

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Glory of Old Age

By ADA PATTERSON.

Two paragraphs in the news have called attention in far different ways to the twilight joys of life. One brought a smile for it told how a couple, of the respective ages of 89 and 78 years had danced the tango at the celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of their wedding.

"Let's show the youngsters how young we are, ma," said the nonagenarian (nearly), as he led the partner of 69 years of his life into the center of the long room while she lifted her black satin slippered feet daintily from the waxed floor. That eighty-nine of their descendants filled the big hall seemed to add no weight to the lightly carried burden of their ages.



The other was read in different mood for it recorded the passing of a sweet faced, silver crowned portrait painter who was killed by a speeding automobile that dashed within eight feet of a street car that waited at a crossing, despite an ordinance forbidding it. Her prayer book fell from the gray gloved hand as the vehicle struck her down. She was returning from church in Sunday morning, going back to the studio near the park to rest on the seventh day from her pleasant labors of six. Her face was composed as they bore her away. "Content with life as she saw it, was written upon the softly outlined, gentle features.

"It was a tragic passing," said one of the friends who looked a last farewell at the neatly ordered studio where the north light fell upon walls crowded with the pictures painted by the patient hands that had forever laid down their busy brush.

"But it was swift," said another. "I grant you she would rather have fallen asleep here among her work and with her memorials, but she needed no time for preparation. She was always ready for death, as the good housekeeper is always ready for a guest."

"It is strange that none of her family remained. She was quite alone."

"But she had many friends," said the comforter, "and her life was filled with thoughts of them and of her work. She was always interested."

That last word gathered the truth about the dancing forbears of 89 years, and about the aged solitary who carried a quiver full of the sweetness of life to her grave, and flung it into our memories, there to lodge. They remained young of spirit because they were interested, and it always follows that those who are interested are interesting. Be interested in others and they will be interested in you. The reason that age is sometimes a sad spectacle is that it allows its interests to narrow. It draws the walls of its house of life closer and closer around it, shutting out more love of those persons more concerned for that object, until it lives in a great loneliness, and the closing walls draw closer and closer until they but suffocate it. Age is full of twilight joys. A time for more reflection than action it can shed a rich radiance a long way if there by a radiance within, and that radiance from within, has been described by many names, but its true name is interest.

Keen, kindly helpful interest in the persons and affairs about them, flavor the hours of age with sweetness. The dancing pair knew the lives and loves of all the eighty-nine branches of which they were the root and stem. They rejoiced in their son John's growing fortune and were proud that it was self-made. The fact that their granddaughter Jennie had become a successful singer was as great a joy to them as to her. That Grace, their great-granddaughter, was the day before betrothed to a likely young chap of good character and family, filled them with memories of their own boy and girl courtship, so foolish, so tender, so sweet. George, their nephew was an alderman and that he was so far an honest one was a source of pride. That Mollie was a best housekeeper in her block caused "pa" to praise "ma" for her bringing up and "ma" to tell "pa" Molly's husband, like her own, is a good provider and that helps in housekeeping.

"Pa" beside being a good husband and father and business man had a sideline of interest which everybody needs, to become a well rounded individual. We must not be too much this nor a great deal that, but satisfyingly most things to be harmonious individual, and a comfortable person with whom to live side by side for sixty years. Politics interested him. He liked to talk it and moderately to practice it. He followed every municipal campaign with the lively interest some men give to pinochle or chess. And "ma" belonged to two clubs and was too busy talking about extended housekeeping and how the streets of their city should be kept clean and its morals needed, to think unhealthily often of herself or of the fact that so far as years go, she was growing old. Pa had forgotten, too, and when other old fellows reminded him of it he laughed at them.

The gentle old artist had her work and her friends. "She worked to the last because she wanted to," said the friend who closed the door of the studio and softly turned the key in the lock.

There need be nothing pitiable in old age. Pitiable old age is a state of mind. It is narrowness, the lack of interest, and interest can be freshly pumped up as we pump water from the well, not once a month or week, or day, but many times a day.

The Advantage of the Tall Girl

Beauty

A Delightful Talk with Elsie Ferguson

Survival Value

By ELBERT HUBBARD

A new phrase has been added to our vocabulary. It is the expression, "survival value." It is the expression of the degree of good that grows out of them.

