

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Here Are Two Girls---

This is the Girl That Gets the Christmas Presents.

This is the Girl That Sells the Christmas Presents.



Shop early. Don't let your carelessness or laziness help to pile work on the girls in the store at Christmas time. If you're selfish, shop early for your own convenience. If you're unselfish, shop early for the sake of the employes.

## Gaby Deslys

Actress Says If You Are Going to Dress in the Height of Fashion Don't Be Afraid to Go to the Most Extremes :: :: :: ::



Here are three of the latest and most stunning costumes worn by Gaby Deslys, who is now on a brief tour of this country. Always regarded as the best dressed actress, Gaby never fails to startle her audience by appearing in wonderful gowns. Recently she began an engagement at the Palace, London, and there introduced, among others, these three costumes. This bathing suit, if not serviceable, is at least attractive. Gaby says that the tendency in bathing suits is more and more toward display and less toward utility, and, therefore, why not work this out to its logical limit? The picture in which she carries the muff shows Gaby's conception of the outcome of the skirt. "It has all the allurements of the present mode," she says, "and, if the practical part of fashion is to make locomotion easier, why not make it perfectly easy?" Therefore, in her own way, Gaby has removed the lower part of the skirt and displays her shapely limbs. The third costume is by Paul Poiret, the famous French designer of costumes, who is now in this country. This shows the adaptability of the lampshade effect, which is now in vogue, of less general use in the country. Gaby's costume in this case, however, is not recommended for general wear, as she is clad in lacquerettes. These she employs in her latest act. One will note the even present headgear and her tendency to wear her magnificent pearls upon any and all occasions.

## A Cheerful Wife a Real Home Maker

Husband and Children Think More of Easy Going Woman Who Smiles Than One Always "Cleaning House."

By DOROTHY DIX.

Know a woman—you know her also, or one who is her living image—who utterly wears herself to a frazzle, doing her duty by her family.

Her house is swept, and scrubbed, and rubbed and polished until it is clean and shiny as a new pin. Her husband's socks have never a hole in them. Her children's clothes are ruffled and tucked and hand-embroidered until they look as if they had come out of a Fifth avenue shop, instead of being made at home.

Not a penny is ever wasted in her home, and with her own hands she cooks dishes that require her standing over the stove for hours, because they are husband's or children's favorites.

Sounds like a description of the ideal wife and the ideal home, doesn't it? You would think that her family would worship her, wouldn't you, and you couldn't pry them away from their own fireside? But not so. The woman complains bitterly of the ingratitude of her family, and that they make no return in affection for the endless devotion and labor that she lavishes upon them. She says, truly enough, that they never stay at home if there is any other place to which they can go.

She doesn't know the reason why, but it's plain enough to every one else. She toils so hard doing the little things of

life that she has no time for the big things. She's so busy sweeping under beds and brushing down cobwebs that she has no leisure in which to get acquainted with her husband and children and to be companions to them.

Above all, she keeps herself so worn and weary that she is nothing but a bundle of raw nerves, and is so irritable that she nags and frets and scolds at her family and is about as soothing and agreeable a companion as a fretful porcupine would be. Therefore, husband and children dodge her society as often as possible.

Now, I am not minimizing the value of good housekeeping. It is essential to the health and happiness of a family that the house be kept clean, and the food well cooked, and the clothes mended, and the bills looked after. But it is of far greater importance that a wife and mother should be amiable and pleasant, and if she's just got enough physical strength to be one or the other, by all means let her put her force into jolly-making instead of jolly-making.

If you think over the woman you know whose husbands and children are crazy over them and who are always telling

what "my wife said" and "my mother thinks" you will have it borne in upon your mind that every one of these women are good humored, cheerful women, whose laughs are hung on hair triggers, and not one of them is a conspicuously good housekeeper. Indeed, some of them are woefully slack housekeepers. But the husband and the children don't care if there is dust on the upper right hand corner of the top pantry shelf, and they sometimes have to pin things together with safety pins because a button is off. Mother is so jolly and so ready to chime in with any youthful plan.

