

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

How Dancing Will Make You Symmetrical

Easy Exercises for the Home Simply Described

By MARGARET MORRIS.

(Of "The Queen of the Movies Co.")
It would never do to decide upon dancing as a remedy for this thing or that thing, if we were to look upon dancing as a hedge-podge or half-hazard step. Dancing as a whole is no special thing to be considered as beneficial as a whole, but it is more fascinating to seek and find some special phase of a dance, which can in turn be pounced upon as just the thing for benefiting some special defect in a person which needs correcting.

One can be a specialist in dancing just as a physician can specialize in different branches, it really amounts to the same thing.

That part of the body that needs the application of systematic thought in order to derive any benefit from dancing is the part from the hips to the shoulders. Girls are so apt to gain through that part of the body when they put on weight, and it is so easy to keep perfectly limber and flexible with a little care. The best exercise in the world for keeping the weight from the hips is the bending of the knee as far as possible up toward the waist, first the right and then the left, keeping the body perfectly rigid in the meantime. Keep up this movement for ten or twelve times and if you can combine it in a dance step all the better. The more muscles kept in use at the same time, the more flexible is the body.

High kicking is the best thing in the world for keeping the waist slight and trim. Try a skipping movement to get the idea, and skip around the room about ten times, making the step higher each time. Of course, this dancing movement must be systematically kept up if results are looked for.

Kicking with the arm movement is more difficult, but even more beneficial, because more muscles are brought-into-play.

Any movement with the arms has direct effect upon the shoulders, rounding them out and making them firm. But perhaps the best thing about this combination of the arm and leg movement is the fact that the more frequently it is practiced the more perfect is the distribution of weight over the whole body and therefore the certainty of always maintaining the correct equilibrium is assured.

This is of great importance to the dancer; it is one of the first steps to success on the long road, but I think it should be of benefit to almost every healthy, wide-awake girl of today.

There are so many times when we need poise, mainly because it is the thing for the American girl to indulge in all kinds of active sports.

In my next article I will try to show the difference between the benefit derived from the ordinary ball room dances



FOR HIP REDUCTION.

FOR THE WAIST.

THE COMBINATION EXERCISE.

and the more active dance movements which in their fundamental steps have outlined briefly in this article. And then it will be easier to understand what I mean by symmetry of mind and body. The cause of the thing that is to be corrected must be ascertained before the remedy can be decided upon, and the effect of the treatment can only be determined after systematic dance exercises.

Two Stunning Paris Creations

FULLY DESCRIBED BY OLIVETT

Top Picture.

Of Prunella Russian straw is this small hat, the greatness of which lies primarily in the lines of the shape. The clever home milliner may copy this truly Parisian hat and wear it with the assurance that she is strictly up to date. The front revers are of the Russian straw, with a self-binding to form the flaring shape. The back revers, which tops the

other two over so lightly, is of course net bound and wired to an inch band of lace straw braid. Two black fantasias in the imitation paradise trim the back. The one on the left is set at the junction of the two revers and extends up to give height. The other crosses the lace revers and extends softly to the right.

Bottom Picture.

At last we have something distinctive and different in millinery, but the very name of this charming new hat proves that "history repeats itself" with variations. This chic little chapeau is called the "Waltzau," and it accomplishes smartness in a most quiet and becoming way—it is enchanting and not at all eccentric. Made of "Pansy" tulle, contrary to the custom of the last few years, a bandeau or barette lifts it off the hair. Over the "tulle" crown a pansy velvet ribbon crosses, surrounding brim and bandeau and finally tying in a great bow at the nape of the neck. On either side of the front is set a bunch of wheat, roses and violets—these trim the hat and at the same time secure for it balance and proportion.—Olivett.



Madame Isebell's Beauty Lesson

these conditions. In other words, how can we keep the skin elastic and how can we offset the tendency of the supporting tissue to fall away as time goes on? Massage is the general answer to these questions, and while I do not believe in massage as a general cure-all for all skin troubles, properly used it can be of the greatest assistance in keeping the face young and smooth. Facial massage, according to the following directions, will take from twenty to thirty minutes. A busy woman can hardly do this daily, and this is not necessary or desirable; twice a week is sufficient for complete facial massage. Begin by cleansing the face thoroughly with a pure soap and water, or preferably, with a good cleansing cream which gets the accumulations out of the pores and softens the skin as soap cannot do. If soap is used, rinse thoroughly; if cream is used, wipe off the surplus with a piece of soft linen or cheese cloth that has been washed. For the next step dip a clean, thick sponge of cotton (Towhee) twirling is generally used into fairly hot water, completely cover the face with this and let it stay on until cool. Repeat this operation three or four times or until the skin is warm and rosy. This process is to open and soften the pores of the skin so they will quickly absorb the massage cream. I cannot give the exact temperature of the water to be used in this warming process, for it depends on the skin. If the skin is thick and pores enlarged, the water should be almost hot; if the skin is delicate and the blood near the surface, it should hardly be more than lukewarm. Now dry the skin gently and it is ready for the massage cream. (Lesson Four to be Continued.)

