

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## A Mist of Blue and Green

An Exquisite Evening Gown Showing the Oriental Influence on European Costume



This particularly graceful model, in which the influence of the Persian costume is distinctly noticeable, shows us a study of blue tulle veiled with an over-krill of green paillette chiffon richly embroidered in gold and pearls. The belt is made of velvet and embroidered silk and is placed rather high in the filmy lace bodice. The oriental note is achieved by the brocade overcoat and the motif of plumes and pearls worn in the hair. In the border we show the latest type of coiffure.

## The Blessing of Age

### A New Side to an Old Question

By DOROTHY DIX

A poor, foolish woman has written me a letter about a great reform that she wants to see inaugurated. She proposes to abolish age by denying that any such thing exists.

She says that the lives of many women are made wretched by the thought of growing old, and that though a number of women ruin their health and bring on insanity by worrying over their age. To prevent this catastrophe she would have a law passed preventing the papers publishing anything about age, and forbidding people to ask each other how old they are, or to speak of age in any manner whatever. In fact, she would make age the one taboo subject in the world, and she thinks that the result would be that everybody would be young and happy, and kittens.

I'm sorry that I can't undertake to push my correspondent's reform alone, but I can think of nothing more horrible than a world in which everybody was young and foolish, or aping the manners and the appearance of youth. It would be like a picture without any softening shadows, like music without any minor chord in it, like a day that was all garish noon without any purple haze of twilight.

It takes age to ripen humanity, to give it flavor and sweetness, just as much as it does wine, and the society of the intelligent man or woman of 50 or 60, who has seen and known life, is as much superior to that of the boy and girl of 18 or 20 as the vintage of 1863 is to that of 1812.

Naturally, all of us desire to keep young in the sense of keeping our bodies vigorous and our minds alert, but barring that, what have we to fear from the years, why should we so dread the coming of age? Especially why should women worry about growing old, until they reach the point of distraction, as my correspondent avers that they do?

If a woman has been a ravine, losing beauty, we can understand her agony at age robbing her complexion of its fairness, her hair of its luster, her eyes of their brightness.

But not one woman in a thousand is a living picture, and it is an actual fact that the great majority of women are better looking as middle-aged matrons than

they were as girls. Often and often age is the sculptor that chisels rough features into symmetry, or gray hairs soften a hard face into comeliness, and many times just the mere expression of goodness on an old woman's countenance gives her beauty that her youth never knew. It's the soul that we see as people grow old, while it's only the flesh we behold in their youth.

As for being interesting, certainly all the advantage goes with age. Nearly every young girl is a bore to talk to. She has no conversation worth listening to, because she has not had time to read anything, or see anything, or have any experience of life. You can amuse yourself for an hour playing with her as you would a kitten with a ball, but after that, heaven help you if you have to depend on her for companionship!

On the other hand, practically every middle-aged woman is interesting because, no matter how stupid she is, something strange and thrilling has happened to her. She has had some experience unique to herself. She has touched the great problem of human existence at some new angle. She has taken her part in the tragedy, or comedy of life and has at least one story of absorbing interest to tell.

Age always means to the average woman the playtime of life, and in this country it generally brings with it comforts and luxuries. The early years of most American married women are strenuous ones. They are busy bringing up their children and working and economizing, trying to help their husbands get a start in the world, but by the time they are 30 years old their task is done, and they are ready to spend the balance of their lives enjoying the fruits of their labor.

Look over the middle-aged women at any matinee or any woman's club gathering and you see about as comfortable, well fed, well dressed, happy and satisfied looking a set of people as you will find anywhere on earth.

They are women enjoying the fat years after they have passed through the lean years. You will find more middle-aged women riding in automobiles than you will young ones. You will see more middle-aged women than young ones at the theater; and you will meet more middle-aged women than young ones when you travel. And this is as it should be. The young women are in the worktime of life. The middle-aged ones have done their day's labor and are taking their ease. They are at the best time of their life, and if they are worrying any about their lot, they certainly don't show it.

There was a time when age had terrors for the woman who did not marry and when to be an old maid was to be the butt of the ridicule of fools. That time has passed. Instead of being an object of pity or scorn, the old maid is the subject of envy and admiration. She has her place in the world, her interests in life, her mission to humanity, and all that age brings her is the boon of great freedom and of wider liberty than is possible to the young girl.

