

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Four Spring Hats and How to Make Them :: By Olivette

Beauty EVERY DAY ACTING AS AN ADDED ATTRACTIVENESS

By MAUDE MILLER.

"Aren't ideas the strangest things?" said Miss Florence Reed, who is starring in "The Yellow Ticket." "It seems as queer to have personal ideas on a subject and to feel that there are other people in the world who are pondering on the same subject and yet who come to entirely different conclusions."

"Now the beauty question, for instance, I have my own personal ideas on the subject. I believe in them, and I believe that if other people would try the same thing they would believe in them, and yet after all it's just a personal opinion. I believe absolutely in the charm of a finished actress, and by actress I don't mean a professional actress. Not at all. Any woman in the world if she wishes to try to attain this charm, this mobility of expression, this exchange of something personal in every look and gesture."

"Every woman in the world likes to be attractive to a man. And doesn't she think and wonder why it is that most professional actresses have an attraction for men aside from any particular beauty that they may possess?"

"Any woman can have that attraction. It is gained through keeping a man always in doubt as to what is coming next. Man loves to live in a world of uncertainty. Then a woman must learn to create this atmosphere."

"She must learn to cater to his wishes rather than to her own. She must learn to meet every advance of his with a remark calculated to baffle him."

"Men don't like to understand; they like the excitement of the chase; they are like warriors who find the scent of battle in their nostrils and when the way is clear there is no possibility of its being attained, and therefore much of the excitement is absent."

"Men like to feel that no matter how much dead monotony there is in his makeup a woman is constructed on an entirely different plan."

"That she is made like a prism, with a thousand different sides, each radiating a different colored light. And therefore to send a large part of his army to assist in the siege of Vera Cruz. By this order, which, soldierlike, he promptly obeyed, Traylor was left with only about 5,000 men to act on the defensive against 20,000 Mexicans, then gathering at San Luis Potosi under General Santa Anna. Hearing that he was about to be attacked by this overwhelming force Traylor fell back from Sattillo to Angostura, near the little village of Buena Vista."

"Santa Anna, with his finely equipped army of 20,000 infantry, cavalry and artillery, left Encarnacion February 21, 1847, and the next day came up with the Americans at Buena Vista."

"The battle began, and the result speaks for itself—Mexican loss, 5,500 in killed and wounded and 4,000 missing; American loss, 284 killed, 450 wounded."

"I have always been very fond of teachers, he said, because they are so modest with the yung & most of them are so charming to look at. Every time I look at you I wish I was a boy again, going to school to you."

"It seems to me you are asking young enough tonight, said Ma. What studies do you teach at school, she asked my teacher."

"Arithmetic, grammar and botany, she said to Ma. We are all going to start out next week every other afternoon with our botany class & pick flowers. It is very interesting work, & Bobbie has told me that she knows where there is a lot of new specimens, she said. He & I are going to find them next week."

"I told him about them, said Pa. I think maybe I better go along, as the woods about here are very thick, & there is always a danger of getting lost."



Miss Florence Reed.

fore it is the work of an attractive woman; in other words, an accomplished actress, to be able to change her color chameleon-like at will, so as to be never quite the same.

"This is not an easy thing to accomplish, by any means, but it is worth working for."

"There is a great deal in close observation of the different types of men. After you have relegated a man to a type, you know how to proceed with your treatment of him, and after a while, when it all becomes a habit rather than an effort to be amusing on your part, you will unconsciously broaden so as to actually become the attractive person you have been trying to make up out of the real you."

"Isn't that enough of an inducement to prove that I really know what I am talking about?"

"I don't know, said Ma. You never told me about that."

"I thought I did, said Pa, but anyway, if I was a child again I would fall in love with this sweet young lady here."

"Then my teacher lifted & tried to talk sum to Ma, but Pa kept rite on talking."



The approach of summer is bringing some change in the millinery world. Hats are increasing in size and the plume, discarded through several seasons, is again coming into favor. The summer sun fairly demands that the Watteau and Niniche and turbans with the extravagance aft be extended in front to shade the eyes. The new principles of the four hats are illustrated in these four models we have had especially posed for you.

