

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

What Dame Fashion Is Offering

STUNNING STYLES DESCRIBED BY OLIVETTE.



In the afternoon frock on the left violet charmeuse forms the draped skirt and the quaint little coat of this pretty frock; there is a long tunic of mousseline de sole plisse in the same color, this material appearing again in the bodice under the charmeuse coat; a beautiful shade of cyclamen is used for the ceinture.

On the right this effective dress has a draped skirt of black charmeuse with a short tunic effect in velvet; the bodice is of black lace finished with a wide ceinture of rose-colored taffetas embroidered in gold; gold embroidered, too, are the revers of blue velvet.

Dei Delitti E Delle Pene

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

It was 150 years ago, January 12, 1763, that the celebrated treatise, Dei Delitti e della Pene (On Crimes and Punishment) was given to the world.

It is safe to say that if human happiness is a holy thing a holier book than Beccaria's Dei Delitti e della Pene was never written; for from the first day on which it was published it has worked mightily for human joy and peace.

The worst nightmare vision of hell and its devils was never more fearful than were the actual conditions among men during the thousand years prior to Beccaria's birth, in 1738. Throughout this long period the world had been one great torture-pen, filled with the groans and lamentations of those who were being tortured by the inverted agents of church and state.

This disgraceful condition prevailed down to the middle of the eighteenth century, when such men as Montesquieu, Voltaire, Boyle, Diderot and Beccaria swore that it should cease.

With his heart almost breaking at the thought of the suffering of his fellow-men, and with his brain aflame with indignation over the cold-blooded brutalities of the authorities, Beccaria wrote and published his immortal book "On Crimes and Punishments."

The effect was instantaneous. Its influence passed over Europe like wildfire through a forest, notwithstanding the fact that it had been placed on the "index."

The empress of Russia abolished torture in her dominions; Frederick of Prussia did the same, and Leopold of Tuscany followed suit. Within a few months the book passed through six or seven editions. All the leading men of the different European nations read it, and were convinced by its unanswerable arguments. It touched their hearts and convinced their reason. In a word, it is to Beccaria's book that we owe the reform of the penal codes of Europe and the world.

And yet of the great-hearted Italian philanthropist who did so much for humanity, how few are the memorials. In the parks and public squares of the great cities of earth stand splendid monuments designed to perpetuate the memory of warriors, politicians, historians, poets and statesmen, who undoubtedly did much for the material and intellectual advancement of mankind, but where are the memorials to the man who did so much to prevent unmerited sorrow, and who stands almost first among the victors in the age-long struggle for human happiness against the brutal and unfeeling laws which had so long a time maddened men with their infernal tortures?

