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The Beers Home Magazine Page

Our Poor Little Rich Girl

By WINIFRED BLACK

So there was no mystery about the poor today. little rich girl after all. She just ran If you are, you are better off, let me "I am tired of

sanitariums." said the poor little rich girl, "and I hate hotels. I want to go home, and I want a home to run away to," and so the mothen, who was divorced, came and got her and they've gone home -to a real home somewhere out west, where there's room for a girl to keep house under a lilac bush and

climb up in a tree to read "Rose in London"--if she wants to.

I hope there's a barn in the place where the poor little rich girl has gone -no, not a garage, a barn, with wide and a dusty floor-and some cows, moonsyed and contle-and an old horse or two and a friendly dog.

yard, by the gate-and a clump of snow- children go to bed, and in the morning ball trees by the window, and oh, what it's all beginning over again. if there should be a hedge of pink and white flox, and a verbena bed. And I them. It's all vacation schools nowdo hope that there won't be a chef in every one is doing the vacation school. that home. I hope there'll be a cook one of the old-fashioned kinds, who'll let party from the school. Daughter goes let the poor little rich girl come out into abroad with another teacher and another the kitchen and make cookies and stir party from the school. Father and mother up fudge and bake a chocolate cake once take the car and go motoring somewhere. in a while.

girl, not too big yet for a swing-the old- bunny hug. In the fall the children come fashioned rope kind-Rush-r-ush-how back to school, and so it goes. it flies into the air, up, up, up-to the the green and brown

so excited when they see any one swing. taught to laugh, taught to dress coring?

little rich girl, "gobble, gobble," that's a to breathe, and they never, never learn turkey. Why, you'll take six months to a thing by themselves. get acquainted with them all, won't you? "I don't believe any of our boys could No elevators rumbling up and down, no play 'Andy, Andy over' to save his life. bellboys, nd telephones jangling day and How could he? He's never been taught." night, no lonesome breakfast in a vast Poor little rich girl, I'm glad you ran com full of staring strangers, no stupid away and tried to get a home-some dinner with bothersome waiters; home, where, somehow

t poor little rich girl, I hope you're ther

away from the sanitarium because she tell you, than many a poor little rich was homesick and had no home to go to. sirl, from one end of the country to the other.

The principal of a great school in a great city was telling me about it the other day.

oor little rich girls and boys-and the music hall dancing and "movies" and rincipal feels sorry for many of them, she says.

"Six out of ten of our girls come to school without breakfast," said the prin-cipal of the "smart" school. "Mother's bed, father down town, the servants work can win her way to the top. aim of motherhood or something.

"Father is down town, earning the money to pay the school bill-the servants

are all busy "At night mother's at the theater or it's fudge and a book till 9 o'clock in the womanly grace. beautiful library, then somebody comes I hope there's a yellow rosebush in the from somewhere upstairs and makes the asked.

"Vacations. There's no home life about

Son goes camping with a teacher and a visiting their friends, playing bridge, Let's see, 16, she is, the poor little rich playing golf, doing the one-step and the

"Oh, yes, they've taken care of every very top of the tall trees-whish, what a minute. When the boys want to play rustling of leaves-whoosh-down again, ball a teacher goes and shows them how, down, down-out of the blue into when the girls want to play tennis, a teacher 'serves' for them. They are "Cut, cut, cut, get your hair cut, get taught to ride, taught to swim, taught to your hair cut." Why do hens always get dance, taught to read, taught to play, rectly, taught to follow the leader, taught 'Potrack, potrack," that's a guines, everything on earth, even down to how

-:- Beauty Secrets of Beautiful Women -:-Little Viola Dana, "The Poor Little Rich Girl," Talks to Girls in Their 'Teens

By LILIAN LAUFERTY.

If you were only fifteen years old and had already begun climbing the high ladder that leads to success, would you be simple and natural and truly sweet? Little Viola Dana has not come to the 't's a day school in the fine part of lofty estate of "Sweet Sixteen" yet, but big city-and no one can go there but she has already worked her way from vaudeville skirts to the enviable position of "a regular Broadway star." And the earnest little girl means to climb higher

don't care-nobody gets the children up the Hudson theater, the 15-year-old star school; after school mother's out playing a real little rosebud of a girl-just as real or distening to a lecture on the higher a little girl as the Gwendolyn whose life she has stepped out of after living if for three hours.