## THE PROFESSOR'S MYSTERY

by WELLS HASTINGS AND BRIAN HOOKER  
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HANSON BOOTH  
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You Can Begin This Great Story To-day by Reading This First

Now Read On

Prof. Crosby, waiting at a suburban station for a trolley car to take him into Boston, where he has a social engagement, encounters Miss Tabor, whom he has met the previous winter at a social party. They compare notes, and find they are bound for the same place, and waiting for the same car. While waiting they talk to themselves in a casual way, and Crosby imagines he has touched on something closely personal to Miss Tabor. They start on the trolley journey, and the car is overturned. When Crosby recovers consciousness, he finds himself unhurt, but with a fair, strange girl in his arms. The motorman and the conductor leave Crosby and Miss Tabor in charge, and they set about to restore the girl to consciousness. When she recovers she seemed rather annoyed at the conditions. Crosby finds his pockets have been emptied, but recovers everything. Miss Tabor finds all her articles, but a fine gold chain she wore around her neck. Crosby finds this, but she hangs a wedding ring. The girl suggests they leave her, but they insist on seeing her safely to her home. Arrived at the Tabor home, Crosby is given a fulsome welcome by Mrs. Tabor, and a somewhat mixed reception by her daughter, who insists on his remaining over night, and she retires. Before he falls to sleep he hears voices near his door, and rising hurriedly finds he is locked in the room. Before he could learn the reason, he was asked by Miss Tabor to dress and come downstairs. Then he was taken to leave the house and not to come back. His explanation this time is animated, and the night at the inn and the next day Mr. Tabor visits him and tells him no man of his past just any right to know a girl like Miss Tabor. Crosby hotly demands to be told what Tabor is talking about, but he gets no satisfaction. Tabor forbids him ever to come near his home and leaves. Crosby follows and again sees the stocky Italian who had run after the trolley car. This time in animated conversation with Crosby. Crosby talks to the man in Italian, and learns he is a sailor, who fancied Tabor, a former employer who had defrauded him. Crosby goes on to meet the Animes. Here he meets Miss Tabor again, she also having come for her visit. In the morning they take a swim together, their hosts being under the impression that Crosby is a member of the house party of the previous Christmas. Crosby and Miss Tabor rapidly become better acquainted, and Crosby, in the verge of explanation, when Dr. Reid, Miss Tabor's half-brother, appears and carries her off. Crosby is left to his own devices, who tells the whole story of his adventure. When he is done Animes assures him whatever he wishes to be connected with the Tabor family, it is not to the discredit of Miss Tabor. Crosby returns to the Tabor's just in time to watch a mysterious proceeding, in which Dr. Reid, Lady Tabor and an elderly man took part, they having a singular confab within the garage. No reply is sent to a note Crosby has written to Miss Tabor, and the next day he overhauls Dr. Reid, who tells him to keep away from the house. Crosby refuses to do this, until told by Miss Tabor herself. A rather strained interview follows, when Miss Tabor dismisses Crosby, telling him he

### CHAPTER VIII. How We Made an Unconventional Journey to Town.

Lady came running out, veiled and muffled. "Come inside," she said, as I sprang down to help her in. "I'd rather have you with me." The door slammed, and we were off with a jerk that threw us back against the deep leather cushions. For a few moments we flashed under lamps and sidled around corners to an accompaniment of growling brakes and squeaking springs; then we ran out upon the smooth macadam of the highway, and settled into our speed with a steady purr. Lady sat up in her corner and patted at her veil.

"It was very good of you to come," she said, "but I knew you could count on you. Here, take this thing—I don't want it. It was a very serviceable revolver, cold and smooth, as I slipped it out of its leather holster. I made sure that it was ready for use."

"It's perfectly ridiculous to take it along," she added. "We're not going on any desperate midnight errand. The mere time of night is the only thing that's even unconventional. But Walter wouldn't let me come without it."

