

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Beauty

Golden-Haired Emily Stevens Talks to Girls

By MAUD MILLER.

Definiteness is impossible in the description of a pretty woman. The color of her eyes, the shade of her hair, the beauty of her complexion and figure, and the charm of her manner are beyond the accurate description one gives of wall paper.

And the handsomer she is, the more this is true. Perfection in the human face and form is the most elusive and baffling of all qualities. One only knows it is there, and admires with an enjoyment that takes no thought of facts and figures.

If you doubt this, secure the privilege of an interview with Miss Emily Stevens.



Miss Emily Stevens in Two Charming Poses.

"I never neglect my health. There is no beauty when the health is neglected. And I never worry. Beauty secrets are perfect health, intelligence, interest in one's life-work and a refusal to worry."

"I never think about my looks. Sometimes I think women lose their good looks by thinking about them too much."

who plays the part of the willful and extravagant wife in "Today" at the Forty-eighth Street theater. You will come away with a vision of a very handsome woman in your eyes, and if you are a man, it will be also stamped on your heart.

Her hair? Well, perhaps it is gold. Anyway it looked like the glory of a perfect day.

Her eyes? Bright and happy and mirthful, with a radiant soul shining through. Who cares what are their color?

And her complexion? Could you describe the most exquisite coloring you ever saw?

"How do you work so hard and keep so beautiful?" Miss Stevens was asked. "Most women who have to experience in one year the amount of emotion you feel every night would grow haggard and old before their time."

Miss Stevens laughed. "I don't think about my looks," she replied.

"Sometimes I think perhaps women lose their good looks by thinking about them too much. Not modestly, that I claim to have any beauty, but if I had, I would not keep it in my mind all the time. The woman who steams her face and massages it, and diets and exercises and rests and works with her mind eternally on her figure or her complexion dwells her little self and her soul, and a woman can't be pretty when that has happened."

"I never neglect my health. There is no beauty when the health is neglected. I pay some attention—not too much—to the becomingness of hats and gowns. No woman can afford not to do that. And I never worry."

Miss Stevens might have added, had she been less modest, that this was the plan she steadily pursued. Thinking little of her complexion and more of her life work. Enthusiastic to a degree of contagion about the play, "Today," in which she is leading lady, she plainly shows that she is more interested in herself as the Lily Wagner of the stage than as the Emily Stevens of real life.

"Beauty secrets?" with a laugh that dismissed the subject. "There are no secrets about beauty, perfect health, intelligence, interest in one's life work and a refusal to worry. Those are not secrets, and they are the greatest helps to beauty."

Sage Tea Darkens Hair to Any Shade

Don't stay gray! Here's a simple recipe that anybody can apply with a hairbrush.

The use of Sage and Sulphur for restoring faded, gray hair to its natural color dates back to grandmother's time. She used it to keep her hair beautifully dark, glossy and abundant. Whenever her hair fell out or took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect.

But beware at home is messy and out-of-date. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for a 50 cents bottle of "Weyth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," you will get this famous old recipe which can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair and is splendid for dandruff, dry, feverish, itchy scalp and falling hair.

A well-known downtown druggist says it darkens the hair so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, it becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and abundant.—Advertisement.

"Perhaps if I had any beauty recipe to give to girls it would be those two words: Don't worry! There is no solid cream that will show in a week the result of an hour's worry. Beauty specialists know no remedy for eyes that are dimmed by fretting. The girl who worries puts wrinkles in her face that no treatment will ever take out."

"Another suggestion I might make to girls who want to be beautiful—and what girl doesn't—is that they grow interested in their work. I don't care what that work is. If a girl is interested in it and puts intelligence into it, it will reward her in many ways and not the least important of the rewards is that she will grow better looking."

"She will lose self-consciousness, the most deadly foe to good looks. She will be happier and happiness is the main asset of beauty. She will acquire a self-possession and assurance that will make her charming in manner."

"Do you doubt this? Then look at the men. Are not the successful men better looking than the failures? I tell you it is something that comes from within, as well as what is steamed in and rubbed on from without that makes beauty."

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

You Are Impatient.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 24, and about five months ago I was introduced to a gentleman about five years my senior. Every time we meet he treats me nicely, and by his talk and actions I think he likes me—and I like him, too—but he never told me so. His friends tell me that if I stick to him I have a good chance, but I think I am only wasting my time.

ANXIOUS.

I might also say, my dear, that you are of a calculating nature. You have weighed this man as coldly as if he were a pound of sugar. Give love time to develop. Five months' friendship may develop into love, but it will be better for your happiness if it takes twice as long. Regard it as a friendship, and remember that no sincere, decent friendship is a waste of time.

Don't You Love Your Parents?

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 17 and deeply in love with a young man of 21. He has asked me to elope with him. My parents object to him. They have no use for him. I love him dearly and I know my love is returned.

Your letter indicates no consideration for your mother and father. If you loved them as you should, you would realize that a girl of 17 is too young to set up her opinions against those of her parents.

