

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Beauty | One Pretty Girl Finds a Most Efficient Teacher

BY LILIAN LAUFERTY.

"Once upon a time," began Laura Hamilton, more reminiscently than her very evident youthfulness would seem to permit, "I owned a little white poodle—a cross between a Maltese and a French poodle. He had wonderful long, silky hair, and we used to keep it in order by treating it with oil of cocconut. Now, a few years ago my hair, which was very long, suddenly began to come out a bit—by this at the ends and to show a tendency to acquaintance with an up-to-the-stranger, dandruff. First I worried, then I vainly consulted a specialist or two, and then I thought of doggie."

"Sermons in stones—and beauty hints in the silken coat of a Franco-Maltese poodle," thought Miss Interviewer, who was sitting in the wings of the Winter Garden talking to Miss Hamilton, and glimpsing bits of the wonderful marchings and fillings and dancings going on out of wonderful Nad Wayburn's wonderful Capital Steps. And the three "wonderfuls" in that sentence are none too many!

"I thought of doggie," went on my pretty little brown-haired neighbor, "and I invested in 10 cents worth of oil of cocconut. And it is good for good hair and so kind to poor hair. Use it every other night—moisten the finger tips with it, and rub the oil well into the scalp. It won't make the hair greasy or oily looking—but it will give it a natural gloss and luster. Shampoo the hair once a week and brush it a hundred strokes every day. Part it down the middle from crown to the nape of the neck; bring the two heavy strands over the shoulders and brush each section fifty times with a long sweeping motion that swings from the scalp to the very ends of the hair. Pleasant, glossy hair is sure to result."

"And then we do not take our glowing, abundant tresses and torture them with hot irons, do we?" I asked.

"We do not," replied Miss Hamilton. "We trust the natural gloss and add a little training as to graceful curves and scalloping, so we may look as well as possible—and we don't beautify ourselves at the cost of our hair."

"If you are trying to be attractive," she went on earnestly, "do not make one part of the general scheme play Cinderella to the others. Give everything a chance. Let me see—I start by trying to keep calm and cool and well, and rested. My first rule is to avoid restaurants at night. After the theater, instead of going into a restaurant, with its heavy air and heavy glare of artificial light, I motor out into the pure, clean country."

"An hour under the stars every night—an hour with the cool wind blowing on my face and the pure, clean, unused air of night blowing the cobwebs out of my brain—and I go home to restful, dreamless sleep. Then I wake up ready to start the day with about ten minutes of exercise."

"First I lie flat on my bed and stretch my arms out straight, and take a deep, lung-filling breath; then I exhale that breath, dropping my arms to my sides the while, and as I fill my lungs and chest again I raise my arms at right angles to my body again."

"Next I hop out of bed and take these two exercises by the open window. Grasp a straight chair by the rear legs, just midway between the base and the first rung, and learn to elevate the chair straight out and above your head, taking deep breaths while you do it. Ten times



Miss Laura Hamilton, from Grave to Gay.

the lungs ten times.

"Now take your morning swim: wash your face in clear, hot water, and without soap; dash a bit of witchhazel across your face and rinse in cold water; dress in pretty, simple clothes, and eat a simple breakfast, and you are all ready for a happy, useful day, with every part of your body in trim and ready to meet the demands of the hours to come."

"And then, ever ready to meet the demands of the hour or moment, Miss Hamilton tripped across the stage to add her own glowing young personality to the glowing ensemble of "The Passing Show of 1913."

## Some Early Fall Frocks and Suits



By Olivette.

The little frock we picture is of plaid ratine combined with chiffon and white satin. A vest of the white satin buttons down the front with tiny pearl buttons, and over this fall the deep bretell-like revers, ending in fringe.

The chiffon is shirred down the shoulders and forms the underarm of waist and sleeve alike. The sleeve ends in quaint cuffs of the plaid, and these continue in a narrowing line of cloth up the chiffon sleeve. The chiffon crosses the satin vest and ends in a tiny knot.

The skirt is entirely of the plaid ratine or boucle cloth, and is gathered below the hips by a self-fash which has long fringed ends. From beneath these

ends the skirt falls in the fulness of a double inverted pleat.

