

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

What Color Suits You? | Read These Helpful Hints from Beautiful Alexandra Carlisle

By MAUDE MILLER.

"Beauty is a gift from heaven. It cannot be bargained for, and it is impossible to attain if it has not been bestowed upon you. And hence," says Miss Alexandra Carlisle, who is playing in "The Marriage Game," "why seek to attain the impossible? However, don't despair, you may not alter your features, but you may weave around yourself a beautiful frame. This but enhances the charm of the beautiful, and to the pain this is indeed, a gift from heaven."

"After you have done all that you can for yourself in the way of fresh air, plenty of sun and plenty of good plain food, after deep breathing has become a habit and you have banished superfluous fat with a few good exercises, such as swimming or the practice of its movements, you may begin to plan your frame. This must be chosen in keeping with your moods, and in case you have not already the secret of a beautiful frame, I will tell you. It is color."

"Colors are young and old, and are, besides, very expressive. Everything lies in the feel of the color after you have selected it and have it on. Each color is expressive of some mood, and so it is important to select some color that can be depended upon, a color that will express the combined different moods of



Miss Alexandra Carlisle.

which you are capable that you cannot possibly tire of it.

"So that the color that you will probably choose for your mainstay will of necessity be of a neutral tint, and from that you can branch out into any of the queer but delicious shades that will bring out unexpected good points in your make-up."

"White is the youngest, of all the colors, and it is the most charming. Green is very young and very adaptable. You would be surprised at the wonders that can be wrought in the way of a green fringe. Oftentimes peculiar emerald tints are discovered in otherwise impossible eyes which needed only the touch of color to be really beautiful."

"Yellow is very young, but is not easy to wear, and should, therefore, be chosen sparingly. It is wonderful for enhancing the beauty of the hair, but it needs a very clear skin to carry it off, and frequently makes the complexion muddy. Pink is youthful and very fresh. It is quite the most neutral of any of the pale shades, and is always resorted to

Ladies! Look Young Darken Gray Hair

Use Grandma's Sage Tea and Sulphur Recipe and nobody can tell. Brush it through hair

Gray hair, however handsome, denotes advancing age. We all know the advantages of a youthful appearance. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray and looks dry, wavy and scraggly, just a few applications of Sage Tea and Sulphur restores its appearance to a hundred-fold. Don't stay gray! Look young! Either prepare the tonic at home or get from any drug store a 50 cent bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy." Thousands of folks recommend this ready-to-use preparation, because it darkens the hair beautifully and removes dandruff, stops scalp itching and falling hair; besides, so can possibly tell, as it darkens so naturally and evenly. You maintain a sponge or soft brush with it, drawing this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, its natural color is restored and it becomes thick, glossy and lustrous. And you appear years younger.

Advertisement.

after other colors have failed. It does much for the complexion, but more for the mind, for, as I said before, colors are moods, and pink brings with it all the freshness of springtime.

Charities of the Rich

By DR. C. H. PARKHURST

Dr. Francis Peabody made an exceedingly compact and telling statement at the service recently held in memory of the late Robert C. Ogden, when he said: "Money prodigally bestowed does not atone for money criminally gotten." There is nothing original in the thought, but few could have expressed it so concisely and pungently. The way a thing is said makes out half of its effect.

The truth of Dr. Peabody's aphorism will pass across the mind of people in comfortable circumstances without leaving very deep impression, but it means a great deal to a poor man whose life is a continual struggle with the problem of ways and means, and who believes, rightly or wrongly, that some of the funds that are dealt out in large masses of charity included money that really belonged to himself, and that the great fortunes accumulated in these days and prodigally expended are made up in considerable part of wages due to the laboring man, but unjustly withheld.

The way the matter is considered by the poor is expressed in unmistakable terms by the writer of a letter that recently came to hand.

"I would not advise any boy how to make millions of dollars, because no man ever made his millions without depriving the poor of what belonged to them; and no matter how much they fool around with their so-called charity, giving a little here and a little there, at what they took, which is over-plenty, they never do full justice.

"Giving \$1,000,000 or so to some institu-

They Do Not Atone for Their Robberies of Poor—Price of Monroe Doctrine

tion or college that a poor boy can't go to because he has to pay to enter, and then lowering the poor man's pay or going up a cent on a gallon of oil or raising the price of some other article in order to make it balance, is a nice thing to do and call it charity. Going to church and praying to God and asking His forgiveness is not going to make their deeds any better; neither is it going to bring to life the many poor souls who thought their fault had passed away."

