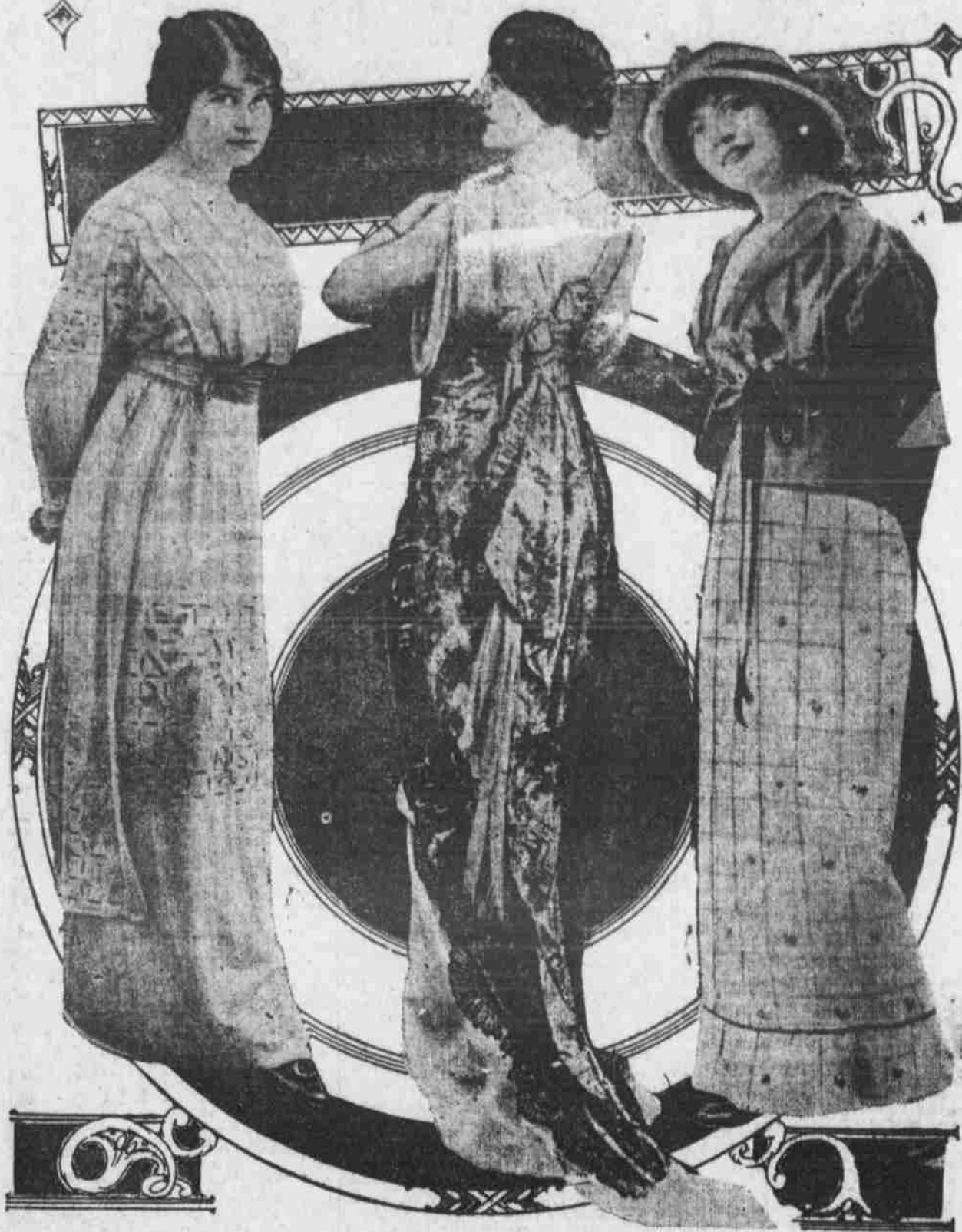


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Three of Dame Fashion's Latest



The dainty gown illustrated on the left-hand side of the picture is made of white linen with broad bands of embroidery; through this can be seen the pink silk of the foundation. The embroidered bands

are carried out on the bodice, which has long sleeves; the parti-colored belt is novel. Black Chantilly lace drapes the evening gown in the center, the long lines being very graceful. The gown is made of pink charmeuse, the drapery of the bodice being of pink nylon. The right-

hand model shows a chic little glace coat, high-waisted, with a full basque, and finished with a bow and long ends of velvet ribbon. A lace collar and cuffs make a pretty finish. Carried out in hydrangea, blue, over a skirt of blue and white, this is a most effective costume.

