

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

"Whiz--and Walk a Mile!"

BY NELL BRINKLEY

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Madame Isbell's Beauty Lesson

LESSON I. Care of the Skin.

The most attractive feature in feminine beauty lies in the texture and color of the skin, and a beautiful complexion will redeem almost any other fault in the face. The infant's undeveloped features have no beauty--time and character have not yet stamped expression on the face, but the soft tints of the skin are exquisite. In the young girl the strongest appeal lies in the delicacy of her coloring, and a mature woman without a clear, unwrinkled skin is sadly handicapped.

Every woman desires a nice complexion beyond anything else, and every woman should possess it. I do not believe in the necessity for yellow discolorations, premature wrinkles, roughness and eruptions. Nine-tenths of these come from improper treatment or lack of care, the rest from ill health, discontent and worry; they can all be avoided and in a large measure overcome.

Few women take proper care of the skin, and this abuse dates from childhood. Recently I paid a visit to what seemed an ideally appointed nursery. The mother, a college trained woman, married to a man of wealth, was able to give her three little girls every advantage that science and means could afford. They were under the charge of a trained nurse, who seemed to take perfect care of them in every respect, save that she did not know how to wash their faces.

How I longed to interfere when I saw her scrub each face vigorously with a square of rough toweling, rubbing their faces downward and drying them in the same manner, without thoroughly rinsing away the soap she had too lavishly used. What was wrong? Why, to my mind, everything was wrong--the cloth, the soap, the manner in which they were used and the lack of proper rinsing.

This is my rule for washing the face of a young child. During infancy nothing rougher than absorbent cotton should touch the face; as the skin thickens a square of soft linen is better, as it offers more resistance. The cloth should be absolutely clean; that is, it should be washed in boiling water after each use. Babies need no soap on the face; when the children get to the grimy age soap may occasionally be necessary, but it should not be applied directly to the face or to the washcloth. Use a strong lather of soap, dilute it until it is lukewarm and wash the face gently, but thoroughly, with this.

Follow this with a thorough rinsing, first with lukewarm and then with cold water, until there is no trace of soap on the skin. Then wipe the face with a series of gentle pats, never rubbing the skin downward, but always upward and across. In fact, never rub the skin at all, simply pat it dry. Washed in this way the skin is perfectly clean, every particle of soap removed, the touch of cold water has hardened it against contact with the air, and it has not been stretched or made coarse by hard treatment.

There is no substance known so delicate as the human skin; it is elastic to a great degree, capable of absorbing by means of the exterior surface and the capillaries that nourish it; it is keenly sensible to heat or cold, and it should, in short, have the greatest possible care. Rough, on the contrary, it is generally very roughly treated. A woman will spend hours washing and drying a delicate piece of embroidery or lace, or fearing to trust her own skill, she will send it to a professional cleaner, but she will give half a minute to washing her child's face, using strong soap and a rough cloth as aids, and a few years later wonder why the child has not a good complexion.

I am not a great believer in soap, but it is difficult to induce busy mothers to entirely discard it. Be sure to get an absolutely pure soap--it need not be the most expensive on the market--and then bear in mind that even in pure soap there is some free alkali present. That is why I lay emphasis on the necessity of thoroughly rinsing the face after soap has been used.

