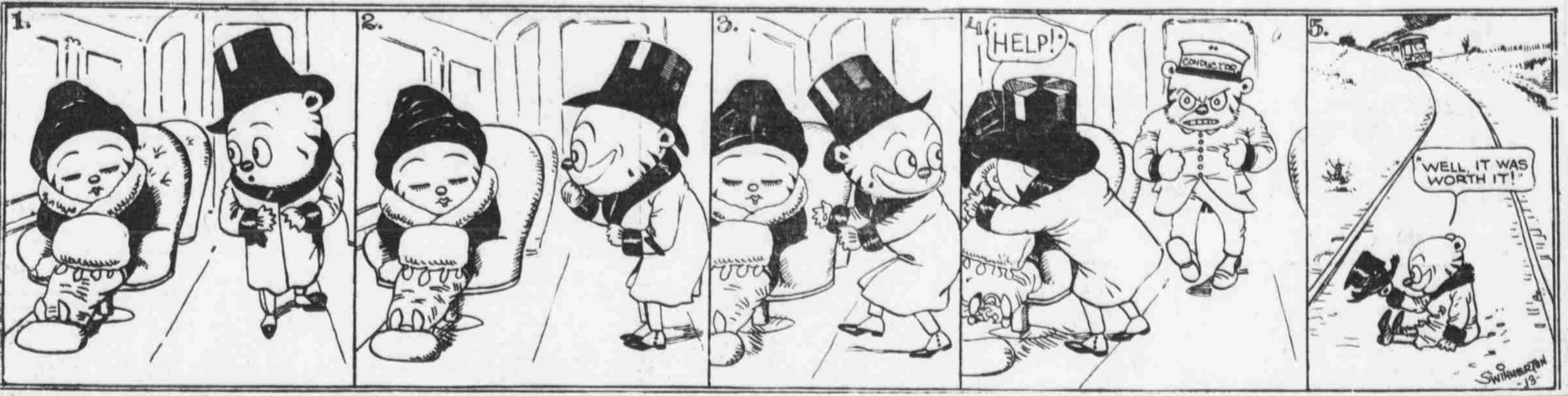


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

We Repeat--It Was Worth It

Copyright, 1912, Star Company

Drawn for The Bee by J. Swinnerton



The World's Meanest Man

Dorothy Dix Says He is the One Whose Attentions to Women Are Without Serious Intention.

By DOROTHY DIX.



Some years ago there was a spirited discussion in the papers as to what type of man was entitled to receive the medal for the meanest man. If I had the awarding of the prize I think I should give it to the man whose attentions to a woman are without serious intention. The man who will deliberately win a girl's heart, intending to throw it away when he is tired of playing with it, and who will let a woman waste the best years of her life on him and then desert her for a younger and fairer face when she gets the patient, waiting look that such women have in their eyes. These tragedies are all too common and a young woman has just been telling me a piteous little story in which one of these champion men is the hero--one of the villains, to speak by the way. When this young woman was a blossoming girl of 23 she became acquainted with a man who paid her assiduous attentions, and made ardent love to her, though he always, stopping, as she now recalls, just short of popping the question.

The girl, however, was not ready to marry, as she was the support of parents to whom she was devoted. So she and the man fell into a pleasant arrangement that she considered an engagement. He monopolized her time, and thoughts, and affections. He camped on her parlor chairs, and ate her good dinners, and was as much at home in her house as her own family almost, and it never occurred to her that he was not as anxious to marry her as she was to marry him. Finally, after twelve years of this sentimental state, fate was kind to the woman. A small inheritance came to her parents so that they were no longer dependent on her, and she felt that she could leave them, and go with a clear conscience to her own home.

Trembling with eagerness and the joy of news she had to impart she rushed to the man and told him that their long waiting was over, and that they could be married at last. And the man replied that he wasn't a marrying man, and had never had the slightest intention of slipping his head in the matrimonial noose.

The woman is heartbroken. The man has been the center of her life so long that she cannot tear him out of it, and she asks pitifully what she shall do.

Pride in Popularity is Rushing Sex to Death

By ADA PATTERSON.

Woman has a new vanity that eclipses the old.

She no longer stands entranced before her mirror, but hangs, Narcissus-like, over her visiting list and her engagement book.

