



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



To an Expectant Mother:

Such a Colossal Thought Should So Possess You That Nothing Petty or Gloomy Could Enter Your Mind.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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To an expectant mother:

You tell me another child is coming, and that you are worried; and sorry for yourself.



Angels and intelligences in the worlds and systems of worlds about and beyond me, help me to be worthy of this mighty mission of motherhood with which I am invested.

This prayer will be from the depths of your being, and it will be repeated every day, and you will fall asleep at night with the words on your lips.

Then you will guard yourself from all evil thinking or speaking, from gloomy or depressing thoughts; because you will know that one who so respects the mission entrusted to her, and who so believes in her great responsibility will be guarded and helped over all the hard places by the Divine Guides, who are ever about us.

You will avoid looking at the ugly, the deformed or the repulsive things of earth. You will read no tales of crime and allow no one to talk such things to you, because you will not want to pass on to your unborn child anything but the beautiful, healthful and inspiring things of life.

You will read good books, books of biographies of noble lives, books of love and noble deeds, and you will listen to good music, and go into churches and galleries, and see beautiful pictures, or walk in woods and fields and look at beautiful nature.

And always will there be the prayer and faith in your heart that brings the Invisible Helpers near.

You will believe that a great soul is coming to earth through you, a soul that will be helpful, and happy, and that will bring the best joy into your own life that it has ever known.

And with all your heart and mind and mental and spiritual powers you will love this baby hidden away under your heart; and you will be brave and courageous and know that all must be well with you and it.

For such is the kingdom of heaven.

The Charm of Naturalness

An Interview With Miss Valli Valli, a Famous English Beauty



MISS VALLI VALLI IN TWO CHARMING POSES.

In the small picture on the left, England's exponent of natural beauty shows an attitude of effectation which she deplores and continually guards against. The other pose shows her as her natural self.

"But how keep the skin healthy when grease, paint and rouge must be applied so often?" I asked.

There was a low-throated little English laugh. "I know a wonderful skin food or tonic or whatever you call it over here. Soap and water. The best of soap and plenty of water."

"Grease, paint and rouge have been going on my face since I was 7 years old, for then little Valli doubled the first name she had been given in honor of a dear uncle and good St. Valentine, whose birthday was just three days from hers—and went on the stage. I have been putting stage make-up on for sixteen years."

"Soap! On your face?" I exclaimed.

"Rather! Heaps of it. I scrub and scrub and then I go after any stray dust or rouge with a bit of good cream—and then water, first quantities of hot and then a dash or two of cold."

"You are truly a 'water baby,' aren't you?"

Flowers in the City

By GARRETT P. SEVIVS.

I count sixteen backyards from the rear window where I sit writing, and in only one of them do I see any flowers, and that is one of the smallest and least favorably located.



Yet its owner has managed so skillfully with the clothes lines that he has plenty of room to cultivate his plants. At present most of them are only shoots and shrubs, refreshing by their greenness; but I know that a month or two later they will be all in bloom, sending their perfumes up into my open window at every stir of the breeze.

If all his neighbors would do what this man does, those sixteen backyards would be sixteen flower gardens whose beauty would call all the inhabitants of the block to sit, by preference, at their rear windows, enjoying them. The air would be sweetened, the sight delighted, and the weary staleness of city life for at least 100 persons relieved.

The soil in that particular yard is naturally no better than in the others. But the lover of flowers, at a very slight cost in dollars, has fertilized it. He has taken away all the rubbish. He has laid out walks in an area only twenty feet square, set a flower urn in the center, run bands of cultivation round all the sides, drawn green triangles with floral perimeters in the middle space, and the effect is to make the area seem twice as extensive as it did before.

He has dealt so persuasively with the soil that it bears plants right up against the brick walls on two sides, and the board fences on the other two. Not an inch is lost.

I know, from experience, that by June that little backyard will be an ambrosial garden which Italy might envy. Morning after morning I see the creator at work in it, before he goes to his bread-winning labor elsewhere. On Sundays he works there with a beaming face, which shows how his tired brain revels in such recreation.