A suit modeled for early fall wear is that of the second picture. The costume is a tailored suit of black broadcloth with a high lustré. Its trimming is wide Hercules braid, a bit of Balkan embroidery and some tiny frogs and ornaments of narrow braid.

The coat is a long "swallow-tail," bound in the braid, continuing in a scarf down the front and ending in huge tassels.

The sleeves widen into great bell-shaped cuffs, over the wrists and have long simulated caps of the braid ending in a bishop's mitre near the cuff.

The skirt has a long-pointed yoke extending well down the front, and to this the material is pulled over so slightly.

## The Cure for Jealousy

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Your husband's sister is jealous of you and wants to get him away from you, does she, little woman? You've been married two years and every time you've quarreled, it's been about that sister or something she tried to get your husband to do. She makes fun of you and he can't see it. She gets you into false positions and he can't realize it. She makes you believe your husband wishes he'd married the girl he was so sweet on before he met you and you cry and tell him you wish he'd married his old sweetheart, so there!

And then he's cross and won't speak for a day and you wish you were dead and she always happens in to see you just at that time and gets you to say things you don't mean and, oh, dear, what shall you do, what ever a human being so afflicted before?

There, there, little girl, don't cry. It doesn't do a bit of good, the crying. It does harm—lots of harm—that's why the jealous sister is always making you do it, she wants to do you harm, poor, silly, small-minded thing, and you are playing right into her foolish hands, you funny little woman, you.

Turn right around in those tracks of yours and turn toward this very hour. She wants to make you quarrel with your husband—won't you do it. Be sweet to him, sweet than sugar ever dared to be. Tell him how nice he is and how good to look at, and how clever, and tell him you are so sorry for the old sweetheart. She must feel dreadfully at having to give him up—and say you don't blame her at all for loving him, and tell him you think his sister is sweet and tell sister so, too.

Every time sister tries to hurt your feelings, act as if you thought she loved you sincerely and was trying to help you and be, oh so grateful and so good and to loving. Tell sister how much brother

loves her, and how you admire him for it. Tell sister how you love brother and how anxious you are for brother to love you. Tell brother that you want sister to like you—and never, never let her dream that you think she is mean, or scheming, or jealous or anything that she should not be.

Don't understand, don't see, don't realize—don't you know that a soft brain wall is the best thing in the world to keep out a bullet? They've found that out in the army. Don't let a lot of foolish notions know more than you do. Be soft, be sweet, be yielding—and she can't even touch you.

Fight back and she's got you beaten before she begins. That's what she wants—to make you fight. Don't satisfy her. You won't brother from all the rest of the world full of girls. He must have liked something about you to make him do that.

Find out what that something is—and practice it day and night and all the time—sister couldn't keep him away from you when he was just a sweetheart. Why, she hasn't even a chance now that you are his wife.

Make his home the sweetest, pleasantest place on earth for him. Let her do all the quarreling, all the fighting, all the disagreeable things. Associate yourself in his mind with all the pleasant things—a low voice, a light laugh, a happy smile, a good dinner, quiet peace; love and laughter. Sister can never fight that combination in all the world. Try it and see—you'll be amazed to find how it will work.

## Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Apologetice.

Dear Miss Fairfax—I am heart broken these days. I kept company with a friend for two years and over a little argument we parted. I am a young man of 24, and dearly love my friend. F. M.

If this love is not worth the price it is not worth much. Tell her you are sorry, and be sorry, though in your own heart you may think you were not entirely in the wrong. Never offend again. Remember always that love is worth every price that is paid.

Not surprising.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young girl of 17 years. About three months ago I met a young man of 18 years. We met by flirtation. When we had been acquainted about a month he professed his love for me, but since then he has been going with other girls and is very cool to me. L. M.

Lightly love, lightly held. An acquaintance that begins in flirtation usually terminates in the girl's sorrow. The man is convinced she will comfort herself with the next man who flirts with her, and holds her love lightly.

Won't you please be a little more reserved next time?

## One Man's Diet

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By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

All about us are people complaining of the high cost of living, and of the ill which assail their bodily structures. Philanthropists, reformers and economists are endeavoring to set right the wrongs of inflated prices for food.

Physicians and metaphysicians are trying to set right the human body. If the annoyances of both the evils which disturb human peace can be avoided by the individual himself, through the law of self-control and scientific diet, all the world should know the method.