The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

"I guess I will have to be a suffragette, after all," said the Manicure Lady. Ever since that Mrs. Pankhurst has come to our shores I have had the matter a great deal of deep thought, and I have made up my mind that us girls has been overlooking a lot of bets.

"My wife is a suffragette," said the Head Barber, "and I never knew until she got in the game how many rights women have or ought to have. I always believe in going fifty-five with the minks, and maybe I save her even a few more rights than I took for myself, but now it's a good thing that I don't need many rights to get along on. To hear her talk, I guess the fair sex has got the unfair sex on the run."

"I wouldn't be stern with my husband if I was a married suffragette," declared the Manicure Lady, "but I would insist on a lot of the laws that we have got being changed. Goodness knows, some of our laws is a awful joke, and some of the lawyers that practices them ain't much better. One of them sued Wilfred yesterday for a tailor bill. He can't be much of a lawyer or he wouldn't have took the case, because suing my poor brother and getting anything out of it would be about as easy as digging a canal with one of these orange sticks. When Wilfred got the letter he said something in Latin like, 'Sic semper tyrannus,' which means you can't get no blood out of a turnip, or something like that."

"But was I talking about the suffragettes? Oh, yes, I have come to the conclusion, George, that it is time for the women of the country to rise up and desert themselves a little. As one of them suffragettes said at a meeting the other night, men has always refused to believe that women is their mental equals, which is dead wrong, the way I look at it. Honest to goodness, George, if I ain't the mental equal or even the mental superior of them slant-heads that comes in here to have their nails did I want to croak before another glorious sun has rose in the east."

"There has been more great men than great women," declared the Head Barber.

"That's what you read in a book somewhere," said the Manicure Lady. "How do you know that there hasn't been thousands of really great women in this world, if the men gave them a chance to be great and celebrated? The few great women that did manage to get famous had an awful scramble getting listened to, and goodness know, they got a raw deal even after they were famous. Didn't Miss Jones of Arkansas get burned at the stake after she had captured New Orleans, and didn't the Romans get after Cleopatra till she had to wait for a rainy day and commit suicide? Don't tell me, George, that women has ever got an even break. Well, they are going to get it before many more years, and some of these days we will have a governess instead of a governor, and she won't be impeached, either."

"Oh, well, you don't need to go up in the air over it," said the Head Barber. "I ain't got no kick against women voting, if they register right and tell their ages as their conscience dictates. I ain't one of the men that believes in men hogging all the glory and money. I ain't got enough of either to put on exhibition under a microscope. Go on and be a suffragette if you want to, and I will like you just as much."

"Thank you, George," said the Manicure Lady. "I knew you was a broad man the minute I first seen you."

A Few Definitions.

Trials marriage—any marriage.

Alimony—the extra widow's mite.

Chauffeur—a man who takes life easily.

Bachelor maid—a spinster who has given up hope.

Heroine—a woman who can talk back, but doesn't.

Full—the resource of those who have no push.

Salad days—those in which the long green is plentiful.

Consistency—the only jewel that does not arouse a woman's envy.—Boston Transcript.

What Dame Fashion Decees

A Stylish Wrap, and Stunning Fur-Trimmed Coat



By OLIVETTE.

Splendor of coloring and materials combine in the rich model on the left, which claims all the fullness to which the wrap of the season is heir, and yet is so graceful as to deny any charge of mere bagginess or shapelessness.

Made of scintillant beaded cloth, this garment is of equal parts of black and white, with the white forming the upper part of the kimono and the line of the black joining so as to cuff the sleeves and to allow the white to drape in a deep point at the back.

There is a broad, cape-like collar of white fox, but the sleeves have no further attempt at cuffs than the line of the joining of the black and white.

The whim of the moment demands a close fur collar on the tailored coat, as shown on the right. This fashion is much less expensive than that of a fur scarf as a protection against winter winds.

As a further promise of economy for the woman to whom the expense question has its own value, there is this advantage: Last winter's suit may be renovated by the mere addition of fur collar and cuffs—so instead of the expense of a new suit and new furs, or the sorrow of old shabby ones, Missy may purchase enough fur for collars and cuffs, have an almost lifetime possession and be quite in the mode.

The suit we illustrate is particularly charming in "tete de negre," and the material—"Duvetyn"—is heavy enough for winter and yet lends itself well to drapery. This coat is extremely cut away, and is far above the waist line in front.

The sleeves are cut in the new "pagoda" shape—and they, like the bottom of the coat, are edged in the same fur that forms the collar. This collar fastens with a huge ornament of old silver—and the fur used in the model is silver fox.

If your income forbids these elaborations, use skunk fur and an ornament of heavy silk cord. A high belt of amber damask passes beneath the coat and holds up a flounce of plaited net of the same "tete de negre" shade. This flounce is edged by a piping of velvet.

A second flounce, also plaited, falls over the skirt at the height of the knees. This skirt is slightly draped and lifted in front.

