

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Follow French Shoppers' Methods As An Aid to Beauty, Says Gaby Deslys

By GABY DESLYS.

I have had a good opportunity of judging the way in which the American woman shops, for this is the first time that I have seen Christmas shopping in different American cities.

Oh, my dear readers, how lucky for you that you were not brought up in a quiet provincial French town, as I was, where shopping as you know it in America, was unknown! And where some older and experienced person held one responsible for everything one bought even if one had only spent one's tiny weekly allowance.

It seems to me that shopping to the American woman is like taking a drug. They tell me that they hate it, yet they all get the habit and do it constantly.

Some women shop just as some men go on what you call "spree," and I must say that one is as great an affliction to the family as the other.

I should never think of buying in that disorderly and crazy manner, and if I did I could never for a minute keep within my income or maintain my reputation for good dressing.

A friend of mine, a charming woman whom I had met last year, asked me to accompany her on a shopping tour, and she had a list with her of exactly what she had to buy.

I remember the list perfectly—because it was pinned to the inside of the electric brougham and was written out in a big handwriting. Before some stores I waited in the car and read the list quite carefully. I always study American handwriting, it is so difficult to read.

On the list there was a gray Angora sweater, some pink feather roses to go with a certain gown, a new shopping bag, uniforms for the nurse, and quite a lot of things for the nursery. Well, my dear, we shopped until it was time for me to go to the theater. It seems to me we went everywhere in town. My friend got some wonderful new table linen and a queer new thing that was shown her to burn up refuse in the kitchen.

She got a new frock and a lot of books and candy, and it seemed to me she stopped at all the novelty counters and bought funny little things that cost a great deal and were very pretty, but didn't have any particular use.

As we drove back wearily I saw my friend looking at the list, still pinned to the inside of the car. The car was packed with parcels, though she had almost everything charged and sent. "Oh! dear, how stupid of me, there is Bobby's sweater and the nurse's uniforms, I oughtn't to go back without them, and the things for the nursery, too. Well, I'll have to get them some other day," she sighed.

"What shall I do? I've forgotten the feather roses, and I absolutely need them to wear with that gown tonight." She hadn't bought one of the things she intended to buy and she had spent a great deal of money.

The next day she went shopping with me, and she was aghast at what she called my necessary spirit. I had to get a certain number of things, and I knew just about how much I would spend for each one, and nothing could induce me to spend any more.

I do not believe in buying cheap things merely because they are cheap. Generally they are not good and don't last.

When I get a new dress I plan exactly what accessories have to go with that dress, and I get those things and nothing else. A beautiful dress should be like a picture. It must be painted in the mind first, then carried out skillfully.

Photo posed by Gaby Deslys.



"A beautiful dress should be like a picture. It must be painted in the mind first, then carried out skillfully." Photo posed by Gaby Deslys.

over here I go to some good shop, pick out a saleswoman with blond hair and blue eyes and ask her to show me the prettiest thing she has.

I choose a saleswoman who is as near my type as possible, because I know that she has looked over every hat in the place, that she knows what hats would be most becoming to her, and those are the ones I want to look at.

A brunette saleswoman would instinctively admire hats suitable to a brunette, because it is natural for every woman to know her own type.

I do not shop very often; if I did I would soon be no longer beautiful, for shopping is one of the most tiring and exhausting occupations.

Naturally, I try to buy a great many things, but I have to be just as business-like and systematic about my purchases as I would be about other business affairs.

I make up my mind exactly what I want, and get that thing or nothing else. Even when I was making a very modest salary I would not buy cheap and tawdry things; I had my ideals as to how one should dress, and I would not let others influence me.

It is the woman who thinks out her costume for herself, and who goes ahead and gets it, who is well dressed, not the woman who is influenced by the bargain counters and what all the other people wear.

Many a man will no doubt reckon his success in business as the only achievement necessary to get on in his ledger. He has made money; he has enabled his wife to dress well; he has sent his children to fashionable schools; he has a new motor car, or several new motors, and feels that his year is a great triumph.

Some women may be quite satisfied with having made sacrifices for her children; she has tolled for them; she has dressed plainly that they might dress well, and she has been in every possible way a help to her husband in the economical method of using his income for the best interests of the family.

But what, dear sir or madam, has been your daily deportment in your home or in your business?

Your money is not the important thing to consider at this time of year. It is your character.

What progress have you made in the last year toward developing an admirable and lovable disposition?

What sort of memories are you storing up for those nearest to you—wife, husband, children or business associates?