Mrs. Kate V. Saint Maur, a calm-mannered English woman with penetrating eyes, has discovered this, and what she has to say of her discovery is worthy a hearing, if only because the late Mark Twain, of whom she was friend and neighbor, said she had one of the best poised, most logical minds he had ever encountered in a woman.

"There is a new vanity, and women are dying for it," said the even-voiced English author. "My heart aches with pity for them as I watch them offering themselves up willing victims upon the altar."

"What is the new vanity?" I asked.

"It is love of popularity," she replied. "It delights and intoxicates them to know they are wanted here and there. I have in mind a young woman who was staying at the same house I was recently. My hostess being short of maids, this charming young woman brought in my breakfast tray herself and while I ate she sat on the bed and swung her feet awhile, then got up and walked across the room, then fingered her belt, and the look of strain that is stamped in nearly every American face, became more visible."

"You are tired," I said, with genuine sympathy. "Can I do anything for you?"

"Oh," she answered. "I am always like this, always on the hop, skip and jump."

"But you look tired out, and it is only half-past 8. Do take an hour to pull up. Go into the next room and draw the shades and lie down," I said.

"She shrieked at the idea. 'I have to meet Mrs. Milken and go shopping with her in a half hour,' she said. 'Then I'm on the ways and means committee of our chapter. That meets at 11. I'm luncheon at Mrs. Brown's. I promised to be one of a box party, and we will go somewhere to tea afterward. Tonight I have to go to a concert.'

"She said it with an 'I'm-divine-to-deathly-dope-myself' air, but underlying it was a smug satisfaction. She liked being



MRS. KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

thought popular. She had no intention whatever of turning back from this human race course life.

"If drunkenness is slaying thousands of men it is as true that pride in popularity, foolish satisfaction in 'being in' is slaying thousands of women. The new vanity is the disease of the modern woman, hundred and thirteen women man, and its symptom is that she won't stay at home.

"But while it burns and even kills women, think of what this mad pursuit of popularity, this high-pressure race of hurried living will do for the children. The child needs the impress of the peace thoughts of the home woman. What is the half-distraught, non-stay-at-home woman thinking of? How to get from this place to that to keep engagements. She is working herself into a nervous explosion by pushing the elevated or the subway train or her own motor car, in her imagination--calling to them to go faster.

"The sturdiness of the average American is because of his home-staying mother. The woman who stays at home had time to think. She meditated and the habit of meditation gave her child mental peace and nervous force. I honestly fear that half of the future generations will be in various sanctuaries, unless women see their error and check this foolish, needless, headlong speed of living.

"But if the argument of the rights of children does not appeal, one or all of three others should. The problems of the high cost of living would be solved by women staying at home and giving more thought to the management of their kitchen. It would reduce the percentage of divorce one-half, for one of the first rifts in the family lute occurs when the husband scolds his wife for gadding, and she makes peppy retort. Also the complaint which carries the American tax, dyspepsia, could be banished if women stayed at home."

Women Should Save Birds

Ella Wheeler Wilcox Says Suffrage Organizations and Clubs Ought to Unite Against Practice of Using Dead Birds as Plummage on Millinery.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Copyright, 1912, by Star Company.

A short time ago a millinery establishment was raided in New York City and one hundred dead humming birds and many birds of paradise and other corpses of plumage birds were seized by the authorities.

The law in New York state forbids the killing or selling of these lovely, harmless and useful creatures, and forbids the millinery establishments from keeping them in stock for the adornment of women's heads.

And a year has been given the trade to rid itself of old stock and to devote its energies toward creating more original and sanitary and humane decorations for hats and bonnets. Yet the demands of heartless, inconsiderate and selfish women have caused the managers of the millinery houses to defy the law and place themselves in the category of culprits and receivers of illegal goods.

No man on earth can be blamed for this traffic in birds. The crime against

our feathered kin must be laid at the door of gentle and lovely woman--she who is clamoring for the ballot that she may make the world better.

Since this statement is a fact (which requires no proof other than a moment's reflection) it should now become the duty of all women who really want to justify the claim of worthiness of the sex to take part in affairs of state to join in a crusade against the use of dead birds or the plumage of dead birds in millinery.

Every equal suffrage organization should make this a plank in its platform. All clubs organized by any humane or reformatory or charitable word should further the movement.

