

# The Bees Home Magazine Page

## Playing with Fire

By DOROTHY DIX.

I was very angry with Betty. If she had been ten years younger I should have shaken her with all the pleasure in life; but, unfortunately, the conventions of society—which are generally great asses—do not permit you to treat a beautiful young woman of 30 as she so often deserves. So we sat together in decorum in her boudoir, and Betty looked at me with a face of infantile innocence and guilelessness, while I poured out upon her the torrent of my reproaches.

"I really am not to blame," she said, as she helped herself to another chocolate cream from the satin box upon the table.

"Nobody who ever gets other people into trouble ever is," I replied crossly.

It was really a situation to vex a saint, and, thank God, I am not such a miff as that yet. That Jack Atherton, who is handsome and talented, but as poor as a church mouse, should have fallen in love with Betty, who is equally charming and lovely as a dream, and more impetuous than poverty itself, seemed one of the contrivances of fate of which there could be neither justification nor excuse, especially to me, for, in a way, they are both my protégés, and I had intended being dea ex machina in their matrimonial affairs, and landing them both in the lap of riches. Of course, I don't intend that they should do anything so sordid as marrying for money. Not at all. One should only marry for love. But why not marry a millionaire? That's what I always said to them!

And now, here was Jack in love with Betty. It was certainly aggravating.

"If you had any conscience," I said to Betty as I returned to my grievances, "you would have left that poor, dear, helpless young man alone. You should be ashamed of yourself, flirting with him."

"I can't help it," replied Betty with a deprecating air. "If men will be silly enough to fall in love with me!"

"I could have guessed when I heard about Jack and you," I said. "I could have guessed if I had not been so afraid of wrinkles."

"Nobody's troubles—not even your own—are worth crying over after one is 33," said Betty, oracularly.

I thought I'd better change the subject.

"Jack is such a dear," I said.

"And he's," exclaimed Betty, enthusiastically.

"He's a young man among a million," I went on.

"Among ten million, a prince among commoners," agreed Betty.

"He's got genius to achieve anything," I continued.

"He is as sure of a brilliant future as I am of this chocolate cream," declared Betty.

I shuddered to see one, even in the recalcitrance of youth, taking such liberty of her complexion, but I went on with my complaints.

"It's so important, who he marries," I said.

"It is indeed," assented Betty.



"She should be a nice girl," I said.

"Very, very nice, as nice as I am," returned Betty, with a roguish smile.

"And rich, and clever; I had picked out the very wife for him—that Walters girl."

"Think of her nose," implored Betty.

"She is so intelligent," I continued, "she knows all about the inner meaning of Browning—and er—er, and deep things like that."

"Jack doesn't," replied Betty, with a little smothered laugh of recollection.

"But I really think he makes love more deliciously than any man I ever met. He does it so well," with a sigh, "that I sometimes suspect that he's had too much practice. Somehow it shows workmanship."

"Family matters is such a good girl," I said severely. "She would never flirt as you do."

"She deserves no credit for that, with a face like hers," observed Betty, attentively.

"Her fortune is enormous," I went on with increasing gloom.

"It is disgusting," said Betty with much feeling, "how the wrong people get the money, and how the people who ought to fall in love with you are the very ones that you hate at sight. Getting married is like buying shoes—you always want the one that are not common sense, and durable, and warranted to wear, and that will pinch your feet."

"But I was not to be diverted from my grievances."

"You know when you began to make eyes at Jack that you didn't intend to marry him," I said.

"No, I didn't," she admitted.

"But you led him on."

"I wasn't rude to him, if you mean that."

"It's a thing I never did," I said severely, "in all my life."

"Poor dear," murmured Betty to the ceiling, "what she has missed."

"He is always dangling after you," I went on, ignoring her reply, "and at last Grigby's the other night you sat out half a dozen dances with him in that accented nook in the conservatory, for I saw you."

"He dances so abominable and talks so divinely," pleaded Betty.

"He was the nicest boy I ever knew," I sighed.

"The still is," she answered.

"A little unapologetic."

"He isn't now."

"But so manly, and with a money—"

"Worth all the position and money in the world," said Betty softly.

"I leaned across the table and looked at her."

"Betty," I exclaimed, "I do believe—"

"Yes," she answered, her face all tender and smiling.

"You said you didn't intend to marry him," I reminded her.

"Neither did I, at first," she replied.

