

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Smart Frocks for Morning Wear : Republished by Special Arrangement with Harper's Bazar.



THE new French coats cover the entire frock, are tight fitting, with a curve at the waist line and long, circular, flaring basque. The hat of white French crepe is outlined with very narrow fringe.

DOUCET shows this version of the fitted jacket with seams in front and in back and an unmistakable curve at the waist line in this white serge suit bound in navy blue silk braid. The white straw hat has ribbon trimming.

IN this suit of green broadcloth are the first indications of a mode to come. The skirt has panels of black braid, a yoke effect also being simulated by the braid. A clever arrangement of the braid gives the becoming long lines, and there is a rever of green velvet. Silk hat with ball trimmings.

The Wings of Victory : We All Have Them, but Not All of Us Try to Use Them.

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

What matters if the life uncertain be to all? What the goal is never reached? What the goal is not reached? What the goal is not reached?

Be like the bird that on a bough too frail to bear him, gaily swings. He knows the slender branches fall—He knows that he has wings.

—VICTOR HUGO.

"I never dare let myself want anything very much," said Louise discontentedly, "for everything on which I set my heart eludes me. If I care for people, they disappoint me. If I have an ambition, I can't reach it. Even when I try to better myself in position, I always get to the place just after they have selected the applicant ahead of me. I'm schooling myself to be indifferent. The folks who drudge along through life without looking above them are the happiest. I'm through setting my heart on things I can't have."

And then I told Louise how wrong she was. But the world is full of embittered and cynical Louises—will they listen now while I try to convince them of the utter, perverted wrongness of their "philosophy?"

Dumb, driven cattle may go mechanically through the process of living and dying. But all human beings have glimpsed something better—and can never forget. To plod indifferently through the days because your heart has met with disappointment, is to ignore your heritage of hope.

Suppose you do only glimpse the "promised land" and never reach it, each glance that flashed across your sight had

some of joy in it and gladdened your heart even though you could not secure that beauty and make it a permanent possession.

Suppose you yearn for things you cannot attain. Every time you long you come nearer attaining. You stand on spiritual "tip-toes" until your stature increases a bit and your reach is longer, and at last you can stretch to where your desire is.

Once I knew a little clerk in a hardware store who wanted to write poetry. Her mind was full of vague visions of loveliness, but somehow she could not get them on paper in fitting melodies that editors would buy. She actually walked to and from work and did not actually launch so that she might buy paper and stanzas for the verses which returned with the regularly they were sent out.

For three years her life was an arid desert scattered with the skulls of her dead hopes. She managed to sell pots and kettles all the while she was battling for the promised land she could see and could not enter. She was a plain little thing—underdressed and badly dressed, and there were not even attention and admiration to gladden her life.

But she did not plod just because she could not fly. She kept on hoping and longing for the power to express what she could feel. She was bird-like on the frail boughs of her desire—and even while she balanced precariously she was lifting herself above common things and visioning the sky.

Into her face came some of the loveliness of the vision she could not ex-

press as beautifully as she could feel it. The sweetness of her dreamy eyes and tender mouth were so attractive in time that they won for her the love of a man who would never have noticed the dull little earth plodder she was before, but dreams among her above mere selling of hardware. And her 10-year-old son is going to make the songs his mother yearned to sing.

Even if the little hardware clerk had attained to nothing, she would have had the loveliness of her dreams. If dreams are never fulfilled—they still are beautiful. If they bring us to a land different from our visioning they still can carry above the sordidness of drudgery.

Your soul is a winged thing. If you cultivate it—if you strive for the finest things you are capable of conceiving, instead of being satisfied with the most commonplace things you can see—you are lifting yourself above the dullness that makes the Russian peasant a serf—and the peon of the south a slave.

Your duty to yourself is to strive for the best things you can see and imagine. Be worthy of your best dreams. Don't rest wearily in facts. Attend to present needs and duties and keep your soul ready to soar toward the best, the finest, the noblest visions you can glimpse. Never mind disappointments and failures. There is glory in striving, though the branches beneath you fall. Flutter to a lower branch long enough to rest—and then fly again toward the sky. You will rise above defeat to the best you have in it to be.

MONSTER CASH RAISING SALE!

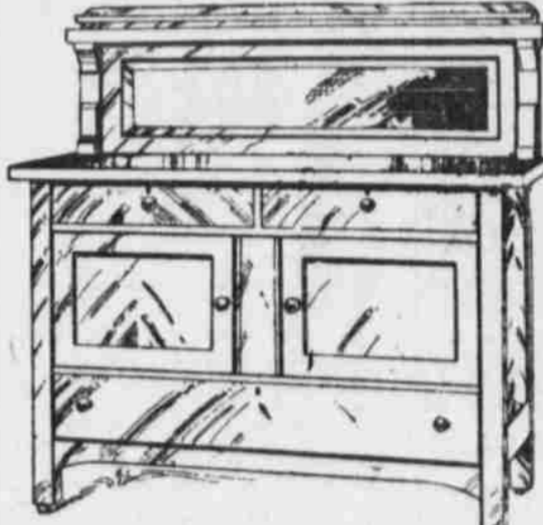
the Greatest and Most Sensational Cut Price Sale Ever Attempted by Any Furniture House in Omaha

The people of Omaha have learned in the past that when the Rubel Store promises you a sensation You Get It. Now, we promise you the greatest and most amazing sacrifice sale of dependable home furnishings that has ever been held in the City of Omaha—and That's What It Will Be.