Flowers were not made for man, but man was made for flowers. If he shuts his nature against them he descends in the moral scale. There was once a man, driven to desperation by hard fortune, who scaled a fence at night and stole, on tip-toe, with a case-knife in his hand, toward the wide windows of a costly residence which he had made up his mind to enter and rob.

He persuaded himself that his necessity justified his transgression. But as he cautiously crept across the plots and along the paths a little night breeze arose, and borne upon it there came to him from all sides the delicate odors of many kinds of flowers.

He stopped like one thunder-struck. He threw down his knife and thanked God that chance had led him into that garden before crime had staked him; for with the fragrance of the flowers there returned to him the memory of his mother, and he saw her again tending the roses that grew under his window when he was a boy. For a few minutes he breathed the perfume, and then, with mind cleared and heart strengthened, he retraced his steps to face the world in a better mood.

Everybody can become a cultivator of flowers who has the least bit of soil at his disposal. If you cannot live in the country, the summer, you can, at least, make flowers bloom in a city backyard. But if you have a little suburban garden you may on a small scale imitate Luther Burbank himself, making flowers obey you by taking the hues and shapes that you prefer.

April is the time to begin. It is the morning of the year. Failure in flower raising is due principally to two things—first to neglect of the soil, which needs enriching and fertilizing; second, to neglect of the noxious insects, plant lice and various kinds of bugs that devour the buds and blooms.

All insects are not inquisitive, and many are the best of friends to your flowers, without whose ministrations they could hardly exist. By cultivating a little garden of flowers you will learn, with ease and pleasure, two sciences—botany and entomology—which you cannot learn from books.

It is for their insect friends, naturalists say, that the flowers make themselves beautiful and odoriferous. Exquisite butterflies, of more kinds than you thought existed, will fill your little garden with the flutter of colored wings, drawn there by the flowers. Watch their method of getting near, but do not drive them away. The nectar was poured into the flower cups for them.

Bees will come, on the waves of the air, which they alone know, making a busy, humming mat of your garden, and fertilizing the flowers by bearing golden loads of pollen from blossom to blossom on their powdered legs. Once in a while a jeweled humming bird will pay a swift visit to the place, darting from blossom to blossom, and hanging suspended on misty wings, while it dips its long beak into the rich chalice.

Your garden, however small, will be a little world as it were, so much life that you may grow wise in studying it. It will be worth to you and your children a thousand times its cost.

THE WORKINGMAN'S FOOD
The man who toils hard all day needs strengthening food. A lot of meat is not essential to nourish and sustain the system.

A 10c package of Faust Spaghetti contains more nutrition than 4 lbs. of beef. Faust Spaghetti is made from Durum Wheat, the cereal that overflows in gluten—the food-content that makes muscle, bone and flesh.

Faust Spaghetti costs one-tenth the price of meat—contains more nutrition—is easier digested and makes a savory, appetizing dish. Write for free recipe book. Sold in 5c and 10c packages—at all grocers.

MAULL BROS.
St. Louis, Mo.

How to Make Friends

Friendship.

"Did you hear him say that he could have shed his heart's blood for me?" "Do you want any blood shed for you?" replied his friend with considerable irritation. "Does he shed anything for you that you do want? Does he shed employment for you, instruction for you, pocket money for you? Does he even shed legs of mutton for you in any decent proportion to potatoes and garden stuff?" MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

A young woman writes that she would like to know how to make friends. The question is easier to reply than if she had asked how one may keep them.

She writes that she is lonely, that she finds no joy in books, art, music, entertainment, or walks. She cannot enjoy her associates because she finds among them no "real friends."

She is young. Therefore, I gather that by "real friend" she means some one to whom she may pour out all her little hopes, ambitions and sorrows, and be assured of encouragement, sympathy and silence. She wants, in other words, to find some one who is a sofa pillow on the surface and a steel wall underneath.

She would lay her weary head on such a sofa pillow and pour into it all that her heart holds and longs for, believing her confession will seep through to the steel wall, there to be safe and sacred till the end of time.

You poor little girl! You have yet to learn that so many are sofa pillows on the exterior and as porous as sponges underneath, and that a confession poured into them seeps through, not to a safety vault, but into the ears of others.

