

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Beauty

How Dot Wilson Found Milk an Aid to Natural Loveliness



By LILIAN LAUFERTY.

If you want to have your skin white, clear and bright, your digestion good and your weight always adjusted to a pleasing plumpness that does not increase to stoutness, try the milk diet. This is pretty pink and white, sparkling Dot Wilson's great beauty secret, and she longs for converts to her theory of the "simple life."

I found Miss Wilson and her sisters in a cool, wind-swept room down at Brighton Beach, and after I had adjusted myself to this triple personality, as illustrated by the "three-twin" sisters, we settled down to a cozy little visit that gave me one or two brand new ideas for the attainment of beauty. The first idea was something no one said—it was just the generous, kindly attitude of admiration and willingness to have their "baby sister" featured that Miss Doris Wilson and Miss Alma showed throughout our interview. Next fall B. F. Keith will give you all a chance to see the three clever girls who make up the Doris Wilson trio—but before that time pray let me present to you a bit of their philosophy of life—and beauty.

"Milk, milk, nothing but milk—that is what my mother brought me up on. None of her children had any other ar-

...ticle of diet until they were 12; and I have never found anything so nourishing so easy to digest and so productive of good results. So milk is my diet, and though the girls vary from it, they often regret some indiscretion of diet to the tune of a pain or a skin rash or one of the ills that food is so generous about presenting people with," said Miss Dot.

"I live on milk—no water to drink, for milk takes its place. No indigestible food can tempt me, for milk keeps me so well, so buoyant and so free from nerves that I flourish thereon and never long for the flavor of any food but my tried and true friend. About twice a year I have a taste of some such foreign substance as ice cream. O, yes, I can eat food, and I do occasionally, but I don't like it.

"I drink eight quarts of milk a day—not lead-milk to shock the sensitive stomach nerves, but normal tempered milk.

"I sip it slowly—'just sneak 't down,' said one specialist who cures all sorts of nervous and digestive diseases by a seven weeks' milk cure. Well, it takes me about fifteen minutes to drink one glass of milk, and I am enjoying it all the time. We're all only bigger babies—babies grown up—and if it is so good for the wee things to live on milk why should it not be good for them to go on living on milk, the friendly food of their childhood? The girls drink five or six glasses of milk a day, and whenever they are tired or nervous or feel on the verge of a little breakdown, back they go to the milk diet and then they just get it in their teeth with things again."

I looked at the three pairs of bright eyes—blue, blue gray and hazel gray—each pair with a spark of light at the back of their starry depths; I studied the creamy, peach-blow complexions, and the gracefully rounded, tall figures, and I decided that as a near-milk cure made you pretty and the absolute milk diet was conceded to be the prettiest of the sisters, perhaps it would be a good idea to go right off and corner the milk market.

## Does Your Stomach Trouble You?

May's Wonderful Stomach Remedy Is Successfully Taken in Cases of Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Ailments And One Dose Has Often Dispelled Years of Suffering



**MAY'S Wonderful Stomach Remedy will change that Long Face!**

May's Wonderful Stomach Remedy can really be termed a wonderful remedy and the benefits that it gives in many of the most chronic cases of Stomach Trouble has spread its fame from one end of the country to the other. No matter where you live—you will find people who in their praise of this remedy, there is not a day but what one hears of the wonderful results obtained from this remedy and the benefits are entirely natural, as it acts on the source and foundation of these ailments, removing the poisonous caustic and bile secretions, taking out the inflammation from the intestinal tract and assists in rendering the same antiseptic. Sufferers are urged to try one dose—which alone should relieve your suffering and convince you that May's Wonderful Stomach Remedy should restore you to good health. Put it to a test today—the results will be a revelation to you and you will rejoice over your quick recovery and once again know the joys of living. Send for booklet on Stomach Ailments to Geo. H. May, Mfg. Chemist, 156 Whiting St., Chicago, or better still, obtain a bottle from your druggist.

For sale in Omaha by Sherman & McConnell, Drugists, 16th and Dodge Sts., 1615 and Harvey Sts., 44th and Farnam Sts. and Hotel Loyal.

## The Superior Sex

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE

Man is so conceited that if a woman refuses to kiss him he attributes her objection to propriety; she wouldn't kiss any man. He never thinks that she might kiss others, but wouldn't kiss him.

A man's idea of chivalry is to protect a woman from every man but himself.

Nothing makes one of the superior sex more angry than to arrive at home with something to growl about, find company there and be compelled to be pleasant.

