

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## I Should Worry

By WEX JONES

It used to be jolly to chatter with Polly  
On fashion and frivel and froth of the day;  
But now it's sheer folly talking to Polly,  
For she puts "I should worry" 'till that she'll say.

"I should worry like an onion"  
(Here she laughs, she feels so tickled),  
"I should worry like an onion"  
And discover that I'm pickled.  
I should worry like a saw"  
(How that "worry" gets me riled!)  
"I should worry like a saw"  
Till my teeth have all been filed."

You hear all the flappers, tongues going like clappers,  
Bandy about this ridiculous phrase;  
Prue, Polly and Lizzie will jabber you dizzy,  
Twisting it round in its different ways:

"I should worry seven days  
And become a little weak."  
"I should worry," "I should worry,"  
Every time they speak.  
"I should worry like a fish  
And get the hook."  
"I should worry like a gumdrop  
And go north with old Doc Cook."  
"I should worry," "I should worry"—  
Phrase that sets me in a flurry,  
Phrase that sets my goat a-scurry—  
Oh, well I should worry.

## Conceited Women

They Miss Much of the Happiness on Earth and Bring Unpleasantness to Those Around Them.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

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**MISTAKES.**  
God sent us here to make mistakes.  
To strive, to fail, to re-begin,  
To taste the tempting fruit of sin,  
And find what bitter food it makes.

To miss the path, to go astray,  
To wander blindly in the night;  
But, searching, praying for the light,  
Until at last we find the way.

And looking back along the past,  
We know we needed all the strain  
Of fear and doubt and strife and pain  
To make us value peace at last.

Who falls, finds later triumph sweet:  
Who stumbles once, walks then with care,  
And knows the place to cry "Beware!"  
To other unaccustomed feet.

Through strife the slumbering soul awakes.  
We learn on error's troubled route  
The truth we could not prize without  
The sorrow of our sad mistakes.

The conceited girl or woman is tire-  
some as a companion, but the morbidly  
discontented woman is far worse. Per-  
haps you have met her, with her eternal  
complaint of the injustice of fate  
toward her.



She feels that she is born for better things than  
have befallen her; her family does not  
understand her, her friends mis-  
judge her; the public slights her.

If she is married she finds herself  
superior to her husband and to  
her associates. She is eternally long-  
ing for what she has not, and when  
she gets it is dissatisfied.

The sorrowful side of life alone appeals  
to her.

This she believes is due to her "artistic  
nature." The injustice of fortune  
and the unkindness of society are topics  
dear to her heart. She finds her only  
rapture in misery.

If she is religiously inclined, she looks  
toward heaven with more grim satisfac-  
tion in the thought that it will strip  
fame, favors and fortune from the un-  
worthy than because it will give her the  
benefits she feels she deserves.

She does not dream that she is losing  
years of heaven here upon earth by her  
own mental attitude.

We build our heavens thought by  
thought.

If you are dwelling upon the dark  
phases of your destiny and upon the un-  
gracious acts of fate, you are shaping  
more of the same experience for your-  
self here and in realms beyond.

You are making happiness for yourself  
impossible upon any plane.

In your own self lies Destiny.  
I have known a woman to keep her  
entire family dependent for years by  
her continual assertions that she was  
out of her sphere, misunderstood and  
unappreciated. The minds of sensitive  
children accepted these statements and  
grieved over the "poor mother's" sad  
life until their own youth was embittered.  
The morbid mother seized upon the sym-

ptoms of her children like a leech and  
sapped their young lives of joy.

The husband grew discouraged and in-  
different under the continual strain, and  
what might have been a happy home was  
a desolate one, and its memory is a night-  
mare to the children today.

Understand yourself and your divine  
possibilities and you will cease to think  
you are misunderstood.

It is not possible to misunderstand a  
beautiful, sunny day. All nature rejoices  
in its loveliness.

Give, love, cheerfulness, kindness and  
good will to all humanity and you need  
not long worry about being misunder-  
stood.

Give the best you have to each object,  
purpose and individual and you will  
eventually receive the best from  
humanity.

