

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Dream Lady

By CONSTANCE CLARKE.

She comes alone, out of a tired pale sky
Lift here and there with stars, and passing by
Stirs into quivering ecstasy the night
Where those who wait may watch her out of sight.
Heaped in her arm she holds her precious store
Of dreams—dreams for the sorrowful, the sore,
A respite from night's agony of hours
Breathed in with scents of slumberous poppy flowers.
Then, who will buy? Her price is not too much—
Perchance the memory of a tender touch
Will buy one, though at dawn, awake you start,
Tear-wet, pain-wracked with wildly beating heart.
To drag out an interminable day,
And yet the dream is worth it, who will pay?

Lack of Love in Churches

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

A self-supporting woman writes a very interesting letter, and speaks of the things which have helped her along the path in life. She refers also to the failure of church members to live wholly up to the scriptural injunction to "love thy neighbor as thyself," and says:

"I myself attended a certain church in New York two seasons, as it was more convenient to the place where I was living at that time than the church of which I was a member, and the only person who ever spoke to me during all that time was one of the ministers in charge during the latter part of the time I attended."



Of course I cannot prove that there is a God or a hereafter, but I do most certainly know that in a very practical way prayer has helped me. Tell the girls that if they ever get where they are helpless and can do nothing there is one thing still they can do—pray. Tell them to try, and see if they are not helped."

This request is an easy one with which to comply, for the writer of this article has a profound faith in the efficacy of prayer, based on personal experience.

Not the prayer which takes the form of directions to the Great Creator how to run His universe, and what special boons and favors to bestow upon individuals, but the prayer which asks for MORE LIGHT to see the right path; MORE FAITH to make possible the bridging of yawning chasms, and MORE STRENGTH to employ in self-development.

"The earnest cry of 'show me the way' in troubled times, and a sense of utterly abandoning the moral mind to the invisible. Helpers and leaving it to them to indicate the path, will as surely lead the one who so cries out into safety as the needle will show the mariner the north star."

There are guardians in the invisible realms who are given the privilege of watching over earth beings. It is not their work to direct or manage our lives, because that would prevent our own development of judgment, self-control, analysis of motives, and all the other character-building qualities which we are expected to use here on earth; but our guardians stand ever ready to come when we call, and give us new strength and more light, and to help us realize our highest ideals.

But we must work as well as pray to attain these ideals or anything which seems desirable to us.

Prayer doubles the efficiency of work, and prayer opens doors to new and wonderful experiences undreamed of by the unpraying toiler. Prayer refines the perceptions and gives us insight and helps us discover ways and means to the attainment of our desires which mere plodding, persistent labor would never discover.

A prayer without a deed is an arrow without a bowstring.

A deed without a prayer is a bowstring without an arrow.

The heart of a man should be like a quiver full of arrows.

And the hand of a man should be like a strong bow strung for action.

And the hand and the mind of a man should keep at a work unending.

Vanity at the Cost of Suffering and Death

The Slaughter of the Birds a Double Crime, Because the Favored Time for Its Commission is Just When the Brilliant Plumaged Birds are Caring for Their Nestlings.



By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

In the fight for a law in England that will prohibit the importation of plumage for millinery and other purposes, facts have been brought to light which ought to be known to every woman, not merely in England, but all over the civilized world.

Among all civilized nations efforts are being made to protect birds against men and women. The men against whom this protection is extended want to kill the birds for the pleasure of taking their lives, which is called sport; the women are willing to have them killed for the pleasure of wearing their feathers, which is, but is not called, vanity.

These efforts, especially when directed against the slaughter of birds for their plumage, have encountered no little opposition. In October last, when the United States put into execution the law forbidding the importation of milliners' plumes there was a great outcry in France and Germany, where there are tens of thousands of persons whose livelihood depends upon the feather trade.

In France this opposition is so strong that the government last year refused to join the English government in virtually suppressing this business. Bird slaughter for the sake of adorning women's hats was officially recognized as an established industry, too important to be abolished or crippled.

Among other facts the great outstanding one is that the feathers of wild birds are the most valuable to the plumage trade during the breeding season, which is the time when they assume their most vivid colors, and their most exquisite harmonies of form and tint.

