

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Milady's Summer Coiffure

Five Charming Styles Fully Described

By Olivette

Posed Especially for This Page by Members of Ziegfeld Follies



No. 1—For sweet sixteen.



No. 2—A quaint style.

There is almost no excuse for every girl not to be pretty this season. It is generally acknowledged that "Woman's crowning glory is her hair," and this season the style in coiffures is not limited to one pattern. With a dozen accepted methods, of arranging her locks, milady of the spring season has blossomed out like the flower gardens.



No. 3—"The Perfect Rose."

curling tongs will permit. Number one is Julia Deaubien, who looks like the sweet daisy of the fields. She suggests youth and wistfulness, with her hair plaited loosely into a braid in the style so becoming to the natural girl in her teens. Above this braid her curly locks are parted low on the left side, and arranged in such full softness on either side of this parting that her coiffure suggests an unconventional pompadour rather than the ordinary part.



No. 4—"The Tango Swirl."

and parts it in the middle, pulling it low on her forehead in two deep waves, and then gracefully down over her ears into a soft knot at the back. A hair dressing of this sort gives to a girl's face the quaint charm of the old-fashioned garden. Next is Gladys Feldman, whose coiffure is done with the cultivated elegance of the gardener's joy—the perfect rose. The hair is parted just to the left of the center and marveled into deep and regular undulations. Soft little tendrils curls are pulled over the ears and down on the forehead to take any harshness from



No. 5—"The Flaming Poppy."

the parting. The back of the head is covered by a puff of the hair which supports a Spanish comb thrust in at a slant. Number four is the exotic gardenia, Eleanor Del, who wears her hair in the new style known variously as the French twist and the tango swirl. The hair is pulled up at the crown of the head and coiled tightly away from the ears and the nape of the neck, and then thrust under its own twist to form a cushion of smooth-lying hair. Then it is pulled loosely over the forehead and allowed to shadow ears in front enough to insure becomingness.

Hazel Lewis, who is pictured in the fifth place, represents the flaming poppy type, with her hair as softly luxurious as the colorful leaves of the scarlet flower that is her prototype. The hair is parted in the middle and draped loosely over the ears. Then it is caught high to the crown of the head, where it is banded in a circle about a soft psychic puff that is done crosswise. One of these styles will be becoming to you, surely. What flower type of loveliness do you represent? Make sure, and then arrange your hair to accentuate it.



Madame Isabella's Beauty Lesson

LESSON IX—PART VI.

Personality in Clothes.

A correspondent writes me asking "just what I mean by 'expressing personality in clothes.'" A woman's personality is something that belongs to her, that differentiates her from others. It does not depend on beauty, neither is it entirely a question of character; it includes the dozen little mannerisms, characteristics, graces that make up the composite mental picture that we have when we think of a certain personality, some the reverse, and there are vague, colorless people who seem to have no personality at all—they are mere colorless reflections of what passes about them. Women of this sort are apt to dress much as everybody else dresses; there is so little expression of themselves in what they wear that it might as well be a uniform.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt, the great French actress, is a most conspicuous example of "expressing personality in clothes." The actress wears rich materials, the long sleeves and high neck trimmings that she has effected for years seem as much a part of her and as expressive of her personality as her golden voice or her wonderful hair. On the other hand, you cannot imagine such raiments worn by any other woman.

The modern American type, whether it be young girl or matron, is more apt to be smart and vivacious than picturesque. Very elaborate dressing does not suit her; it is apt to overshadow if it does not entirely kill her charm. Smart clothes of the simple, rather girlish order, she wears to perfection.

Do you know some woman who looks her best in gray? You cannot imagine her in any other color, and yet it is not because gray is the only color that suits her eyes and hair; it seems to emphasize something more subtle and yet more important than surface coloring—her personality.

In my next lesson I am going to take up the question of proper breathing and its effect on health and beauty. Later on I shall give exercises for reducing and making the figure more supple.

Madame Isabella

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Don't Be Riddleless.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young girl of twenty-three, and keep company with a young man of seventeen. He has asked me to marry him, and I don't really love him, but I have been going out with him so long that I don't like to refuse him. He makes me feel like a weak and silly thing, and I don't know what to do. What do you think I should do, as I know he would feel very bad if I broke with him? M. G.

A boy of seventeen is a mere child and not in any way ready to assume the responsibilities of marriage. You should never have accepted serious attentions from so young a boy. He will feel badly for a little while if you refuse him, but he would be far more unhappy in a year or so if he found his youth handicapped by the burden of a wife and family.

