

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Worry as a Wrinkle Maker

Charming Elsie Ferguson Thinks Modern Women Deliberately Sacrifice Their Beauty

By ELSIE FERGUSON.
(The Beautiful Star Now Playing in "Outcast.")

What is beauty without success and a constant feeling that one is of use in the world? After all, life is what we make it, and worth comes essentially from within, but it is what we take from our environment that really makes the biggest difference. Women of today are forgetting that of all things in the world that should be lightly put aside, the little things, the petty worries, are the troubles that should be dealt with as trivial matters, and of course these are just the very things that must be greatly exaggerated.

Modern women are petty and fretful; they have the countless tiny wrinkles of worries that might have been avoided engraved upon their countenances. They are small in their conception of life, the bigger finer possibilities have no interest for them. They fritter their lives and their looks away in a vain worry about things that frequently never happen at all, and in consequence miss the opportunity to recognize worth of any kind in other people.

We have heard of people who have so small an opinion of themselves that they cannot conceive of anything noble in another. Many women of today are that way; they judge everybody by the narrow standard they have laid out for themselves, and it is really not their fault when after a time it becomes impossible for them to see beyond a certain limit. I don't think that people realize how much harm a thing like this can mean to people at large. Everybody suffers from it, and this small conception of life is much more prevalent among women than among men.

One runs up against women of this type everywhere. They come to the theater expecting to be amused; they never take into account the fact that the actor or actress upon the stage has a certain amount of nervous strain, and that many of us do our best work when we are secure in the knowledge that we have a sympathetic audience. Instead, they come and sit in the front rows and boxes and make almost audible comments on what is going on. I say that there should be no operation; the world of women should be run on this basis: women should be less petty, less self-centered, more self-controlled, as most of our men are.

There are countless women made unhappy simply through the selfishness of other women who will not stop to think, there are hundreds of women today ruining not only their chances of happiness but their chances of good looks. There should be a balance, so that every person may have a fair chance, a word of encouragement occasionally, rather than a feeling that there is no room on the earth for any save the wealthy and influential.



The versatile Elsie Ferguson, from her latest photograph.

Tad Is a Cynic



He admired Nell Brinkley's beautiful picture. But, he says, sending in this:



THE CONCEALED WEAPON
TWENTY YEARS LATER

"The Brinkley picture, for the protection of men, should be followed up. This is the follow up."

* More Horse Sense--and Some Success *

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

To take care of myself, and then produce a little surplus for the benefit of the world is my ambition.

"We are strong," says Emerson, "only as we ally ourselves with nature." I find that when I go into partnership with a good horse I keep my nerves from getting outside of my clothes.

A horse helps you to "forget it." A horse has no troubles of his own. He does not pour into your ear a sad tale of war.

Says Walt Whitman: "I think I could turn and live with animals." I have ridden horseback almost daily for the last forty years. And I enjoy horseback riding today more than ever before.

I have never been sick a day in my life; and I have never lost a meal except through inability of access.

Any man who keeps his strength and good cheer in this country will never be

out of a job. And of work I have always had plenty.

God certainly has been good to me. I think I have had as much fun and as many laughs as any man of my years in the wide world.

I know what pleasure is, for I have done good work," said Robert Louis Stevenson, the well beloved.

One of the principal reasons why I have been able to do good work is because I have always kept in close, cheery, terms with at least one good horse.

Alfred Russel Wallace says that civilization had its rise in the domestication of animals; that where men domesticated the horse, the ox, the camel, the elephant, civilization thrived and men evolved; but that in countries where man had nothing in the way of domestic animals--except a tame wolf--that is, the dog--there was no evolution.

The centaur, that fabled combination of a man and a horse, had its rise in the dim ages when man first tamed a wild horse.

Some boob--for boobs have always abounded--saw a man on horseback, and he was so amazed that he told the whole boob family that he seen a man with the body of a horse. And, being boobs, they believed it.

A man on horseback was pretty nearly invincible, until the invention of gunpowder; and the first use of gunpowder was to scare horses. The idea of the explosion heaving a rock or an iron ball was a later idea.

My opinion now is that if we are going to reserve our vigor, our courage, our enjoyment, we will have to be on good terms with Mother Earth and close up to equus caballus.