In an exchange a man writes an account of how he keeps his family in health and with appetites satisfied on an incredibly small sum of money. Three people live on \$2 a week and enjoy the best of vigor. There has been no physician called in the last seven years, and the bank account has grown steadily.

The diet prescribed by this man would call for great will power and continual self-denial on the part of most human beings.

It is a curious fact that even those men and women who believe themselves to be quite spiritual in their ideas of life, and who would be horrified to think any one regarded them as carnal or gross in their tastes, are yet unable to eliminate from their diet for any length of time the foods which they know to be injurious or at least unnecessary to the sustaining of strength and health. A very charming young woman, who is filled with high ideals of life, declared she would rather die and be done with it than force herself to give up her favorite foods and beverages (coffee in particular) in order to benefit her health.

It is the belief of many people that various kinds of food are necessary to the building up of a vigorous body, and that a change of diet should be made frequently. Certainly a monotonous menu palls upon the appetite and unless the following list of eatables could be changed and augmented not many of us would be happy in our repasts for any length of time.

Nevertheless, when an man makes such positive statements, regarding the benefits resulting from such a diet, benefits to body and purse, it is worth considering. Let us listen to what he says:

Here's a well-balanced ration for one day. I eat only a little fruit for breakfast.

Breakfast—One apple or banana.

Dinner—One dish of home-made corn

flakes, one dish of boiled wheat cereal, one dish of vegetable salad, two or three slices of whole wheat bread, one banana.

Supper—One dish of home-made wheat flakes, one dish of home-made hulled hominy, one baked potato, one dish of fruit salad, whole wheat or graham bread.

I suppose you will say that sounds monotonous, but I don't eat to gratify a discerning and whetted appetite. I eat to be strong and well and to supply my body with the foods that it really needs. Nine years ago I was a wreck—worse than that, two doctors gave me from two to four months to live.

The food elements needed by the body may be divided into seven classes—protein, starch, sugar, fats, salts, cellulose and water—and these again into about fifteen different chemical elements, all of which are found in a single kernel of wheat, in just about the correct proportions.

No other food in the world equals wheat in perfection. I have lived on wheat in various forms, with about 10 per cent of nuts, for weeks at a time.

I am careful about buying my supplies, so that they will cost me the least money. I have a flaking machine—you can buy one and make your own flakes at 1 cent a pound.

I buy the corn and wheat for flakes by the bushel, and watch for opportunities to buy the fruits and vegetables at lowest cost. The apples and bananas usually cost me about 1 cent a pound, and my bananas I always get dead ripe—just turning black, because they are best then.

I buy bread one or two days old at the rate of five for 10 cents, for nothing would induce me to eat new bread. Cabbage and many other vegetables I eat raw.

If I sometimes feel that I am not getting enough protein I add raw peanuts when I am making flakes, and a little soaked dried fruit, such as figs, raisins or dates, to make it a little more palatable.

And all I drink is water—but plenty of it—though never near meal time.

Now, that is my rule for health, and that is what I eat. What do you say to it? If you could have seen me nine years ago and could see me now you would know that there is something in it, for I am about the healthiest person you ever saw.

While the men and women who are enjoying good health may not feel interested in this menu, it should be clipped and saved and tried by the many dyspeptics who are paying useless money for patent medicines and feeding doctors with no results.

Poor people who are trying to sustain life on cheap food badly cooked, and who find the food trusts an insurmountable obstacle to economy could not do better than to give this diet a fair trial for a few months.

Health and a good bank account may result, two great factors in happiness.

## FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These

There is no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription outline—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of outline—double strength—from The Boston Drug Co., also any of Sherman & McConnell Drug Co.'s stores, and apply a little of it night and morning, and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength outline; it is this that is sold on the money-back guarantee.

## When the Horse Ran Free

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Last night the moon sailed high in the deep, deep sky, and all around were fleecy clouds like fair ladies-in-waiting dressed in soft lace. Here and there a great star sparkled, and down below in the sharp cut canyon the water rushed and sang and the lights in the little village twinkled gayly.

Up above the thing, that is just plain lemonade pavilion by day, shone at the very top of the dark mountain and looked like an angel's chandelier led down from the heavens to gladden us here below with its soft effulgence. The night wind whispered to the tall hopeful poplars—what did they say, I wonder?

