

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

"I just finished a new novel which ain't been out long," said the Manicure Lady. "There ain't nothing to it except that it is kind of raw in spots. Like most of the new stuff that I have read lately. Outside of the raw spots, there ain't nothing to it, and I would just as soon read the new book of the Department of Agriculture. The more I see of books like that the more I like to read them. Old masters, like Charles Thackeray and Sir Walter Dickens and Marie Corelli. Them was the days when good novels was wrote."

"I read them because I am all the time hoping to find a good one," explained the Manicure Lady. "If a girl didn't read nothing to improve her mind, George, all she would know inside of a year would be slang and the latest stage jokes. I seen some of them jokes in the Sunday paper under the heading 'What Broadway is Laughing About,' and after I had read them I was telling mother that the heading should have been 'What is Broadway Laughing About?' Just a lot of mush, like the novels I was telling about."

"My wife showed me a story about Japan in one of the magazines last month," said the Head Barber. "I don't see how the author got by without a jail sentence. And then they say the world is getting better."

"I got a notion to write a novel myself," said the Manicure Lady.

"You couldn't write no novel," declared the Head Barber.

"Maybe in your limited judgment I couldn't write nothing," snapped the Manicure Lady, "but I have just took the notion into my head that I could write one, and I am going to try."

"This is the plot: A manicure lady like me, only far more beautiful and just as innocent, has took a position in a barber shop, and a young gent that owns a big estate in the country comes in to have his nails did and falls in love with her. He treats her just like a princess, and asks her to marry him, and she marries him and they go to live on his estate. The ladies that go in his social circle is all more higher educated than this bride, and they give her the freeze every time they get a chance. The girl stands it for a while, and then she can't stand it no more, and runs away all by herself. The young gent sells his estate and spends all the money trying to find her, and just as he finds her he is flat broke. But he says 'Never mind, dear, my money is gone but my heart beats just as kind and true as it ever did.' Then she gets another job as a manicure girl, and she supports him and her both."

"But you ain't got her tangled up in no love affair," said the Head Barber.

"No, George," declared the Manicure Lady, "and she ain't going to be, not if I write the novel."

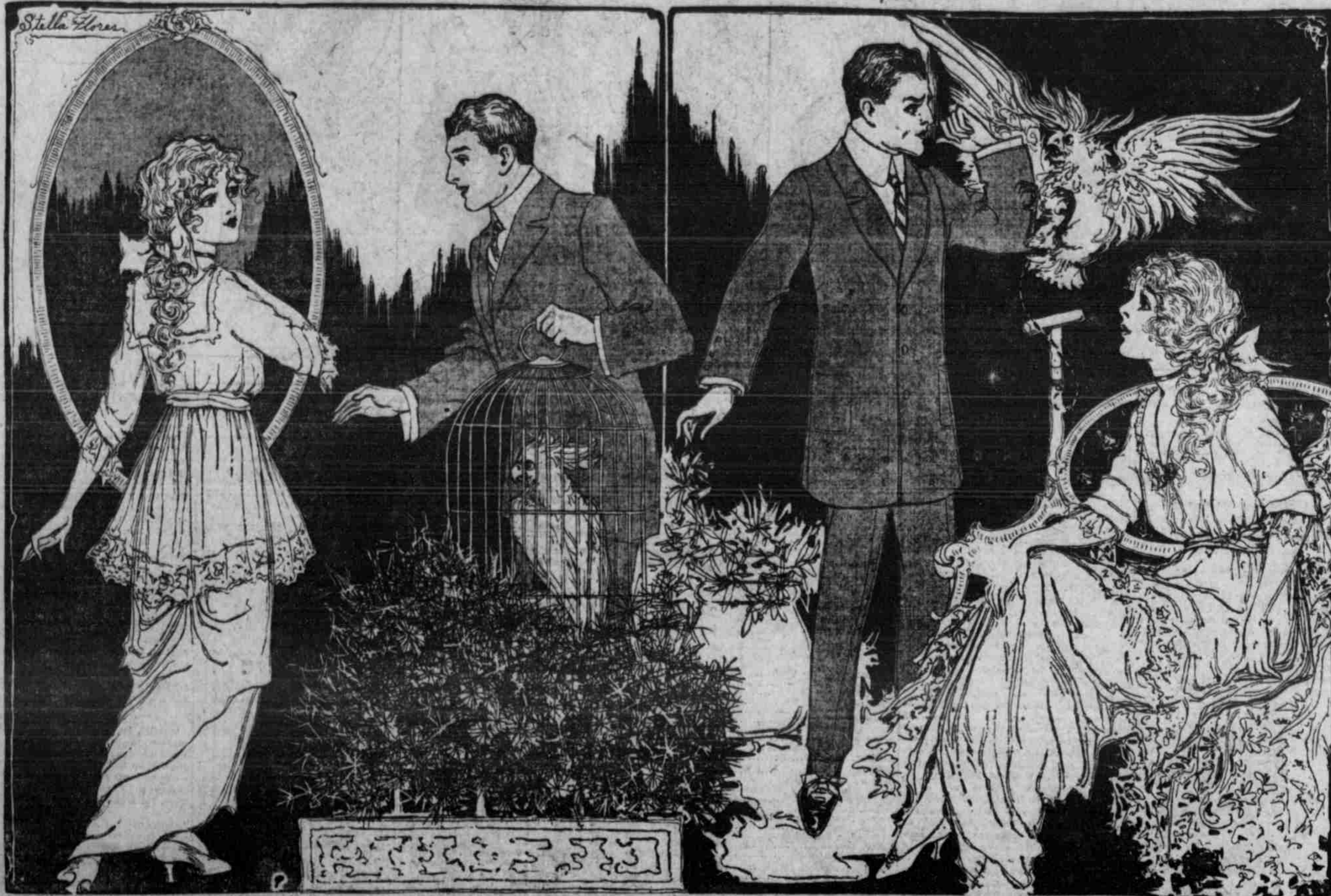
"Then how do you expect it to sell?" asked the Head Barber.