## Flowers Instead of Jewels

By Nell Brinkley

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"Flowers on breast and hair, at elbows, gir-  
dle and knees!"—Instead of jewels—says  
Madame Fashion's orier. Into my hand the ed-  
itor thrust a picture of a nymphlike girl some  
months ago. There were flowers in her black  
parted hair, a blossom between her teeth, flow-  
ers in the lap of her gown, flowers strung about  
her waist and neck, ropes of flowers in her  
hands, a knot in her bosom. "See this," said  
she. "This reminds me—why not tell the girls  
to try it instead of the phony and otherwise  
jewelry they decorate their pretty selves with?"  
"Couldn't they look just as fetching with a  
flower over their ears instead of a pearl,  
whose sheen would melt off if you licked it,  
dangling from them? Wouldn't a rose at the  
clasp of their girdles make as daring a spot of  
color as a gemmed buckle? Wouldn't a rose-  
bud—silk or the dewy real thing—be as fascinat-  
ing above the dimple in a girl's elbow as a  
rhinestone buckle? Wouldn't it? If you think  
so, tell 'em that."

And I do think so, and I'm telling you that.  
And here, so soon after, comes along a note in  
a smart magazine—a magazine full of summery  
gowns, and parasols, and vanity bags, and what  
to do with a neck that looks two shades darker  
than the face that goes with it, and how to  
make your fingers taper on the ends, and all  
about the new puffs in the sleeves, and—and—  
all that sort of thing—and the note says, "Flow-  
ers all over my lady's gown this summer." And  
there you are. If you DO do it, you aren't  
going to be out from under the comely sunshine  
of Fashion's smile. And, just for itself, it's a  
mighty pretty way of fussing up. If you are

## What is the Silly Age of Women?

By ADA PATTERSON.

A man's silly age is accepted as his  
dotage. We attribute erratic conduct of  
male humans to what plain-tongued folk  
called second childhood and others term  
senile delirium. That there is no fool  
like an old fool is accepted to be true  
of men, and we think a man takes leave  
of his hard common sense, at least in  
matters involving the heart some time  
after he has reached the fifty-year line.  
We expect it any time between the ages  
of 52 and 58.

But what is the silly age of women?  
A sour-tempered old bachelor who had  
not yet reached the age of softening of  
the heart, which some times unhappily  
accompanies softening of the head, said  
that every age is the silly age of women.  
That is not true, or least not of all  
women. But observation, unbiased like  
that of the bachelor, indicates that the  
silly age is that time when woman mar-  
ries a man considerably younger than  
herself. Even a girl, who is expected to  
be silly because she has not had time to  
mentally grow up, knows better than to  
make such a match. Instinctively she  
either detests or patronizes a boy younger  
than herself. But from the age of 28 to  
30, and even 35, many women take leave  
of their common sense so far as the

choice of a mate is concerned.  
The fact that some of the world's most  
brilliant women have married men young  
enough to be their sons, or at least their  
much younger brothers, convinces the  
student of woman nature that it is not  
because women are mentally defective  
that they make curious matches late in  
life. Baroness Burdette Couis, Mrs.  
Cornwallis West and the late Olive  
Logan, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett,  
Ellen Terry, Myrtle Reed, are among  
brilliant feminine minds that lent them-  
selves to these matrimonial errors, in  
most instances soon repented. That age  
may not mate with youth any more suc-  
cessfully than old mingles with water is  
a principle overlooked by these keen-  
brained women.

The silly age of woman would seem to  
be that period in her life when she is  
foolish to make a foolish marriage,  
especially with one much younger than  
herself. This inclination has its pathetic  
as well as its ludicrous side. For the  
woman whose cheeks have lost their  
youthful pinkness, whose eyes often  
look tired, and about whose eyes and  
lips indelible lines are beginning to form,  
is not in love with the youth who pre-  
sents himself as a suitor, but is in love  
with her own youth.

It is a matter of grief to any woman,  
no matter how strong and clever and

## Music Hath Charms

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE.

When you can't think of any other  
way of complimenting the playing of a  
girl at the piano, say that she plays "with  
expression." This will please her and  
means anything. If she murders the piece  
there is the expression of murder in every  
bang of her fingers. Another pleasing  
compliment is to say she has a "good  
touch." This is also a pill she will swal-  
low and believe till her dying day that  
it was sugar all through.