Why She Kept Her "Girl" for 20 Years

By ADA PATTERSON

The servant problem has been solved. Its solution has been found by a white-haired, brown-eyed, soft-voiced woman who lives in an unfashionable block in New York. The neighbors say she is "mighty feeble," which is their way of expressing the fact that she had not the gift of robust health. She is not rich. The city flat in which she lives is a long way from Fifth avenue and instead of twenty-four servants of a famous Fifth avenue home she keeps one. But the famous Fifth avenue home has "trouble" with servants. The white-haired woman has kept her "hired girl" for twenty years. There is a reason for everything and you may be sure there is a good reason for this. She wasn't quite sure of the reason herself, but it seemed out of the story she told me of their twelve years together.



"I took a fancy to Lena when my husband brought her home from the employment agency," she said. "She didn't speak a word of English and I didn't speak any German, but there was something that counted more than words. While my husband and I were talking she went over to that corner by the window where you see the cat asleep and she picked up some knitting I had laid down and began to knit. She told me when we began to understand each other that her mother had said to her before she went out to service 'Don't wait for your mistress to tell you what to do. Do it without being told. She's always been that way and it's a great comfort.'"

"The mistress never fussed at me," but the maid who has been called into the room for the conference, "If I didn't just the piano right she didn't come after me and make a path with her finger through the dust."

"I thought 'Maybe next time she will do better,' and if the second time wasn't better I was sure the third time would be," returned the mistress. "I don't believe in talking much. There's too much talking in the world and most of it is a pretty poor quality. But Lena's always been kind and thoughtful to me. I suffer a great deal from headaches and she's as anxious when I have one of my headaches as my husband and son are."

"But when the mistress goes out for a walk of a street car ride she often takes me," persisted the maid. "And she don't give me the leavin's. I get as good meals as the family, and I have as good a place to sleep as they have themselves."

"But Lena never insisted on having her regular Sunday or her Thursday evening off. If it suited us to ask her to stay in then and take another time she did. And she never complained about company."

"Sure I didn't kick," said the maid. "If the family enjoyed having company I wanted them to have it. It's that way if you're interested in your family."

The maid vanished because her ear had caught the ominous sound of something boiling over in the kitchen.

"She a good girl," The mistress' eyes followed that squat, sturdy figure. "I like her next to my own family. There is was, the solution of the problem, then that has worn some women out of their homes and into hotels, if not into their graves. She had kept her maid for twenty years because she 'liked her' and by the same token the maid had remained with her. The maid liked her. The solution of the servant problem is the ditty of Mary and her lamb applied to labor in the household. They liked each other and for that reason Lena 'was worried' when Mrs. Jay had a headache and Mrs. Jay did what no other mistress in the neighborhood did, took her maid out for a walk or a street car ride. They liked each other, and Lena didn't care when the family had company, and Mrs. Jay gave Lena a diamond ring from which her own finger had permanently shrunk. They liked each other, so neither 'spoke a cross word to the other in twenty years.' They liked each other and Lena has no expectation of ever leaving Mrs. Jay and Mrs. Jay gave a party for Lena on the anniversary of her coming to her and picking up the dropped knitting twenty years ago. "It's a good deal like marriage," I suggested, and Mrs. Jay nodded her gentle white head. "It is," she said. And perhaps that is the solution of the happiness in the marriage problem, too. To like each other, and with that excellent start, to be "reasonable and considerate." Reasonableness and consideration with the liking at the beginning, would bring more couples to a celebration of their china wedding and make the patronage of the divorce courts slender.