Then, just then, when the new-born

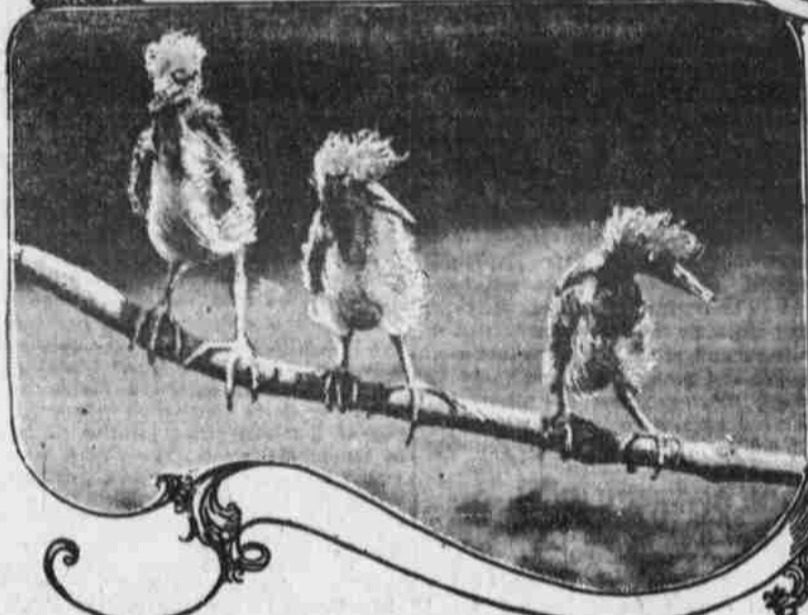
Civilization vs. Barbarism

In the picture to the right is a photograph of a hat worn by a woman boasting the enlightenment of the twentieth century.

The egrettes thereon were torn from the mother bird, killed while caring for her little ones. These small birds were then ruthlessly left to die of starvation.

In the picture to the left is a photograph of a Papuan chieftain, who, though living in the twentieth century, retains the savage instincts of the caveman.

His headdress is composed of the feathers of the brilliantly plumed birds of paradise, killed to satisfy his love of display.



Little egrets dying of starvation after the death of their mother, killed for her plumage.

young are helpless in the nests, the agents of the plumage dealers are busy slaughtering the parent birds. The young are left crying and starving by thousands as the accompanying photograph of a nestful of orphaned bird babies agonizingly attests.

Look at the picture of a fashionable woman's hat adorned with the splendor of plumage, and then at the photograph showing the cost in suffering and death to innocent creatures that the making of that hat has demanded, and you can hardly refuse to admit that in

the matter of wanton cruelty to the weak and unresisting we yet stand on the same level with Montezuma's barbarous people.

Feathered dress on human backs or heads, is, at best, barbaric. The taste for it is a survival of savage instinct. When human intelligence was still in its infancy there was perhaps some excuse for the savage to adorn himself with the brilliant plumes that nature gave to birds, and withhold from him, having given him something better—when he was unable to appreciate.

When we see some wild Indian proudly strutting about with an eagle's plume stuck in his hair we smile at his childish vanity, which makes him ridiculous to civilized eyes. And yet, we indulge in the same petty vanity when we cover hats with feathers torn from wild fowl. How pitiful is the instinct which makes us say to the tropical bird, flashing and gleaming through the checker of sunshine and shadow: "Here! give me that beautiful dress. I want to wear it myself!" Can low-born envy sink to a meaner level?

Do you know all that they do—these plumage hunters—in their slaughtering marches through the wilderness? Do you know that they cut wings from living birds and then cast their maimed victims aside to die in torment? Do you know that they slowly starve albatrosses to death, in order to remove the fat from their skins and thus enhance the value of the plumage?

Do you know that Arthur Mattinly, of the Melbourne customs service, saw as an egret rookery on the Murray river in 1867 the water surface strewn with the white bodies of birds that had been shot on their nests, and then stripped of their plumes, while the nests were filled with dead or fast starving young birds, whose parents had all been slaughtered?

Such facts should be decisive!

Costume

"I've bought a silk hat and a frock coat," said the man who has decided to run for office, "but somehow I don't look like a regular statesman."

