

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Dancing

"The Miller Whirl"—A Brand New Dance for the Drawing Room.

No. 1—"The Grace Waltz."



The top picture shows the manner in which partners hold each other for the whirl.

The bottom picture shows the first movement in the grace waltz, which is continued for some time without either of the dancers touching each other, finally to result in the whirl as described.

Here is a great chance for readers of the magazine page to learn a new dance, containing three original and distinct movements, all of which can easily be carried out in the ball room or drawing room. This feature of the dance is the whirl, originated by the Millers nine years ago. One of its chief attractions is the absence of anything suggestive of ordinary turkey trotting, on which all lovers of good, wholesome dancing have put the ban. The dance will be described in three articles, one of which will appear each week.—EDITOR

By ETHEL MILLER.

(Of "The Marvellous Millers," now appearing in the New York Roots "Jardin de Danse.")

(Copyright, 1913, by International News Service.)

"We have called our new dance the whirl, because almost all the steps, which are in themselves very simple, depend for their originality on their whirling, or bodily expression. The first phase of the dance is in waltz tempo and is really very simple, indeed. We waltz Boston fashion, in the regular position for dancing, but not touching each other, beginning with the old-fashioned waltz step and gradually allowing the Boston glide to become more pronounced. "The man leads the direction, in a very simple manner, with his eyes. Then the man catches the girl, holding her right hand from behind with his left, spins her around and then catching her back to him, they dip together in the regular Boston dip. After this, the regular waltz is resumed and kept up till ready for the new movement. "There is no particular length of time set for the dance. It all depends upon the inclination of the dancers, which fact places it directly within the reach of all, for any good waltz can be used. "In the second movement, the man holds the girl exactly as he would in the regular waltz, but instead of directly facing each other, they incline toward the right to enable them to walk straight ahead. Then they take four very high steps, almost kicks, walking



THE FIRST MOVEMENT.

forward, then dip first to the right and then to the left, separate, and waltz back to back, come together again and dip, and then resume the ordinary waltz for as long a time as possible so as to prepare for the real whirl. "The whirl in this waltz movement requires a perfect floor, and incidentally, a perfect balance. We depend upon perfect balance for all our dancing. "The feature of the waltz whirl is what we

here that an amateur can spoil the grace and beauty of any dance, even if the steps are danced correctly. The thing is, to learn not only the dance, but to portray the soul of the dancer, so that every phase of the dance can be expressed both in the correct steps and in the more graceful addition of perfect bodily movements. "Another striking article by Miss Miller next week.

The Girl, the World and the Devil -- NO. 4--HOW TO KEEP A JOB

By ADA PATTERSON.

An editor whose feeling toward women was made up of one part admiration, four parts toleration and five parts compassion, once told me that a business woman's life is first a fight to get work, and second, a fight to keep it. He spoke with a good deal of truth. It is unpleasant to think of our business life as prolonged carnage, as a continuous case of "dog eat dog." The word fight suggests hatred, bitterness and destructiveness. "Let us think of our livelihood earning rather as a constant effort, a steady putting forth of energy into right channels. I grant that it is an effort to get work and that it is an effort to keep it. "But life without effort would be as interesting as the existence of an oyster, and effort rightly directed is the source of all the joy and all the success in the world. There is only one way to keep the work we have obtained. That is by increasing usefulness in it. It is not enough to be merely useful, but we must grow more and more useful to be of value to the person or set of persons, to the institution or the idea in whose interests we labor. One charge against us is that we are a little "set." Women are less inventive than men. We are less inclined to try new methods. As a sex we are still weighed down by inertia. Men are far more inclined to start boldly out in new paths than are we. Since that is a fault of our sex every individual of us must try to overcome it. Instead of doing our work as we did it yesterday we must endeavor to do it in the way it will be done tomorrow, and we must never, never argue for the old method with "the boss." Women are likely to fall because they inject too much personal feeling into their workaday life. They are self-conscious and self-conscious. That woman best succeeds who converts herself as nearly as possible into a machine during working hours, a very high-grade, smoothly working, intelligent machine, but with the precision, the accuracy and reliability and tirelessness of the best machinery. Self-consciousness makes women haggle over things. They haven't grasped the big, life-smoothing motto of able men that there are so many things that don't matter. Thinking about themselves makes them finicky and fussy and touchy. The worst mistake a girl can make is to carry out the plan you hear made at every downtown restaurant at every luncheon hour, to "maah the boss." It may amuse the man who directs your labor if you roll your eyes at him.