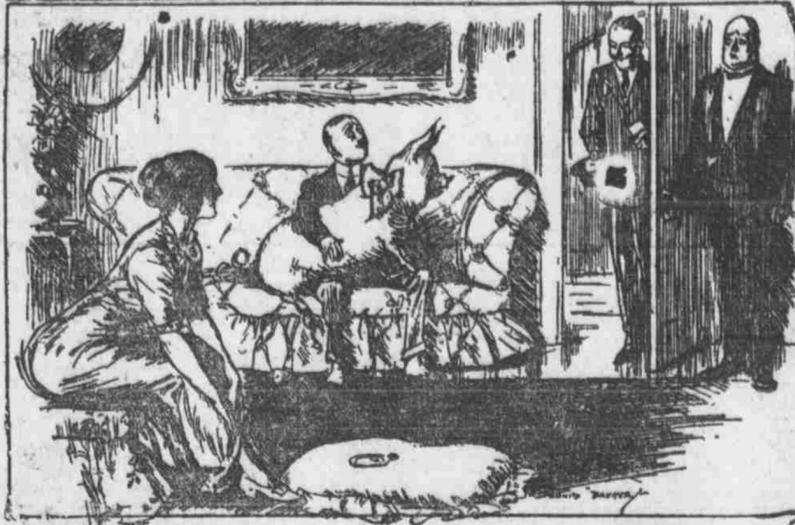
There is nothing more nor less than plain common jealousy at the bottom of every man's objection to his wife's religion.

After a man has eaten the good dinner his wife has prepared he begins to look at her critically because she is wearing her kitchen clothes.

There never was a man so honest that he will say to his wife: "Where did I put my hat?" He always says, "Where have you put my hat?"

Laugh at a man's jokes, even if you have heard them before. Laugh long and merrily because you are not his wife and have to hear them every day.

## Hints to Social Climbers How to Attract Attention



Be original in your choice of pets and get the fact reported in the papers. —From London Punch.

## Science

Force of Gravitation Controls Cannon Balls, Base Balls, Moons, Planets, Suns and Stars Without Visible Means of Connection

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The mystery of mysteries in science is the attraction of gravitation—that very force of nature that is the most familiar to us all!

It seems strange that the most familiar thing in the world should be, at the same time, the most inexplicable—but so it is.

In order to see clearly wherein the mystery consists, let us first consider what gravitation appears to be. It is gravitation that gives the property of weight to all bodies. If there were no gravitation, we could float like thistle-downs, and infinitely better than thistle-downs; for they, too, are finally brought down by gravitation.

It is gravitation that brings a cannon ball eventually to the earth, no matter how swiftly it may be projected. The faster it starts the farther it will go, but during every second of its flight it drops the same distance vertically toward the earth, whether the speed imparted to it by the powder is 500 or 5,000 feet per second. Gravitation acts on a moving body exactly as well as on one at rest.

It is gravitation that curbs the motion of the moon and keeps it in an orbit of which the earth is the active focus.

So, too, it is gravitation that governs the earth in its motion around the sun, preventing it from flying away into boundless space. Astronomy shows that gravitation acts between all the planets

and all the stars and controls their motions with respect to one another.

Now this mysterious force appears to be an attraction, as if there were elastic cords connecting all the bodies in space and tending to draw them together. But space, as far as our senses can detect, is empty. There are no elastic cords and no physical connections whatever between astronomical bodies, or between a flying stone, or cannon ball, and the earth. How, then, can there be an attraction? In order that a body may be attracted or drawn, there must be something to draw it. Gravitation does the trick, but completely hides from us the mechanism through which it acts. We can discover no mechanism at all.

When an unfortunate aeronaut drops from his machine at a height of a thousand feet, he begins at once to fall toward the earth as if it were pulling him; but how can it pull if it has nothing to pull with? You may think at first sight that it is the air which acts as an intermediary; but that is not so, because the earth and the moon "pull" upon one another with a force equal to the strength of a steel cable 800 miles in diameter; but there is no air, and no other tangible thing in the open space, 240,000 miles across, that gaps between the moon and the earth.

Then gravitation exerts the same force at every instant. No matter how fast the falling aeronaut may be descending at any moment, gravitation will keep on adding speed as if he had just started. Disregarding the slight retardation produced by the resistance of the air, he will fall sixteen feet in the first second, forty-eight feet in the second, eighty feet in the third second, gaining thirty-two feet in his velocity during every second after the first.

From a height of 1,000 feet he will come down in about eight seconds, and will strike the ground with a velocity of about 255 feet per second. From a height of 10,000 feet he would fall in about twenty-five seconds, and would strike with a velocity of 493 feet per second.

