

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Partners in Crime

And a Dark Deal

By Nell Brinkley

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"With My Smile and Your Arrow We Ought to Get Good Game."

Helen and Eros plot behind a fan! Helen lists her weapons. "I have," whispers she, "a quirk about the eyes, a wistful fashioning of lids or lashes that never falls! I have—with coral-tipped finger pointing like a water-lily bud—" "I have a smile! Sumurun's blinding smile like a flood of sudden, warming, amber light. These are my kit of tools, O runaway boy, to help burgle away a man's heart? Now, you—what have you? Please say."

Behind the fan Eros humped up his squat, winged shoulders and grinned. He pressed a fat forefinger on the wicked tip of a conjured arrow and liped, "Here, my charming pal, is my Jimmy! I'm a dead shot—I can snap the last thread (as thin as a thread of floss) that holds a man's heart in place a mile away. And when he wakes and clutches at the place it is too late. Here behind this fan will you and I wait for a victim—a passing chap a-striding by—he'll most probably be whistling, for until love and the sighs and glooms

that come with it have flown across a man's clear sky he whistles! Over this curving top do you, sweet pal, send a ray of your eye and your smile. And while he stands with lips and eyes apart, blinded, stupid and in deep amaze, I'll wing him! Hist! Drop down; here comes a man! By gracious! It's a statesman—poet—beau and financier! But we know the combination of his heart safe just the same! Jigger—keep your curis down, girl!"

NELL BRINKLEY.



Madame Isbell's Beauty Lesson

LESSON X—PART I.

Breathing—Its Relation to Health and Beauty.

We all know in a vague way, the effect breathing has on the blood. The lungs are one immense repository through which the blood passes for the purpose of oxygenation, or purifying by means of new air taken in. It is easy to see that, if an insufficient amount of air is taken in by the lungs, this work of purification is only partly done.

Few women, unless they have been trained in this respect, breathe properly. They rarely fill the entire lung space and, in fact, it is no exaggeration to say that one-half or two-thirds of the lung area is about all that is in use.

This results in many ills; the one I particularly wish to dwell on is anaemia and its attendant nerve weakening, the result being "nerves" or neurasthenia.

The beauty of the skin is largely dependent on the condition of the blood. Such skin troubles as pimples (acne) or eczema, medically speaking, are not blood diseases, but diseases of the skin. At the same time they are largely affected by the condition of the blood. Anything that will affect the temperature of the blood or its free, even circulation, affects the hue of the skin. When rosy cheeks fade or turn purple there is something wrong with the blood. Sometimes it is due to indiscretions of diet, more often it comes from insufficient oxygen, or an improper habit of using the lungs.

Take a factory worker, or one shut up in an office, turn him out into the country, subject him to considerable exercise in the open and the color of the skin will shortly change from pallor to ruddiness. Whether he is conscious of changing his method of breathing or not, the increased amount of physical exercise forces him to take in more air; the air being purer than that to which he is accustomed, the oxygenation in the lungs is more complete and the blood more fully nourished.

(Lesson X to be continued.)

Madame Isbell's

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Be More Independent.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young lady 18 years old and acquainted with a young man eight years my senior, and I like him very much, and he has often told me he likes me, but he calls to see me when he feels like it, and often keeps me from enjoying myself with others, especially Sunday evenings, when he does not come. Kindly let me know how I should act toward him when he does call.

I am afraid, my dear girl, that you are too humble and grateful when this rather selfish young man condescends to give you the benefit of his society. Just make a few engagements with others, and in a perfectly sweet, amiable way give him to understand that you are not sitting at home pining for him, and I think he will be more careful to keep his appointments with you. A little competition from other men will make him realize that you are popular, and therefore to be desired.

Be pleasant when next he calls—if you happen to be at home—but do not sit at home waiting for him.

A Splendid Idea.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Last fall I broke my engagement. Be sure the young man did not seem to ever get money ahead. I loved him very much, and was willing to wait, but he never seemed to get on his feet. However, I suffered much after I broke the engagement. We saw each other out in public, and he called me up frequently. I went to California for three months this winter, and he wrote me several times. He promised to marry me, provided he made a good effort to save and not make me wait too long. He has asked me if he could give me a certain amount each month to save and put in the bank in my name. Do you think it would be all right and proper for me to do this?

TRICKY.

This is a very practical idea. You might open a joint account in both names. If you are publicly engaged, then, perhaps, as you put in a bit, it will act as an added incentive for your fiance to make a great effort to save.

The Girl You Love.

Dear Miss Fairfax: By a will of my grandfather I must marry in a short time. I am very fondly with two girls who, in regard to wealth, are decidedly opposite. I am in love with the poorer girl, but the constant urging of friends that I marry the other has made me undecided.

Marry the girl you love if you can win her. You scarcely desire to, since you are so weak as to hesitate because your friends urge you to be "worldly wise" and sacrifice happiness for money.

