

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Oh! It's Great to Be Married

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Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



Two Royal Lovers

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

The world loves a lover. It may smile in tender sympathy; it may deride; it may cheer; it may tear its hair or weep, but down in the bottom of its old heart it loves all who are lovers, and will cease every occupation to gaze after a pair of them with a glance that, no matter what its outspoken evidence, has its origin in wistfulness.

Recent photographs of a pair of lovers caused more than tender amusement; they caused astonishment and expressions of incredulity. They also caused a sigh of content for the picture shows a promise of a day when love will rank higher than any earthly monarch, and no one will dispute.

The lovers were of royal birth! For once the little god Cupid had scored without any intervention of questions of state.

The pictures were of the Princess Victoria Louise of Prussia and Prince Ernest Augustus of Brunswick-Luneburg. The princess is the only daughter of the German emperor and the prince is the only surviving son of the duke of Cumberland.

Their betrothal was formally announced at Karlsruhe the other day, and they are said to be the happiest pair of lovers in all Europe. And the photograph shows it. He has his arm through hers; their hands are clasped, and he is looking down into her upturned face with an expression of a prince when gazing at his betrothed. As for the princess! Walk out into the country and somewhere along some country lane you will see a farmer's daughter gazing into the sunnied face of a son of toil with the same look; a look that sees heaven beyond.

In the crowded streets of the city, in the more humble walks of life where love has a way of telling its story in tones that are sincere, the expression in the eyes of the princess is duplicated in the eyes of all girls who love. The little sales girl has the same divine light in her eyes. It is a proof that love comes to all in the same guise, no matter what the station of those who open their hearts to receive it.

But the prince holds the hand of his betrothed, and they are walking on a public street. They are holding hands in public, a privilege hitherto denied all who recognize all laws of etiquette.

Now the question arises which this picture has appeared in print, does the little lover's habit of the prince and princess make it proper for a man to hold his girl's hand in public and take her by the arm when they stroll on the street? The etiquette books say no. The prince and princess say yes.

It is a special privilege to be granted only to royalty, or in it to be a new fashion, royalty claiming the right to set the style in love-making as it would decree how long a train a woman shall wear to her gown?

What do you say?
The books of etiquette say "No," and they are a better standard for lovers in this country than any precedent established by a royal family.

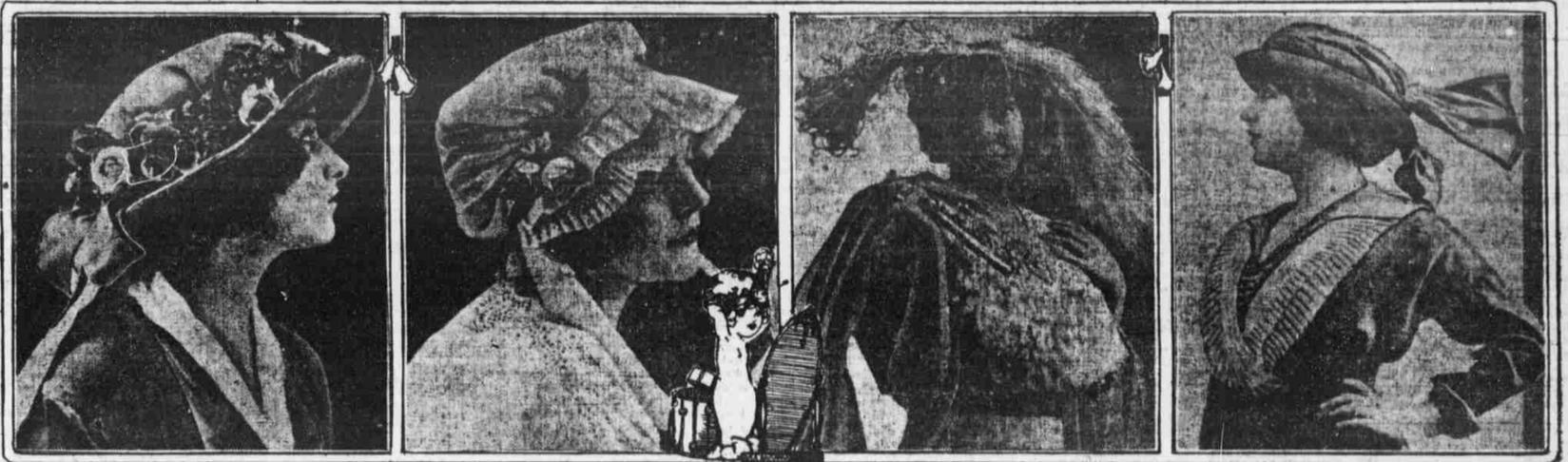
Go on loving! The happiness, the progress of the world would depend on it, but don't "make love" in public.

Very Particular.
A cunning little girl happened to sit beside a nice-looking little boy in a street car one morning. After a while the boy started a conversation which ran something like this:
"Did the bunny hide lots of eggs at your house?"
"Somebody hid 'em, all right."
"Did you find 'em all?"
"I found a lot."
"Do you like hen eggs?"
The little girl was silent a moment then she answered: "No, I don't like 'em. Oh, my, yes; that's the only kind I do like."—Youngstown Telegraph.