She was pulling black slik stockings over little bare feet and ankles as I came in, and with the sweetest, unselfconsciousness she shook back her soft roomy doors and a mow full of sweet hay out to dinner, and so is father, not al- brown curls and rose to greet me with a ways together, but still out-both of them, mixture of childish enthusiasm and "Did Gwenny make you cry?" she

"You did." I answered deliberately,

3

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Napoleon Crosses the Alps

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

It was one hundred and thirteen years ago, May 16, 1800, that Napoleon began his memorable passage of the Alps, fall lowing the example, if not the actual

model?" I asked. "Are you working toward a goal, or have you a live ideal footsteps, of his great predecornor. whose success you want to equal?" "Not a bit of It," said Viola Dana. Hannibal. "I've got to be myself, anyway-and I'd Everyone has lots rather be truly myself. I don't want seen the picture

to imitate. I just want to make my own entitled "Bonaself do bigger and bigger things all the parte Crossing the Alps." referred to People ought to express themselves all

by Walt Whitman I think, instead of initating 16 ing characteristic

> in the real, the tangible in portrayed Napo leon crossing the Alps on a noble charger uniformed, decorated, having altogether a hell of a time. Delaroche, not satisfied with such a conception, took the trouble to investigate the case, to get at the bottom facts. What did he find? Why, just this: That Napoleon rods on

the follow-

words: "An artist

who had no faith

a mule, that the mule was led by an old peasant, that the journey was hard, and the manner humble-that the formal picture got nowhere near it."

Walt was right. Napoleon's crows'ng of the great rocky barrier between Switseriand and Lombardy was work, not play. The Little Corporal was thinking not of theatrical display, but of getting to Italy. He was saving, grimly, to wself, as he worked his way along. "There shall be no Alps. in spits o the they shall find me pouncing down upon them when they are least expecting 11. " The task which some of his engineers thought next to impossible was accom pl'sned, and from the summit of the Alps Napoleon descended like an apparition into the valley of the Po. Poor old Melas, the Austrian general, would not believe it. It smacked too much of the miraculous. But there was Napoleon in Milan. The Austrians were in a trap, and on June 14 they were annihilated on the field of Marengo. With the victory of Marengo there went the whole northern Italy. The Magician had waved his wand, and the Alps and the Austrians had bowed to him in humble submission Having performed his little trick, Na-

poleon turned over the command to another and hastened back to Paris, in search of still bigger game.

By Sweat of His Brow By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

"Will you be good enough," asks M. E. "to tell me if it is proper for a girl to kine a young man who tells her he loves her, but cannot marry her for some time to come owing to the fact that he is not in a position to support her al the present time, and may never be able te do so?"

If kisses be classed as tuxuries or necensities depends solely on the years of the one making the classification, Youth regards them as necessities, and

Age knows they are but idle luxuries,

meaningless though not unpleasant, and

an altogether unsanitary method of ex-

pressing an affection that sometimes.

But, be they luxuries or necessities,

they should be classed among the many

things which a man should be compelled

to earn by the aweat of his brow. Unless

he can earn a living, and by the sweat

of his brow provide bread, he is not en-

titled to kinses. Unlass he can go forth

and with muscle and brain produce the

tion to support you now, and may never

It is as if he said to her: "It gratifies

me to kiss you, and for that reason I

seek the privilege. I can do nothing for

keep other lovers away whose intentions

are more honorable. But it pleases me

kissing you I can take my avowals of

be able to do so." is an insuit.

lasts little longer than the kiss fiself.

By DOROTHY DIX. Listen to this wall of woe. A young girl writes: "I'm a girl of 19 years of age, and have about given up this eternal strife to live. am in despair,

have a peaches and cream complexion. Speaking from a mundane standpoint, and we are all very much on this earth when we are 19 years old, it does matter a lot to our happiness whether we are

Awail of Woe to have a beautiful soul than it is to 7-1-1

and have no longer a desira to exist in this cruel world. And my reason is this: "I am short. I

am fat. I have a flat, broad nose and a bad complexion. No matter what exercise I take, how much I diet, my skin is sallow and still rough. "How can a girl

live under such drawbacks? "Every girl desires to be retty,

attractive, and have people love her; but in my case, wherever I go, the people are nice to me it's because they feel it's their duty to be kind to a homely girl.

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24

"I know what you will say. Try to be nice in other ways; try to be good, kind and honest, and that will compensate you for other things. Oh, no, it won't. I have tried, and with the result that people say: 'Oh, yes, she's a good girl, but she's so plain.' No matter how much I accomplish there is always that great, big 'but' in back of it. I have often made up my mind to just work. work, work, but I can't do it. I long for a little pleasure, to have a little admiration like other girls.

