

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Bringing Up Father

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Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



Flatter Your Home Folks

By DOROTHY DIX.

Considering that vanity is the most prominent and universal human attribute, and that we are all brother and sister to the donkey who can be cajoled along anywhere, but cannot be driven a step, isn't it queer that we have never found out how much more efficacious a weapon praise is than blame?



Personally, we all know in our secret souls, that we are easy marks in the hands of the flatterer, and that we may be twisted around the finger of the jollier, and yet we are so stupid, that we never think of applying to those about us the means by which we are ourselves so easily worked. It's the greased hinge that swings to our lightest touch, not the rusty one that we batter at with a sledge hammer.

Of course, we should put in our best effort and time, and thought in correcting our faults and strengthening our weak performances. As a matter of fact we do just the opposite. It's our virtues that we magnify, and the things that we do well, and that we know we are going to be praised for, that we strive to do better and better.

It's the people who give us the glad hand that influence us, not those who stand by a club on us, and the surest way to develop the characteristic you want in anyone about you is to keep a rosy spotlight turned upon it.

For instance: Every mother is anxious for her children to be courteous, and to have good manners. In order to achieve this the average mother is just one incarnate "don't." It's Johnnie, don't come in the room with your hat on; Johnnie, don't sit still in your chair while a lady stands; Johnnie, don't do this; Johnnie, don't do that, and Johnnie gets his back up, and says to himself that he isn't going to be bothered with all that foolish nonsense and he's going to do exactly as he pleases.

I know one mother with two boys who, observing the futility of blaming children for their bad manners, decided to try what praising them for their good manners would do. She would remark where her Johnnie could hear it upon his exquisite courtesy to women, and thereupon Johnnie would break his neck to open doors, and pick up handkerchiefs for ladies, and you couldn't have kept him in his seat on the subway while a woman stood if you had nailed him to it. Johnnie's mother also casually remarked to him how gratifying it was to her that he had such good table manners, and from thereon Johnnie ceased to be a "spotter," and became a connoisseur among the which-is-which of the forks and spoons on the dinner table.

Another equally sagacious mother had a boy with no special aptitude for learning, and an avowed distaste for reading. In vain was he scolded for his bad marks at school and his lack of interest in his studies. His mother was in despair, until one day, just by chance, when some subject pertaining to United States history was under discussion, Tommy

was able to supply a date correctly that was in dispute. His mother saw a great light. She began to praise Tommy for his knowledge of history, and to casually refer to it before guests. It was up to Tommy to make good, and to sustain his reputation, and he began to study history with such vehement determination that he is getting a good education, and will probably be an authority on history, sure enough, some day.

I knew a little girl who had a terrific temper. Her mother tried in every way to teach her to control it. She pointed out to Sallie how unlovely and unattractive a shrewish woman was and how everybody would hate her and avoid her if she gave way to tantrums. All in vain. Sallie was insensible to that view of the subject. Finally one day her mother said to her, "You have a brilliant mind, and a wonderfully strong will. I wonder that anyone with your intelligence and your determination of character should be dominated by a weakness." That appealed to Sallie's vanity, and just to show that she was stronger than her temper she conquered it so that today she has a reputation for amiability.

And if you can do more with soft words

Beauty Secrets of Beautiful Women

How to Have and Keep a Clear Complexion, Told by Isabel D'Armond

By LILLIAN LAUFERTY.

Have you begun to wonder what has become of the girl who is petite and dainty and sweet, who is not an undulating giantess of snaky figure, but who represents lovely girlhood of the kind that has charmed and will charm through all the ages?

Does this present-day fad of making yourself over to be something the realist-poster-cubist school and its descendants dream after a Scotch woodcock plus a Welsh rabbit, leave you despairing lest girl—real girl—be going out of style and the dreaded "something just as good" be coming into take her place?

Be of good cheer. "Girl—real girl"—exists in spite of all the cut-of-the-same-pattern evidence to the contrary. She exists, for I have seen and talked to her, Isabel D'Armond—one of B. F. Keith's charming lights of vaudeville—is petite and dainty and sweet, and very, very clever—clever enough to understand her type and not depart therefrom, and sweet enough to flit through your brain to the tune of the dear old refrain:

Dainty little dimpled darling,
Fairer than the new-blown rose,
Pure and modest as the buds of spring-time.

Sweetest flower that blows:
Laughter like the softest music,
Roguish, smiling eyes of blue—
Ah, to know you is to love you, sweet-heart!

Dainty little ingenue.
All of which applies to dainty Miss D'Armond except that her eyes are softly brown with the pure blue-whites that betoken clean, sane, good health.

Even under her makeup, Miss D'Armond's skin showed clear and blemishless; her facial contours were firm and rounded with no sagging lines at chin or throat or eyes. No athlete in the prime of condition ever had firmer flesh and more satiny skin. And this is not the result of chance, for Miss D'Armond knows just how to achieve these results.

