

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Chance  
For a Girl  
to Live  
and Grow

By WINIFRED BLACK.

"Wanted—Rural teachers for Montana; salary \$60. Business men's Clearing House, Chamber of Commerce Building." I saw it in a paper the other day—the strange, old-fashioned advertisement.

"Wanted—Rural teachers." Did you see it? Little girl, there, with the big, wistful eyes—you who had studied so hard to pass the dreaded examination?

Yet, well, what did you do, answer me?

You thought it too far from home and the life too wild?

Come, come; you must have seen the west from the moving picture standpoint—the west of the gunman and the lariat, the posse and the holdup, the west of the wild gulches and fearful ravines. Bless you, child, that isn't the real west at all!

Come on out and we'll show you. How many electric lights are there in the little village where you visit Aunt Eliza? Just a dozen on the main street. Come out west and I'll show you a thousand in one little wild west street, and automobiles, one to a family, almost, and fireless cookers and iceless iceboxes and wireless stations—and, oh, all sorts of things you think are just in your big cities.

Where do you live, you honest little soul? You—in some tenement, with a window in an airshaft and a janitor who'll speak to you if you give him the right tip, and an ice man who sells at you as if you were some kind of a slave to his ring?

Who are you living with—Brother John and his wife? Does Brother John's wife hint that there would be lots more room in the flat if you had a position and are you and Brother John trying to get a "pull" to "get one"—trying so hard that you did your best to smile crookedly at the coarse creature who controls the appointments in your district, even after he had frightened you half to death by the way he looked at you?

Or do you board out in the suburbs somewhere, with the trains booming by every half minute and the people in the house furious if you call it a flat and not an apartment?

Come west, little woman, come west and grow up with Montana. Come west and ride a cayuse—it's easy—you won't need a riding habit, just a blouse and an old skirt will do, and if your hair hangs in a thick braid down your back, why, so much the better.

Come west and be a person. Stop being a number—be a person! A person who counts, not just "the school teacher on the third floor," but school marm—down at the corners—admired of all admirers, the glass of fashion and the mold of form. That old dress of yours will be just the thing at the corners—nobody will know and nobody will care if it is a year behind the times.

They see you first and your clothes afterward. It's a way they have in Montana. They'll like your bright eyes and your honest ways, and your laugh, and the way you stir over your R's. They'll maneuver to get you to say "toid" when you mean third, and when they laugh it will be a kindly laugh, not a cruel one; and they won't care whether you know the Astors and whether you were ever invited to a patriarchal ball or not. The more fools they for not knowing you, that will be Montana's verdict.

Come out west and be an American, a real American with real American ideals, a real American with something in your head besides who was in "Society Notes" this week; a real American with real friends, real feelings, real loves, real hates, real ambitions, real joys and real sorrows. They wear no much better than the imitation ones.

Smith's boy didn't come to school today. Wonder what's wrong? Get on your pony and ride over and see. What? Down with the measles and Mrs. Smith worn out? Stay all night and help her take care of the boy.

Tired? Of course you will be tired. You've been tired after a dance many a time, haven't you, and lived through it? Be tired; good and tired; over something worth while and see how sweet your first sleep will be afterward.

Mary Brown has run away with the cow-puncher. Go and see her mother and tell her the cow-puncher isn't such a bad sort after all, and you hear he's quite a hunter when it comes to work, and Mary is so bright she'll soon get him settled down.

Take your place in the little world, the big world, the real world, and be part of it—not just a looker on from a seat at the movies.

Wanted—Rural Teachers, \$60 a month for Montana. Come on out west, little girl, and grow up with the country—you need it and the country needs you!

For Sallow, Blotchy,  
Rough or Greasy Skins

(From Woman's Tribune.) Some salves regulate complexion, propounding to keep them from becoming oily, muggy, blotchy or rough, or if such condition has developed, to overcome it. In such chronic cases it is particularly inadvisable to use any salve containing mercury, as it will affect the skin like cold cream, before washing, next morning.

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## The Well Dressed Girl | Style, Neatness, Simplicity and Economy | By Fannie Ward

Accompanied by Beautiful Pictures Exclusively Posed for This Page

By FANNIE WARD.  
(Lending woman in "Madame President," at the Garrick theater.)  
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Dressing well is an art. No woman wants to be a clothes-horse on which garments are hung. Instead, we all want to be pleasing pictures in which every detail of face and form and clothes melts into one perfect whole.

