

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Women's Frocks

By WINNIFRED BLACK.

Well, well, well, what a sensation we are creating, sisters. Talk about the emotional sex! Did you ever hear the like of the commotion about the women's new sort of frocks?

They arrested two perfectly nice girls in Portland, Ore., the other day, and sent them home in a taxi because the policeman didn't approve of their shirley coats. They fined a woman why, Kansas City last week for the cut of her dress, and in New England they are thinking of passing a law about what shall be left off. Dear me! I never had the least idea our clothes were so important.

How much less interest we do take in the way men dress.

Can you fancy the women calling out the police because they didn't think men were dressed properly?

They would look the other way and never even mention brother's eccentric clothes. And unless they were very bathing suits indeed, they would never even know that there was anything at all peculiar about them. I wonder why.

I heard them talking about it at dinner the other night, the men—one middle-aged and two young—and, ah, the things they said about us for speaking to the women who wore 'em. And yet do you know I happened to be with the middle-aged man when we met two of the ladies who shocked him so, and I thought he looked rather pleased than otherwise.

Still he seemed so cross at dinner! Isn't it odd?

"But my wife"—said the middle-aged man.

"But my sister"—said the young man.

"But my sweetheart"—said the other young man. And I do believe that every one of the three was perfectly willing to have somebody else's wife and somebody else's sweetheart, and somebody else's sister be as modern as the latest fashion plate from Paris. So it is evident that they do not think the new fashions ugly—isn't it?

I wonder what it all means—this sudden return to the "altogether" in the way of dress or undress.

Some of the frocks are really—er—and when you see the faces of the women who wear them—nice, friendly, decent faces—just the sort of women you'd pick out to pal with in a long ocean trip, if it wasn't for their astonishing frocks—good women, modest women, kind women, women who wouldn't think of breaking up a home, and yet—what in the world does it all mean?

Are women getting worse and less modest? Have the ragtime songs really struck in, and do nice women think of things they never used even to know existed? Or are they getting nicer and more modest and cleaner minded—so clean minded that they don't see anything so very interesting in a trim ankle and don't understand why any one else should, and are going to let it go at that?

After all, the most immodest frock I ever saw was a nun's dress at a masked ball. The dress was all right, but the woman who wore it made it a horror. Are we getting so that we can think of something besides sex, we women, and do we walk abroad clad in these very suggestive garments without meaning a hint of a suggestion at all? Are we evolving or are we sinking back?

"Whither," in fact, "are we drifting?" The meanest man I know acts exactly like the most generous ones. Sometimes it's hard to know which is which. It has always been admitted that absolute innocences and unscrupulous boldness had an amazing family resemblance. What are we getting to be, we women—bold-faced jades or open browed innocents?

Are we reading and working and thinking so much that we've forgotten all about the primitive facts of life, or don't we think about anything but those facts? I get two women walking right behind each other the other day—and they both wore a frock of the same astounding cut. Doesn't it mean a thing, the old superstition about the natural modesty of women, or does it mean so much that you simply can't falter on it at all? Who'll answer? Who knows?

Not the men—oh, never, never, the men—not even those who pride themselves on the fact that they "know women."

But really, now, gentlemen and brethren, haven't you just a little bit of a faint inkling of how funny, how outrageously funny all this shocked surprise is on your parts?

Now, if you were all burlesque managers!

'My Own Beauty Secrets'

By Anna Held



This is the first article of Miss Held's series, and in it she instructs girls how to stand and hold themselves. This article was written in Paris and sent here by the famous French beauty preceding her arrival here within the next few days for a tour of the states.

In this article Miss Held tells how she saved herself from possible lung ailments by learning how to always pose herself to the best possible bodily advantage.—EDITOR.

Meaning and Expression.

By ANNA HELD.

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How do you stand, madame or mademoiselle?

How do you walk?

How do you enter a room?

Probably you have never given much thought to the matter; and yet to be able to stand well, to move well, to enter or leave a room gracefully is the whole social stock in trade of women who get on astonishingly well in society.

If you stand well, if it is a pleasure to see you move, these two graces will not only give you an air of breeding that will help you win your way anywhere, but they will make you picturesque, attractive and a notable figure wherever you go.

This is quite true, as you must confess, if you give the matter any thought, and yet how do you stand, madame—how does each woman of our day and generation stand, walk, move?

You sit gracefully and easily, you look very charming—then you rise, and sink your weight on one hip in a way that makes your figure a distorted caricature.

You walk—and your stride is the most hideous motion womankind ever evolved. A few years ago you did the golf-links stride, which was too long for anatomy and which showed with painful plainness how foolish you were to try to imitate the motions of men.

You put your feet as if you were trying to imitate the old miracles whereby the saints left the imprint of their footsteps in solid rock.

And the standing position, the walk of today, is only less painful to describe than to see.