You have yet to know the difference between a sympathetic ear and an inquisitive one. You have not reached that page in the book of experience on which this motto is found: "Thy friend hath a friend. Thy friend's friend hath a friend. Therefore beware!"

The craving for friends is natural, but in youth one exaggerates the need of friends, just as one exaggerates the value of friends when found. It is a realm where nine-tenths of the coin in circulation is counterfeit, and where the young make a collection of counterfeit coin, and jingle it proudly.

"Look," they say in effect. "See how many friends I have! I have more than anybody."

In the same realm, the old clutch tremulously to the genuine, some with only one or two coins in their hands. And many are empty handed!

You would make friends, little girl! Make a foundation of the word sacrifice. Or it build every friendship!

Put self in the background. You may

long to talk; keep silent that your friends may enjoy their voices. You may have opinions that are not like theirs. Hide them, for a difference of opinion means an argument, and an argument where there is friendship becomes a dispute, and disputes are fatal.

You must learn to bear and forbear. You must sympathize with little woes, and forget your own are greater. You must make no demands on the time of others, but be willing to give up all your own.

You say that you find no enjoyment in books; Make friends, and the time will come when you will wish you could give one hour a day to the books you are now neglecting.

Be agreeable; silent when silence is demanded; vivacious when others seek vivacity; be discreet. And this I beg of you: When by all of these you have attracted others to you, that you make your selection among them with wise, wide-opened eyes.

Take care that you do not choose so many that you grow confused among them, and forget who are your best ones.

Be sure that your liking is based on a liking for the one you choose, not because he or she likes you. Be satisfied that you are not building a friendship with B because you and B agree in despising C.

Be friends always with yourself. And you cannot be a honest friend of yourself when you have won the friendship of another with any act of hypocrisy or deceit.

Advice to the Lovelorn
By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Go Out More.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young lady 15 years of age, but have never had a sweetheart yet, although an considered good looking and educated.

I am a girl who likes to stay at home and not go out much. Please advise me if my lover will come even if I stay at home. ANXIOUS.

Not must go out occasionally. How would you meet him otherwise?

Another man who began life humbly, and who has achieved fame and fortune, has divorced the wife of his youth because he has outgrown her.

"I have gone the way of men, the better way," he says frankly, "it is the better way, because it is the way of progress. A man of talent and ambition must go on. If his wife turns molish and talky and it is inevitable that their ways part. The man gives the woman a chance. If she refuses to take it and to keep pace with him, it is his own fault that she disappears in a cloud of dust."

"I gave my wife a chance to develop with me. I provided enough money for leisure for her to study and improve herself, to keep house better, to dress better, to mingle with people who are helpful and stimulating. She refused to take advantage of any of the opportunities I offered her. Here was a case of arrested



By LILLIAN LAUFERTY.

All you pathetic little pink and white would-be beauties who march up and down Fourth or Fifth avenue of a sunny spring day—don't you want to know how to be really pretty? Don't you want to be-not a "nasht" belle-but a sweet girl who can brave Old Sol's bright rays in the calm assurance that he is revealing beauty, not betraying beauty secrets?

Well, then-be natural. Naturalness does not seem to be the fad of this moment, but it will have its day soon. I think, for we have a wonderful exponent of natural charm and the charm of naturalness prominently before us now. This is Miss Valli Valli of "The Purple Road."

As Wanda, the little maid of Vienna, who loved Napoleon wisely—if too well

for his demanding-Wall Valli is an exquisite, symmetrically-completing figure.

"How do you do it?" I asked. "How do you hold all of us throbbing and waiting, as you stand in your simple gray frock on the grand staircase in Napoleon's palace, while all around are magnificent women in imperially gorgeous clothes?"

"Naturalness and feeling," began the British star, and then broke off: "Oh, do I hold you like that? I want to so—I am so glad." And then, we both laughed at the unmitigated exhibition of her pet "naturalness."

"Ah, but I do believe in naturalness everywhere. Look natural, be natural; and then the great feelings can find expression through you."