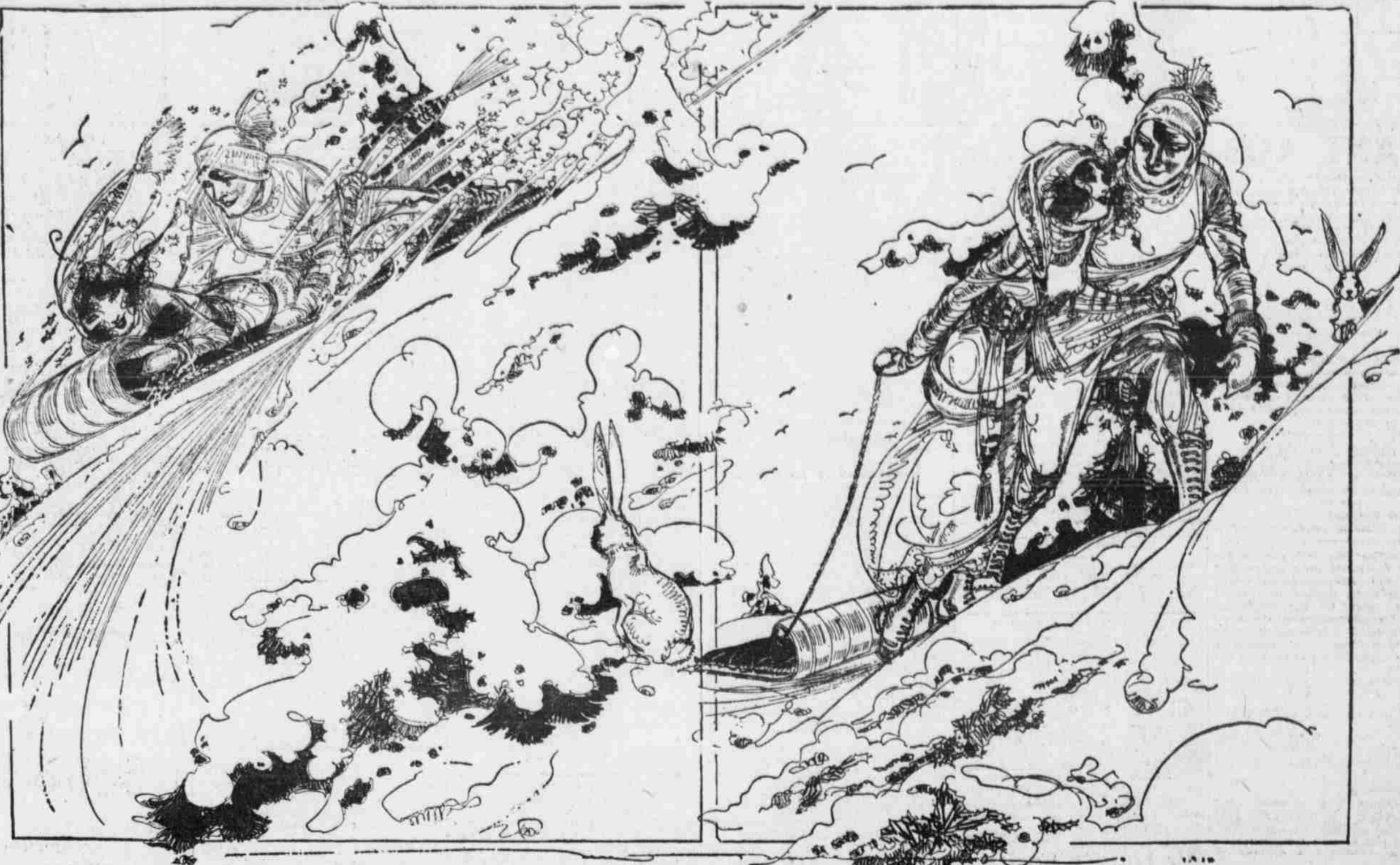
Madame Isbell
(Lesson I to be continued.)

Grandma Never Let Her Hair Get Gray

Kept her locks youthful, dark, glossy and thick with compound garden Sage and Sulphur.

When you darken your hair with Sage Tea and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it's done so naturally, so evenly. Preparing this mixture, though, at home is messy and troublesome. For 50 cents you can buy at any drug store the ready-to-use tonic called "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy." 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 hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully darkened, glossy and luxuriant. You will also discover that gray, faded hair, though no disagree, is a sign of old age, and as we all desire a youthful and attractive appearance, get busy at once with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur and look years younger.

Advertisement.



