

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Jeff Has Inside Dope on Mutt's Generosity Drawn for The Bee by "Bud" Fisher



Foolish Craze in Women's Dress

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Oh, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, can it be true what they tell us? Are you really and truly going to dress on \$1,000 a year—and let us all know about it?

Will you really try to show the every day American woman that she doesn't have to mortgage her very soul to keep up with the fashions, and that it is possible to live even if you have only one set of furs and don't pay more than \$30 for your hats?

A Daniel come come to judgment—I mean a Fortia; and oh, dear Fortia, how we do need your calm, sane, level-headed example, your friendly, quiet advice. For we're all going crazy—crazy as crazy as the bees in June—over dress and hats and shoes, and silk stockings, and dingle danglers, and fiddle faddles, and whinnies and things that swish and things that jiggle, and things that sparkle, and things that twinkle and beat, and rattle, and swing, and float, and wave, and cling and reveal, and things that ought to shame every drop of good old American blood in our veins. Do come to the rescue, do.

I met a friend the other day, an old friend—a sweet, modest, gentle, intelligent, well-bred woman. And I didn't know her till she spoke to me and called me by name, and then I thought it must be some horrid dream and that she would presently turn into someone else. But no, it was real. I knew that when she began telling me what bargains there were at 50 and 80's.

And she whom I know to be a good wife, a loving mother, a sweet sister and an honest woman on her own clever account, stood there looking like a creature from the Paris pavement and not a particularly fine part of the pavement at that.

Her skirt coats were too tight, too short; her shoes were too small and too low; her stockings were too thin and they had beads things sparkling on them so you just had to look at the decent middle-aged ankles whether you wanted to or not—and she had on a fancy little hat made for sweet sixteen, and her muff was almost as big as my grandmother's feather bed.

And yes! She was painted, too. You have to paint, they say, to carry on these bright colors and to live up to the general style of the gorgeous dress and the amazing hat and the ridiculous muff. You can't dress like an antique out of a harem and wear your own complexion.

And her hair! Was it always as red as that? And, oh the dingle danglers and the fiddles and the dilldies—that effect never cost less than a cool \$300, anyhow, and five years ago that woman thought a long while before she paid more than \$10 for a hat of \$4 for a pair of shoes.



And her husband isn't making a penny more now than he was then. I saw him the other day and wondered what made him look so wrinkled and old and anxious.

She has a daughter, my friend, a girl of 16 years or so. They tell me her daughter wouldn't think of a hat that didn't cost at least \$20, and as for furs she has to have three sets, one for each street costume.

Where does it all come from, this money to pay for all these things? Are salaries so much higher these days? Shoes \$6 a pair and very ordinary at that—eight is the regular thing—no stockings but silk; a twist of silk around a plain hat, a little knot of something hanging down the back, "35 please," and there you are in debt, worried to death and still behind in the wild scramble for outlandish dress.

Where is it going to end and what are we going to do about it?

Oh, no! you needn't sit back and look martyred, Mr. Man. You're to blame, too, as much as the woman who runs you into debt with her fine feathers.

You talk about simple clothes, oh, yes! you talk about them, but your wig isn't blind, she sees which woman you look at, which one you admire whenever you go out together. It isn't the one with the hat made over, and the plain neat little gown. You'll pass her by every time for the woman in garters and dingle danglers, you know you will, and so will every other man in the place.

What was the story, Ruskin told about the children's party in the beautiful garden, the lovely flowers, the dancing lights, the soft music, the flowing fountains, and in the midst of all the beauty and the music and the glory the children at the party were fighting over who could carry home the biggest lot of shiny buttons they'd begun to pick off of things?

And they fought and they fought, and they hurt each other, and they cried, and all the music was drowned in their cries of rage, and all the fountains' soft splash was forgotten, and all the flowers bloomed in vain, because all that the guests at that party could see was buttons, gilt buttons.

"Button, button, whose got the button?"

We're all going crazy over the game. Dingle danglers, fiddle fangle, blue and silver and scarlet and gold, silk and satin and furs and lace—we'll have them if we have to die to get them.