I do not believe in soap or even water for the face," said she. "Water makes for wrinkles, especially when its use is followed by that of a linen or damask towel. I use a bath towel to dry my face when I wash it once a week. Are you shocked at that? Please don't be, for I am sure I keep my face clean! Cold cream and plenty of it—that is my means for cleansing and keeping the flesh firm; and then I always rub up under the chin, up from the sagging wrinkles that like to cut a path from nostril to lip corners, and up under the eyes with light strokes. Cold cream packed firmly under the eyes at night keeps away the tiny network of wrinkles that it is so hard to avoid. And tiny strips of court plaster at the outer corners of the eyes and across the furrows that come between the eyes smooth them out.

"And now, listen to the party I have with myself once a week: On Sundays, generally, I wash my face, and it is quite a process, for only on one day of the week do I use water on my face. First a good washing with warm water and castile soap, then a thorough steaming, followed by a witch hazel rub, next a dash or two of cold water, and finally my old friend cold cream, again."

With Miss D'Armond's firm, satiny skin and clear facial contours to recommend her treatment, I add my endorsement for her theory; and if the girl whose face it too fat, or whose skin shows a tendency to sag or wrinkle, will

try it, surely she will bless pretty Isabel D'Armond, as double chins and sallow skin vanish and clear skin and firm flesh take their place.

"You go abroad so much," said I, "with a London season only a few weeks ahead, tell me just how you think our girls compare with those of other countries, won't you?"

"Oh, American girls are the prettiest of all," said this dainty American with the glowing enthusiasm she brings to whatever demands her attention. "American girls are well groomed, well bred and have a fine outdoor swing when they walk—that is if they walk naturally and not just a la mode. But fat does threaten

them with hard ones with children, how very, very, more efficacious is flattery than knocks in the family circle! Believe me, it is soft soap that makes the domestic machinery revolve without a hitch.

Who is the woman who spends hours and days joyously over the kitchen stove, concocting toothsome dishes for her lord and master? Is it the wife of the man who is always battling her because she can't make bread like mother used to make? Nay, verily. The woman who knows that her best culinary efforts are going to be growled over any way, stops on the way home from her bridge whist and buys an unsavory mess at the delicatessen store, which she sets before her grouch she is tied to.



Two Poses by Isabel D'Armond.

us—sweets and comfort and petting and pampering do that. I am very careful about not getting fat—and I take simple precautions besides plenty of exercise in the walking line.

"Let me tell you about my anti-fat methods—a glass of hot water the first thing on getting up in the morning and then a simple breakfast beginning with acid fruit. Plenty of hot water and good fruit keep the system clean and sweet. No potatoes, no bread—though unbuttered toast is harmless—few sweets, no fats and no water at meals—that is a diet that is not a hardship to endure. And that is not a fad—it is a fact in the thinning

process. I am not recommending anything that I have not tried out myself, and I am glad to help any girl who is determined not to be a victim of the "white woman's burden"—fat."

The great brown eyes looked at me earnestly, the merry mouth was ready to tremble into its infectious little crooked smile—one of the gayest, most heart-reaching smiles imaginable—and suddenly one of dainty Isabel D'Armond's beauty secrets revealed itself to me. It is this—her unselfish interest in me. It is that goes around her genuine admiration of other women, her sweet, same oneness with all of life.

that she is such a financier that if she had her due she would be secretary of the treasury.

Also, you may observe that the husbands who are nailed to their own fire-places are the men whose wives are always telling about how entertaining Johnnie is, and how big and strong and handsome and wise he is. Keeping flattery on tap at home is like keeping Scotch on the sideboard. A man doesn't have to run around the corner to get it. Also it's generally a better brand and not so expensive.

The moral of all is that praise is the lever by which each of us can move our little world. And the more fools we, that we haven't sense enough to use it often.

Suppose that a number of parties of explorers should be researching in a wide area of plains, forests and mountains, and that they were surveying, watching all the new and strange things discovered and making records. And that in time two groups should come in sight of each other. And that soon another and then another, until all were close together. Upon comparing notes of surveys imagine that these should reveal the astonishing fact that all of the groups were traveling toward one and the same point. This would surprise them and be of interest.

But all separate explorers are now surely and inevitably traversing lines in the mighty expanse that are actually converging. The explorers are coming in sight of each other and also in sight of the point of convergence. And the one central point, the focus, is: Nothing exists but electrons.

Suppose that the reader could go with-

The Father of Italy

By REV THOMAS B. GREGORY.

Camillo Cavour, the regenerator of Italy, closed his unselfish labors for his country and mankind fifty-two years ago, June 6, 1861, at the age of 61. But since we "live in deeds, not years," Cavour's early death in no way militated against the beautiful completeness of his life work.



Short as his fifty-one years were, they were long enough for him to practically finish the work that had been given him to do, and to die with the triumphant exclamation: "Italy is made. All is safe!"

In the annals of no nation on earth is there to be found an instance of greater patriotism than that which burned in the breast of Cavour. For Italy he lived, and for Italy he died.