There was never a time in the world's history when age meant as little to women as it does now, and that they appreciate this is shown by the fact that they seldom hear the subject discussed, or see a woman who objects to telling how she is. There are so many more things of interest now than the fountain of perpetual youth that we've ceased to hunt for it.

At any rate, we are all wise enough to know that nothing stops the clock. It goes on ticking off birthdays, whether we die about them or not, and the only thing to do is to make the best of it. Time is only an enemy to woman when she makes it so. When she accepts it as a friend it brings her to the choicest blessings of life.

## A Great Task Finished

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

It was 126 years ago, June 27, 1787, that Gibbon completed his immortal history, "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

In the words of the illustrious author himself, "It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, that I wrote the last line of the last page in a summer house in my garden."

It took Gibbon fifteen years to write his great history, from 1772 to 1787, but the conception of the work dates from 1764, when Gibbon was only 27. It was in Rome, in the last mentioned year, that the mighty historical work took definite shape in his mind. His own account of the genesis of the great thought is worth remembering. "As I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the bare-headed friars were singing verses in the Temple of Jupiter, the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started in my mind."

From the beginning of the reign of Trajan, A. D. 98, to the fall of the Eastern empire, in 1453, the events and personages pass before us in dazzling splendor. And when the curtain falls we feel that we have seen it all, touched into life by the hand of the master artist.

## Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Your First Thought is Best. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of 17 years of age. A few days ago I received a letter from a boy 18 years of age whom I like very much. Do you think it advisable for me to answer his letter, telling him he is too young for me to keep company with, or shall I encourage him to write again and keep an appointment if he makes one?

TRIOUBLED ANNA. The objection because of youth is not one-sided. You, also, are too young to keep company. Write him to that effect and let that letter end it.

## Six Miles Up

And Safety Instead of Death Because of a New and Wonderful Device for Aviators



The picture, which was taken at an altitude of more than six miles, shows Messrs. Maurice Bionnaie and Jacques Schneider in the car of the balloon "Icare" wearing the patent breathing apparatus. In 1878 the balloon "Zenith" attained a height of about four miles, but two of its three passengers were suffocated. With this apparatus the fatality could not have occurred.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The greatest peril for those who ascend to great altitudes above the earth is not that of falling, but that of being suffocated, like fish taken out of water!

It was the climbers of high mountains who first discovered the fact that it is often difficult for men to breathe at a height of from two and a half to three miles above sea level. The late Edward Whymper, the conqueror of the terrible Matterhorn, made many experiments on this, and he concluded, after climbing Chimborazo and other huge peaks in the Andes, that the cause of "mountain sickness," as the trouble was called, was due both to the lessened value of air that is inspired at such altitudes and to the expansion of the gases contained within the body, producing a pressure upon the internal organs.

But more recent study has shown that the difficulty arises mainly from the comparative lack of oxygen in the upper air, and that this may be overcome by means of apparatus supplying extra oxygen to the lungs.

The two principal constituents of the atmosphere are oxygen and nitrogen. Nitrogen is an inert gas which stifles animal respiration. Oxygen, on the other hand, is a very active gas, which, when inhaled, as near the earth's surface, the proportion of about four volumes of nitrogen to one of oxygen, the air is respirable and the inertness of the nitrogen does no harm. But if the propor-

tion of oxygen is reduced the air becomes stilling.

Now, oxygen is heavier than nitrogen in ratio of about eight to seven and in obedience to the law the heavier substances sink lower than lighter ones, the oxygen sinks as the height above the ground increases until its proportion to the nitrogen becomes considerably reduced. Above three or four miles the amount of oxygen is much diminished that breathing becomes very difficult, and at still higher altitudes respiration may cease entirely.

A very tragic instance of the effect thus produced is furnished by the story of a famous balloon ascent made in April, 1875, by Gaston Tissandier, Croes Spinelli and Signor Rivet. They ascended from La Villette in France, in the balloon "Zenith," to a height of 25,000 feet or a little more than five and one-third miles. The thinness of the air, and, as we now know, the relative lack of oxygen, killed Spinelli and Rivet, and nearly cost the life of Tissandier.

To show what modern science and invention have done to avert this peril of the high atmosphere, let us turn to the story of a still higher ascent, made only last month, on May 28, 1913, by the balloon "Icare," carrying Albert Senouque, Jacques Schneider and M. Bionnaie. They started from Lamotte-Beuvilly in France, and attained an elevation of nearly 35,000 feet, or six and a quarter miles, and yet they did not suffer at all, and came down in perfect condition, and exiting in their great feat.

