

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Young Girls and Road to Success . . .

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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Just what a young girl must do to make her life a success is an important problem to solve, not only for herself, but for future generations.

There was once an unfortunate girl who was deprived of wholesome and moral guidance, and who degenerated from woman's high estate and became a mentally, morally and physically ill.

From her 300 vicious, insane and criminal descendants have been traced. As many noble, worthy and estimable descendants could be traced from more than one excellent woman in past generations, and it is therefore, of vast importance what sort of maturity each young girl attains.

As little grains of sand make the shore and little drops of water the sea, so our daily thoughts, ideas and acts form our character.

"Placitudes," some vivacious young girl may cry, but the sea continues to rise and fall, and the seasons to come and go according to old-established rules, and so human character must be formed by the same unalterable laws.

Necessity is the best friend of an ambitious soul.

The people who achieve the greatest results are usually those who were compelled to exert themselves early in life.

The young girl whose every wish is anticipated by parents and attendants until she reaches womanhood's years has small opportunity to develop those self-sacrificing and energetic qualities which are strong factors in the highest type of womanhood.

Respect your occupation, whatever it may be.

Have one. The trades, the arts, the professions are all open to woman today. Be occupied.

Do not allow the idea that you are less fortunate than the other human beings to enter your mind for one moment.

God is no respecter of persons. You have some quality, some feature, some blessing, which you would not exchange with any other person.

Realize that and rejoice in it. Realize, too, that all possibilities of happiness, of success and of achievement lie in yourself.

Never say or think, "If I had influence or aid, I could do this or that."

Never look outside for assistance. Look up, and within. Then it will come from all directions.

It Is Fashionable to Be Modest, Says Paris -

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A combination of good features from several of the leading Paris houses has made possible this charming costume of Bordeaux red panacla velvet trimmed with black fox.

A long skating coat of Russian green cloth is trimmed with gray astrakhan by Bernard and fastened by a row of buttons at the side. Gathers at the hips give a semi-fitted effect.

This Russian skating costume of Garibaldi red velvet was adapted from a Beer model. Fine soutache braid trims the collar, belt and side, and seal fur is used.

(From cabled information to Harper's Bazar for November.)

Gene are the clinging draperies, the skirts split to the knee, the backs exposed to the waistline. The charming simplicity of la belle Suzanne, which led a vain court from its atmosphere of pretense to an appreciation of the more real beauty of the unaffected, is heralded according to Emille de Joncaire, who reveals to the readers of Harper's Bazar the very latest things done by Paquin, Callot, Jenny, Premet and other designers of genius in the French capital.

In Paris, she says, one finds on all sides an outspoken desire to see the return to the days that say beauty at its best.

Inspiration has been sought in the loveliness portrayed by Watteau and Fragonard. The dominant note everywhere is simplicity. There is a great revulsion of feeling against freakish innovations and military fashions.

Skirts that give freedom of motion without too much encumbering fulness; skirts short enough to show a dainty foot without accentuating a large one; sleeves that permit of art in their fashioning and when tight and plain, accentuating graceful curves or rippling with lace and fancy ruffles, these are the fashions that are already adopted.

The waist line is normal, neither angular nor uncomfortably small. Shoulders

may gleam from décolletés beloved of the Empress Eugenie and described by Balzac as so graceful that "there seemed to be no break between her shoulders and her arms." But the fashionable woman will not cut her gown to nowhere in the back, nor keep us wondering what holds her bodies up in front.

She will not hazard pneumonia by wearing low shoes in the streets or baring her throat to wintry winds. A sane fashion muffles her chin in fur and provides a sensible high boot, high enough to defy the wind to show her stockings above the shoe top.

Fashions are sane. Fashions are womanly and graceful. Beautiful are the

materials used—velvets, brocades and laces. Stuff originally intended for upholstery will not appear in the wardrobe. Those who admire Bakst must be content with his stage effects and realize that while a peacock's tail is beautiful it would be out of place on a canopy.

No more painting of the lips a vivid carmine, says Emille de Joncaire. No more giving the cheeks a blush that is too obvious; nor should they be bleached in an imitation of a whitened sepulchre. Rouge will, of course, be used if nature fails, but in a natural way to give the appearance of ruddy health.

A wonderful mixture of brown, gold and red, reflecting all the colors of the

autumn leaf, is called noisette for lack of a better name; and there is a yellow, like pale moonlight. There are as well, vivid reds, and greens, a red as mellow as old wine, and magenta is revived, but never to be used in combinations that shock one's sensibilities.