Up in the white, still country--the north--where the snow lies deeper on the level for months than the top of your sweetheart's head, there's a rugged old mountain lifts its head high above the St. Lawrence. High above its silver-birch and hemlock cloak, from the very tip-top, a gorgeous toboggan trail of five tracks falls away it seems from the very blue of heaven and leads like polished silver ribbons into the valley below.

At midnight--in the stinging hush--the fellows and girls in their scarlet sashes and toques drop down it in flying fives like lost comets and then "pike-way" back up again, dragging their bone and ivory-runners toboggans behind until 2 in the morning!

Saturday afternoon in the zipping, biting sunshine they go down

and up--down and up--tireless, laughing, laughing, apple-cheeked! It's a tremendously long flight--but so swift it is that before you have taken another breath from that gasping one you drew when the bar was drawn from under the five-poised racers at the top and you dropped--dropped into silvery space--you are sitting in the valley rubbing the frost and snow dust from your lashes--laughing hard about nothing--and struggling to your moccasined feet to help drag the light--now lifeless--velvet-padded ice-bird up the long slope again. And that long pike back is nothing--just nothing at all!--when you are red-blooded and there's a bigger hand than yours gripping the rope, too, and the moon's high, and there's another keen, sweet flight ahead with the flying snow and ice-like glittering star-dust stinging your cheeks and chin until the blood stings!

But all this--the slipper-footed, sloe-eyed Chinese servant in the club house at the top called very foolish--poor wisdom! And one day, peering out at the sailing toboggans like black chips in the slope of a falls and their long struggle back, he scornfully and smilingly dubbed it the "Whiz--and walk a mile!"

This is one kind of "Whiz--and walk a mile." A flight like a star that has slipped its anchor, and though long, long, long. But this kind doesn't hurt anybody in the world--though there "is" them--that--like the mocking Chinese--find a mile-long tramp a bit of plum-foolishness to win a minute's wild joy!

Tomorrow I'm going to show you the other kind of whiz--and walk a mile!--so different a kind.

NELL BRINKLEY.

DIAMONDS BY LOUIS TRACY MONTE CRISTO A THRILLING STORY OF A MODERN CRISTO

(Copyright, 1914, by Edward J. Clode.)

The human eddy in that brooding center of life was sending off its swirls to all points of the compass, and the east-bound vehicles were boarded by an eager crowd almost before the passengers arriving at the terminus could descend.

A poor woman, greatly hampered by a baby, was struggling with others to obtain a seat in the Mile End road bus. Philip, coming late on the scene, saw her sweep ruthlessly aside by a number of men and boys. The conductor jerked the bell-rope several times. There was no more room.

The woman, white-faced and disappointed, looked around with a woe-begone expression. Philip, who would have gladly paid for a cab to take her to her destination, dared do nothing of the sort. But he said:

"Keep close to me. I will get you a seat in the next bus."

"Oh, I wish you would," she said, with a wan smile. "I am so tired. I have walked here from Shepherd's Bush."

"That's a long way to carry a baby."

"What could I do? People won't take care of children without payment. I heard I could get work in a laundry there, so I went to look after it. There's nothing to be had down our way, is there?"

"Things turn up suddenly," said Philip. "Not for the poor, my lad. I fear you know that without my telling you. But you are young, and will soon be a man. Her wretched tone went to his heart.

"Didn't you succeed at the laundry?" he inquired.

"Yes; I ought to be thankful. I can earn 3 shillings a week there. I start on Monday."

"Isn't your husband at work?"

"He is dead. Poor fellow, he caught cold last Christmas and was buried in January. God only knows how I lived since. If it wasn't for the kindness of neighbors baby and I would have starved. I can't afford this tuppence, but I can't walk any further."

"Well, look out now," he said cheerily. "Here's our bus."

As the vehicle drew up he caught the brass rail with his left hand, and warded off assailants with the bundle under his right arm.

"Quick," he said to the woman, as soon as the people inside had descended. "Jump in."

