse.

Where they lock the mistake in. The other is watching the outcast And fearing the system's ban.

The one is the fallen woman— The other the rising man.

The rising man is a bluecoat. And the whole of his manhood shrinks When taking the toll from a fallen soul. But he rises, or else he sinks.

So they meet and they pity each other. While they talk of life's sorry plan. The one is the fallen woman— The other the rising man.

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX. Ask Your Stationer. Dear Miss Fairfax: A young lady friend of mine sends me cards, etc., on which the stamp is out of its natural position; that is, it is falling to the left, some one suggested that it means bad luck, a careless person, etc. Another that it means love. Is there a stamp language? If so, is it printed and for sale?

WILLIAM C. There is a stamp language, and while your stationer probably has it for sale I advise you not to waste any time on it. A misplaced stamp is an annoyance to the postal clerks, and there are other and more refined ways of telling of the state of one's affections.

Advertising

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

Copyright, 1913, International News Service. It was only about 300 years ago when men were still availing themselves of England of "the benefit of the clergy." The word "clergy" means clericus, or cleric-clerk.

The clergy kept the records, because they were the only men who were educated—the only men who could read and write.

The first colleges in America were founded for the sole purpose of educating clerics. It was the idea that a man who could read and write was to possess a quality of intellect, just as in 1876 we said no one could operate the typewriter who did not have the piano touch.

The good writer today must not be very much wiser than the reader. Literature is self-discovery. The things we like are the things we recognize as our own. In order to make a man pleased with you, you have to make him pleased with himself.

The post need no longer strive in a market, getting his living through unkindness or the uncertain favor of a patron. Advertising has opened up a field for any one who can push a pen, shake the literary brush-piles and put salt on the tail of an idea.

Twenty-five years ago the advertising man was unknown. The proprietor of a store wrote his own ads, and of necessity inertia prevailed to such a degree that an "ad" once written was run in the paper until the type wore out. The idea of a new advertisement every day was a thing unguessed.

A. T. Stewart wrote his own advertisements. He wrote them in the personal style, simply. "Mr. A. T. Stewart begs to inform the people of New York that he has just received a few cases of Irish linen, especially selected for him in Belfast. These will be opened on the sidewalk, in front of the Palace of Business, and offered to the first comers at fully 10 per cent below the figures which the same goods will bring after they are carried into the store."

To hire a man just to look after your advertising would have been regarded as rank extravagance at that time. The argument would also have been made that no man could write about things unless he were an expert in handling them. We did not perceive that a few simple rules apply, and that the outsider—the man who is close up against the game.

Life consists either in being in and looking out or in being out and looking in. And the man who is outside looking in has a little better view, often, than the man who is inside struggling with the details, perplexed, aggravated, worn and wondering whether he will ever get his money back.

There are now upward of 30,000 men in America preparing advertising copy. Some of these men command salaries of princely magnitude, say \$1,000 a month, and there are a dozen or so whose figure is just an even hundred dollars a day.

There is no doubt, however, that the genius required in writing advertisements has been more or less overrated, and there is soon to be a swinging back of the pendulum. We must understand the truth that writing is more or less of a knack.

Dean Swift said that a good man could write on any subject and make the theme interesting. "Then," said Stella, "write me an essay on bromatoc." And straightway the dean accepted the challenge and wrote an immortal thing in literature.

Charles Lamb's essay on "Roast Pig" is another example of good writing about nothing in particular.

Both Charles Lamb and Dean Swift, if they lived today, would be writing advertisements for department stores, and they would be making a deal more money than they ever made in literature.

America has 5,000 men who can write just as well as Dean Swift, Charles Lamb, Coleridge, Dick Steele or Dr. Johnson.

Certainly Ends Stomach Misery

"Pape's Diapain" Cures Heartburn, Gas, Sourness and Indigestion 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 Diapain. 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 Diapain. It's so needless to have a bad stomach—make your next meal a favorite food meal, then take a little Diapain. There will not be any distress—eat without fear. It's because Pape's Diapain "really does" regulate weak, out-of-order stomachs that gives it its millions of sales annually.

Get a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapain from any drug store. It is the quickest, surest stomach relief and cure known. It acts almost like magic—it is a scientific, harmless and pleasant preparation which truly belongs in every home.—Advertisement.

Daily Fashions



By LA RAconteuse.

This effective model of afternoon gown for young girls shows in its artistic outline the tendency toward oriental lines.

It is of white silk cashmere. The blouse is fastened in front by string buttons of the same material with an original small collar, square in back. Small yoke of Brussels net.

The armhole is rather low and outlined by a small silk braid. The long sleeve, strictly fitted from the elbow, is finished by a small raver and trimmed with five stiff buttons.

The blouse is girded with a sash, draped with a scarf bow, sewed rather high in front with a tassel and fringed ends.

Advice to Lovelorn.

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX. Ask Your Stationer. Dear Miss Fairfax: A young lady friend of mine sends me cards, etc., on which the stamp is out of its natural position; that is, it is falling to the left, some one suggested that it means bad luck, a careless person, etc. Another that it means love. Is there a stamp language? If so, is it printed and for sale?

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Sprains
Sloan's Liniment is excellent for sprains and bruises. It stops the pain at once and reduces the swelling very quickly.
SLOAN'S LINIMENT
is penetrating and antiseptic.

Dr. Earl S. Sloan - Boston, Mass.