

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Fascinating Cape :: Described by Olivette



The question of why the cape ever went out of fashion is almost unanswerable. Women find it useful and becoming, and yet for years it has been forgotten by dressmakers and mondaines alike. Now it has come back into great favor and is developed as part of a suit costume and as a separate garment as well.

The model we show today is useful as well as charmingly graceful. It may be worn with separate skirt to form a suit, with silk afternoon dresses or with the flimsiest of dance dresses.

It may be made of black satin cloth or of the chiffon velvet which is to return to favor by Au-

gust, according to the prediction of one of the smartest of the French houses. The cape is cut three-quarter length and shaped and topped by a square turnover collar that slopes into small revers at the front. Below this at the back there is a panel that falls in the effect of a hood. A bias fold of black velvet pipes this, and above the fold is a band of stitchings. The cape falls in full circular at the back and there are darts rising from the front of the shoulders and crossing the bust to form an effect of V just under the revers. Three large, black velvet buttons are used as fastenings.

OLIVETTE.

The Dolly Waltz and How to Dance It

Expertly Described for the Ballroom by the Dolly Sisters

We don't follow the regular form of dancing in the dances that we have arranged for the public. In fact, if it could be avoided there would be no difficult steps in our repertoire, for intricate and very difficult executions are not beautiful; the simpler dancing is far more charming and much more appreciated.

This little waltz that we have arranged can easily be adapted for the ball room, because anyone can attempt it.

We invented it for our own use, but it is quite as charming danced by a girl and man, and so very simple that the steps really can be learned from a newspaper article very easily.

Frequently dance descriptions in an article discourage beginners rather than fill them with a desire to master the steps. This is generally because the dances are too difficult for the average amateur. This is really so. People are willing to go and see dancers perform on the stage simply because the steps danced are professional and cannot be properly executed by the average couple on a ball room floor.

They are willing to pay out money to see them because they realize that dancing is a business to the professional. Why shouldn't a professional dancer know his or her own business and be competent at it? The professional earns his living in this way just as a person



The second position.



The first position.

would in any other capacity; there is nothing so very wonderful in it. The Dolly waltz is first of all simple, very simple. The couple meet with a little running step in the center of the room, make a little pirouette and bow. There is something so very charming in the quaint, old-world dignity of the dance of long ago that we have tried to preserve its repose as much as possible in this dance of ours. It peeps out frequently in between the modern steps and lends a grace all its own that we could not attain in any other way.

After the pirouette and bow, all of which is done in perfect accord with the music, we begin the waltz proper. Get away from the old method of holding your partner close; the secret of good dancing is to dance in perfect accord without any obvious dependence on your partner.

The man should hold the girl's left hand high with his right, and the waltz begins with a little sidestep in waltz time. This is really a waltz sideways, and the man begins by sliding the left foot back of the right, rise on the toes, turn and repeat.

Then reverse the movement by changing hands and dancing in the opposite direction, the man stepping on left foot and sliding right back, the girl doing the same.

In the next position begin as in picture two, and with two little running steps in waltz time come forward and then back. Then take two waltz turns alone with hands behind backs, and then resume position and take the waltz running steps in the opposite direction, and glide into the waltz again. Above all, don't try to be graceful. Don't make it appear that you are making an effort of any kind. The thing to be avoided is labored dancing, which always shows and which spoils the natural grace of any dance invented.

The Tearless Wedding

By ADA PATTERSON.

"Such a pretty wedding," said the wedding guests as they were taking their leave of the smiling-eyed mother of the bride.

"Such a cheerful wedding," I said as I stepped at the door for a hand pressure and a searching glance into the eyes that had ten minutes before looked upon the face of her only child, framed in the window of the departing automobile. Yes, the eyes were quite dry and bright and happy.

"Do you realize that you have had a tearless wedding?" I exclaimed. "Certainly," she answered. "Tears have gone out of fashion. I would have been very angry at any woman who had dampened my daughter's wedding with her tears."

"How did you turn them off?" I asked. "The tears I mean." "I kept saying over and over to myself, 'be logical.' Why cry when this wedding is exactly what we all wanted, and when there is every earthly guarantee that my little girl will be happy? Don't be a fool. Only fools cry without knowing why."

I carried away from the wedding the impression of complete happiness. There followed me the echo of the brave, wise mother's words: "Tears have gone out of fashion."

She was right. Once it was thought the part of dignity to wear a solemn face and to keep the tears near the surface.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Try Again.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Two months ago last Sunday I had an appointment with a girl whom I love very dearly and have been keeping steady company with. The night before I was called out of the city on some business, and, being unable to reach her over the telephone, sent a message, stating my disappointment at being unable to see her Sunday, and telling her I would drop her a line later, which I did (also two other cards); but I have not heard from her since. Having just got back, and receiving no mail, I thought I would drop you a line for some advice on the subject. What would be the best thing to do?

If you cannot reach this girl over a telephone, why not go to her home and attempt an explanation? Letters often miscarry, and the warmth of the human voice gives a personal touch to an explanation that the written word cannot convey.

ready for exercise at any moment. And tears did their worst at weddings. A happy bride walking down the aisle from the altar, her face reflecting the love and hope in her young heart, was sobered and saddened by the sight of the faces of her relatives flooded with tears.

"I haven't seen my mother cry that way since grandmother died," said one newly-wed. "The memory of that shower hung cloud-like over her honeymoon. Quite amazed she was when she returned from her bridal tour to find her mother's face shining as though tears had never touched it."

Why do we cry at weddings? In some cases it is mere hysteria. I know an hysterical woman who weeps whenever she hears a band play. Crying at a wedding by such persons is a mere selfish display of overwrought nerves. When such persons are bidden to weddings they should send their regrets and stay at home in a dark room with a cold towel wrapped around their heads.

