

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Lady Constance Stewart Richardson On How to Acquire a Beautiful Figure Through Dancing

Figure One (on top)—This is known as the "Praying Boy" figure.

This takes in exercises that develop the shoulders into rounded grace, and also stretch the waist muscles taut and firm.

The chief exercise concerns a shoulder shrugging movement that is easy to learn and produces wonderful results in bust development.



Figure Two (on bottom)—This exercise develops graceful control of the whole body.

This is a more difficult exercise than any so far described by Lady Richardson, but is well worth persisting in. Both exercises are fully described in the accompanying article.

By LADY CONSTANCE STEWART RICHARDSON.

(Copyright, 1913, News Service.) In ancient times, dancing stood for two things—an expression of divine worship and an effervescence of human joy. Dancing has come down through all the ages, and it seems to me that what it stood for has persisted and come down to us today too.

I never can say in enough ways, or with sufficient emphasis, this one doctrine that I hold all important: The human body was given to us by our Maker in all health and youth and the beauty that is the result of these component parts. It is our sacred duty to respect, and to keep beautiful and well, this temple of our sacred soul.

Now, since dancing makes the body supple, pliable, fine and fit, is not this proper exercising of the body? He gave us a beautiful form of worship of his Maker?

We were meant to be happy, I think. Most of our troubles are really self-inflicted, or if real life befalls us our minds can magnify or minimize joy, just as we choose to have them do. So if joy wells from our spirits, and expresses itself in graceful posture and movement; if a spirit of happiness and thanksgiving expresses itself in rhyth-

### Today's Beauty Recipes

By Mme. D'Mille.  
"An actress whose complexion is a marvel to behold confided to me that she always employed creams and powders and used only mayonaise lotion made by dissolving an original package of mayonaise in one-half pint witch hazel. The mayonaise lotion is applied to the face, neck and arms when the morning toilette is made and gives to the complexion a touch of refined elegance impossible with powder or cream. It is especially nice for hot weather use, because one application lasts an entire day and it overcomes the 'oily' shiny appearance and quickly banishes tan and freckles as well as reduces large pores.  
"Bleaching cream on face or neck can be quickly removed without pain with the aid of a delicate paste which is spread on the hairy surface for two minutes, then rubbed off. The paste is made by mixing powdered delonias with water, and after it is removed the skin should be washed to rid it of the surplus delonias. This simple treatment leaves the skin free from hair or blemish, and requires a second application necessary."—Advertisement.

## Opportunity for Women

By ELBERT HUBBARD

A certain California bishop was at first opposed to woman suffrage. Next he investigated it. Then he saw it was coming. It came. Now he gives instruction to the women of his diocese. It is something like this: "Inform yourselves thoroughly on all questions of state. You are entering into grave responsibilities, that of free citizens. Inform yourselves, be wise in what you do."  
This is advice that a wise father should give to his children.



There was never a time when the need for women to become wise was so great as it is now. Their rights, personal, political, commercial, involve a concomitant responsibility. When we were children we used to think how glorious it would be when we were grown up. Then we would have the privilege of staying out at night as long as we chose, and of doing what we pleased all day long.

But when we became men we realized that there was a limit to the hours of the night, also to our capacity to keep awake that in order to be able to "have a good time," a man must control himself. Every privilege is bounded by responsibilities which have to be carried in order to make the privilege possible.

When Abraham Lincoln signed the emancipation proclamation, he gave the colored race an opportunity to change, but he did not change the race. That is all any human being has—opportunity.

The opportunity for suffrage and personal rights has not come easily to women. They have worked until they have quite an understanding of the rights that they want, and the privilege that have been denied them. In most of the states where suffrage has been granted, the woman suffrage clubs have been turned into civic research clubs. Women are bringing politically unprejudiced minds to bear on political situations and their new privileges. Their actions, as a rule, are decided by this test, "Is it right or is it wrong?" Women whose actions are not influenced by right and wrong are taking very little interest in the woman suffrage movement.

The Rev. Mabel M. Irwin, a Universalist minister, gives out a well-timed warning to women. She urges them to make no mistakes in using the newly acquired privilege of their natural rights. She eloquently urges them to use their power to develop a better, nobler race. Mabel M. Irwin affirms that women have not been shirking the burden of motherhood, but the bondage of motherhood. When women have the rights of free citizens this bondage will be removed. Then there will be the joyous laughter, the patter of little feet that makes beautiful youth.