Women follow the unpleasant outlines of the Botticelli figure—chest sunken, shoulders bent and back rounded; while the healthy upheld chest and "straight front" have given way to the awkward outline of sagging and unconfined abdomens.

You do not like it, do you?

You are not going to be a slave to an ugly fashion that must soon die, and that will hurt your health as well as your natural beauty figure?

We must all grow older; and what is quaint at twenty will be ugly at forty. To keep young, to keep the slender outline of youth grace—and, above all, to keep well and strong with the supreme charm of womanhood, you must begin today, mademoiselle, and learn to stand.

Once I feel attacked by the dangerous

A Position of Relaxation.

bugaboo of chest trouble—I was anaemic, my friends felt that my dowry of youth and vitality was being attacked.

And I went to nature for my cure.

I practiced standing with upheld chest, with expanded lungs.

I stood lightly-poised on the balls of my feet.

I walked with an elastic spring as children naturally do.

Result?

I am my best and most vital self again.

Youth can carry off a certain amount of awkwardness simply by freshness and briskness—but that may mean a middle age without grace and an old age of antique uncouthness.

When a woman has lost the freshness of youth there are just three things that

will make her socially tolerable—grace, cleverness and kindness.

And the greatest of these is grace.

I have told you "why" at some length—now let me follow up my preaching with an account of my practice.

I will tell you "how."

I am illustrating what I mean by three of my new photographs.

In the one at the right I show you just what my ideal is of a natural standing position.

Balance your weight so lightly on the balls of your feet that you could easily rock back and forward if you chose.

But you will not choose. You must cultivate perfect repose when you are in repose.

Divide your weight equally between

The Ideal Position.

your feet, so that the flowing lines of your figure will be equal, unbroken and graceful as is any flowing line.

Carry your shoulders down, straight and even, neither sunk forward nor strained back.

As your shoulders are down, so keep your chest high. Thus every vital organ has its fair chance of room to breathe for itself—and air to breathe, too. Carry your head lightly and high.

Feel in every muscle a willingness to spring into action.

Be conscious of vitality like that of an athlete ready to start into motion.

And yet for your womanly grace be as light as a flower the lightest breeze may set a-swaying. Difficult?

Perhaps—if your idea of standing has been to relax into meaningless shape.

But when you have mastered this first position all that follow will be simplicity itself.

The center picture gives you a side view of this standing figure. This position is the next step in advance.

I am relaxing a bit as the coat is

doffed, and my weight is slipping slowly to one foot in anticipation of sinking with gentle relaxation into a chair.

Hear me, mademoiselle. "Make haste slowly." Never jerk—never be abrupt. Study the "lazy grace" of slow, contained movement which I have tried to illustrate for you here.

In the picture at the left I am trying to illustrate for you the meaning and expression that may be put into a simple standing position. The arms are clasped loosely in front. There is no awkward relaxation here—but attention. Talk to a standing woman and she will ungraciously relax and how she shifts un- easily from foot to foot. But in light poise and simple focussing of attention I find it possible to give heed to a conversation without losing all muscular control of my body in the interests of my mind.

From any of these standing positions—as must always be the case when you stand correctly—it is possible to start forward easily into a light, graceful walk.

Every Man His Own Photographer

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

A French inventor has contrived an improved means of flattering human vanity, in the form of an auto-photographic machine, with whose aid the sitter can choose his own pose and arrange his own expression, without the intervention of a third person.

All he has to do is to place himself on a stool before the machine, look into a mirror, fix his hair and his necktie, and graduate his smile to suit his mood or his fancy, and then drop a coin in a slot, or, if it is a private machine owned by himself, touch a button, whereupon the mechanism sets to work, and his photograph develops it trans-

fers it to a card, fixes it and at the end of three minutes, delivers the finished photograph in permanent form, in a box at the bottom of the apparatus, and is ready for another pose.

The entire process is effected by means of a system of electro-magnets, and nearly all the steps are visible to the sitter, who can amuse himself by remaining in his chair and watching the operation through the windows in the enclosing box.

The machine also possesses a system of lighting which imitates the effects produced by the photographer's shades and reflecting screens, so that the subject is properly illuminated, and the photograph comes out as delicately modeled with regard to light and shadow as if an expert poser had superintended the operation.

Few persons are quite satisfied with the proceedings of a photographer, and are willing to admit that notwithstanding all his experience, he can choose for them the exact pose, but with this machine all can arrange such things to

please themselves. One often says to himself, when looking into a mirror.

"Now, if I could only set that expression that lighting in a photograph, how much better it would be! But I can't see how I look when the photographer has posed me, and I don't know how I am going to look until the picture is finished."

It is to avoid this kind of disappointment that the invention described has been made.

The pictures are made on the regular platinum-bromide paper and lack nothing but the photographer's touching up of the negative, which often does as much harm as good. They are also made on prepared post cards.