The two greatest men the world has ever seen were horsemen, both. Aristotle was the world's first schoolmaster and the world's first scientist. He taught school out of doors, and all of his pupils were taught to ride horseback.

Aristotle was the tutor of Alexander the Great. He taught Alexander to ride the wild horse Bucephalus, and Aristotle sat on the top rail of the corral and watched his pupil turn the trick.

Aristotle wrote a book of a thousand pages on the horse. He said all there was to say on the subject, and no man can ever write at length about the horse without quoting Aristotle.

Aristotle dissected the dead body of the horse. He then fastened the skeleton together, preserving all of its articulations. The native villagers stood around and watched him; and when the skeleton was all fastened together with the aid of thongs the villagers chuckled and gurgled in glee and said: "We knew they could never do it."

The merry villagers thought that Aristotle and Alexander were endeavoring to make a horse, and they were overjoyed to see that Aristotle was unable to clothe the bones with flesh, put the skin on the horse, saddle him and ride him down the street. That was one on Aristotle.

The next man to write a book on the

horse was Leonardo da Vinci. Among other things Leonardo did was to paint a picture of his lady love, the Mona Lisa, which picture was stolen from the Louvre. Leonardo got the trifling sum of \$50,000 for the picture. It is now worth a million.

But the fellow who stole it offered it for \$50 and got "pinched" for attempting to sell a "snide" painting. Leonardo attributed much of his bubbling, perennial joy in life to his close association with the horse. He was a horseback rider from childhood until his eighty-fourth year, when death, through accident, claimed him, and he went out with a smile and a wave of the hand, first intimating, with broken breath, that if there were no horses in paradise he did not care to go there.

Some one asked Henry Thoreau what he did when he wanted to turn his canoe, and Henry replied: "I just carry the idea in my mind that I wish to turn, and the canoe goes just where I want it to."

The fellow tried the trick and, very naturally, upset in some very damp water--this because he did not have the canoe instinct. Any man with the horse instinct soon comes to a perfect understanding with one of these high-bred horses, and the horse knows where to go and how fast. It is a great thing to feel that you are bigger than the elements. And a horse of the right kind helps you to hypnotize yourself into the belief that you are part of all you see and hear and feel.

No man can have melancholia who loves a horse, and is understood by one. You shake off your troubles and send your cares flying into the wanton winds when you ride horseback.

I have ridden horses since I wore trousers buttoned to a calico waist. In my childhood I could go out to the barn in the night and find, saddle and bridle any particular horse that my father wanted.

My father was a country doctor and used to ride much nights. Sometimes I rode with him--first behind him, then in front of him--and then I got a horse of my own.

The other day a man came along here from New York City and asked Al Bald this question: "Is Mr. Hubbard giving many lectures this year?"

And the old man replied: "Good Lord! How can he go off giving lectures? Don't you know that his best saddle mare has a colt?"

And it is so--I have to stay home and look after the baby.

Sophistication in Women : Men Usually Marry Girls Free from Admiration from Other Men, and Acquire It's Taste After Marriage

By DOROTHY DIX.

As a general thing, the sophisticated woman appeals to a man as more enjoyable than a simpleton, and as a result, she is a wife. The average man's ideal of a woman is still five before she ate the apple, not five lives who remain from eating apples because the fruit is bad for their digestions.

Thereupon the average man marries a young girl during her first season in society, firmly convinced that because he is the first and only man who has ever made love to her he will be the last and only. This depends on circumstances. The girl may be sufficiently in love with him to never crave the admiration of any other man, or she may be so situated as to be cut off from it, and so safe, out the path to the divorce court is kept hot by wives who were married when they were mere children, and before they found out how intoxicating is the draught of flattery and admiration and love-making that man offers to women's lips.

If a woman acquires a taste for this marriage, God help her husband, for there is no cure for the married flirt. She may not be a bad woman, or an actually immoral one, but her craving for admiration is like the hunger for opium. It grows by what it feeds on, and there is no limit to the depths of imbecility into which it leads its victims.

If you will trace back the stories of the infidelity of wives half of the time you will find that the woman was married when she was very young, before she had experienced the thrilling delight of listening to a man's vows of dearest devotion, or had known the subtle sense

of power with which a woman finds out that she can sway men by her beauty or her charm. Few husbands ever make love to their wives, and so it is the woman's natural desire for this courtship and this adulation that she has missed that leads her into seeking it away from home and in forbidden paths.