We'll have them if we have to sell our very souls. We'll have them if we have to drive the man we pretend to love to suicide and starve the little children of their mother's love. Ten dollars a week the stenographer gets, and \$5 of it goes for clothes, and such silly clothes at that. Ten thousand a year the man gets whose dictation she takes, and he has to walk down back streets to escape from his duns, all gone for feathers, fine feathers, for a very ordinary bird indeed.

Fuss and finery, shine and sheen and sparkle. Are we all going crazy, or what? Do help us out, Mrs. Wilson. You can do it. Start the fashion in simple inexpensive dress, and the women of this nation will rise up and call you blessed as soon as they come out of their wild delirium of dress.

"I couldn't think of dressing on less than \$10,000 a year," said a smart woman in New York the other day. Couldn't you, indeed, dear lady, couldn't you, indeed? Well, I wouldn't say so much about it if I were you, I really would not; it isn't quite wise or kind or politic.

Some woman whose baby will die because she can't get enough clothes to keep the poor little thing warm might hear you, and then—but what should you care what such a woman thinks? She never had a \$1,000-frock in her life so she can't amount to much, she nor her babies, can she?

SOOTHES AND HEALS

HYOMEI Medicates the Air You Breathe and Gives Quick Relief in Catarrhal Troubles.

Be wise in time and use HYOMEI at the first warning of catarrhal troubles. Do not let the disease extend along the delicate mucous membrane, gradually going from the nose to the throat, thence into the bronchial tubes, and then downward until the lungs are reached and you are in danger of consumption.

HYOMEI will relieve all curable forms and stages of catarrh. It is so uniformly successful in curing this common yet dangerous disease that we take all the risk of a trial treatment and agree absolutely to refund the money if anyone uses HYOMEI and does not get relief.

There is no other treatment for catarrh that is like HYOMEI or just as good. None can take its place, none gives such quick and sure relief and at so little cost. Its medication is breathed through a pocket inhaler that comes with every outfit, thus reaching the most remote coils of the air passages, killing the catarrhal germs and soothing and healing the irritated mucous membrane.

Begin the use of HYOMEI today and you will soon find that the offensive breath, the droppings into the throat, the discharge from the nose, sniffling and all other symptoms of catarrh are overcome and cured. The complete outfit costs but \$1.00. Extra bottles of liquid, if later needed, 50 cents at druggists everywhere. Booth's Hyomei Co., Buffalo, N. Y.—Advertisement.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have met a young woman on the car two or three times, and from the first time I would give anything to know her. But here she is difficult, for I would not wish to intrude on her, besides I respect her too much for accosting her on the car. I know she is a perfect lady, and it would be my greatest pleasure to be able to know her.

IN SUSPENSE.

Find out where she is employed, where she attends divine services, and what is her social life. In this way you may find some one who is a mutual acquaintance.

Inform the Mother.

Dear Miss Fairfax: One year ago I kept company with a girl unknown to her mother, and when her mother heard of it she forbade me to go with her daughter until about a year. The year is up now. What would you advise me to do as I love the girl very much? OTTO.

Write the mother a very respectful note, telling her your year of probation is up, and that you still love her daughter and wish to renew your attentions.

Saraband, a Dance that Shocked People of the Sixteenth Century



Put Yourself in His Place

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Love may exist without jealousy, although this is rare, but jealousy may exist without love, and this is common; for jealousy can feed on that which is sweet, and is sustained by pride as often as by affection.—Charles Caleb Colton.

Anxious writes: "A young man and young woman have kept company for two and a half years the young lady engaged for nine months. During the two and a half years the young lady never went out with anybody but her fiancé, who took her to twelve or fifteen plays and several social functions each season.

"Now the young lady believes she ought to go out with other young men because her fiancé cannot afford to take her out so often. He teaches evenings in the city recreation centers and is working his way through medical college. The young man tells her she ought not to go out with others if he can't afford to take her so often. Which is right?"

"The young lady works in an office where a friend of her fiancé is manager. The young man has asked her to go out with him, but never tells his friends. Is he acting right?"