Yes.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Will you tell me whether or not it is necessary to have a chaperon in this case? I think it is necessary, but am told I am too critical. An affianced couple who do not visit a friend in the city, I think that as they are going among strangers and stay for two or three days they would do the proper thing to bring a chaperon. My friend contends that engaged couples do not need a chaperon—that it is a reflection on their propriety.

Question Him.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young lady of 17 years of age and desire to have a man of 25. I have been going out with him quite often and he has treated me real nice. Now I have heard that if I hear that it almost broke my heart. Shall I ask him if he is married, or what shall I do for if I have to give him up it will break my heart? Kindly advise me what to do. E. M.

Tell This Man that you must know the truth.

If he is married you will, of course, have nothing more to do with him. The man who pretends to be single and so wins the love of a good girl is a black-guard—no less.

To Have Perfect Skin Throughout the Summer

These days the face needs special care and attention. Flying dust and dirt, heating sun, are severe on any skin. Their despoiling effects are best overcome by the application of pure mercurized wax. This keeps the skin and pores in a clean condition, the complexion beautifully white and spotless. Discolored, freckled and roughened cuticle are actually absorbed by it. One ounce of mercurized wax, obtainable at any drug store, is sufficient to completely renovate a soiled complexion. It is used like cold cream, allowed to remain on over night, and washed off in the morning.

As the skin tends to expand in warm weather, causing wrinkles to form, a good astringent lotion should be used. Dissolve one powdered azoic in a pint witch hazel. Bathe the face in this during the heat of the day or before going out for theater or social affair. It is a remarkable skin tightener and wrinkle eraser.—Advertisement.

The Domestic Millennium

By DOROTHY DIX.

A prominent woman, of the new feminist school, who possesses a beautiful home, a perfectly good husband, and a flourishing law practice, recently scandalized her old-fashioned sisters very much by declaring that she only devoted twenty minutes a day to her housekeeping.



"There, did you hear that?" cried the old-fashioned women, who were sitting to their housekeeping. "Just think of doing your housekeeping in twenty minutes. Why, we put in almost that many hours doing ours and we'll water our new spring lawn against a cockney that there's dust under her beds, and loaves of bread in her garbage can, and that poor, neglected husband of hers never has a mouthful that is fit to eat."

But in this the ladies guessed wrongly. There isn't a better run house in the community, her better dinner than those of the twenty-minute-a-day housekeeper. The reason of this is because the real mechanics of the household are carried on by an intelligent young woman, who is a graduate of a domestic science school where she has been taught that a budget is next in sacredness to the ten commandments, and to market so scientifically and economically that she makes the average housewife look like a prodigal daughter bent on riotously wasting her substance.

The experience of this woman lawyer, who provides all the comforts of a home for her family, and still conserves her time and strength for the practice of her profession, is interesting in two ways. First, because it gives a practical answer to the question "What will become of the home if women continue to follow after marriage the business or profession for which they have prepared themselves, and in which they were successful?"

These women will simply hire a professional to run their homes, and marketing, a business man hires his bookkeepers, and clerks, and truck drivers to do the details of his business. It has always been an economic waste to put a woman with a fifty-dollar-a-week earning capacity into a kitchen to do a six or seven-dollar-a-week job.

Moreover, because a woman as a crackjack stenographer, or a hypnotic saleswoman, or a talented newspaper woman, or lawyer, or doctor, was no guarantee that she could cook. On the

Cooling but Nutritious—Ideal Summer Food

You should cut out meat very largely in summer, because it is too heating. That doesn't mean that you have to sacrifice nutrition, for there are other foods that are much more nutritious than meat and yet are cooling foods.

