

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Beauty Secrets of Beautiful Women Helen Page's Unusual Method of Retaining Youth's Charm



Helen Page, One of America's Most Beautiful Actresses.

By LILIAN LAUFERTY.

Of course, it is a moot question whether a man can by taking thought add a cubit to his stature; but long ago woman decided that by taking pains she should add vast amounts to her beauty. And now we have on our ranks a gentle voiced prophet who is sure that "by taking thought of beauty we may possess beauty—that by loving loveliness we may possess beauty—that by loving loveliness we make it ours."

"Have you a beauty secret?" I asked Helen Page—one of Marcus Loew's most brightly twinkling stars. "Will you tell me and all the rest of the seekers after pulchritude how to get about increasing nature's dower?"

Miss Page smiled with serene assurance. "I think myself lovely," said she. "Any one can do that—if she believes it, and believes in the power that created harmony, not discord. The day is surely coming when faith will give a woman all the beauty she desires."

"Enough to dispense with 'make-up' if she is an actress?" I quizzed. "Could you think yourself cheeks so red that the footlight glare would not pale them?"

"Oh, I don't expect to see that," answered the little lady to the interview

with undiminished sweetness. "But twenty or thirty years from now I think the world will be ready for a woman to go before the glaring stage lights and project beauty over that white glare just because she feels herself part of the universal perfection. Now I won't try to convert you to science—but surely you can answer this question but one way: Does a woman who is gracious, sweet and kind and who is filling her mind with beautiful thoughts, radiate a certain charm?"

"Oh, yes," agreed the interviewer. "I know women who exhale an atmosphere of sweetness as a rose does perfume."

"Exactly!" exclaimed Miss Page with satisfaction. "Now we are on common ground, and we can look on beauty from a mental science angle—though don't forget that I feel sure all the world will some day see beauty and health from the point of view of the greater science."

"Now my theory of beauty is to think beauty—not to see ugliness—to feel that there is no evil, and so surround yourself by an atmosphere from which you absorb and to which you give the real beauty of spirit."

"Honestly, now, can't you see how bright that would make eyes, and how sweet mouths would be and how soft and fine a skin would have to grow in my

rare thought-atmosphere?"

Do you know, little sister skeptics, I did begin to see! Think of the pink and white im-perfection, tango-tea ladies, with near-ruby lips and near-sight belladonna eyes you see prancing about in sun-glare and white-lights stare! Don't you wish they would think themselves some soul-beauty, a touch of spirit loveliness and get a real "bloom of youth" instead of the white-lead, red-paint, hard-as-nails kind?

Now Helen Page puts theory into practice and her shoulder to the wheel, too! "I live an absolutely regular, on-schedule-to-the-minute life," said she. "I get up at 7—and in regular order there follow hot bath, donning of riding togs and breakfast. That is always staved fruit, toast and coffee. There follows a fifteen or twenty mile gallop, in that perfection of loveliness, God's out-doors, the life-giver for us all, on foot or a-horseback. Then comes a quick, cold plunge, a simple luncheon at 12:30 exactly; the afternoon round of duties, a supper at 8 and my evening work, which is not work, but a chance for self-expression."

"Oh, yes, we can all think beauty," continued Miss Page, "and we can unthink past errors in the line of hips and double chins if we add a little practical effort to our thought."

The Sins of Parents

By DOROTHY DIX

One of the hardest laws of life is that the sins of the parents are visited upon the children. This has been true from the days of Adam down, but we are only just now beginning to be enlightened enough to have some conscience about making our children pay our debts to nature, and to realize that we have no right to pass on our physical, mental and moral afflictions to another generation.

The crime of crimes is for diseased parents to bring into the world a child that is doomed to suffering, and sickness, and weakness and failure, before ever it is born, or one in whose veins runs the tainted blood that leads almost inevitably to the prison, or the insane asylum. By the side of that murder is a small matter. To give life is just as serious a matter as to take it, and often far crueler, because those who are killed have on an instant's pain, whereas the unfit must go through weary years of an existence that is a perpetual torture.

The sin of the parents are visited on the children morally just as much as they are physically, and there can be no stronger incentive for people to live decent lives than that their children must reap as they have sown. It is the parents who open or shut the doors of opportunity to their children. The son and daughter of the father and mother who are honored and respected find that the world is, at least, willing to give them their chance, while the children of the drunkard, the thief, or the woman whose name is on the lips of scandal, are handicapped at every turn, and condemned before they have had a chance to prove themselves.