Others weep because they have a sense of finality of the marital vows. Cheer up. They are not final. Read the Chicago divorce records and the annals of Reno.

Some there are, and these have the best reason, who weep because they distrust the bridegroom's purpose or ability to make the bride's life a happy one. Again cheer up. A woman's happiness is not wholly in her husband's keeping. If he be a strong character it is not in her power either to make or utterly mar her life. Certain it is that he may inflict a few blemishes upon her happiness, but he is doubtless not quite a demon, and she is a weanling if she permits him to steer their household ship upon the rocks.

Therefore don't cry at weddings. Remember that tears have gone out of fashion there as elsewhere. Don't weep. Smile. It is chiefly a matter of habit. Smiles pay dividends in the investment of life. Tears lose both principal and interest.

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Undercurrents

By CONSTANCE CLARKE.

To crush flower petals 'neath your ruthless feet.
A tangled mass of fragrance everywhere,
To note no odor that is passing sweet,
To smell no other fragrance than her hair.

To push youth's wondrous offerings aside,
Scanning with firelit eyes the glowing south,
Whence one shall come with draperies floating wide,
Bringing no other treasure than her mouth.

Mysteries of Nature There is a Fascination in Earthquakes as is Evidenced Around Sicily's Shores

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The fearful earthquake in Sicily is a reminder of one of the most peculiar facts of human life—the partiality of population for volcanic and earthquake regions. Only a few rich river valleys and fertile plains can compete in this respect with the neighborhoods of great, smoking mountains and the trembling lands where the instability of the earth's crust is almost constantly in evidence.

The reasons are not hard to find. Such regions are the beauty spots of the planet. Nature there practices without expense to man an agriculture which he is unable to

match with all his skill and science. With his plows and harrows he can, at best, only scratch the surface of the ground, but a great earthquake cultivates and enriches it from beneath, bringing up pregnant material, solid, liquid and gaseous, from the depths, and renewing its fecundity.

If you would understand the effectiveness of an earthquake as an agricultural agent of stupendous power, read this typical description by Major Dutton:

"The first intimation is a strange round—a far-off rumble. It grows louder. The earth begins to quiver; then to shake rudely. Soon the ground begins to heave. Then it is actually seen to be traversed by visible waves, something like waves at sea, but of less height and moving much more swiftly. The sound becomes a roar. It is difficult to stand, and at length becomes impossible to do so. People fling themselves to the ground to avoid being dashed against it. The trees are seen to sway violently, sometimes touching the ground with their branches. As the earthquakes rush past, the ground opens in cracks and closes again. As the cracks close the squeezed-out air blows out sand, gravel and sometimes water, which is spurted high in the air. Sometimes the rolling waves are absent, and the movement is a rude quiver, rapidly vibrating in every direction, twisting, contorting, wrenching the ground as if in a determined effort to shake it into dust."

Such is the thunder march of the earthquake plow! And where it has passed vegetation finds a fat banquet spread for it.

The volcano enriches all its neighborhood by showering it with mineral ashes spouted out of the bowels of the earth, and inundating it with liquid rock, which when cooled, hardened and subsequently disintegrated and pulverized, becomes a soil of marvelous fertility.

If man could do everywhere what

Nature does in such lands as Sicily there would be nowhere any exhaustion of the soil. Sicily is the gift of a volcano. Mount Etna is its father. Standing on the ragged rim of its hollow black cone I have seen the entire island spread out below, and then the volcanic birth of Sicily was as plain as a picture story.

The region lying between the foot of the huge volcano and the Gulf of Catania, where the present earthquake concentrated its force, is a land of flowers, vines, honey and song. It is the land that inspired the lays of Theocritus, the sweetest-voiced of all the ancient poets, "the singer of Persephone," whose shade Oscar Wilde addressed:

"O, singer of Persephone
In the dim meadows, desolate
Dost thou remember Sicily?
Still through the ivy flits the bee
Where Amaryllis lies in state,
O, singer of Persephone!"

The city of Catania, now having a population of 160,000, stands on floors of lava, one overlying another, which have, in times past, flowed down as fiery rivers from Etna. Every floor covers a former Catania! Again and again the city, in the course of the centuries, has been wholly or partially destroyed, either by lava or earthquake (both the work of Father Etna), and every time it has risen once more, as unperishing as the phoenix and infinitely more beautiful.

As you stroll through Catania you find some of the principal streets climbing over the backs of ancient lava flows that have been solidified into long hills stretching down into the sea. You walk on lava blocks, the walls around you are constructed of lava blocks; churches, chapels and villas, whose architecture is as rich as tropical vegetation, are built and carved of lava blocks. The soil of the gardens, which are buried in flowers that burst over the walls and perfume the streets, is a gift sent down by Etna.

Youthful, Wrinkleless Skin Easy To Have

You who desire to gain a youthful appearance will do well to make the acquaintance of the two simple, but valuable prescriptions given here.
To make an effective wrinkle remover, mix an ounce of powdered kaolin and a half pint with basal. Rub the face in the solution—immediately every wrinkle is affected. It acts wonderfully on sagging facial muscles, also, the lotion possessing remarkable astringent and tonic properties.
To get rid of an aged, faded, freckled or discolored complexion, buy an ounce of common mercuric wash at any drugstore and apply nightly as you would cold cream, erasing the mornings with soap and water. This will slowly absorb the undesirable surface skin, revealing the younger, brighter, healthier skin underneath. There's nothing to equal this treatment as a facial rejuvenator—Advertisement.

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