Beatrice Harraden, the English author, in a recent number of "Votes for Women," expresses a clear understanding of how vital to the English woman is the cause of woman suffrage. If there were only a few women engaged in this movement we might think it was only a dream of fair women. But when I realize that the women who are taking the lead in this movement are tailors, dressmakers, charwomen, rope makers, shop assistants, nurses, teachers and sweatshop workers unite in the demand for suffrage as equals with the women of nobility, there is something very vital in the movement. It means that these women are stirred into action by a primitive instinct.

Recently a deputation of women from every walk in life spoke eloquently to Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues. Many of them had never before made a speech. They were unlettered, hard-working women, moved to eloquence by a cause.

Miss Harraden says the women impressed the statesmen though the statesmen did not impress the women. Their cloaks and trappings of office meant nothing to these women, demanding the privilege to exercise their inherent right of freedom. When women who toil with their hands join with nobility, and all are made equal by the cause which is moving them, it is time that the Englishmen recognized that it is an inherent, natural right that women are demanding.

## Beauty

Away with the Marcel Wave and the "Kid Curler," and Hurrah for the Beautiful Straight Hair of Ethel Amorita Kelly. . . . .



By LILLIAN LAUFERTY.

Avail ye marcel waves, sleep-dissolving hair-curlers, and all grief over hair that is straight and dark as seaweed. A way out has been found, and now from hearing "water-waves" talked about with pleasing generality, I have seen the "how" and the pleasing results thereof demonstrated. My teacher was pretty Ethel Amorita Kelly, and I am going to base on her method plus the personal guarantee that I have tried it, and it works.

Time, 3 o'clock of a warm July evening; place, brightly lighted dressing room of the New Amsterdam theater, where "The Follies of 1913" hold the stage; and girl Ethel Kelly of the soft brown tresses.

"Is your hair really and truly for sure perfectly straight?" I asked with earnest scepticism.

"Absolutely! Ab-so-lute-ly!" said the teacher with equal earnestness. "Now watch me very closely. I part my hair way over by my left eye, but, of course, everyone must comb her hair in its most becoming lines—the first step is to arrange the front hair about as you dress it when it is all combed. Then dampen it with hot water which will evaporate more quickly than cold, and in its rapid drying, bring the hair more quickly into shape. Next take a comb with close, fine teeth, and with this pull the hair back to the forehead and push it forward into two or three waves. Actually push it into place with the fingers of one hand, and then holding the waves firmly in place, pin them down with long wire

Miss Ethel Amorita Kelly.

hairpins. A soft veil or a wide ribbon tied over the waves will hold them firm, and through their pressure help urge the waves to come.

"Now to method you must add patience and perseverance, for the first week's efforts are likely to be crowned with failure; but if you see the faintest mark that looks like a wave gliding across your tresses, encourage it by pinning the wave in the same place as often as you can. After a while your hair gets so well trained that you can dispense with water and hair pins in making the wave, and can just comb it into place and coax a bit with your fingers and there is a soft pretty wave that has come to be perfectly natural in straight hair. Honestly it will

work without fail," concluded Miss Kelly.

"To which I add the stamp of approval on having tried it myself. 'Honestly it will.'"

Next I watched Miss Kelly twist back the left side of her hair loosely, separate a generous lock on the right of the side parting and drop it low over her forehead. Then she fastened that lock high on the crown of her head just above the right ear, then the hair at the right was drawn loosely over the right ear and coaxed into its near-natural wave, as each other part had been. The three sections were then combed into one thick strand and caught in a big coil at the nape of the neck.

"It is so much cooler close to my head than all stuffed out around it," Miss Kelly assured me. "That is how I happen to wear it this way, but I rather imagine that simple hair dressing is most becoming. It is just like getting your lines in dressing of any sort—simple, graceful ones—that bring out your own natural line instead of distorting it into something else."

"You see, I don't wear corsets, and my figure has molded itself instead of being molded but of all proportion. Dancing will help the figure—if you don't always dance the same steps, as a professional has to do. It is wise to bring all possible muscles into play, so as to secure uniform development. And I think dancing will make you fat of thin as you ought to be. I think dancing makes you normal. Goodness, though, I have danced quite a distance away from hair, about which you wanted me to talk!"

