

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Beauty

Smiling and Whistling is Carroll McComas's Secret

A Wonderful Cloak



I feel my smile down to my finger tips.

Cheerful wrinkles never hurt.

Whistling prevents a double chin.

By MAUDE MILLER.

Perhaps you don't know that the old age wrinkles that come from smiling are much different from all other wrinkles. I think this is a real beauty secret, don't you? And it is such a good secret that Miss Carroll McComas of the Marriage Market company, wants to share it with all of you.

If you have been in my place you would have felt rather helpless before this lady of many talents, for Miss McComas can dance divinely, sing adorably, whistle like a veritable mocking bird and smile more attractively than all of these put together. And now you will all say that she must be well-nigh perfect. She is. And she is going to talk to you now about her greatest attraction.

I was standing in the wings when she danced out, flushed and adorable, from a dance number, and she wrinkled her pretty face in her never to be forgotten smile when I told her what I wanted.

"O, yes I have an unflinching suggestion that will rival any beauty doctor in the world," she said, "it is truly wonderful—just smile. I used to think about my smiles, but now I just smile and let the rest take care of itself, for I am perfectly conscious of the fact that people who laugh a lot can never be lonely. Our friends never notice it if we are, they are too busy being amused at our smiling countenances."

"I always wrinkle up my eyes when I laugh; it brings dimples into play in the most unexpected places. Yes, wrinkles, too, I know, but wrinkles that come from cheerfulness never hurt. They are only simple creases that come from unhappiness and tears. I wrinkle up my nose, too, when I laugh; it adds to the general effect. I feel my smile down to my finger tips, and even down to my feet. When I smile I really give my whole self up to it, and I believe in smiling freely. I like to have people know me by my smile, because I try to have it reflect my true appreciation of everything there is to smile at in this dear funny old world. I believe in smiling about our failures as well as our successes. Who was it that said so aptly, 'If we smile about a trouble it's a bubble blown away?' Oh, it takes grit to laugh when we are down. I know it does, but does it do any good to cry? And it is such a comfortable feeling to know that we are being beautiful all the time. That is a compensation that atones for any heart-ache."

"Perhaps it would not be too strange to add a word right here about whistling."

To any one who wants a pretty mouth, this suggestion will be invaluable. Some girls can't whistle, but every one knows how to go about it, and whistling results in four distinct beauty rules. You hardly believe that possible, do you? But I can prove to you that it is so. First of all,

it inflates and therefore develops the lungs with each deep breath that is taken. Every one knows how very important a good breathing apparatus is to any beauty devotee. Then, second, whistling keeps the muscles around the mouth firm, preventing the sagging of

approaching age. Third, it prevents all possibility of a double chin; and, fourth, it imparts to the mouth a tender, coaxing expression. This last may sound rather frivolous in the face of others, but I think it will appeal to most girls of today.

"Some day whistling is going to play a large part in the world at large than it does at present, but until it does practice it whenever you can, and above all don't forget to distribute your smiles far and wide. Smiling brings to us all winsome youth and interesting age."

Seven Deadly Mistakes of Matrimony No. 3—To Marry Out of Your Class

By DOROTHY DIX.

The third deadly mistake of matrimony is:

To marry out of your class.

This is true whether you marry above or below yourself, whether you have to undergo the torture of realizing that you are being dragged down by your husband or wife, or are forced to suffer the humiliation and agony of being hoisted up to his or her level. There is no peace or happiness in either process.

If you would be happy though married, don't marry out of your own class either financially, socially, intellectually or morally.

Of course the least important in equality is the matter of money, but this is only unimportant when the advantage of money is with the man. A poor girl may marry a rich man without endangering their chances of domestic bliss, since custom makes man the purse bearer and woman the recipient of his generosity, but a poor man marries a rich woman at his peril.

Marry in your own social class. Men make the mistake of marrying out of their own order often more than women do, because there is a tradition that the husband lifts the wife to his social level. That may be true abroad, where the wife of a duke becomes a duchess though he took her from the slums, but it is not true in this country, where women make society, and where a man's social position is determined mainly by his wife.

The illusion also obtains among men that they can develop their wives, and a girl can be changed into anything that her husband pleases. Misled by this theory, a man who comes of cultured and refined people, and whose mother and sisters are gentlewomen, often marries a girl far beneath him in the social scale, one who has had little education, whose family is loud and florid, and whose associations have been common and vulgar.

He believes that marriage will change her into the likeness of his mother and sister, but nature is stronger than marriage, and as she grows older she grows more like her own people. You cannot change blood and breeding. The Flanders mare remains the Flanders mare to the end of the chapter. She never becomes a thoroughbred, and the man whose taste is for thoroughbreds will vex himself and her, too, as long as they live, demanding from her the impossible, expecting in her the qualities that he has no right to expect.