The act of planting a tree has a survival value. The man who planted the tree adds to the value of his real estate, but the tree will exist long after the man has turned to dust.

All worthy acts, all honest work, all sincere expressions of truth—whether by pen or voice—have a survival value.

Civilization is a great, moving mass of survival values, augmented, increased, bettered, refined by every worthy life. Man dies, but his influence lives and adds to the wealth, the happiness and the welfare of the world.

Art, distinctly has survival value. The artist appeals to the eye to come. What he produces is dedicated to time. He does not look for a quick return. Hate, revenge, jealousy, doubt, negotiation, have no survival value.

Courtesy, kindness, good-will, right intent, all add to the sum of human happiness. Not only do they benefit the individual who gives them out, but they survive in various forms and add to the betterment of the world.

All deeds, whether work or play, should be judged with the idea of survival value in mind.

The difference in men is largely in the way they use the hours that are their own. Tell me what a man does between 6 and 10 o'clock in the evening and I will tell you what he is. Also, I will tell you where he will be ten years from now.

In America is a vast army of commuters who ride back and forth night and morning between their country homes and the places where they do business in the city.

The majority of these commuters expend this hour, night and morning, in skimming the newspapers. Some sit and talk. Others simply sit.

Others think he who industriously plays cards. For the most part, card playing has no survival value.

I know commuters who have played cards for ten years. These men are no wiser, no better, and their lives are no fuller than they were ten years ago.

Out of every hundred commuters you will find, perhaps, one man who carries in his side pocket a copy of Emerson's *Essays*, Carlyle's *French Revolution*, Buckle's *History of Civilization*, or some other good book.

He may not read very much of it, but the book is his companion. If he merely peeps into it and reads half a page a day, in five years he will be a transformed individual—he will be differentiated from the "bunch."

Emerson added to the wealth of the world what he gave us the expression, the "Law of Compensation."

Herbert Spencer did the same for us when he referred to the "Law of Diminishing Returns."

Breast Haecel did as much when he spoke of the "Law of Pivotal Points," and the unknown man who flung out the words "Survival Value" made us his debtor.

Thoughts are the result of feelings. The recipe for good writing is write as you feel, but be sure you feel right. But before you write you must have an equipment—a literary kit-of-mouth-filling, expressive, far-reaching words and phrases.

Through language we touch finger tips with the noble, the great, the good the competent, living or dead, and thus are we made brothers to all those who make up the sum total of civilization.

Here is a home-made remedy that takes hold of a cough almost instantly, and will usually conquer an ordinary cough in 24 hours. This recipe makes a pint—enough for a whole family. You couldn't buy as much or as good ready-made cough syrup for \$2.50.

Mix one pint of granulated sugar with 1/2 pint of warm water, and stir 2 ounces of Pinex (fifty cents worth) in a pint bottle, and add the Sugar Syrup. This keeps perfectly and has a pleasant taste—children like it. Brings up the appetite and is slightly laxative, which helps end a cough.

You probably know the medical value of pine in treating bronchial asthma, bronchitis, spasmodic croup and whooping cough. Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, rich in guaiacol and other natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this combination.

The prompt results from this inexpensive remedy have made friends for it in thousands of homes in the United States and Canada, which explains why the plan has been limited often, but never successfully.

A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. Your druggist has Pinex or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Advertising is but another word for closer co-operation between buyer and seller, for mutual benefit.



"Make the most of your charms."

By MAUDE MILLER.

"Today marks the advent of the tall and slender maiden. All things combine in the adorning of her beauty, the present mode is instrumental in enhancing her charms, and so my message is one for her alone," says Miss Elsie Ferguson, who is playing in "The Strange Woman." Miss Ferguson is tall herself and very slender. She wears her golden hair drawn softly back and caught loosely, so that it waves entrancingly over her face and droops low against the nape of her neck. She smiled at me quizzically as she talked, and her ideas seemed to fit in perfectly with her looks and her surroundings.