Now we must not blame the writer of such a letter even if he does make statements that are more sweeping than is absolutely just. There are large fortunes that have been liberally dispensed, but that had not been acquired by means that did injustice to the employe. And yet this writer simply said "is a less guarded way the same thing precisely that was stated by Dr. Peabody."

A man cannot be generous till he is just, and to give in charity the clippings out from workmen's wages is hypocritical fraud practiced both on the working man and the public, but too transparent to escape detection of the "eye of Him who seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but God looketh on the heart."

We are discovering in the Monroe doctrine a meaning not exactly contemplated when originally propounded by President Monroe, or rather by John Quincy Adams. Every doctrine has to be worked awhile before it gives up its full import and scope.

The doctrine was a kind of contract, although definitely signed by only one of the contracting parties, which leaves the other party free to disregard it whenever it sees fit. It was the statement on our part that we would let the eastern world alone with the understanding that the eastern world should let us alone, particularly the Central and South American republics.

Of course, by putting ourselves into the Philippines we have rather badly bruised even our own side of this one-sided con-

The Shopgirl's Christmas Eve



It's up to you to decide which she shall have. By shopping early you benefit both the salesgirl and yourself. By shopping in a rush the day before Christmas you deprive yourself of time and choice and place an unnecessary burden on those who wait upon you.

How to Manage a Husband - - - - - Wield the Light Hand, for the Heavy Hand Always Hurts

By ADA PATTERSON.

She is a brisk, busy, smiling little dressmaker who works all day and part of the night in a shop on one of the side streets in New York, a little too near one of the elevated lines to be very fashionable or more than fairly prosperous. But she is succeeding in her ambition to save \$10,000 and go back to her native Switzerland, there to live on the interest of the hard-earned and harder saved \$10,000 when age has laid its hand heavily upon her.

That she is clever the story I am about to tell will prove. It is waiting my turn in the fitting room. Madame, blonde, suave and striking in her, charming crown of purple, greeted the preceding customer, madame prefers to call them patrons. The woman was large, florid, consequential and had that positive manner of talking which stirs everyone who hears to answer: "O, I don't know." Or,

"I'm not so sure as you are about that." Her conversation was punctuated with "I will" and "I won't" and with "That's all there is about it. You have heard what I said and that's an end of it." By no means a soothing woman, rather like the northeast wind, contact with which leaves your face stinging and your eyes smarting.

She shifted her street gown and slipped into a new one madame was "building" for her. Madame plucked up a fold and unpinned it. She drew the gathers farther back and stood at a distance and inspected her work. She knelt beside the stout, florid woman and smoothed down the long pleats. She held a bit of fur against the waist. Raised it an inch, lowered it half an inch, noised to herself and pinned it at the point decided on.

"That is a good line," she said. "Do you not think so, madame?"

"It is becoming," granted the woman. "But be sure to make it conservative. I hate the new-fangled freaks. I would die before I would go on the street in some of the monstrosities I've seen in the shop windows and in the fashion plates."

"Right, madame," assented the little dressmaker, as clearly as she could with pins between her teeth.

When the fitting was complete the

dressmaker spoke again. "It is becoming, don't you think, madame, and it is also the mode."

"I like it." The woman flung on her fur and marched out with the indomitable bearing of a grenadier.

"She looked very well in a peg gown," I remarked. Madame gave me a frightened look and laid her finger on her lip. It was not until the determined looking woman had tramped her masterful way around the corner and was out of sight that madame pulled a heaving from her frock she was slipping over my shoulders and said: "She wouldn't wear a peg dress."

"But you are making one for her?"

"I am, but I am not calling it a peg. Do you not see, madame?"

"I don't."

"Madame has seen pictures of the peg gowns, exaggerated pictures, and if I had said to her, I shall make you a peg she would have forbidden it. But I knew that modestly it would be becoming to her for it would take from her great height and make her more bouffant, you understand. So the terrible word, 'peg,' never came up between us. I simply said I was making her a frock in which she looks well and that is the mode. When I send the bill I will not

write 'To one peg gown.' Not at all, I shall say, 'One wine colored crepe.'"

While she pinned up the hem of my skirt at just the right distance from the floor she continued: "We can do almost anything we wish if we do not give it a name. Often the name is objectionable and that is all that is objectionable about it. Madame employs me to dress her as well as I can. I try in a manner that will not be disagreeable to her. I have been dressing her for ten years."

I glanced down at the kneeling figure in purple with an eye of suspicion. "Do you manage all customers as well?"

