

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Some Early Fall Fashions



Models of the early fall fashions in gowns for afternoon wear display points of piquant interest.

In the figure to the left is shown a gown altogether different from the usual simple dress for the young girl, yet in no way eccentric. It is of cherry foulard dotted white. The blousing bodice is opened over a girlish waistcoat of white net, gathered at the neck by a "coulisse" or small ribbon of black "comete" velvet.

Flaring slightly from the shoulders, with an armhole almost normal, the half-sleeves are stopped at the elbow and finished by a small flounce "en forme" of the same material and a small "deutele" of embroidered net.

The neck of the same embroidered net is wired to stand upright at the back, drooping downward in front to frame and waistcoat.

The skirt, draped and round, shows at its upper part a tunic, which, plain in the middle front, lengthens in front on each side, finished by a tassel of passementerie, white and cherry.

In the picture to the right, the appearance of the frills shows that the lingerie blouse will return to favor. They are not so difficult to keep in order as would seem at first glance. They are of plaited net, and may easily be taken out and replaced by new ones.

With this model they are the only trimming of a pretty afternoon gown of lettuce-green charmeuse. The bodice is a small "blouson" with low armholes. The sleeve long and fitting simply, is finished by an insertion over the wrist of a piping of charmeuse of the material. Cut in a deep "V" in front and back, it is trimmed with three frills of the same plain net.

A "Cayadire" belt, brocaded, in the cashmere tones, girdles a high waist.

The skirt is draped in front in a movement of crossing and the fulness is given by the broad pleats gathered at the waist. It is cut slightly rounded in front and a small slit shows the foot.

Deceiving Your Wife

By WINFRED BLACK.

"I love my wife," said the man who is in love with another woman, "and I don't want her to know anything that will hurt her. I protect her from her own foolish fancies. I believe it is my duty to do that."

And then he went and sent his wife a box of roses and went to dine with the other woman. I wonder if that man believes himself?

I wonder if he thinks he's lying to his wife to shield her from suffering? I wonder if he thinks that any one else on earth believes him, when he says that. Why, you poor, blind, foolish fellow, you are lying to your wife not to protect her, but to protect yourself. You find her convenient—a comfortable appendage, a good thing to have in the family—that wife of yours—and you don't want to let loose of her, that's all that makes you lie to her.

It fair for you to cheat her, and then say you do it to "keep her from worrying"? What if your partner did that way? What if he stole from you and then said he didn't tell you about it because he didn't want you to worry. What kind of an excuse would you call that?

Would you pay much attention to it—you, the sane, reasonable, business man? You would not. You would call him what he was, a coward and a thief. Exactly, when you deceive your wife and then don't tell her, "to protect her"?

Nonsense, man alive, stuff and nonsense! That sort of argument might hold water fifty years ago, it won't do now.

What? Send her away where she is "safe." Put her where she can't make you any trouble, and where she won't hear anything to make her unhappy? Why, you poor fool, every word you speak, every look you give, every tone of your voice, every turn of your hand tells her what you try to conceal "for her sake."

She may not know that she knows, but she knows all the same—and all the lies you can tell won't deceive her, really, at all.

What are you thinking of? You can't compete with a woman in affairs like this. Love is a woman's business. She knows it from beginning to end, backward and forward—in and out. You're just an amateur at the game, you, or the wisest man who ever lived. You just play at off hours, she makes it her whole life.

You can make a woman believe you are wise when you are a fool; you can make her believe you are rich when you are poor; you can make her believe you are noble when you are mean, but you can never, never, as long as the sun goes round, make her believe that you are true to her when you are not.

All the time she knows, don't forget that—Mr. Amateur—you're playing the game, when you play at love—and you're playing it pretty badly, according to her standards, too!

"Protect" her, if you will. Tell her all the elaborate tales you can—if she is just ignorant as a Russian peasant—that one thing she knows, better than you, with all your wisdom, will ever dream of knowing. And the other woman knows she knows, no matter what she tries to make you believe, for she, too, is a woman, and to her, too, the game is life itself.

What a fool you are to try to deceive either of them—when you try a fling at it—in your bungling amateur way.

Beauty

Lois Josephine Finds It by Being Happy, and to be Happy She Eats Little and Dresses Sensibly

By LILIAN LAUFERTY.

"I am determined to be happy," said Lois Josephine to me, smiling the while with the wistful sweetness that is the message of Irish blood. "I think that being happy is the secret of being well, and doing your work well, and looking well, and feeling well! Well, with all these wells to be acquired, my search for happiness is going to be untiring."

