

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Woman's Thirst for Admiration The Empty Flattery Too Often Mistaken for the Genuinely Honest Thing.

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Nothing in all the world can convince a woman that a man is not absolutely justified for being in love with her. Nothing can convince her that she is not being cheated out of her birthright and given an unfair deal and being abused and neglected and generally mistreated by malicious fate unless her progress through life is marked at intervals by admiring males.

Everyone of us has enough sane judgment to know when a man is making a fool of himself by falling in love with somebody else. But when it comes to the personal singular, judgment fails. We don't just want it! And by the force of wanting we expect to attract it; while because of the force of that same desire we think the tide of life ought to go out of its way and disregard all obstacles in order to wash up on the shores at our feet a shipwrecked mariner who will acclaim at once and in the most glowing terms our own first personal singular supreme charm!

We want admiration—ergo: we must have it. And the ways in which we set out to get it, oh, my sisters, are strange and wonderful—and wonderfully ineffective. We make ourselves fine, we make ourselves modern society. We maneuver to outshine other women. We cater to the very characteristics in men which in our hearts we least admire—and which, when deliberately appealed to, fail to yield lasting or deep response. We make ourselves cheap and conspicuous and easily attainable and lower our best standards. And all of this for admiration and the glitter of compliments.

And even while we are chasing in a circle as amusingly futile as the one Pussycat describes when she whirrs after her own fluffy tail, there are the big little circles we choose for our daily round. Masculine admiration is well worth having. But it is not to be confused with mere compliments, or with assumed tolerance or with patronizing tribute to the "weaker sex." No grown woman can really want a man to like her in the way that a child would a pretty child. No being of flesh and blood can live on the sort of glowing criticism a beautiful picture might call forth. And no woman of character can be satisfied to appeal to man as an intellectual way.

But most of us go unerringly after what analysis surely shows us we do not want. We don't discriminate between praise and flattery and honest admiration. For the sake of the icing we swallow cake that is made of moldy flour and cold sugar eggs and rancid butter.

We envy the woman who is showy and popular. We despair because some girl who trails through promenade with a string of courtiers. We want to have other women see that we are admired.

Makes Stubborn Coughs Vanish in a Hurry

Surprisingly Good Cough Syrup
Eases and Cures
Made at Home

If some one in your family has an obstinate cough or a bad throat or chest cold that has been hanging on and refuses to yield to treatment, get from any drug store 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex and mix with a pint of cough syrup, and watch that cough vanish.

Four the 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth) into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with Pinex cough syrup. The total cost is about 54 cents, and gives you a full pint—a family supply—of a most effective remedy, at a saving of \$2. A day's use will usually overcome a hard cough. Easily prepared in 5 minutes—full directions with Pinex. Keeps perfectly and has a pleasant taste. Children like it.

It's really remarkable how promptly and easily it loosens the dry, hoarse or tight cough and heals the inflamed membranes in a painful cough. It also stops the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchial tubes, thus ending the persistent louse cough. A splendid remedy for bronchitis, whooping cough, bronchial asthma and whooping cough.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, rich in quaiaccol, which is so healing to the membranes.

Avoid disappointment by asking your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex," and do not accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction goes with this preparation or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Women Know

that they cannot afford to be ill. They must keep themselves in the best of health at all times. Most of all, the digestive system must be kept in good working order. Knowing the importance of this, many women have derived help from

Beecham's Pills

These safe, sure, vegetable pills quickly right the conditions that cause headache, languor, constipation and biliousness. They are free from habit-forming drugs. They do not irritate or weaken the bowels.

Women find that relieving the small ills promptly, prevents the development of big ones. They depend on Beecham's Pills to tone, strengthen and

Keep Them Well

Directions of Special Value to Women with Every Box. Sold Everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c., 50c.

The Story of Jade



A flat shaped vase of emerald green jade.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

There is a great charm about the stone called Jade, which, from prehistoric times, has been carved into ornaments and implements. It is a cross-grained, hard, massive substance, showing a peculiar lustre on the cut surfaces and possessing a distinctive color, usually some shade or blending of green or blue. It is sufficiently rare to prevent objects made of it from becoming commonplace, being found only in moderate quantities in certain parts of the world.