The same kind of calculation can be applied to the gravitation between the earth and the moon. If the moon were not in motion across the direction of the earth's "pull" it would fall to the earth in about 1 1/2 hours.

Now, to return to the mystery, how is this force exerted? Is it really a pull as it seems to be? The answer to which science is tending is that instead of being a pull, gravitation is a push; in other words, that the falling aeronaut is pushed toward the ground and the moon is pushed toward the earth.

On the face of it one might think that nothing was gained by this theory, because it seems as impossible that a push should be exerted without a "factual connection" as a pull. But the error is found in the supposed properties of that invisible, intangible, all-pervading medium, called ether.

This, to be sure, is explaining one mystery by another, for we know nothing about the ether except that it conveys the waves of light and electricity, but, at any rate, it affords a conceivable explanation of gravitation. I have no space to go into this explanation, which has recently been developed by Dr. Charles F. Brush, but an idea of its nature may be formed from the statement that it regards the ether as being filled with a peculiar form of waves, and that material bodies may intercept these waves in such a way as to be pushed toward one another on account of the diminished effect of the ether waves in the space between the bodies.

## Fashion

A Smart Bathing Costume That, While Stylish, Can Be Made Cheaply



By OLIVETTE.

Modesty, suitability and simplicity still hold their own in the bathing costume, in spite of the tendency to introduce into all feminine apparel the suggestive lines that now make for the average ideal of smartness. Today we are showing you a bathing dress that is practical for the water and charming on the beach. Foulard is the material chosen, and in the case of our model it was developed in silk, whose background of wavy blue and white lines was accented by dots of dark blue. The waist is a simple belt affair with the fullness laid in three one-inch tucks at the shoulder line. The short puffed sleeves and the neck are edged in two-inch bands of blue wash satin,

which also forms the belt and extends down the plain hip-length yoke in the skirt in a line that continues the band at the side of the waist. The effect produced by this trimming is that of a short Russian blouse. From the yoke of the skirt, the material is run-pleated to some six inches below the knee. The baggish contours of July afford double width washable foulard at \$1 a yard, and cheaper qualities can be had as low as fifty cents. However, it is advisable to purchase good silk that will stand the effect of salt water and mid-summer sun. With the addition of a blue bandanna bathing cap, blue silk stockings and sandals, a most effective costume may be made by the home dressmaker for from \$5 to \$8 for suit and accessories.

## Something for Nothing

By IRENE NORTH.

I want to say something to you today about petty pilfering—those small thefts which do not mean much in actual material gain to the culprit, but which have an incalculable bearing on mind and character.

In thinking this matter over, I have come to the conclusion that many of us never quite outgrow the fascination which stolen fruit had for us in our youthful days. Perhaps "stolen fruit" is rather a strong phrase to fit in all cases. Let us say, rather, that we still yield to the "something-for-nothing" charm which was so potent in the days when a blackberry expedition was the end of all desire, and when the flowers which grew in a neighbor's garden had a beauty and fragrance which those growing in your own never possessed.

But those days are divided from these by the wide, wide highway of experience. Then, in the high spirits of frolicsome youth, to desire a thing meant only too often to seize it. We know better now—or ought to. We know that the thing itself, the wished for object, whatever it may be, is of small importance compared with the effect that gratifying an unlawful wish will have on ourselves.

We are no longer irresponsible babies, but thinking creatures to whom the responsibility for our own lives has been handed over.

Think for a moment what it means when one of us indulges in a petty theft—abstracts a notepad, perhaps, from a hotel rack; surreptitiously pockets a few hairpins from the dressing room tray, or appropriates a tiny toilet article which is left on the table for the benefit of everyone using the hotel.

I will grant that in material value these things are not worth troubling about. Why, then, do we women so often flinch self-respect, independence, honesty away with both hands at the call of so tiny a temptation?

It may be from lack of thought and understanding. It is certainly not done unconsciously, as anyone will grant who has noted the side glances and uneasy appearance of any one committing such mean action.

What, then is the explanation? Is it not so, as I have so often asked with regard to other matters, an imperfect realization of the sensitive beauty of our own souls, of the value, profound and immeasurable, of justice and right thinking in our self-dealing?

The woman who gets any sort of satisfaction from the fact that she has saved 25 cents or 50 cents by using notepaper which belongs to someone else is a woman who has succeeded in deadening her soul-voices.

These persistent little monitors would otherwise cry out to her continually asking her if she only values her self-respect at the apparent estimation of a penny; if her pride will allow her to put herself in a lower position than the most suppliant beggar in the land; if her sense of justice has fallen into the lone sleep of death?