A boy may be as honest as the day, but "like father like son," says the merchant to himself, if the father has been dishonest, and so he refuses to give the youth a place in his store. The girl may be as pure as a lily, but if her mother has the reputation of being a light woman, "she's her mother's daughter," says the young man in his thought, and he looks elsewhere for a wife.

The children are punished for the sins of the parents. We may think this unjust, but it is one of the inexorable laws of fate that there is no way to avoid.

Recently I have had two very pathetic letters from two young business women, each of whom made a fine place for herself in the commercial world, but each of whom is being called on to suffer for the sins of her mother.

One of these girls writes that her mother is a confirmed drunkard, and that although everything has been done to try to break her of her evil habit, she comes home two or three evenings a week reeling drunk. Her girl spends her hard-earned money buying furniture and comforts for the home, and the mother when she can get money no other way sells and pawns the furniture for drink.

This girl has been cut off from all the natural pleasures of life by her mother's sin. She cannot talk with her acquaintances to such a home. She dare not invite any young man to visit her for fear that he will see the hideous skeleton of this debauched mother that she tries to keep hidden in her own closet. She is even ostracized by the girls that she calls her friends.

The other girl's mother is leading an irregular life. This girl says that she was so ashamed of her mother's conduct that she would never tell any of the girls in the store where she lived for fear they would come to see her, and so find out about her mother. At last she fell sick and they did come, and when they knew her secret they refused to have anything to do with her when she went back to work. She was also engaged to be married to a worthy young man, but when she revealed to him how her mother lived he broke off the match because he was not willing to marry into such a family.

These girls both say that they have clung to their mothers, trying to hold them up, and hoping that love for them would make the crimes women repent and lead better lives, but they have become discouraged, they see their own lives being wasted and ruined, and they want to know what is the right thing to do.

My advice would be to get up and go so far away from home that the shadow of their mothers' shame could not fall across their lives, and to where they will have a chance to be judged on their own merits instead of being condemned for the faults of their parents.

Children owe a debt to their parents, but it is so very little in comparison with the debt that parents owe their children that it is not to be considered in a case like this. More than that, when the parents misbehave themselves they forfeit their rights to their children's consideration.

A mother who has become a degraded sot, and who loves liquor better than she does her children, certainly has no claim on the affection and duty of the daughter she disgraces. The girl can do her no good by staying with her and being dragged down herself in the pit the mother has dugged with her weakness, and if she is wise she will stand her heart against a maudlin pity for her mother, and go and lead her own life, and get what happiness she can out of it, independent of her mother.