To Look and Feel Bright in Hot Weather

This is the season when she who would have a lily-white complexion should turn her thoughts to mercolized wax, the first friend of the summer girl. Nothing so effectively overcomes the soiling effects of sun, wind, dust and dirt. The wax is really absorbent with two girls who, in regard to wealth, are decidedly opposite. I am in love with the poorer girl, but the constant urging of friends that I marry the other has made me undecided.

When depressed by the heat and you want to freshen up for the afternoon or evening, bathe the face in a lotion made by dissolving an ounce of powdered mercolite in a half pint wiffen base. You'll find this more refreshing than an hour's rest. It is fine for smoothing out wrinkles, even the deeper ones.—Advertisement.

What the Elevator Man Knew

By ADA PATTERSON.

"What ails him?" I asked the elevator man in the skyscraper office building.

A dog covered in a corner of the hall beside the radiator.

A dog that had been white, but was now a grizzly gray.

He had abnormally shortened ears, tall that had been amputated too close to his body, a low swinging head and a dejected manner.

I stopped beside him, the dog had covered closer to the radiator with a mournful little whine.

"Is he sick or cold?" I asked.

"He ain't nuther, ma'am," replied the elevator man, bringing the floor of his car even with the floor of the hall before stopping.

"He just ain't got the appearance and he knows it. You can't do nothin' if you ain't got the appearance."

Seeing that his audience was interested, the elevator man went on: "The fellow that cut that dog's ears and tail too short when the dog was a pup ought to have been shot. He took away his appearance. You've got to have appearance to have self-respect, and self-respect to have appearance, and when you ain't got them you ain't worth nothin'."

All who heard him looked more attentively at the elevator man than they had ever done before. Yes, he gave point to his own words. He was not a handsome man, but he had appearance. His clothes were cheap, but I never saw cleaner garments. The whisk broom that hung in the corner of his up-and-down car was stubby from use. No visible atom of dust clung anywhere on his rough coat and trousers. No tobacco stains polka dotted his shirt front, which was fresh as a school girl's Monday blouse. His cap was set upon a sleek clean looking hair. Sleek hair doesn't always look clean. It often looks as though oil had been called in as a compromise, but the elevator man's hair looked as though it had close acquaintance with soap, water

and a dustless brush. His hands, hard and knotted from their work, looked as though they had several scrubbings a day. His shoes were free from dust. His skin was clean, his eyes, likewise looked, as though they were used to a morning and night of cool water. His large, strong teeth were well cared for. All this one got in the same flash that showed that he was no dandy of the up-and-down carriage. Yes, he had the appearance. The self-respect, too, for his shoulders never slouch. His jaw never hangs down. He doesn't tell what a hard job it is to be an elevator man and what poor pay it brings. He takes it for granted that any person who thinks at all knows that. He makes no apology for his work, no intimations that he would do better, only he hasn't the chance.

He takes for granted, too, that that is a fact that intelligent persons will quickly grasp. He never neglects his work. He does not bring his car six inches above or below the landing, strutting his shoulders and growling, "Step down."

He takes the pride and pleasure that earnest workers take in doing good work, in bringing his car on a level with the floor. He never permits people to fill his car as closely as sardines fill a can. "Car's full, sorry," he says. The door closes gently and he's off. If some nervous man or woman let behind sputters he does not even smile, not outwardly. His face is a mask, a sign of which will give no one a sense of irritation.

Yes, he has the self-respect as well as the appearance. He will be promoted the day I fancy. I saw the owner of the building observing him carefully on his ride from the ground floor to the thirty-ninth, with stops at all stations. The ride had been taken without undue pauses, on schedule time without "hitches" of any kind. The owner of the building had placed another elevator man in the machine department at a higher salary and with plenty of chance for advancement. There are better things ahead for the character. We needn't be concerned about his future.

What should concern us all is the truth in his philosophy about the importance of "having the appearance." We cannot all be born tall and lily blondes with a glory of fair hair and with eyes like wood violets. Nor can we all be commanding brunettes with midnight eyes

and hair like a raven's wing. But we can make the most of such type as nature afforded us. We can keep it shiningly clean and illuminate it with cheerfulness. We can conserve it to the greatest preservative agent, health. And having done this, we arrive at that half-way house on the road to success, self-respect. It is within the power of everyone to polish his personality.

There is a street called Broadway in New York, which is lined with theatrical office, occupied by managers and agents. These actors and actresses are engaged. There "appearance" is at a premium. Knowing this, every player turns into the highway of opportunity with a smile. He may have had a bad season. He may be in arrears to his landlady. His relations with his tailor may be strained. His pockets may ache with emptiness, but he walks up Broadway with undiminished shoulders and with courageous eyes. He dare not do otherwise. He fears that instinct in humanity that corresponds to the healthy chicken's desire to peck a sick one to death. He hides his troubles. He radiates expectation of good things. He signs with a prominent manager for a long season.