Half Price and Less Now

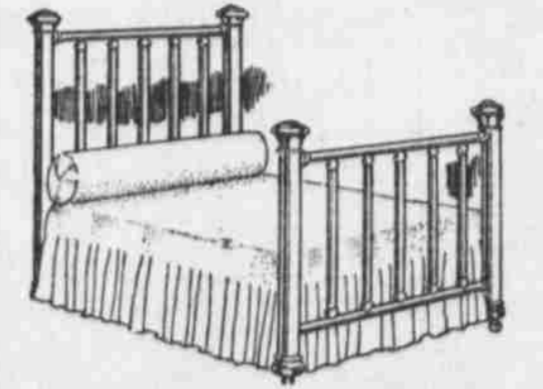
We are determined to dispose of every sample piece of furniture and all odds and ends in this store, no matter how great the loss to us. These small lots are "doomed" and will be thrown out at the most ridiculously low prices—prices that will insure the immediate removal of these goods.

Buy now; to wait until Fall is to pay from 20% to 50% more for your goods. Buy now and save the difference.

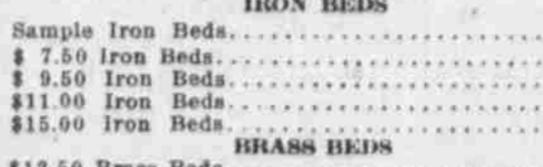


Cash Does Double Duty During This Sale.

\$39.50 BUFFET, Now \$19.75



\$28.00 BRASS BED, for \$14.95

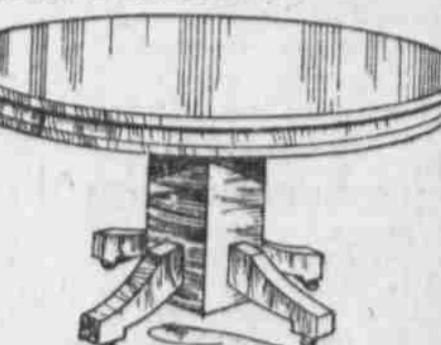


Sample Iron Beds, \$8.50

DRESSERS	
\$ 16.50 \$ 7.99
\$ 18.50 \$ 9.50
\$ 27.50 \$13.80
\$ 29.00 \$14.50
\$ 35.00 \$18.00
\$ 40.00 \$21.00
\$ 50.00 \$25.00
\$ 55.00 \$27.50
\$ 70.00 \$35.00
\$ 90.00 \$45.00
\$125.00 \$62.50
\$145.00 \$72.50
DINING CHAIRS	
\$ 3.00 \$1.50
\$ 4.25 \$2.10
\$ 5.00 \$2.50
\$ 6.50 \$3.25
\$ 8.50 \$4.25
\$ 9.00 \$4.50
\$12.00 \$6.00
\$12.00 \$6.00
BUFFETS	
\$17.50 \$ 8.75
\$19.50 \$ 9.75
\$24.00 \$12.00
\$30.00 \$15.00
\$37.50 \$18.75
\$47.50 \$23.75
\$60.00 \$30.00
\$75.00 \$37.50
\$90.00 \$45.00
\$85.75 \$42.87
ROCKERS	
\$ 9.50 \$ 4.75
\$16.00 \$ 7.99
\$19.50 \$ 9.75
\$24.00 \$12.00
\$34.00 \$17.00
\$40.00 \$20.00
\$48.00 \$24.00
\$70.00 \$35.00
CROCKERS	
\$ 8.75 \$ 4.37
\$12.50 \$ 6.25
\$15.00 \$ 7.50
\$25.00 \$12.50
\$35.00 \$17.50
\$45.00 \$22.50
\$55.00 \$27.50
\$70.00 \$35.00



\$28.00 DRESSER for \$14.00



\$10.75 TABLE for \$8.75

EXTENSION TABLES		
\$16.00	Extension Tables \$ 8.75
\$18.00	Extension Tables \$ 9.75
\$22.00	Extension Tables \$11.50
\$27.50	Extension Tables \$14.75
\$29.75	Extension Tables \$17.00
\$30.00	Extension Tables \$18.75

\$37.50	Extension Tables \$20.00
\$46.00	Extension Tables \$24.75
\$55.00	Extension Tables \$30.00
\$65.00	Extension Tables \$36.00
\$75.00	Extension Tables \$42.00
\$85.75	Extension Tables \$49.45

RUBEL'S

1513-1515 HOWARD STREET

Be the Goddess

By Gouverneur Morris and Charles W. Goddard

THE new French coats cover the entire frock, are tight fitting, with a curve at the waist line and long, circular, flaring basque. The hat of white French crepe is outlined with very narrow fringe.