In its usual form, the machine is intended to be placed in public places, like those that deliver candies, but it can also be used without the device of dropping money in the slot, and then the mechanism can be set in motion by simply pressing a button.

Thus it becomes a private photographing apparatus for the home. In such countries as France, where photographs are often demanded on "cards of identification" for many purposes, its usefulness is apparent.

No detail seems to have been neglected in the automatic action of the machine. As soon as it has been set in motion a bell rings and thereupon on a placard appears before the sitter reading:

"Attention! Fix your expression."

In a few moments another sign appears: "Don't move!"

Immediately afterward the picture is taken by instantaneous exposure, whereupon a third sign makes its appearance: "Thanks." The sitting is finished. In three minutes you will find your portrait in the box at the bottom.

After that, as before said, the sitter can watch many of the automatic proceedings of the machine through the windows.

If it is a public machine that is used, the sitter's coin remains in plain sight until the moment when the portrait is delivered.

If for any accidental reason the apparatus falls to work through to the end, the coin falls into an outer bowl and can be reclaimed by the sitter. So, as the inventor truly claims, his machine is "strictly honest," or might have said automatically honest, in which respect it may be regarded as a scientific instructor in square dealing.

If I Were a Man, a Young Man

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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If I were a man, a young man, and knew what I know today,
I would look in the eyes of Life undaunted,
By any Fate that might threaten me,
I would give to the world what the world most wanted—
Manhood that knows it can do and be;
Courage that dares, and faith that can see
Clear into the depths of the human soul,
And find God there, and the ultimate goal.

If I were a man, a young man, and knew what I know today,
I would think of myself as the masterful creature
Of all the Masterful plan:
The Formless Cause, with form and feature;
The Power that needs not limit or ban;
Man, wonderful man.

I would do good deeds, and forget them straightway;
I would weave my woes into ropes and climb
Up to heights of the helper's gateway;
And Life should serve me, and Time,
And I would sail out, and out, and find
The treasures that lie in the deep sea, Mind,
I would dream, and think, and act;
I would work, and love, and pray,
Till each dream and vision grew into a fact.

If I were a man, a young man, and knew what I know today,
I would guard my passions as Kings guard treasures,
And keep them high and clean.
(For the will of a man, with his passions, measures;
It is strong as they are keen.)
I would think of each woman as someone's mother;
I would think of each man as my own blood brother,
And speed him along on his way.
And the glory of life in this wonderful hour
Should fill me and thrill me with Conscious power,
If I were a man, a young man, and knew what I know today.

A Girl's Fear of "C.-Maidism"

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 25 years old, a trained nurse. I have been nursing a woman for six months, and her son has fallen in love with me. He wants to marry me; he is very rich and would give me everything. I am not in love with him, but feel kindly toward him. Ought I to let this chance go? I may never have another such like it, and what if I never fall really in love? Won't I be sorry that I did not grasp this chance before it was too late? I don't want to be an old maid.

PERPLEXED.

Oh, for goodness sake, "Perplexed," where do you live and what sort of people do you know—to talk about having to be an old maid. Why, there aren't any such things any more, didn't you know that?

Old maids went out of existence when the bachelor girls came in—look around you a little, use your eyes and ears. Think for yourself; don't keep repeating over some silly phrase you've let some one else get into your head.

You've seen a bit of the world, or ought to have seen some of it, in your business. Who's the woman you are serious for on earth? A woman you know, I mean, not one you've read about or seen in

some play. Is it an "old maid" making her own living, living her own peaceful, happy life, or her married sister with an indifferent husband, three children and not a day in the year or an hour to call her own?

Come right down to common sense now—who looks the youngest, the married woman you know or the "old maids," as you call them?

Which has the most money to spend, which travels the most, which has the best time altogether? Look for yourself now and see what you shall see.

Little Mrs. Somebody there, in the flat above yours—her husband drinks a little. Mrs. Nobody there in the flat across the hall, her husband is pleasant to you when you meet him on the stairs; you can hear him growling at his wife the minute he gets inside the door. Little Mrs. What of it down the hall, her husband is too good looking, he spends all his money on clothes and lets his wife look like a rag bag; you look younger and happier this very minute than any of these ordinary, every-day women. Why don't you have sense enough to realize it and be grateful?

Marriage is the finest, happiest, best thing in the world, when it is the right marriage. When it is the wrong one or the merely half way right one, the old maid with her best bank account and her own friends and her own good times.

If Sister Mary loves her husband and Sister Mary's husband loves her, she's better off than all the old maids on earth; but if Sister Mary just married Brother John to "get a home" and stop being an old maid, she's so much worse off than Sister Sallie that it almost makes me cry to think about her at all.

Did the young man goody, "Perplexed," pack your little valise, tie on your little bonnet and go on down the road alone, all you need the right man; then you won't need anybody's advice about what to do and when to do it.

Can't Help But Admire Babies

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