

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## No Place Like Home

By DOROTHY DIX.

"There is no place like home," said the sentimental optimist.

"And, thank heaven, there isn't," exclaimed the bilious pessimist. "What a home? The last place you go to at night, when you are turned out everywhere else. A place that is full of work and worry and dyspepsia. A place where even the mirrors always give you back an unflattering reflection of yourself and makes you look ten percent more like the original human shrimp than you do anywhere else. A place where you get brutal truths and less for your investment than you do anywhere on earth. Why, man alive, if we could get the home bug out of our system it would be money in our pockets, peace in our souls and digestion in our stomachs."



"Talk about the comforts of a home! Did you ever have to get up of a cold, biting winter morning and make the fire in a stove that sulked and smoked and chewed and drank and did everything but burn, while the nipping air played coldly around your nude shins and the frigid iron stuck to your hand every time you touched it?"

"Did you ever on a hot summer's day have to shove a lawn mower up and down, up and down, around the doorstep that poets rave about? Did you ever sit down in your own house to take your ease, with pipe and paper and slippers that you weren't routed out and put to fixing the plumbing or mending a window screen or putting up a shelf or hanging a picture?"

"Talk about the comforts of a home. Why, it's a life sentence of hard labor. It's a tread mill, it's a first aid to nervous prostration; that's what a home is. "And the delights of home-cooking. Say, that hoary superstition about mother's bread and mother's pie has made everybody a millionaire, who has ever devised a purple pill for chronic indigestion, and has filled the cemeteries with heroic souls whose spirits were willing, but whose stomachs were weak."

"Why, mother couldn't get a job to cook in a third-class beanery. Underdone bread and underdone meat, watery vegetables, soggy pie, dish water that masquerades as coffee, the same old dreary round of the same old dreary foods, cooked in the same old dreary manner, is what home cooking represents to 90 per cent of the people who keep house."

"No wonder we are a nation of dyspeptics. It's home cooking that does it. No wonder that you can't pick up a paper without reading about half a dozen men having committed suicide without apparent reason. They were driven to it by home cooking. The marvel is, that when the average family takes a look at its breakfast table it doesn't rush out en masse and make a grab for the razor or the gas tube. Just look at the difference between the happy, healthy, cheerful people who live in hotels and the anemic, disgruntled, starved, poor creatures who have to eat home cooking. Mark my words, it's mother's cooking that does it!"

"Talk about the freedom of home. Why a home makes a penitentiary look like an open door. Maybe a woman has some freedom in her home, but any man who goes and blows in his good, hard-earned dollars in a home in the supposition that he is going to be able to do as he likes, has gotten stung for fair. It doesn't take him long to find out that the only place where he cannot do as he pleases is in the house that his money supports. As he puts his key in the lock of the front door a voice floats out to him: "Well, you be sure to wipe your feet on the door mat!" He is tired and throws himself down on the couch to rest, but he is warned off of it. Will-will, don't muss up those sofa cushions, and, for goodness sake, look where you have got your feet."

"And, talk about the privacy of a home! There is no spot on earth so public as a home; there are no people who strip every garment of decent reserve from about you as do your own people; there is no curiosity so morbid, so trying and so insatiable as that of your own family. If you want to live a life of privacy, if you want to keep your affairs to yourself, if you want to come and go freely and unquestioned, then go and settle yourself in the midst of the biggest hotel you can find. You may live there for forty years, and as long as you pay your bills and behave with decorum nobody will ever even give you a second look. You are no business of theirs and they respect your rights to live your life in your own way."

"But a home! There you stand forever in the middle of the spotlight, with every one about you arrogating the right to police every single thing you do and say and think. You can't go down town without having to give a minute account of every place you went and everybody you saw, and what they said, and you said, and you thought they might have

said if you had said something different from what you did say. "You can't buy a tooth brush without everybody in the house wanting to know why you bought one at all, and if you did buy one, why you didn't buy a harder one or a softer one, or some other kind than the one you got. You can't get a letter without everybody having to know whom it is from, and what are its contents. You can't have a hope, or a sorrow, or disappointment that is not vivisectioned before your very face."

"There is no privacy in a home. It is a place where the seven veils are stripped off of your soul and you are not left with a single rag of decent secrecy. When you want privacy to nurse a wounded heart, don't hunt for it at home. Seek it in the midst of the multitude."

"For discomfort, strictly jail privileges, for fetters that chafe and gall, and for lack of consideration and ordinary politeness, and for having people tell you things that you don't want to hear, commend me to home. It's got a monopoly."

