The Bees-Home Magazine Page

MEN, NOT WOMEN. ARE CURIOUS

By DOROTHY DIX.

"One of the things that always convince me of the superiority of the mighty masculine intellect to the poor, feeble feminine mind," said the woman in gray

as she dropped another lump of sugar into her tea. "Is the calm way with which men lay their little weaknesses on usand get away with it.

'Now, there's curomity for instance. Ever since that apple incident in the Garden of Eden, the emining sex has been called the curlous sex, and men have derided and guyed us for peeking and prying into other people's affairs, and nosing around into things

that were none of our business. 'And we've accepted it all as gospel

truth, and let men convince us that we had more curiosity than they had,

whereas the truth is that women have

no curiosity at all compared to men. Take, for example, such a common everyday occurrence as the holsting of a safe by means of pulleys and ropes up to a third or fourth story window. In every city in the world that's done every day. There's nothing new or startling about it. Probably there isn't a city man living who hasn't seen it done dozens of times, yet every time the act is performed such a big crowd will gather around it that it will stop traifle in the

"And among this throng of idly curious people there will not be one curious woman. Every one of them will be men. "Or, taken another illustration of man's curlosity that never falls to fill asked Mr. Hennessy. me with wonder and surprise when I bemobile tire. That is about as common a sight as you can well imagine, but just get a puncture in your automobile tire, ten minutes you will be surrounded by a curious crowd of men watching you

street will stop and stand looking on at your efforts, but not a single woman has

"And look at the crowds, thousands of them, that stand banked up before the bulletin boards that give the base ball women that no event, no matter how of sufficient importance to make them hear about it, yet men do that every

telling all of the gossip we have heard dalous detail.

"Also, a man is always consumed with curiosity to know everything that has thry as th' enemy of man.' happened at home during his absence.

to her, and she said to them, and what that his landlady leaves his food outside laughin' at this pleasanthry that Gaston she. 'Me dhress nin't tore. That's the th' plumage iv th' bur-rds. Th' ladies best iv th' argument. We're all th' slaves she paid for each article that she has bought. This is not because he is jealous, or suspicious, or begrudges her the money she spent. It's because of his inordinate curiosity that clamors to be

"Yet that man couldn't say enough in criticising his wife if she betrayed any curiosity about his affairs, and called for a detailed account of how he had spent his day, and what he had done and said, and whom he had met.

"And a final proof that men are more curious than women is found in the fact that men have been the great discoverers. It was the curiosity to know what laid beyond the horizon that sent Columbus out to discover America, and Petary to find the North Pole and Stanley into the heart of Darkest Africa, Most women have so little curiosity that they stay put and are content never to wander outside of their own little circle.

"Women are satisfied to know that certain things do certain things without knowing why, but that eternal way piques a man's curiosity until he finds out. But he doesn't call it curiosity. He calls it original research.

"Now, I'm an admirer of curiosity. It's sign of intelligence, and of a mind that is alive and alert. It's also an indication of humanity. It's only fools and people who are case hardenly selfish who have no interest in the things and people about them. Curiosity is a virtue and not a vice, and men are our superiors n possessing it. Men constitute the curious sex. Just watch them and see.

LADIES' HAIRDRESSING IN LONDON AND PARIS

A returned traveler says, "When I was in Europe this year I found both cities so thickly dotted with hairdressing parlors and hair goods stores that I wondered if the women ever had time for anything but care of the hair. Personally ! was interested in finding a really good shampon and was happily surprised when several inquiries each brought the suggestion that our own American made canthrox shampoo is best. I tried it and have decided that it is not advisable to use a makeshift but always use a preparation made for shampooing only. You can enjoy the best that is known for about three cents a shampoo by getting a package of canthrox from your druggist; dissolve a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water and your shampoo is ready. After its use the hair dries rapidly with uniform color. Dandruff, excess oil and dirt are dissolved and entirely disappear. Your hair will be so fluffy that it will look much heavier than it is. Its luster and softness will also delight you, while the stimulated scalp gains the health which insures hair growth "-Advertisement.

"Mr. Dooley" on the Mystery of Woman's Dress

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"Th' greatest practical joker in th' wurruld is th' fellow that in vints th' new styles that dhrapes th' charms iv th' ladies," said Mr. Dooley.

th' greatest praceal joker in th warruld they go an' seek him out. crool wag that he is."