Costs are of every length, and so full that they billow with every movement; many of them are cut longer at the sides than at the front and backs, but one cannot say that any one style is the best, declares Emille de Joncaire. The really stylish woman selects what is individually best suited to her and if a coat, longer on the hips has a tendency to make her look shorter and stouter, she knows that would be a foolish fashion for her to adopt.

A noticeable feature of the winter models is the lining, which is planned for effect as carefully as the garment itself. Many of the linings this season are of cloth or velvet in contrasting colors.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BRADFORD FAIRFAX

Be Patient. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am engaged to a young man who is nice and kind. He tells me he loves me, but at the same time girls come in to see him where he works. He tells me he does not care for them, but that he only likes to talk to them. What would you advise me to do, as I hate to give him up for a little foolishness on his part, and yet I feel hurt about it.

A CONSTANT READER. Don't be jealous over trifles. If you pay too much attention to a little thing like this you will lead your fiance to give undue weight to his own charm for women. Be sweet and amiable and don't refer to a little thing like this. It really does not amount to disloyalty, and I am sure that if you are very pleasant and agreeable about the whole matter the man you love will come to feel ashamed of hurting you in any way.

Don't Take It Too Seriously. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl 18 years old and deeply in love with a boy of my age. He calls me up every night and jokes with me and seems very interested in me. He also calls up a girl friend of mine. He pretends to think a great deal of me. If I continue to keep company I will cause trouble. As I love him dearly, kindly tell me what I should do.

ANXIOUS. Don't take telephone jolting too seriously and permit yourself to become too fond of one who shows an inclination to be too promiscuous in his attentions. If you care for him and have reason to believe he cares for you there does not appear to be any more reason why you should give him up than that the other girl should, but if he is simply trifling with you the sooner you end it the better it will be for you.

By All Means Apologize. Dear Miss Fairfax: Had an appointment with a man for 8:30, and went out on an errand at 8 and was home at 8:50. In the meanwhile my friend called for me. My mother, thinking I had gone out for the evening, told him so. Now, Miss Fairfax, do you think it forward to try and reach him by phone, as I feel as though it was my place to apologize for the situation, or do you think I should wait for him to phone me, as he is sure of my phone number, whereas I am not sure of his? "BOB."

You owe this man an explanation. I should most certainly make every effort to reach him and clear up the matter of my seeming discourtesy.

Cut Out Meat If Kidneys Are Troubling You

Uric Acid in meat excites Kidneys and Irritates the Bladder.

Noted Authority says you must flush Kidneys with Salts if Back hurts.

We are a nation of meat eaters and our blood is filled with uric acid, says a well-known authority, who warns us to be constantly on guard against kidney trouble.

The kidneys do their utmost to free the blood of this irritating acid, but become weak from the overwork; they get sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and thus the waste is retained in the blood to poison the entire system.

When your kidneys ache and feel like lumps of lead, and you have stinging pains in the back or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment, or the bladder is irritable, obliging you to seek relief during the night; when you have severe headaches, nervous and dizzy spells, sleeplessness, acid stomach or rheumatism, bad weather, get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning and in a few days your kidneys will act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate clogged kidneys, to neutralize the acids in urine so it is no longer a source of irritation, thus ending urinary and bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink, and nobody can make a mistake by taking a little occasionally to keep the kidneys clean and active.—Advertisement.

Men as Well as Women Must Suffer for Sins

By DOROTHY DIX

The spectacle of a wealthy manufacturer, with polygamous tendencies, who has suddenly been pulled down from his high estate to the level of his lowest victim, calls attention to the one fact that we overlook too often: That is, that a man must pay his score for wrongdoing just as surely as a woman must.



There have been many cases of men who have boldly proclaimed defiance of conventions and snapped their fingers at the laws of God and man, and who after their names have become a by-word and a hissing in the mouths of decent people, have changed their opinion about how far a man may safely flout the moralities.

There is no more curious fallacy than the generally accepted belief that the thorns along the primrose path pierce only the feet of the women that walk it, and that men may daily nosedance among its flowers. Because the law will send a woman to a penal establishment and let the man who made her what she is go free, because we draw our skirts away from the girl who has sinned, generally through loving not wisely, but too well, and invite the man who has deceived her to dinner, the belief has grown up among men that they can do as they please and leave the score for the woman to settle alone.

Never was there a greater mistake. Undoubtedly, the woman who sins does

have to pay the heaviest penalty. Nature and society both punish her more severely than they do the man for diverging from the straight and narrow path. But no man so deceives himself as he who thinks that he can repudiate his debt for wrong-doing and lay it on the woman's shoulders. Ultimate justice collects blood money from him, too.