There is not one argument which can be offered to support the use of these decorations.

There are arguments which can be presented with a certain amount of reason for the wearing of furs.

Furs do keep their wearers warm in cold weather. Life would be almost unendurable in many northern lands unless the inhabitants wore clothes of skins of animals. Wild animals endanger human life. In our own country there are a goodly number of humane workers who refuse to wear furs; but I have yet to meet one who refuses to wear leather shoes.

There seems to be no substitute yet provided for this necessary footwear; and so, while all of us protest that one portion of the body with the skin of animals we should be lenient to those who protect the whole body from cold by the wearing of furs.

But an albatross or a bird of paradise or a humming bird on a woman's hat never protected her from cold or offered the least service in the way of health or comfort.

It simply adorns her in the eyes of those who like herself are blind to the unpleasant and cruel phase of such adornment. To those who are awakened on this subject there is no beauty in a hat loaded with corpses of birds or decked with albatrosses which have been torn from the bleeding breast of a mother bird, who almost invariably dies a lingering death in consequence and her brood dies of starvation.

Death and blight are brought upon ancient trees, beautiful with years, orchards filled with fruit and fields ripe with grain by the slaughter of birds and the consequent increase of destructive insects. Surely it is in time the law took the matter in hand and compelled women to give up these unnecessary adornments.

The whole subject should be treated from a scientific standpoint in women's colleges, and a knowledge of birds and their use in the world should become a part of woman's education.

Many women of wealth aid big hearts belong to the Audubon society and to the humane organizations, and they would further the interests of the birds were they to combine and offer prizes to the millinery trade for the most artistic creations in the way of headgear which used no dead birds.

Plumes are always beautiful and no more objectionable than feathers plucked from the goose or duck for pillows.

The ostrich lives to a very advanced age and grows a new plume when the old one has been removed, as the goose grows new down. Besides ostrich plumes, there are innumerable beautiful things which can be used on hats.

The law which has been passed forbidding the slaughter of birds should now be extended, and make it a finable offense for a woman to be seen wearing an albatross or a bird of paradise or other bird corpse.

The woman who will not think on this subject should be made to think.

Advice to Lovelorn.

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Most Decidedly Wrong.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am in love with a boy of 18 the same age as mine. I love him very much and also his parents. His parents are against me. He called up my house a few times. The thing that I am anxious to know is how to go to his house. Or is it not right for me to go to his house? At least I would like to meet his parents some day.

FRANCIS.

My dear, you are so young you don't realize that if his parents were told you "also love" them they would be only amused.

You are too young to know just what love is. Don't go to his house, and make no attempts to see either him or his parents.

Give yourself a few more years of happy girlhood before becoming involved in anything so serious as love.

There Certainly Is.

Dear Miss Fairfax: What is your opinion of a young man who, after courtship a girl over a year, leaves her without as much as a "why," and turns his whole attentions to another girl? My friend is deeply affected, and will not interest herself in some one else. She can't seem to forget him. On account of this I have broken friendship with the young man. Was I right in doing this? Isn't there something the matter with young men who act this way?

A FRIEND.

You are right in showing your disapproval of a man so dishonorable. It is pity all do not do the same. There is something seriously the matter with the young man. He is selfish, inconstant, fickle, weak mentally, and lacking in moral stamina.

"Don'ts" for Gasoline Lovers.

Don't spill gasoline.

Don't fill the tank of the stove full.

Don't use a can of more than two gallons capacity.

Don't use a stove that leaks.

Don't use a small gasoline stove unless it is properly fastened down.

Don't employ a leaky funnel in filling.

Don't fill a gasoline stove in a closed room. Have plenty of ventilation to carry away the vapor and out of the room--Leslie's Weekly.

NEW HYOMEI

Vapor Treatment

A SUCCESS

Catarrh, Coughs, Colds and Sore Throat Quickly Yield to Soothing, Healing, Anti-septic Vapor.

Clears Stuffed Up Head Overnight

Hundreds of thousands of sensible people all over the civilized world have successfully breathed Booth's HYOMEI for catarrh and nose and throat misery.

Besides breathing HYOMEI through the inhaler during the day thousands have used the vapor treatment at night with a teaspoonful of HYOMEI in a bowl of boiling water.