But it finds expression in the thought, "What a little fool she is!" And there is a strong probability that he will describe your airs and graces to his wife and cover with her as to whether to discharge you or to give you a little time to "get some sense into your head." They don't "since matters in the business world. They haven't time. Don't expect dining room demeanor in an office. Paste on the mirror in your room, girls, that of flirting is an unworthy by-product of business, like the poisonous gases discharged by valuable chemicals. Believe that it has no place in the business world and that if you hope to advance by it you will be bitterly disappointed. Every "boss" has his own "boss," be it person or corporation or the public to whom he is responsible, and he will not long allow fuzzy hair nor brilliant eyes to change his sense of values in the business world. Push self-consciousness and vanity so far into the background that they are out of sight and call during hours of work. "Don't try to strengthen your hold upon your "job" by excessive friendliness with your associates. In leisure hours we can

choose our associates. In business hours circumstances force them upon us. Extraordinary active kindness in civil or ordinary circumstances, as illness or grief, or death, and fairness and honesty always, we owe them, but nothing more. The work room, be it study or office, factory or shop, is no place for conversational matches. The head of a business looks with disfavor upon chatty employees. He knows well that gabbiness and gossip are a stain. There is a good foundation of truth in the saying, "Many a good man has gone wrong because, having nothing to do, he sat down after a half hour and talked too much." A business office is not a place for the display of social gifts. Crowd as much and as good work into the business hours as you can, and relax tension and tongue at home or among your chosen friends. May the writer respect to you the compliment she most treasures in her review of her business life? It was paid roundabout by a gruff, able man, who rendered a good, final account to his Maker. "The best thing about her is you never know she's about. She does her work and gets out."

Parkhurst on Auto Speeders

By DR. CHARLES H. PARKHURST. The time to commence enforcing a law is the instant it is enacted. Dispatch and severity, however trying to the first offenders, is mercy to the public. Smoking in the subways was stopped at once, because the first that disregarded the statute suffered for it. By a process of expectation aboard the cars. Promptness in these matters has economized the time of courts, saved people from having to pay fines, prevented a nuisance, and avoided the demoralization always incident to official contempt for official enactment. Nine-tenths of all the peril and the killing caused by automobile traffic would have been avoided by the same means. As soon as autists discovered that there was little or no risk involved in

speeding, in knocking people down and even in slaughtering, they were willing to take what risk there was and stand the chance of being held up, taken to the station house, reprimanded, possibly giving up a few dollars—dollars that meant so little to offenders that were well enough off to own a machine that the pettiness of the fine made the situation almost contemptible than if there had been no fine. There is where we are now. We started in that way and have gone on as we started and there is nothing better in sight. The whole situation is one of confusion, indecision and uncertainty. If, from the start, there had been determination on the part of the police, followed up by impartial but considerate severity on the part of the courts, all this street barbarism would have been flashed almost before it began. We have occasional spasms of enforcement, but they do not make good the general undertone of irresolution and are even more spectacularly insane than would be a consistent policy of indifference and apathy. Who is there, man or woman, that will champion a successful revolt against the steepest despotism of the automobilists?

