

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

A Magnificent Fur Coat

Which Can Be Imitated in Plush at Extraordinary Low Cost

Here is a wonderful evening coat in soft gray chin-chills. For the woman to whom a few hundreds of dollars are "no object" it is a delightful possibility. However, it can be copied in gray plush, in which it is very effective and about one-twentieth as expensive.



The straight shape falls to the bottom of the gown, and crases over deeply in front. The long sleeves are half kimono. The large collar is a square-out sailor affair that continues in two long points at the front.

—OLIVETTE.

A Wonderful Creation.

Love of a Man

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"Out upon it. I have loved three whole ways together; and am live to love three more. If it proves fair weather."

With woman, love is an event; with man, it is an occurrence. There are many proofs that men love more lightly, more frequently, more critically, more selfishly than women.

"None of it," says Cupid, displaying his stock of man's love, "is as good and pure, and faithful and unselfish as the love of a woman, and there is disillusion in store for the girl who expects it."

As proof that men love lightly? Somewhere, there are four girls in love with the same man. This is the way he writes about it:

"I am in love with four girls, and they are in love with me. One is a blonde, who talks. Another has light brown hair and cooks. One is dark-haired and is a musician, and the fourth is a brunette and dances. Which of the four would be the most economical one for me to marry?"

A strange question from one who commits the extravagance of thinking he loves four girls at once. There can be no waste of bread and butter after marriage more inexcusable than this waste of emotion before.

Doubtless each one of these four girls thinks she is the one-love-for-life in this man's heart. For his part he will not remember their names six months. He is loving like a man. They are loving as a woman does.

Advice to such an extravagantly emotional creature is wasted, for the reason that he has forgotten ere now that he asked it. If he remembered and accepted it, his love for the girl suggested as the most economical one to marry, would not survive the route from the engage-

ment to the altar. He would not take advice, so why give it for not one of these girls is the girl for him. The man who loves masterfully is the man who will have to be abridged inside the home after marriage, while his wife stands outside and keeps the wolves away, and not one of these girls seems to be on the salaried basis that matrimony with him demands.

A very much worried girl tells of another variety of man's love. She and her sweetheart have been in love with each other two years, and the only time he most gives her is Sunday, afternoon and evening, pleading in excuse that the ride to her home, which requires an hour, is too long. He is faithful, reliable and honorable; this is his only fault. Shall she give him up?

By no means! That would mean to lose him, and I don't want any girl to lose a man's heart when it is both sound and whole. Mixed with his love there is a grain of laziness and several grains of possessive selfishness, which means that he feels so secure of her affection he doesn't think any effort is needed to retain it. Nagging and entreaties only confirm such a man in his belief that exertion is unnecessary, and this little worried girl must try diplomacy.

Don't ask him to increase the number of his calls. Never mention the subject again, but occasionally tell him in the most innocent way of the gentleman who called during the week. He will not come in response to entreaties, but he will come oftener to inquire into your happiness. This is the way a man loves.

Sophia has been keeping steady company for six months with a man of good habits, of fine moral character, and who calls sometimes four evening a week. But his time is all he spends on her. When not calling on her, he is going to the theater, or other places of amusement all by himself. He tells her he loves her, but so far he hasn't shown proof in the price of a flower or a gum drop.

With the lamentations of wives of pennurious men ringing in my ears, I can only urge, and almost command, Sophia to refuse to see this man again. He loves in the way many men love, and it is the variety that means the greatest humiliation and privation for his object.

Another girl writes:

"I am twenty, very attractive to the opposite sex, and this worries me because so many men propose to me. One of these men is now threatening to kill himself unless I reciprocates his affections. What shall I do to prevent the tragedy?"

Refuse him, of course. He will not kill himself, and if he did he would be doing you a greater kindness than if he compelled you, under such threats, to marry him. As for your misfortune in being so attractive, don't worry, little one, that is an affliction that time will soon heal.

Another little girl writes that she is indifferent to her before folks. She doesn't know that it is good sense to confine demonstrations of affection to moments when they are alone. She says he is good, kind, reliable, and her mother approves. With so much in his favor, I hope she will forget his fault. It is dangerous to make too much of a little flaw.

