THE BEE: OMAHA, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1913.

A Wonderful Head Dress Described by Olivette

Head dress of

heavy gold lace,

fitting Milady's

hoad as closely

as a wee baby's

how different is

of the can is a

this "capple!"

Twinkling

in the center

hearted, fiery

ruby, saphire

cabochon-

or emerald.

according as

Milady's eyes

pansy blue or

glinting occan

And final

-the great

touch of glory

monster algrette

that towers and

cascades in a

whirl of spray

'spray' this)

far far above

the confines of

the cobochon

and Milady's

proudly bur-

dened head.

-OLIVETTE.

(and very

*expensive* 

green.

are wine-brown,

great deep-

simple white

cap-hut, oh,

# Advice to a Young Man

The Beers Home Magazine Page

By DOROTHY DIX who fools within himself the ability to rise in the world, is very much in love with a pretty young girl who has no

aspirations beyond a new dress and Las being the going to Coney Island or a cheap theater. The young man is making enough money for them to be married on and live in fair comfort in their. present status in life, but he is not satisfied with this. He is anxious to get an education and study a profession. To this the sweetheart objects. She isn't willing

to wait for the young man to make his way through college. She never bother her with books, or reproach doesn't see any use in an education, any- her with her lack of progressiveness.

when he wants to take her to hear a career and his sweetheart, I should say good lecture or good music she offsets take the career every time, because an it with a proposal to take in a vaude- ambitious man soon learns to hate any ville show.

vents him winning in the race of life. The young man wants to know whether he should give up his books or his girl. When even those that we love become a or if there is any way in which he could burden upon us that keep us from sucinterest his fiancee in intellectual pursuits, cees-good-by, love! This is unromantic, and kindle the fires of ambition in her but true. roul

Many an ambitious man finds out after To answer the last question first, I marriage that he has saddled himself would say, no. The homely old proverb unknowingly with a wife who cannot and about the impossibility of making a silk will not keep pace with him, and who purse out of a sow's ear is still gospel holds him back from the achievements twic. There is no way to make a cled that he is capable of making. Such a

isn't her fault.

man is the victim of a hard and bitter fate, but in honor there is nothing left for him but to bear with whatever fortitude he can the misfortune that he has brought upon himself. But the man who finds out before marriage that the girl he thinks himself in love with is not his mental and spiritual her anyway, and it is far, far better for

BY WINIFRED BLACK.

Mary doesn't look so well as she might;

she wears such pretty clothes and lives

in such a fine hotel and has such good

I'm wondering about Mary

ever

things to eat and

nothing to do-and

yet Mary 1sn't

satisfied. It's queer

about it.

a girl who frankly admits that she doesn't

like to read and has no ambition should

woman who is the handleap that pre-

mate, that she cannot think his thoughts, both that this inevitable separation that she is not interested in the pursuits should come before they are married that he is interested in; that she does not than afterward.

In a Gilt Cage

aspire, and you can no more change that wish to reach the goal toward which his A young man, who is ambitious and lastes of a woman who was born with. feet are set, has still a chance to says out a perception of the finer things of himself from a marriage that is bound to life than you can change the color of bring misery both to himself and the her eyes, or the height of her stature. voman For what attracts him to her is only The girl who does not perceive the ad-

vantages of an education, or the necesthe emphemeral charms of her youth sity for one, who yawns over even a novel and good looks, and when they are gone, and who doesn't see why anybody reads as they must be in a few yours, nothing the daily paper, who is absolutely and remains but the memory of the sacrifice totally unintellectual was simply born he has made for her, and the irksomeness of a tie that binds him to a wife that way. There's some lack in her mental equipment, and nothing that her huswith whom he has not one thing in comband can do is going to supply it. She mon

In that day a man remembers what he was just born that way, and that way might have been and is not. He seen she will stay to her dying day, and it other men, no better equipped than himself, climbing up to the top of the ladder Such a woman may be the best of while he sits at the bottom with his dull, housekeepers, the most devoted of wives, and commonplace wife. And in that day but she is no mental companion for an he sees with fatal clearness just how intelligent man. Many men marry this much of the earth, earthy is the woman kind of a girl because she has a pretty who is not animated by anything except face, and then torture her trying to make a desire for the things that make for her her clever-something she can never be. physical comfort. This is cruelly unjust. He who marries

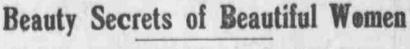
Matrimony can mean the closest companionship that two human beings ever firmly in eating attain. It can be literally two souls with vegetables in but a single thought, and it can mean a lonesomness that is as great as Robinson large quantihow. When the young man talks to her As to which he should take when a Crusoe ever suffered on his desert isle about books it bores her to death, and man is called upon to choose between his And when it is that it is the abomination of desolation.