Ouch! Pain, Pain, Rub Rheumatism

Rub pain right out with small trial bottle of old "St. Jacobs Oil."

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BY LOUIS TRACY

MONTE

A THRILLING STORY OF A MODERN CRISTO

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

Philip Anson, a boy of 15 when the story opens, is of good family and has been well reared. His widowed mother has been disowned by her wealthy relatives and dies in extreme poverty. Following her death the boy is desperate. On his return from the funeral, in a violent rain, he is able to save the life of a little girl, who was caught in a street accident. He goes back to the house where his mother had died, and is ready to hang himself, when a huge meteor falls in the courtyard. He takes this as a sign from heaven, and abandons suicide. Investigation proves the meteor to have been an immense diamond. Philip arranges with a broker named Isaacstein to handle his diamonds. In getting away from Isaacstein's office, where the diamond fell, he saves a policeman's life from attack by a criminal named Jockey Mason. He has made friends with Police Magistrate Abingdon, and engages him to look after his affairs as guardian. This ends the first part of the story.

The second part opens ten years later. Philip has finished his course at the university, and is now a wealthy and athletic young man, much given to roaming. He has learned the art of fencing from his father's tutor, who was sister of Sir Philip Morland, who has a stepson. He is now looking for his nephew, Johnson's news has been turned

into the Mary Anson Home for indigent boys, one of London's most notable private charities. Jockey Mason, out of prison on ticket-of-leave, seeks for vengeance, and falls in with Victor Grenier, a master crook, and James Langdon, stepson of Sir Philip Morland, a dissipated wanderer. Philip saves a girl from insult from this gang, and learns later she is the same girl whose life he had saved on that rainy night. Grenier plots to get possession of Philip's wealth. His plan is to impersonate Philip after he has been kidnapped and turned over to Jockey Mason. Just as this pair has come to an understanding, Langdon returns from the girl's home, where he has attended a reception. The three crooks lay their plans, and in the meantime Philip arranges so Mrs. Atherly recovers some of her money from Lord Vanstone, her cousin, and secures a promise from the daughter to wed him. Anson is lured by false messages to visit a secluded spot. Anson is trapped by a gang at a ruined house. He is hit on the head by Jockey Mason, who thinks he has slain the man he hated, and Victor Grenier helps strip the body. They throw the naked body over a cliff into the sea, and Grenier completes his preparations to impersonate Anson. A note from Evelyn warning Philip of danger is opened and read, and Grenier tells Mason to check Anson's servant. He finds Anson's check book, and with Jockey Mason sets out for the railroad, meeting and chatting with a rural policeman on the way. Grenier goes to York and opens communications with Anson's bankers, with Abingdon and Miss Atherly. Grenier secures possession of Anson's belongings, and Mason gets an unexpected summons to visit police headquarters. Grenier forges orders on Anson's bank and orders Mason to swindle Mason out of his share of the plunder. Mason goes to police headquarters and there meets his two grown sons.

ent returned he wrote to the governor, and was very much annoyed to find that you had slipped away in the meantime." "He wouldn't be so annoyed if he was there himself," growled Mason, good-humoredly. "Oh, John didn't mean that, father," broke in Willie. "The annoyance was his, and ours. You see, we had not known very long where you were. We didn't even know you were alive." "Of course, of course. Somebody has been looking after you well. That's clear enough. They wouldn't be always telling a pair of boys that their father was in Portland." "I gave you such a shock when you heard the truth," said downright John. "But we were so glad to hear that our father was living, and that we should see him," explained the younger. "When did you hear first?" "About four months ago. Just before we took our present situations. We are saddlers and ornamental leather workers. Between us we earn quite a decent living. Don't we, John?" "In fifteen weeks we have saved enough to pay for half our furniture, besides keeping ourselves well. There's plenty to eat, dad. You won't starve, big as you are." "They all laughed. The cab was passing St. Thomas' hospital. Across the bridge a noble prospect met their eyes. London had a plan for Mason that night it never held before. "So Robinson wrote to Bradley, knowing that I would report myself today, and Bradley arranged—"