"All beauty aims thankfully accepted," said I. "Only how to arrange her hair is 'Woman's Eternal Question,' and if you have helped to settle the problem of how to have waving locks I think you will have as many grateful friends as you have hairs on your head."

## Dorothy Dix's Article

On Women as Slaves—They Are Mostly Slaves to an Idea and It's Really a Form of Insanity. . . . .

By DOROTHY DIX.

Women are always complaining of domestic slavery, but they seldom seem to reflect that they, themselves, force the fetters against which they chafe. They are slaves all right, but are mostly slaves to an idea.

Take the idea of neatness, for instance. Once let a woman get bitten by that particular mania and she is a downtrodden serf who is chained to a broom and a scrubbing brush for the balance of her life. She can't be just ordinarily clean, and comfortable, and let it go at that. Nor can she divide out her housekeeping labors, because she soon gets to the place where nobody else can dust a room or sweep under a bed to suit her.

She makes her house a place of torment for herself and everybody who comes in it. Her husband wipes his feet on the door-mat before he dares to en-

ter. He feels his wife's lynx eyes on him at the dinner table for fear he will drop something on the tablecloth. He has to seek the back porch to smoke because she doesn't allow tobacco where it can scent up the curtains.

He never dreams of lying down on the couch, because the sofa cushions are sacred ornaments that are not intended for use. He even sits on the floor in his chair because he knows that if he moved it out of its proper place and his wife is fidgeting to put it back again.

Her children have no liberty in their own home because their mother can't bear to have her floors tracked up and playthings scattered about, and so they escape to the street, or the neighbors, and are offered up as a living sacrifice to their mother's fetish of neatness. Even the casual guest in such a home is no needed and pins because he has always an awful foreboding that he is musing up things, and that his hostess is waiting with brush, pan and broom to sweep up after him.

Then there is the woman who makes a slave of herself to the idea of order. Everything has got to be done on a certain appointed day and hour, though the heavens fall, and though it could be done twice as easily and with half the trouble at some other time. There are women who must wash on Monday, and iron on Tuesday, and clean on Wednesday, and

bake on Thursday, and sew on Friday, and darn on Saturday, and who are so absolutely dominated by this cut and dried routine that they simply go to pieces if anything happens to upset it.

You might invite one of them to go to the most delightful party of earth, but if it chanced to be on the day that was set apart to baking or ironing she would refuse. There might be tears in her eyes, and bitter disappointment in her voice, but she would still refuse.

To such women to have dinner fifteen minutes late is a tragedy, and to be asked to receive an unexpected guest or to do anything to break up their cautious order of doing things is to have the impossible demanded of them. They sacrifice even natural affection to it, and love no one well enough to be willing to make a change for his or her sake.

I was acquainted with a woman of this kind once who refused to go to the bedside of a dying daughter who was calling pitifully for her, because the telegram summoning her came on the day on which for thirty years she had always swept the parlor.

It is because women get these fixed ideas, which are really a phase of insanity, about the importance of trifles, and the necessity of doing the same thing at the same minute every day, that they complain of the monotony of

housework and call themselves domestic slaves. They could make variety for themselves by doing things differently, in different ways and at different times, and thus keep out of getting into ruts.

In reality housework lends itself to this more than any other kind of work. There are no reasons why, if Monday is a bad day, that the wash shouldn't be done Tuesday, or why on a matinee day a woman shouldn't put off her baking; if she feels tired and blue and go to the show, and bake another day. It's a good thing to change about in work just merely to keep from getting to be the slave of the idea that you have got to do things at a certain time and in a certain way. Order may be heaven's first law, as the poet says, but it isn't all of them, and it's fun to break the law just to show that you are free.

Break up this slavery to your ideas, you who complain of the tyranny of the home. Rebel. Make a strike for your freedom. Dominate your work instead of letting it dominate you. Run your house. Don't let it run you. Don't sue in a rut. This will you save yourself from growing old and getting wrinkles in your face and your temper. There is no slavery more grinding than the slavery to an idea, and it doesn't help matters to know that you rivet your chains on yourself.



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