Think of what the ambitious man suffers when he is married to a woman who never wants to advance one step, who never sees why he wants to make a change, and whom he has to fight at every step of his progress. Think of the solitude of soul of a man married to a woman with whom he can never discuss a book he has read, or a play he has seen, or an opera he has heard, who never even comprehends anything that he tries to tell her that is more psychic than the price of butchers' meat. Not always "the woman who never could know, and never could understand is a vampire. Only too often she is just a dull and stupid wife, without brains of imagination, or aspiration.

sparingly. So I say to the man who is hesitating between his career and his pretty, smof vegetables. bitionless, unintellectual sweetheart, to choose the career. He will soon outgrow is my ideal. I think every woman should

dine alone and I keep thinking of the bright lights and the music at the restaurant, and Joe never tells me in thing about the buginess. He says he's tired of business when he gets home and he wants me all dolled up-and I hate clothes.

"I don't think he likes it very well, because I don't cars to meet his family friends and make a circle, as he calls Women do bore me so-the kind of



Christine Norman's Rules for the "Too. Thin" Woman

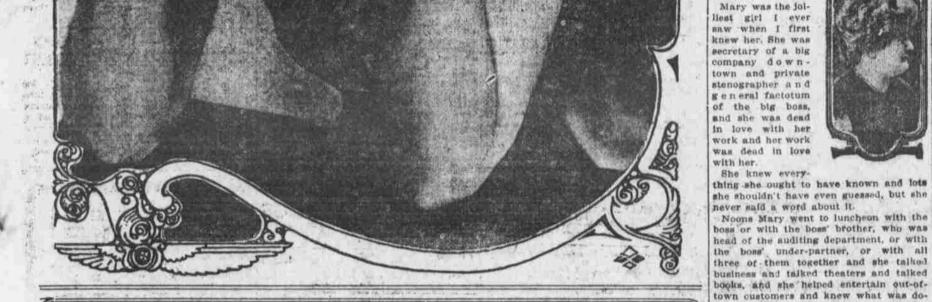
I have the asual horror of getting too thin. When I start losing I proceed to drink seven glasses of milk

a day. Curves are prettier than angles. I believe

13

ties and meat A luncheon salad and fruit





## Ella Wheeler Wilcox on Militant Suffragettes-Supporters Disgusted and Cause Materially Injured by Vandalism and Hysteria of the Militants in Their Efforts to Maintain Interest.

#### By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Copyright, 1913, by Star Company. That the cause of suffrage has been materially injured by the actions of the militants in England seems evident to almost every observer.

Where ten people spoke with favor of equal franchise a year ago (even

when not actively interested in the work) nine of that number today are too disgusted and disturbed with the vandalism and bysterla of the milllants to maintain their interest.

And yet it is a curious fact that many people who dwell in the inner circles of English political life and

who claim to know the history of all and a militant. progressive movements there declare there to no way to gain a point where habit up believing woman had only two duties thrilling period and tradition must be changed save by in life," the mother said, "to be kind and that the world has brutal and violent methods.

"You must first knock your English law- makes speeches in public, and forgets Greeks against the makers down; you must kick and beat to take care of her appearance, and we attempt of the Orithem on the head, and then they will are all guite heart-broken. There is no entai despots to rise up and ask you what you want. But pleasure in seeing her any more." mtil you do this they will not even listen to you."

This is the only way, he declared, that the mother hen who sees the duckling and vigor of his young manhood Aestreland has ever gained any point with she has hatched swimming away down chyjus, taking his place as a common England. But the speaker was, himself, the river! And the end is not yet, an Irishman and a violent agitator.

literally. But many other people have expressed kimilar views regarding the absolute indifference of the English lawmakers to On the kuy new progressive idea, and the neces-

Several people claim that the militants are nearer gaining the goal they seek than ever before, but to the outside ob-server it seems far less hopeful than it was a year ago.

Those who declare any interest in the cause now hasten to explain that they are opposed to militant methods, and everywhere there is a murmur of disapproval and discontent over recent occurrences, and in all public places the suffragists meet with less consideration and more in sults than previously.

It seems incredible that women of good airth and good breeding and with good brains can perform such acts as pouring paint into letter boxes, cutting and tearing wehicles, and breaking windows and blowing up houses.

Homes are divided and society agitated over this matter.

A bright and cultured woman indulged in some strong anti-suffragist expresmp at a luncheon one day, and then. almost in tears, explained that her married daughter had become a suffragist

"She was such a sweet girl and came to look pretty. Now, since her marriage., A former member of Parliament said; she has sone off on this tangent, and

One could not help feeling sorry for the derece to

His daughter was an active militant. So one must not take his views too Reranks of the strange New Woman Rerally.

go sweeping over the earth. They have come from hull and hovel: they have pushed thro' door and gate; On the world's highway they are crowded; today, for the huur is the hour of fate.