The dainty singing actress had perched

Dorothy Dix on the Whys and Wherefores of Marriage Incompatibility

By DOROTHY DIX.

development. She stood pat where she was and wanted me to stay with her. I couldn't. I wouldn't. No man can when he feels the ability within himself to go on.

"I am sorry that my wife would not go with me. I would have preferred that she should, but the inevitable has happened. I had to progress, and she would not keep step with me—so I have left her. That is all there is to it. Divorce in such cases is as necessary as surgery in some physical diseases."

This successful man has stated a brutal truth in a brutal way. It is the tragedy of achievement, that so often spells domestic misery, for among those who sit in the grand stand and cheer the victor as he wins the race, there is seldom his wife. She, poor, dear lady, has been left far, far behind, somewhere in the first quarter stretch.

America leads the world in the number of its divorces and the amount of its domestic infelicity. Undoubtedly one of the reasons of this is because we have no fixed classes, and such wide opportunities that the man who begins at the lowest rung of the social ladder not infrequently ends his career on the top of it.

life to which it has pleased Heaven to call them," as the prayer book says. Also, as a general thing, they marry accordingly. If a man is a duke he marries a woman of his own social status, and who understands the duties of a duchess.

On the contrary, if he is a bricklayer he expects to be a bricklayer all the balance of his days, and he espouses another bricklayer's daughter and they live humbly and peacefully ever after.

But in America the man who began life as a bricklayer or on the slag pile, and who married a woman designed by nature to be a bricklayer's or mechanic's wife, not infrequently comes to occupy a seat in the senate or even the presidential chair, or he becomes a multi-millionaire with the power of a king, and more than a king's way of living.

And Mrs. Wife stays just where she was. She would still be an admirable washer-woman or patcher of trousers, but she is utterly unfitted to be the wife of her husband as he is at present.

Nor is she to be blamed for this. We talk glibly about such a woman keeping up with such a husband. We might, with equal justice, blame the honest Percheron draft horse for not keeping up with the Arabian race horse, or the domestic hen for not soaring with the eagle. Because nature endowed a man with genius it does not follow that it also supplies talent to his wife. Nor can a man at 30 be blamed for not having enough of the

spirit of prophesy to know the sort of a wife he is going to need at 50.

"That a gifted husband should outgrow his commonplace wife is very sad," it is also very sad when a gifted woman outgrows her commonplace husband. Yet the one happens as often as the other, and there is no more significant difference between the sexes than the way in which men and women meet this catastrophe in their lives.

When a man realizes that he has outgrown his wife, that she no longer speaks his language, nor shares his thoughts, and that it is as tedious to explain things to her as it is to a child, he is at first impatient, and then contemptuous of her. Then he begins to neglect her, and seek the companionship of women who belong to the new world into which he has passed, and which he knows his wife can never really enter.

If he is a man with a high sense of duty he tries to make up to her for his lack of affection by giving her money. If he has the courage of his desires he persuades her and divorces her. But in any case she is really as dead to him as if she had covered her face.

The woman who has outgrown her husband suffers all that the man does who has outgrown his wife, and more, because a woman loves to look up to her husband, she loves to admire him, and when the time comes that she can no longer do

so, hers is the agony of the worshipper whose idol is shattered and whose God has proved to have feet of clay.

But she hides her loneliness in her own heart. She keeps her dull husband from finding out how he wields her, she veils his imperfections from her friends, and keeps her children from suspecting that she is their father's superior. She animates the clod without the clod even guessing whence comes its power.

More than that, often and often, she refuses to run the race because she knows that her husband cannot keep the pace with her. There are untold brilliant women who turn their backs upon glorious careers because it would mean the wrecking of their homes.

It is only in rare cases that the woman who outgrows her husband seeks solace for it in the society of the man who is a fitting mate for her mature intellect. She deliberately fills in her life with interests that bring her nearer to her husband, instead of taking her farther from him, and she stays her footsteps to his slow gait so that they can jog along together.

It is always a tragedy when either husband or wife outgrows the other, but when it happens the man usually sacrifices his wife, while the woman offers up herself on the altar.

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