In his ardent, devoted, unceasing struggle for the regeneration of his country he wore himself out, literally sacrificed himself to the cause that was far dearer to him than life. But for his devotion to the idea of a "united Italy" he would undoubtedly have lived thirty years longer; but what was life to him with the country that he loved split up into fragments and the dismembered parts kept in perpetual strife and degradation by scheming political tricksters?

When a very young man Cavour threw aside the allurements and advantages of his high social position and solemnly dedicated his soul to the cause of Italian unity. For a quarter of a century he thought of nothing else, worked for nothing else. Wherever he happened to be, Italy was first and foremost in his thoughts. No saint ever more ardently

adored his God than Cavour did his country, or worked for his religion more earnestly and unselfishly than Cavour did for the land that he so sincerely loved.

And what a giant he proved himself to be in struggling for the wished-for consummation! If statesmanship is to be measured by the difficulties contended against and the odds that handicap one, it is certain that a greater statesman than Cavour never lived.

Not in the ordinary history of diplomacy are there to be found more brilliant moves than those which were made by Cavour in the great game he played. With what consummate skill did he shuffle the cards in the Crimean war game, and in his later play with Louis Napoleon! With what sublime tact did he handle Victor Emmanuel, Garibaldi and the rest of the patriots who, along with himself were striving for the regeneration of Italy!

To do what Cavour did required the highest order of intellect, the most perfect skill, abundance of patience, a world of self-abnegation and, above everything else, a love of country that was without a flaw.

Oh, Isabel! You cannot love Cavour too much. In all probability but for Cavour you would still be what you were before he was born—a lot of disjointed principalities and dukedoms, the prey of adventurers and scoundrels, the victims of the jealous competitors in the struggle for power and self—rather than what you are, a united nation, free, proud and progressive, with your face toward the sunrise and your hands reaching out for the grand destinies that unquestionably await you.

To this magnificent result Victor Emmanuel contributed his part, as did Garibaldi and Mazzini and a host of others; but all would have failed but for the genius and devotion of the man from Turin—Camillo Cavour.

Sweep of Science Toward Infinity

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Sweeping now through the very portals of infinity, the imposing march of late science is impressive and awe-inspiring. Modern man is awakening to a glimpse of realization of his powers. Recent extreme accuracy in refined research, in measurement, weighing and computing has surpassed all previous attainments.

In this note some idea, it is hoped, will be given of what explorers, researchers, diggers and delvers are doing in the task of storming the very bulwarks and battlements of nature. A search the like of which hath not been made before, a series of investigations surpassing in microscopic precision the work of all past centuries, with instruments of such excessive delicacy that all preceding apparatus fails in comparison, a search by night and by day, is now in a state of activity.

The recent isolation of one electron and determination of its properties proved to be a turning point in the advance of man, in every way equal to the discovery of universal gravitation by Newton.

Two capital discoveries—one in 1898 and the other in 1910—are the cornerstones of that magnificent temple, the Temple of the Sciences. The act of weighing one electron in the laboratory is the equal of weighing a pair of colossal suns 600 trillion miles away.

The separating of one electron from out of many quintillions of others and the finding of its inertial and potential required more skill in manipulation of another kind, however, than that of finding the quantity of matter in a pair of revolving suns.

Suppose that a number of parties of explorers should be researching in a wide area of plains, forests and mountains, and that they were surveying, watching all the new and strange things discovered and making records. And that in time two groups should come in sight of each other. And that soon another and then another, until all were close together. Upon comparing notes of surveys imagine that these should reveal the astonishing fact that all of the groups were traveling toward one and the same point. This would surprise them and be of interest.

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Suppose that the reader could go with-

out food or sleep during one year and could center the eyes during the year, and also the mind, to the exclusion of all thoughts on any other subject, upon these almost supreme words: Nothing exists but electrons; then by the end of the year one momentary and fleeting glimpse of their stupendous meaning might possibly be secured. And if the glimpse lasted during the one-hundredth part of a second of time, then astonishment would submerge the entire mind. Even these mighty discoverers, isolators, measurers and heighers have by no means been able to grasp the vast import of these four words so near the Creator.

It would be a good plan for busy people when at work, or on boats or trains to mentally repeat to themselves many times during the day these four impressive words.

If it were within the power of man to force electrons to his down side by side in contact—impossible, however—then a row one inch long would contain 1,770,000,000,000 electrons. Electrons are composed of pure negative electricity.

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SPLendid HOT WEATHER FOOD

You should eat meat very sparingly during hot weather — meat heats the body. At the same time, you must eat nutritious food. Try Faust Spaghetti. It is a nutritious, non-heating food. Made from Durum Wheat, the cereal that overflows with gluten, a muscle, bone and flesh builder. A 10c package of Faust Spaghetti contains as much nutrition as 4 lbs. of beef—ask your doctor. Write for free recipe book and find out how many different ways Faust Spaghetti can be served to tease the palate. Sold in 5c and 10c packages. MAULL BROS., St. Louis, Mo.