



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Dorothy Dix

Writes on Reforming Others—Women Want to Change Everybody—It's Born in Them—Often a Bar to Friendship—Men Seldom Suffer from It.

By DOROTHY DIX

The other day a cultured woman, of rather sentimental tendencies, asked me what I thought was the greatest art in the world.

"The art of letting other people alone," I answered, and then I said, "and it's the least understood."

She stared and then smiled, as if she thought I intended to be funny, but I was never more earnest in my life. I have suffered, you have suffered, the whole world has groaned under a martyrdom at the hands of those who would not let us alone, but who insisted on regulating our lives according to their own notions, and without the slightest regard for any prejudices we might have in the opposite direction.

I am loath to confess it, but these well-meaning persecutors are generally women. Men are so busy trying to make both ends meet in their own business they have scant leisure to meddle in the affairs of their neighbors.

A shoe merchant may do business for twenty years next door to an insurance agent without attempting to show him how to write out a policy or to conduct his office. A woman, on the other hand can never see anybody to anything differently from the way she does it without burning with a frantic desire to correct them and set them right.

If Mrs. A's children wear flannel, she can do no more help worrying over the B children having on cotton than she can help breathing. Every woman in her heart believes that she is the only human being who possesses the real secret of economy, the true religion, and an infallible gift for managing, and being so perfectly convinced of the correctness of her point of view, it seems to her actually criminal to let you alone and permit you to do your own way instead of hers.

As a matter of fact, the passion for reforming things is inherent in the sex. We can't help it. We were born that way. In its violent and insane form it makes dear, sweet, refined and angelic girls throw themselves away on disgusting, drunken brutes, whom they marry, expecting to reform them and lift them out of the gutter into respectability.

No woman escapes the fascination of the idea entirely, and the very first thing a girl thinks of after she gets engaged is what a perfectly delightful time she is going to have reforming her husband just as soon as she gets him. Sometimes it's his politics and religion that she means to have him change, sometimes it's merely the shape of his collar, or the cut of his hair, but she's always bent on reforming something. If there could be a perfect man he would have to live and die a bachelor. There isn't a woman living whom he would interest, because there would be nothing to change about him.

Men seldom suffer from this peculiar mania. When a man first falls in love with a girl he thinks that everything about her is absolutely perfect, and by the time he gets over it and gets a second view of her, he is too wise to undertake the job of improving her. He has found out that there is nothing mutual in a woman's idea of reform, and that she most emphatically objects to the process being tried on her, and he lets her alone. Women seldom learn that, and so we

are continually treated to the spectacle of wives who have an unsuccessful war against their husband's smoking for twenty years and who are still hammering away at the same reform, instead of letting him smoke in peace. It is doubtful if tobacco is harmful. Certainly it can't be as bad morally, physically or mentally as a perpetual argument on the subject. Only fancy what we should think of a man who was forever harping on the injurious effects of chocolate creams, or nibbling between meals, or ice cream soda. Our own especial vices are the only ones that never need reforming.

There isn't much doubt that the great domestic problem is going to be solved when women make up their minds to let their husbands alone a little more—to take them as they are, faults and virtues included and indissolubly mixed.

The virtue of letting alone is equally applicable to children. What modern children suffer from is altogether too much attention. We are so afraid that they will hurt themselves that we keep them padded up in cotton wool as long as we can, and thus deprive them of the great lessons experience teaches, and finally, when they will bear coddling and leading strings no longer, and they do make a break for liberty, we sit down and bemoan their lack of filial reverence and gratitude.

Our theory of doing the best we can for our children is always to be doing something. We never think that the very highest best—if one may use the phrase—is to let them alone, and let them find out for themselves what they are and what they want to be. It is a piece of monstrous vanity, anyway, to want one's children to be just like one's self.

The art of letting alone never seems so admirable and so unattainable as when we deplore its absence in our associates. Nothing else is so fatal a barrier to friendship. It is not possible to be on terms of any sort of intimacy with one woman in a hundred without her trying to more or less supervise your entire affairs. It isn't enough for a woman to be satisfied with her own superlative dressmaker and infallible doctor. She is miserable until she foists them on every one of her friends, and then, when she falls out with those paragons, she expects you to change with her. All sorts of reasons have been given for the scarcity of friendship between women. The real explanation is right here in a nutshell.

It sounds like a joke, but it's the sober truth that a woman has to reach the very highest pinnacle of usefulness and generosity before she is willing to let others do their own way, and be happy after their own taste, instead of hers, but how charming and delightful, how perfect and incomparable she is in every relation of life when she does master the art of letting others alone!