China has always been famous for its Jade, and it is found also in Siberia, Turkestan, New Zealand, Egypt and northwestern America. Another name for it is nephrite, from the Greek word for kidney, an old belief being that it had curative powers over kidney diseases. There are two varieties—Jade proper and Jadeite. The former is a silicate of calcium and magnesium, and the latter a silicate of aluminum and sodium. Dana, in his "Mineralogy," says that the aluminum-sodium silicate in other words, Jadeite—is the stone most highly prized

The Stone with a Peculiar Charm



A wine ewer of mutton fat jade in high relief.

of all that pass under the name of Jade. Externally the two varieties appear so much alike that only an expert or a mineralogist can distinguish between them. Recent examination has shown that much of the Chinese Jade is really Jadeite. Color furnishes no certain test, for both possess a great variety of hues and shades, and hardness and lustre are equally indeterminate qualities. Chemical composition is the only sure clue. However, for the collector of antique and beautiful specimens of Jade carving the question of the chemical composition of the material used is of relatively little importance, since whether it be jade or Jadeite the qualities that give it value are equally present. It is the work of the artist upon a material suitable to express and perpetuate his idealized forms that is sought for and admired.

In prehistoric times Jade or Jadeite was employed for implements of labor, such as stone axes. This has given rise to the name "axe-stone," sometimes applied to these minerals. Specimens have been found, for instance, among the remains of the "lake dwellings" of Switzerland, although the stone does not exist naturally in Europe. This indicates that there were ways and means of travel and



A vase of the Kien-lung period 14 inches tall.

trade in prehistoric times such as we should not have expected. Archaeological research has pushed back both art and commerce to an astonishingly early period, and proved that even in the Stone Ages men scattered widely over some parts of the earth, and already possessed the enterprise which was to render them masters of sea and land. Much of the charm of jade objects arises from the exceedingly rich and variegated colors of the material. These colors are not glaring or conspicuous, but subdued and beautifully harmonious, and the artists, in the finest specimens, have taken advantage of the distribution of the various tones and tints to heighten the effect of their designs while bringing out the contrasts of color. Often, as in the objects shown in the photographs on this page, the most exquisite effects are produced by the varying shades of color running through the systems. Among the colors characteristic of jade and Jadeite, are emerald-green, "mutton-fat," tea-green, violet, "carnation" and yellow. Nearly all these shades are sometimes found distributed through a single specimen. The rarest combinations are said to be of violet and emerald-green.

Accidents Due to Own Carelessness

By CHARLES H. PARKHURST.

The Police Bulletin, issued monthly under the auspices of the department, contains a quantity of matter that is of interest to the general public as well as to the force. The October issue gives a carefully worked-out analysis of highway accidents occurring in New York city, calculated from a variety of points of view and affording matter for careful study to all who use the streets, whether as passengers or pedestrians.

It appears that during the first eight months of the present year there were 49 persons killed, or nearly two a day, and 15,516 injured, or about sixty-five daily. One result obtained which does not at all coincide with popular impression is that comparatively few of these accidents are due to the fault of motormen or drivers, but to pedestrians or passengers.

In the month of August last, out of 49 injured only thirty-one are set down as due to the fault of motormen or drivers; that is to say, only about one in twenty. Of the accidents occurring in that month, and due to personal carelessness, 37 are attributed to "improperly boarding or alighting"; 24 to "crossing streets not at crossings"; 137 to "playing in the street."

Such facts and figures afford pedestrians something that it is worth their while to ruminate upon. The general impression that street fatalities and injuries are mostly chargeable to the rashness and carelessness of chauffeurs is thus authoritatively contradicted. It is always agreeable to escape personal responsibility by locating it elsewhere.

One cannot now travel about in the city on a motor car without coming to the conclusion that chauffeurs are, as a rule, a pretty careful class, nor without discovering that a great many pedestrians are willing to take very serious risks. Not only men, but women, will start across the street at any point that suits their convenience, without taking any survey of the condition of the street traffic. That might be discreet in the country, but not on a crowded city thoroughfare.

