

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Ignorance Is Bliss

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By Nell Brinkley



As she wants to look, and as she does look.

Dear Lady: Just because Slimsey Sue, who passes your iron gate every day, wears a smashing Syrian sash about her hips with gorgeous flowers on it, don't you! Don't wear a tiny peanut of a hat when you have a whole Polar bear wrapped round the shoulders. That makes the little hat look a mighty long way off! Fashion has whispered the word across the world, and the word is "Oriental." But, dear little pudgy lady, don't wear your skirt too top-heavy, too pinched in the feet; for, where you dream you look like a Hourii straight from the jeweled and bloody pages of the Arabian nights, it's more likely you are the twin for a real Turkish woman. And, seeing some of her in fact instead of fancy, you aren't wishing for that! And don't escort a little dog. Please, a big one—a collie, a retriever, a wolf hound, a

Great Dane. Beside them you are daintier—more feminine—smaller.

Here is a little woman I saw in a tea room the other day; not little—short! Great smothering rolls of fur that would have been stunning on a slim woman piled up about her round face. Her hair was done in the bracelet-like rings on her cheeks. And she led an atom of a baby dog. He was continually trying to get around her. And she could no more see him over the mighty array of furs, what with her own substantial body, than a real fat grandmother will ever see her belt again. It was Fugi and a mouse! It was a stunning sight—but not in the way we use the word ordinarily.

And I knew by the mild, blissful smile she wore that she wished to look—and thought she did—like this instead of this!

NELL BRINKLEY.

Beauty

Helen Bannon, Who Takes a Good Picture, Tells How to Keep Good Looks



By MAUDE MILLER.

There are many pretty women who do not take a pretty picture, and there are women who lack beauty, but whom the art of the photographer transforms into a being for a artist's model.

And there are also women who have beauty that is not lost before a camera, and Miss Helen Bannon, in "Hop o' My Thumb," is one of that fortunate number.

Laughingly she disclaims all pretensions to beauty.

"If I am pleasing in appearance," she said modestly, "I do not know it," and therein lies her charm. She does not know that the moment she appears on the stage there is a whisper all over the

house, "What a remarkably pretty girl." Asked her secret, she said she had none. She laughs at her troubles and they fly away. Others not so wise encourage them to stay and wrinkles result. She is regular in her hours of rest and outdoor exercise, without which regime no good looks last long.

She spends a great deal of her time out of doors, and walks long distances—not in a lolling gait, but briskly, as with a definite idea in mind.

"The shop window gait," she said with a laugh, "brings no definite returns. On the contrary, I am quite satisfied that the woman who does all her exercising in the shopping district sees so many distractingly pretty things in the window that she becomes a little envious, and the otherwise beneficial effects of

outdoor exercise are lost in the feeling of envy they inspire. No one can get good effects from filling one's lungs with fresh air, if at the same time a little resentment is allowed to creep in.

"I find, too, that the best results are obtained when one walks alone. The girl out for a brisk walk by herself pauses more rapidly. She is not tempted to pause at soda fountains, and is less likely to yield to the craving for chocolate, either of which is a detriment in keeping the eyes bright and the skin clear.

"Beauty Secrets" is a misnomer; there is no secret to beauty. Any girl who is healthy and happy and helpful becomes beautiful to those she loves. There is that are invaluable to the girl who longs for beauty: Health, Happiness and Helpfulness."

Plan World Highways in the Air Says Garrett P. Serviss

"Enthusiastic Aviators Are Talking of the Establishment of Great World Roads Through the Air; It Is the Boldest Experiment in Aerial Navigation That Has Yet Been Faced, a Really Grand Enterprise That Must Command the Admiration of the Whole World."

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The first great world roads were on the land, and they made rich and powerful such cities as Palmyra, Damascus, Cairo, Bagdad, Samarcand, situated at the beginning or the end, or at important intersections, of long and difficult routes over vast deserts and tangled mountains.

Then came the great sea routes, on the Mediterranean, and then round the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn, and eventually across the oceans, which made, in succession, the fortunes of Alexandria, Tyre, Carthage, Venice, Antwerp, London, New York and San Francisco.

Now enthusiastic aviators are talking of the establishment of great world roads in the air, and it remains for the future to decide whether they, in their turn, will lay the foundations of commercial capitals as yet untraced of. The atmosphere, too, has its natural routes, determined partly by the lay of the land, partly by the existence of great centers of population, partly by the inaccessibility of points otherwise desirable for the development of human industry, and partly by the peculiarities of winds and air currents.

One of them lies across the desert of Sahara, from Algeria, southward, to Timbuctoo and the River Niger. Three years ago French military authorities sent squadrons of aeroplanes to Hiskra and Dakar with orders to attack the great desert. Explorations were made, but nothing of serious importance was accomplished, because, as is now alleged, there was not sufficient initiative shown by those in charge of the work. Take the airships to Colomb-Bochar, says an experienced aviator, and the problem will be solved, and the transit of the desert, which now requires four months by caravan, will be made easily in two days.

Next year it is expected this will be done under the lead of M. Etienne.

Within a few months past two other great air routes have been proposed, and preparations are now under way to attempt their opening. One of these goes from Paris to Cairo, and the other from Paris to Bagdad.