"I long to go out with other young paople and have a beau of my very own Why, the boys won't look twice at me The only thing that helps a woman along in this world is beauty. That paves the show or not. way for all else. I don't think it's fail should have nothing. It makes me even doubt the justice of God.

"What is there for me to live for in the world? A husband and children? I'll never have those, it seems. To be fam ous? It's not in me. I'm not clever enough. Can't you shed one ray of comfort to this lonely, hopeless, ugly girl?" ONE IN DESPAIR.

I'll not be hypocritical enough to tell this forelorn little sister that it does not make any difference whether a giri is plain or homely, and that it's better

FRECKIES

There's no longer the slightest need of have faded!" feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the any of Sherman & McConnell Russell.

Drug Co.'s stores, and apply a little Of course, men think they worship of it at night and morning and you beauty in women. should soon see that even the worst but when it comes to marrying they let freckles have begun to disappear, while some other fellow have the prize package the lighter ones have vanished entirely. of good looks, while they take some It is seidom that more than an ounce is plainer malden, who is not so much taken scatteran, Mister Black Junior, is a perneeded to completely clear the skin and up with admiring herself that she hasn't The second secon gain a beautiful clear complexion.

money back if it fails to remove freckies. -Advertisement

living pictures or not, and a lily skin h a more present advantage than it is to possess all of the cardinal virtures and then some.

Good looks are a great asset to a girl It is the magic that lifts the grumplest man out of his seat on the street car; that makes churls run to do her bidding. that makes employers put up with bad spelling and slack work; that insures partners for the dance, and invitations to theaters and restaurant suppers Beauty is woman's letter of credit that the world honors at sight. In addition it is a personal rapture to its happy possessor, and the woman who sets everystreet, and who hears a murmur of "Peach" follow her, has, at least, drunk of the nectar of the gods.

No. There is no use in trying to take the sting out of homeliness by minimizthat I meet look at me once, and if they ing the power of beauty. It is great and potent, but it is not all powerful, as my correspondent seems to think, and there is no need to despair as she does because she is an ugly duckling.

For her consolation I would remind her, first, that beauty is in the eye of the beholder, and that there is no hard and fixed rule as to what constitutes pulchritude in a woman. This makes is possible for women to give an illusion of good looks, where none exists, simply by their dressing. When we speak of a pretty woman we meah one who has made an attractive picture by the color and charm of her clothes, the way her

hair is arranged, by the way she walks and sits, and carries herself, whether she has got a single good feature that would entitle her to entrance in a beauty

It is one of the triumphs of arf that that some should have it all and others none of us need be quite as ugly as nature made us. Dress, like the mantle of char-

ity, covers a multitude of sins, and no woman need wholly despair on account of her looks when heaven still grants us the boon of dressmakers and milliners. Pr got the worst of it that I have to Another bit of consolation that 1 can offer my correspondent is that time will he her friend, and not her enemy, and worst that I evver seen him git the worst that she will grow better looking as the of it. years go by. Many an ugly girl makes

woman, and this is almost sure to be the case if she keeps her heart sweet and her mind active and intelligent. Time and experience are sculptors that

thisel rough features into fine outlines. Juniors place what a swell time we was and the mere radiance of goodness shining through a woman's face makes it eautiful. Moreover, there is this further recompense: The woman who was not fair and beautiful in her youth never has to listen to that bitterest speech that ever falls on female cars, "My, but how you

sum of them. You have brought quite a few of them up to the house in the Nor should my correspondent despair prescription othins-double strength - is of never being able to marry because she past. You remember the mining man that guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Is not beautiful. Look about you. little cuddent talk about anything excep quarts Simply get an ounce of othins-double girl, at the married women, and see how & the brakeman that you brought hoam strength - from Beaton Drug Co., few of them are real rivals of Lillian a other time that cuddent talk about anything excep what a hard run he had on the O. & W., & the hall player you

They do abstractly.

othine as this is sold under guarantee of some man.

little sister.

100 000 000 000 000 000 000 "Oh, that was Gwenny," said little Miss "Then you believe in simple clothes Dana. "It isn't Viola Dana out there in for young girls " the play-she just gets to be Gwen-"Yes, indeed-but I do like pretty

clothes-clothes that suit you. Are mine

pointing

simple enough, do you think?"

constant attention and sacrifice?"

wen Pa bregan Ridding him.

dolyn. "Then, of course, you aren't self-conactous if you are living your part?" I to a dainty little green frock and a soft questioned with assurance.