How American Women May Keep Faces Young

"The American smart woman ages early, far earlier than the English woman," says Christian Miller, F. R. S., a famous English health expert. She adds that our climate "so exhilarates that you over-exert yourselves and grow old before you know it. That same exhilarating air dries the skin. The skin that lacks moisture grows pale and withered-looking and soon forms wrinkles."
"The American complexion" is best treated by applying pure mercuric iodine, which causes the faded, lifeless cuticle to flake off in minute particles, a little each day, until the fresh, young skin beneath is wholly in evidence. Every drug-merchant has this wax; one ounce is sufficient. Spread on at night like cool cream, washing it off next morning.
For wrinkles, dissolve an ounce of powdered salicylic acid in a half pint of water; bathe the face in this. Immediately every wrinkle is affected, even the deeper lines. Both treatments are remarkable facial rejuvenators.—Advertisement.

Hat of the Moment is Small, Hat of the Future is Big. Latest Installment from Paris



A flower-trimmed hat.

Boudoir cap; very simple to make.

The feather head dress mounted on straw.

Hat of gray straw, with Nile green silk.

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

The Easter parade has settled the bonnet question, at least for the time being, and milliners are now getting their midsummer installment of hats from Paris.

The hat of the moment is small; the hat of the future will be large—at least, that is the prediction—and milliners, as well as hairdressers, rejoice greatly, for there is more chance for both trades.

Larger hats mean more feathers and trimmings of all kinds, while they will demand more hair under them and around them—another good thing for the long-suffering hair merchant.

Just now there are some beautiful fantasies in hats for evening wear. Small poke bonnets made of tulle and straw, and trimmed with tiny gar-

lands of flowers. Then there is the feather confection, against which the Audubon Society is working. These are made all of feathers, and a mere brim of fancy straw half an inch wide serves the purpose of showing that it is a hat, and not a rare stuffed bird wonderfully mounted.

The hat of today is not becoming to all faces, for it is rather severe. The tailor-made girl, however, has everything all her own way, for she is well suited with the smart little toques of fine straw, which she can make herself with a package of straw and a ten-cent shape, and trim with a stiff bow of ribbon carefully wired to give it the standout effect.

The colors for spring have been exceptionally vivid, but they will grow tiresome before the hot days begin, and wide hats of dull grays and burnt straw color will take their place.

One of the new shapes is shown in the illustration, with its wreath of flowers in dull shades of purple. The crown of this hat is made of silk

and offers a valuable suggestion for the girl who has a hat of last year's that might be freshened up for this summer.

The bow of ribbon at the back with the long, flowing ends is essentially this summer's fashion.

But let me beg the woman who has reached years of discretion—a every woman knows when that is, though she generally can fool her husband about it—well, let me beg her not to go through the city with one of those "follow me" bows in the back of her hat. They are for the school girl and the slim and youthful debutante.

The thin matron who looks like a girl can indulge, but no loops and streamers for the fat girl—alas and alack!

The little boudoir cap has found so much favor that it is an essential part of every woman's wardrobe. This one is easily made of lace, with a double frill around the face.

The Scarcity of Words in Conversation a Thing to Be Ashamed of

Fault is in Our Teaching—We Should Learn to Use Orally Every New Word We Meet—A Few Hundred Words Are All That the Majority of Persons We Call Educated Are Accustomed to Use.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Somebody has recently counted the number of different words employed by writers of ordinary letters of all kinds, business, social, family, etc., and has announced as a result that the majority of intelligent people, possessing a good education, currently use only a few hundred out of the 80,000 words that are available in the English language.

It seems that 300 or 400 words suffice to express the meaning intended to be conveyed by most of the letters that go through the mails.

If you listen to an ordinary conversation you will quickly be convinced that the same poverty of expression prevails in the oral employment of language. In this case it is not so easy to get the figures as in that of writing, and here the dictograph might be a great aid to anyone who wished to discover the real facts about the non-employment of the English language by the inheritors of its riches.

A few dictographs, placed in business offices, clubs, public schools and places of social assemblage, would quickly tell the story, and it is certain that that story would not be a creditable one.

possible strokes are used, with almost no shading. Conversation often becomes a kind of guessing match, and different meanings may be read into a speaker's words by different listeners.

The immense wealth of the language lies fallow as far as the ordinary person is concerned. He knows the meaning of thousands of words when he sees them in print, or hears them from some master speaker, but they do not form a part of his own mental equipment, and he does not have them under control, ready to serve him at any moment.

Dr. Parkhurst on

Our Treatment of Convicts—Everything Should Be Done to Improve Their Condition—Wives and Children Should Get a Portion of the Profit on Their Labor

By DR. C. H. PARKHURST

Until the object had in view in sending men to prison is more clearly conceived than seems to be the case at present, the results of their confinement are likely to prove more detrimental to public interest than beneficial to it.

mission or other competent authority. This will leave the effect of dignifying his labor instead of degrading both it and him, for otherwise it carries with it the debasement that always attaches to slave work, and it will moreover, as a kind of by-product meet the complaint of the laboring classes outside, that they have to compete with the cheapened product of convict labor.

A Happy Child in a Few Hours

When cross, sick, feverish, tongue coated or bilious give delicious "Syrup of Figs."

Mother! look at the tongue! see if it is coated. If your child is listless, drooping, isn't sleeping well, is restless, doesn't eat heartily or is cross, irritable, out of sorts with everybody, stomach sour, feverish, breath bad; has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, sore throat, or is full of cold, it means the little one's stomach, liver and 30 feet of bowels are filled with poisons and clogged up waste and need a gentle, thorough cleaning at once.