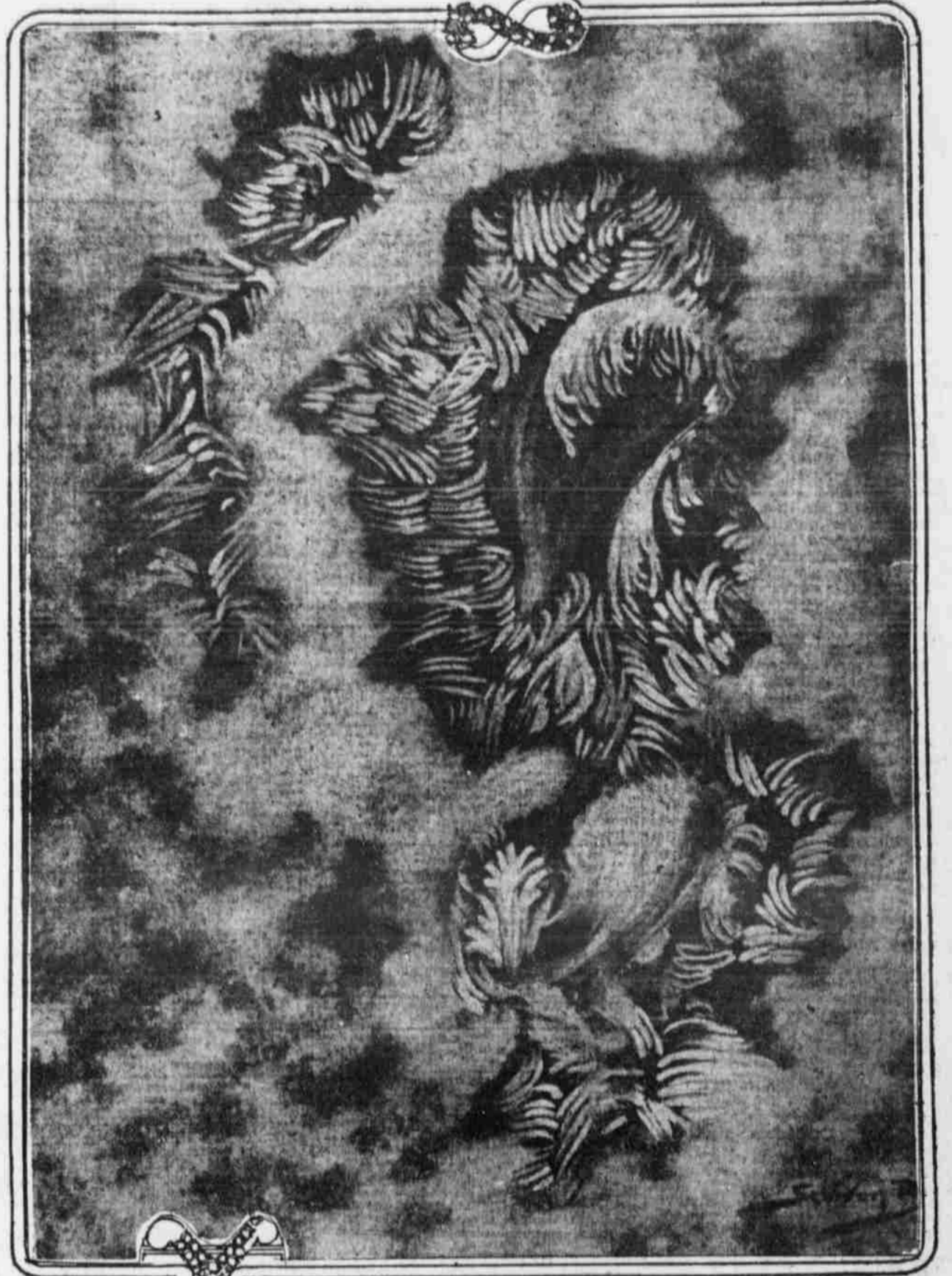
Beccaria was born in Milan, in which city he died in 1794, at the age of 31 years.

Characteristic Types.

Phrenologist (engaged in feeling client's head)—You have magnificent powers for observation, magnitudinous, ah! "Client—Piffle!" That's exactly what you told the fellow before me, and the other fellow before him. "Exactly!" All three of you are representative types of the men who crowd together on a curb near a busy street corner to watch a bobble-skirted woman climb into the street cars. —St. Louis Republic.



Wonders of the Heavens



One of those openings in that great shell of light, the sun, through which we see the dark metallic vapor-clouds of our chief luminary: A typical sun-spot—highly magnified.

Sunlight is attributable to a mere covering of white-hot fire-clouds, which possess in themselves a temperature estimated at 17,000 degrees Fahrenheit. The majority of sun-spots are nothing more than great openings, or holes, in this shell of light, and through them we survey the sun's inner darkness. Just as carbon is employed as the agent for producing the artificial light of the incandescent

lamp, so in the brilliant solar shell exactly the same element is found as the agent of the sun's light and heat-giving power. One of the principal substances in the material universe, carbon is also associated with earthly life in every phase. It was reported the other day, from San Jose, Cal., that a sun-spot, with an estimated area of 409,936,700 square miles, had been discovered by Father Jerome Ricard of Santa Clara college.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox on Looking Backward--Says Face the Future

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Copyright, 1914, by Star Company. Retrospection and introspection seem to come with the holiday season. We love to look backward, to recall old scenes and old faces. The tendency of the human heart, at this time of year, is to spread the table of memory with regrets, and to feast upon a melancholy thoughts.