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK. Bobbie, sed Pa to me last nite, do you want to be a club member & make a little coin for yourself? I want to mark a little coin, always. I told Pa, but I dont care very much about being a club member. I havent belonged to but one club, I told Pa, & that was the boys scouts. & I qu't them wen they wanted me to stand up on a hill in the rain & try to signal to a boy on a hill about a mile away. In the rain a hour & then I calm hoam I do not care much about being a joiner, I told Pa. We'l, this club that you ought to join isent anything like the boys scouts or a literary club or a debating club, sed Pa. I suppose you have herd about the yung men's Corn Club, sed Pa. Yes, I sed, I have herd about how the corn that is raised by the Boys' Corn Club is the best corn groved in the West. This is the same club, sed Pa. Now, then, there has been a other club formed, Pa sed, wich is to be called the Yung Men's Pig Club. How wud you like to join the Pig Club? sed Pa. I dont like the name very good, I told him. I think if the boys want to act like pigs they ought to get sum other kind of a name for thare club. Is you dont understand, Bobbie, sed Pa. This Pig Club is going to be a grand thing for boys to go into. It means a club of boys that will spend all thare spare time raising pigs off the corn that is raised by the Boys' Corn Club. All you have to do to belong to the Boys' Pig Club, sed Pa, is to have a cuppl of pigs. How about it? I wud be willing to do that if I had the pigs, I sed. All the trubbel is that I havent got the pigs & thare wont a place to keep them. Oh, I will get the pigs, sed Pa, & you can keep them in a little pig pen wich you can bild on our vacant lot. I will get you the pigs & you can bild the pen, sed Pa. He will do nothing of the kind, sed Ma. I am not going to have my son raising pigs as long as we live in town. It wuddent be so bad if he was out on a farm sumware, but he is not going to muss around with any pigs wile we live here. The neighbors wud complain & the pigs wuddent be helthy growing up in town. If Bobbie talks my advice he will wait till he grows before he joins any club at all. It will be bad snuff for him then to have a club meeting every nite in the week, or sum lodge. That is always the trubbel, sed Pa. The minit I try suggesting sumthing to improve our little son's mind, sed as a Pig Club, you always step in with sum objection, & everything is spoiled. Oh, well, let him go along & be a lazy little mischief if he wants to. I ain't lazy, I told Pa. If you will get me the pigs I will join the Pig Club, but I dont like to what Ma doesnt want me to. If Ma ys it is all rite & if you bring hoam the pigs, I will do the rest. Never mind now, sed Pa. It is all spoiled now, I ought to have known better than to make a suggestion. There is a lot of wimmen that cud learn sumthing by belonging to such a club, sed Pa. Maybe if they belonged to a Pig Club & saw how selfish pigs is, they wud stop being selfish themselves. Thin Pa went into the library & began to read the lives of the Martyrs agenn.

What Kind of Perfume Do You Use?

Rita Gould Tells How the Wrong Kind of Perfume May Upset Your Whole Nervous System.

By MAUDE MILLER. Did you ever stop to think that every perfume has a personality? This will perhaps give you a different idea as to perfumes and their use, for Miss Rita Gould says it is quite an art to be able to choose your perfume to fit your temperament. "In the first place a great many things have to be taken into consideration. One has to be careful in choosing a characteristic color lest the spiritual part of oneself be smothered by the physical. This always happens in the case of a heavy hastily chosen sachet or perfume which is carelessly applied. So many women are thoughtless in this respect. They like a pleasant odor about them and use it lavishly, not realizing that they are often positively offensive to other people. "A heavy perfume is often very wearing on a person's nerves, and if prolonged will really result in a bad temper. A perfume is very like a flower. There are many flowers that are sweet to smell at random and yet cloying and unpleasant to have around a room where the air is apt to get heavy. A perfume's ultimate mission is to express personality. So it must have two qualities above



all. It must be delicate and elusive in color, and yet very strong in that thing that, after all, is the one thing that makes for personality, originality. If one is very young, the perfume should be very youthful, like the warm freshness that youth radiates itself. The perfume should be a counterpart of the facial beauty of the individual. It should be fresh like the breath of a soft curved mouth, faint, like the tremulous pink that comes and goes with the vagaries of youth, and subtle, like the faraway glimpses of the soul that we read now and then in the eyes. "And after all, why do we use perfume? And how much should we use? After any gratification of the sense that may at first drift across our minds, we

decide that an intimated personal fragrance adds definitely to the character. But remember, its presence must be intimated, not blatantly waved in the nostrils of any one who comes within any distance of you. It must drift from your garments as you stir, and yet it must be so intangible that just as a perfume has definitely decided on the perfume you are using some new quality will make itself evident that will perhaps after all, come from what you yourself have imparted. Of course, you know that there is a great deal in the fact that perfume must be suited to you, and there is such a thing as deciding upon the wrong thing, just as it is possible to wear an unbecoming color or a hat or gown that is not suited to your personality. If

you find that a perfume is not all that you decided on in the beginning, try again, and never be satisfied until your perfume breathes all that you desire, it means so very much in the final satisfaction of both you and your friends. "And when you have chosen your odor, you may so make it a part of your daily life and use it so uniformly in every stage of your toilet that people will unconsciously connect it with you definitely, and you will have a personal fragrance all your own."

How to Make the Best Cough Remedy at Home
A Family Supply at Small Cost, and Fully Guaranteed.