"Let me look at you," exclaimed his wife, "I thought so! Men don't know how to dress themselves. Rub that hat the wrong way and put on a laydown collar and a black bow tie."—Washington Star.



Madame Isbell's Beauty Lesson

The Hair and Scalp—Part VI.

From preceding lessons you have learned the reason and value of scalp massage. It invigorates and improves the circulation of the capillaries that feed the hair roots, loosens the scalp and promotes and makes normal the activity of the oil ducts. To get the best results from scalp massage study the following three exercises and do them at least five minutes every night, and for a longer period after a shampoo.

Begin the movements with the hair line over the forehead. Place the four fingers of the hands lightly on the scalp with backs parallel and thumbs three inches further back. Hold the thumbs firmly to the head and rotate the eight fingers in little circles, not permitting them to move on the scalp, but to move the scalp over the bony structure beneath. Move the fingers and thumbs a little further along and repeat the movement until the entire scalp has been treated.

Follow this by moistening the fingers with vasoline, hair tonic or whatever preparation you are using on the hair and repeating the same movement without using the thumbs. Be careful in doing these movements that your fingers are on the scalp, not on the hair.

The third movement is to loosen the scalp from the skull. Place the fingers of both hands firmly on the scalp about an inch apart; hold the scalp firmly with these fingers and the ball of the hand; now move the scalp by bringing the fingers and ball an inch closer together and then repeat the same movement with vigor several times. Move the hands along and repeat the operation until the entire scalp has been treated.

Grace and Mabel asked me to peroxide of hydrogen will bleach the neck. Peroxide will bleach and it is healing if there are any eruptions, but it is drying in its action and in time will make the skin wrinkled and yellow. You can safely use it on the neck twice a week if you anoint the skin liberally at night with a good cold cream or massage cream to offset the drying effect.

The Mysterious Thyroid

The thyroid gland, situated about the lower part of the throat, is still a medical mystery.

Practically nothing is known as to its uses, and very little about the causes of disease in it. Goitre is a non-malignant enlargement of the thyroid gland. The swelling may be no more than a mere thickening, or it may grow into a mass weighing several pounds. It is common in mountainous districts and where there is magnesium limestone in the soil and drinking water.

In some mysterious way removal of the thyroid gland affects the mental powers, and the unfortunate person who has his thyroid removed is in great danger of losing his wits, more particularly his memory.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Your Own Choice. Dear Miss Fairfax: There is a young man living near here, who has been keeping steady company with a young girl. She recently went away on a visit and he immediately wanted a date with me, which I refused because I thought as soon as the other girl returned he would go back to her. Was I right or would it be all right to accept his attentions while she is absent? DOUBTFUL.

No harm can result from association with the young man, so long as neither of you are disloyal to the absent. If they are not engaged, you have as much right to his attentions as she has. It is a question of loyalty, though, and perhaps you will feel better in the end if you remain loyal to your absent friend.

Do Not Elope

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 20 years old and in love with a young man 22 years old. We are engaged, but it has not been announced. My folks don't like him and I can't see why, as he has no bad habits. He is not perfect, as he has a quick temper. They would like to date with me that I don't know what to do. Would you advise me to elope. I want give him up. Please answer at once. WORRIED.

Before deciding to elope or to get married without your parents' consent, try to find out the reason for their dislike to your fiance, and see if the trouble can not be adjusted. It is not well to start in married life with a quarrel with the home folks hanging over you. When it has been determined that your parents have no occasion for their dislike of the young man, or that the reason can not be removed, then will be time to talk of getting married without their consent. And if you expect to live long and be happy after you are wedded, he had better begin now to curb his hasty temper. That fault more than any other leads folks to the divorce courts; it is something love can not cure.

No Harm in It

Dear Miss Fairfax: Do you think it wrong for a quite young couple to go walking and riding if we get in at a very reasonable time? I see no harm in it when we act real nice when out together. And if it proper for the girl to thank the young man after he has taken her in and treated her to ice-cream etc., or taken her to an entertainment? D. E. C.

No harm is likely to result from the innocent association of young folks of opposite sex. It is most natural for them to want to be together. It is quite proper to thank a young man for any favor conferred, and it would be quite incongruous not to acknowledge a treat of any sort.



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