If all these things have happened to a woman, then heaven help her, for I can see nothing ahead of her but the complete paralysis of the moral qualities which should be so many effectively working signals for her safe guidance.

Again, while we are on the subject, there is not only this small pilfering of other people's goods to be reckoned with in this connection.

Has it ever occurred to you that you are taking a step backwards in your life progress when you take a place or a position, perhaps in anticipation of some public show, which someone else has earned by their waiting?

Do you realize the injury you are doing to the delicate fabric of your morality when you travel in a higher class on the railway than your ticket entitles you to?

Have you thought what it means to your inner self when you are unscrupulous in the matter of returning books, when you resort to some little trickery to obtain a ticket or card for some coveted occasion?

All these things may be done with impunity, perhaps, so far as being found out is concerned. But you can never get away from the very real disgrace which you have yourself inflicted on your soul.

You have stooped, you have lowered your pride to take something even if it be only an advantage, of which you have no right, and the only hope for you is in the complete realization of your offense. Do you not laugh and tell me that these are small actions, that everyone does them, and that they hurt nobody?

They may be immaterial, so far as serious offense goes, to the whole world. But you are concerned with yourself and your immortal soul. Think, think, think to the bottom of these things before you allow yourself to be smirched and degraded, and never be deceived by the smallness of the offense as it affects other people.

## Catherine of Russia

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY

Catherine II., the "Semiramis of the North," came to the throne 150 years ago July 10, 1762.

Catherine, daughter of the prince of Anhalt, was born at Stettin in 1729. She had a hard time of it in her childhood, her mother being as mean to her as Frederick the Great's father was to him. At 15 she was married against her will to Peter, duke of Holstein. Peter was a big, strapping animal of a fellow, but a degree or two above idiot. He passed most of his time fighting with low women and playing with dogs and rats.

This fact explains, though it does not justify, Catherine's various little flirtations on her own hook.

By the death of Elizabeth, the semi-illiterate Empress became empress in 1762, but he was almost immediately set aside in favor of Catherine. So far as intellect and will power went, the princess of Anhalt was well qualified for the big place that came to her. She was well read in history, philosophy and literature, had absorbed, in fact, most of the knowledge of her time, and was mentally able to fill any throne on earth. She proved to be a great sovereign, as sovereigns went in those days. She made Russia powerful, and was in many ways a worthy successor to Peter the Great.

But the magnificence of her court, the marvellous extent of her dominions, her foreign conquests, and the imposing post-

ure she held among the "majesties" of the world, could not hide the fact that at heart she cared but little for the Russian people, and did but little for the promotion of their political, social and economic advancement.

Catherine demonstrated to perfection the fact—that at that time somewhat in dispute—that a woman could fill a throne as well as a man, but she also proved that the woman sovereign can be as cruelly unjust as the man sovereign; for was not Catherine one of the leading spirits in the partition of Poland, the "foulest deed in the history of the world," the dismemberment of the "Old Dominion" in 1793 alone excepted?



## A SAMARITAN

James Craig is a prosperous merchant of Silverton, Oregon. He has time to spare of his heart and happiness of those about him.

A young lady school teacher, the daughter of a friend, was according to James' recollection, giving up to the N. W. Spaulding, then United States Surgeon-General of San Francisco, to ask if Bright's Disease was being cured in California. Spaulding replied that after he had spent \$10,000 with physicians he, one daughter had recovered, and that too, after the druggist had developed and the case was not supposed to be hopeless, and to tell the father to put the patient on Fulton's Radical Compound.

Craig advised the girl's father of the satisfactory nature of the report and the Radical Compound was taken to the patient. She recovered and was teaching school at last advice.

Craig was so delighted that he told nearly a dozen whom he has helped to new leaders of life.

If you have Bright's Disease you owe it to yourself and family to try Fulton's Radical Compound before giving up. It can be had at Sherman & McConnell, Drug Co., 16th and Dodge Sts., 1615 and Harvey Sts., 44th and Farnam Sts. and Hotel Loyal.

Ask for pamphlet on our investigation into the curability of Bright's Disease or write Jno. J. Fulton Co., San Francisco.

## The Playroom

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

This was the playroom. It is empty now. Save that the toys remain like tiny writhes; Sometimes we fancy that like us they bow Before the blow that warps so many faths. We come here often in the hush of night When we are numb and praying for the day, Hoping like fools to hear the laughter light, Made by the little boy that used to play.

He was so small, and yet he was so brave, While marshalling his forces for the battle; The painted troops obeyed each sign he gave And shuddered when he struck them with his rattle. We sob and almost hear them sobbing, too; And why should not his painted troops feel sad? He was the only chief they ever knew, He was the only baby that we had.