"Just how does one go about being happy—deliberately happy?" I asked. "The Blue Bird of Happiness is an elusive-winged creature, and even when he is found at last at your own fireside he flies away as you clasp him in the welcoming circle of your hands."

"To be happy," answered Miss Josephine, with a tiny shadow of a smile that ought to lure happiness right to her side, never to depart, "to be happy, you like all the things you have to do, you trust your friends, you love all the beauty of nature around you—and you avoid unnecessary contact with tasks that you cannot teach yourself to like. Oh, truly, I think that if you are happy you will be healthy and wealthy and wise and—and, yes, beautiful!"

Now, Miss Josephine is the sunshine girl in "The Passing Show of 1913" up at the Winter Garden, and most charmingly does she and her partner, Wellington Cross, dispense gaiety and sunshine as they dance their "joy of living" waltzes for you. Perhaps it is here that Miss Josephine found her inspiration to be a sunny girl in everyday life, but to be happy seems to me to be a most excellent way to acquire beauty.

"I am going to be so happy and contented with life that I will just naturally attract sunshine instead of shadow," went on the dainty girl whose picture delights you today. "I am going to be so pleased with my life and work that my expression can never be bitter or discontented, but instead must be sweet and friendly."

"Bitterness, discontent, envy, worry, anger, malice—I am going to banish them from my mind more and more earnestly as I get more and more power to pursue a search for happiness. If only girls knew what foes to beauty these evil feelings were they would all join me in a happiness hunt and get such sweet expressions that every one would be exclaiming: 'Well, I declare, if Mamie Jones isn't getting to be a beauty—she has the most attractive expression!'"

Suddenly Miss Josephine trilled out a merry laugh. "Want to see one practical detail of my hunt for happiness? Well, I am making my feet happy, too! I wear flat-soled tennis shoes with 'wax' instead of rubber soles, since rubber draws the feet, and so rest and relax the muscles and tendons of my feet. Narrow, tight, high-heeled shoes do not take your feet comfortable; they actually hurt your health, and they do great harm to the serenity of your face. You know the desperate expression you often see on the face of a girl whose shoes are too tight or are pitching her forward, with the strain coming heavily on already tired muscles. Well, an expression like that may carve its way in ugly lines right into a face. So I recommend making your feet happy if you want your face to look happy!"

"I am very polite to my digestion. I don't ask its overtaxed organs to handle heavy meals and rich sauces all through the hot summer. Instead, I eat vegetables and salads and the lighter meats, and give my system tonic food, instead of task food, in summer. An ideal summer program is to have meat on your dinner menu only two or three times a week. For instance: Chicken on Sunday, steak on Tuesday, lamb on Thursday, fish on Friday, and on the other three days try soup and a few extra vegetables for dinner. Simple meals will give your 'digesters' a rested, happy feeling that will tell in a happy, rested-looking face."

"If you like it as well as I do, you will be delighted to drink three glasses of buttermilk during the day, and on rising and on retiring you will enjoy eating a bit of watercress with salt. Fine tonics for the system—both of those! Turn to make your skin and muscles rejoice in the general prosperity, try a morning and evening rub with equal parts of alcohol and witch hazel. That will add a fine glow to the general beauty-dealing feeling of happiness you want to acquire. Oh, it is great fun working out a system whereby you will acquire happiness and all its attendant blessings of beauty and health and power to advance in the world."

As we left Miss Josephine's pretty home on a cross street, just west of Broadway, a friend called to the little blue linen-suit figure: "Hello, little blue bird." And the Blue Bird is for happiness, you know.



Miss Lois Josephine.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox on "Debt"

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

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A man who has made a great financial success, somewhat suddenly, is doing much charitable and helpful work for humanity, but he is marrying his own character and making trouble for himself and others in the future by one unfortunate habit.

He never pays a debt until forced to do so at the eleventh hour.

Every one who knows that he is honest and generous. He is sure to pay all he owes and to liquidate every debt, eventually. But, meantime, he causes untold discomfort to his creditors frequently by his delay.

Often, while some man to whom he is owing a large bill is needing the money to push along his own affairs, his wealthy debtor is giving liberal sums to aid others or to help some worthy cause.

But there is a leak in the lifeboat of this man which, unless mended, will eventually either sink his craft or damage all its cargo.

No doubt the habit was first formed when he was struggling to make his way; before fortune turned his smiling face upon him. But his very struggles and needs in early life should have made him more consistent in his dealings with his fellow men after he obtained his fortune.

Debt is the ugliest monster on earth outside of crime. Every young man or woman who is setting forth upon a self-supporting career should keep his mental guns charged and ready to fire upon the ogre the moment it presents its horrid face at the door.