The Real Truth

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE

The real truth, children dear, is that Sleeping Beauty slept with her mouth open, and snored.

You are always hearing women talk of the "nameless longing" in their hearts, as if it were something beyond the comprehension of mere man. If she is single this nameless longing is for a lover, and if she is married, it is for money.

In the books a woman returns a letter from a discarded lover unread, but in real life curiosity would unroll her from a deathbed, if need be, to break the seal.

In the stories she gives a gulping sob as she leaves the room after a quarrel, and he is gone out of her life forever. In real life she has to go to the shop where he works next day to buy sausage, and he waits on her.

The suffragists in speech and pamphlet tell how wives have to account to their husbands for every penny they spend. If the men had to listen to the account of how their wives spend every penny there wouldn't be insane asylums to hold them.

In the books a girl's neck looks like white marble, and those who see it are driven to writing poetry. In real life a girl's neck causes every housekeeper present to make a mental note to buy spars for the dinner next day.

In the books a young woman never mentions "the dear old home" without moist eyes, and in real life she never lives in one home longer than five years. In the stories there is always a trusted servant, who has been with the family forty years; in reality no servant is kept as long as forty weeks. In fiction a poem or song about "baby's shoe" will cause a woman to dissolve in tears. In real life, if the stork whispers to a woman that he is going to give her an occasion for buying a baby's shoe she is mad enough to bite nails in two.

The books say a great deal about the "children's hour," a period at twilight when the children climb on mother's or father's knee and listen to fairy stories. In real life if father is a farmer, he is engaged at this period in feeding the hogs and mother is doing the milking. Or, if they live in town, he is hanging to a car strap and she is running to the delicatessen.

In the books the children gather at mother's knee for their good night prayers. In the days when every mother believed in having her children pray, there were so many children in the family that they couldn't have gathered around her knee unless her limbs were built like those of an extension table.

Beauty Secrets of Beautiful Women

Dainty Marguerite Clarke Tells What Simple Rules Will Do



Beauty Secrets of Beautiful Women
Dainty Marguerite Clarke Tells What Simple Rules Will Do

What Miss Clarke Says:

- Sun, rain or wind, I believe in fresh air.
- I walk and walk whenever I can.
- I went twenty months once without a vacation.
- Every Spring I take a tonic—dear, little, new carrots. They are a wonderful blood tonic and purifier.
- Powder looks flaky and is faky.
- I never go to late suppers in restaurants.
- No woman can afford to dissipate.
- To preserve one's looks you must be clean—clean all the time.

Miss Marguerite Clarke.

These beautiful pictures are the latest taken of this charming actress who, in the accompanying interview, tells how she finds it easy to retain the freshness of youth through simple means.

By LILLIAN LAUFERTY

From "Happyland" to "Baby Mine"—then on to "Little Snow White," and now to the part of Raffles-made Amy Herrick in "Are You a Crook?" has dainty Marguerite Clarke waded her triumphal way in six years of growth in power and ambition. And yet her face retains a sweet, childlike, untroubled quality that is very alluring.

"Where does she find the energy?" I thought as she went eagerly through the rehearsal of the third act twice, and then with unflagging zeal started off on act II—and "Where do you find your unflagging enthusiasm?" I inquired when she came over for a chat in the far corner of the stage of the beautiful new Longacre theater, where I was playing audience.

"Oh, I get it outdoors," said the little star whose name just suggests her own sweet daintiness. "I don't need outdoor exercise, because I get plenty of exercise on the stage, but I do need the wonderful, bracing, soothing, stimulating effects of fresh air. So I walk and walk whenever I can—and from the theater, around the block—just so I am out in the air. Sun, rain or wind, I believe in fresh air."

"I take osteopathy, too—whenever I am too tired to exercise myself, for that is a wonderful, lazy way of taking your exercise—so luxurious!" Miss Clarke laughed in pleased reminiscence.

"You see, you can't work and give all the energy and force it deserves to your work unless you keep your energy up. So I go outdoors and get a new supply of force. And I get on for the longest while without vacations. I went twenty whole months once without a bit of vacation—just getting made over new each day by the wonderful outdoor world."

"Perhaps you give too much credit to fresh air—maybe it is just your own private supply of energy and ambition that works on unceasingly," I suggested.

"I think not. Ambition does keep you keyed up and full of the desire to advance. Then you have the incentive, and then you must take every possible means to make yourself capable of carrying out your ambitions."