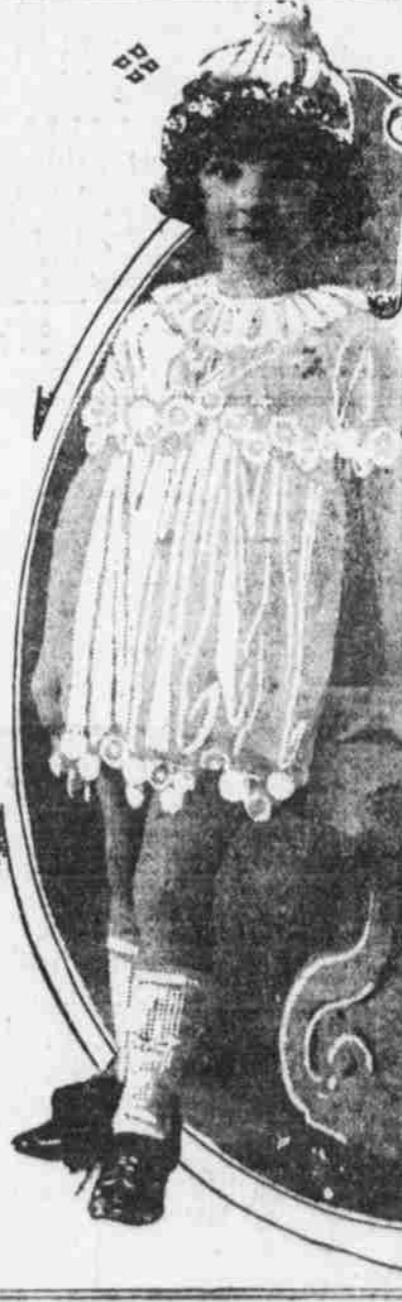
Take Faust Spaghetti, for instance—here is an ideal summer food. A 10c package of Faust Spaghetti is four times as nutritious as meat. It is made from select Durham wheat, which is rich in gluten.

A great variety of dishes can be prepared from Faust Spaghetti—savory, appetizing meals that can be made very quickly. Write for free recipe book and find out. Faust Spaghetti is sold by all grocers in 5c and 10c packages—order today.

MAULL BROS., St. Louis, Missouri

For the Kiddies

A Charming Novelty Fully Described by Olivette



The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

"I was reading one of Mister Longfellow's poems last night," said the Manicure Lady, "and it had a line in it that said 'Let us then be up and doing.' So I made up my mind that it would be a good idea for me to get up in the morning and start off with a hustle. I showed the poem to Wilfred, too, because I thought that it might give him a hunch to get out and pull one of Spring's fairest jobs, but he just looked kind of languid and said that nobody could make a creamer hustle."

"It's pretty hot weather to be up and doing," said the Manicure Lady. "There was a guy in here this morning that was on the edge of a sunstroke."

"Maybe there was 70 per cent of something wet in his system," said the Manicure Lady. "A gent can't keep cool if he is all the time drinking rickys. But even little me, that never wastes no time drinking tea drinks to keep cool, found it kind of hard to this morning to follow Mister Longfellow's description of how to keep successful in the bruising battle of life. But I tried to start out the day real and earnest. I got down here to the shop almost a hour ahead of time, and here I have sat for part of the forenoon, waiting for some sump to come in and have his nails did. What is the use of being up and doing if there ain't no body to do? Goodness knows I don't want to be cynical, but it seems to me that it ain't the hustlers in this world, that get the cool corners. You would think that a

girl in dead earnest, like me, after getting up a hour ahead of her regular schedule, ought to reap some kind of a reward for it, even if it was only a few actors and their heavy voices and their light tips."

"Industry never helped me none," said the Head Barber. "The harder I work the less I have. And I know that life about being up and doing, too, but ever since I started playing the ponies I found out that no matter how early I got up and doing there was a few bookmakers that had been up and doing longer than me. It makes a fellow kind of discouraged. Why ain't I got the same right to get a bankroll that them rich guys has?"

"Because you never was born to be rich," answered the Manicure Lady. "You was born to be a barber. I think I was born to be a grand lady, and it may turn out that way before I get too old to want to have my picture in the paper, but you was born to be just what you are, and there ain't no hope for you, George. In my I beheld a gent that was robbed of any chance of greatness the first day that he was a long shot at the track. That was your last chance, George. The beans has been spilled ever since, and you must resign yourself to the fact that you are just what you are."

"But I feel kind of languid, too. I supposing that my dream about being a great lady may never be the truth, but in any event, this warm weather takes a lot of ambish out of one. I can't even talk consecutive today. Well, here comes that professor of mathematics that was in the other day to have his nails did; I must be up and doing."

Feminist Reforms

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Copyright, 1914, by the Star Company. An Englishwoman of great brilliancy of mind, married to a brilliant man for twenty-three years, has a home in the country while her husband lives in London.

Recently she was visited by a reporter, and in the course of an interview she said:

"There are weeks when we do not even see each other. I cannot imagine that two persons can live together 95 days of the year for a lifetime with becomingly horrible boredom. If I had never been separated from my husband I feel sure that I could not have written the romantic love letter, really a wild letter, that I sent him this morning just before you came."

It is quite all right for this lady to express herself as happy and satisfied with conditions which have seemed to prove suitable for her own particular case and her own particular temperament.

