

The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Madame Isbell's Beauty Lesson

Lesson I—Part II.

If you live in the country, where you can get clean rain water, by all means bottle it and save it for face washing. If this is not practical soften the ordinary water with a pinch of borax if you have a reason to think it is at all hard.

A woman gets older the skin needs more and more care, for nature is less active in renewing it and throwing off impurities. There is also apt to be a lack of natural oil, and this is why women, as years go on, need to use creams of some sort and to refrain from the use of soap. Skin that is allowed to become dry wrinkles easily; it is far easier to prevent wrinkles than it is to cure them and the first step in preventing them is not to allow the skin to become dry.

There is no question as to the necessity of toilet creams; the only question is what kind? This depends on the skin and the purpose for which the cream is to be used. As a substitute for soap, a cleansing cream is necessary. This may be a soft ointment or a liquid, but it should be absolutely free from harmful ingredients, such as mineral oils and preservatives, and should be soft enough to be rubbed freely over the skin without causing any friction. A cleansing cream will keep the face clean, soft and well lubricated and its use will do much to prevent wrinkles, sunburn, freckles and roughness, but it contains no healing properties, neither does it fatten nor feed the skin.

A very young face, as a rule, does not need massage, but as a woman approaches 30, and, unfortunately, sometimes younger, the fatty tissue beneath the skin begins to fall away and, in consequence, hollows the lines and fine wrinkles about the eyes begin to appear. It is then that we resort to massage, which means the proper manipulation of the face so as to strengthen the muscles and feed the skin. In a future lesson I shall give you complete directions for facial and neck massage; for the moment I have only space to touch on the subject. The skin can only be fed in two ways—by means of the blood and by absorption from outside—and to do this we must use with the massage movements a proper massage cream.

There are only a few facts that the skin can absorb, and a skin food therefore must contain such facts if it is to be of any use in removing the wrinkles. A proper massage cream or skin food, a wrinkle paste, as it is sometimes called, is much thicker than a cleansing cream; it is apt to be more expensive, but it need not be so freely used, and a small jar of it will last a long time.

Blackheads, acne (what is commonly termed pimples), serious roughness or soreness of the skin, call for a special cream containing some healing agent. A healthy skin needs such a cream but rarely, perhaps never, but it is wise to understand the different face creams and their uses. First, there is the cream for cleansing and lubricating purposes, which every woman, young or old, needs; second, the massage or wrinkle cream, to be rubbed into the skin when wrinkles and lines are appearing, and, third, a healing cream for eruptions, blackheads and so on.

Madame Isbell

(Lesson I to be Continued.)

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Let Your Bitch Come First.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 24 years old and was dearly in love with a girl of 23 years, but by taking up a course of civil service, she came to my house, very often, and I told her not to come so many times, as I like to learn what I have to do, and she got angry, but I have a warm spot in my heart for her.

Kindly let me have your best advice what to do, so that I can keep company with her again. W. G. S.

Don't let her anger sidetrack your ambition. It will be to your lasting regret if you do.

If she is a girl worth while she will learn to realize that you are right and will become a help to you instead of a hindrance.

Falling Hair Means Dandruff is Active

Save your hair! Get a 25 cent bottle of Danderrine right now—Also stops itching scalp.

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp, of dandruff—that awful scurf.

There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its luster, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair root to shrink, loosen and die—the hair falls out fast. A little Danderrine tonight—now—anytime—will surely save your hair.

