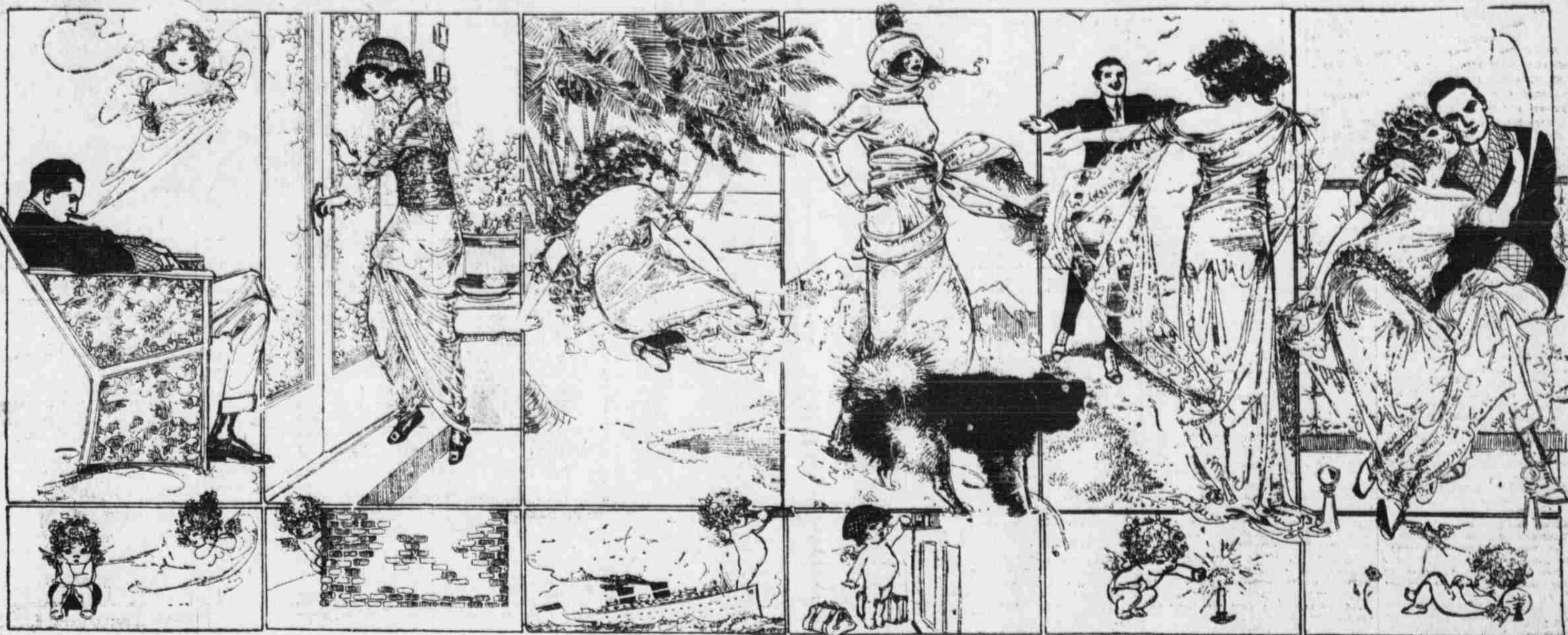


# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Somewhere, Somebody's Waiting

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By Nell Brinkley



Somewhere, Dan, there's a girl for me. Perhaps she lives just 'round the block. Perhaps in some far tropic isle. Perhaps she's in the frozen North. If we could meet—and when the flame was lighted—Keep her by us always.

### Nell Brinkley Says:

Here is a letter from a pathetic, but (I imagine) smiling bachelor man. Out of it grew, on my part, a lively sympathy for those people who sail the high seas of life searching the horizon for the "right" mate—who never find them, though that one is most certainly tucked away somewhere in a corner of the earth. Out of it, too, grew this picture.

So "Dear Miss Brinkley: The next time you are in a quandary for a subject for one of your pictures please make one of us lonely bachelors, who, although fairly good looking, and of moderate means, never are able to find a partner. So please make us in one of our lonesome moods—which we all have one time or another. There are probably hundreds of us in Chicago!"

Then follows a very neat and delightful compliment, for which I sweep

a courtesy, and the initials "E. B. F." That last pathetic cry—"there are probably hundreds of us in Chicago!"—is rather haunting—"for there are hundreds—bachelor-maids as well as men—who wish that "bachelor" out from before their name—who have met countless men and maids and passed on by—who dream that somewhere in some nook of the green world one stands alone—unmated—dreaming, too—and meant for them!"