Rouge, Powder and Burlesque of Sex

By REV. T. A. HICKEY,

Rector of St. Brendan's Church, Brooklyn Every young woman should scorn these compact, extravagant styles of dress which are calculated to incite the evil and attract the vicious. Rouge and cosmetics, which detract rather than add to her beauty, she should carefully avoid. Gentility and modesty—those womanly traits which many men most admire—should characterize her ways. She should be well dressed. The world admires the modest woman prettily and becomingly gown, but recoils at her sister who burlesques her sex by the adoption of costumes which merit the condemnation they receive.

We wish to see the young woman so attired as to reflect the dearest and most wholesome of her charms—modesty—and to continue to hold the admiration of clean-minded men, the only kind the Christian girl should wish to know.

Does the girl who adopts extravagant prevailing gowns ever stop to ask who conceives them? Does she ever ask whether those persons are actuated by mere mercenary motives?

It is well to ponder over these questions. Any parent cherishing the future of his daughter should bear in mind this fact: There is a moral value in modesty as well as real charm.

It is immeasurably immodest to make one's self conspicuous by the face-smearing process. But—

"A little powder now and then," is relished by the best of them. It is in its utility that it should be relished. It banishes a gloss that is unattractive. But this coating of one's complexion so that nature's charms are concealed is silly and marred. It is not modest.

It is a girl's duty to herself and to society to keep herself as pleasing in appearance as possible. There are many girls who paint and make-up. They are good girls. They see no harm in it—and then it is at last, you know, and mother and father—thoughtless mother and father—do not discourage her. I want to tell the girls this: It may not be sin, but it may be the occasion for sin. Don't play with fire.

I want to tell the parents this: There would be no social evil, so-called, if feminine modesty were more carefully treasured.

A final word to girls and parents. Young women of today don't seem to differentiate between conspicuousness and attractiveness. The girl whose natural complexion is disguised by a coating of powder or paint and who is attired in one of these disgracefully suggestive gowns of today, may be conspicuous. She can never be attractive.

Every Man's a Boss-Somewhere



Drawn for The Bee by Hal Coffman.

Looking Pretty All the Time

By WINIFRED BLACK

"Dear me," said the prettiest girl, "I do wish Miss Marie Correll would learn to sing a new song. She's been doing that old 'What am I going to do to make you love me?' for so long. I'm a bit tired of it, and I should think the men would be tired of it, too."

"Well," said the cleverest girl, "the song is well enough, only she doesn't sing it right. That's the old-fashioned version. We don't use quite the same words nowadays. Ours runs more like this: 'The cleverest girl threw herself back in the swinging chair, assumed a questioning and, it must be confessed, a rather nagging expression of countenance, and chanted satirically: 'What are you going to do to make me love you?'"

"That's the right refrain just now. It's the one I'm going to sing anyhow, and all the girls in my class," and she threw the very clever magazine with Miss Correll's latest article on the "Greatest thing in the world and how to get it" into the ferns and wouldn't hear of picking it up again.

When are these clever people who write things for magazines going to wake up? she said. "We don't need articles on how to catch a husband these days, or how to keep him when we've got him—not a bit in the world. The thing we need is: 'How to take an interest in matrimony as a profession when there are so many other interesting things to do.'"

"My mother would have had an awful time if she hadn't married—fancy living with Uncle Dick all your life and being a maiden sister. But it's different with me."

"If I meet just the right man, I'll marry—maybe—but I'll think while before I do it. I'm going to get a rather good salary in my line of work. I can do a lot of good in the world, and, what a lot of fun I'm going to have. I'll have to be awfully in love with a man to give all that up—just to be Mrs. Somebody. I love being myself—it's so inter-

esting. I'm afraid I should hate awfully just to be somebody's wife—without even my own name to go by."

And the prettiest girl joined right in with the cleverest girl—and the things they said the average everyday man would have horrified Miss Correll to the verge of madness if she had heard them. They would horrify me, too—only I know it's just their heads talking now. Some day their hearts will begin to speak, and then we shall hear a different side of the story.

But, all the same, I read Miss Correll's article on the greatest thing in the world and how to keep it, and I really did wish she hadn't gone back to the ancient days of superstition about men and the way to make a man stay in love with his wife.

It was all right for people who believe in the dark of the moon idea and who wouldn't sit thirteen at a table for anything, to say and to believe when they say it, that no man could love a woman unless she looked pretty all the time, but in this day and time, Miss Correll, really now, why don't you look around you?