"None of it," says Cupid, displaying his stock of man's love, "is as good and pure and unselfish as the love of a woman, and there is disillusion in store for the girl who expects it."

The Foolish Virgin By Nell Brinkly



She deliberately blinds one lovely eye on the side where Love sits in the balance, hardens her tender heart against the panning of his golden head upon her breast, and sees only the glitter of that which clinks in the swollen bag on the other measure!

Sometimes she ties the blindfold, lifting her white arms about her own eyes.

Sometimes some ambitious relative, singing all the while a little song about using one's head and not the heart, smothering her rebellious

"nays," knots the cloth over the eye of her heart so she is blind to that side.

"Foolish Virgin," the living god of Love, head in a sweater thing to hug to your breast than the cold gold in the swollen bag.

Why Married People Lie to Each Other

They Won't Tolerate the Truth—It Means Quarrels, and They'd Rather Have Peace Even If They Have to Fib to That End

By DOROTHY DIX

Not long ago a wealthy western woman was heavily fined by the customs authorities for falsifying her statement about the value of a dress she had bought in Paris. Upon investigation the collector announced that he was convinced that the reason the lady made a false report of what she paid for the frock was not because she was afraid to tell her husband the truth about what the garment had cost.

About the same time a man in Yonkers appeared at home early one morning with a black eye and the most frightful tale of how he had been waylaid by robbers and almost murdered, and left for dead by the wayside, and of how he had crawled home as soon as he recovered consciousness.

The police immediately began search for the footpads, and as they began to get "warm," as the children say in playing hide and seek, the gentleman confessed that there had been no assault made upon him, but that he had tarried downtown too long and looked too often upon the beer as it foamed, and had fallen against a fence in trying to find his own domicile, and that he had concocted his cute little lie about the assassins because he was afraid to go home and tell his wife the unvarnished truth.

Thus do we see how fear of the partners or our bosoms makes liars of us all. Probably there is no other place on earth where strict veracity is at as much of a discount as it is in the family circle, where universal experience proves that, however admirable it may be as a theory, it is a boomerang in practice. Probably no man and no woman ever

tries telling the exact truth to his wife or her husband, but once. That once is sufficient to point the moral. Let it not be forgotten that the champion liars of history and tradition, Ananias and Sapphira, were a married couple, who had doubtless acquired dexterity in putting across plausible fibs in dealing with each other.

Now, most married people, while recognizing the impossibility of maintaining the character of Truthful James and Veracious Sally, and still keeping up friendly relations, have regretted this necessity. More: They have been troubled in their consciences about the matter, for they were not by nature liars and would gladly have dallied with the truth if they could.

To these unhappy tarred-and-feathered there is balm in Gilead by the decision that has just been handed down by Judge George L. Phillips of Cleveland, O., who gives it as his judicial opinion that when a little lie will preserve the domestic calm, the husband should tell it bravely and well, and in a manner to carry conviction.

Indeed, Judge Phillips—a Daniel, a Jacob, and a David, I say, come to judgment—holds that a man is actually reprehensible if he withholds the falsehood from his wife that would have prevented a family squabble. In commenting on the evidence in a divorce case, Judge Phillips opined:

"A little diplomacy, and there would have been no trouble in this family. A wife objects to a husband attending lodge meetings. Why tell her about it? What she doesn't know won't hurt her."

Assuredly not. And it's perfectly wonderful how many astute married people, with a proper respect for their own peace and comfort, have anticipated Judge Phillips' decision, and instead of telling their respective husbands and wives the truth that would raise a row have told the little lie that insured the dove of peace still roosting on the roof pole.

Mr. Smith is perfectly aware that his beloved Maria will deliver a certain lecture that will be interminable if he tells her that he stayed downstairs at night to play poker with some old crows, but she will think that he did no more than his duty if he remained away from his own fireside to toil to make more money

for her to spend. Very well, it's a cinch what Mr. Smith is going to tell Maria about why he wasn't home for dinner.

Mrs. Smith knows by experience the storm that will break over her head if she admits that she paid \$25 for her new hat. Therefore she sweetly remarks to Mr. Smith, that oh, dear, she's nearly dead; she's just been running all over town trying to find a hat that looked like anything and that wouldn't cost but \$12, but, thank goodness, she found one in a shop on Eighth avenue that looks as if it had come from Fifth avenue, and she didn't have to pay but \$10 for it. Such a bargain!