"She can make herself irresistible."

tree, has, in the first place, a great many advantages over her shorter sister. Both long and short lines are becoming to her; she may wear dresses with stripes running lengthwise or around, whichever she pleases, and they will always be becoming. That is, unless she is too tall, and then, of course, stripes must be used with discretion. There is such a thing as exaggeration, which can always be detected no matter how modified.

"The tall girl has a perfect fairland at her finger tips and she can make herself positively irresistible if she is careful about choosing the right kind of gown. She must accept for her motto, 'Nature may be aided, but not contradicted,' and no matter what she may decide upon she must be careful of her color schemes. I myself am in favor of

"I favor a one-toned color scheme."

a one-toned color scheme. That is, having the hair, complexion and gown match in tone if not color. Learn to blend colors perfectly, or to contrast them with the eyes of a connoisseur. Only a practiced eye can use contrasted colors properly, so, perhaps, it would be wise to stick to the blending process.

"The tall girl may have all the draperies and frills that she wants. She may wear the daring minaret costumes without fear of making the hips seem too large. It will but enhance the frailty of her appearance, particularly if she has her skirt long and seemingly intricate around the feet. Often this appearance of involved dressmaking comes without an effort, although it seems most Parisian and impossible to attain when seen on other people.

"The slender girl may wear as many as five scarves."

"The slender girl may wear as many as five scarves that fall at her throat as she likes. Frills form a part of her and frills are always adorably feminine and bewitching. One is sure to imagine all kinds of faint, alluring perfumes hidden in their lacy softness.

"Now that scarfs are so much in vogue, let the slender maiden use them profusely in her costume. Have the scarf match the costume, or else have it fashioned of some contrasting color, but have it soft and very sheer. Chiffon trimmed with fur makes the most wonderful scarf, and now it is quite permissible to use scarfs at all times of the day and with any kind of a gown.

"This is surely the era of the tall girl. I wonder if she is making the best of her opportunities. She must have the

"I favor a one-toned color scheme."

fact borne in upon her constantly when she sees how utterly impossible it is for the short maiden to appear fashionably gowned in some of today's models. Unless she is fairlike in proportion almost everything will combine to make her look first overdressed and fussy, then fat and dumpy. The short girl must be satisfied with straight lines with little or no accessories. At any rate, not any of the dear, delightful feminine trappings, such as tulle boas or loose waists with very wide girles, can ever be hers if she would be modish.

"So, you people of the tall and slender variety, don't miss the opportunity of making the most of your charms. That would be a dreadful state of affairs to look back upon afterward, don't you think so?"

Seeking a Husband

By CONSTANCE CLARKE.

"Oh, is that the way you make them, Mary?"

"Sure, an' Miss Peggy, how did you think you'd be makin' them?"

"Oh, cut a hole out of the middle of each round thing, and fill it up with jelly, and bake it."

Mary interrupted with a burst of hilarious laughter, and as I patted and pinched the crust for the tarts, I decided that it must be harder to be a cook than a nurse.

"You put the jelly in afterwards," said Mary, as she shoved the pan into the oven. And I, full of pride that I was doing my first bit of baking for Dr. Hammond, who was coming down to dinner, settled back in the big kitchen chair to wait for the tarts to bake.

Mary bustled around the kitchen in the most businesslike way, and I sighed and looked reflectively out through the glass door of the laundry. It was raining, just the kind of a steady rain that made me long for the cool pink and white couch up in the den, and that book that had just come up from the library. I tugged absently at my apron, and then with my thoughts still far away I woke to the fact that Mary was speaking to me.

"Sure, an' Miss Peggy, why don't you run upstairs and let me take care of the tarts? Who's to know the difference, child?"

But I said decidedly: "No, Mary, I must do it my own self. Next time I'll know just how it's all done, and Dr. Hammond just loves tarts."

"The tinkle of the telephone, and I few upstairs.

"Hello, yes, this is Miss Dean; I'm Dr. Hammond? Yes, I'm very busy. I'm expecting company for dinner."

"You're not coming? Why? O, of course, you can't in a case like that. Why do people have to go and get hurt anyway? Yes, of course I understand; don't you need me to help? I wish I could."