The holidays are holy days to many people, who devote them to the memories of missing ones. We cannot expect hearts that are bleeding with recent wounds to feel any joy in this season. But we can urge those who mourn for the dead to remember the living and cover the bleeding wound, when possible, from sight.

A mother who has lost one child need not shadow the holiday season for those remaining, who are too young to feel sorrow so deeply, by darkening the home and refusing to think or talk of anything but the departed dear one. Let her ask herself if that dear one would want her loss deplored in such a manner?

Would she be happy in her spirit realm, among the angelic hosts, if she knew her earth home was shrouded in darkness, and that all those she loved on earth were turning their eyes away from the light and thinking only of the grave?

Other sorrows besides death show their faces to the eyes of the soul at this season. Old ambitions, old friendships, old loves, old dreams, that have been too fragile to stand the wear and tear of the years, come forth from the grave of the past and confront us.

The old ambition sneers perhaps because we turned away before it was attained. The old friendship whispers "faithless," the old love "fickle," the old dream sighs, "why did you awaken?" Each must be answered and sent back to its grave.

To the old ambition we must answer, "You led to the wrong path for my best

development. My failure has taught me more than would you, had I attained you. I am going forth to a greater goal."

To the old friendship, "You were not strong enough to hold me. Nothing that is of absolute worth to the soul is ever lost. I was not faithless; I only found my path led in other directions."

To the old love, "I was not fickle. You were only a prairie fire, and I fled to escape being devoured by you. The light you cast upon my way was not from the great source."

To the old dream, "I was weary with sleep. So I awoke. To know is better than to dream."

And, having answered all the phantoms

and hid them adieu, then we must turn our faces to the spirit of the coming days and greet the retinue of attendants about us.

Courage, hope, new ambitions, new truths, new thoughts, new resolves, persistence and patience—having greeted them all and bid them welcome, we must walk forth into the sunlight, believing absolutely in the future, and refusing to look backward.

No past was ever so great and wonderful as any future may be.

Memory's Mansion

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

In Memory's Mansion are wonderful rooms.

And we wander about them at will;

And pause at the casements, where boxes of blooms

Are sending sweet scents o'er the all.

We lean from a window that looks on a lawn;

From a turret that looks on the wave.

But draw down the shade when we see on some glade

A stone standing guard by a grave.

To Memory's attic I clambered one day

When the roof was resounding with rain.

And there, among relics long hidden away,

I rummaged with heartache and pain.

A hope long surrendered and covered with dust,

A pastime, outgrown and forgot.

And a fragment of love all corroded with rust,

Were lying heaped up in one spot.

And there on the floor of that garret was tossed

A friendship too fragile to last.

With pieces of dearly-bought pleasures that cost

Vast fortunes of pain in the past.

A fabric of passion, once vivid and bright,

As the heart of a robin in spring.

Was spread out before me—a terrible sight—

A moth-eaten rag of a thing.

Then down the deep stairway I hurriedly went,

And into fair chambers below;

But the mansion seemed filled with the old attic scent

Wherever my footsteps would go.

Though in Memory's House I still wander full oft,

No more to the garret I climb;

And I leave all the rubbish heaped there in the loft

To the hands of the Housekeeper, Time.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Human nature is a very funny thing, sed Pa, & jest wen a man thinks he has a good grasp on human nature he finds out sumthing new about the institution that throws him way off the track.

I am glad to see you willing to admit that onst in avible pure wonderful brain is baffled, sed Ma, & what is it that has upset the mental workings of my Socrates this trip?

Oh, my old pal Doc Wellington, sed Pa. I don't know wether it is approaching

old age that has turned his head, or the rapid age that we are living in, or what it is, but he has an idea in his head that he shud have been a poet instead of a doctor.

That is often the case, sed Ma. I have known men & wimmen that were reely splendid in thare line, but they were always wanting to be sumthing else, the same as old Joe Jefferson, the grate actor, thinking that he shud have been a painter instead.

Yes, that is so, sed Pa. You know Doc Wellington is one of the finest doctors that ever struck the big town. He has becum weathy at the practice of medicine, & has saved many thousands of lives, but I never knew till yesterday that he had a big hunch that he can rite poetry. He is going to bring sum of the peeces he rote oaver to the house tonite, sed Pa, & I suppose I will have to listen to them. I wish thare was sum way that I cud stall out of it, but I fear thare isent a chanst.