"Ye don't mane to say it's a man?"

th' largest individjeet mannyfacthrer iv artist, drawin' up to his full hite iv five heips her to her feet an' she goes on an' shart waists in th' wurruld an' sold out feet four, 'asks no pay f'r satisfyin' th' thrips an' falls again. In an hour th' to th' thrust an' is spindin' his fortune nobiest iv passions, revinge,' he says. enough curiosity to even turn her head have th' patience an' injinocity. At th' matereyals an' lock th' dure. Day after

dhreadful conthraption hesilf. scores. They are made up of men, all fashions got started, so that wan day th' other, but he discards this because it men. Women can restrain their curiosity fair wans ar-re all wearin' hoopskirts an' wud be aisy ir ladies with only one leg. enough to wait and read about who won th' nex' day they're all, tall an' short. Thin he invints up a style where th' in the newspapers that come out every plump an' thin, young an'-an-not so bodice is lined with sandpaper an' th' hour, but not men. It's significant of young, wearin' bustles I've med up me petticoat is designed afther th' bar'l that how much more curious men are than mind it happens this way: Th' pardners Hogan's frind, th' Roman gin'ral Reguin a Fr-rinch dhressmakin' firm is gettin' jum, rowled down th' hill in. But this interested women are in it, has ever been together in th' spring, wan iv thim won't do, because it wud make martyrs threadin' a needle an' th' other stoppin' iv th' wearers, which they wudden't mind.

"Of course, men are always deriding something beautiful an ridickulous f'r th' through th' buildin'. With a few swift women for their curiosity about their ladies to wear this year, be says. 'Have athrokes iv th' pencil he dhraws th' neighbors' affairs, but every married ye consulted Alphonse?" says Meyer, 'He's plans an' specifications i'r th' new fashvoman will bear me out when I say no good, says Levi. 'He wint an' got ion an' carries it downstairs. that our husbands never stop us from married afther he invinted th' puffed iver see anything so funny in all ye'er an' caught up with her. 'Elleen, dear,' until we have imparted the last scan- thim into his wife's coat. He is suffrin' hearty a laugh since we brought out th' skirt is tore. I'll walk with ye, slanns, youth cud get near enough to a lady to fr'm melancholya an' remorse fr his hoops, says Levi. But will they take till ye can get home an' find a needle whisper his love without alarmin' th' past life, an' thinks he'll go down to his- it? says Meyer. 'Won't they regard it an' thread to sew it up with. Don't ery, whole neighborhood. I can hear a la-ad

been; who has been to see her; whom girl brought his hat into th' parfor last ye'll know that th' ladies niver ra'aly know Hinnissy, she give a hearty laugh an seal th' promise with a kiss."

"Well, anyhow," gaid Mr. Dooley, "I speak about it she has talked with, and what they said week an' he's so sore at th' whole sect laugh at anny dhress th' way we've been an' says she. Don't be foolish, says "Hogan says fashions in drhess is like don't see that us men has get much th' must be cheap."

(Great Britain Rights Reserved.) | th' dure an' runs Cr her life, he says, has laid before us. he says. 'No. sir., way it was made. It's th' latest style, | deck thimselves out in gay colors an' "D'ye know," said Mr. Dooley, "I s'pose That's our man, says th' pardner, an' if they ladge at all it's what th' post an' I've got th' first wan west to Hal- change th's styles fr'm time to time to

for th' ladies, God bless thim. Oh, th' Mary Queen iv Scots in his lap. His "A week later Gaston Lapash is settin" pale an' dull. They explain th' plot to iv many voices in th' athreet, exclamahim an' his face lights up with a sudden tions to surprise an' horror, loud laugh-"It is that," said Mr. Dooley, "Dhress- fire. "Gintlemen," he says, 'ye have ter an' th' noise iy runaway horses. He hold it. It is the familiar operation of a makin', ye shud know, is an hon'rable an' brought into me life th' first gleam iv puts his head out iv th' window, an' he man putting a fresh tube in an auto- manly purseot in Paris, th' same as steel- sunshine that has enthered it since Susie sees a short, stout lady with a flushed makin' in Pittsburgh. Ye'll read in th' nudged me out into th' night,' he says, but proud an' happy face comin' down pa-apers over there how some Fr'inch 'Lead on,' he says, 'Til follow ye,' he th' athreet with th' stride is a Chinyman. Andhrew Carnaygle started life humbly says. 'An what will ye'er terms be?' She walks a block in a quarther is an and start to repair it, and in less than sewin' button holes an' rose till he was says Meyer. 'Gaston Lapash,' says th' hour, thin thrips an' fails. A polisman