"There is no place like home," repeated the sentimental optimist.

"That's right, but there are lots of better places!" said the pessimist.

## Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Talk to Her About Her Blunders.

Dear Miss Fairfax, I am a young girl of 18 and have been keeping company with a fellow for two years. I am going with a girl friend of mine when I am not with him. He objects to my going with her, as he thinks she is an awful flirt, and he does not think she is fit company for me.

She is a good girl otherwise, and as I have been going with her before him I don't like to give her up. He and I quarrel frequently over the matter. E. R.

No nice man likes to see a girl of whom he is fond associating with a girl whose ideals are not fine and high. If your friend flirts and in other ways brings her name into disrepute she is not a good companion for you. Can't you try to influence her to act differently? Tell the young man for whom you care that you would like three months in which to try to help the young girl to better ways. If you cannot influence her give up her friendship before she influences you to evil ways.

"Appears to Be a Gentleman." Dear Miss Fairfax, I am a business girl of 17, and recently a girl friend who works with me and I took our lunch and ate it down on the drive. A young man passed and smiled at me, passed on, and sat down a short distance from us. He gave a note to a passerby, which turned out to be his card. On the back was written: "If you would like to know me, here is my card. I would like to know who you are." I took no notice of him, but would like to know him. He lives in my neighborhood and appeared to be a gentleman. ANXIOUS.

After all, you are only judging the man who attempted to scrape acquaintance with you by his appearance. Some of the greatest rogues are handsome, well-dressed men. Pay no attention to this man unless he secures a proper introduction.

Fortune Telling. Dear Miss Fairfax: Being a very skeptical and not at all superstitious young lady, I wish to ask you whether or not you put any faith in palm reading (in this case it being read by a "gypsy"). E. E. W.

Palm reading is like all other fortune telling—a mere idle superstition. Place no credence in it.

## Fall Costumes of Appropriate Design

(REPUBLICATED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH HARPER'S BAZAR.)



A new evening cloak illustrates the uses to which the full circular basque may be put. For the flaring skirt of the cloak as well as for the basque waist portion a wonderful black velvet spangled in deeper iridescent blue is used. The sleeves are of Venetian velvet with wide sleeve bands of sable. A director collar of the sable finishes the neck. This may be copied with good effect in far cheaper materials—such as broadcloth and opossum fur. The stunning lines remain.

The 1910 silhouette appears in this afternoon frock for the autumn days. There is a light-fitted, short-waisted bodice on Spencer lines. This is of black velvet with self buttons. The undershirt is of similar velvet. The gullepe, collar and sleeves are of golden brown velours de laine, and this material is also used for the very full overskirt, which is trimmed in three wide bands of black velvet. About the hips it is braided in black, which gives the new yoke effect.

## Heavens in October

By WILLIAM F. RIGGE,

(Professor of Astronomy at Creighton University.)

The days are shortening as rapidly as last month, when the loss was one hour seventeen minutes, while now it is one hour six minutes, the length being eleven hours forty-six minutes on the 1st, eleven hours eight minutes on the 15th and ten hours thirty minutes on the 31st. The sun rises on these dates at 6:21, 6:33, 6:54, and sets at 6:07, 5:44, 5:24. It is ten minutes fast on the 1st, as shown by a sun dial; fourteen minutes on the 15th and sixteen minutes on the 31st. On standard time it is, respectively, fourteen, ten and eight minutes slow. On the 24th the sun enters Scorpio.

Venus and Jupiter are still our bright evening stars. Venus runs very low in the southwest. It attains its greatest brilliance on the 23d. For a week or more preceding and following this date it may readily be seen with the naked eye in a clear sky, if one knows where to look. In the telescope it appears as a beautiful crescent moon. It sets on the 15th at 8:07. Jupiter comes to the meridian on the 1st at 8:45, on the 15th at 7:51 and on the 31st at 6:51 p. m.

Saturn rises on the 15th at 11:25 p. m. Mars is invisible. The moon is full on the 3d at one minute before midnight, in the last quarter on the 12th at 3:35 a. m., new on the 19th at 12:33 a. m., and in first quarter on the 25th at 4:44 p. m. On the 16th it is in conjunction with Saturn, on the 21st with Venus, and on the 25th with Jupiter. On the 18th at 6:02 a. m. its waxing crescent is only one-tenth of a diameter from the bright star Regulus, the heart of the Lion.

