



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



When Cupid Says: "I Will Return"

By Nell Brinkley



Nell Brinkley Says:

Beside you stretches a flannelly bundle swathed like a small mummy. Only the face that ornaments the top of the bundle is not the black and gold, slant-eyed, baffling face that gazes above the mummy case. Here is a pink face, the color of crumpled, pale, pink roses, crumpled a bit like them, too, you must admit, topped on its smooth head with a marvelous fine down of feathery hair.

It is your dear delight to caress with the palm of your hand that exquisite golden fuzz. You like to hang above it, too—brooding with dove's eyes and cooing with dove's voice. One slim hand bound about on its third finger with a golden ring rests and moves tenderly on the hard, shirred shoulder of the man who sometimes comes to kneel beside the bed—to put his big chin on his folded fist and gaze and smile and whistle soft at the tiny face of his baby girl.

Your face bended down—his tilted up—you study and yearn over and incessantly watch the atom between you. Sometimes, then, you raise your eyes to look deep and long into one another's. Sometimes, then, you kiss and your hand steals closer about the man's neck with the same curving,

cherishing line it has when you slip it beneath your baby's head.

And while you brood and wonder there is One who tiptoes over from the door, looks breathlessly at the blue-eyed, blossom-mouthed thing between you and then draws back with a smile. Sometimes in the man's eyes dawns a look that signals he is aware in a dim fashion of the presence of that One. And he looks rather violent then—for a father has a fashion of getting ferocious over the idea that Love must come some dim day to his small baby girl.

Under the blue curtain at the door Love turns and grins.

"I will be back," he says, exulting, "in another eighteen years! She doesn't look like much material now. She has no hair to speak about, no teeth to smile with—no neck. Her cheeks fit right onto her shoulders. She has so little intellect that she is intensely amused for long hours with her ten toes! She makes bubbles with her mouth all day long. And murmurs and holds forth to herself in a language no lover could understand. But wait! I know these little atoms and I will be back in eighteen years!"

How to Improve Lonesomeness

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

So you're lonesome, and you want friends and you don't know how to make them.

Well, start in being a friend, to somebody—that's a good way.

You aren't the only lonesome one in the whole great, big, lonesome city where you live.

That girl across the hall in the boarding house is just as lonesome as you are. Didn't you notice how red her eyes were this morning when she preceded to be drinking her coffee? Crying all right, probably, because she didn't get a letter from home.

Haven't you noticed what pretty clothes she wears? Her mother made those clothes, and every stitch sewed a world of love into the dull, lifeless cloth. It's hard to live away from such a mother for the first time. And she's beautiful, too, that girl is. No, it isn't haughty she is, it's timid.

She's from a village up-state, where she knew every cat and dog in town, and she's so afraid she'll do something "country" or "green" that she don't care to whisper.

Help her out, pass her the butter and smile when you do it. It won't hurt you a bit.

What if she doesn't smile back—so much the worse for her—but she will, and it won't be long until you've got a friend—someone to care whether you're too tired for a little walk these pleasant evenings or not, someone to talk to, someone to tell when the floor walker is cross, or the girl at the next counter acts as if she thought you didn't know much.

You can't live alone. No healthy, normal being can, and stay healthy and normal—don't try it.

Make friends, make friends—but be careful what sort of friends you make.

Don't think, "Oh, well, they wouldn't have done this at home, but it's all right here," and get in with a lot of silly, street-raiding, giggling girls. A goose is a goose, whether she lives in Canajoharie or New York. A giggling, mischief-making, deceitful girl will do you as much harm here in the big city as she would at home—more, for everyone knows you there, and she couldn't make much headway against your friends.

A vain creature who puts every dollar she makes into clothes is just as empty-headed here in New York as she was when left West Newton to come and set the town a-fire with what she thought was her glorious beauty. Rather, like Cleopatra, she thought she was—the tennor in the village choir told her so once, when she was in a bathtub for the benefit of the flood sufferers—and she's been languishing for conquests ever since.

Poor thing, if she's lucky she'll marry some good, honest man and cook his dinners for him the rest of her life and be thankful there's a dinner to cook.

Beaux—why, of course, you ought to have a beau. A girl isn't a girl without a beau. But don't pick up any kind of a creature that will smile at you, just because you're lonely. You'll wish you'd lived a hermit's life forever, if you do that. Don't be in too great a hurry.

Wait a bit—wait a bit. That's what the little clock that alarms you in time for the day's work keeps saying, girls, don't you hear it—"wait a bit, wait a bit"—the little clock is sensible; she knows, she knows.

Life may be short, but there's time enough for everything that happens in it. Wait a bit, wait a bit for that beau—look about a bit, look about a bit for that friend. In six months you wouldn't know how to spell "lonesome" if the teacher asked you to—see if you do.

The Newest in Afternoon Wear



By OLIVETTE.

Afternoon tea is the fad of the stay-at-homes, and what costume could be smarter for the occasion than a gown in black lansdowne, satin crepe de chine or any other soft, clinging material?