Their success and immunity from suffocation were due to the fact that they took with them the apparatus shown in the accompanying photograph.

This consists of an airtight vessel filled with compressed oxygen. A mask which can be fitted closely over the nose and mouth is connected by a tube with the reservoir of oxygen. There is a pressure gauge which enables the aviator to measure the quantity of oxygen remaining in the reservoir, and there is also a device by which to regulate the amount flowing through the tubes. Thus they would take just as much oxygen as they needed and no more. The rate of supply varied from two quarts per minute to ten. The reservoir contained about 1,000 quarts.

They began to breathe the oxygen when at a height of about 11,000 feet. The methods of using the apparatus is shown in the photograph, which was taken by Senouque, showing Bionnaie and Schneider, with their breathing masks on, at the very time when they were at the top of their height, more than six miles above the earth.

Similar apparatus has recently been carried by mountain climbers, and by the pilots of aeroplanes ascending to great altitudes. With the rapid progress of aerial navigation it will become indispensable in the future. If fish had human brains they might safely make voyages of discovery in the air.

## The Kind of Women We Want

By ADA PATTERSON

A wise man in the east has been forming an organization of the women who are to be. The organization is unique, for it is based upon the assumption that this is a new world and that we need a different kind of woman than the old sort to fill it. Consider the platform offered by this man, who is the head of the physical culture department of one of the largest school systems in the world, who carries in large part the responsibility of the health of a million pupils of school age and who is organizing "girls' gym" to any sex" to prepare them for the new womanhood of the new world.



### EAT MEAT SPARINGLY DURING SUMMER

Meat heats the blood - eat very little of it during hot weather. That doesn't mean that you have to sacrifice nourishing food because it is heating. You will find Faust Spaghetti more nourishing than meat, and it is also a light, cooling food. By analysis you will find that a 10c package of Faust Spaghetti contains as much nutrition as 4 lbs. of beef. It is a rich, glutinous food made from Durum Wheat, the cereal extremely high in protein.

Faust Spaghetti can be served in many different ways—write for free recipe book. Sold in 5c and 10c packages.

MAULL BROS. St. Louis, Mo.

"We often hear these days of the conflict between men and women of the competition for work on an economic basis, but this is, I believe, a lesser, not a larger fact. We are, of course, all human beings and as such most of our qualities and abilities correspond. We all eat and sleep, work and play. But we are significant in the world mainly by the extent to which we, as individuals and groups, differ from each other. My special place in the world is due to my differences, rather than my likenesses to other people."

For example, woman is as sure to have the suffrage as the tide is to rise, not because she is as wise, as strong, as skillful as man is nor because she, like him, is a human being, nor for any other reason of likeness or duplication, but because she is different, because the world needs her peculiar and special abilities. It is because she is different, because these differences are fundamental world needs, that it is necessary that she shall bring these differences to the service of the world.

"This fact whether woman wants it or no, the suffrage will inevitably be forced upon her. Woman has been responsible for the home, so in it she had her voice. Now she has thrust upon her a new, terrible and glorious opportunity, for the home and the social aspects of the community. We insist that she must speak, but because she is different, not because she is like. To serve her community in the ways in which she is the creator and the specialist is the end, and towards this service the woman of the civilized world are pressing, most of them unconsciously, a few of them consciously, but all inevitably."

For this new world of his painting and which we, perhaps with less clear vision, see in part, what kind of women do we need?

First, women who have both breadth and height. Heretofore it has been indeed a rare woman who has had both dimensions. If here has been a high nature, one of the great spiritual exaltations, we have usually found an accompanying narrowness. This woman of altitude in whom her husband safely trusted, has been the recompense of

the Puritan. The woman who had a mantle of charity large enough to cover all sins of all souls, sometimes embraced the sins. High and narrow, or broad and shallow, we had to make our choice as we chose a design for a church steeple, or a lake by which to camp or an alleyway. Now with the vision that is daily growing clearer since the walls of woman's world are reaching outward from her home, we are beginning to expect the woman of both dimensions, and sometimes to our hearts' great joy and our mind's stimulation, we meet her.