Who's the man the most outrageously in love with his own wife that you know? Is she the prettiest woman of your acquaintance? I don't believe it. She isn't of mine.

A pretty woman is the thing for a short conquest, but for a long race give me the average looking woman every day in the week. Why? Well, she's apt to be more interesting for one thing; and then, sisters, men are really not all such blithering idiots as some would have us believe—really they are not. I know men who love their wives because their wives are good women and true friends and jolly comrades and good fellows and gentle sweethearts—honestly I do—and I've been acquainted with several men who stayed in love with their wives after they had seen said wives with their hair twisted around a comb and mouth full of hair pins—such was the incredible folly of the creature.

Tut, tut, Miss Correll! What an odd lot of men you must know, really! Are they all such absolute dunces as you try to make us think? I don't believe it—I can't believe it. How earth have they ever accomplished all they have in the world if they are such absolutely blind, unreasoning creatures as you say they are? Look pretty every minute or you'll

lose him." Good gracious! Whatever would become of the world if all the married women in it agreed with you? What would happen to the babies? Who'd run downstairs in a heavy dressing gown and make husband a mustard plaster when something he'd eaten had gone wrong with him? And then there's husband—what would he think of us if we should turn around and say the same sort of thing to him?

A woman did say it in Chicago the other day—a very clever and well-known woman she was, too. She declared that she left her perfectly good young husband because she hated the way he looked with his collar off, shaving.

And the world re-echoed with gusty laughter of the gods! I wonder why?

Just as I was finishing Miss Correll's article the prettiest girl was saying: "I wonder if it never strikes these people who are so busy telling us how to keep a husband that nine out of ten of the divorce suits are brought by women—and not by men at all. To judge by statistics it is the men who need advice on how to keep a wife."

And I kept wondering what she'd say when she fell in love—really and truly in love—and whether she wouldn't pity every one who wasn't in the same state, and whether she wouldn't be right to pity them.

And the cleverest girl—why she's the very one who'll be crazy about some one some day, and not such a very clever some one, either, and perhaps not such a

very good some one. Poor, earnest, honest, deep-hearted cleverest girl—and she'll never really live till she is. Still, all the way back to the cottage I kept humming. And, do you know, the words that I hummed were those odious ones the cleverest girl had chanted so defiantly: "What are you going to do to make me love you?"

I wonder if they do mean something, just now, those words? And I wonder if what they mean is something sane and wholesome and well balanced and just and reasonable and good for the future of the whole race of humanity in some great, noble, far-reaching way, or if they are just a sudden outbreak of silly vanity and overweening self-esteem, brought about by the sudden change in the mysterious tide that has for so many centuries controlled the destiny of the mothers of men?

Rise up, Mr. Plain, Every Day, Ordinary Man, with the plain, every day, ordinary wife, and tell us what you think about it—honestly and truly.

CURED ITCHING HUMOR ON FACE

Very Embarrassing. Could Not Sleep. Used Resinol—Well in a Week.

Pittsburgh, Pa., May 3, 1913—"I had a ringworm on the side of my face. It began like a cold blister—a small red mark. Each day it became larger until it was a round ring about the size of a quarter. It burned and itched me terribly, and was very sore. It was also swollen and caused me a great deal of discomfort as I could not sleep at night. It was very embarrassing and I didn't want any of my friends to see me. I used several remedies such as — and some kind of a powder, but they did no good. I used Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment for one week and cured it." (Signed) Eleanor D. Shekela, 338 North Sheridan Ave. Resinol Soap and Ointment are speedily effective for eczema and other itching, burning eruptions, stimples, dandruff, burns, old sores and piles. Prescribed by doctors for eighteen years. Sold by all druggists. For free samples write to Dept. 6-R, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Don't Try.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a boy 16 years of age. As I was walking on the street the other day I saw a girl whom I hadn't seen before, but I loved her very much the moment I saw her.

What I want to know is how to get friends with that girl.

Love at sight is such a pretty dream it is a pity to spoil it by getting acquainted. You are 16 years old—the age to be devoted to making a man of yourself. Bend your energies in that direction, and let love alone for a few years. Under no circumstances should you attempt to form an acquaintance with a girl you happen to meet on the street.