Oh, ever has man been leader, yet failed woman's guide. better that she step forward and o her place at his side. take Thro'

She is tired of it, too, she told me so. "Joe won't let me come near the of-

me about it. "He says it isn't dignified for the boss' wife to be running around the shop, and I guess he's right-and he or only from greater woman shall come takes out all the customers himself the greater man: "nro' life's long quest they should walk abreast, as was meant by the primal times they are late getting back and 1 I am sorry for her, a little. now, he and his brother, and some- the cage and for the gilt-but somehow

Of these seventy pieces only six

which is to this day unsurpassed.

"Perslans," the "most unique combina-

women his people know-they want to talk about clothes and embroidery and what things cost-and never why they ost or anything really interesting. "And I just sit here and sit here, and,

oh, it's awful. I get up as late as I can. ent as much as I can to take up the time. have my hair done, get a massage and a face treatment-shop and walt for Joe. "I wish he had this kind of life to live a few days. He'd soon see why I look fagged all the time.

"He's as good as gold, buys me all the pretty things I want and more "han want. Oh-but whisper-some day if

Joe doesn't look out I'm going to run away somewhere to some other town and get me a perfectly good job in somebody's shop and be happy.

or with the boss' brother, who was "I wish he'd let me take my old job head of the auditing department, or with the boss' under-partner, or with all back-I hate to run away."

three of them together and she talked "Why doesn't he take you into partnerusiness and talked theaters and talked books, and she helned entertain out-of- knew more about the business than any town customers and knew what was doone in the shop." "Partnership," cried Mary-"oh, if he

ing at the theater, and who would like what and when to ask the out-of-town customers's wife to go along, and she wore neat little wash waists and neat little home-made hats and good shoes, and her hair was crinkly and she always looked fresh and nice and she did have such a good time-all the time.

By and by she married the boss. She had a time deciding between the boss it so bitterly. and his brother, but she married the boss-and-oh, how tired she does look of her new job.

fice," said Mary to me, when she told were dead "

Miss Christine Norman. By LILIAN LAUFERTY. Christine Norman is exactly the sort

of a girl you would be if you could honest with herself and sympathetic with all of life. And if you have seen "Pog o' My Heart" you would never guess it In that play she has to play the part of a girl whose cold, self-centered, un-

ship?" said I. "He always said you sympathetic nature makes life a burden for the dear little Irish cousin we all love-and all honor to the histrionic ability of the girl who portrays coldness

only 'would-but, of course, he doesn't and snobbishness so convincingly that want me for a partner. He wants me the interviewer's heart sank at the for a wife. Now, I could have him for thought of a chat with her. Exit the girl a partner and a husband, too, but he of the play, and enter Christine Norman doesn't feel that way about it. They say and joy to the heart of the interviewer men don't-I don't know why-and so at the same time.

I've got to be a little yellow canary and Miss Norman's manner is a whole sit in my gilt cage and sing-and I hate some and unaffected as her own pretty pink and white room, and her mind is as interestingly many sided as the vast "And poor Joe is miserable, too. He

array of vastly differing books that are thought I'd be tickled to death to sit in so prevalent all about her room. cage so long as he paid for it. "Now, how could I have a beauty "Dear Joe, I wonder if all men are

secret?" she laughed. Look at her like him-and if they are, if that's why pictures and you will sympathize with so many women look as if they wish they my thought that heaven and the good fairies had been so kind that "beauty Poor Mary, silly little thing, isn't she?

secrets" were scarcely needed. She ought to be thankful for Joe and for "However, I have a very original trouble for these days," she went on,

cheerily. "I have the unusual horror of

## The Imaginary Ether

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Q .- "Will you kindly explain what is absolutely known as other? If the space

beyond the atmosphere is other, how is and out of his teeming mind came play it possible to analyze its component parts. or to obtain it in its supposed present location?"

A.-Absolutely Nothing. It is not known if etner exists. Prof. A. A. seven remain, but among these is the Michelson of the University of Chicago, tion of poetry and patriotism to be found has, after long-continued and excessively among men;" the "Prometheus," conrefined research, failed to detect its exsidered by many to be the subliment proistence. Modern science has measured duction of the human mind, and the physical dimensions of the sne-seventy-"Agamemnon," the dramatic power of millionth part of an inch, but no ether

omes within this limit. Asschylus was a gentleman of the old His methods were of interference of chool, a great conservative, a staunch waves of light in the interferometer, one believer in the ultimate supremacy of the of the most delicate and sensitive instrumoral law. He was always very serious ments yet made, by human hands; and and very much in earnest, and had he also by processes based on the motion of the earth through infinite space.