"Do you really? Well that helps some. Anyway I needed you to help me cheer up, it's such a horrid day. Oh, yes, and we're going to have tarts for dinner. Yes, I knew you'd be sorry. Next time? Well, maybe. You see I'm making them, and—"

"Of course I can cook. Please don't be jolly. Oh, no, you won't, you'll be too busy to miss even the tarts."

"The tarts, perhaps, not you"—the words sang across the wire, and I sat down on the stairs in the dark and reflected. He really did want to come. And the thought that he would miss me even in the rush of an accident case, and the deepening of his voice when he said those last words—my face burned, and I put my fingers up over my eyes and wondered what had come over me. Just then, I wanted to be a nurse more than anything else in the world, because I wanted to be where he was. Then I allowed myself to dwell upon the delights of being a hospital nurse. The fascinating smell of the place, the restlessness and rush of it all. And then as it all came back to me that afternoon when I had first met him, the shine of his hair under the electric light and the funny little impulse I had to rump it up. I smiled and thought it a good thing that men do not always know what we women are thinking about. Peggy

A Charming Costume

Posed Especially for This Page

dear, you are learning, every day you know a little more, and yet you're a little frightened, you might as well fuss up. Things are so very, very strange, and you don't know yourself as well as you thought you did, do you?"

"Miss Peggy, Miss Peggy," came Mary's stentorian tones from the kitchen. "Your tarts are burnin', miss, you'd better be tendin' to them."

And I flew to the rescue. "It's all right to be a nurse, Peggy," I scolded severely, as I pulled out the smoking pastry from the oven. "But it strikes me that you'd better learn to be a good cook first." But I left a whole lot better when Mary, laughing at my dismayed face, said good-naturedly, "Sure an' Miss Peggy, you never know your luck, next time you'll be havin' better luck with your tarts, too." Mary is a natural born philosopher.

A Charming Costume



The simplicity of this costume is none the less of fashion significance, for here is a becoming adaptation of the minaret tunic, above a narrow skirt drawn into draperies in the front.

The combination of blue duvetyne and beaver fur in suit and muff is softened in color combination by the white satin revers and the white net surplice.

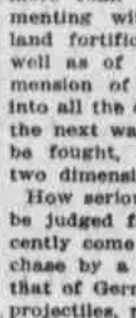
The striking effect of a long cord and tassel to increase the figure line is here shown.

Guard Against Aerial Bombs

England's New Monster Battleship Carries Guns Especially to Combat Enemies in the Air, and Has a Deck Made of Heavy Armour Plate

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Anybody who still has doubts about the practicability of using aeroplanes and dirigible balloons as machines of war would do well to consider the preparations that have been made to guard against their attacks on England's monster new battleship, the Queen Elizabeth.



This first ship of war that has ever been planned to use oil instead of coal for its engines, the first to carry guns intended specially to fight enemies in the air, and the first to be provided with a deck armored for defense against bombs dropped from above.

It is not too soon that these innovations in naval construction have been made, for the reader can turn over a page of his paper containing the account of the launching of the Queen Elizabeth and find descriptions of several kinds of aerial bombs that have already been perfected and are only waiting for the outbreak of a great war to prove their ability to do wholesale murder.

Imaginative writers describing naval battles sometimes liken torpedo boats attacking a battleship to so many angry hornets, but the description will have a new force and appropriateness when it comes to be applied to a fleet of aerial war craft darting and hovering over a

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Don't Try.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 and deeply in love with a young man one year my senior. Some time ago I said something I should not have said to him. I have written him an apology, but have not heard from him since. How may I regain his love, as I love him dearly?—BLONDIE.

You offended and you apologized and he has refused to accept the apology. There is nothing more for you to do but try to forget him.

I am sorry, my dear, but I cannot let you go on your knees, and that is what a reconciliation would mean.

Of Course.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 17, and in love with a young man two years my senior. He usually takes me home and to lunch with him, and always appeared to like me very much.

He asked me for one of my signal rings, and I gave it to him, and in return he gave me his ring. About two weeks ago I came in and he didn't bother to say "good morning," and seemed cool.

Get your ring, and never again make such an exchange unless a marriage engagement warrants it.



By ELBERT HUBBARD