> thryin' to provoke peace. Iv coorse it's "So they stick him in a room over th' a man. A woman cuddent do it. She store an' give him paper an' pencils an' might be crool enough, but she wuddent a bottle ly absenthe an' other artists' last minyit she'd be stopped be th' day he gloats over a thousan' schemes iv thought that she might have to wear th' flendish crooky. He draws a design where th' inmate iv th' garment carries "Still, I've often wondhred how th' wan leg in a sling an' has to hop on th'

stand for hours in a crowd waiting to th' ashes iv his pipe with a good thimble, without humilyatin' thim enough. Thin 'Meyer,' says wan iv th' Fr-rinchmin, suddenly a gr-reat thought sthrikes him 'it's time we wint to wurruk an' got up an' his roars iv savage mirth resounds

calls a sardone laugh. They may scorn sted athreet, she says. Till tell ye'er lure th' innocent male to his face. is th' fellow over in Paris that invints "They find him in his garret settin" a dhress or invy it, but it's niver a mother, says L. Mother's havin' one don't believe it. th' new styles that dhrapes th' charms alone with a picture iv th' ixicution iv scorce iv merriment to thim,' he says.

sthreet is filled with ladies, thrippin' an' fallin'. Befure th' day is out th' city looks as though 'twas given over to a universal female sack race. An' Gaston Lapash pushes his haggard face far out over th' window sill an', raisin' his elenched fists to hiven, cries: 'R-re inge at last.' Th' hobble skirt has become th' fashion.

"It lasts about a year, an' thin Gaston called in again. His appytite f'r revenge is still onsatisfied. enough, says he, 'to make these perfidyous wans laughable. I must make thim scandalous as well, he says. So th' malignant divvie invints th' slit skirt, ro that though last year we feared th' ladies had no legs at all, this year we know they have wan at laste. We're

sure ly that. 'Not long ago I was lookin' out ly th' window whin I see Elleen Hogan goin' by with a rip in her skirt rachin'-well, frind an' I'll have no scandal happen to

made f'r herstif,' says she.

Why shud I pay me good less noticeable thin a hen? money to see at a distance what I can see close at hand f'r nawthin'?

look good to me. An' be th' same token, tenant. I'd first endure th' style, thin many a man have I seen that thought pity, thin subrace if I got th' chanse, as he's make a capture an' didn't realize

Did ye ever see anny pictures iv th' ladies in olden days? They'd make ye laugh. Whin Queen Elizabeth, th' of plate on their waists. Their skirts, I like a pile iv th' coal, or a chimbly, or slay pipe in ye're mouth. An' wo'd bow to an made iv corrugated ir'n, an' they wore a ruching a fut high around their

"It was before th' days iv' th' wireless sleeves an' he wore himself out stuffin' life?' says Meyer. 'I haven't had as says I, 'ye heven't noticed it, but ye'er tillygraie an' I don't know how anny as a joke an' laugh at it? says he me child, it is only an accident, an' no that's tus' been accided sayin': 'Now, "There's an artist over on th' Roo 'Meyer,' says th' pardner, 'whin ye've wan with a pure mind will think enny th' Mary Ann, if ye'll remove th' ruching "He wants to know where his wife has Gooch that might do,' says Meyer. 'His been at this business as long as I have worse iv ye fr it,' says I. Well, d'ye I'll hang be me feet fr'm th' chandyleer said Mr. Hennessy.

"Hogan knows aven less about bur-rds "An "she wint her way an' Tim Mul- thin he does about women, an' bein'

hair an' beard ar-re matted an' his eye in his garret, whin he hears a murmur Cahy, th' chaffer iv throlley car hum- marrid man that's nawthin' at all, an' have th' fun it sarvin' a new boss lyry ber wan hundhred an' eight, who was I'm an omery theologist, ye might say, year. Ye might like to go out on Sunpassin' at th' time, let go ly his brake to havin' kept chickens in me back yard dahs with a towel in ye'er head an shield his eyes an' run into an ice wagon f'r many years. I say he's wrong. Look slippers on ye'er feet an' lave ye're an' was fined a day's pay. As f'r me, at th' hen, is there annything more collar on th' mantelplece, But ye den't I've lost all inthrest in th' American modest in her attire, more unassumin', dare to. Ye macheeche ar-round th is fr'm her conversation an' manners. It congress gaiters, ye clap on ge'er head

"Yes, sir, I've seem thim go an' come An' thin look at th' lordly rooster, a selevepipe hat, and so, dhressed as if through all these years. I niver see a splendid crather, diressed up like th' new style that I didn't think was ugly impror to Germany an' corwin' almost as on a warruld brigatened be beautiful an' foolish an' uncomfortable lookin' or much an' as carly. No. sir. Hogan's ladies in gay collors on their way to amy style that th' darlint in it didn't theory won't hold wather. But, says he, church, 'in th' lower ordhers iv animals it's th' within a month afther th' ugliest lookin' male that pursues. But with us it's th' harness appeared it began to be at- female,' says this here four-flush asthractive-because me mind was on th' thronomer. I won't be denyin' that; f'; I have well-shaped less, at laste wan that she'd on'y stopped runnin' away "Fashions has always been guare things. fr'm him whin his leg was in a thrap.