"Every spring I prescribe a wonderful tonic for myself—dear, little, new carrots. I see them till they are cold and delicious—yes, really delicious—and then I just add salt for a flavoring and eat away. Quite raw, you know. Just try them and see how good they taste, and they are good for more than taste, too. They are a wonderful blood tonic and purifier. They do make your skin nice," added Miss Clarke enthusiastically.

They do all of that—for a smoother, more absolutely guileless-of-the-faintest-trace-of-powder skin, than Miss Marguerite Clarke's you never saw.

"Well, I have to be made up on the stage all the time, you know—so between while I like to give my skin time to breathe. Absolutely just that—time to breathe. And besides the skin, I do so dislike seeing powder uncompromisingly betrayed by the glaring sunlight. It does look so flaky and faky."

"I have one little notion about actresses, and I suppose it applies to your whole sex," mused Miss Clarke. "We must be veiled in a little mystery to be truly charming. Now, if you are painted all pink and white, and have shadows done under your eyes, and all the paraphernalia of trying-to-be-attractive, how can you be elusive, mysterious or charming, when there are all the secrets of how laid bare for the least discerning eye to see?"

"In keeping with my idea of 'mystery' I do not go to the restaurants much. And that works out very well, for it keeps me from eating lobster salad at 1 a. m., and saves health and digestion, and hurries me along to bed at reasonable hours."

"And actresses, of all women, cannot afford to dissipate, you know. But then no woman who wants to look her best and to win success in the world can afford to dissipate, which means waste her energies in any way. You can't use yourself up in food or excitement or late hours and have any self left for

worth while things," said the little lady, sagely.

"You have made a careful study of taking care of the precious human body, haven't you?" asked the interviewer.

"Oh, there is a lot more to it," replied the interviewed. "I am very earnest about the importance of cleanliness. That sounds almost foolish, as if every one else weren't, too. But then if people want to preserve the looks they already have or acquire some more, they must think about being clean, clean, clean all the time. Clean means clean from the crown of your head to the tips of your fingers, and to the soles of your little pink feet, too. And it means that everything you wear must be just as sweet and fresh as you are. Somehow when you are all clean and sweet and rested and out of doors, you don't get sick very often."

"That's being in condition, I suppose."

The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

"Gee, but I hate mixed crowds!" said the Manicure Lady. "I always was that way since the days when we used to go to the kid parties, where they played postoffice and spin the platter."

"I never noticed much whether a crowd was mixed or not," said the Head Barber. "I never went to no parties to speak of, and the few that I did go to seemed kind of easy running. Of course there would be some people there with more money than others, and at most of the parties nobody could tell who would be the rich ones at the end of the evening."

"I don't mean no poker parties," said the Manicure Lady. "I was thinking just a minute ago when I spoke of a party which I was to last night. It was a kind of birthday party for Wilfred, and mother let the poor boy make out half the list of guests. You know Wilfred always prided himself on being a good mixer, and I guess he must be, judging from the different kinds of guests he

asked. The folks that mother and me invited was our regular crowd, but Wilfred didn't use no judgment in his selection of friends. You never seen such a collection, George. There was a lady poetess among them. The things she had wrote had come to the attention of Wilfred, and the poor boy got kind of smothered on her and invited her. Some of the poetry that she showed me was worse than Wilfred's own."

"Her escort to the party was a young gent with a blue tie and a red nose. He kept saying 'Take it from me!' and crying over in the corner because the Yankees wasn't winning no more games. Then he would tell how he used to go to school with Frank Chance, the leader of the Yankees, and then he'd cry some more and say 'Believe me!' and 'Don't tell me!' That was his speed, George, all evening—'Take it from me,' and tears. 'Tren there was another young gent there that deserves to succeed in life. He could give his ears and bend his thumb backward till it touched his wrist, and you should have heard him sing 'In the Garden of My Heart' and

Why, when I was 'Snow White' this winter every one told me that I must be sure to rub my feet carefully in alcohol or I'd catch dreadful colds. I didn't—and I didn't! I never dreamed what a wonderful, free feeling going without shoes would give. I think it must be good to go barefoot occasionally—I did feel so antipathy with my feet free to my beloved air."

"But then I love iron, untrammelled motion of every kind. I don't wear corsets of the stage. I don't wear them, and I am quite sure they were not thought of in the original scheme of things. I can't see why we must be all wrapped up and bound up, and kept hidden from the air and sunlight. No shoes, no corsets—freedom and suppleness—wouldn't that be ideal?"

"Women are so apt to get so much—don't you think they might aspire to these health and beauty causes, too?"