"Blindness of Virtue"

Dr. Parkhurst Says Public Needs Such Solid Plays as This One—Lessons of the Wilson Regime.

By DR. C. H. PARKHURST

A generous reception was accorded to William Morris's company of English plays Monday evening, on the occasion of their first presentation of Cosmo Hamilton's new play, "The Blindness of Virtue."

Although the applause was not vociferous, it was much to be able to say that the play was received with a quiet and earnest appreciation of the lessons that were intended to be conveyed and which were conveyed in a manner full of spirit and dramatic power.

The actor is a man of winning personality and with none of that overcoating of clericalism that is so apt to spoil an angelic clergyman for all utilitarian purposes.

Archie is a brand plucked from the burning but with so much good stuff in him left unconsumed that even the actor was in the end obliged to howl before him in humiliation.

Effie is a sweet, young seventeen-year-old girl who had been affectionately housed by her parents, but who had been otherwise neglected by the father on account of his professional duties and by her mother because of her prior devotion to household cares.

She had simply existed at home, had never set her eyes on any man but her father and the gardener, and consequently fell in desperate but innocent love with Archie at first sight.

Cookie, with her quick wit and sassy

andor, furnishes to the play the necessary amount of levity and sparkle, and relieves what might otherwise have been felt to be the extreme moral tension of the play.

The value of the play lies in its interesting practical bearing upon questions of current life.

A minor feature is the failure, the criminal failure of the parents to bring up their daughter, or rather to let their daughter come up with no apparent regard to the fact that she must some time be a woman in the world and could not always be a girl in the home.

It is a rebuke to those parents, fathers and mothers, both, of whom there are a great many, who make their duties to their children secondary to other interests, and while attempting to carry on their shoulders the world at large leave their offspring to take care of themselves.

The more especial point of the play has to do with the indisposition of mothers to instruct and warn their daughters touching questions of sex.

This matter is dealt with delicately, but frankly, as it should be if it is dealt with at all.

Insinuations in such a case are worse than silence.

No reasonable member of the immense audience gathered in the Manhattan opera house could have been other than grateful that the subject had been publicly brought forward and dramatically emphasized in just the way it was done by Mr. Morris's company.

The public needs it.

The responsibility upon parents is a heavy one.

Fathers are too much preoccupied with business, and mothers are getting too busy with matters that are not their concern and are trying to regenerate society at the top while neglecting it at the roots.

We would congratulate Mr. Morris and Mr. Hamilton on the solid value of their work.

Just at this time when, as ex-Senator Stillwell says, everybody is calling everybody else a liar, it is a relief to turn our thoughts away for a moment from local conditions and fix them upon one or two pleasant features of our national life.

We are learning quite to our satisfaction that the country is able to get along very comfortably under a democratic president.

It is a question whether professional republicans and progressives are reconciled to the fact, but the general public seems to be, and that is more to the purpose.

Judging from the conduct of the present incumbent of the office it appears that a man need not have had a long experience in the intricacies and crookedness of political life in order to be able to handle himself intelligently and to deal with large questions of state-craft with circumspection and efficiency.

It is possible that the shorter one's political career has been and the less, therefore, he has been touched by the taints that seem to be an almost inevitable accompaniment of political life, the better prepared he is to serve successfully the public interest.

The theory has also been maintained that thorough scholarship and the possession of a philosophical cast of mind disqualify one for mastering the concrete problems of administration.

It is in the interest of the undisciplined and unphilosophical to give the largest possible currency to a notion of that kind and there is truth in the opinion that a man may be educated away from the concrete as well as educated toward it; but, that the trouble lies not in the fact of education but in the method of it is

abundantly demonstrated by the kind of administration that is being given to the country by the man that the people discovered in New Jersey, and in the classic shades of Princeton university.

It is not knowledge that spoils people for practical efficiency, but knowledge that has not been carried through the digestive process by which it becomes converted into wisdom.

Money Saved by Making Your Cough Syrup at Home

Takes But a Few Moments, and Stops a Hard Cough in a Hurry.

Cough medicines, as a rule, contain a large quantity of plain syrup. If you take one pint of granulated sugar, add 1/2 pint of warm water and stir about 2 minutes, you have as good syrup as money could buy.

If you will then put 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a pint bottle, and fill it up with the Sugar Syrup, you will have as much cough syrup as you could buy ready made for \$2.50. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours. It keeps perfectly.

You will find it one of the best cough syrups you ever used—even in whooping cough. You can feel it take hold—usually conquers an ordinary cough in 24 hours. It is just laxative enough, has a good tonic effect, and the taste is pleasant.

It is a splendid remedy, too, for whooping cough, spasmodic croup, hoarseness and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, rich in gualacol and other healing pine elements. No other preparation will work in this formula.

This plan for making cough remedy with Pinex and Sugar Syrup is now used in more homes than any other cough remedy. The plan has often been imitated but never successfully.

A guaranty of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. Your druggist has Pinex, or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.