Make a plain syrup by mixing one pint of granulated sugar and 1/2 pint of warm water and stir for 2 minutes. Put 2 1/2 ounces of pure Pinex (fifty cents) in a pint bottle, and fill it up with the Sugar Syrup. This gives you a family supply of the best cough syrup at a saving of \$2. It never spoils. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours. The effectiveness of this simple remedy is surprising. It seems to take hold almost instantly, and will usually conquer an ordinary cough in 24 hours. It tones up the jaded appetite and is just laxative enough to be helpful in a cough, and has a pleasing taste. Also excellent for bronchial trouble, bronchial asthma, whooping cough and spasmodic croup. This method of making cough remedy with Pinex and Sugar Syrup (or strained honey) is now used in more homes than any other cough syrup. This explains why it is often imitated, though never successfully. If you try it, use only genuine Pinex, which is a most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, and is rich in guaiacol and other natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this combination. A guaranty 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.

What's Indigestion? Who Cares? Listen!

"Pape's Diapepsin" makes Sick, Sour, Gassy Stomachs surely feel fine in five minutes. Time! In five minutes all stomach distress will go. No indigestion, heartburn, sourness or belching of gas, acid, or eruptions of undigested food, no dizziness, bloating, foul breath or headache. Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its speed in regulating upset stomachs. It is the surest, quickest and most certain indigestion remedy in the whole world, and besides it is harmless. Millions of men and women now eat their favorite foods without fear—they know Pape's Diapepsin will save them from any stomach misery. Please, for your sake, get a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any drug store and put your stomach right. Don't keep on being miserable—life is too short—you are not here long, so make your stay agreeable. Eat what you like and digest it; enjoy it without dread of rebellion in the stomach. Pape's Diapepsin belongs in your home anyway. Should one of the family eat something which doesn't agree with them, as in case of an attack of indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis or stomach derangement at daytime or during the night, it is handy to give the quickest, surest relief known.—Advertisement.

The Tearful Wedding Guest

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX. So she doesn't want to go to the theater with you unless you can buy the very best seats in the house, and after the theater when you took her out for some ice cream at the little candy store she sniffed and began telling you about the fine suppers some other man gives her when he takes her out. What shall you do about it? I know what I'd do about it if I were in your place. I would stop caring the snap of my fingers for what such a goose of a girl says or hints—or even thinks. What does she think you are—a millionaire, and what is she, pray tell, a princess of the blood royal? What sort of a home has she—does she live in a palace or in a castle, and how many times does she expect her friends and acquaintances to knock their heads on the floor before they dare to come into her august presence? What claim has she to such royal tastes? Is she such a gorgeous beauty that no man can look at her without a dreadful fluttering of the heart? Is she an intellectual giantess, whose every word sparkles with the encrusted wisdom of the ages? Or is she just some little pug-nosed, round-eyed girl who would never be missed if she stepped right out of the world this very minute? I never saw a really beautiful or really fine woman in my life who cared a cent about having people "spend money on her," just to show how much they thought of her. What sort of a wife would a girl like

that make an honest, hard-working man? Why, she'd make you live on one meal a day, and that a meager one, just so that she had fine feathers to show her friends to prove how much you loved her. Make a home for you—never in the wide, wide world. She'd rather have a two-room flat without a window in the second room and sleep on something that pretended to be a bookcase or a writing desk, or anything except a good, sensible bed, and eat on some kind of a shelf rigged up to hold the gas plate—than to live in the prettiest, most comfortable little house in the world. What she wants is show, display. She'd rather have a hall boy in buttons at the front door of the flat than a delivery boy with a good porterhouse steak and some green vegetables at the back. She isn't a real woman at all, this girl of yours, young man. She's just a poor, little, pastboard imitation—like the beautiful little ladies who hold up baskets of flowers in the garden scene at the theater. Turn your eyes away from her, young man, she isn't even worth looking at. The Big Squeeze. Customer (in store): "Gracious, who's the fellow back in the rear there raising so much Cain with the clerk?" Salesman: "S-s-s-h! Not so loud. That's the boss, the big squeeze, the chief executive, head of this establishment." "But what on earth is he jumping up and down for, flinging out his arms and thumping the counter for?" "He's the boss, I tell you. That's his idea of executive ability."—St. Louis Republic.

Brandeis Stores
January White Sale
Next Monday—Wait for it!