"Good heavens," I cried, "it is impossible you are both too poor. You will be miserable if you marry him."

"Possibly," she admitted, with a still that roared down upon her face, "but I shall be wretched if I don't."

I was still angry with her. To flirt with Jack Atherton was bad enough for his prospects, but to marry him was worse. Nevertheless, I bent down and kissed her.

On my way home I saw a bunch of common country flowers—pink tipped spring daisies—in the window of a florist shop where they were half smothered by hot-house roses and orchids and I stopped in and bought them.

"After all," I said to the florist, apropos of nothing that he could see, "it's May first but once for us in all the year."

But he only stared at me.

## Paris Sends Hats for Every Face

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Here is a model of a new sailor, shortened in the back, effective in green and white Batavia, trimmed with a green faille bow.

As if to form a connecting link between the season that is past and the one to come, here is a small flower turban in mistletoe.



Above, to the left, is a feminized helmet shape of the soldier's headgear, in hand-sewed tulle straw. In Belgian blue, trimmed with blue and green changeable ribbon and blue-green grapes. And below a very large shape, wide in the brim and with moderate size crown. A novel note is sounded in the trimming of this white straw model by a fringe of white silk tassels.

This unique creation shown above is most up-to-date, with its tricorn shape in sand-colored Milan, the height and dash stunningly supplied by wide-spreading wings of dull yellow spliced in black, which shoot off at right angles. The effect of this chic hat is striking, and in spite of its simplicity it strikes a decidedly original note.

With the flowers that bloom in the spring come the flower turbans. Above is a novel shape for this violet hat, worn at a coquettish angle, and has added wings of velvet in the same mauve shade. Below is a sailor worn high in the back and almost completely concealing one eye. This model developed in a rough shape of soldier blue, has ribbon roses in the pastel tones dotted around the crown.

## Patience as a Virtue

"Patience a Little, Learn to Wait; Years Are Long on the Clock of Fate."

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"Patience a little, learn to wait; Years are long on the clock of fate."

One of the hardest lessons for youth to learn is that of patience. Which of us has not said when facing trouble, "I could stand anything but the uncertainty." But almost the whole lesson of life lies in learning patiently to endure uncertainty.

Patience is a mixture of disquiet and endurance, of growth in culture, of ability to look all about a subject and of calm poise which must spread itself over everything we do and say. It is the power to wait with joyful expectancy for happiness and to endure quietly up to the moment of actually facing sorrow and pain and deprivation.

Probably no virtue is less inherent in human nature and no virtue is harder to cultivate. And yet it is absolutely requisite to happiness in life.

Impatience leads to all sorts of foolish impulsiveness. It drives one to actions which one almost knows will lead to unhappiness. It impels one to try to force the hand of events, to pull open a rosebud, to waken the dream of romance into premature reality. Impatient people in hurrying up events hasten them into the particular path they never should have taken. Impatient people cannot wait for things to work themselves out normally and worthily. They wrench what they do not know how to guide. So much for active impatience of the sort that cannot let events come to their natural fruition. Passive impatience is of the sort that forgets that all wounds heal but by degrees. It iterates to itself again and again, "Oh, I can't bear this sorrow," and so makes it indeed almost impossible that the sorrow should be borne.

There is no royal road to cultivating patience. It has to be wrought most patiently. It has to be striven for over a series of failures and through a vast accumulation of little lapses back into impatience.

Patience is part of repose and poise. They are needed to make it up. When something happens and you feel you just can't endure it and must do something about it, try this: Instead of getting up and fluttering and spluttering like a be-headed chicken, walk over to the open window and inhale deeply to the count of ten, then exhale to the same count. Do this a dozen times. You will find yourself very definitely concerned with the physical process you have set up. And your poise will be a little increased so that curbing your patience will be a trifle less difficult.

Or try this: Proceed to laugh at yourself. Naturally it will be a mechanical process. But after you have kept it up for a minute or two you will find that you are actually laughing. After that it will not be possible to return to the thing which caused your impatience with quite the irritability you first felt.

I have suggested two purely physical processes for curbing impatience. But the real way to curb impatience is not a matter of deep breathing or laughter, but one of philosophy.

Life moves slowly, not in jerks or leaps or bounds. In one little reverse twist against nature one fractures a bone. And then slowly, gradually, Nature sets up her healing process, and torn ligaments and splintered bones mend themselves into a perfect whole. Every time you get excited and over-anxious and make an attempt to put undue strain on the member which immediately you commenced the healing, you break down some little tissue which was just on the verge of mending.