For otherwise it is with the woman who has been a belle before her marriage, she has her fill of admiration from men, and it possesses none of the charm of novelty to her. She has heard the verb of love conjugated in all its moods and tenses until it is as wearisome as a school exercise. She has played at the game of flirtation until it has palled upon her, and as a married woman she would carry on a surreptitious love affair than a Paderewski would think of grinding out ragtime from a barrel organ.

Another mistake that men make is in thinking that the best way to assure themselves of getting a domestic wife is to marry a woman who has never been in society. Men marry to get a home far oftener than women do. The city man, at least, seldom commits matrimony until he is utterly weary of the heady round of social gayeties. The mere thought of being dragged about in a wife's wake to balls, and parties, and first nights fills him with such terror that he feels his only safety lies in marrying some woman who knows nothing of them.

Never was a more fatal error. There is no other woman in the world who is so absolutely crazy for every form of amusement as the woman who has never known any society, and who all of her life has been starving for it. She is like a man dying of thirst, who is suddenly plunged into a river where he can steep himself to the lips. Perhaps she has never been to a ball before, and the intoxication of dancing becomes a frenzy with her that makes her mad to go to every party to which she is invited. Perhaps she has never been to a restaurant before, and the golden streets of the new Jerusalem do not appear so desirable to her eyes as to eat in a gilded public dining room.

Here, too, it is the woman who has had who is the safe matrimonial chance for a man. The girl who has been in society all her life, who has been to parties and balls and theaters until they have lost all their charm of novelty is glad enough to settle down to domesticity, and to find her pleasure inside of her home instead of without it. To the girl who knows her Europe as she does her native town, every excursion does not offer a temptation, having seen the best of the stage affairs, she does not yearn to see every silly play that is put on the boards; having swarmed of balls and parties, she is glad to turn from them to the abiding pleasures of old books and old friends.

Pretty much the same rule will be found to apply to women and economy. Most men are afraid to marry a girl who has been raised rich, lest she be extravagant, and there is a theory that if a man wants a saving and helpful wife he should marry a poor girl. Quite the reverse of this is generally true. To the

girl who has never had any money at all to spend the \$1,000 or \$5,000 that her husband earns seems as unending as the wealth of a Rockefeller, and she is generally reckless in throwing it away, whereas to the girl who has been used to thousands instead of hundreds the husband's small income seems so little that she feels that she must save every cent.

In the end the question of a choice between the girl who has had the things she desired and the girl who has never had them narrows itself down to the old one of human experience, and the reason that men make so many mistakes in deciding this important question is because they have never yet learned that a woman is a human being.

How to Make a Man Feel Happy

By LAURA RINGSTON.

Woman's natural mission in this world is to make one or more men happy. In this she generally defeats her object, because she does not understand that man is naturally a happy animal, who only becomes unhappy when he feels that some one is doing their utmost to make him happy.

He wants to be left alone. That is all. There are few women who are naturally competent to make a man happy. The average girl who gets married is about as fit to be trusted with the care of a husband as the care of a giraffe.

That is why the first year or so of married life is so trying to those concerned. On the face of them the wife's loving inquiries and advice are perfectly harmless, and even calculated to send the man into the seventh heaven of delight to think that there should be anyone in the world to care so much about his unworthy person as to worry so much concerning the details of his clothing.

Women who are learned in the handling of men never dream of reminding him several times that dinner is on the table when he is absorbed in some work or occupation. He may be planning out a vast business scheme, or he may be merely painting his dog kennel. In either case he will prefer to eat his dinner cold rather than interrupt his work.

Mr. Punch's advice, "Feed the brute," is good, but there is nothing that takes away the appetite of the average man more than worrying him as to what he would like for dinner. To know what he is going to eat robs his dinner of all its novelty and half its charm.

Like the warhorse, sniffing the battle from afar, hungry man likes to guess from the delightful aromas and spicy gales that reach his inquiring nose from the kitchen, what he is going to eat today. It is well for housekeepers to preserve an air of mystery until the cover is lifted from the dish with a conjurer's flourish. Then if the man had guessed boiled rab-



bit and discovers Irish stew he hails the Irish stew as a novelty. If he has guessed rabbit and the lifted cover reveals that his surmise has been correct, he is equally pleased with himself and with his dinner.