One cannot barter in love without paying a price any more than one can go to the grocer's and get sugar as a free gift. The price of love is sacrifice. Indeed, that is all there is to love—sacrifice and service.

This young man spent all he could afford on his sweetheart. There is no complaint that he was lax in his attention or devotion. With an ambition that merits better returns than his sweetheart seems to be allowing him, he is working nights as well as in the daytime, not only to make something of

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

All the protests we heard last year against the "turkey trot," the "bunny hug" and the other new dances which have now been expurgated, de-vulgarized and made proper for drawing room use, all this hubbub was as nothing compared to the outcries made by indignant citizens of the sixteenth century at the popular Saraband.

Like the Turkey trot, the saraband is of African origin, and along about 1500 was introduced into Spain by the Moors, who loved dancing and were not too particular about its moral influences, as long as it was amusing.

The saraband was the original song and dance number that is still with us in refined form.

It was a combination of dancing and singing to the music of a light guitar air and the dancer had to sing a spicy, and one may believe, none too proper couplet and strum his or her accompaniment as well.

The saraband told a story and the dancer had to be something of an actor and illustrate by gesture and facial expression just what the poem was about. There was little actual dancing, for then the singer would have gotten completely out of breath, but a few steps were taken in time to the music and the body was bent gracefully to the rhythm of the tune. When the music was performed by others the dancers sometimes used their scarfs or shawls as properties to help them illustrate the story better, especially in the later forms of the dance.

The verses were home made and generally described the latest bit of gossip in the village or they gave a vivid description of a brawl or any other interesting kind of story. Naturally the village poet used all the poetic license needed in the making of his tale, and as there were no laws against slander or libel in those days, disputes that arose were settled at once with fists

This kind of thing grew pretty general and made the dance more exciting, as one could never tell when some incensed person would take exception to the story told by the dancer and make things uncomfortable for all around. When the saraband was danced by women the song was directed against some common enemy, or it was about an imaginary or none too proper story.

"The saraband is worse than the best; it is a greater menace to the good morals of our people than war," wrote an earnest and enlightened old man at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Other priests hurled their condemnation at the saraband from pulpit and one of them even had his scathing words printed and distributed on hand bills, which was a good deal in the days when printing was comparatively new in Spain.

The saraband was considered an invention of the heathen devil, but little by little the same thing happened to that dance that is happening now to the trot. It was tamed down and all the vulgarity expurgated. The old songs were thrown out on the rubbish heap and some of the suggestive and indecent steps were eliminated. The "saraband," who had been a degraded creature of the streets, became a polished lady of the court, and even the queen was well acquainted with her.

In this new and idealized form the saraband exists today and is taught in dancing schools, though the dancer does not sing to her own accompaniment and more, except in Spain. There the songs are really poetic and charming or funny, and would not offend the good old monk who spent his time denouncing the saraband and praying for the souls of the dancers.

Now it took the saraband about 100 years to conform to the laws of common decency, and it has only taken one short season of the turkey trot to be transformed into the perfect "bunny hug" "one step." This teaches us that the people

who say that the world is not getting better are pessimists and don't know their history.

New Method of Reducing Fat



Good News From Paris.

A news item from Paris informs us that the American method of producing a slim, trim figure, is meeting with astonishing success. This system, which has made such a wonderful impression over there, must be the Marmole Prescription Tablet method of reducing fat. It is safe to say that we have nothing better for this purpose in this country. Anything that will reduce the excess flesh a pound a day without injury to the stomach, the causing of wrinkles, the help of exercising or dieting, or interference with one's meals is a mighty important and useful addition to civilization's necessities. Just such a catalogue of good results, however, follow the use of these pleasant, harmless and economical little fat reducers. We say economical because Marmole Prescription Tablets (made in accordance with the famous prescription) can be obtained at any druggist or the makers, the Marmole Co., Farmer Bldg., Detroit, Mich., for seventy-two cents the large case, which is a decidedly economical price considering the number of tablets each case contains.