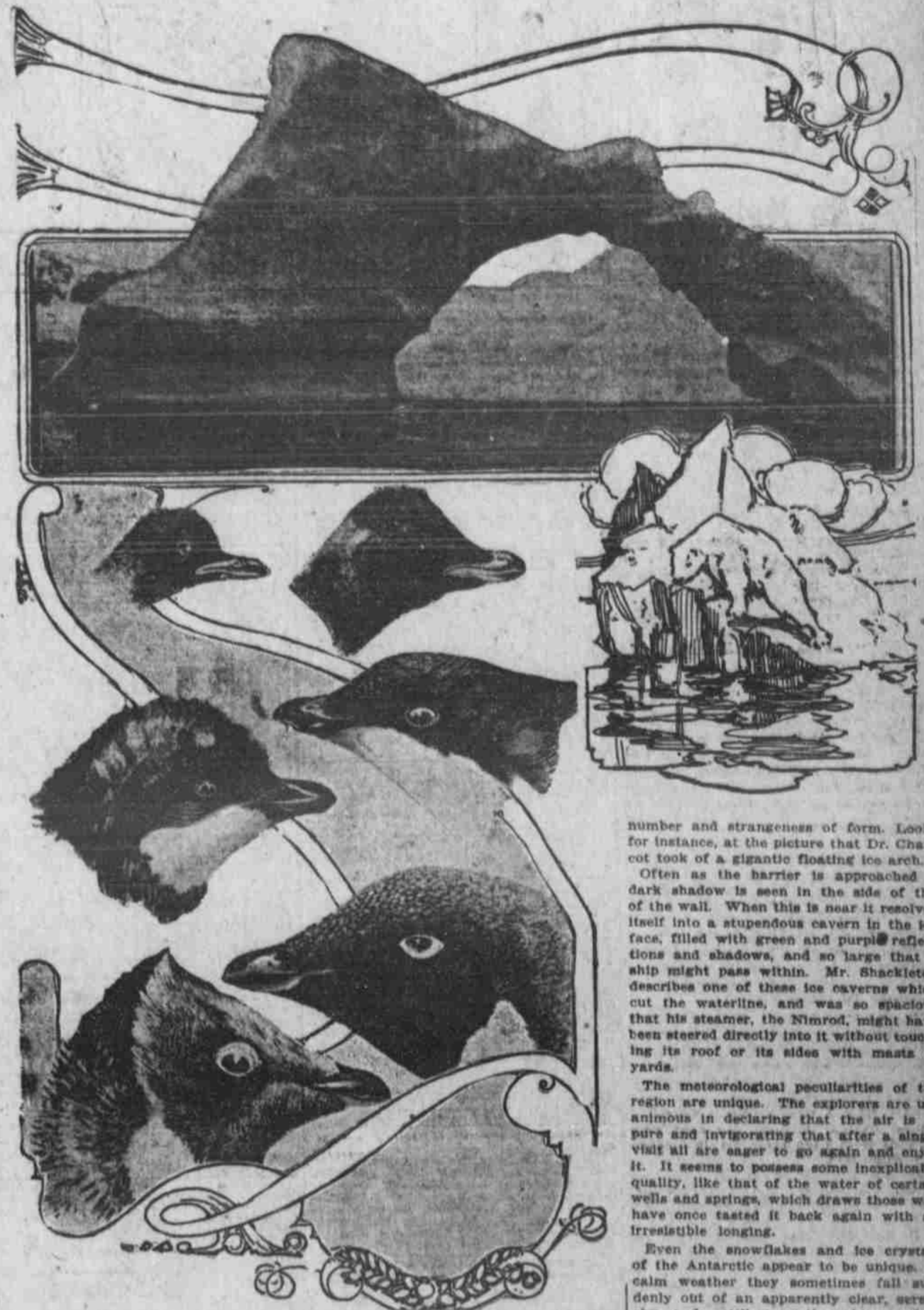
Not is there any reason why the girl, whose mother has chosen the broad road, should keep her mother company. If the mother refuses to lead a decent life, her daughter is just as much justified in declining to associate with her as she would with another woman of ill-repute. As long as she stays with her mother her garments will be bespattered with mud, and so the sooner she gets away from her environment the better for her.

The prodigal son or daughter has an undeniable claim on the forgiveness and help of the parents, because whatever he or she is the parents are responsible for, but the children are not responsible for their prodigal parents and owe them nothing.

The prodigal son or daughter has an undeniable claim on the forgiveness and help of the parents, because whatever he or she is the parents are responsible for, but the children are not responsible for their prodigal parents and owe them nothing.

That the fact in every relation in life is worth more than a thousand fancies.

The Wonder World of the South Scenery and Life of the Antarctic Continent



Scenes in the Antarctic Region—Above, an Arched Iceberg—Below, Heads of Antarctic Fowl.

By GARRETT P. SERVIS

The marvellous charm of the Antarctic is finding its way to every mind through the many books that have recently been poured forth by, or in the name of such men as Captain Scott, Captain Adm. Ernest Shackleton, and Jean Charcot. The stories that they tell, and the pictures that they show, open up virtually a new world for human contemplation.

The surroundings of the South Pole are far more interesting than those of the North Pole. There seems always to have been a dim foregleam of this fact which has colored man's imaginations about the remote regions of the south. The feeling that some great and romantic mystery existed there can be discerned in early works of fiction, in which the Antarctic continent played a part, as for instance, Poe's remarkable story of "Arthur Gordon Pym."

Independence

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

The hundredth and thirty-seventh anniversary of American Independence! Many happy returns of the occasion!

It was a great day—a great day for America, a great day for the whole human family—when the men of Philadelphia, and the old Liberty Bell, read their declaration and pledged to its maintenance their "lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor."

It is quite true that King George was not so bad a tyrant as he might have been, and also true that the British Parliament was not so oppressive as it is generally supposed to have been, but it should be borne in mind that that was not the opinion of the Americans. It was the conviction of the colonists that they had the right to make their government, and that even the mildly oppressive legislation of the Parliament of England, 500 miles away, was incompatible with their conviction that fundamentally all government, and all laws, depend for their validity upon the consent of the governed.