The figures just quoted show that such negligence is suicidal. It is only fair to add that there is no doubt that chauffeurs do, to some extent, trespass upon the rights of pedestrians, especially in treating crossings as being their own property, instead of being the joint property of the entire traveling public. The entire matter can be fairly and briefly disposed of by saying that the mass of people in this city are in such a perturbation and unreasonable agitation that they have not sense enough left to know how to take care of themselves.

The Bulletin itself states the case in saying: "It must all be due to the tremendous hurry everyone in New York seems to be in to get somewhere else. The nervous pace in this city has increased year by year, and it is not re-

markable that accidents should increase in proportion." It should be added to the foregoing that too much credit cannot be given to the traffic squad for the controlling and protective influence which is so wisely and courteously exercised by it. Without it vehicular traffic among our main avenues and even in many of our side streets would be an absolute impossibility.

If any one of the dozen or fifteen who

Model of Brown Silk with Beaver



A Bernard model is of brown silk trimmed with beaver.—From J. M. Giddings & Co., Fifth Avenue.

Bernard has varied the monotony of tailleur fabrics by developing a smart costume in brown grosgrain silk, which he has trimmed with beaver fur by way of pleasing tone harmony.

There is nothing especially new about the skirt. The lines are characteristically flaring and there is a border of fur about the hem which is fully fourteen inches from the ground. An interesting detail of the coat is the method used to accentuate the umbrella flare. Pieces of the material are shaped on the lines of an inverted V and set at regular intervals through the coat-skirt from the waist line to the hem. Rather unusual in these days of funnel and muffer collars is the neck finish which shows a narrow, flat collar of beaver widened to form broad rovers.

Ugly Duckling Must Make Most of Her Consolation Prize—Plain Woman Need Not Lack Attention from Men If She Makes Most of Her Talents

By DOROTHY DIX

A homely girl writes me a letter in which she despairingly asks: "Is beauty the only asset that counts in a woman? Am I doomed never to be sought after or loved by a man because nature did not give me peaches and cream complexion and lustrous hair and large ox-like eyes? Is there no hope for the ugly girl?"



O foolish girl, it would be very easy to tell this ugly duckling that to be a swan isn't such a glorious thing as she imagines, and that a lovely character than it is to have a willowy figure and that beauty is only skin deep, etc., etc., and again etc. These time-worn platitudes are, however, mendacious. Beauty may be but skin deep, but it is all of us that show, and no matter what is said to the contrary, good looks are woman's one best asset, the thing that gains for her attention and consideration, and all of the perquisites of life without her ever having to lift a finger in her own behalf.

The pretty girl gets the partners at the dance, the invitations to places of amusement. Let a pretty girl and a homely girl apply for the same position and the pretty one gets it. A dozen men will spring to their feet to give their places in a crowded street car to a living picture, while the chrome can hang herself on to a strap. A pretty wife is treated as a parlor ornament, while a plain-featured one is expected to find her proper place in the kitchen.

There is no use in arguing about the value of good looks to a woman, but because a girl has missed getting the capital prize in the feminine lottery is no reason why she should go into social bankruptcy. The thing for her to do is to make the most of her consolation prize.

While it is true that the homely girl starts into the race of life with a heavy handicap, and that beauty has a long start of her, it is not impossible for little Plain Fate to overtake her and win out. To begin with, the beauty has often but one charm—her looks. Nature isn't as unjust as she seems, and when she lavishes an extra amount of outside adoration on a woman's head she generally skips on the inside her feelings.

There are a few exceptions to the rule, but they are very few. If you will think over all of the Venuses you have ever met you will recall that most of them were dull as dishwater, and the most boring of companions. Here is the homely girl's opportunity. Realizing that no man will consider her a piece of prize-brass which he can spend an evening in admiringly contemplating it is up to her to read, and study, and observe until she acquires a line of conversation that will make people forget whether her eyes look like burnt holes in a blanket or violets drenched in dew. The ugliest man in England, a man of

rotten face and figure, was the most noted lady-killer of his time, and it was his boast that if you would give him fifteen minutes start of the handsomest man in the world he could out him out with any woman.