And Mr. Smith remarks that it looks good to him, and he's glad he's married to a woman who knows the value of money and doesn't fool it away as other women do. And Mrs. Smith kisses him, and has the difference between what she pays for the hat and what she says she paid for the hat charged up on the grocery book and the butcher book, and deep peace reigns over Europe, Asia, Polynesia and the Smith family.

Such experiences are not confined to the Smith family. They are daily enacted in every household in the land, and the fault is not with the liar, but with the tyrant that makes the liar. No man but would like to be frank with his wife. No woman but would like to be open and above board with her husband, but the price of veracity is a continual row, and we all prefer peace even if we have to get it by subterfuge.

The truth is, we are all afraid of our husbands and wives, and fear breeds liars. A woman makes her husband lie to her because she won't stand for the truth. A man puts a premium on his wife deceiving him because he won't stand for the truth from her, and so it goes, and the biggest whopper that any man or woman ever tells is when they say to the partners of their bosoms: "I always tell you the truth about everything."

Of course, it's better to fib than to be divorced, but most people have felt that the domestic lie was a degradation, and these will be cheered and comforted by Judge Phillips' decision that such lies are not only admissible, but a conjugal duty.

Girls! Don't Wash Hair With Soap

Soap dries your scalp, causing dandruff, then hair falls out—Try this next time.

After washing your hair with soap always apply a little Danderine to the scalp to invigorate the hair and prevent dryness. Better still, use soap sparingly as possible, and instead have a "Danderine Hair Cleanse." Just moisten a cloth with Danderine and draw it carefully through your hair, taking one strand at a time. This will remove dust, dirt and excessive oil. In a few moments you will be smoothed, your hair will not only be clean, but it will be wavy, fluffy and abundant, and possess an incomparable softness and luster.

Besides cleansing and beautifying the hair, one application of Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff; stimulates the scalp, stopping itching and falling hair; Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. Its exhilarating and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow long, strong and beautiful.

Went! Ladies! You can surely have lots of charming hair. Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter and try it.

EVERYBODY'S COOK BOOK BY DOROTHY DIX



The main dish—the piece de resistance, as the French say—in the great majority of homes is husband, either served plain, or with a sauce diablic, yet unfortunately, the great majority of women never learn how to prepare this staple article of diet so that it either agrees with them or is palatable to their tastes.

To properly preserve a husband begin by selecting your husband with great care. Do not pick out one that is too young, for it will be callow and flavorless, and it will soon pall upon your palate. Besides it requires too much watching to make it worth the trouble of preserving. Neither choose one that is too old, for it will be tough and cross-grained and soured by age.

But choose a husband of medium age, not too young and not too old, and pay more attention to whether it is sound and sweet, and ripe and mellow and tender than you do to its looks. Be careful to see that the husband you pick out has not a rotten heart, and is not either tart and acid or too musty, for neither of these specimens can be successfully preserved for home consumption. The only thing that can be done with them is to pickle them in alcohol.

Having selected your husband, carry it home without shaking it, and keep it under lock and key. Much depends upon your carelessness in this respect, for, alas! many of our dearest lady friends have kleptomaniac tendencies and a sweet tooth, and when they see a real sugar plum of a husband that has been left lying unguarded around the house they are sometimes tempted to steal it.

Good housekeepers are divided as to whether husbands should be skinned or not before preserving. Some hold that the first thing to do with a husband is to peel off its bank roll, contending that it is easier to keep it that way, while others argue that separating a husband from its small change is all that is necessary, and that if you remove all of its long green from it it is apt to sour on you and ferment.

As both processes are successful, it seems to be a matter of individual skill with the housewife, so the young wife may take her choice of methods.

The husband is now ready for the last process of preserving. The old way, in vogue in our mother's times, was to salt it down in brine. This was done by a housewife keeping on tap a large supply of tears which she poured over her husband morning, noon and night until he was as sticky and salt as a keg of codfish.

This means of keeping a husband did not prove satisfactory, however, and the modern scientific woman preserves her husband in sugar instead of salt.