Jest then Pa's friend, Doctor Wellington, came. He is our family doctor & he never sed anything befoar about riting poetry, so Pa & Ma & me all listened wen he had got sat down & was smooking & started to read his poetry.

I am only a little boy, but I cud tell befoar he had red vary many lines that he wassent no poetry riter. This is the first peeces he red:

When Babylon was all in bloom
Before it had to meet its doom
A prince and princess met one day
& jest to pass the time away
Thare in the sunset low & dim
He kissed her cheeks and she kissed him.

The prince and princess are no moar. They were buried in the days of yore.

But oh, my sweetheart, dont you think I am that Babylonian gink
And you the princess that he kissed
But in the evening gentle mist
If this here theery you'll allow.
We mite as well start kissing now.

I think this is awful cute, sed Ma. Reed us some moar, doctor. So the doctor red:

I cannot think my love is dead and gone,
I seem to see her, standing in the dawn
The sun is shinin on her golden head,
I cannot think my love is gone & dead,
She seems so near, so vary near my
I cannot think my love has went and died.

Tabloid Tales

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE.

What, mother, is meant by a "house party?" I read of it often these days. A house party, child, is one where the hostess has to worry about sheets, as well as tabloids.

What, mother, is a debutante? It is a name, my dear, given to a girl when she is about 18 years old and which makes her much harder to get along with than if she goes by the old-fashioned name of "one of the young 'uns."

What, mother, is a compliment? It is that gentle art, my child, that if used with nicety as a handle will open any door.

What, mother, is a bookmark? It is anything, child, which a woman uses to mark the place between the pages of uplift literature.

But, mother mine, what is it called when the literature is not uplift? You are so unsophisticated, little one. A bookmark is never used between the pages of trashy literature for the reason that after the reader begins to read, the book is not put down till the end is reached. I am old, and I have seen many books, but I never saw a bookmark in a trashy novel.

Who, mother, is the ideal wife? It is the wife, my child, who when her husband shaves and puts on his dress suit and says he is going out to help a friend die a well, believes him.

What, mother, is the important difference between the sympathy of a mother and that of a father? Father, my child, has to have had the measles to be able to sympathize with the children, and mother doesn't.

What is meant by the Blue Penicil? It is that, My Child, which every one needs but that only those unfortunate beings who work on newspapers receive.

Pointed Paragraphs. And many a man is sold without getting his price.

Some self-made men evidently did the job in the dark.

It's easier to talk than it is to acquire the wood sawing habit.

Don't do any worrying today that you can put off till tomorrow.



Resinol stops skin troubles

If you have eczema, rash, pimples, or other distressing, unsightly skin eruption, try Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap, and see how quickly the trouble disappears, even in severe and stubborn cases. They stop itching instantly.

Resinol Ointment is so nearly flesh-colored that it can be used on exposed surfaces without attracting undue attention.

Physicians have prescribed Resinol for 18 years, for all sorts of skin troubles, dandruff, sores, ulcers, burns, wounds, and piles. Every druggist sells Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap, but you can try them free, by writing to Dept. 35-5, Resinol, Baltimore, Md., for samples.

This Home-Made Cough Syrup Will Surprise You

Costs Little, but there is Nothing Better at any Price. Fully Guaranteed.

Here is a home-made remedy that takes hold of a cough almost instantly, and will usually conquer an ordinary cough in 24 hours. This recipe makes a pint—enough for a whole family. You couldn't buy as much or as good ready-made cough syrup for \$2.50.

Mix one pint of granulated sugar with 1/2 pint of warm water, and stir 2 minutes. Put 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a pint bottle, and add the Sugar Syrup. This keeps perfectly and has a pleasant taste—children like it. Braces up the appetite and is slightly laxative, which helps end a cough.

You probably know the medical value of pine in treating bronchial asthma, bronchitis, spasmodic croup and whooping cough. Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, rich in gaidacol and other natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this combination.

The prompt results from this inexpensive remedy have made friends for it in thousands of homes in the United States and Canada, which explains why the plan has been imitated often, 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.