It was not on account of the degree of the tyranny or the extent of the taxation that the Americans resolved to sever

the actual facts, as they have come to light within a few years past, exceed all that imaginative writers could invent. The Antarctic continent is now known to be a far greater mass of land than anyone could have anticipated. In mean elevation it is the loftiest land on the whole globe, and wherever its vast mantle of ice allows a glimpse to be obtained of what lies beneath, indications are found that it has passed through a history animated by the presence of wonderful living forms. Its immense coal beds alone suffice to prove that once it enjoyed a temperate, if not a tropical climate. The great forests which produced material for these beds certainly did not flourish amid eternal ice!

But even in its present state it is fascinating to the eye and to the mind. Nowhere in the world is there anything comparable with that enormous barrier of ice cliffs, running for thousands of miles around the hidden continent and rising straight out of the ocean like a glittering wall, hundreds of feet in height and so vertical that in many places a ship may lie alongside and where there is a depression of the wall, a landing may be made from the deck, as a natural wharf.

The fleets of icebergs that break off from this barrier are unmatched in size,

number and strangeness of form. Look, for instance, at the picture that Dr. Charcot took of a gigantic floating ice arch. Often as the barrier is approached a dark shadow is seen in the side of the ice of the wall. When this is near it resolves itself into a stupendous cavern in the ice face, filled with green and purple reflections and shadows, and so large that a ship might pass within. Mr. Shackleton describes one of these ice caverns which cut the waterline, and was so spacious that his steamer, the Stromed, might have been steered directly into it without touching its roof or its sides with mast or yards.

The meteorological peculiarities of the region are unique. The explorers are unanimous in declaring that the air is so pure and invigorating that after a single visit all are eager to go again and enjoy it. It seems to possess some inexplicable quality, like that of the water of certain wells and springs, which draws those who have once tasted it back again with an irresistible longing.

Even the snowflakes and ice crystals of the Antarctic appear to be unique. In calm weather they sometimes fall suddenly out of an apparently clear, serene sky, and, settling on the white surface beneath, look like countless thousands of crystal coins, as large as shillings, reflecting all the colors of the spectrum. They lie tipped at every possible angle, catching every sunbeam and splitting up its prismatic hues.

"As one plods along toward the midnight sun," says Shackleton, "one's eyes naturally fall on the plain ahead, and one realizes that the simile of a steam-carpet could never be more aptly employed than in describing the radiant path of the sun on the snowy surface."

The life of the Antarctic is also more abundant and varied than that of the North Polar regions. The sea is full of inhabitants, and strange bird forms appear on the snow and ice covered land. Among these the first rank must be given to the penguins, which, at a distance, startlingly resemble human figures. They also resemble men in many of their motions, and a procession of them, in their white vests and trousers and black coats, resembles the stately march of a company of grave burghers in holiday dress.

Every explorer who has seen the twin volcanoes of Erebus and Terror is impressed by their majestic and wonderful appearance, towering up out of the ice-world around them, white puffs of black smoke and pillars of white steam seem to proclaim that the ancient continent beneath is yet alive, and full of its primal energies.

soil as he sat down to write the immortal document that will ever be associated with his name.

There has been much silly vaporing over the great declaration; and it cannot be denied that it smacks no little of the lawyer pleading his cause; but despite all this the basic idea was all right, and is all right today. And that Jefferson and his countrymen were not merely building for the day, but for all time, is found in the fact that right now, nearly a century and a half after the famous bell-ringing in the Quaker City, there is a world-wide trend of things political along the way that Jefferson marked out in his ever-memorable declaration.

HOW BLOOD IS MADE.

The liquids and the digested foods in the alimentary canal pass through the wall of the vessel into the blood. This process is called absorption and takes place chiefly from the small intestine. After absorption the blood carries the food through the body, and each cell takes from the blood the food it needs. A pure glyceric extract made from bloodroot, mandrake, stane, queen's root and golden seal root, and sold by druggists for the past forty years under the name of

Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

gives uniformly excellent results as a tonic to help in the assimilation of the food and in the absorption of the food it requires. Extracts from poisons from the blood with this alternative extract which does not irritate the white blood corpuscles, because containing no alcohol or other injurious ingredients. Thus the body can be built up—strong in resist disease. This is a tonic taken from Nature's garden that builds up these weak bodies by disease. Sold by druggists everywhere. Address: World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. Chas. Farnham, Jr., of 221 Woodland Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "I was troubled with my stomach for almost three years. Tried several doctors and most everything scientific recommended to me, but least getting worse and honestly did not care to live as I was so far from my home, and I had no money. My symptoms were as follows: Always tired, the body heavy in a short time, loss of appetite and weakness in the stomach, vomiting, constipation, could not eat what I wanted to eat, and was unable to sleep, and was unable to do any work. I was told by a friend to try your Golden Medical Discovery with the Farnham's. It has made me a well man which is something to me."