As for the woman who marries a man out of her social class, God pity him and her both, for there is nothing else on earth that gets so much of a woman's nerves as a husband of whom she is ashamed, and assuredly there can be nothing more lacerating to a man's vanity than a wife who stands in attitude to him of a school mistress and a mistress of deportment, and who is continually correcting him and telling him what he can do, and mustn't do.

Nine-tenths of the tragedies of matrimony are the direct result of people marrying in their own intellectual class. Men captured by a beautiful face marry women whose heads are stuffed with

sawdust. Immature girls, blinded by romance, marry men with no more intelligence than a tailor's dummy, or men who are mere money making machines. Then these men and women who are big-brained, great-souled and broad of sympathy find out that they are tied for life to those with whom they have not one thought or aspiration in common, and who do not even understand them. It is as if one vitally alive was bound hand and foot to a corpse.

Finally marry in your own moral class. If you are religious, if you place great stress on the moralities, and even the conventions, marry one of the same ilk, and whose conduct squares with the Ten Commandments. Don't marry a poor, weak sinner, believing that you can reform him or her.

You may forgive, but you will never forget, and always the blackness of the wrong that has been done and that cannot be ignored will shadow your happiness.

Not often a man marries a woman with a past. Occasionally he does, however, but it almost never turns out well. No matter how straight the wife walks, the husband is always suspicious of her, and in times of domestic stress by word or look he throws up to her the thing that she most wishes forgotten. It is a cowardly and ungenerous thing to do, but very human.

The man who has sown his wild oats fares better than the woman when he marries. So does his wife, for men and women sinners are not judged by the

same standard, and it is less mortifying for a wife to know that people are recalling her husband's lurid past than it is for a husband to know that gossip is busy with his wife's; but all the same, doubtless the man with a noble, Christian wife, who is lifting him up to the higher life, could unfold a tale of suffering that wouldn't give the early martyrs anything on him.

We had as well face the truth first as last, that happiness in matrimony is to be found only in congeniality, and we like best, and get along most comfortably, with those who are born to the same things that we were, who have about the same amount of money, the same education, who are used to the same conventions, and who have the same tastes in literature and pie that we have.

But in New Orleans last year died a soldier braver than any of them. A little cripple who never complained of her halting lot. A soul that did not burst the bonds of selfishness because there were never any such bonds. Poor and weak, so far as mere purse and flesh went, she found the free night schools of New Orleans and taught in them until she died. "Saint Sophie" they called her, and never did general bear more glorious title.

Count the gallant deeds you've known the gallant souls whose secrets of courage you know; are not there as many women as men? Yes, to be sure there are as many. Brave women, gallant girls. We all know them. Let us fit the adjective to the deed, not the sex.

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The Gallant Girl

By ADA PATTERSON.

Formerly we never thought of applying "gallant" to anyone but a man. There were gallant officers, gallant warriors, gallant the savers, gallant rescuers of persecuted innocence. But no one has ever thought of such a thing as a gallant woman.

The story of the wreck of the Volturno showed the world that men have no longer any right to the monopoly of the word. Victor Rodstrom, chief steward of the Volturno, said the women were braver than the men. "No special writer seeking to paint a pen picture or draw a moral penned it," the Scandinavian officer, the snows of the north country in his blood, told it without emotion. "The women were calm," he said.

Serious opponents of suffrage for women have said that women should not be allowed to vote because they cannot be depended upon in a crisis; that they are sure to "lose their heads when they need them." Yet when did woman ever need her "head" more than did those doomed women on the burning decks of the Volturno? If ever women had cause to be proud of being women it was in the face of that cool report of the chief steward of the fire-wreathed ship, Casabianca has been a model of courage for boys ever since the thrilling verses about the boy who stood on the burning deck were written. The women of the Volturno are made famous by the words of the steward. "The women are braver than the men. The women were calm."

Gallant girls! Brave women! There are plenty of them. Harriet Quimby, the girl who flew across the English channel and dropped to death in the Berkshire hills was a gallant girl. Every woman who scares away a burglar from her too heavily sleeping spouse and her dinner silver deserves the adjective gallant. The woman who guides her own automobile or someone's else, threading her way through the thousand perils of a city street or across the lonely dangers of plain and mountain from coast to coast as two girls did, is a symbol of gallantry.

In New York a fragile little woman dates death every day by going into that infamous corner, Chinatown, and trying to rescue white women from the deadly opium habit and the deadlier companionship. "Some day you will be beaten to death by one of these thugs," the police have warned her again and again, and always she makes the same answer. "I know it, but it is my duty to do what I can."

Rose Livingston cares nothing for her frail little body. She is possessed by one thought, to drag another woman from the hideous slavery. Some day she will fall into one of the dark, ill-smelling cellars to her death, or clawlike yellow fingers will strangle her, but she cares not, for she is a gallant girl.

The picture of the gallant soldier we all know. He rides into battle, the proud central figure of a magnificent procession. Eyes brighten and hearts beat faster at the sight. There is music to cheer him and he knows that if he dies in battle the world will ring with plaudits of his gallantry. "He fell in a gallant charge upon the enemy," the papers will say, and there will be a mountain of flowers on his grave, as there should be.