They may outlive you, and how will they remember you?

Are you doing by them exactly as you would like to be done by? That is not a new idea, but it is quite as well worth your consideration as if it were.

You may be a busy man, weighted down with matters of political or business importance, and you will think my question a trivial one, perhaps.

But nothing on earth is of more importance than doing right by those we associate with daily.

Nothing here or hereafter can atone for our neglect to bring out the best in those nearest us.

If you are cold, irritable, indifferent, nagging, selfish, stingy or thoughtless in your home or your office or shop, you are bringing out the worst—not the best—qualities in others. You are spoiling beautiful days, weeks and months for others, and that is more criminal than spoiling their property; the time despoiler, the happiness slayer, is the most cruel vandal on earth.

Besides wronging others, you are ruining yourself in the recollection of those who outlive you.

It is all very well to say we remember only the good deeds of people, but the truth remains that we remember people as they were.

Since childhood I have tried to speak of a certain departed relative's virtues

An Annual Injustice

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

There are very few girls over 16 these days who do not have their own Christmas spending money.

Those too young to earn money are given an allowance, and this making of daughter an independent factor in the home begins in many instances when she is little more than a baby, and is given Saturday night her weekly allowance for "helping mother" during the week.

Out of this allowance when a child, and later out of the money she earns with her own hands, she buys many little luxuries for the home and for herself.

put "the home" first for the reason that a daughter's generosity is proverbial.

When the holidays approach, she gets out her little store, and no one engaged in the great big shopping game at this time of the year has a list that is longer. And few, alas, have purses that are much flatter.

She is young, and therefore, has a long list of friends. After she is older she will find that many plants she nurtured in her garden of friendship have proven to be weeds, but in the hopefulness of youth all look in her eyes like buds of rare promise.

Some one must be sacrificed. She can

not buy handsome presents for all on her list. She puzzles over it with pretty brow deeply furrowed. She would be ashamed to give an inexpensive present to this friend, or that friend, recalling the handsome gifts she received from them last year. No, she cannot economize there.

"They," she says, resting secure in a love that knows no criticism, "will understand."

So she buys of the best for every so-called friend, and with the few pennies left lets mother a black comb, or subscribes for a magazine for father which contains the kind of reading she most enjoys.

This is a form of Christmas injustice so often practiced that daughters get used to this last-minute consideration for the two who love them the most, and give those little make-shift gifts without regrets or a qualm of conscience.

Then there is another form of Christmas injustice just as inexcusable. Daughter forgets mother or father is an individual, with personal belongings and necessities. She regards the one, or the other, or both, as "the house."

"The parlor," she says, "needs a new chair. I will give one to mother and father for Christmas."

And there appears in the parlor a chair which adds to its attractiveness for daughter's company. It is not put in father's den where he sits in it, or in the corner where mother spends her few leisure moments. If it were, then the spirit of Christmas would attend such a gift and make of the least expensive article the most comfortable and comforting of his kind. But that the gift is for "the house" is obvious.

To consider mother as the dining-room in urgent need of a new table cloth, or father as the hall crying for a new hat rack is to make of Christmas a painful joke.

If, as daughter argues, "the house" really needs new chairs, table linen or hall furniture, then let her go to her parents and say:

"Let me be like 'house' this year. Give me a new mattress for the spare room instead of that set of furs I want."

Be just, girls, and don't try to spread your spirit of generosity over too large a surface. If some one must be sacrificed in your Christmas buying, don't let that sacrifice be the best friends you have on earth—your father and your mother.

FOR WOMEN ONLY.

That is the nature of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—the one remedy for women which contains no alcohol and no habit-forming drugs. Made from active medicinal forest roots. Dr. Pierce tells its every ingredient on the bottle-wrapper. Prominent physicians and some of the best medical authorities endorse these ingredients as being the very best known remedies for ailments and weaknesses peculiar to women.



This is what Mrs. GENETH E. COFFEY, of Longstreet, Ky., says: "I feel it my duty to write and tell you what your medicines have done for me. I was a great sufferer for six years from a trouble peculiar to women, but I am thankful to say, after taking four bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' I am not bothered with that dreadful disease any more. I feel like a new woman. When I first wrote you for advice I only weighed 115 pounds—now I weigh 135."

"I thank you very much for your kindness. You have been as a father to me in advising me what to do, so may God bless you in every effort you put forth for good."

"I hope this testimonial will be the means of some poor suffering woman seeking health."

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, newly revised up-to-date edition, answers hosts of delicate questions about which every woman, single or married ought to know.