The "Cubist" sleeves and inset fan at the back of the draped skirt, in the model shown above, are of black satin, flowered in red and green. The vest is of white mousseline with a tiny hemstitched band marking the center front; and revers, Medici collar and long tie are of dainty spiderweb shadow lace in faint ecru.

A distinctly new note and a forerunner of the fall styles is the deep slash at the point in the waist where revers lengthen into tie.

The extreme tendencies of the fall fashions are well demonstrated by the suit illustrated above. The lengthening waist-line, the long coat, the slit, draped skirt and the loose kimono sleeve are all

found combined in this one model.

The suit is of dark blue boucle, with square collar and cuffs of blurred pomegranate red and blue oriental silk. Frogs of braid fasten the single-breasted coat, and fancy Hercules braid edges the collar, cuffs and the wide belt that bridles the fullness of the coat below the waist-line, and that stops in the slanting line of patch pockets half way to the front.

The coat curves into its greatest length at the sides, where it falls in points and then gradually shortens across the back.

The skirt is slit directly in front, and has a band of braid outlining the slit and continuing up to knee height, where it is held by a simulated hook-and-eye-shaped frog of braid. The line of the braid continues up parallel to itself and directly in line with the left end of the braid frog. Braid ornaments hold in the skirt at each side.

Hooray! Baby To Rule the House

No Longer Do Women Fear The Greatness Of All Human Blessings.

It is a joy and comfort to know that those much-talked-of pains and other distresses that are said to precede child-bearing may easily be avoided. No woman need fear the slightest discomfort if she will fortify herself with the well-known and time-honored remedy, "Mother's Friend."

This is a most grateful, penetrating, external application that at once softens and makes pliant the abdominal muscles and ligaments. They naturally expand without the slightest strain, and thus not only banish all tendency to nervous, twitching spells, but there is an entire freedom from nausea, discomfort, sleeplessness and dread that so often leave their impress upon the babe.

The occasion is therefore one of unbounded, joyous anticipation, and too much stress can not be laid upon the remarkable influence which a mother's happy, prenatal disposition has upon the health and fortunes of the generation to come.

Mother's Friend is recommended only for the relief and comfort of expectant mothers, thousands of whom have used and recommend it. You will find it on sale at all drug stores at \$1.00 a bottle. Write today to the Bradford Regulator Co., 130 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., for a most instructive book on this greatest of all subjects, motherhood.

Pale Children

Ayer's Sarsaparilla helps nature to make rich, red blood. No alcohol.

Sold for 60 years.

Ask Your Doctor.

BEST AND HEALTHY IN THE WORLD

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over SIXTY YEARS BY MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEething, with FREDWENT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. It is also a safe remedy for DYSENTERY. It is sold in small bottles. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Ethics of the Love Game

By DOROTHY DIX.



Romantic people—what the old-fashioned novels called men and women of sentiment—cannot but be shocked and horrified at the number of breach of promise suits that occupy the attention of the courts.

The lady, whose lover proves faithless, no longer dies of a broken heart. She assesses the blight of her young affection at so much in good hard cash, and proceeds to try to collect it. Nor does she tie up her old love letters with a blue ribbon and weep over the hidden secret. She gathers up the warmest of them and they become Exhibit A in her suit for damages.

This is bad enough, heaven knows, but it is not the worst. There are to be found men who are so absolutely lacking to all sense of gallantry and chivalry, and even plain decency, that they sue women for breach of promise, and we have had more than one case of late in which a fickle lady has been asked to pay in money for her change of heart.

In all of these cases the aggrieved party has not hesitated to repeat every tender thing that was said, to reveal the most sacred confidences, to make public the messages that were intended to go just from heart to heart, and that should have been as inviolate as anything sold in the confessional, and to hold up the party of the other part—the one beloved and adored he or she—for the jeers and fiers of a ribald world.

In every case it has been a hideous exhibition of lack of taste, of lack of delicacy, of lack of every fine feeling—of desecration of the holy of holies of the human soul. It is a breaking of idols that serves no good purpose, and which should be stopped by public sentiment if it cannot be by law.

The breach of promise case should be thrown out of court, and the one who brings it should have the taboo placed upon him or her. Love is outside of the jurisdiction of the law, for one thing, and for another it is really damaged in sentiment and injured in emotions. There is a difference between a broken heart and a broken leg, and we cannot but suspect that the wound to one's feelings can be healed by a poultice of greenbacks is only a skin abrasion and doesn't go very deep.

In a way all lovmaking and flirtation is a species of piracy, and when one nails the flag of Cupid to his mast he puts himself beyond all further protection. He takes his fate into his own hands, and whether he wins or loses he should take the consequences on his own head.

That there are bound to be risks in courtship goes without saying. Indeed, the risks are what makes it worth while, what gives zest to the pursuit, spice to the game. If a man knew that any woman he fancied was ready to jump down his throat to say "yes, and thank you, too," the minute he popped the question, changes are he would never pop it at all.