"Appearance" has done it.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

Among others, the forger appreciates a good name.

Their fickleness is what makes some girls interesting.

Love is blind, so what's the use of waving gas on it?

Many a man carries a mortgage because he is unable to lift it.

Hard facts in the shape of silver dollars are always appreciated.

If a 25-pound woman says she is in the 16 class, let her have her own way.

Ambition seldom goes beyond the age of indiscretion, proving that this is a sad world.

And many a man who imagined himself necessary to the world's progress has been interred in a pine box without trimmings.

Amateur concertos are probably all right in their way, but the trouble is there are so many people who are unable to appreciate that kind of music.—Chicago News.

By DOROTHY DIX.

At every marriage, louder than the strains of the wedding march, is the whispered murmur of the audience:

"What on earth, do you suppose, made him pick her out for a wife?"

"Just look at that bridegroom. In heaven's name, what did she see in him that made her want to tie up with him?"

And nobody even attempts to answer these insoluble riddles of it when men and women pick out for their husbands and wives the very people that we should have thought least suited to them, and apparently live happily ever after, and when we observe marriages that seem made in heaven and in the opposite place.

Whether love is clairvoyant or blind, nobody knows. Sometimes it sees beauties and graces in the object of its choice that other eyes do not behold. This is illustrated by the fact that the average man, before he is married, is in theory a worshiper of female multiplicity.

The first question he asks about every woman who is brought to his notice is "Is she pretty?" On the street he has ever a roving eye to single out the living pictures that pass by. At the theater he patronizes those plays that have the handsomest show girls in them. To hear him talk you would believe him the slave of Venus, and you would be convinced



The Mystery of Love

that no woman who did not possess all of the twenty points of female loveliness would have a chance to catch him as a husband.

When you meet his wife you find out to your amazement that he has picked out quite an ordinary looking little person that nobody would ever turn to look at in a crowd, and it leaves you wondering if the professed judge of good looks was hypnotized when he married, or if he married for an ethereal beauty of soul and spirit invisible to the casual observer.

In the same way you often see a peculiarly brilliant man who is the devoted husband of a woman with an intellect like a hen's. To every one else she is a transcendent bore with her silly chatter whose whole gamut only reaches from kitchen to nursery and back again. She has no sense of humor, and never sees the point of even her husband's jokes. She has no information and never knows what he's talking about when he speaks of anything but domestic affairs. You would say that she is no more of a companion to him than a nice fat cat would be.

But the man apparently is satisfied with her. He gives no sign that he even sees how dull and stupid she is, or is aware of the blunders she makes. It is because he sees into her nature deeper than the outside world does and recognizes that she has some fine and subtle philosophy of life that she has not the power to utter, or is it that his love makes him blind to her shortcomings? Who can say? Perhaps the man himself does not know.

Undoubtedly most women are cheerful liars when it comes to telling what they think of their husbands. Every woman until she begins to think of a divorce pretends to herself and to the world that she has married a Prince Charming, and that he is the handsomest, wisest and most chivalrous man in the world.

Making due allowance for this commendable wifely duplicity, most of us have been astounded at finding that some woman did think her most ordinary-looking, commonplace husband a perfect Apollo and a fascinator that had only to whistle to make every woman he met get up and follow him.

This is why wives are almost universally jealous. They do not see their husbands as the human shrimps, or animated beer kegs they look like to other women. They always see their husbands as figures of romance that any other woman would be justified in grabbing if she could.

God gave women, as a consolation prize in life, a transcendent power of imagination so that they could always wrap their husbands and children in so many swathings of the pink chiffon of fancy that they'd never really get a good look at them as they were. No woman ever loves a real man. She worships his ideal of him. She never really knows the man within she has constructed.

The reason that so many men tire of their wives when the women get middle-aged and fat, and homely, and why a woman can go on loving a man, no matter how middle-aged, and bay-windowed, and bald he gets, is because the circumstances of a man's life make him practical, and face facts, so that he sees his wife as she is, while the woman goes on dreaming to the end, and never sees her husband as anything but the golden she fancied him in her youth.

But nobody can explain the vagaries of love. Sometimes it is like a great light held so close to the eyes that it blinds us, and again it is like a searchlight that penetrates into the secret recesses of a soul, and shows us its hidden treasure chambers.

Walter and Fresh Guy.

"Fresh guy" undertook with ill success to have a bit of fun with a most serious-looking waiter in a New York cafe.

"Walter," said he, "I desire you to bring me a grilled crocodile."

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, perfectly unmoved.

"And, waiter, bring it with butter."

"Yes, sir."

The servant stood like a statue for a moment.

"Well," said the fresh guy, with a fatuous grin. "Aren't you going to fill the order?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why don't you go about it?"

"Orders are, sir, that we receive pay in advance for crocodiles, sir. Crocodiles with butter, sir, are \$12.50. If you take them without butter, sir, they're only \$10.—New York Times.