"I thought it might sell better than the other late novels," explained the Manicure Lady, "on account of it being so different."

The Gold Witch

Being the Adventures of a Golden-Haired Heiress
No. 4—Tom Finds That 'Peace at Any Price' Is a Dangerous Motto

By Stella Flores
Copyright, 1913, International News Service



Tom artfully discovers that the Gold Witch adores birds. So he wins his way back into her good graces by giving her a great, snowy cockatoo.

The ungrateful bird is devoted to the Gold Witch, but it jealously hates Tom, flying at him and screeching whenever he goes near her.

How to Propose

By FRANCES L. GARSDIDE.

How should a man propose? A strange question, considering that no man outside the covers of a book ever did propose.

If you doubt this, ask your father. He will tell you he never thought of such a thing. Or, go farther back into the years and ask your grandfather. No, he will reply, suggesting his head wisely, he never proposed. It was your grandmother who asked him.

All of them blame it on the women. So far as known, that is the only precedent established in history, which every man unquestionably follows. And they do not blame this on the women without reason.

Every primal instinct in a man calls out for the woman who will some day bring him his children, and he never puts that instinct into words, and is often unconscious that it exists. He is attracted by a woman, and, being a born monopolist, all his sex-appeals drift into the habit of seeking her company.

If he wants her for his wife, he does not know it. Indeed, he has never thought of such a thing. But he doesn't want any other man to have her. Of that he finds himself sure when he sees her in another man's company.

As for her: Every unattached woman looks at every unattached man with speculative eyes. If she likes him, she has made up her mind the second time he calls that he is to be her mate, and the third time he calls she has a mental moving picture of her bridal parade.

He has moved in, unpacked and taken possession, and doesn't know it. And it is not necessary to the final result that he should know it. A man's knowledge

of what is going on under his very nose is never important, and never illuminating.

He is like a man in a rowboat alone with a woman. He doesn't know where he is going, and doesn't care. He is enjoying the present hour and that is enough for any man. Why worry about the landing? Why not just drift?

So he drifts, or at least thinks he is drifting. But the little girl at the other end of the boat knows better. With keen eyes to judge just what rocks to avoid, and with a skill worthy, alas so often of better results, she steers the little craft through the uncertain waters of what he thought a passing friendship into the deeper and more tempestuous matrimonial sea.

And they are married. Like one who dreams, or is hypnotized, he suddenly awakens standing in front of a preacher, with the orange blossoms sending their never-to-be-forgotten odor clear to his soul.

How did he propose? Can any man ever remember how he proposed? And since every man can remember farther back to his first school books and his first marriage—it follows that failure to remember how he proposed proves no poor memory, but rather that he never proposed. It never happened. Of course, it never happened or he would remember it!

This is really what happened: Perhaps he said one day, in that longing for sympathy that characterizes every adult male baby, that he was tired of living in a boarding house. A pair of soft arms flew around his neck, and the next day the engagement ring.

Or maybe he was going away, and she cried, and he swam into the matrimonial sea on her tears.

Or it was bright moonlight, and they were alone, and girls were made to be kissed, and men kiss lightly, and strong girls—like ourselves, and the first kiss was followed by her most natural inquiry if he could wait till fall for the wedding.

Of course, he intended to marry, some day. It is a good, old-fashioned custom ordained to create homes and families, and perpetuate the race, and strengthen the nation. But not yet! Time enough for that in the future.

So he dances his way down the calendar, thinking his destiny is in his own hands, and is pulled up short in a red ring some girl had marked on a date for their wedding day.

How should a man propose? What a foolish question! What difference does it make how he should propose, since he never proposes and the result is the same as if he did.