A series of tests just completed prove that the following vapor treatment is just as effective and more economical and we publish it because thousands will be glad to know it. Here it is:

Heat a teacup and then fill it half full of boiling hot water; pour into the water one-half teaspoonful of HYOMEI, hold the cup close to face and breathe the healing, germ-destroying vapor through both nose and throat deep into the lungs.

A bottle of HYOMEI is 25 cents at drugstores the world over. The complete outfit, which includes inhaler costs \$1.00. Just breathe it--no stomach dosing.

For catarrh, coughs, colds, and sore throat and all nose and throat misery. Advertisement.

PLAYING UP NEWS BOOSTS

Newspaper items are declared by the owner of a department store in a certain thriving little city to be among his best trade "pullers." To cite an example, there was a robbery in his city a few weeks ago and the thieves made away with a large amount of plunder. The papers printed columns about it.

He took the clippings and placed them conspicuously in his display windows along with a full display of locks, chains and bolts--in fact, all the known paraphernalia for outfitting a burglar. For several days after the robbery business in the lock and bolt department increased threefold.

Last winter this merchant purchased a big supply of rubbers. To his chagrin he saw they were moving slowly. He faced a big loss if he could not sell them. One morning the papers were full of an account of an accident which happened to a railroad president. He had slipped on the icy pavement and was seriously injured.

While on his way to the hospital he jestingly remarked that he wouldn't venture out again without his rubbers. That gave the merchant an idea. He pasted the newspaper account quoting the railroad president's remark in the window with a display of rubbers.

Did those rubbers sell? They were all gone by the end of the week--Chicago Tribune.

Women Experts With Foils



MRS. H. W. DEWAR.

Plans are being arranged for a return fencing match between Mrs. H. W. Dewar of Philadelphia and the Baroness A. de Meyer of London for the woman's amateur championship of the world. The Baroness arrived in this country last week and society folk are now confident of being treated to this exhibition. In the first match between the two women, which took place at the Colony club, New York, Mrs. Dewar, of whom the public had heard but little, was not expected to cause the Baroness, the recognized champion of the world, to exert herself. The Englishwoman's friends explain that she was taken off her guard. Be that as it may, Mrs. Dewar consented to a return match in any city which the Baroness may choose. A. J. Drexel Biddle, the millionaire sportsman of the Queen City, has offered a silver trophy for the



BARONESS DE MEYER.

winner. Mr. Biddle has also offered to engage the ball room of the Bellevue-Stratford hotel, Philadelphia, for the contest. It now rests with the Baroness whether there is to be another match.

Carpet-Rags

By MINNA IRVING

Granddaughter Milly pounds the keys.

Upon the baby grand.

And Mabel warbles foreign songs.

I cannot understand.

And Mabel, with dramatic aims,

Of abolition drags.

Their grandma, when I saw her first,

Was sewing carpet-rags.

And when she changed her name to mine

Our cottage floors were laid

With bright, clean, newly woven breadths

Of carpet that she made.

"For me," she used to say and smile,

And rocked the cradle with her foot.

While sewing carpet-rags.

So Robert's house is big and fine.

He entertains a lot.

At bridge and teas and parties, where

Polite dance the turkey trot.

But when I sit and look at them

My spirit sort of flags--

They ought to do some useful thing.

Like sewing carpet-rags.

Cleans The Hair and Makes it Beautiful--25 Cent "Danderine"

In a few moments your hair looks soft, fluffy, lustrous and abundant--No falling hair or dandruff.

Surely try a "Danderine Hair Cleanse" if you wish to immediately double the beauty of your hair. Just moisten a cloth with Danderine and draw it carefully through your hair, taking one small strand at a time, this will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt or any excessive oil--in a few moments you will be amazed. Your hair will be wavy, fluffy and abundant and possess an incomparable softness, lustre and luxuriance, the beauty and shimmer of true hair health.

Besides beautifying the hair, one application of Danderine dissolves every particle of Dandruff; cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, forever stopping itching and falling hair.

Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorating and strengthens them. Its exhilarating, stimulating and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow abundantly long, strong and beautiful.

You can surely have pretty, soft, lustrous hair, and lots of it, if you will just get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter and try it as directed. Advertisement.