

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Back from Vacation

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Vacation's over! Hurrah!—now for some good, hard work.

Now for life—real life; life that's worth living; life that counts; life that means something.

It was fun at first, the loafing, wasn't it? How fine to watch the moon sink into the clouds and think, "Maybe I'll get up and go fishing, and maybe I won't. I'll do just as I feel like doing."

It was glorious to walk and find the wild flowers in the shady canyon, and the down and listen to the song of the little rushing stream was singing, "Do, re, mi." What was that plaintive minor note, and what is it that the undercurrent says? Something mysterious and soft and peaceful—a message from the clean brown earth to all who live under the stars.

It was splendid to find a good horse and ride far, far afield into the freedom of the open plains. Ah, Sir Tumbleweed, you think you are a great rover, don't you? Well, I'll rove farther and freer than you.

Sing, wind. Beat, rain. You cannot lash my brave shoulders too hard. Flash, lightning. Roll, thunder. I am a part of all that is, and you cannot frighten me.

How the great trees stormed and threw their arms aloft! What! Are there cities somewhere in the plain below, and do poor slaves work in them? What was that! A whistle far away. It sounds—it calls some bondsmen in his daily task.

"Hurrah! I'm free! I'm free!" And then—the hours began to drag a little. I'll walk till it's o'clock—rest till noon. Then the mail is in. I wonder what they've done to Thaw. There's the train! Come on to the postoffice.

What! Still hot down below? What a summer they've had! Bryan still lecturing—things doing down in Mexico. Why don't we have something to say there—right now? A storm in the Carolinas—Cammett convicted. Why, how busy the world is! How busy it has been all this time—and I—

Where's my traveling hat? Who hid the trunk strap? What's this? Oh, the lodge! Never mind the films—they're just vacation stuff. Throw the fishing lines in the old bag. Yes, that book of flies ought to go, too, I guess.

Don't tear up that paper! I haven't half read it. Let's see what's going on at the theaters. Rehearsals beginning! Why, he can never play that part. What on earth!—So she's got a valentine at last! Well, I wish her luck! She's tried so hard so long.

After that little judge out in Denver, are they? I wish 'em joy of their chase! They'll never catch up with him.

New boulevard system. Now, who is at the bottom of that graft?

Exhibit of watercolors. Never could see much in them—too faint to suit my taste. Well, enough for young ladies, maybe, at the auxiliary.

Beautiful woman turns out to be regular vampire. Dear, dear! How distressing! There's a new vampire every day—and all such raving beauties, too.

Woman dies of starvation. Now that's all wrong—all wrong. Who is to blame for that, anyhow? It does seem as if, for all the money in this world and all the food—I suppose the time will come when they'll look upon this generation as so many savages—and I don't know but they'll be right.

Where's my traveling hat? Who hid my gloves? How tanned my hands are!—and that face! Get me my white veil!

Good-bye, tall trees, that bowed before the wind and made me company. Farewell, sweet stream. What! Still singing? What about it, wonder? Adios, little burro. There by the rail. What a world of patience there is in your melancholy face! Do you wonder where we all go, and what makes us ever come back? Shine on, bright stars—the little stream will look up at you. Call, and call again, wind and I shall not heed your calling. Good-bye, summer! Good-bye! Good-bye! Come fall! Come friends! Come work!—good work—honest work—work—the best friend man ever had, the closest company and the dearest joy!

Nowadays, though, we don't have the troublesome task of gathering the sage and the mussy mixing at home. All drug stores sell the ready-to-use product called "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy" for about 50 cents a bottle. It is very popular because nobody can discover it has been applied. Simply moisten your comb or a soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, but what attracts the ladies with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur is that, besides beautifully darkening the hair after a few applications, it also produces that soft lustre and appearance of abundance which is so attractive; besides, prevents dandruff, itching scalp and falling hair.

A Bee want ad does the business. Everybody reads them.