A little Bee want ad does the business. Everybody reads Bee want ads

NO CORSETS IS 1913 FASHION DECREE GOWNS WITHOUT STAYS ARE AGAIN COMING IN STYLE



CHANGE OF FASHIONS FROM QUEEN ELIZABETH'S TIME UNTIL PRESENT DAY

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

ON

Character--Nothing Is More Important Than Doing Right by Those with Whom We Associate Daily

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Copyright, 1912, by the Star Company.

At this time of year all good business houses go over their books and make an inventory of the transactions of the year which is almost over.

And when they see where they have failed to score in success they change their methods and start on a new basis.

In the same manner each one of us ought to go over our books—the books of the days and weeks and months—and note where we have fallen behind in the business of living to the best of our abilities a wholesome and useful and good life.

and good qualities, which I knew she possessed; yet, when I think of her, her perpetual irritability, her unamiable expression and her sharp words always present themselves to my unwilling memory, which shrinks, even as the physical part of me did of old in her presence.

I hope she is in heaven, reaping the reward of her best qualities, but she has left an ineffaceable recollection of disagreeable traits upon my mind, just as another who has passed on has left a memory as sweet and fragrant as a rose. It seems to me worth while to think of the impressions we are making upon those about us, and not rest too well content upon our mere virtues and good deeds.

If you are devoting your whole time and strength to making money for your wife and children, or if you, as their mother, are sacrificing pleasure and youth to give them advantages, do not imagine you are doing all that is required of you. To be agreeable, to be patient, to be companionable—these are the qualities which help to make life worth living for those near us. It is a tragedy to spoil one day for another human being by a lack of these qualities, even though we bestow a fortune upon that being when we pass on.

It is a tragedy to be remembered as being unkind, unamiable, unloving, even of large virtues.

How do you imagine those about you will remember you when you are gone?

Dear Miss Fairfax, I have been very friendly with a certain young man who at various times, has expressed himself in such a manner that would make me believe that some day he would marry me. He has told me that he really loves me. Now, there is a certain young girl with whom we both come into contact. This girl, especially lately, has been holding conversations with my friend in such a manner as to try to attract my friend to her. There is also another young man whom she would like to have me become very friendly with, as she knows he likes me, and I know that if I did turn around to the other young man side of course would have the chance of her life with me. Now, I am very fond of my friend, and would not, under any circumstances, give him up for another.

If you let them see that you are jealous, the spirit of perversity that controls all at times will lead them to give greater cause.

Dear Miss Fairfax, I have known a young man for the last year, and he has taken me to several places of amusement. It is proper to allow this young man after seeing me home to kiss me?

Among my acquaintances is a young man who wishes to keep company with me and sends me gifts, which I have accepted. As I do not care for his company what would you advise me to do?

L. E. P.

Save your kisses for your future husband, my dear. When the right man comes along it will be a source of pleasure to you to have no memory of having kissed the wrong man.

Return the second man's gifts and accept no more.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

You are turned that way.

Dear Miss Fairfax, I have been very friendly with a certain young man who at various times, has expressed himself in such a manner that would make me believe that some day he would marry me. He has told me that he really loves me. Now, there is a certain young girl with whom we both come into contact. This girl, especially lately, has been holding conversations with my friend in such a manner as to try to attract my friend to her. There is also another young man whom she would like to have me become very friendly with, as she knows he likes me, and I know that if I did turn around to the other young man side of course would have the chance of her life with me. Now, I am very fond of my friend, and would not, under any circumstances, give him up for another.

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Practical America is Land of Dreams Not Fully Appreciated by Americans

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

We Americans know that we are a great people. We are conscious of our power and of our capacity for growth. We feel the leaping blood of youth in our veins, and like all youth, we desire and expect admiration. Whenever a thoughtful European comes to our shores we ask him what he thinks of us, and we anticipate, and usually get an answer that flatters our vanity. But generally he gives us very little information about his real thoughts, while we have no idea of the amazing problems that we suggest to his mind.

Prof. Guglielmo Ferrero, the Italian historian and thinker, is more outspoken than the majority of our visitors, and, not deeming it worth his while, or our strength to flatter a giant whose size and whiteness are manifest and indisputable, he proceeds to tell us frankly the impression that we make upon a critical but friendly and deeply thoughtful observer brought up amid the traditions of the old world, imbued with the spirit of inquiry and guided by the results of profound historical and sociological research.

The consequence is that the series of articles that Prof. Ferrero is writing possess an intensity of interest for all reflective Americans which can hardly be overestimated.