CHAS. FARNHAM, JR.

What Every Girl Should Know

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

"In every company" the man with the fact is like the guide you hire to lead your party up a mountain, or through a difficult country. He may not compare with any of the party in mind, or breeding, or courage, or possession, but he is much more important to the present need than any of them.—Emerson.

Every girl should know:
That superficial knowledge is like trimming on a garment, expensive and of no value so far as real utility is concerned.
That eloquence and show may command attention, but it takes the fact to hold it.
That the more promises a man makes, the fewer he will keep, contenting himself with having made the promises.
That the friend who pursues with

Buttermilk Massage To Beautify the Hands

(From Hygienic Review.)
Miss Lina Cavallari's favorite methods of massaging the hands are two—the motion we use when washing the hands, and that we use when something down and lifting the fingers of a pair of gloves. Hands of any age may be kept white, soft and beautiful by employing these methods a few minutes every day, using buttermilk in place of massage cream. The preservative buttermilk paste is the most satisfactory form and most easily obtainable. Druggists generally carrying it in stock. With dry the paste should be removed with cold water, without soap.
No matter how rough, red, tanned or freckled the hands may be, daily massaging with preservative buttermilk paste will soon make them white as snow and soft as velvet, as well as more youthful in appearance. This should be worth while information for those who are in the habit of lifting their hands because of their occupations. Of course the treatment described is equally as good for the face, hair and arms as for the hands.—Adv.

1863—Gettysburg—1913

By REV. B. COPELAND.

Full half a hundred circling years have dawned and waned away Since on this fateful field we met in battle's stern array; Praise to His grace whose hand we trace, we're comrades, all, today, Our God is marching on.

By the graves of Lee and Lincoln our allegiance we renew; Neath the pine and the palmetto throbs one purpose, strong and true; And o'er North and South, united, floats the Red and White and Blue, Our God is marching on.

Here garland we the noble dead—the gallant hearts of flame Whose valor is their country's pride—their meed, the world's acclaim; Or Blue or Gray, our brothers there—one, now, in deathless fame, Our God is marching on.

For Liberty and Righteousness our banner be unfurled, Till Earth's last desecrating scourge to deepest doom is hurled, And joy of Peace and Brotherhood shall fill and flood the world, Our God is marching on.

O Land to Hope and Freedom dear, lift up, lift up thine eyes! And give heroic answer to the herald of the skies! The nations wait thy clarion's call, America, arise! Our God is marching on.

sympathy is often governed by a less noble motive; curiosity is the fact.
That the lover who would by wily-institutions of his greater devotion cause a girl to doubt her parents' love is her worst enemy.
That no girl ever went wrong as a result of confiding in her mother.
That the man attracted by modesty and good sense is a better man than the one won by immodest display and frivolity.
That when a lover asks that the engagement be kept secret from the girl's parents it is proof he has made engagements a matter of habit and wants to make it easier for himself when he dyes and breaks away.
That the most expensive garment needs admiration if there is evidence that weakness doesn't underlie.
That the girl who cannot deny herself penny wastes until she has accomplished a dollar benefit must reform if she ever hopes to rank among

the world's helpful, useful, progressive women.
That it is one thing to sing "Home Sweet Home," with tears in one's eyes when away from home, and something more to make it home, sweet home, when one is there.
That no girl should delude herself in the belief that she can reform a husband when she has never been an influence for good on her brother.
That silly accomplishments may win a man's love, but it takes a command of hard, practical knowledge to keep it.
That positivism is not the mark of a thinker, but rather a proof of fashionable shallowness.
That father, in whom the hard knocks of life have crushed all romance, is a better judge of the fitness of the man who comes a wooing than the mother, to whom a little love of the romantic clings to her dying day.
That the fact in every relation in life is worth more than a thousand fancies.