"Oh, no. Children on the stage have to be so careful about that," said this naive "Some of them do well, and they child. are told so, and think about it all the time, and get to be such stilted little body rubbering as she walks down the things. They just mince through their parts and act affected everywhere you meet them. That isn't a bit attractivedo you think so?"

'What do you think of simplicity and sweetness and naturalness as prime necessities, for attractiveness? That takes in your 'unself-conclousness,' " I said. Miss Viola gave the matter her earnest consideration. She is to all intents and purposes a dear child-but ten years

of stage experience-ten yes.'s of work with growing ideals and ambitions have given her a serious quality bespeaking delightfully the woman she will be in a few years.

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Pa & Ma & me went to a studio dinner

too other nite & it was so funny the way

Thare was a gentelman naimed Elwood

fambly to the studio dinner. Pa kep tell-

ing Ma all the way to Mister Black

going to have That is one of the ad-

vantages of having good friends. Pa sed.

Anybody can herd with a mutt, but I

number among my friends sum of the

Oh, yes, : know, and Ma. I have met

asked up here that said the library tabel

was a kind of bush leas table, & a few

Nevver mind about them, sed Pa; this

teck gentelman & rolling in waith. Did

of yure other grate friends?

greatest men in the U. S.

the theater my voice sounds, strained won't work." "I think they are all very important, and if you keep busy and live sensibily and think nice thoughts perhaps you can a lot of care to keep them in good con- girls who are soon to be women must get to be simple and sweet-for, of course, dition. I take a glass of malted milk all choose whether they will live for joy no girl who is unnatural is a bit attrac- before the theater and another afterward of a fleeting second or for the "durable out of life-and to put something into it, tive."

Little Bobbie's Pa

youth

greatcoat of brown that just matched her own chestnut curls. A very girly lobster salad and le made, won't do thousant, mongan, and the salad and le made won't do thousant, mongan, and the salad and le made won't do thousant, mongan, and a sweet ex-

fancy Miss Viola looking like the dear things." little girl she is, instead of the silly, "Do you call late suppers and choconear-young-lady that some girls fancy late frappes a great sacrifice?" I inthey can ape more successfully than they guired,

can realize the flower-like sweetness of "Well, I like things that aren't good their own precious never-to-come-again for me," was the frank answer: "but

I think it's worth while giving up all the "Girls have to be serious about the little separate pleasures that only stay qualities they want to cultivate," I said, a minute in order to have a clear comafter I had paid due tribute to the emplexion and a clear voice and a well bryo woman wanting sartorial praise. body.

"Does keeping well and strong require "You see. I truly want to be great some day; I want to go on and on and be some "Well, I think you can't have every- one who counts. And I'm dreaming of thing. You can't have all the fun you that sometime even when I'm with my want and do well the thing you want books or playing my violin.

to do, too. Now I have to have lots of "I know that if I truly want to get on sleep, and if I go along to a party after I shall have to do it. Just wishing about

and horrid next day. Volces need such Deep philosophy for 15; and yet the and give up the things I like-chocolate satisfactions" that make life worth while. too.

moar. Anyhow, he kep right on saying cause him with the anshunt ju jitsu of

After the dinner was onver Pa sed to the little Jap, here, boy, feel of this The Japs are not a race of servants, mitey arm. Ho the littel Jap feit of Pa's

I suppose we will have a good time, deer. peepil. The only serving they erver did fell on fils back. The studio dinner was fine & every- was wen they served Russia a mess of thing wud have been luviy if Pa hadent wallops that the garr hasent forgotten began to malk fun of the Japanees valet set. I cud see that Ma was speeking

was & about the fiteing spfrit of 76 & Pa wuddent be much of a heero, but he

Well, Admiral Togo, sed Pa, how are how we showed our currage in the dark wudent go anyway. a striking and handsome middle-aged Black Junior that used to go to skule all the rest of the littel sianteyes? I days of the rebelyun. Pa talked jest as with Pa & he has a lot of munny & a that and Jupan was expecting a lot of & a general in the days of the rebelyun. was reading a editorial the other day if he was a fiery fiter in the days of '76 rights from Unkel Bam. The very idea Ma & me know jest how Pa is, but Mister of Japan Using to tell this grate count Black, junior, & his servant dident know of Japan trying to tell this grate coun- Black, junior, & his servant dident know) where to git off? It 's amusing, sed him so well, & I guess both of them feit We wud sail in & thate wud he about a littel mad. One good Anglo-Saxon like De Mir.W. me. Pa sed, cud go into a room with

Ma was kicking Pa under the tabel, twenty like you, he sed to the valet, & She knew that Pa wasent doing right to cum out. What wud you do in a room Sleep Disturbing Bladder Weaknesses, Backache, Stiff Joints, Rheumatic talk that way to the servant & I knew it, with me? he sed.