Some girls think that to sing with ex-  
pression means to keep the tremolo stop  
in their lungs pulled open.

Every girl who plays the piano at a  
concert demands that the piano be turned

self-reliant, when she feels and sees that  
her youth is slipping away from her.  
Deep in her heart, though, she makes a  
brave show of not caring—she profoundly  
cares. Then appears the youth who  
makes love to her in the manner of  
youth, who addresses her in the terms of  
youth. He tells her she is as young as  
himself, that she looks young, is, in all  
save "years whose passing have left no  
trace upon her, as young as himself."  
"Younger, my dearest," the adolescent  
suitor usually adds, and the foolish  
woman, trying to lay hold upon a will-  
o'-the-wisp, hesitates and marries. The  
elderly woman who hesitates over an

offer of marriage accepts. The marriage  
of the old woman to a man many years  
her junior is a search for the pot of gold  
at the foot of the rainbow. What she  
finds is usually an unpleasant hour in  
the divorce court.

The foolish age of woman, then, is the  
time when her youth has passed and she  
allows some callow male to convince her  
that it is still with her. The reasons such  
marriages nearly always end unhappily  
is that the woman was not in love with  
the lad who wooed her, but the picture  
he drew of herself. It is the last dying  
flame of her vanity.

to the right or left, or the lid be raised  
or lowered, or the stool turned. She  
makes more fuss than a general getting  
ready for battle.

When a girl stops in playing because  
she has lost her key, her mother thinks  
the pause is to give "expression."

Ask any girl who was the greatest  
musical composer and she will think of  
the wedding march and say "Mendel-  
sohn."

There are some women who never play  
the piano in any other way than as if  
trying a piece for the first time.

Every girl has so much faith in her  
friends standing by her that when she is  
on a program at a concert she takes a  
second piece with her for the encore.

## Colors and the Eye

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

I knew a lady who cannot endure the  
color red. She says it hurts her eyes to  
look at it. More than that, she declares  
that it almost turns her sick if she is  
compelled to see it for a considerable  
time.

But blue delights  
her, and gives her  
an indefinite sense  
of inward pleasure.  
She is not fond of  
yellow, either, but  
all shades of blue,  
green or violet are  
delightful to her.  
She likes to have  
them about her,  
and avers that  
they stimulate her  
nervous system and  
make her mentally  
brighter and more  
cheerful.



All of us have similar, though less  
pronounced, preferences or prejudices  
about colors, sometimes without being  
fully aware of the fact, because we have  
never analyzed our feelings about them.  
I, myself, like nearly all colors, but my  
favorites are a bright red, a rich yel-  
low and a deep blue, so that they ex-  
tend nearly from one end of the spec-  
trum to the other. If I were compelled  
to make an absolute choice I should  
probably select some shade of blue.

Now, there is reason for thinking that  
this question of color preference pos-  
sesses an importance far greater  
than shows on the surface. It may  
deeply affect our physical and mental  
well-being.

Some think that it is merely a mat-  
ter of artistic temperament or training,  
but it strikes deeper than that. It is a  
matter of sensitiveness to vibration, and  
recent discoveries show that vibration,  
in one form or another, lies at the  
basis of all physical existence.

The nervous system is a vibratory en-  
gine of almost unimaginable sensitive-  
ness. It governs the body and all the  
manifestations of the mind through the  
brain. Every different color is a differ-  
ent vibration affecting the nerves. If you  
have a horror of red, it is because your  
nervous system of light is not attuned  
to vibrations of light having wave  
lengths so great as one forty-thousandth  
of an inch. Your brain is something like  
a wireless receiver, keyed to short waves,  
which is confused by the impact of  
waves of relatively great length. The  
blue waves please you, and are agreeable  
to your sense because their vibratory  
length does not exceed about one fifty-  
five-thousandth of an inch, and such  
equalizations are congenial to you.

Neither the red waves nor the blue  
ones have any color in themselves. The  
color is simply a particular impression  
in the brain, made by a particular num-  
ber of vibrations passing and striking upon  
the optic nerve. All the light waves move  
forward at the same speed, and if they  
all had the same length there would be  
only one color.