But she has no right to assume that other people who live together under one roof, from year's end to year's end, must be "horribly bored," or that romantic love and sentiment cannot remain with them.

It is the writer's belief that occasional separations are advisable for husbands and wives, and parents and children, and brothers and sisters, for all people, in fact, who are accustomed to dwell together.

Just as the magnet seems to lose its power over the steel when the steel becomes thoroughly charged, so people are affected by too constant association frequently.

And just as removing the magnet from the steel gives it new force of attraction, so the separation of individuals will restore the magnetic influence.

Then again, it sometimes requires a perspective to fully appreciate the charms of lovely scenery; and the same can be said of the characteristics of those who are near to us; we see and appreciate their best qualities, sometimes, by separating from them.

But when we say that to keep love and romance alive in the heart we must dwell together only for brief periods of time, we express a very shallow conception of real love. There are husbands and wives who have lived, toiled, hoped, waited, played, traveled and studied together for a score or more years, and found life growing sweeter, love deeper and happiness more profound with each year. To them all the little daily happenings seem to glow with the charm of the unexpected; each morning beckons them forth to new adventures in the great wonder world of existence; and the commonplace events of life reveal new depths, finds new expressions, understands the profound language of silence better and better; and so united are the lives and hearts that a brief twenty-four hours of separation necessitates a week of closer intimacy and conversation to repair the broken threads of mutual interests and pleasures.

There is no association of lovers, no romance of the honeymoon, which can compare with the varied sources of happiness and the far-reaching enjoyments of two people who have lived for more than a score of years in ever-increasing pleasure in each other's companionship. There are many such people to be found in our midst. The writer recalls one pair of comrades, who had lived in this delightful companionship for more than fifty years,

when both were summoned, within a year, to pass on to other realms.

Still another who have dwelt together in ever-growing love and friendship (for such love rears its towers on the solid base of friendship) for forty years; and still another for a decade less. Unselfish love, romantic sentiment and common sense friendship all unite to hold these hearts in lasting affection.

The same woman, who expresses herself as believing that continual association destroys romance, says also that she believes in trial marriages. She says: "Until love is freed from the obligation of support no man can know that he is loved for himself, no woman can be sure of the disinterestedness of her affections. I believe, of course, that every man should support his child up to the age of 21."

But love must be freed from commercialism. And in order to do this we shall have to try many experiments. One of the experiments I propose I call "no obligation of marriage." I don't use the expression "no obligation" as equivalent to trial marriage. If two people were to inhabit the same house, the man living with the girl's family for only a year, it would be impossible to conceal small habits, peculiarities and moods which sometimes play as great havoc with marriage as vice itself. Such an experiment, a novitiate for marriage, would tend to diminish the evil effects of the sex spell."

Two people who lived in the house with relatives for a year, without the marriage tie, and the perfect consolidation of interests to unite them, would almost invariably dissolve their engagement and break off their marriage before the expiration of the trial year. The situation would be unnatural. The interference of others and the consciousness of being under espionage, would create false conditions and place both lovers at a disadvantage.

Whatever reforms the feminists undertake to bring about in the matter of love and marriage, this proposed arrangement will certainly prove to be a miserable failure. Two people might in such a situation become involved in endless quarrels and misunderstandings, while if they were lawfully married and left alone they would get on amicably and with increasing affection and perfect understanding.

If the trial marriage omitted the marriage relation, the experiment would prove nothing at all of the real nature of either, the man or woman, and if it did not omit it, then it would simply complicate our social conditions with legalized social evils.

The feminists must suggest something better than this, or no reasoning or sensible human being can take them seriously.

The Concealing Adornment.

An eastern authority says men wear mustaches to hide and modify their atrocious homeliness. He says he hides his own upper lip in this way because it looks like the upper lip of a man who would set fire to an orphan asylum and dance in the ashes—a Neroic upper lip, as it were.

This is somewhat broad charge, as all mustache wearers will duly aver. There are mustaches far uglier than the ugliest of upper lips. There are mustaches that would frighten a blind man. There are fringy mustaches that loudly suggest the scowls of yesterday.

But they can't be done away with by sneers, or jeers, or even leers. You can't do away with an adornment that in its universal pull begins with an emperor and ends with a Tartar.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Drawing the Line.

The teacher was seating pupils alphabetically. "All those whose last names begin with the letter A please come forward," said she. When these were assigned their places, she said: "Those with the letter B," and so on through the alphabet. "I am unwillingly said. "All the J's may come this way."