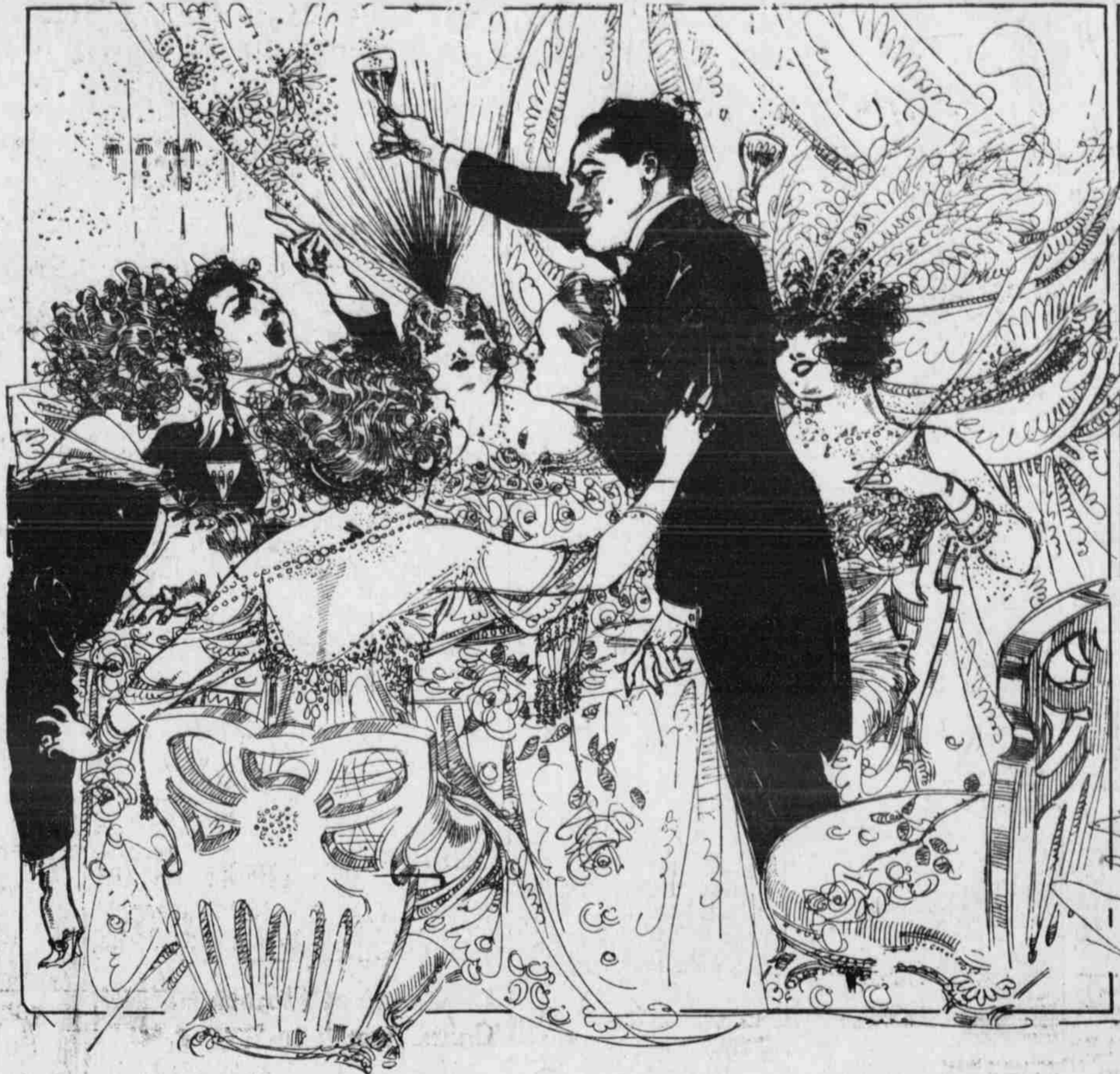
Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderrine from any drug store or toilet counter, and after the first application your hair will take on that life, luster and luxuriance which is so beautiful. It will become wavy and fluffy and have the appearance of abundance; an incomparable gloss and softness, but what will please you most will be after just a few weeks' use, when you will actually see a lot of fine, downy hair—new hair—growing all over the scalp.—Advertisement.

"Whiz--and Walk a Mile"

No. 2—The Other Kind

(Copyright, 1914, by International News Service)

By Nell Brinkley



Recently I told you about the fellows and girls tobogganing in snow-time in Canada—how they took the long ice trail down the mountain in one express train minute—and trudged the long mile back up the steep country and mountainside. I told you how the slow-eyed Oriental in the clubhouse eyed their scarlet-and-white figures—first speeding by like falling stars and then piking back up again like crawling tortoise. How he eyed them scornfully and dubbed the whole affair—the long, ardent tramp-up-mountain so they might flash over the same trail like a flame, the crackling, arrow-like instant of ecstasy, and the patient, snail-pace struggle back—the "whiz—and walk a mile!"

That's one kind—the good kind. Where, in spite of the Chinese's mocking, the Flight is worth the Pike. In this there is nothing of blame, of sorrow nor of suffering; just youth and laughter and wind-whipped, rosy flesh-companionship of man and maid under the wide

sky atop of the shoulder-deep snow—and the long walk back is a clapping of hands over the same rope-laughter and hardening muscles.