I asked no questions. By this time I had learned better, and besides I did not greatly care what we were doing, or what was to happen next. I would be of service if I could, that was all. Since it was to be hopelessly, it might as well be blindly, too; and the sense of adventure was gone out of me. The car swayed and sidled gently to the irregular mutter of the engine and the drowsy whining of the gears. We might almost do so at every turn. But presently she broke in with a comfortable triviality.

"Look here, why don't you smoke if you want to? I forgot all about it, but of course you may. I don't mind."

I had not noticed it before, but the cigarette was exactly what I wanted. The bodily comfort balanced things again, and made me feel at home with the situation. We ran down Riverside Drive, the dark bulk of the city on our left, and on our right the glimmering breadth of the Hudson, streaked with yellow gleams. Then we crossed over and continued on down Fifth Avenue, between blank houses and unnatural lights, the occasional clack of hoofs and hollow growl of wheels accentuating the unworldly stillness. I had somehow taken it for granted that we were going for a doctor. But when we passed Madison Square and kept on south along Broadway, that errand became unlikely; and when we turned eastward over the rough cobbles of narrow side streets, I was in a state of blank wonder. We ran slowly, lurching and bumping, through interminable chains of squalor where iron railings mounted to the doors and cloths of bedding hung from open windows; where evil odors hung and drifted like clouds, and a sick heat lay prisoned between wall and pavement, and stragglers turned to stare after us as we went by. Now and then we crossed some wider thoroughfare with its noise of cars and tangle of sagging wires over head, and signs in foreign tongues under the corner lights. And at last we came into a city of dreadful sleep, dim and deserted and still. The scattered lamps were only yellow spots in the dusk, the stores were barred and bare, and there was no human being in sight save here and there a huddle of

## Our Last War With Mexico

How It Started; How It Was Fought; What It Cost in Lives and Money and What We Gained by It.

By Rev. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

This concise history will be completed in six installments, published consecutively.

Chapter IV.

In accordance with the plan of campaign adopted by the administration, the 60,000 men authorized by congress were assigned to three divisions, the "Army of Occupation," under Major General Taylor; the "Army of the Center," under Brigadier General Wool, and the "Army of the West," commanded by Brigadier General Stephen W. Kearney. The last division was ordered to march to Santa Fe, seize upon the territory of New Mexico, and then push on westward to occupy California.

The "army" to which such tremendous task has been committed numbered only 1,688 men and sixteen pieces of artillery. Starting out from its rendezvous at Fort Leavenworth on the 24th of June, 1846, on the long march of more than 2,000 miles, they reached Santa Fe August 18 and took possession of the ancient city without the loss of a man. The American flag was run up to the top of a pole 100 feet high, given the national salute of twenty-eight guns—and New Mexico was ours.

Twice on their way to Santa Fe the Americans thought they were going to have the excitement of battle, but were disappointed. At Las Vegas 2,000 Mexicans lay across their path, but when Kearney was about ready to attack them the Mexicans fled.

Again the disappointment came. From the Gallisteo canyon Don Manuel Armejo, Mexican governor of New Mexico, sent Kearney word that he was ready for him with 7,000 men, and that if he would come on he would give him all the fight he wanted. The American accepted the invitation and kept on to the canyon, but Armejo and his Mexicans were not there.

And now the army of the west was to be divided. Colonel Doniphan, in command of all the forces of New Mexico, was to march southward into Chihuahua, while Kearney, with such force as he could muster, was to proceed to the shores of the Pacific and capture California.

Kearney left Santa Fe September 25 on his march of 1,100 miles to San Francisco, his force consisting of 500 men and provisions for sixty-five days. On the 6th of October he met a party led by Kit Carson, who informed him that he was the bearer of dispatches to Washington announcing the occupation of California by the Americans.

Commodore Sloat and Stockton, aided by a handful of American emigrants, had already taken California, and General Kearney, returning with Carson as a guide, co-operated with the naval forces in strengthening the occupation which had been so nicely begun.