Impatience has a way of subjecting mind and body to undue strain. Patience tries things out to make sure they will endure a strain, and tests slow, fibre and mentality carefully before asking anything of them. Patience knows it must endure, and so proceeds philosophically to endure well.

When you have a wild feeling that you must hurry events, force yourself to do nothing. After all, whatever you do will probably be exactly wrong.

Impatience is part of self-centeredness. When you think you can't endure what you must endure and won't wait what cannot be hurried, part of your trouble is that your mind is in yourself and your own concerns. A simple corrective is to be found in doing something in no wise related to the crisis you are awaiting or the sorrow you must bear.

Actually remove your mind from the thing over which it is becoming vexed and ruffled. This is not at all easy at first. But if you force yourself to see or read or walk, in the nature of things, your body is doing things, and in the process you are performing, and gradually your thoughts veer from their other-center to the healthier center of your action.

We all have to be patient at many times during our lives. It would be very well if we all set at once about cultivating this much needed virtue.

## Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

By special arrangement for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the installments of "Runaway June" may now be seen at the leading moving picture theatres. By arrangement made with the Mutual Film Corporation it is not only possible to read "Runaway June" each day, but also afterward to see moving pictures illustrating our story.

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### FIFTH EPISODE.

#### A Woman in Trouble.

CHAPTER III. (Continued.)

That was enough for one day, and June ran down the street, past the little fountain, into the sanctuary of the Widow O'Keefe's house, up the steps of stairs and dropped into the wicker chair.

"Sippers," was all she said.

Marie was out for hours in an instant, knowing every man.

"Aunt Cecily," she cried, and from them on until long after the wonderful children people had been consumed the conversation flowed with never an ebb.

It was good to have found a refuge like this. It seemed far, far away from the New York which June knew, and it was as if she were safe over find them here. They were safe.

"Is one safe here?" As Ned Warner stood looking into the room, he was struck by the fact that June was alone in the room. He had seen June, she had passed the way then. She was somewhere near. And Ripe! Ripe, too, had passed this way. Ned chose the most direct street, the one which led to a little fountain, where another street angled sharply into it. And this fountain was visible from the third floor windows of the Widow O'Keefe's house. Ned Warner's heart was full of murder.

He had passed that way, but he had gone up another street. Now he, too, in his wandering search for the runaway bride came down toward the little fountain from the other side.

June looked out of the window. In the gathering dusk she saw without recognizing them the two men approaching each other, with the sharp-curved building between.

At the point and under the light they would meet. Gilbert Ripe and Ned Warner. And the husband of June had murdered his heart!

As he continued tomorrow.

## The Odd Formula of Changing a Name

By IRENE WESTON.

When you are in Rome, you must be named as the Romans are. That seems to be the idea which is responsible for the wholesale change of names throughout the country in recent years.

In the constantly increasing flood of immigration there are many who desire to adapt themselves to the conditions of their adopted country in every possible way. The legislatures of most of the states have provided means whereby those who wish to change their names may do so upon presenting satisfactory reasons, and the foreigners in our midst have not failed to take advantage of the opportunity afforded to expedite their assimilation in this respect.

It is very well to be known as Lozowsky in Russia, where the name may possibly be pronounced without resulting in permanent injury to the speaker's facial muscles, but in this country the more simple "Leslie" is infinitely safer and more desirable from every standpoint.

A change of this kind is easily accomplished. A petition is drawn up setting forth the odious cause and the new one proposed and the reason for the desired change, and is presented to the proper court.

If the application is looked upon favorably—and guess some ulterior motive or capricious motive is disclosed such applications are usually granted as a matter of course—an order is made authorizing the change, and notice of the change is generally required to be published in some local newspaper designated by the court.

In New York a complete list of the names changed during the preceding year is published in the annual volume of ser-

mon laws passed by the state legislature, and makes interesting reading.

Beginning through these lists at random, one may obtain a fair idea of the various reasons which induce people to change their names.

Called by any other name, a rose may smell as sweet, as Shakespeare assures us, but called by any other name a Rosenchinsky will sound much sweeter. That most of the names are changed for business reasons is indicated by the fact that 90 per cent of the applications are made by men.