## "My Own Beauty Secrets"

By Anna Held

No. 2—The Magic That Makes Scrawny Necks Appear Attractive.

By ANNA HELD.  
(Leading "Anna Held's All Star Variete Jubilee," Under Management of John Hart.)

Copyright, 1913, International News Service.

Have you beautiful white shoulders? Is your neck white and swan-like? Do you dare turn your back to people with the pleasant certainty that they must praise, not criticize?

Of course you want the slender, graceful, youthful figure that is so fashionable today—but if you have distended and exercised and taken medicated baths to acquire it, have you produced a youthful contour and at the same time brought on a scrawny neck protruding shoulder blades and a back in which every bone seems fighting for a place in the world?

I have a message of cheer for you if you have. Smooth, white, plump shoulders and throat and a chest and back to match are waiting for you and for every woman who is not too lazy to help herself to them.

There are two great principles at stake in the beauty search. The first is, cure

clean saucepan and let this simmer for an hour.

Cool, strain through a cloth, add one tablespoonful of alcohol and one of glycerine for each pint of juice.

Take one-fourth the total amount of rose water and add it to the mixture. This will keep your skin free from roughness all during the winter weather, and in summer it will prove a foe to sunburn.

Now wash your neck and shoulders. Of course, you say? Yes, but I mean wash in a way that you have probably not thought necessary.

First, prepare for the cleansing process by taking a few simple arm and shoulder exercises so as to get the blood in circulation and the skin glowing.

Then rub the neck, arms, shoulders and back with the cold cream and remove every bit of it with one of the soft cloths. Gray and grimy the cloth will be.

That means that the pores have yielded some of the dust they have been attempting to secrete.

Now wash thoroughly with a fine white lather of your soap (unperfumed soap unless you can afford the finest and most expensive of the perfumed kinds), and

wash in very cold water.

Splash it on in great handfuls so that its force will give you a natural massage. How your skin will glow and tingle! Blood is coming to feed the tissues and to round out your contours in beauty. Finally, rub on the cucumber lotion and let it stay on.

This treatment night and morning, or even every night, will help a scrawny neck and cure scrawny shoulders. And it is very simple, is it not?

Now, let me tell you of a few aids to beauty that I find useful. If you cannot afford jewelry you may make yourself ornaments of tulle or soft gauze ribbon, or velvet or of filmy chiffon. It takes but a little patience and ingenuity, and once you begin to study what pretty effects you can get with a line here and a shadow there you will never be guilty of an ugly line or arrangement of jewelry.

Notice the strap of pearls that I wear under my chin. You can get the same softening effect with a bit of pink or white malle. If high collars have made an ugly line at your throat, will not this dainty strap be a blessing?

My long string of pearls give the "V"



"Study your lines."

"It is easy to cure defects."

all the defects you possibly can. The second is, cure over in some artistic way all the defects you cannot conceal.

For instance, if you can bleach the skin of your throat white, clear milk white, and it still insists on being a bit too thin for actual beauty, cultivate the habit of arranging some soft folds of tulle at your throat.

The shadowing effect of the tulle will throw hollows and bones into the background and bring out your beauty of skin. On the other hand, if your skin is yellow and the flesh of your throat is firm and plumply outlined, a bit of black velvet will make you look comparatively fair, while your beauty of outline is unconcealed.

However, I think it a very easy matter to cure all defects—both of color and line. I hope that by the time you are through reading you will agree with me.

In the first place, lay in a supply of good soap, a complexion brush, plenty of soft cloths, some cold cream, almond

meal and a lotion of cucumbers, that I will tell you how to make.

Feel the cucumbers and remove the seeds. Put the cucumbers and their juice in a

use your brush of rubber or soft, silky bristles to scrub away any lingering soil. Next make a paste of the cooling almond meal and allow this to remain on your skin for fifteen minutes. Finally

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## COMB SAGE TEA IN HAIR TO DARKEN IT

Grandma kept her locks dark, glossy, thick with a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur.