The first, as laid out, passes across Europe to Constantinople, thence to Konia in Asia Minor, then to Aleppo, Jerusalem, Gaza, Port Said and Cairo. The stopping points and places for refueling must have all been marked out. M. Daucourt, accompanied by M. Roux as passenger, are to attempt this passage as soon as their preparations can be completed. Part of their supplies have already gone forward to Smyrna and Beyrout.

The stages of the second route, also starting from Paris, are Constantinople, Aleppo, Meskine-Est, east of Palestine, Deir, Anah, Hill, Felloujia and Bagdad-Bassora.

The difficulties of both these routes are foreseen. As one writer puts it, "The way from Bagdad to Constantinople is a hard one." But there is worse ahead. Arrived in Asia Minor the aviators will have to conduct their machines over the Taurus mountains, which attain an elevation of 13,000 feet.

In this region no aid can be expected. The explorers will have to depend upon their own resources and the excellence of their apparatus. It is the boldest experiment in aerial navigation that has yet been faced, a really grand enterprise which must command the admiration and best wishes of the whole world.

air have been established, the achievements of man turned bird have so far distanced the wildest tales of the old Arabian story tellers that the imagination must let out another link in order to keep pace with them.

The prince who turned a peacock in the neck of his wooden horse and flew away with his princess from China to Africa no longer interests us as he once did. His story has become too commonplace; he was only an imaginary aviator, and now we have real ones.

The magicians of science have beaten the magicians of romance, and the latter will have to go out of business unless they can find dreams that are less easily turned into actualities than their old ones have been.

How to Make the Best Cough Remedy at Home

A Family Supply at Small Cost, and Fully Guaranteed.

Make a plain syrup by mixing one pint of granulated sugar and 3/4 pint warm water and stir for 2 minutes. Put 2 1/2 ounces of pure Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a pint bottle, and fill it up with the Sugar Syrup. This gives you a family supply of the best cough syrup at a saving of \$2. It never spoils. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

The effectiveness of this simple remedy is surprising. It seems to take hold almost instantly, and will usually conquer an ordinary cough in 24 hours. It tones up the jaded appetite and is just laxative enough to be helpful in a cough, and has a pleasing taste. Also excellent for bronchial trouble, bronchial asthma, whooping cough and spasmodic croup.

This method of making cough remedy with Pinex and Sugar Syrup (or strained honey) is now used in more homes than any other cough syrup. This explains why it is often imitated, though never successfully. If you try it, use only genuine Pinex, which is a most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, and is rich in guaiacol and other natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this combination. 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.

THE OMAHA BEE IS THE BEST AND CLEANEST HOME PAPER

Are You Like This Girl?

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

He's in love with you—and you know it, but he won't say so—and what are you going to do about it?

Now, how in the world do you know he is in love with you?

What has he done to make you think so?

Told you he liked the color of your eyes, bought you a bunch of violets one day when he happened to feel generous and wanted to see what you'd say when he gave them to you, tried to get you to let him kiss you—fudge. None of these things means anything—not a thing in the world, little girl—and the sooner you make up your mind that no man is going to die of love for you without ever making a single moan the better off you'll be.

Probably the young man you think is so dead in love with you is sorry for you. He sees that you are weaving some sort of impossible romance with him as a hero, and he doesn't know what to do about it. He is doubtless asking his chum how to act to keep you from throwing yourself into his arms.

Sounds cruel, doesn't it, and unsympathetic? Well, my little girl, I am afraid it is very unsympathetic indeed.

All the loyemaking is not done by the man in these days.

I know myself three different men at this very moment who are almost crazy to escape girls who are determined to pursue them or any other man to the ends of the earth—just to have the excitement of some sort of a love affair.

You are not in love with this young man, little sister, you just want him to be in love with you—and that isn't fair and it isn't safe.

Love is an edged tool and, oh, how deep, how deep it cuts in careless hands. Half the poor girls who throw themselves into the river are driven to that terrible step because they ran after some man who was really trying, in the half-dumb masculine fashion, to be as decent

as they would let him be. Men are not all brutes and not all fools. Some of them try very hard to be straight with the girls they know.

Be one of the girls who help the men you know to be decent—that's a sweet, sensible, nice little sister.

When a man falls in love with you—he'll tell you of it—never fear.

And until he does—don't worry about the volcanic state of his feelings.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Ask Him to Call. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a stenographer of 20, and in a great predicament. The folk term me a prude because I could never even like any gentleman friend I ever went with; but now the trouble is I feel that I have met a friend toward whom I feel differently. This gentleman is six years older than myself and does not keep company with anyone. I have known him for over a year and in that time have asked him to several outings with the crowd; but the three times he refused politely, saying he had another engagement. What I do not understand is that he always seems glad to see me; will wait over half an hour to walk home with me in the evening after work and will come over to the office as many as three times a day for the slightest of excuses.

Perhaps he declined your invitations because there was always a crowd in attendance. Ask him to call. If he declines,

try to overcome your regard for him. You will have given him every opportunity, then, and his refusal will indicate that he doesn't care to push the acquaintances.

Let Her Alone for a While. Dear Miss Fairfax: How can I win back the love of a girl I once neglected to meet on an arranged appointment? I had been keeping company with her for six months. She does not pay any attention to letters I send her, excusing myself in every way; but she has my ring in her possession and does not want to return it, and talks to friends of mine about me, asking them many different questions.

I think she would like to make up, but wants to punish you first. You have annoyed her. Let the matter rest there for a few months. Perhaps when she thinks you may no longer care she will become more interested in you.

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