Wife's bills are not cut down to the quick, and her cooking isn't all that a fastidious palate could desire, but she is always there with the welcoming smile, and she's always so satisfied and such a good fellow and so ready to see a man's point of view, and, Lord, when you think of that and the kind of a wife some men have had washed on them. What's a tough steak to a tough disposition? What's watery potatoes to a weeping woman who is always in the doleful dumps? That's about the way one's husband

and one's children argue. It's about the way the matter strikes most of us, because we are not really so material after all. We care more for the spirit than we do for the body, and the people we love best and enjoy most are not those who look after our physical comfort. It is those who minister to our spiritual well being.

It is better for a woman to neglect her house than to neglect being with her husband and children. It is better for her to give them plainer food and more of her society. It is better for her to leave the kitchen sink unscrubbed than to refuse the children's invitation to go off to the park with them. It is better for her to put fewer scallops on her girl's petticoats than it is for her to be so much engrossed with making their clothes she has no leisure to devote to making their characters.

Therefore, when a woman finds out that she's so busy with her domestic affairs that she hasn't time for anything else, and when she realizes that she's so tired and cross after her day's housework that she can't laugh, the sensible thing is to cut down the housework until she gets

it to the place where she can look pleasant and act pleasant. That's the important thing.

And men make exactly the same mistake. Many a man is so eager and intent on making money for his family that he leaves himself no time in which to be a companion to his wife and children, and he comes home so dead tired from his day's work that he's as cross as a sore-headed bear.

The money that such a man makes brings a little happiness to his family as does the expert housekeeping of such a woman.

Fathers and mothers and husbands and wives owe the duty of cheerfulness and good humor and pleasantness to their families as well as that of providing for their physical wants, and if they must decide between the two, those who devote themselves to pleasantness choose the better part.

## As Seen at the New York Horse Show

By Nell Brinkley



At the left is Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, and at the right Mrs. W. H. Hearst.

## The New Corset For Fat Women



The new corset designed to coerce over-fat ladies into the new style gowns has three sets of strings. When you have one set adjusted you still have two more strings left. Think of that—and shudder.

To escape this fate, fat ladies should lose no time in securing one of the large cases of Marmola Prescription Tablets—that druggists and the Marmola Company, Detroit, Mich., sell for 75 cents. One of these tablets taken after each meal and at bedtime for a short while will make her independent of the new corset. Being made in strict accordance with the famous Marmola Prescription, these pleasant little standbys of the over-fat are perfectly harmless, except to the fat itself, which they not infrequently do away with at the rate of a pound a day, and they are also the most economical and least restrictive means for reducing fat one could adopt, as they get results without interfering either with one's easy chair tendencies or methods of diet, however gaudy.

## Iron Horse of India

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

The first railroad in India was opened just sixty years ago, November 25, 1853.

Over the subjects of the moguls and the rajahs the remorseless car of Juggernaut had rolled and crushed for countless generations, and now, at last, had come the car of progress, drawn, not by lazy bullocks, but by the



mighty though invisible power of steam, and destined to completely sidetrack Juggernaut and all the superstition and cruelty for which he had so long stood.

Then the vast Indian land, with its venerable past, its towering mountains of granite, its cloud-piercing mountains and majestic rivers, its ancient philosophies and hoary religious cults, its marvellous forests and jungles, its wealth of animal forms, and its innumerable royalties with their "barbaric gold and pearl," there is not upon all the earth a more interesting region.

And the wonder only grows when one stops to think that this stupendous empire is governed by a few thousand Englishmen, whose king lives hundreds of miles away, and whose language, religions, ethics, politics and entire habit of thinking and living are the direct opposite of that of the millions who are subject to their control.

For 150 years the little handful of Anglo-Saxons have impressed their will upon the mighty mass of Asiatic humanity, and, with a few trifling exceptions, no attempt has been made by 500,000,000 to stay the conquerer's hand or say unto him, "What doest thou?"

It is one of the most astounding miracles that is made known to us in the whole course of history, and perhaps affords us the most striking instance known of the omnipotence of will power and moral courage. To the student of psychology there is a personal interest in the subject of British rule in India—why it is, and how it is, that the little corporal's guard of Englishmen lives in the midst of millions of orientals are able to maintain their sovereignty over them.

## 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 3/4 pint of warm water and stir for 2 minutes. Put 2 1/2 ounces of pure Pinex (fifty cents worth) in a 3/4 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 scientific 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 gualacoid and other natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this combination. 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.