If the habit of debt is once formed, it is far more respectable to wear old garments and to be unable to present a smart appearance than to go about in clothes which are not paid for, or to indulge in any pleasures or privileges which have made debt a necessity.

Then train them in the way of keeping a careful cash account each day and of balancing up their books at the end of each week. Speak often and repeatedly of the honor which such habits eventually bring and of the corresponding dishonor which follows on the habit of debt.

There are children born into the world with a tendency to be borrowers and even to be thieves, because their fathers were parsimonious and miserly with their mothers before their birth. And the children received the mental mark of their mothers' unfortunate state of mind.

One such woman longed for certain kinds of food before the birth of her child, and was told by her husband that her longings were extravagant and unreasonable. So persistent were her longings, however, and so small was the expense they entailed, that the unhappy, expectant mother purchased pennies from the pockets of her sleeping master, and when she had obtained the petty sum needed purchased the dainty she desired.

But her child was born with a mania for taking things which did not belong to her; even when she could have them by asking, or possessed money to purchase them, she preferred to steal.

Men of that miserly type often force their wives and children into the debt habit. It is astonishing to find how many men of independent means hold tight the purse strings, and compel their wives to go empty-handed, while given unquestioned right to buy whatever they desire, so long as their purchases are presented to the husband in a bill at the end of the month. Frequently these men make no complaint at extravagance, yet make bitter protest if the wife asks for a small monthly allowance.

Children reared under such conditions have no horror of debt. They have been taught that it is the only way to obtain what they desire. Every boy and girl ought to be given a small weekly or monthly allowance, taught how to spend it wisely, and made to keep a strict account.

With such teaching should go a consistent, kindly, persistent education on the nobility of independence, and the dishonor of debt.

If children form such ideals before they go out into the world, there is small fear that they will ever form the habit of debt afterward.

An Arctic Pioneer

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY

The capture of Fort Churchill by the French admiral, La Perouse, one hundred and thirty-one years ago, August 5, 1782, brought to a close the public career of Samuel Hearne, who may well be called the Pioneer of Arctic Exploration.

A braver man than Hearne never dared the terrors of the unknown, and amidst the "blushing honors" that are these days coming to the Pearys and Amundsen, it was well not to forget the man who blazed the way for all future explorers of the frozen north.

On December 7, 1733, Hearne, with a little band of Indians, set out to find the "Far-Away-Metal River," and on June 12, 1771, discovered the Coppermine. Pressing on, on July 17, he stood on the shores of the Arctic—the first white man to witness the tossing ice floes of that lone, green sea. He had found a region half as large as European Russia, and proved that not a narrow strip of land lay between the Atlantic and Pacific, but a vast continent.

This wide region Hearne was trying to hold for England when he was surprised at Fort Churchill, away up on the western shore of Hudson Bay. With only thirty-nine men he was surprised by 400 French marines from the warship La Sceptre, and nothing was left for him but surrender.

Hearne's right hand man was the great Chief Matonabee. Matonabee had thought his English friends invincible and when he saw his crew of brute force was overthrown by the fall of the fort he went out into the forest and killed himself.

After his honorable failure at Fort Churchill, Hearne returned to England, where he died in 1782, at the age of 47. Fortunately he wrote an account of his life, which was published a few years after his death, and lucky are they who had the privilege of reading it. It is a story full to the brim of quiet heroism and the silent will-power that "does things."

PHOTO BY JARON

Mother's Friend in Every Home

Comfort and Safety Assured Before the Arrival of the Start.

The old saying—that it home without a mother—should add "Mother's Friend." In thousands of American homes there is a bottle of this splendid and famous remedy that has aided many a woman through the trying ordeal, saved her from suffering and pain, kept her in health of mind and body in advance of baby's coming and had a most wonderful influence in developing a healthy, lovely disposition in the child.

There is no other remedy so truly a help to nature as Mother's Friend. It relieves the pain and discomfort caused by the strain on the ligaments, makes pleasant those fibres and muscles which nature is expanding and soothes the inflammation of breast glands.

Mother's Friend is an external remedy, acts quickly and not only banishes all distress in advance, but assures a speedy and complete recovery for the mother. Thus she becomes a healthy woman with all her strength preserved to thoroughly enjoy the rearing of her child. Mother's Friend can be had at any drug store at \$1.00 a bottle, and is really one of the greatest blessings ever discovered for expectant mothers. Write to: Braxford Regulator Co., 118 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., for their free book. Write to-day. It is most instructive.