The question that we are always so eager to put to distinguished visitors, "How does America strike you?" he answers in an entirely new way, which enables us to see ourselves as we should probably do if we could cast off our Americanism and look at this country, its people, its institutions and its ideals, with the eyes and mind of a foreigner.

He is not like Goldsmith's Chinese philosopher in England, continually picking at little faults in the manners and customs of his hosts, but he takes a broad view of the American people as a whole, and tells freely of the astonishing problems that our swift progress, our bold innovations and our daring faith in ourselves and our ambitions awaken in him.

It is the dissection of a people and of the mind of a people in many respects the most wonderful that the world has produced, that this Italian thinker has set himself to perform, and the revelations of his scalpel are immensely interesting, whether we accept them as scientifically conclusive or not.



In the July number of the Hearst Magazine Prof. Ferrero makes the startling suggestion that both we and the world at large have been altogether mistaken in thinking that our distinguished characteristics is practicality. No, he says (in substance), these people who have made and are making, the United States are the world's chief dreamers. They are idealists, and it is the Europeans who, by comparison, are the practical people.

"With a frequency unheard of in Europe (they the Americans) will set out to slay the innumerable dragons of life, without any certainty of success, but with the inspiration of a mystic faith that all things must somehow turn out right in the end."

And yet, with all our disposition to dream dreams, we are so practical that Prof. Ferrero is driven back to the old charge that our civilization is machine-made.

But he puts it in a more philosophical form. He is, we are told, the immortal natural wealth of our continent, lying undeveloped, that has given us a machine civilization, almost as a matter of necessity. What is made by machinery is made rapidly and in vast quantity. Machines increase the output and also the consumption. The cry is always for more goods and more customers. In a civilization where the machine dominates, says Prof. Ferrero, men force themselves to live in a hurry, producing and consuming rapidly. They prefer to consume many pieces of flimsy stuff to one that is durable and of great perfection. The machine, in short, sets up the ideal of quantity against that of quality.

But how, then, can the people who do these things with an energy that is the marvel of the world be called essentially idealists and dreamers? It is, we are told, in substance, because the Americans, unconsciously or unconsciously, hold before his mind the optimistic idea that he can with his machine subdue nature, straighten her out, and by sheer force of brain and will, master his continent from ocean to ocean.

He disregards the difficulties and obstacles that daunt the European, welcomes the inpouring of hordes of foreigners whose physical energies he can apply to the accomplishment of his purposes, and, with sublime and unquestioning faith, looks continually to the end, sacrificing himself and fearlessly running all risks for its attainment.

There is, no doubt, a great deal of truth in these speculations, and they are worth thinking over. It will be a new thought to many Americans that we are the representative dreamers of this practical age, but when we do look at our achievements we have no cause to be ashamed of our dreams.

Elderly Folks! Calomel, Salts and Cathartics Aren't for You.

Harmless, gentle "Syrup of Figs" is best to cleanse your stomach, liver and 30 feet of bowels of sour bile, decaying food, gases and clogged-up waste.

You old people, Syrup of Figs is particularly for you. You who don't exercise as much as you need to; who like the easy chair; you whose steps are slow and whose muscles are less elastic. You must realize that your liver and ten yards of bowels have also become less active.

Don't regard Syrup of Figs as a physic. It stimulates the liver and bowels just as an exercise would do if you took enough of it. It is not harsh like salts and cathartics. The help which Syrup of Figs gives to torpid liver and weak, sluggish bowels is harmless, natural and gentle.

When eyes grow dim, you help them. Do the same with your liver and bowels when they grow less active. There is nothing more important. Constipated bowels mean that decaying, fermenting food is clogged there and the pores of ducts in these thirty feet of bowels suck this decaying waste and poison into the blood. You will never get feeling right until this is corrected—but do it gently. Don't have a bowel wash day; don't use a bowel irritant. For your sake, please use only gentle, effective Syrup of Figs. Then you are not drugging yourself, for Syrup of Figs is composed of only luscious figs, senna and aromatics which cannot injure.

The teaspoonful to-night will gently, but thoroughly, move on and out of your system by morning all of the sour bile, poisonous fermenting food and clogged-up waste matter without gripes, sadness or weakness.

But get the genuine. Ask your druggist for the full name "Syrup of Figs" and Klixir of Senna." Refuse, with contempt, any other Fig Syrup unless it bears the name—prepared by the California Fig Syrup Company. Read the book—Advertisement.