The reason for changing such names as Joseph Henry Hrivicka to Joseph Henry, and Rosper Yushkian to Rosper Yushk is more or less apparent.

Long and unwieldy surnames are usually simplified by removing a section off the tail end, thus: Kinlovscky to Kinney; Schilansky to Shill; Jarowlsky to Jarow; Berdichevsky to Berdy; Lemplitsky to Lempl; Jarowlsky to Osdensky; Osdensky to Osdens; Seamsansky to Seamon. Sometimes, however, the same object is attained by cutting a little bit off the top, as for instance, Aradstein to Arndt Stays, and curiously enough, Steinhardt to S. Harde.

Occasionally Christian names only have been changed, although the necessity for such changes is not very palpable. Max has been changed to Maxwell, Bertrand to Bernard, Harry to Henry, Franke to Frances, Edwin to Hugh, and Moses to Henry.

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the shortest change undoubtedly belongs to Eleanor Louise Elisabeth Christophers Marion Crawford, who changed it to Eleanor Louise Elisabeth Christophers Marion-Crawford, the hyphen connecting the last two names having been inserted by the court at the request of the petitioner.

The records show that Adolph Jules Warner changed his name to Trull Warner, Ralph E. Hertog to Samuel Israel, Mary E. Selby to Mary Israel, Vahan Seboux Nargulidjan to Vahan Seboux Amadouny, Arthur Abrams to Abram Bonheim Arthur, Norman John Oppenheimer to Norman John Nuspan, David Schomovovitz to David Simpson, Moses Froelich to Moses Seymour Froelich, Morris Coble Solomon to Morris Solomon Coble, John Muskin to John Mysgrove, Adolph Weissvitz to Adolph Whitelaw, Max Cohn to Louis Wilson, Samuel David Kakaaky to Samuel David Kay, and Isaac Bokowsky to Isaac Butler.

A corporation, which is an artificial person, has to go through practically the same rigmarole when its name is to be changed as a human being, and many a ship owner, who has fancied he would like to give his vessel a new name has given up the attempt when he discovered what a formidable set of rules, established by the United States customs house, he would have to comply with before he could accomplish his object.

These precautions in the case of ships have to be taken in order that the identity of the vessel may not be lost.

Buildings and animals upon whom names are also bestowed, may be renamed without any official action, while photographs, typewriters, sewing machines and similar articles which are distinguished by numbers instead of names are not the subject of official cognizance either.

## Advice to Lovelorn: By Beatrice Fairfax

**The Honorable Thing.**

Dear Miss Fairfax: Am I and am going out with a young man five years my senior. The first time I went out with him he told me that he was engaged, but the girl did not treat him well. Now he asks me to go about with him, and in time said he would break off with the other girl. Please advise me, E. H. L.

Don't permit yourself to be drawn into the affair. If the young man cares for you and feels that his fiancee is not treating him fairly he should break with her and then seek your society. That is the only honorable course.

**Too Much Social Difference.**

Dear Miss Fairfax: A young American girl through the course of business transactions meets a young Chinese and falls in love with him. This man was born in this country, has a very good education and now holds a responsible position with the government. He is very much attached to this girl and is always most courteous and respectful.

Do you advise them to get married, regardless of what her friends may think and say? The girl likes him very much, but is afraid of what the world will say. Also what part of the country do you think best for them to live in? E. M. A.

The white and Mongolian races should not intermarry. Their customs and beliefs are fundamentally different. The prejudice of the world and "what people say" is based on this fact. No permanent happiness can come from the union of people whose ancestry and training lie worlds apart.

## ITCHING ECZEMA COVERED ENTIRE BODY, RESINOL CURED

Could Not Sleep, 3 Remedies Had Failed. Resinol Stops Itching Immediately. Boston, Mass., Aug. 11, 1914.—"My entire body, even my eyelids, was completely covered with blisters as large as a pea. When one would burst water would come from it, and then it would turn into a very painful sore. The burning and itching were something terrible, and I COULD NOT SLEEP nor rest. I think I had one of the worst cases of eczema a human being ever had.

"I used eight different kinds of remedies without success. I then tried Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap, and it stopped the itching IMMEDIATELY. I gradually noticed a change for the better. Now I am entirely cured, and am writing a pleasurable biography on my part of my body." (Signed) Edward F. McCullough, 36 River St., Mattapan, Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap are sold by all druggists. For samples, free, write to Dept. 6-D, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.—Advertisement.