But in New Orleans last year died a soldier braver than any of them. A little cripple who never complained of her halting lot. A soul that did not burst the bonds of selfishness because there were never any such bonds. Poor and weak, so far as mere purse and flesh went, she found the free night schools of New Orleans and taught in them until she died. "Saint Sophie" they called her, and never did general bear more glorious title.

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Gifts

By CONSTANCE CLARKE.

Life offered to her treasures, love and fame, Gave me to choose, and out of darkness came The glad reality of dreams come true, The thing men die for that is granted few.

Flushed with the noontide of a great success I worshipped Fame and counted all else less, I probed no further than my wished for gain, Nor dreamed a deeper meaning bought with pain.

But sometimes when unbidden memories call Deem Fate unfair that would not yield me all, I wonder, eyes lost in the blue above, What Life would mean if I had chosen Love.

Here is a beautiful cloak of moleskin, in a model just created in Paris. Leopard skin and skunk are employed for decorative purposes as shown in the picture. Combined with a hat made up to conform with the style and material of the cloak it forms one of the most magnificent appearing outfits invented by the Parisian furriers this season.



Woman and Business

By ELBERT HUBBARD

The other day a woman from Kansas spent a few hours at East Aurora, having just dropped in on her way home from an excursion to Niagara Falls.

This woman was left a widow six years ago, with a brood of seven youngsters, the oldest one 15.

At the time her husband passed away I remember sending her a letter of sympathy and condolence. I thought of how hard and difficult her position in life was and I expressed my feelings in good conventional English sob stuff.

But when I met the lady the other day I did not waste any of the lachrymose on her case. She informed me, in the course of a little talk, that her oldest son was manager of an elevator at \$1,500 a year, and the oldest daughter was teaching school and drawing \$60 a month.

Then the lady went on to tell us she had just sold five carloads of steers that netted her in Chicago an even \$90 a head, which makes eighty head in all.

The amount of mutton this woman received, after deducting freight, was a trifle over \$7,000.

She told us that she was raising cattle with the intention of marketing 100 head a year.

She also was raising hogs so to send to the packers about 300 head a year. These

at present prices would bring at least \$20 each. And she keeps no more live stock than she can raise feed for.

She had cleaned up the mortgage since her husband's death, and all things considered, is getting along fairly well.

And yet we are sometimes told that women have no head for business.

What is business, anyway, beyond supplying human wants? And that is just what housekeeping is. Farming is running a garden and keeping house on a little bigger scale than the average housewife does.

The reason this woman is not miserable is because she is busy. She is making money. She is bringing to bear a degree of attention to details and a wise supervision which the average man, perhaps does not and can not.

Also, let nobody feel sorry for the farmers of America.

High prices mean prosperity for the farmers, and when the farmers have money to buy with business is on a safe footing.

We hear considerable about business being dull, this for the reason that banks have not had money to loan equal to the demand.

Instead of business being poor, however, this tokens that business is good. Merchants have not overbought. Stocks carried are small.

There has been very little over-expansion.

Everybody who can work and will work has a job.

Wages were never so high as they are today, and the common people never had so much money as they have now. This is shown by the facts that railroad and steamship lines report the best summer's business they ever had.

Altogether the general situation is improving slowly, surely, steadily.

Those Who Rely on

the great home remedy which has proved its power to relieve safely and speedily the minor ailments arising from defective or irregular action of the organs of digestion, find themselves spared hours of suffering and able to ward off the attacks of serious sickness.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

never disappoint those who take them. They help the digestion, stimulate the liver, clear the kidneys and regulate the bowels. By purifying the blood they increase cheerfulness and create confidence. As actions depend on health and strength, those who know Beecham's Pills

Enjoy Life

Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c, 25c. Beecham's Pills have the largest sale of any medicine in the world.

This is Guaranteed to Stop Your Cough

Make this Family Supply of Cough Syrup at Home and Save \$2.

This plan makes a pint of better cough syrup than you could buy ready made for \$2.50. A few doses usually conquer an ordinary cough—relieve even whooping cough quickly. Simple as it is, no better remedy can be had at any price.

Mix one pint of granulated sugar with 1/2 pint of warm water, and stir for 2 minutes. Put 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a pint bottle; then add the Sugar Syrup. It has a pleasant taste and lasts a family a long time. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

You can feel this take hold of a cough in a way that means business. Has a good tonic effect, braces up the appetite, and is slightly laxative, too, which is helpful. A handy remedy for hoarseness, spasmodic croup, bronchitis, bronchial asthma and whooping cough.

The effect of pine on the membranes is well known. Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of Norwegian white pine extract, and is rich in gualic acid and other natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this combination.

This Pinex and Sugar Syrup remedy has often been imitated, though never successfully. It is now used in more homes than any other cough remedy.

A guarantee 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.