But—here is another kind of "whiz—and walk a mile!"

He also—this reckless boy with his fat pockets—is taking a wild flight like a comet cut adrift, in a whirl of money-dust, his eyes blinded by fake beauty, the glare of the Great White Way about him, the sting of champagne in his blood instead of the bite of snow. His father drew the bar from under his toboggan when he filled his hands and evening clothes with money that he never earned. And he's "whizzing!"

But he will "walk." After this whirl, this breathless, gasping instant of ecstatic speed. Very slowly—up-hill, with a bitter heart—he will walk his long, long mile that he covered like striking lightning a bit ago. But not on the silvery ribbon of ice where he laughed. Out in the snow on the side trail, and the snow will be deep, and his shoes burst, and the climb heart-breaking. And there will be not one of the



bits of femininity who patted his coat sleeve with a hand jeweled as with cracked ice, and ate of his plum pie with him, whizzed and joyed with him—who will "walk a mile" with him!

"Whiz—and walk a mile!" What a thing the baffling-eyed Celestial said! To him the first kind was as foolish as this kind is to you and I. But there's all the difference in the world, though the title he muttered covers them both.

"Foolish," whispered the scornful Chinese. "Whiz—with a flash of his slim brown hand in a lightning pass—and walk a mile!" and he shrugged his slithering shoulders to his ears and made his two first fingers walk laboriously through the air.

Down in the Big Town—any town—you can see on a Big Night—any night—a young chap laughing loud and high—"whizzing." And, flattened against a brick wall in the dusk or sunk in a heap on a park bench, you can see him "walking a mile." NELL BRINKLEY.

THE DIAMONDS BY LOUIS TRACY

A THRILLING STORY OF A MODERN CRISTO

You Can Begin This Great Story To-day by Reading This First

Now Read On

Philip Anson is a boy of 15 years, of fine education and good breeding, but an orphan and miserably poor.

The story opens with the death of his mother.

A rich relative has deserted the family in their hour of need, and when his mother's death comes Philip is in despair. He looks over his mother's letters and finds that he is related to Sir Philip Morland. A few days later a terrific thunderstorm brews over London. At the height of the storm a flash of lightning strikes a team attached to a coach standing in front of a West End mansion. Philip, who has become a newsboy, rescues a girl from the carriage just before it turns over. A man with the girl trips over Philip in his excitement. He cuffs the boy and calls a policeman. The girl pleads for Philip and he is allowed to go after learning that the man was Lord Vanstone. Philip then determines to commit suicide.

Just as he is about to hang himself a bank fifty pounds is paid in cash back to make an arrangement with Isaacstein. The broker agrees to dispose of diamonds to the amount of 50,000 pounds a year for a term of years for a commission of 10 per cent, and to place at once 5,000 pounds to the boy's credit in a bank. Fifty pounds is paid in cash to the boy. He goes to the bank and is arrested. At the police station he gives his name as Philip Morland. Isaacstein tells the judge that the diamonds are worth 50,000 pounds. Philip refuses to answer questions and is remanded for a week. Lady Morland dining in a restaurant, reads about "Philip Morland" and is puzzled.

In the police court he succeeds in convincing the magistrate, Mr. Abington, that he came into possession of the jewels honestly, and in winning the friendship of the magistrate, who sends him back to make an arrangement with Isaacstein. The broker agrees to dispose of diamonds to the amount of 50,000 pounds a year for a term of years for a commission of 10 per cent, and to place at once 5,000 pounds to the boy's credit in a bank. Fifty pounds is paid in cash to the boy. He goes to the bank and is arrested. At the police station he gives his name as Philip Morland. Isaacstein tells the judge that the diamonds are worth 50,000 pounds. Philip refuses to answer questions and is remanded for a week. Lady Morland dining in a restaurant, reads about "Philip Morland" and is puzzled.

of the house whence the sound came. It reached somewhat, but yielded to his shoulder. He disappeared inside, Philip, after closing his own door, also ran to the new center of interest, shielding the candle with one hand lest it should blow out.

Quick as he was he missed the first phase of a Homer's combat. The violent "Jockey," felled by an unnoticed iron bar in his attempt to escape, turned like a madman on the policeman. There was no sort of parley between them. Cursing the luck that had revealed his hiding place, the man, an ex-convict, with the frame of a giant, sprang at his pursuer suddenly from an inner room.