To do this make a syrup of home comforts consisting of 365 good dinners a year, a clean and cheerful home, with a wife who is a ministering angel in it; flavor this mixture with enough independence to keep a man guessing—bushels of love, a dash of devilry, entertaining conversation to taste, a liberal supply of laughter, and a practically unlimited amount of jollity and flirtation.

Sleep the husband in this mixture and keep it simmering on the hearthstone, and you will have no trouble in turning out an article of the preserved husband that would take a prize at any country fair and be easily salable at a Woman's exchange.

N. B.—The success in preserving a husband lies in making the domestic sauce so sweet and strong that the kind made away from home will seem weak and flavorless beside it. This recipe for preserving husbands has been tried by our experts, and it is guaranteed to work. Follow it and you cannot fail.



States-General of Louis XIII

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

It was 229 years ago, September 7, 1614, that the states-general of Louis XIII met at Paris. After cursing one another most bitterly for a few days the orders adjourned without doing anything at all—and there was not another meeting of the states-general until the general for 1789.

For 175 years four kings, Louis XIII, Louis XIV, Louis XV and Louis XVI, had their own sweet way with the people of France, with no one to molest them or make them afraid—and then came that other states-general of 1789, of which all the world has heard times without number.

For a century and three quarters those four men, aided by their respective ministers, did what they pleased to and with the twenty-five millions of Frenchmen, and then, suddenly as the bolt from the storm cloud, something broke loose and in the wrongs of ages were washed out in such a torrent of blood as had not been seen since the days of Marius and Sylla.

Four kings is a good hand, but there is a hand that will beat even four kings, and that hand was held by the people, when, in the shape of their representatives,

they, broke away from the states-general of 1789, and, in the famous tennis court, declared themselves the "National Assembly," and swore by the eternal that they would never separate until the "Constitution of the Kingdom had been established and confirmed on solid foundations."

It was a terrible thing that they had in "confirming and establishing" things, a time the horror of which still haunts the world's memory, but the work was at last thoroughly done, and today there is nowhere on earth a freer, happier land than France.

It is a splendid instance of good coming out of evil. Possibly it was just as well that the four kings were given that hundred and seventy-five-year rule without anybody to bother them. Without realizing it, they were opening the people's eyes, arousing their sense of wrong, quickening their long-coveted resolution and so fitting them for the great work that was to be laid out for them in 1789-93—work that was to free France from despotic rule, and, indirectly, inaugurate the democracy which is eventually to make every people free.



Men Welcome Mother's Friend

A Duty that Every Man Owes to Those who Perpetrate the Race.



It is just as important that men should know of progressive methods in advance of motherhood. The suffering, pain and distress incident to child-bearing can be easily avoided by having at hand a bottle of Mother's Friend.

This is a wonderful, penetrating, external application that relaxes all tension upon the muscles and enables them to expand without the painful strain upon the ligaments. Thus there is avoided all those nervous spells; the tendency to nausea or morning sickness is counteracted, and a bright, sunny, happy disposition is preserved that reflects wonderfully upon the character and temperament of the little one soon to open its eyes in bewilderment at the joy of his birth.

You can obtain a bottle of Mother's Friend at any drug store at \$1.00, and it will be the best dollar's worth you ever obtained. It preserves the mother's health, enables her to make a quick and complete recovery, and thus with renewed strength she will eagerly devote herself to the care and attention which mean so much to the welfare of the child.

Write to the Bradfield Regulator Co., 122 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., for their valuable and instructive book of guidance for expectant mothers. Get a bottle of Mother's Friend today.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

That Was Your Pleasure.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 19 and I was introduced to a young man who seemed to take some interest in me. While bidding each other good night, he asked me if I had anything else to say, and I answered "No."

Will you please advise me whether it was proper of me to ask him to call, or was it his place to ask me?

P.UZZLED.

If you enjoyed his company, it was your privilege to invite him to call again. Perhaps that was what he was waiting for when he asked you if you had anything else to say. The poor fellow was too bashful to ask for the privilege of calling.

She Is Right.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Having kept company with a girl for the last five months, and really loving her and knowing that my love is reciprocated, I asked her to give me a good night kiss, which she refused to do.

E. F.

You are not engaged, and though mutually attracted, have no right to ask for a kiss.

I am quite sure that down in your heart you respect her more because she refused.