It is the thrill of danger, the fear that another man may win her, or that he may fail to please her or fire her fancy, that stimulates the man and makes him break his neck running after her. He knows that she is whimsical, a creature of moods and uncertainties, that the thing that pleases her today worries her tomorrow, and in this is precisely her fascination for him. He takes the risks on her, and it is what makes him such a welcher when he does not accept his fate gallantly, if she tires of him before the wedding day and forsakes him for another.

Precisely the same thing may be said of women. The woman who falls in love with a man exerts all of her skill to catch him. She baits her hook with her beauty. She angles for him with a shrewd intuition of what he likes. She lures him into the shallow waters where she can fish him out into the matrimonial net. She also has taken her chances, and if in the end, just as she thinks she is about to land him, he

Problem of Creating Pleasant Homes is One of National Importance

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Good health and good cheer produce good work.

Man did not begin to become civilized until he had learned to build houses and to practice the first elements of hygiene, a science that takes its name from a Greek word for health.

When men and women live in pleasant homes, amid cheerful surroundings, they are twice as effective, mentally, morally and physically as when they are herded in gloomy hovels, like the peasants of the middle ages, and like, too, many of the working people in modern cities and manufacturing towns.

These statements are so self-evident that they hardly need to be made; and yet it is only quite recently that their truth has been so generally recognized that something has begun to be done on a large scale to remedy the evil effects of bad housing and unsanitary and cheerless surroundings.

"Good houses, at a slight cost," says Senator Paul Strauss of the French Senate, "is the problem of the day, occupying the first place in public interest."

In France there is a "Society of Cheap Houses," whose object is to promote and assist the construction of healthful and cheerful homes for those whose daily labor the maintenance of civilization and the progress of humanity depend. About 250 million associations have been formed there upon the same basis. There is also a law which enables the government to aid in the work of offering credit on easy terms, and by granting certain advantages in regard to taxes.

Recently the municipal council of Paris has voted a credit of two hundred million francs (about \$40,000,000), "to secure

decent homes for those who are without them."

The same families which were formerly compelled to pass their lives in the long row of gloomy, melancholy barracks, with a single roof for a dozen dwellings, with doorways resembling entrances to tool houses, with sills on the level of the dirty sidewalk, without proper lighting, without trees or shrubbery, or any green thing about, and without cheerful color or ornament, can now dwell with no greater cost, in clean, bright, well-made and well-lighted separate cottages.

The uplifting effect of this change is plainly evident. The whole atmosphere is altered. When the workman returns from his daily labor he finds a real home awaiting him. It is a home from which he feels no temptation to flee in order to seek the abasing pleasures of the cafe and saloon. His family has become more attractive to him because now they are more cheerful and happy and less subject to the attack of disease.

A hundred better instincts awake in all of them. The children have a decent place to play and more things to interest them. The wife has well-lighted rooms, which she can adorn and keep in order. They all have more respect for themselves and for their neighbors. They begin to feel a proper emulation and take pride in preserving and increasing the attractiveness of their home.

One detail that I observe in these French homes for working people is worth special attention: Every effort is made to avoid a dead uniformity in the style of the houses. They are not all built precisely alike. Each has an individuality of its own. The variety thus produced in the appearance of a group of houses is extremely pleasing, and the effect of this variety is felt by the dwellers themselves. It gives them a sense of independence. It promotes the social instincts by affording something novel to the view of visitors. Each housewife is enabled to find expression for her personal tastes, and to take pride in her own manner of arranging things.

The societies of which I have spoken also interest themselves in rendering it

easy to procure good furniture at moderate prices, and in encouraging the adornment of the interior.

The time is fast coming when all who labor will have pleasant, cheerful homes to live in, and when that state of affairs has been attained, the work of the world will be doubled in quantity and halved in difficulty.

ECZEMA COVERED ENTIRE SCALP

Spread to Body, Limbs, Back and Ears. If Scratched Would Bleed and Smart. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Completely Cured.

H. F. D. No. 2, Sunfield, Mich. — "I was troubled with eczema. It began with a sore on the top of the scalp, broke out as a pimple and grew larger until it was a large red spot with a crust and scab over it. This became larger finally covering the entire scalp and spread to different parts of the body, the limbs and back and in the ears. These sores grew larger gradually until some were as large as a quarter of a dollar. They would itch and if scratched they would bleed and smart. The clothing would irritate them at night when it was being removed causing them to itch and smart so I could not sleep. A watery fluid would run from them. My scalp became covered with a scale and when the hair was raised up it would rain this scale; the hair was coming out terribly. My scalp and body itched all the time.

"After using Cuticura Soap and Ointment with two applications we could notice a great difference. My way of using the Cuticura Soap and Ointment was to apply the Ointment to the sores and all over the scalp, then after I would wash the sores and scalp with the Soap. In a month's time I was completely cured." (Signed) Mrs. Bertha Underwood, Jan. 3, 1913.

Cuticura Soap 25c. and Cuticura Ointment 50c. are sold everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card: Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston.

Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.