She essayed to do so, but was rudely thrust aside by a young man who had paused on the roof to light a cigarette. Philip sprang onto the step and butted the young gentleman in the stomach with his parcel, causing the other to sit down heavily on the stairs. The boy caught

the woman's arm with his disengaged hand and pulled her up. He dived in after her.

"You young --," roared the discomfited smoker.

"Ere! Come out of it," said the conductor. "Why didn't ye sit damn before? D'ye want a hit?"

Others hustled the protesting one out of the way.

"Confound the East End, I say," he growled, as he crossed to the Mansion House. "What the deuce Lady Louisa Morland wants to keep on sending me to that wretched mews for I can't imagine. Anyway, I can tell her this time that the place is empty, and will be pulled down next week."

And thus it was that Philip collided with Messrs. Sharpe & Smith's clerk, detailed by the anxious Lady Morland to discover his whereabouts. They met and bumped into each other in the whirlpool of London just as two ships might crash together by night in mid-Atlantic, and draw apart with ruffled feelings, or scraped paint, which is the same thing, without the slightest knowledge of each other's identity.

Within the omnibus the woman was volubly grateful. She had a kindly heart, and timidly essayed questions as to Philip's relatives, hoping that she might make their acquaintance.

"I'll be bound now," she said, "that you have a good mother. You can always tell what the parents are like when you see the children."

"My mother was, indeed, dear to me," he replied sadly, again recollections of the mournful recollections those suddenly induced, "but she is dead, lost to me forever."

Some people in the bus ceased talking. They were attracted by the strong, clear voice of this unkempt boy, whose diction and choice of words were so outrageously opposed to his garments. Luckily, the silence warned him, or his new friend's sympathy might have brought about an embarrassing position. "Poor thing! And is your father dead, too?"

"Yes. He died long ago."

"Where do you live now?"

"Oh," he said, "I have been staying in North London, but will leave there soon, and I have not settled anything definitely at present. Where is the laundry you spoke of? I will call some day, if I may, and learn how you are getting on."

"I will be so pleased. It is a little place in James street--the only one there. Ask for Mrs. Wrigley."

"It is lucky you understand laundry work, or things might go hard with you."

She laughed pitifully.

"I don't! They asked me if I was a washer or an ironer. I thought washing required less experience, so I said I was a washer. I am quick to learn, and will watch the other women. If they find me out I may be discharged."

"Oh, cheer up!" he said, pleasantly. "I don't suppose you'd find it very hard."

Her voice sank almost to a whisper. "It is not the work I dread, but the surroundings. I was a school teacher before my marriage. My husband was an electrical engineer. We put all our savings into a little business and then--the end came."

"Not quite the end. I am only a boy, but I've had ups and downs enough to know that the beginning of next week may be a very different affair to the end of this. Good bye."

They were passing the London hospital, and he thought it prudent to alight at some distance from Johnson's Mews. "Well, God bless you, anyhow," she said, earnestly.

"E's got 'is 'ead screwed on tight, that lad," commented a man sitting next to her.

"Better than that, he has a good heart," said Mrs. Wrigley. Most fortunate Mrs. Wrigley--to have encountered Philip in that hour, which she deemed the blackest in her life.

He hastened through the familiar bustle of the busy thoroughfare with heightened expectancy. It is true, but devoid of the least fear that his meteor had been discovered. His mother would take good care of it. Why, the mere chance remark of the woman--he had watched and showed that her gentle spirit wended over him wherever he went. Here was a stranger, a sad toiler among the millions, who went out of her way to praise the goodness of one she had never seen. He would have further cause to bless his mother's memory.

He passed O'Brien's shop. He saw the old man seated behind the counter. Should he go in? No. Better keep wholly to himself at present. Yet he hesitated. Which was the more judicious course--to remain hidden, unknown, or to drop quietly into the groove where he was recognized? With rare perspicacity for one so young, he reflected that only five days had elapsed since he last saw the old pensioner. The period boded largely in Philip's life; in O'Brien's it would be as naught.

Yielding to the second thought, he entered the shop.