See now the lonely bachelor. He isn't always lonely—you must understand—only sometimes—when the mood falls on him—by his hickory fire perhaps. Cupid rumples his hair and sighs also—for even with all his conjuring tricks and magic this is one thing he cannot do—find where the bachelor's lost and never-found mate goes about her business of living! "Somewhere my woman—my girl breathes and laughs—comes and goes—and is a bachelor, too! Perhaps she lives just round the corner! If you and I, Eros, could hide behind the wall and see her face we'd know her

sure!" Cupid squirms—this is a horrible thought—"just around the corner!" The bachelor dreams on—"Perhaps she lives, my friend, on a South Sea island—one of white colonists—a long time 'out from home.' Perhaps (if we were only sure) she lies on the white sand, under the rustle of blowing palms, her warm face turned to the peacock-colored sea—looking for you and I! Perhaps she isn't there at all—perhaps she's in the North—in the Canadian Rockies, Alaska, Norway—perhaps she stands just now in toque and sweater, the snow matted on her warm skirt and frozen on her moccasins, her wolf-dog bristling at the drop below—looking—looking—Cupid, my friend, across the sea of mountains—for you and I! Lord—if we only knew! If we could only meet her face to face—and see her stand with spread arms, gracious body and lovely face. For, whoever and wherever she is, she's lovely to me, Dan. If we could only meet her face to face, and when the flame was lighted, keep her by us always!"

## Married Life

## Unless the Man is a Drunkard, It Rests Within the Woman's Power to Make Him What She Will

## Afterward

## Tom, Dick or Harry?

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.  
Copyright, 1911, by Star Company.  
Wife of a man in comfortable circumstances, and mistress of a good home—what are you doing with your opportunities for usefulness and for happiness?

What are you doing to keep your husband interested in you, to make your children proud of you, and to render your home a center of light, and bright, wholesome pleasure for your family and friends?

These are the duties which confront every woman who takes marriage vows.

They are the first and foremost duties of the world for a woman who is married.

If she is not filling these duties to the utmost of her abilities, she is making life

a failure, no matter if she is singing like a lark, writing like Sappho, painting like Bonheur or leading an army toward suffrage goals like Joan d'Arc.

We must better ourselves before we can better the world. That is woman's great work. When she rounds out her own character and her own home life, she may then talk and sing and write and make speeches for the benefit of humanity if she has the talent.

But first—let her make herself.

The woman who takes marriage vows must consider her husband and her home her world until she has done in every possible way her entire duty toward perfecting that world.

Unless a man is a hopeless degenerate or drunkard, it rests greatly in the woman's power to make him what she will.

The average man starts marriage with more love in his heart than the average wife brings as her dower.

A large percentage of women marry for a dozen reasons, in which great and absorbing love is not included.

The majority of men are led into marriage through love of the woman selected to be a wife.

That so many men do not remain in love is due to various causes. And these causes can be traced very often to the failure of the wife to do all her role-calls for in the great drama of life.

Men demand a bright, interesting, orderly, cheerful, comfortable environment. They want a woman to look pleasing; to dress tastefully; to be entertaining; to be amusing; to be economical; yet to supply all their needs in the home.

It is a difficult task, especially if the man is inclined to be close in his money dealings.

But just there is where woman's tact should be employed. A tactful woman who loves her husband, can make him see the necessity of enlarging her income; and she can accomplish this without any humiliating methods of begging or arguing. There is nothing love and tact cannot accomplish in this world.

Are you using these admirable methods in your home?

Are you making good use of the many hours in the day, when you are away from your husband, to render yourself and your home more attractive?

Are you giving even one hour daily to some form of self-culture?

If you are, this means that you will be adding new and interesting friends to your life each year, and enriching your home, and increasing your prospects for giving and receiving happiness.

Do you talk about your blessings frequently and show gratitude to your life comrades for every favor and every thoughtful act he bestows?

Or do you only mention the things wherein he fails, and complain of the misfortunes which befall you?

It is man's duty to give his family a good home and loving attentions; but he likes to hear his good deeds mentioned and to know they are appreciated.

Are you gossiping about your neighbors?

A man does not like a gossiping wife.

Men are peace-loving creatures as a rule. And if there is any fault-finding done they like to do it themselves. A peaceful woman can change the most aggressive man into something amiable and companionable if she is patient and persistent, and loves him enough to try.

A man likes an orderly home. He likes a woman to know where things are; one who does not miss trains and boats by hunting for her gloves and veils or his cane or umbrella at the last moment.

A man loves a woman who looks modish and well-dressed, but who avoids the bizarre and extreme styles in public places.

It is an ever patent fact that nine women in ten enjoy attracting stares of strangers in public, where nine men in ten suffer agonies.

Are you dressing to please your husband's taste or to attract the eyes of the multitude?

It is well to consider beauty as an important part of life.

We dream of a beautiful heaven peopled with beautiful angels.

Why not make our homes and our persons as beautiful as possible here on earth?

But to be beautiful does not mean to follow every eccentricity of fashion or every extravagant caprice of the hour.

Beauty lies first and foremost in good taste and good health.

Are you taking sensible care of your health?

Are you doing something every day that means growth—growth of character?

If not, you will deteriorate as the years pass. We never stand still.

We must either go forward or backward. A quarter of an hour each day given to quiet thought, or serious reading or prayer to the invisible guides, means incalculable value to the character.