I wud break the honorable gentelman's too, but I guess every time Ma kicked Pa he thought she was kicking him to say neck, sed the Jap. Much distress I wud

company" with any man. Don't accept wishes more than he would value a gift. Under the Circumstances, No.

He Doean't.

Dear Miss Fairfax. I am a girl of 16 and deeply in love with a man four years my senior. Lately he has been going out with other girls and tells me. At the mane time he presented me with a dia-mond ring for a birthday present, and when I refused he begged me to take the ring. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young woman, 19 years of age, and am ac-quainted with a young man about 50. I have been out with him several times, but of late he has treated me in a cold manner. How could I find out if he really cares for me.-Analous.

differens in them or any other men. But . A girl of 16 is too young to keep "steady him is a lover not worth while.

price of a nest for his bride, he hasn't through them. I love strong, interesting earned the right to be kissed by anybody faces-the kind that belong to people who in the world but his mother. do things. Girls who are willing to just The kiss that is given to a girl with the stand still aren't ever truly pretty, are declaration, "I love you, but I cannot they T afford to marry you; I am not in posi-

The little star's eyes glowed with earnestness.

Yes, those wonderful, deep eyes are green, and she frankly confeaces it. "Maybe that's jealousy," she laughed. 'I am jealous if the people I love don't love me enough and show it. You have you and my monoply of your affection to be worthy of it, or you don't get it, will serve no other purpose than to place

And some day every girl mants to be you in an embarrassing position, and to found worthy of the biggest love. She wants to marry, I do!" "You are planning an even fuller and to kiss you, and when I grow tired of fuller life, aren't you? Work-great suc-

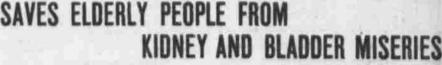
He has broken my arm, sed Pa.

cess-and marriage?" I asked. love to some other girl. They carry no "Ob. yes." said this rich little wise girl. promise with them, no obligation, no 'I want to keep my body well and strong duty, and so long as there are girls in and to train my mind to get a great deal

the world who will kiss me, I can enjoy myself without paying the price." To care for such a man is a weakness that carries tragedy in its wake. It is the same kind of weakness that marks the woman who supports her husband, finding recompanse for her toll in the fact that he never abuses her or speaks cross to her, while other women's husbands who work hard and earn a good living are sometimes freited and angry.

The girl who permits such a man to kins her shows a heart that is soft and the valet, it is just that your arm par- a brain that is weak. She has two choices The honorabel arm is not broken, sed of degradation; Either she kisses the man to no other purpose than a waste of time and an unsavory memory, or she marries I guess if we had a war with the Japs him and takes upon her shoulders the

burden of his support. There is no other alternative.



Pains Disappear After Few Doses Are Taken.

a little note of congratulation. If he is bladder disorders, for the new discovery, tism. It neutralizes the urine so it no and obstinute cases.

Croxone relieves these conditions by re- stores the kidneys and bladder to health moving the cause. It is the most won- and strength.

While people along in years are natur- stopped up, inactive kidneys like water ally more subject to weak kidneys, they does a sponge, dissolves, and drives out can avoid the tortures of backache, and every particle of uric acid and other rheumatism, and be saved the annoyance poisonous impurities that lodge in the of getting up at night with disagreeable joints and muscles and cause rheuma-Croxone, quickly relieves the most severe longer irritates the bladder, overcomes unnecessary breaking of sleep and re-

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young woman, 19 years of age, and am ac-guainted with a young man about 30. I have been out with him several times, but of late he has treated me in a cold manner. How could I find out if he really cares for me.—Anglous. If he really cares for me.—Anglous. If he really cared for you he would not so unnecessarily hurt your feelings. The lover who loves just as his mood auits him is a lover not worth while. It soaks right in and cleans out the

Advice to the Lovelorn the ring. As for his birthday, write him By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

write about it. It isent the first time that that works for Mister Black. He was a nice to maik the littel Jap feel better, takes of much pain, soon it will disap-I's evver got shown up but it was the littel bit of a fellow, not much bigger but the moar Ma sed the moar Pa kep pear, the painthan I am. A he was vary oniet eeven talking about what a grate country this

meen things to the littel Japanese valet, the samuray. The vary idee, he sed, of a race of servants trying to fight a race of free men. deer." sed Ma. They are reemarkebel arm & Pa gaiv a awful howl & they he