Never tell a man that a certain article of food is "delicious." He is a shy animal and will at once regard the dish with suspicion, thinking that you are trying to work off on him some item of the pantry which has been hanging fire for a week.

Then he will probably elect to make his meal off bread and cheese, and you (going housekeeper that you are) will retire to the pantry, to weep salt tears over your rejected dainties.

Above all things, beware of tidying a man's personal belongings, and more especially his papers for the duster has ruined the happiness of as many homes as a drink.

Man is an untidy animal, according to women's ideas, but there is method in his madness and order in the chaos of articles that litter his tables. Leave his belongings in a heap, as he has left them, and he will be able to lay his hand at once upon any single article he requires.

Tidy him up and he is lost. Above all things, beware of disposing of his old clothes and his old pipes. Just as a woman loves new clothes and jewelry, a man clings to the old raiment which has shaped itself to his form, and the pipes which have sweetened in his service. An old coat which has worn through at the elbows, a pair of slippers which are yawning at the toes for very weariness, and a straw hat which has perked at the crown and at the brim are often esteemed by a man--albeit rubies and pearls. They are to his body what an easy conscience is to his soul.

All young wives who are entrusted with the happiness of a husband, will do well to remember, when they are tempted to exchange their husband's old raiment for an enticing pot of ferns, that old story of the princess who exchanged Aladdin's wonderful lamp for a cheap, sparkling, specious new burner. She remembers at first that he has a

The Devil in Fatherly Disguise

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

If there were only one warning I was privileged to impress on the brains of my girls that would be indelible to the end of time, it would be this: "Beware of the man who says his interest in you is fatherly."

The "fatherly interest" is the devil's favorite and most effective weapon. He knows that if a man told a girl his interest in her was "brotherly" she would doubt the sincerity of his motives, for brothers, alas, are selfish and make their own interests paramount to the welfare of a sister.

But father never did. From the time a girl could toddle her recollection has always been of a father's arm held open to shield her from every harm and to catch her if she fell. Father was always good, always patient, always self-denying, always kind and she is predisposed by childhood memories to put implicit trust in any man who asks to temporarily take his place.

Every man of years knows this. The fact that he has daughters seldom militates against his designs on the peace and good name of a girl who is fatherless. He is the hunter and she is the prey. Bewildered, not knowing whom to trust, nor which way to turn, she feels like a wanderer in sight of home when some smooth-voiced old man calls to her. "Let me be a father to you, my dear," and she flies straightway to his embraces.

It is the "fatherly" interest the employer shows to a girl in his employ that is responsible for 50 per cent of the girls who go wrong. She has been warned against young men all her life, but no one ever told her that old men were worse. She doubts the word of a young man, she believes implicitly the word of the man whose hair is turning gray. In her relations with him she regards herself as a child, and to him as a dear old man, and pours out to him all her worries and troubles and is guided by him in all she does and says. She remembers at first that he has a

wife, and sometimes envies the woman so fortunate as to have such a perfect being for her husband. She is poisoned so slowly she does not know when the first dose was taken, nor when the first dose was given, nor how much she has taken, and can't recall afterward just when or how she learned that the wife is "cold and unappreciative," and that the man is lonely for the companionship of one who "understands him."

The sentiment of pity is awakened in her breast; she finds she loves him, and learns through his teaching that the difference in their years and the existence of a wife count as nothing where two congenial souls meet.

What happens later need not be related further than that it causes the devil to laugh. He has used again his favorite weapon of "fatherly interest" and found it still keen and sharp.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Tell Him What Has Happened. Dear Miss Fairfax. Four or five months ago a young man, with whom I have been friends for the last twelve years, left the city on a business trip, and before he left he told me to look after his girl friend--that is take her out, etc.--so she wouldn't be lonesome. I have done this not wisely, but too well, and the consequences are that a mutual affection has sprung up between us.

My friend is now giving up his position on the road and I am at a loss to what course to pursue. If I go out with the girl I will lose a friendship of twelve years' standing. If I act otherwise it will be unfair to all concerned. READER: The only course for you to pursue is that of entire honesty. Talk the matter over with your friend--tell him of the love you have for the last twelve years, be trusted to your care and that you feel that she should be given the opportunity of choosing the man for whom she really cares. If your friend is a manly fellow, I think this course will save the friendship of long years' standing.

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