"Hogan goes on to say that th' ruison men dhress th' way they do is to escape fr'm bein' caught. Whin pursooed they gad-about, was on the rile throne iv thry to disguise thimslives so's to look had gold-headed cane an meet ye, sim-England, the ladies used to wear armor like a part iv th' surroundin' landscape. Burly attired, an' maybe with a short

necks. Yet young fellows used to coort at thim of pictures yet see that it come over the law in those days lighted thimslives an' we'll have a dish iv Schligt to at thim of pictures ye'll see that th' come over wid me to the coffee-house thun, th' same as they do now, an' Mary, fellows in those days lighted thimslives an' we'll have a tish iv Schlitt to-the Queen lv' th' Scotch, who was a up as much as th' ladies. They wore gether. Th' gr-reat object iv clothes beautiful lady but socyable, had I don't powdher an' false hair, ruching on their ought to be to make old people look I won't go into dectails, but I'm Hogan's know how many husbands around her as neckes an doubloons, as they were called, young An so they retain th' respict iv well as a lot iv young fellows that she an' long silk stockin's on their legs, th' warruid an' ar-re not sint to th' Ivry time I see a picture iv Sir Walter pound as soon as they wud be otherwise. Raleigh it's hard f'r me to realize that anny man that'd turn out in that riggin' like all there frills an' furbylows. Me was a boold pirate. He went to an upholsterer f'r his clothes.

"But while we're talkin' about fashions in clothes"-"I wasn't sayin' anything about thim,"

THE INFLUENCE OF MUSIC

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARRIN. Q.—Is it a fact that a wineglass can be roken or shattered to pieces by a musi-

A -1 had a buge glass bowl one foot a Glameter resting on its glass stand. The flint glass was from one-quarter to threequarters of an inch thick. I resined a violin bow, drew it across the edge, and the entire hemisphere of solid glass disintegrated into bundreds of small pieces. The sound of breaking into fragments was entirely unknown to me-a crackling or grinding, and the bits of glass flew

I had used this came bowl before classes for several years, with violin bows. But on this particular day the students as well as lwere surprised at the breaking

The fact to I happened to vibrate the lowl with its key-note; that is, set harmonic rate, which means the precise rate with which it was able to vibrate to send forth that note, for notes are rates of ribeatton, and they all obey rigid and tenutiful harmonic mathematical laws and these arree with other set and fixed

O.— To our class in physical geography this question was put. If dynamits were exploded in an un nhabited desert would there be any sound?

A -No: sound is an effect; it is an appropriation in the aural organs of the rain, only, of the energy stored in waves. This appropriation of energy is sensed as sound by the personality. This process is totally unknown, and must remain unknown until it is discovered what a per-

ly fashion, d'ye mind, en'y us fellows ar-re th' slaves iv wan fashion while a th' ladies ar-re th' slaves iv manny, an' room twistin' ye'ern cok into a starched "The on'y way ye can tell she's a lady collar, ye do a tug-ly-war with a pair

"I'r mesif, Hinnissy, I wudden't mind goin' back to th' ol' time dhrees. think I'd look pretty good in knee pants. ly thim is, though th' other is slightly warped. Yet, sir, I'd like to see mestif in knee-pants an' silk ateckin's, buckled shoes, a vest like a pattern fr wallpaper, a talled coat with gold buttons, a ruffled shirt, a powdhered wis an' a cocked hat.

"I'd come strollin' down th' athrest wit each other an' I'd offer ye a minch iv "I don't believe it, because if ye look snuff an' I'd say: 'Hinnissy, me buck, "Well," said Mr. Hennessy, "I don't idee is that a woman looks best in a

simple dhress iv calicoer-or dimity." "I've often heerd 'v dimity." said Mr. Dooley, "But I never knew what it was, It sounds very little f'r a .whole chress. All I know about it is that, hearin' ye "Well, anyhow," gaid Mr. Dooley, "I speak about it as somethin' suitable, it

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