But the short ones strike faster on the  
eye than the long ones, and the conse-  
quence is that they produce an impression  
which we call blue while the others pro-  
duce an impression which we call red.

Colors resemble musical notes. Four  
hundred and twenty-eight million-million  
light waves striking the eye per second  
produce the color red; sixty-four waves of  
sound strike the ear per second produce  
the note C-1; 64 million-million light  
waves striking the eye per second pro-  
duce the color blue; 26 waves of sound  
striking the ear per second produce the  
note C-8. And so each so-called color,  
and each so-called musical note, is not-  
ing but a special kind of impression on  
the brain made by vibrations of a special  
frequency.

If you can hurry up the vibrations of  
either light or sound so that the same  
waves strike more frequently you will  
change the color, or the note, as the  
case may be. If the light waves which  
cause pain to the lady who detests the  
color red, could be made to enter her eye  
at the rate of 64 million-million per  
second instead of only 26 million-million,  
she would be delighted by seeing her  
favorite "color" blue—and yet the waves,  
as waves, would be the same in both  
cases.

Since the sensations which we call  
colors are thus proved to be simply the  
effect of particular frequencies of vibra-  
tion affecting the nerves, it seems evi-  
dent that there must be a physiology  
(vital science), of color, the study of  
which might prove of great benefit to  
humanity. It has already been proved  
that certain light waves have a wonder-  
ful effect upon living things, such as  
plants and some of the lower animals,  
and the well known Finsen rays (which  
are simply the waves of ultra-violet light),  
are capable of radiating some diseases  
of the human skin. There have been ex-  
periments which seemed to indicate that  
"baths" of blue light may have a stimulat-  
ing effect upon the nervous system of  
some persons.

If a real science could be built up about  
this subject it might be possible to find  
the vibration frequencies that were most  
congenial to different individuals, and  
thus to develop a valuable system of  
color bathing that would be a boon to  
humanity.

## How English Beauties Keep Face Youthful

Christian Miller, F. C. I., noted Eng-  
lish expert, attributes the early aging  
of American women mainly to the nat-  
ional nervousness. "The women of Eng-  
land, she says, can teach us the inex-  
haustible lesson of repose.

Another valuable lesson to be learned  
from the English woman is that she does  
not go in much for cosmetics, the con-  
tinual use of which must ruin any com-  
plexion. The beauty devotees of King  
George's realm have the mercurial wax  
habit, a more wholesome method of keep-  
ing the face girlish-looking and healthy.  
Ordinary mercurial wax, used like cold  
cream, rejuvenates the worst complexion.  
American women may easily acquire the  
habit, this wax being obtainable at drug-  
stores generally in the United States. It  
is applied at night and washed off in the  
morning. One ounce is sufficient to com-  
pletely renovate a bad complexion. It  
has a peculiar action in keeping the face  
free from the particles of dead and de-  
vitalized skin which are constantly ap-  
pearing.—Woman's Herald.—Advertisement.

## Today's Beauty Recipes

By Mrs. D. Mills.

"Women may want the vote, but the  
desire for masculine prerogatives does not  
extend to the wearing of whiskers. Ex-  
cessive hair on face or forearms always  
will be admired by women. To remove  
wild hairs, make a paste with powdered  
delonite and water, cover the hairs with  
this paste for two minutes, wash the skin  
and the hairs will be gone.

"The use of powder tends to clog and  
enlarge the pores of the skin, causing  
blackheads. It is much better to use a  
loction instead of powder. Dissolve an  
original package of mayatone in a half-  
pint of water and apply in the  
morning. It will hold all day and will not  
look "mussy." If you perspire, mayatone  
prevents sunburn, tan and freckles.

"You can restore life and strength to  
faded and falling hair by correct sham-  
pooing. Dandruff causes most hair trou-  
bles, and Mother's Shampoo directly at-  
tacks the dandruff parasite. Get a pack-  
age of Mother's Shampoo (only 2c at  
your druggist), use it just once and your  
hair will be bright, clean, wavy, beauti-  
fully lustrous and easy to arrange.—Ad-  
vertisement.