If you doubt this, ask your father, or go farther back and ask your grandfather. They are married and they know

The Newest Phase of the Tunic

Shown in Three Attractive Evening Gowns



A Pretty Frock for a Debutante
—This dress of palest apricot has a tunic of white mousseline de soie and a wide ribbon velvet round the waist, finished with a large double bow at the front in tangerine; the charmeuse skirt is arranged in two folds.

The Beautiful Combination of Tulle and Fur—Two flounces of black tulle edged with skunk form the double tunic, which slopes upward from back to front over a draped skirt of black charmeuse; the wide cuffs and the filling in of the décolletage are of Limerick lace.

A Model in Very Pale Blue Satin with White Tulle—A graceful effect is obtained by this method of arranging the tunic in points back in front, the tips being trimmed with an edging of crystal pearls; a band of this same trimming reappears under the tulle of the bodice.

Her Stingy Sweetheart

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"Dear Miss Fairfax—I am 19 years of age and am deeply in love with a young man four years my senior, who reciprocates in love. We have been keeping company for the last five months and expect to become engaged soon.

Now my people do not disapprove, but yet object to my choice, as they think I can do better and am still young.

This young man has many faults and yet I love him. He never makes the first move to take me to a show unless I ask him; he never buys me anything. When I was ill in the hospital he never even brought me a flower, and yet came to see me every night. As a whole he is very stingy.

Now, dear Miss Fairfax, I am very much puzzled in this matter as you see, and am positive that you will give me good advice in this matter, therefore will look forward for a prompt reply.

Yours very truly,
MISS ELEANORA MARCIA B.

So he is stingy, is he really stingy? Well, then, I wouldn't sit up nights worrying about him for another minute.

The bad thing about a stingy man is not what he doesn't give you—but what he makes you think of him—all the time.

You might love a man who drank more than was good for him once in a while. It is even possible to stay in love with a male flirt—I know people who have done it all their lives. But the man who counts every penny that goes to make up a nickel—who on earth could be romantic about him?

Unless—are you sure that he is really stingy just for the sake of it?

Is there some one dependent upon him for support—perhaps every sickle old man goes to help some helpless old mother or an invalid sister—have you ever looked into that side of the question?

I knew an actor once who was called king of the tightwads by everybody in the theater.

He never gave any of the stagehands any tips; he was always missing when it came time to chip in for the rehearsal luncheon, and when the stage carpenter did give him a share to help buy a gate ajar in roses for the coffin—his you could see that he hated to do it.

One day he happened into a florist's and there was the king of the tightwads ordering a box of beautiful flowers.

The florist told me that he sent such a box every day to his invalid mother, who was blind and very feeble.

He kept that mother in a very expensive sanitarium and paid a trained nurse to care for her night and day.

I never could see the fun in calling the king of the tightwads after that.

And then—there are two kinds of stingy people.

One kind is stingy in little things and generous in big ones.

Know a man who will haggle with you an hour over 19 cents on a Dutch-treat

lunch—and he'll hand you his check for \$10 and never say boo—if you are in trouble.

Which kind is your young man? I'd make it my business to find out—before I married him or ever considered being engaged to him.

If he is the real tight-wad bred in the bone and born in the flesh, say good-bye and let him go before it is too late. You'll never be happy with him a minute as long as you live. That's my advice.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

A Sensible Girl.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been keeping company with a young man for two months. I am 18 and he is five years my senior. He gives me good times and seems to care for me a lot. But I feel very hard to learn to like him, but I can't, and I don't think it would be proper for me to keep company with him any longer. What could I tell him so he'll forget me?

EDNA.

Your determination not to encourage the attentions of a man you cannot learn to love does you great credit. Refuse his invitations and fail to be at home when he calls. Such treatment, if persisted in, will show him you do not like him.

Grandma Used Sage Tea to Darken Hair

She made up a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur to bring back color, gloss, thickness.

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea with sulphur and alcohol added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and luxuriant, remove every bit of dandruff, stop scalp itching and falling hair. Just a few applications will prove a revelation if your hair is fading, gray or dry, scraggly and thin. Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get the ready-to-use tonic, costing about 50 cents a large bottle at drug stores, known as "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," thus avoiding a lot of fuss.

While wispy, gray, faded hair is not sinful, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness. By darkening your hair with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it does it so naturally, so evenly. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hairs have disappeared, and, after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and luxuriant.—Advertisement.

LIVE CHEAPER—CUT YOUR MEAT BILL DOWN

You can cut down your meat bill two-thirds and get more nutritious food by eating Faust Macaroni. A 1½c package of Faust Macaroni contains as much nutrition as 4 lbs. of beef—ask your doctor.

Faust Macaroni is extremely rich in gluten, the bone, muscle and flesh builder. It is made from Durum wheat, the high protein cereal.

Delicious, too. You can serve Faust Macaroni a hundred different ways to delight the palate. Write for free recipe book showing how. In air-tight, moisture-proof packages, 5 and 10 cents.

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