"Glory be to God, Phil, but it's myself is glad to see ye," cried his old friend. "Where have ye bin to, at all, at all? Have ye heard what the murderin' War Office is after doin' to me? I haven't had a soul to shake up to about the trouble they've put on me in me would see."

This was not strictly accurate. O'Brien had pestered the whole neighborhood with the story of his withheld pension and the preposterous claim made on him by some red-tape enthusiast in Pall Mall. But his plaint effectually stopped all further reference to Philip's disappearance. As to the "bit o' shone," that was "nawthur alum nor lime," he hadn't a word to say.

Philip borrowed a spade, a small sweeping brush and a strong sack without evoking the slightest comment from the pensioner, who discoursed incessantly on the iniquity of the "government," and whose farewell remark dealt with the attempt to rob him of "a hundred gawdion sov'ins."

Decidedly the boy was in luck's way. He had secured some necessary implements without attracting any attention. Watching a favorable opportunity, he slipped unseen into the gloom of Johnson's Mews. He tried the door of No. 3. It was locked. He inserted the key and entered. The darkness within was that of utter blindness, but he dumped his impediments on the floor and locked the door behind him.

Beginning With Her Nose

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

The tip of a girl's nose! Sometimes rounded, occasionally painfully sharp; often saucily upturned, and just as often drooped. Preferably white, but sometimes, owing to indigestion or poor circulation, a little too pink, and oft-times, for similar reasons, a little shiny.

She cannot change the shape, which is fortunate, for this would mean another torture, since no girl is ever satisfied with her nose. But she can put a little powder on the end and hide the pinkish hue or cover the shiny spot.

She could, of course, go to the root of the trouble and eat fewer sweets and deny herself rich pastries, but self-denial is not characteristic of young girls. And they are not by themselves in that!

There is nothing on the market as inexpensive as face powder. It is the one thing the high cost of living should affect, and the one thing it does not. For 10 cents a girl may buy enough face powder to last her a month, and if she continued to use it as sparingly as the first time, when she gingerly touched that pink or shiny spot on the tip of her nose and then rubbed it off, a 10-cent can would outlast several generations.

But she is less timid the second time, haven't had a soul to shake up to about the trouble they've put on me in me would see."

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(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

made; in brief, that some of the powder from her powder can has gotten into her eyes, blurring her vision to all that is for her own best good.

But no man should condemn her too harshly. Let him look at the tip of his own nose, and see what is the story it tells.

HOW TO GET RID OF YOUR SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

I Cured Mine by a Simple, Safe, Harmless Treatment Which Can Be Used at Home with Complete Success. Age and Severity No Obstacle.

Prominent Lady Offers to Tell Her Secret FREE

I am a woman who belongs to a family whose women members have been especially addressed to remove the hair from their faces. I have a horrid case of hair growth, which quite spoiled my face.

ALL SORTS OF DRESSING, BUT I WAS A FAILURE. I suffered a great deal, but I was not cured. I was told to use a certain preparation, but it did not do any good. I was told to use a certain preparation, but it did not do any good. I was told to use a certain preparation, but it did not do any good.

And I have decided to put my name into the hands of all other women that they too may be cured of their hair. I will tell you the secret of my success and happiness. I will tell you the secret of my success and happiness. I will tell you the secret of my success and happiness.

FREE, and I will see that you have full particulars without delay of how I succeeded in destroying all signs of my hair growth so that I never again had to suffer from it. I will send you a stamped address envelope and address your letter to Mrs. Kathryn Jenkins, Agent, 512 E. T. No. 24 Purchase St., Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Jenkins for years was a well known member of Society at Stratton, Pa., and much given to philanthropic endeavor, and the chemist she refers to is widely known as a man of learning and integrity and one of England's leading scientific chemists of the highest standing. All readers of this paper who have been disappointed with ordinary depilatories and advertised remedies should write to her at once. Her address is Mrs. Jenkins, Agent, 512 E. T. No. 24 Purchase St., Boston, Mass.