"Isn't she a picture?" You have thought: "Lucky girl! How I wish I could look as attractive as she does!" Well, why not? You are not lazy and stupid, are you? If you are willing to give a little thought to yourself and your appearances, if you will proceed on that old plan, "Know thyself," you may be a picture, too.

There are certain things that were just meant for you; there are certain things you can wear; there are still other clothes that fairly cry out to you, "Try me! Try me!" Let us go on a little voyage of discovery. Let us find out what is our type and style. Let us not "render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's," but render unto ourselves the things that are distinctly our own.

Today I shall give you a little "chat" based on the three gowns you are pictured here. An evening, an afternoon and street dress, with hats to correspond, will be the subject of my theme.

On top, in the center, we have a black velvet street gown of very distinguished lines. The wide girdle may be of cobweb blue, or old rose, or metal green. It must be a shade that will harmonize with skin and hair and eyes, even though it is at your waist line. Modify the width of the girdle according to your figure. For the very slender woman a wide girdle gives a line that softens angularity. The stout woman, however, cannot afford to have a wide girdle of contrasting color at her waist.

About the neck and continuing down to the top of the girdle is a band of skunk. This widens a bit at the back and has the softening effect always found in fur and the smart line of the upstanding Medici collar.

Further becomingness is due to the little crossed vest of soft Chantilly lace over flesh-colored net. A wee piping of flesh-colored net (or tulle) will soften and whiten the throat.

The skirt shapes in soft lines and is slit at the back to show a wee petticoat of the black Chantilly lace. By modifying the width of the girdle and choosing its color carefully, with due regard for your complexion and pounds, you will be bon. Modify the shape according to Complete your picture with shoes of patent leather with white tops. Pumps for the warm days of early fall and shoes for winter's cold. And top the whole confection with a hat of black velvet. Now, if you have a short nose and round or oval face you may follow the hat in the picture. This tilts up in the back and tips over the eyes, and fastens under the chin with a strap of black velvet ribbon. Modify the shape accordingly to the contour of your face. But, in any case, black velvet covered with shaded roses, in shaded red tones, will be a delightful companion piece to this dress.

On the right I am showing you a little frock that is suitable for the afternoon tea or bridge of Madame the Society Lady. And it will make a very serviceable party dress for the dear little girl who works.

Soft brocaded silk of charmeuse for the foundation of the skirt and the girdle, which continues down to it with one seam end. For the simple waist or surplice cut and the blousing pannier use the skirt shapes in soft lines and is slit at the back to show a wee petticoat of the black Chantilly lace. By modifying the width of the girdle and choosing its color carefully, with due regard for your complexion and pounds, you will be bon. Modify the shape according to Complete your picture with shoes of patent leather with white tops. Pumps for the warm days of early fall and shoes for winter's cold. And top the whole confection with a hat of black velvet. Now, if you have a short nose and round or oval face you may follow the hat in the picture. This tilts up in the back and tips over the eyes, and fastens under the chin with a strap of black velvet ribbon. Modify the shape accordingly to the contour of your face. But, in any case, black velvet covered with shaded roses, in shaded red tones, will be a delightful companion piece to this dress.

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MISS WARD is acknowledged to be one of the best dressed women on the stage, and off. As she chooses her own costumes, and superintends the making of them, there are few persons better fitted to instruct girls and women on how to look to their best advantage. Incidentally, the costumes shown in the pictures contain many helpful hints to the girl who would always be in style.

—EDITOR.

chiffon cloth. A long line of applique flowers at the neck, with a vest of tulle for becomingness, and out of just "scraps" of material you have fashioned a pretty little dress. If you are a bit stout for the "blouse" pannier, let the chiffon hang soft and loose over the bust. But don't wear a round neck unless you are very tall and slender. Roundness anywhere suggests the short and dumpy.

The wee turban of silk is bound with lace frills on either side of a cord. Three rows of pearls surround the base of the aligrette, which adds height and dignity, while the turban gives pliancy to the face below it. If you are going to adopt this headdress, arrange the hair more carefully than ever; for whatever reveals and half conceals must show charm and neatness.

And absolute neatness is the secret of dressing that goes hand in hand with good taste.

In the top picture on the right, Miss Ward is wearing a black street gown of very distinguished lines.

Underneath, on the right, is a frock suitable for afternoon tea or bridge.

Miss Ward in Three Beautiful Gowns.

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