The same thing is true of women. A lovely face may catch a man's eye and snare his fancy for a time, but the woman who can keep a man interested and amused is the one that can hold him, and of whom he never tires. The second advantage the homely girl has over her pretty sister is in the matter of vanity. The whole circumstances of a beautiful life tend to make her self-conscious and selfish. She feels that admiration is her right, and that she should have the best of everything and everybody should be subservient to her whims.

Men hold pretty much the same views concerning their own prerogatives that the beauty does about hers, and so when the two meet there is apt to be a clash. That's where the ugly girl has her innings again. She is willing to study a man and try to please him, instead of having him break his neck trying to propitiate her. She's anxious to burn incense before the man instead of expecting him to get busy with his nose sticks at her feet. She's ready to hunt bouquets at the man's feet, and she's ready to accept a few tributes from him. And this explains why ravishing beauties so seldom make good marriages, while so many plain looking women capture matrimonial prizes.

Still another advantage that the homely woman has over the beauty is that as the beauty grows older she fades, while as the plain woman grows older she nearly always gets better looking, so that often two women, one of whom was pretty and the other ugly at 20, have changed places at 40.

The middle-aged beauty whose hair has lost its luster, her cheeks their roses, her eyes their brightness, her form its grace, is a pitiable wreck of her former self, but the homely woman who never had any beauty except that of the mind and soul is at the very height of her charm, and her intelligence and sympathy make her even physically attractive.

Therefore let the homely girl not mourn as one without hope, but set herself to work to cultivate her mind and heart with the assurance that intelligence and companionship are a pretty good substitute for beauty, and that when an ugly woman is fascinating she is the most fascinating woman on earth.

In-Shoots

Good judgment has often been termed cowardice.

It is easier to look into the mouths of some gift horses than others.

When a girl laughs at being kissed it is a sign that the fellow is wasting time.

When a fellow cannot make a good speech it will always help some to "set 'em up again."

Lots of men who claim to have come from fine families appear to be a long way from home.

A Message To Women

Those of Middle Age Especially.

When you have found no remedy for the horrors that oppress you during change of life, when through the long hours of the day it seems as though your back would break, when your head aches constantly, you are nervous, depressed and suffer from those dreadful bearing down pains, don't forget that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the safest and surest remedy, and has carried hundreds of women safely through this critical period.

Read what these three women say:

From Mrs. Hornung, Buffalo, N. Y.
BUFFALO, N. Y.—"I am writing to let you know how much your medicine has done for me. I failed terribly during the last winter and summer and every one remarked about my appearance. I suffered from a female trouble and always had pains in my back, no appetite and at times was very weak."

"I was visiting at a friend's house one day and she thought I needed Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it and have gained eight pounds, have a good appetite and am feeling better every day. Everybody is asking me what I am doing and I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. You may publish this letter if you wish and I hope others who have the same complaint will see it and get health from your medicine as I did."—Mrs. A. HORNUNG, 91 Stanton St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Made Me Well and Strong.
MACEDON, N. Y.—"I was all run down and very thin in flesh, nervous, no appetite, could not sleep and was weak, and felt badly all the time. The doctors said I had poor blood and what I had was turning to water. I took different medicines which did not help me, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me well and strong, and I am recommending it to my friends."—Mrs. FRED CHACE, R. No. 2, Macedon, N. Y.

The Change of Life.
BELTSVILLE, MD.—"By the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I have successfully passed through a most trying time, the change of life. I suffered with a weakness, and had to stay in bed three days at a time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored me to perfect health, and I am praising it for the benefit of other women who suffer as I did."—Mrs. W. S. DUVALL, Route No. 1, Beltsville, Md.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No one sick with a woman's ailments does justice to herself if she does not try this famous medicine made from roots and herbs, it has restored so many suffering women to health.
Write to LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. (CONFIDENTIAL) LYNN, MASS., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