The policeman had but a second's warning. It was something, but not enough to give him an advantage. He got his club out, but simultaneously his assailant was on him with the ferocity of a catamount. They closed in bone-breaking endeavor, and before they were locked together for ten fearful seconds the officer of the law bitterly regretted the professional pride which sent him single-handed into this unequal strife.

For he was physically outclassed, and he knew it, and there is no more unerring knowledge can come to a man in such a supreme moment. Nevertheless, he was a brave man, and he fought with all the resolution that is born of the consciousness of justice and moral right. But Providence is on the side of big battalions, and "Jockey" was taller, heavier, very much more active. Moreover liberty was as potent incentive as law any way, and law was being steadily throttled when the pale gleam of Philip's candle lit up the confines of the ruinous haven about which the two men stamped and lurched and wrestled.

At the precise moment of the boy's entrance the policeman's knees yielded and he fell, with his remorseless antagonist uppermost. Philip, gasping at their wide-eyed, almost fell, too, for his left foot rolled on the constable's staff.

Being fashioned of the stuff which finds empire on the principle that instant action is worth a century of diplomacy—he picked up the truncheon and brought it down on "Jockey's" hard skull with such emphasis that the convict collapsed limply on top of his conquered adversary.

Then the boy was horrified. The two lay so still that he imagined both were dead. It is one thing to help the law, but quite another to kill a man. He did not want to be a murderer as well as a millionaire, not knowing then the qualities which go to form these varieties of the genus homo are strangely alike.

He gazed at them as in a trance, but relief came when he heard them breathing stertorously. At last, after a pause that apparently endured unnumbered minutes, the constable weakly rolled himself free from the bulky form of his would-be slayer, and sat up.

He inflated his lungs vigorously. Then he managed to gasp:

"Thank you! You've saved my life!"

He pressed his ribs with both hands and gingerly felt his throat. He stood up. His lamp was still alight, but a quantity of oil had run over his tunic and trousers.

"By jove, boy, you are a brick," he said, and his voice was under control again.

Philip answered not a word; his eyes were glued on the prostrate form of Jockey. The policeman understood his fear and laughed.

"Don't you worry about him. He'll do a stretch all right. I would have given him a harder one that if I got a swing at him."

His words were quickly justified. The fallen man growled unintelligibly and moved. With a rapidity born of much practice the officer handcuffed him. There must have been some sense of familiarity in the touch of the steel bracelets, for the recipient of this delicate attention stirred uneasily.

"You knocked him silly," grinned the policeman, "but he will get his wits back in a minute or two. Can you bring him a drink of water? It won't do me any harm either."

Philip hurried away to comply with this request. His mind was relieved now, and with the backward swing of the mental pendulum came the reflection that the least said of his connection with the case the better.

He filled a small tin at the scullery tap and ran with it to the scene of the capture. The constable was gently shaking his prize and addressing him by name:

"Jockey! Jockey Mason! Pull yourself together. This way for the Old Bailey!"

"If you please," said Philip. "I would be very greatly obliged were my name not mentioned at all with reference to this affair."

The policeman, whose senses were normal again, was instantly impressed by the boy's grand manner. His accent was that of the men of the University Mission. And how many boys of his age would have struck so straight and truly at a critical moment?

"Well, don't you see, that will be rather difficult," was the answer. "It was you who told me where he was, and the man himself knows that without somebody's help I could not have ar-

rested him. There is no need to mince matters. I have you to thank for not being laid here stiff."

Philip said no more. To press his request implied a powerful motive. The stars in their courses must have conspired that day to supply him with excitement.

Mason eagerly gulped the water held to his lips. Then he tried to raise his right hand to his head. Ah! He understood. A flood of oaths began to meander thickly from his mouth.

"That's better," said the constable, encouragingly. "Now, up you get. It's no use, Jockey, I won't let you kick me. You must either go quietly or I will drag you to the street over the stones, and that will hurt."

To Be Continued Tomorrow.

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You will find it on sale at all drug stores at \$1.00 a bottle, or the druggist will gladly get it for you if you insist upon it. Mother's Friend is prepared only by the Bradford Regulator Co., 137 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., who will send you by mail, gratis, a very instructive book to expectant mothers. Write for it today.