The old-time mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur for darkening gray, streaked and faded hair is grandmother's treatment, and folks are again using it to keep their hair a good, even color, which is quite sensible, as we are living in an age when a youthful appearance is of the greatest advantage.

Nowadays, though, we don't have the troublesome task of gathering the sage and the mussy mixing at home. All drug stores sell the ready-to-use product called "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy" for about 50 cents a bottle. It is very popular because nobody can discover it has been applied. Simply moisten your comb or a soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, but what attracts the ladies with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur is that, besides beautifully darkening the hair after a few applications, it also produces that soft lustre and appearance of abundance which is so attractive; besides, prevents dandruff, itching scalp and falling hair.

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## The Man Who Thinks He Loves

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.  
Dear Miss Fairfax: I had been keeping company with a pretty young lady for about eight months when she moved, and after confessing her love for me she decided with the aid of her stern father that there were plenty of young men in her vicinity who could give her all the good times she desired. Now, during this stretch I became acquainted with a young lady, who, although not as pretty as the first, has grown herself far more interested in me, and I try to make her as happy as I can. I loved the first and like the second. Kindly advise me what I should do.

Oh, fudge! you and your "liked the second and loved the first"—what are you doing, anyhow? Trying to make yourself think you are dead in love when you aren't even in love deep? What shall you do, indeed—what shall any one do who isn't in love with the girl he is paying attention to? Go on being nice to the girl and stop trying to make her of yourself think that you are in love with her. You don't have to be, you know, with either of them—and whisper, "Confused!" I wouldn't worry about the serious young lady and her deep interest in you. Ten to one she's just mailed a letter asking what to do to a man who seems to be dead in love with her and thinks about some one else, as she is too serious even to care deeply for one so light-minded. What's the matter with all you young fellows, anyhow? Don't you want to

have any fun at all before you marry and settle down? Marriage is the thing for you, of course, the only real thing for anyone. But you don't have to marry the first girl you say how do do to—or fall in love with her either—do you? And the first girl—she thinks there are plenty of young men who can give her all the good times she wants. Is that what she liked you for—the good times you gave her? Didn't she care any more for you than that—poor, silly little thing? How could you ever think of being serious with a girl like that? And as to the "pretty" part—when a man's been married to a woman six months he doesn't know whether she's the prettiest girl in Harlem or the ugliest woman who ever lived. If he loves her she's pretty to him and if he doesn't love

her she'd look ugly to him if she was a Venus and a Broadway broker and a saint all rolled into one. Beauty! How many happily married women are married to beauties? Honestly, now, young man, think it over and you'll see. And then—what have you to offer a beauty any way? Beauties want fine clothes and a fine house and automobiles and jewels to set off that beauty. They're born that way. What are you going to do to make them contented and happy with you—a man in average circumstances? You're going to live with the woman you marry a long, long time. I hope. Find out before you think of marrying at all whether she's the sort of girl that you'll love better every year of your life. Is she good humored? The prettiest thing on earth is hideous when she frowns. Is she light hearted? One of those sad, lonely women will drive love out of any man's heart in less than a year. Is she good, is she in love with you—really, truly in love? Will she stick to you through thick and thin—you two together against the whole world if things come to that pass? Can you see yourself spending a long vacation with her, just with her, and not wishing you were back at work? No, she doesn't have to be brilliant for that, nor wise either. She has to be your kind, the kind that your nature seeks—and you must be her kind—and that's all there is to it.

## To Summer

By LILIAN LAUPERTE.  
Hail! radiant Summer, 'mid vistas of gold, Luring to promise of joy untold! With color ablaze— Hail! brimming, pulsing summer days, Hail! languorous summer of shimmer and gleam, Of whispering grass-blade and murmuring stream! Silvered by moonlight, Perfumed with flowers— Hail! care-free, love-it-summer hours, Hail! lingering summer of softness and glow, Of purple-clad twilight reluctant to go! Cared by the Autumn, Bewitched by Frost's spell— Hail the Summer—Hail and Farewell!