A post office woman seems bitter stanzas about a woman who could not understand. We may withdraw her wall, for women are beginning to understand, I saw evidence of this today. It was at a meeting of the directors of a newly forming woman's club. A woman who had been invited to become a director declined, courteously but firmly, saying her reasons were such that she would gladly give them to individual members of the board of directors or to the club itself, directorate itself, but she deemed it unwise to write them. I have seen such a message greeted with flushed cheeks and angry eyes, with exclamations of "Well, I never. Do you suppose she wants to snub us? Maybe she won't serve on the board because I am on it!" Today this club formed of women of fine character and admirable attainments passed the letter to the secretary with a few sincerely murmured regrets. They knew their friend had a good reason for the position she had taken, and though they were disappointed, no one thought of impugning her motives. Women are losing their extreme sensitiveness because they are beginning to understand. One woman, seeking to pay a compliment to an absent one, said: "You will like her. She is so understanding," and every one present was sure she would. The new adjective, a word coined to describe the woman of tomorrow's dawn, includes the qualities of appreciation, of a difficult situation, sympathy, intelligence and tolerance. When every woman deserves the desire M. U., mistress of understanding, the man will have risen upon the new world of which the wise man of the east has told us.

## Do You Want to Be Hated?

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Every season offers great opportunities for the achievement of the ambition of the girl who wants to be hated, and in no season are these opportunities as limitless as the summer time.

For it is then, when the largest home is too small for the comfort of the jaded, worn, fratted and half-baked dwellers therein, when the girl seeking unpopularity has only to pack her trunk, buy a ticket, and she is on her way to achieve it. She becomes a self-invited guest, causing the family of her hostess to become more jaded, more worn, more fratted, and completely baked in the necessity of crowding up closer to make room for her, and of increased attendance on a hot stove to provide for her entertainment.

Do you want to be hated? You recent such a question and declare that no girl wants to be hated. And you are right; no girl wants to be hated, but hatred is the sentiment she inspires if she planks herself and a trunk and valise down on defensible friends with no other purpose in view than a gratification of her own selfishness.

We will suppose that her friends live in New York. So many who live in smaller towns find they have dear friends living in New York that the supposition is not a strain on credulity. The girl wants to see New York; she will claim she wants to see her friends. She will not recall, but they will, that when they lived in Spodunk or Kalamazoo she never cared enough to see them to make a six-blocks effort.

She writes that she is coming. However, that plan admits of delay and failure. A better way is to telegraph and then start before their excuses for not receiving her can reach her. If she has any reason for knowing that it is most convenient for them to meet her on Sunday, she must plan to arrive on any of the six week days. There is

nothing like starting this chase for unpopularity on the right foot.

It is quite the proper and graceful thing for her to let her hostess pay for sending up her trunk and to make amends for this when it arrives by taking from it an impossible hand-painted chromo or a nickel dish one can use for, presenting it to the hostess with the compliments of those at home. The trunk should be large; one of the Nosh's Ark size is specially recommended for visiting in New York, where the rooms are so small a fat man has to step outside to run around.

The girl must provide herself with an unlimited number of "white dresses, tucked and ruffled and frilled in the fashion that makes laundresses grumble every minute while at work and fall to show up the next week. These garments must be discarded for the tub at the first hint of soil.

The girl will be taken to all the show places, and she should have with her a list of all she has ever heard of and many that do not exist, and which she must produce every morning at breakfast with the declaration that she must see this, or that, or the other, or her visit will be spoiled. When taken on these outings it is always customary for the guest to hang back and give her hostess unhampered opportunity for paying the carfare. This is so important that many guests who are alert of foot in rushing a bargain sale have been known to suddenly become almost paralytic when reaching the foot of the "L" or the top of the subway steps.

If the hostess hasn't an automobile, it is quite the proper thing from the guest point of view to recall someone from Spodunk or Kalamazoo who now lives in New York who has, and to say every hour: "If I visited them, they would give me a good time." I would suggest that the candidate for unpopularity remain all summer

## FACE COVERED WITH PIMPLES-- RESINOL CURED

Atlanta, Ga., April 24, 1913.—"When I received the samples of Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment my face was covered with pimples which defied other creams, soaps and cosmetics. They were a source of constant humiliation to me, coming in contact with many strangers as I do, as a business woman. "By the time I had finished a cake of Resinol Soap and half a jar of Resinol Ointment my skin was soft as velvet, and as smooth. My friends were stunned, and everyone asked me what I had done. When I told them, I think they hardly believed it. The transformation was simply wonderful. "Since then I have been using Resinol Soap and shall never be without it again, for I have learned the delights of a clear, soft, beautiful complexion that may be attained by the constant use." (Signed) Miss E. P. Gaddis, 284 South Pryor St.

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