She shook her head noncommittally and became engaged in transferring the pins one by one from lips to dress, the shapeless thing she was transforming into a modish gown.

"It is a pity you are a widow," said I.

"But why?"

"Because you would be a great husband manager."

"So can any woman be," responded the oracle. "If she have patience and the light touch. What is fact but the light touch? You American ladies are so earnest, so direct, that you wield sometimes the heavy hand, and, madame, the heavy hand always hurts."

Success

By ELIA WHEELER WILCOX.

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Many people lay their failure to make a name in the world to the lack of proper materials with which to work out their special lines of endeavor. Tools are necessary to the good artisan and artist; but genius makes his own tools as well as his own opportunities.

Shakespeare made his immortal dramas and poems with only 5,000 words at his command.

From an exchange we take the statement as follows:

"Bullouka's Complete English Dictionary in 1913, the year of Shakespeare's death, contained 5,000 words. Thomas Blount's 'Glossographia' (1656) improved on this, and was superseded in its turn by Edward Phillips' 'New World of English Words' (1658), a small folio containing 13,000 words; and by the time it reached its sixth edition (1705) the number had grown to 20,000 odd.

"Johnson's dictionary, published on April 15, 1755, though it improved all predecessors off the face of the earth by the perfection of its system and the soundness and breadth of its reading, contained only 50,000 words, and it remained master of the field, even at this modest total, until Noah Webster came along in 1828, and Worcester's 'Comprehensive Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary' in 1859, with 100,000 and 105,000 words, respectively."

The article goes on to state that "the latter part of the nineteenth century kept the ball rolling. The 'Imperial Dictionary' contained 200,000 words, and Dr. Funk's 'Standard Dictionary' (1894) entered the field with half as many again—215,000

Its Tools, Purpose, Aspiration and Courage, Are Within Ourselves—Shakespeare Wrote His Dramas with but 5,000 Words at His Command.

words in all. There have been half a dozen editions of this, and the new one next September reaches high water mark with a total of 450,000 words, most of which are English beyond question."

Yet, despite this fact, no Shakespeare has arisen to contest the honors of the one who had only 5,000-words tools for use. Shakespeare did not travel, or speak many tongues.

Perhaps his power lay in staying with himself, in digging in his own mind and soul for knowledge and wisdom, and in making no effort to find unusual words wherewith to convey his meaning.

It would be interesting to know just what he would have done with our vast vocabulary of words if he had been given one of the new dictionaries.

But it is more interesting to realize what he did without these words. And it is worth thinking about whenever we are tempted to complain, that we lack the necessities for making a success in any one direction.

The mind that is bent on a purpose and the soul that is aflame with aspiration, and the heart that is strong with cour-

age, must attain success. Nothing can prevent it.

The man who is possessed of these three things will fashion his tools, and hew his way through rocks, and build bridges over rivers, and cut stairs in frowning mountains, and climb over them, to the goal beyond. All elements of success lie in ourselves.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

You Answer Your Own Questions.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of 15 years and am considered good-looking. I have been constantly going out with a young man 15 years of age, and I know that he loves me. When I am near him I don't think much of him, but when I am not near him I think I love him. Will you kindly tell me what to do about it?

TROUBLED.

When you are near him you don't think much of him? If you married him, you would have to be near him the rest of your life. You don't love him, and must not drift into an engagement. So see no more of him.

Clogged Nostrils Open at Once, Head Colds and Catarrh Vanish

In One Minute Your Stuffy Nose and Head Clears, Sneezing and Nose Running Cease, Dull Headache Goes.

Try "Ely's Cream Balm."

Get a small bottle anyway, just to try it—Apply a little in the nostrils and instantly your clogged nose and stopped-up air passages of the head will open; you will breathe freely; dullness and headache disappear. By morning the catarrh, cold-in-head or catarrhal sore throat will be gone.

End such misery now! Get the small bottle of "Ely's Cream Balm" at any drug store. This sweet, fragrant balm dissolves by the heat of the nostrils, penetrates and heals the inflamed, swollen membrane which lines the nose, head and throat; clears the air passages; stops nasty discharges and a feeling of cleansing, soothing relief comes immediately.

Don't lay awake tonight struggling for breath, with head stuffed; nostrils closed, hawking and blowing. Catarrh or a cold, with its running nose, foul mucus dropping into the throat, and raw dryness is distressing but truly needless.

Put your faith—just once—in "Ely's Cream Balm" and your cold or catarrh will surely disappear—Advertisement.