## Sensible Idea to Fight Evil of Drink

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Copyright, 1913, by Star Company. Drunkenness is on the decrease.

One hundred years ago all men who drank alcoholic liquors drank far more heavily than any save confirmed drunkards drink today.

In the days of George Washington drunkenness was not considered a vice. A man was expected to keep sober during the day, but most gentlemen indulged in ergies of drink at dinner time.

Over in Heidelberg, Germany, there is a statue of Perikio, the court jester of King Charles Philip, and with this statue goes a statement saying this jester's record of wine drinking was eighteen quarts a day!

Perikio dined at the royal table, and he was a man of good education, and no doubt his companions drank quite as much as he, although they had less wit and therefore were not made immortal by having their statues fashioned for the ornamentation of the vault at Heidelberg castle.

Whether he died of too much drink or how history does not state. Men in those days could endure more alcohol than they can today.

They lived much in the open, and they were as highly developed as the men of this era. Yet now and then we find one who suffered for his excesses. Charles the Fifth of Spain and ruler of Holland, Belgium and Sicily, abdicated the throne in 1555. He was only 35 years old; yet he was a decrepit old man through gluttony and heavy-drinking. He breakfasted at 5 "on fowl seethed in milk and dressed with sugar and spices. After that he went to sleep again. He dined at 12, partaking always of twenty dishes. He supped twice—once before vesper and once after. His midnight meal was his heaviest. And at each of his four repasts he drank immense quantities of beer and wine.

It was no wonder that he was crippled with gout and every other malady before 60.

Science and hygiene and education in all progressive ways are lessening the use of stimulants of all kinds among the better classes of people.

Now there is a great idea on foot which will, if carried into execution, help to do away with drunkenness to a much larger degree than any previous method has done.

It is called "The No Drunkard Plan," and is worthy of the hearty co-operation of every clear-minded, right-thinking citizen.

Here it is: NO DRUNKARD PLAN.

A. Abolish all licenses as now paid by owners of hotel, cafe and saloon.

B. Each person believing he should have alcoholic liquors shall take out a personal license, cost to be one dollar (\$1.00) per year and to be secured on same plan as automobile license, and good for calendar year only. Must be applied for by mail and not securable in less than forty-eight hours. His license, when granted, shall consist of a card (different color each year) with his name and license number and year it is legal. A family license shall cost five dollars (\$5.00) and mention each member entitled to use it.

C. No alcoholic liquors shall be sold or given to any person not having above license, excepting on a doctor's prescription, which may be used once only.

PENALTIES TO SERVER.

Failure to obey clause C shall cause the arrest of the person serving drink and also the person owning the cafe or saloon where the drink was sold or given, unless they can distinctly establish the fact that they were deceived.

First offense, fine \$10.  
Second offense, fine \$100.  
Third offense and after, fine \$500 and thirty days in jail.

These offenses being for selling the same person first, second and third time, not to different persons; but should they be guilty of selling to as many as ten different persons in one year who are without legal license, they shall be forbidden the privilege of serving liquor to any person whatsoever forever, under penalty of one year in state prison. All above penalties given both the person serving the drink and the owner of the cafe or saloon, should they be different persons.

PENALTIES TO DRINKER.

For using falsely another person's license or any illegal license, or obtaining alcoholic liquor without a legal license, fine of \$100, or thirty days in jail. First time he is arrested for intoxication or treated for intoxication he shall be notified on next offense he will lose his license. Second time, he loses his license for current year. Third time, he loses license for life.

All doctors shall be obliged to report to the state license department each and every case they treat resulting from drinking too much alcoholic liquors, giving full and exact name, age and address of party, within ten days after attending such patient, under penalty of \$100. fine for each failure to report.

EXPLANATION REGARDING N. D. PLAN.