And now for Doniphan and Chihuahua. The redoubtable colonel, with a force of 1,000 men and ten pieces of artillery, set out on his long march December 14. On Christmas day he found himself "up against" the equally redoubtable General Ponce de Leon.

Doniphan attacked, and in sixty minutes the enemy was beaten, with a loss of 75 killed and 100 wounded. Doniphan's loss was 8 men wounded, none killed.

From Bracito Doniphan passed over into the province of Chihuahua, and after his ever memorable "Desert March," which almost deserves to rank with that of Xenophon and his ten thousand Greeks, found himself face to face with the enemy.

At Sacramento were 1,200 Mexican regulars under General Jose A. Heredia.

grimy clothes under the half shelter of a doorway. Puffs of salt air from the river troubled the stagnant mixture of fish, leather and stale beer.

### The Real Secret of Rejuvenating the Face

She holds the true secret of facial rejuvenation who has learned how to remove the dead skin particles as fast as they appear. This is a secret anyone can possess. The aged, faded or discolored surface skin may be gradually absorbed, in an entirely safe and rational manner, by the mighty application of ordinary, unperfumed wax. Within a week or two the underlying skin, youthful and beautiful to behold, has taken the place of the discarded cuticle. So little of the old skin is absorbed, each day, that the face is not dried at all, and no one suspects you are putting anything on your face. The mercuric wax, produced at any drug store (an ounce is sufficient), is applied like cold cream. In the morning it is erased with soap and water. It's the best thing known for freckles, blackheads, pimples, moth patches, liver spots and fine surface wrinkles.

For the deeper wrinkles, an excellent recipe is: Powdered sazonite, 1 oz., dissolved in 1 pt. witch hazel. Rubbing the face in the solution produces quick and wonderful results.—Advertisement.

### Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

My teacher was up to our house last night to visit with Ma. Her mother & Ma's grate friends so the teacher thought she would have a nice long talk with Ma, but Pa did most of the talking. He seen rite away that my teacher was very pretty & nice, & he put up his hat & coat & he guessed he would stay home instead of going to the club.

I dare say you enjoy your work, dear, said Ma to my teacher.

Yes, indeed, said the teacher. It is very interesting to watch the little minds developing, & my children are all so well-behaved. Of course sum of them are full of mischief, like little Bobbie, here, but he is such a dear little man that I always forgive him.

My son is a chip of the old block, said Pa. I was always the leading spirit at school in all the mischief that was pulled off. When I wasn't winking at the teacher I was riting luv letters to the girls, Pa said, & I remember two of the teachers that I was in love with, tho I was only ten or eleven & they was grown up. They was sweet & butiful to look at, like you, said Pa, & I used to set & look over my joggery fawl at them & imagine that I was a grown up man protecting them from the injuna.

How romantic, said Ma. You never told me about that.

I thought I did, said Pa, but anyway, if I was a child again I would fall in luv with this sweet young lady here.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## ECZEMA ITCHED FOR 20 YEARS--RESINOL CURED

All Over Face, Arms and Hands. Would Walk the Floor All Night.

Dec. 5, 1913: "I had eczema for 20 years. It started on me when I was but 12 years old and am now 34, and have suffered all these years. It started with small pimples all over my face, arms and hands. My hands would swell up so that I could not shut them, and I was almost blind. It would itch, then burn, and I had to keep the affected parts wrapped up so that I would not scratch them. I couldn't sleep at all—just walked the floor a whole night. I have tried many different remedies, and spent a large sum of money, but had no relief. Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment were recommended to me. They gave me great relief after the third application, and after using four jars of Resinol Ointment and three cakes of Resinol Soap, I am completely cured." (Signed) Mrs. H. E. Fleeger, Box 15, Dauphin, Pa.

Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap quickly heal skin eruptions, clear away pimples and blackheads, and form a most valuable household treatment for sores, burns, boils, piles, etc. For trial size, free, write to Resinol, Dept. 18-R, Baltimore, Md. Sold by all druggists. Prescribed by doctors for 19 years.

THE OMAHA BEE—THE HOME PAPER.