It is little to give; but it means to receive much.

And it enriches life and enables you to be a better wife and mother and friend.

Pray much—but talk little about it. The "pious" woman is never popular, and she limits her sphere of usefulness. Ask for light, guidance, growth, and power for usefulness—and power to radiate happiness.

It shall be given.

She has been here—  
The warmth of her drifts in the air.  
The intimate sense of her stirring somewhere.  
The touch of her fingers, the musk of her hair  
And a handkerchief crumpled and dropped unaware—  
A book with some violets marking the place.  
The print of her head in the chair pillow's lace.  
And the soul of her thrilling the whole of the space.  
She has been here.

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.  
"Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a little in need of your most valuable advice, and I am therefore addressing this letter to you, trusting that you will give me your answer as soon as you can through The Evening Bee."

"I am a young girl, just past 18, and have never been out with any boys or men. I do go out with girls, but very seldom, and as I am not a bad looking girl, but one with some common sense, don't you think it would be detrimental to myself if I should seek the company of young men I do not like just to go out and have a good time like all my girl friends do? Some of my girl friends are a little inclined to be sarcastic about my not wanting to go out with every Tom, Dick and Harry, but I have decided that I would rather take the advice of some one more learned. Thanking you, I am,  
"ONE OF YOUR ADMIRERS."

So they make fun of you because you don't want to go out with every Tom, Dick and Harry, just to be going.

Well, in my opinion, the joke is not on you at all.

What's the fun of going out with a near you don't like?

What sort of a "good time" can you have when you're with people who don't appeal to you in any way?

I'd rather sit at home with a Scented bar of popcorn and a good book from the public library than to go to dinner in the smartest restaurant in New York with some loud voiced, coarse vulgarian, who made me ashamed of him and of myself for being with him every time he opened his mouth.

I ran away to a dance once when I was a girl.

I was visiting my aunt in a country town, and I thought she was too particular about the company I kept, and so one night there was a party at another village near by and a man I had met at a Sunday school picnic asked me to go to the party with him. My aunt wouldn't hear of such a thing, but on the night of the party she went to visit a sick friend and I went to the party with the man my aunt didn't like.

When we got to the party the man turned out to be the worst dancer in the room. He stepped all over my toes; he tore my pretty dress; he talked so loud and acted so queer that everybody in the place was laughing at him—and at me.

There was nothing really wrong about the man—he was good enough as far as his morals went—but he was just a sort of coarse buffoon. I remember when the musicians went to supper my man got hold of the bass viol and tried to play it and made a noisy nuisance of himself in general. About 11 o'clock I pretended to have a sick headache—and went home, with my poor beau expostulating all the way.

My aunt never said a word to me about the party or my beau.

She didn't have to.

I had learned my lesson—that time.

A little later I had to learn it all over again. I was in a strange city, living in a strange boarding house—among strangers.

## Real and Ideal

By GARRETT P. SERVIS.  
We feel that we are imperfect, and we are apt to stop at that, with a regretful sigh. But we ought, also, to feel that our consciousness of imperfection is a proof that something exists within us which if it is not perfect at least approaches perfection. A constant struggle goes on between the ideal and the real, between what we would like to do and what we can do. We can imagine a miracle—we do imagine miracles every day—but we cannot perform one. The mind flies lightly to the stars, but the body remains chained to the earth.

The mind rebels against the limitations of physical nature, and frets over the incapacity of its instrument, the brain. If you stop to reflect a moment you will feel that your mind is not only in a prison, but is shackled there. Or, to put it another way, you feel that your mind possesses powers which are both too fine and too great for the coarse, flabby cells of your brain. It is something like a vapor of infinite elasticity and infinite fineness of constitution which passes through the walls of a cylinder without effectively driving the piston. In short, the brain, although it may be the most nearly perfect of our bodily organs, is far too coarse and too weak for the power that drives it.

When Newton wished to make his brain represent what his mind instinctively told him of the laws of the universe he had to invent a calculus whose slow, laborious steps impressed upon the brain cells gradually led them to results that they could not attain directly. Can anyone for a moment believe that the cells of Newton's brain would have produced the "Principia" if there had been no guiding force acting through them, and setting them, approximately, in the right direction? Newton's mind may have been no better than yours, but his brain was finer and moved to the force behind, instead of letting it escape like steam out of a leaky boiler.

If you wish to see both how your brain



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## Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.  
Write Him a Note.  
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 17 and have kept company with a young man of 18 for about a year. Recently we had a quarrel and quit speaking to each other. He has good habits and I love him and I am sure he loves me. What would you advise me to do in this case? He speaks when we meet, but that is all. He has told some friends he likes me still.

NETTIE.

It seems to me he is missing the happiness of two to gratify a stubborn pride. I am sorry to have to tell you to make the overtures, but love is too precious to lose because of such a trifling matter as who will speak first.

Write him a friendly note. If he doesn't reply try to forget him.

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