I have looked with aws and admiration on these early mechanisms, but have not

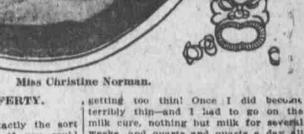
When old Asschiylus became completely hear. The occasion was the meeting of

covery since man appeared on earth. namely, of electrons. I listened day after day to an interminable array of absolute facts and the highest of high mathematics. The result of the entire week of in-

tense study was that a row of electrons side by side, one inch long, would contain 12,700,000,000,000, and a cubic inch would contain, if they all were side by side, 20,495 followed by thirty-six naughts, But one cubic inch actually contains only

14 followed by eighteen naughts! Then space is indeed nearly empty. There is no longer any use of the word ether. Electrons scattered in space at great distances apart compared to their diameters take the place of this long-time purely imaginary ether. there exists in space a resisting medium that increases the speeds of planets, For electrons pass through solids-even electrons touch. These wonderful electrons forever move with inconceivable special velocities; their energy is beyond over her left eye or worn pon

of one electron. Electrons are pure electricity. Noth- would teach her the simple solution to ing is in existence but electrons.



milk cure, nothing but milk for several weeks, and quarts and quarts a day all choose-pretty," sweet, gracious, alert, the time. Even now whenever I start losing I proceed to drink eight glasses of milk a day. Honestly now, aren't curves much préttier than angles? And when cubist types go out of style and women want to get back to normal I recommend

the milk cure to their attention. "A milk cure is an easy thing for to take, because I am not a particularly carnivorous animal. I believe firmly eating vegetables in great quantities as eating very sparingly of meat. funcheos of vegetables, salad and fruit is my ideal for hot weather diet.

"But I really don't believe in extremes enough sleep-eight hours for a woman who is using up her supply of energy in the strain of brain work; enough nourishing food, with chocolates most nourishing food, with carnestly omitted; enough fresh gir, enough play, and, above all, enough reing to keep you in touch with big thoughts, new ideas in the world's With enough of all these progress. things, sanely blended and leavened with ambition to find out what you can do and energy to do it, we ought all have the beauty of clean, same health, at any rate, ought we not?"

Answering question with question, I queried: "But for the beauty that allures the eye, don't you think we can all cultivate a bit of that over and above our natural dower?"

"Oh, yes," said Miss Norman, "T think we can, and we should, too. Now, after she is about 22, almost any woman's facial muscles begin to sag a bit. If she can afford a dollar a week. I think every woman should go to a good massause and have those muscles trained upward

again. If not, I think one treatment and a careful observation of methods are well worth while. Then the purchase of a jar of good cold cream, and the woman can start muscle building on her own account.

"Some people think it no foolish, almost immoral, to try to save beauty. Now, would these very people wear suits

that needed pressing and sponging and bruid sowed on? Well, I think we should keep our bodies in at least as good trim as our clothes-clean and in the pink of well-cared-for condition. If:

"Then if we are as sensible about learning what to do with our looks as noons and comets, it is matter thousands we are about proudly developing any of times more dense than free electrons. talent we happen to have, a reputation for beauty's charming sister-attractivesolid diamonds. A striking proof that the ness- ought to be easily acquired. I most rigid matter is not actually continu- know a very pretty girl who sometimes ous, aince no two molecules, atoms nor looks attractive quite accidentally, but only sometimes. She simply does not know whether her hair should be parted human comprehension. The mass of an she has no ideas whether her hat should atom of hydrogen-the lightest substance have tall quills in front or droopy bows known-is 2,000 times greater than that at the back. A mirror, a little common sense and proper independence of fads

what ought not to be a puzzle at all"



plan.

was born July 11, B. C. 525, 2.438 years ago. His birthplace was the little demos of Elusla, some ten miles from the Athens he was to help make the intellectual glory of the

uprising of the

sity for Grastic methods if one wishes to be heard is guite widely acknowledged. Let no man hope to hinder, let no man hope to hinder. They are moved by a hidden purpose, lifted up, as it were, into a new life brim- the result that Acachylus was killed

aspirations, Aeschylus was the voice. He wrote because he could not help it any more than the bird singing to the sunrise. after play, some seventy in all, the first real plays ever written by man.

world. Tho Aeschylus coincided with the most ever known - the

this mother as one might feel sorvy for of a Persian satrapy. While in the bloom lived to witness the brilliant ribaldry of

soldier in the ranks, helped to win the Aristophanes, or the powerful, but unimmortal victory at Marathon, and, ten blushing scepticism of Euripides, he

It was a glorious thing, that triumph

at that the men who had won the amaz- claws and mistaking the poet's hald head dent, and Ernest Rutherford, vice presi-

Birth of the Drama By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY. | ming with a strange, uncontrollable cense

### of gladness and power. Of that new life with its "bursts of Aerchylus, the "Father of the Drama, great "heart" and great heven reaching