I lay down to sleep with the wide door of my upper room open to the glorious sky. "Are there such things as cities?" I thought. "And do people sweeter in them?"

And there the great peak is white with snow. See how it gleams in the moonlight, and the tall cedars shivers as if it were a trifle chilly out there in the garden.

"Woof, woof," said the watchdog deep in his throat. "Woof," he stood at the window gazing. "Woof," he said—then his low growl turned to a moan and he woke the echoes of the sleeping village.

"Look," he cried wildly, "what is that down there in the moonlight? It looks like a wild creature of the mountains. Look! He may be here for harm. Wake up and see what must be done."

And I looked—and there stood in the silver light a glorious creature, black as midnight, tall, slender, an arching neck, hoofs that spurred the earth, a wild hunch of the plains—free, beautiful, proud—glorious to see.

"Woof," cried the watchdog. "See, he lifts his head, he sniffs the wind. Danger good folks, wake up." And with a flourish of hoofs the beautiful wild thing turned, threw up his proud head, shook back his spreading mane and was gone—a vision of the night.

It was a long time before the watchdog would quiet down. He was outraged that

no one heeded his call of warning. "It is all very well to lie there and rest," he thought, "but if it had not been for me—and all night he growled and grumbled about it to himself.

In the morning when the tall poplars stood waiting for the wind to come back and tell the rest of his secret, when the bold natures flaunted their sturdy banners for all to see, a man came by leading a horse—a tame, sad creature with bowed head and shuffling feet.

"Did he come by here in the night?" said the man.

"Woof," said the watchdog doubtfully. "Could it be the same? Yes, it must be."

"He got away somehow," said the man. "Great fellow to run away when he gets a chance." The horse sniffed the grass in the little garden, put his humble nose over the low wall and tried to crop a mouthful.

"Whos, there." He had a sharp jerk at the bridle for his pains. "Queens I'll have to hobble him after this," said the man.

Hobbled—the beautiful, wild free thing. The watchdog and I saw him in the soft shine of the August moon—hobbled, tied, driven, hitched. He was not the same creature at all, a different being altogether.

Shall we ever be like him, I wonder, when we drop the hobbles of care and of work and of dreadful, wasting worry in some fair moonshine somewhere far away, in some fair night of rest and joyous heritage?

What would we be like—poor human creatures; weighed down with our wisdom, freighted with our knowledge, tied with our heavy, heavy load of what we think is splendid achievement—if we were free, free like the wild horse of the plains, who snuffed the breeze and shook his mane and neighed aloud for mere joy of living?

Would we know each other then, do you think? We, who know each other so passing well now, that we are bowed down, harnessed, driven. Or would we seem like glorious strangers to each other, strangers from some splendid world beyond the stars?

Sister, your face is sad, your eyes are dim, your lips do not smile. You are tied, weighted, driven. What sort of being would you be—free?

Brother, you of the careworn countenance, the anxious regard, it goes hard with you, this world, doesn't it? So much to do, so short a time to do it. Hurry, hurry, night will come and find you with only half a sack of shining metal. You

## ERUPTION ON FACE ITCHED AND SMARTED

Spread to Neck and Back. Had to Leave School. Pimples Red and Raw. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cured in Six Months.

7009 Madison Ave., Chicago, Ill.—

"When I was a young girl of fifteen I had an eruption come on my face which spread to my neck and all over my back. My flesh would get sore in spots and a lump as large as a pea would be under the skin. Then it would come to the outer skin. It irritated me very much and caused me so much suffering that I was so nervous and sick I had to leave school. The pimples were red and raw. I scratched them sore and left a brown spot on my skin. My skin would burn sometimes and bleed and smarted and my clothes irritated me and kept the spots raw.

"I had treatment which did not help me. I had been troubled in this way for three years before I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I used the Cuticura Soap to cleanse the skin, then the Cuticura Ointment morning and evening. I was relieved of the burning and soreness after the first two weeks and was well after six months' treatment." (Signed) Mrs. D. Skinner, Sept. 25, 1912.

For treating poor complexion, red, rough hands, and dry, thin and falling hair, Cuticura Soap and Ointment have been the world's favorite for more than a generation. A single set is often sufficient. Sold everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 25-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

\*Mrs. who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.