On clause A, license fee only is to be abolished. The seller is obliged to put up bond, to be forfeited should he not observe all laws, must have requisite number of voting taxpayers recommend him and fill all other requirements as at present, before he can sell at all.

The Connecticut license laws are a model for this new plan with the necessary change in chapter 224, 1905 session. "License according to no license" or whatever name is adopted for this new plan.

Connecticut in 1911 voted license seventy-five towns, no license ninety-three towns, or 20 per cent more than one-half.

We have the power at Hartford and the vote back of it to enact any safe and sane temperance law.

The Webb bill, which recently passed house 224 for 64 against and passed senate without a roll call, will greatly aid this movement.

"N. D. Plan" has been approved by us and we are permitted to quote as follows:

G. E. Partridge, Ph. D., author of "The Psychology of Intemperance." (The best book on the subject today):

"Your no drunkard plan appeals to me as a sound proposition. I should like to see it become a state law, and should expect that it would overcome several of the most objectionable features of present laws controlling the sale of intoxicants; and I also see in its possibilities of a new outlook on the whole problem of intemperance. I shall watch your progress with much interest."

The book referred to should be read to fully appreciate the value of above.

The expressions of such of the best and most successful business men who have seen and commented on "N. D." plan have been:

It will stop treating.

It will stop selling to minors; no minor can get a license.

It will stop creating dipomantars, inebriates and drunkards.

Evidences, politicians and popular business men may refuse alcoholic drinks without giving offense simply by "having no license."

## The Fall of New Amsterdam

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

New Amsterdam became New York 200 years ago.

Charles II and their "High Mightinesses" of Holland were on the best of terms, but Charles wanted New Amsterdam, and notwithstanding the fact that the two governments were at peace, the English monarch proceeded to lay hold of the coveted prize.

Four ships, with 600 veteran troops, were dispatched to Boston, and from the "Hub" the fleet leisurely bore down on New Amsterdam, anchoring just below the Narrows.

The British commander sent out a company of soldiers and captured the block houses on Staten Island.

Governor Stuyvesant, brave as a lion and never known to show the white feather, was at his wit's end. He had only 100 trained soldiers, aided by some 200 citizens capable of bearing arms.

The twenty guns of Fort Amsterdam had past to no powder and no chance against four British warships with 120 guns.

In spite of the great odds against him, however, "Father Wooden Leg" resolved to fight. A more courageous man than old Peter Stuyvesant never lived, and of course, he would fight to the last ditch. De Sille, commander of the fort, said to him: "To fight is madness," and Dominie Megapolensis laid his hand gently on the old governor's shoulder and said to him: "It is wrong to shed blood to no purpose." To cap the business

women and children crowded about the man and begged him to make no resistance. Finally yielding he cried out: "Well, let it be so. But I had rather be carried to my grave." And so the British flag went up on the rampart of Fort Amsterdam and Dutch rule in America came to an end.

## For Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Gas or a Sick, Sour Stomach—Pape's Diapepsin

Time it! In five minutes your nauseated stomach feels fine—Stops fermentation.

You don't want a slow remedy when your stomach is bad—or an uncertain one—a harmful one—your stomach is too valuable, you mustn't injure it with drastic drugs. Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its speed in giving relief; it's harmlessness; its certain unfailing action in regulating sick, sour, gassy stomachs. Its millions of cures in indigestion, dyspepsia, gas,

trills and other stomach trouble has made it famous the world over.

Keep this perfect stomach doctor in your home—keep it handy—get a large fifty-cent case from any drug store, and then if anyone should eat something which doesn't agree with them; if what they eat lays like lead, ferments and sours and forms gas; causes headache, dizziness and nausea; eructations of acid and undigested food—remember as soon as Pape's Diapepsin comes in contact with the stomach, all such distress vanishes. It's promptness, certainty and ease in overcoming the worst stomach disorders is a revelation to those who try it.