What we now we reap, and the one harvest that every man must garner is his wild oats crop. That law is inexorable. A man's sins follow him to the latest day of his life, and sooner or later he has to settle for them.

Young men think that they can drink, not because they are not immediately ostracized for reeling through the streets or a woman would me, they think that the public condones that weakness in a man, and that they will not have to pay for it. But they are mistaken. They pay first in shattered nerves and weakened brain power, and they pay finally and for all time in failure. No business man advances the drunkard in his office. No business man puts a drunkard in places of responsibility, and so in the end the drunkard pays his debt to the bottle in rage and squallor.

Other men have thought that they could gamble without paying the gambler's debt. The penitentiaries are full of them. They thought they would know when to stop, but the lure of the game got them. Honest work became too slow a way to make money, and there came a day when a man broken on the wheel of chance was flung out into the discard of humanity.

Many men think that there is a double standard of morality for men and women, and that while a woman must keep herself clean and pure, and above reproach, that no such obligation is laid upon a man. They believe that a man may take

his pleasure as he finds it without having to pay the price.

This fatal error has sent millions of young men down to disease and death. It has made millions of other homes childless, for many a grim old man knows that he is paying in the loneliness of his age for the follies of his youth.

Men believe that they can love and ride away. Sometimes they can. Sometimes the woman that they thought to leave behind them is a vampire who fastens herself upon them and sucks their very life blood out of them.

Many a man is kept poor by the insatiable demands of some bad woman for money that he dare not refuse to give her. Many a man is balked in his ambition because of the black shadow some woman casts across his pathway. An evil woman can blight a boy's life just as completely and effectually as an evil man can ruin a girl's.

And the men who lead a double life, the married men who have affiances, is any one foolish enough to think they do not pay?

Do you not think the man pays who is torn between the jealousies of two women; who must daily lie to them both; who must continually tread a crooked path, and who lives in dread of being found out and having his affairs published to the world and made to look contemptible and ridiculous in the public eye? Such a man pays in losing his own self-respect, he pays in forgetting the good opinion of those who know him, and he pays even in a business way if he is discovered, because we all want to have builded their lives four square to the world.

We spend our time warning our girls against the dangers of life and the temptations of the flesh, and preaching to them that the wages of sin is death. We might with equal propriety give the same advice to our sons, because for his wrongdoing a man must pay in sorrow and bitterness even as a woman pays.

Hair Tinting Made Easy

Many thousands of women have put up with streaked and gray hair because they knew of no absolutely safe way to overcome this robber of youth and attractiveness.

After all, one of the chief pleasures in life is that of appearing in an attractive manner as possible. "Brownatone" hair stain will help you in just this emergency. With it you can touch up the gray spots instantly—or you can in a few moments' time give to your hair that rich, soft brown, so much to be admired. Or, you can make it all without the possibility of detection, failure or harm to either hair or scalp. No previous experience whatever is necessary when you use "Brownatone." Just brush or comb it into the hair. A sample and a booklet will be sent you upon receipt of 10 cents. All of the leading drug stores sell "Brownatone." Two sizes, 25c and \$1.00. Two shades—one for golden or medium brown, and the other for dark brown or black. Insist on "Brownatone" at your hair-dresser's. Prepared by the Kenton Pharmaceutical Co., 525 E. Pike St., Covington, Ky. Sold and guaranteed in Omaha by Sherman & McConnell Drug Co.'s Stores and other leading dealers.

Household Suggestions

The artificial seltzer water made with a carbonic acid gas generator is an imitation, far from perfect, of the natural water. A recipe to make it on a small scale for family use, as it were, can only give a product differing still more from that of the springs. Yet the following would fairly imitate the taste and properties of the natural water. Fused chloride of calcium, four grains; chloride of magnesium, twelve grains; chloride of sodium, fifteen grains; citrate of iron, half a grain; tartaric acid, two drachmas; bicarbonate of soda, two and a half drachmas. Dissolve all the salts excepting the tartaric acid and the bicarbonate, in about one pint of water, and introduce the solution into a champagne bottle. Then, having completed the

requisite quantity of liquid so as to leave an empty space of about two fluid ounces, add the tartaric acid, and immediately add the bicarbonate of soda.

White velveteens, and most colored ones, too, will wash beautifully. Just knead and squeeze quickly in a warm—not hot—lather, rinse in tepid, then cold water. Wring carefully and shake well. While still damp iron on the wrong side on a thick felt or blanket covered with a clean sheet.

Don't throw away your egg shells; they are very useful when cleaning decanters. Crush the egg shells into small bits and shake them well in the decanters when they are three parts filled with water.

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