When the skies are clear and we can shield ourselves from the glare of the arc lights, two conditions difficult to obtain in a large city like ours, we can enjoy the never tiring contemplation of the starry heavens. At about 9 o'clock on the 1st, 3 o'clock on the 15th and 7 o'clock on the 31st of this month we can

see the great square of Pegasus almost overhead a short distance to the southeast. To the west of the zenith we find Cygnus, the Swan, a more regularly formed cross than the famous Southern Cross, although of course not comparable with it in brilliancy. Further to the northwest, but still high up in the sky, is Vega, one of the brightest of the stars. South from this we have Altair, in the Eagle, almost midway between two fainter stars. Low down in the north-northwest is the Big Dipper. Equally low in the northeast is the fine star Capella, and in the south-southeast is Fornalhaut, in the Southern Fish. Jupiter in the south needs no other mark of identification than his superior lustre, which is second only to that of Venus. This latter, however, will have set at the time mentioned. The Milky Way, which is always the first to fade from view in the glare of the city lights and of the moon, as well as when there is dust or moisture in the air, will stretch somewhat to the north of the zenith, and present some of the richest fields in the heavens.

Delavan's comet may possibly be glimpsed under favorable conditions. It is just now very low in the northwest below the big dipper, and is moving towards Car Caroli, the brightest star in the Hunting Dog, and towards Arcturus. It is about as bright as a star of the third magnitude, that is, like the star just north of Altair, and is said to have a tail three degrees long. It is very doubtful whether we will ever get a good view of it in Omaha.

The total eclipse of the sun of August 21 last was very unfortunate in regard to both time and place, since its track lay across eastern Russia three weeks after the declaration of war. An English party landed at Riga on August 1, and considered itself happy in being able to return immediately with its instruments. Several German scientists in the Crimea were made prisoners of war, and their outfit confiscated. Only two expeditions were successful. One was at Minsk in Russia under Prof. Jones, and the other at Herosand in Sweden under Father Cortie of Stonyhurst college. Creighton University Observatory, Omaha, Neb.

## Science for Workers

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Q—"Where does the force of the steam that drives the engine go after it flows from the cylinder? What becomes of the force that we use in throwing up a ball after the ball reaches the ground?"—Harry A. Brans, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A.—(1) The force of repulsion of the molecules of water in the steam, due to heat, is expended in the work of moving the piston, of friction against the metal of the orifice where it escapes, friction on the inside walls of the cylinder, of raising the temperature of the air and of friction against the air molecules.

A.—(2) The ball at instant of striking the earth surrenders its momentum. A portion of this is exerted in displacement of molecules of the ball at point of contact, to reappear in bounding upward if the ball is elastic. And the temperature of these molecules is increased. Another portion of momentum is exerted in mechanical work of impact on the earth's surface. Its molecules at place of collision are slightly moved and warmed.

If the ball strikes a surface of stone or iron, or any, say absolutely rigid, then this portion of force of motion is used in increasing the temperature of the mass. And this temperature slightly moves the molecules of the mass stricken farther apart. Some of the force stored in the ball by motion of falling is exerted as friction against the molecules of air, and this increases their temperature and distances apart.

## Be Pretty! Turn Gray Hair Dark

Look young! Nobody can tell if you use Grandmothers' simple recipe of Sage Tea and Sulphur.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray; also ends dandruff, itching scalp and stops falling hair. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome. Now—days; by asking at any drug store for "Weyth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get a large bottle of this famous old recipe for about 50 cents.

Don't stay gray! Try it! No one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray-hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy.—Advertisement.

## Do You Know That

The death rate among underground workers in the United Kingdom increased from 1.22 in 1912, to 1.74 per thousand in 1913. Fresno county, California, produces 94,000,000 pounds, or about 90 per cent of the California raisin crop, and nearly twice the quantity produced by Spain.

The annual report of the Department of Mines for New South Wales for the year 1913 states that the output of metals and minerals is valued at \$40,000,000.

The number of Germans resident in France is estimated at 500,000; in Russia, 1,800,000; in England, 100,000; in Denmark, 90,000; in Roumania, 50,000; in Turkey, 15,000; in India, 50,000; in China, 4,500; in Canada, 200,000; in the United States, 2,500,000; in Brazil, 400,000; in Argentina, 42,000; in Chile, 10,700.

The following Omaha and Council Bluffs dealers carry complete lines of Victor Victrolas, and all the late Victor Records as fast as issued. You are cordially invited to inspect the stocks at any of these establishments.

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Branch at 334 BROADWAY Council Bluffs  
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# No wonder home dancing is so popular—Victrola dance music is so perfect.



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Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle dancing the Tango

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