"Who is Robinson, father?" interrupted John. "The superintendent, to be sure. He used to be inspector at Whitechapel." "He is not the best we mean. We are talking of Mr. Giles, superintendent of the Mary Anson Home." "The two boys felt their father's start of dismay; of positive affliction. They wondered what had happened to give him such a shock. Peering at him sideways from the corners of the hansom, they could see the quick pallor of his swarthy face. "You forgot, John," put in the adroit William, "that father knows as little about our lives as we know about his until very recently. When we reach our flat we must begin at the beginning and tell him everything." "There isn't much to tell," cried John. "When poor mother died, we were taken care of by a gentleman whom Mr. Philip asked to look after us. When the Mary Anson Home was built we were among the first batch of inmates. If ever a young man has done good in this world, it is Mr. Philip Anson. See what he did for us. Mother was nursed and tended with the utmost kindness, but her life could not be saved. We were rescued from the workhouse, taught well, and fed well, and given such instruction in a first-class trade that even at our age we can earn five pounds a week between us. And what he has done for us he does for hundreds of others. God bless Philip Anson, I say!" "Amen," said his brother. The voters of his sons reached Mason's tortured brain like sounds heard, remote but distinct, through a long tunnel. In an instant he became an old man. He set his teeth and jammed his elbows against the woodwork of the cab, but, strive as he would, with his immense physical strength and his dogged will, he shook with a palsy. "Father," cried John anxiously, little dreaming how his enthusiastic speech had pierced to the very marrow of his bearer. "Are you ill? Shall we stop?" "Perhaps, John, a little brandy would do him good," murmured Willie. "Father, do tell me what is the matter. Willie, reach up and tell the man to stop." Then Mason forced himself to speak. "No, no," he gasped. "Go on. It is only a passing spasm." He must have time, even a few minutes, in which to drive off the awful specter that hugged him in the embrace of death. He dared not look at his sons. It he were compelled to face them on the moment in the flaring gaslight, he would run away. His anguish was pitiable. Great drops of sweat stood clammy on his forehead. He raised a trembling hand across his face, and groaned aloud unconsciously. "Oh, God, forgive me!" It was the first prayer that had voluntarily left his lips for many a day. The boys heard. They interpreted it as an expression of sorrow that his career should have been so cut off from their childhood and joyous youth. "Well, cheer up, dad, anyhow," cried the elder, much relieved by this conclusion. "We are all together again, and you can face the world once more with us at your side." (To be Continued Tomorrow.)

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Call on Her, by All Means. Dear Miss Fairfax: For the last few months I have known a young lady, a little older than myself. As we live very far from each other we have not met since we became acquainted. I care very much for her, and have tried to show this fact through the few letters that I've written her, though I have not received a reply to my letters. I have reason to believe that she cares for me. I love her very much, and I am afraid that I might lose her. Would you advise me to call on her? B. M. Ask for permission to call. If she cares to encourage you, she will grant it. If she refuses permission, let that end it so far as overtures from you are concerned. Persistent attentions that are unwelcome have less effect than if you completely ended them. Your Father is Right. Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been keeping company for three years with a young man of 22. I love him very much and I am sure my love is reciprocated. But he passes remarks about my friends and has frequently insulted my father and brother. My father wants me to give him up. BROCKEN-HEARTED. A man who insults a girl's father will insult the girl after he has married her. You must have nothing more to do with this man.

Comb Sage Tea in Hair to Darken It

Grandma kept her locks dark, glossy, thick with a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur.

The old-time mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur for darkening gray, streaked and faded hair is grandmother's treatment, and folks are again using it to keep their hair a good, even color, which is quite sensible, as we are living in an age when a youthful appearance is of the greatest advantage. Nowadays, though, we don't have the troublesome task of gathering the sage and the mussy mixing at home. All drug stores sell the ready-to-use product called "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy" for about 50 cents a bottle. It is very popular because nobody can discover it has been applied. Simply moisten your comb or a soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, but what delights the ladies with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur is that, besides beautifully darkening the hair after a few applications, it also produces that soft lustre and appearance of abundance which is so attractive; besides, prevents dandruff, itching scalp and falling hair.—Advertisement.