THE sentry who guarded the front of the house heard a sound of shades being drawn, and found that the room to the left of the front door, had, as it were, closed its eyes. For a moment the sentry smiled cynically. Then, remembering the one glimpse he had of Celestia, and her wonderful look of candor and innocence, the smile faded from his face, and its place was taken by an expression of anxiety. Just at that moment the door knob was turned violently this way and that, and as suddenly was still again.

THE sentry heard a voice—a woman's voice—a half choked voice, full of fear and horror that half moaned and half said: "D-o-n't! D-o-n't!" Then there was a sound of a heavy body being dragged away from the door. The sentry didn't hesitate a moment. He unlocked the door, flung it open and leaped into the hallway. He was in time to see Celestia's heels bump over the threshold of the parlor door as Tommy, half laughing and half ashamed dragged her in from the hall.

lined with Kehr's men, and the attention of these was engaged with matters outside the stockade and beyond.

"By George!" exclaimed Tommy. "They must be expecting an attack." They ran across the open space to the main gate of the stockade, and were halted by a sentry. Fortunately the pass word of the night before had not been changed. Celestia gave it, and asked the man to open the gate. He had orders to let no one leave the stockade.

He found himself looking into a pair of profound eyes, that somehow or other seemed to muddle his brain. "You must open it for me!" He hesitated, then turned slowly, and began to fumble with the somewhat complicated fastenings of the gate. A few moments later Tommy and Celestia were in the open.

About 200 yards distant was the grove surrounded by a stone wall which Kehr had not razed with the rest of the timber. It was swarming with men.

Celestia turned the color of ashes. And without a word she darted towards the grove as fast as she could run, followed by Tommy. As they ran Tommy took out his handkerchief and waved it above his head as a flag of truce. Cries to stop reached them from the top of the stockade, but they ran on. "Shall I bring them down, sir?" "No," said Kehr. "Damn them!" His face was convulsed with rage and disappointment. He saw Celestia spring to the top of the stone wall and begin to speak to the men who swarmed in the grove. And his fury knew no bounds.

But mingled with it was a cold streak of caution. He had to make but a certain signal with his arm, and the men in that grove, and Celestia and Tommy and the stone wall and the grove itself would fly heavenward in one awful discharge of dynamite, but that signal he dared not give.

Tommy and Celestia were safe in the shadow of Gordon Barclay's protecting wings. "Listen to me," Celestia was crying. "And believe me. You've got to believe me. You think you are sheltered here. The whole grove is mined. One spark of electricity and you will all be blown to pieces."

The men hesitated, and looked at her in wonder. Tommy came to her aid. "Do you think Kehr would leave this cover for your benefit? It's a trap. If you've got any sense at all, you'll get out before you are blown out."

Kehr, watching from the stockade, saw his victims beginning to escape. They left the grove in twos and threes, suddenly but not slowly. Celestia still standing on the top of the wall had turned and faced the stockade, her hands on her hips.

So standing the sun shone full upon her and she glistened with a brightness and glory that seemed hardly to belong to this earth. Even Kehr was moved. True courage always moved him. And in his flinty heart was a certain sense of relief. It would have been horrible to blow so many men to pieces—dogs and fools though he honestly thought them.

Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax

"Proper," but Belittling. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 23, and in love with a daughter of a wealthy man. She wants to marry and support me, as I have been out of work for the last two years. I would like to know if it would be proper for me to do so.

No man worth the name would dream of letting his wife support him. It would be impossible for a woman to respect her husband under these circumstances, and without respect love cannot live. If you cannot find yourself congenial work would it not be possible for the father of the girl you love to give you some employment?

Congeniality Counts. Dear Miss Fairfax: A few years ago a friend of mine met a young man for whom she cared very much. She is a high school graduate, now in business life, and he has had little education, but is intelligent, polite and congenial. They have corresponded one year, for mother urges her not to marry this man. She holds that so long as he is polite and intelligent his lack of education does not matter. (He has had no opportunity to obtain it.) The young man in question earns a good salary.

Education is not mere book knowledge. Life and experience give splendid training. If this man is ambitious, he is likely to outstrip his wife in learning through the education of his business life. If he is not a poor or uncultured, your friend has no need to hesitate to marry him.

Cruel to Give It Up. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a bookkeeper and I am making a good salary. Last month I adopted a baby boy, who is now 6 weeks old. I have grown very fond of this child. The gentleman to whom I am engaged is very much against my keeping this baby. And parting with either would break my heart. My parents are in favor of me keeping the baby. Still they are very fond of my friend. I am 23 and my future husband is 27. This baby's mother—a dear friend of mine—died at its birth. The father went down with the Lusitania. The adoption papers were signed before he sailed.

TROUBLED. It would be cruel for you to give up this baby, and yet your fiance probably fears unpleasant comment. Could you not arrange for your parents to take care of the child until such time as he is reconciled to let you do your duty by it? Don't give up your lover without every effort to adjust matters. I am sure a little tact will enable you to keep both.