"The Fatal Deck of Cards." He acted as if he had come there to be the life of the party, and I guess he would have been the death of it if father hadn't put the crusher on him by taking him into the library and mixing him three cocktails of the sort he called "sleep-producers." The old gent learned how to make them from Bob Kiley, and they are guaranteed to silence a pest quicker and with better results than chloroform.

"There was any number of quaint and curious folks among Wilfred's chosen, but goodness knows I ain't got the memory of the time to tell you about how cunning all of them was. There was a pool shark that kept talking about combination shots and miscues, and a jockey that Pittsburgh Phil used to give all his old neckties to, and a subroter that came with the fellow that would was his sars. All she could do was to chew gum, and tell how she was learning the Tango dance. And there was a old fellow there that used snuff and talked out of the corner of his mouth. Wilfred asked him because the poor old soul had just had a run-in with his wife and was afraid to go home. Yes, George, it was some mixed crowd and the birthday party was some weird affair. I wonder how many more birthdays Wilfred will have to have before he grows a few brains."

Omniscience of Love

By HEATRICE FAIRFAX

A lover sees his sweetheart in every thing he looks at, just as a man bitten by a dog sees the dog in his most dangerous moments.

A business man with both young men and young women in his office recently had this experience.

"What," he called to a young man, "is the address of the firm to which you made that assignment this morning?"

The young man looked up absently from his work and said dreamily, "Madeline, Madeline Grey."

To a girl stenographer later, the employer put this question: "Have you finished the first bunch of letters?" She looked a little startled as she replied, "I didn't know you wanted to know him. His name is Paul, and he is a first-class stenographer."

In both instances the employer made some comment about the world going mad, and he would be glad when this falling in love had gone out of fashion. "Why," he complained to me later, "I give a young man a valuable blue print to study, I have to watch him like a hawk to keep him from covering it with drawings of a girl's face, and I haven't a girl working for me who covers the first time she is addressed. She is away off in some dream boat with George or Bill or John."

It is the omniscience of love. It is a sweet insanity that calls for renewed vigilance from those who are sane to keep the peace, or the world moving in their right grooves.

This employer grumbled, but he also laughed, and a grimace with a laugh underneath indicates a sympathy that it was from experience. He knew what it was from experience. I hope we all do. To have seen one's sweetheart all around one has a most broadening effect on the sympathies. It also makes us charitable when suffering the annoyance that this love madness in others causes.

The girl in the kitchen fills the sugar bowl with salt; the girl on the car goes to work rides ten blocks beyond her destination and is late; the girl with the greater duties than residing at pink tea tables sees only with the outer eye the guests she is addressing. From the humblest walk to the highest everything is awry, misplaced, lost or forgotten, because those who love are the object of their love in all around them.

The value of concentration is unknown; the necessity of putting one's thought on the nearest duty and keeping at a safe distance all temptation to let the mind wander, has no place in the consciousness of those who are in love.

A young girl writes to ask if she is to be blamed because she thinks so much of her lover she can't keep her mind on her work. Bless her, no. The blame is not here. It goes away back to the one who invented living.

On the shoulders of that great humanitarian rests the blame of all the sweet folly that begins with the day when a man and woman discover they are in love, and ends when their dream boat bumps hard on the shore of that barren looking island called matrimony.

The hump will come soon enough. It will also be hard enough. It will come soon enough and hard enough to suit the most unsympathetic and unromantic.

And so I say to this little girl, go on dreaming that you see your lover in all around you. It is your privilege and your right.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am dead in love with a girl about 15, and I am just 21. I see her every night on my way home and I would no anything to know her. When I see her I feel like talking to her, but something keeps me back from doing so.

I am glad to hear that. The "something" which keeps you from addressing a girl you have never met is an indication that you are a gentleman. Continue to heed that instinct. You are so young you can afford to wait several years of need be for an opportunity to meet her.

There are but few depilatories sold. You think there are hundreds because you acknowledge the world over by eminent preparations under several different names. This is easily explained. Women stop using.

So-called Hair Removers when they learn that they are harmful. Therefore, they can not be sold under the same name for any length of time. Then the identical, worthless, harmful concoctions are given new names and advertised again as totally different preparations to defraud the same foolish women who innocently buy them over and over again under different names, and this will continue as long as women are so unwise as to experiment with unknown, so-called hair removers.

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Avoid Permanent Disfigurement by refusing substitutes. If your dealer will not supply you with DeMiracle, free information how to determine which depilatories are harmful and worthless sent in plain, sealed envelope.

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