

THE ILLUSTRATED BEE

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Pen and Picture Pointers



ALTON BROOKS PARKER, who was nominated for president by the democrats at St. Louis, is 52 years old and a native of New York state. He has been chief judge of the court of appeals in New York since January 1, 1898, and is no new figure in democratic politics. He was born at Cortland, N. Y., May 14, 1852, and was educated in the public schools of his native town, attended the Cortland academy, the Cortland normal school, and was finally graduated from the Albany Law school. He was admitted to the bar and practiced in Kingston. In 1877 he was appointed surrogate of Ulster county, which office he held until 1885. In 1884 he was a delegate to the democratic convention at Chicago that nominated Grover Cleveland the first time. He was tendered the office of first assistant postmaster general under Wilson S. Bissell of Buffalo but declined the place. In 1885 he was chairman of the executive committee of the New York state democratic committee, and that year was elected a judge of the state supreme court. In 1889 he was appointed a member of the court of appeals, Second division, and in 1893 he was made a member of the general term, and in 1895 he was a judge of the appellate division, succeeding to his present office at the close of 1897. Personally Judge Parker is reported to be a fine type of manhood. He is nearly six feet in height, well proportioned and has the appearance and bearing of an athlete. His home is on a farm at Esopus on the Hudson river, and there he spends a great deal of his time, only leaving it when called to Albany by his court business. He has always belonged to the gold or Cleveland wing of the democratic party, although he is reported to have voted for Bryan in 1900.

The new chairman of the republican state committee, H. C. M. Burgess, comes into his own well qualified to conduct an enthusiastic as well as a winning campaign. He is a "breedy" kind of man and when he floats into a room everybody knows he is there and he has the smile that won't wear off. He cultivated this years ago when he was stumping Nebraska in the interest of an Omaha wholesale firm and he has kept it up during the later years, while manager of the Tribe of Ben Hur. He has already made a reputation with his handshake, which is the kind that makes the recipient believe that he has really found a friend. Mr. Burgess became known over the state last winter, when he served his first term in the legislature from Lancaster county and was a member of the sifting committee. He made good in the legislature to the extent that he was again nominated without opposition. He was among the first mentioned for the chairmanship of the state committee, when it was generally supposed that H. C. Lindsay would retire and he had a good following. When Chairman Lehr resigned Burgess had a walk-away for the place. That the new chairman has ability in managing political battles, there is no doubt. He was one of the first to take up the fight to secure the endorsement of Congressman Burkett for the United States senate, and while he made little noise about it, he visited nearly all of the county conventions and was largely instrumental in bringing in so many pledged delegations. Mr. Burgess came to Nebraska from New York, his birth place, some fifteen years ago, since which time Lincoln has been his home. He is 36 years old and he makes friends every day he lives.

Fish Hooks as Winners

"Give me \$10 worth of fish hooks, and I will carry West Virginia for the democratic party," said a well known Texan who has fished in the state. "The West Virginians love their country and their state," he continued, "but they love a fish hook better than their children. When I went into West Virginia for a few shiners every man I met leaned up against me, and, after a moment's conversation on the weather inquired: 'Neighbor, have you got a real, sure enough fish hook?'"

"When I produced one the state was mine, and the fulness thereof. If I can persuade the chairman of the democratic national committee to give me \$10 worth of fish hooks, a lot of bait, and pay my expenses, I can carry the state, whether the nominee be Parker, Gorman or Bryan." —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.



MOST charming and withal practical is the girl feminine when she returns to the household circle in the form of the family beauty doctor.

Herself a picture of immaculate daintiness, she inspires love of personal daintiness in the younger members of the family. The tomboy sister submits gracefully to having her hands "done" in the cool shadows of the porch or in the shelter of the living room, when she would scorn the suggestion of visiting a manicurist. The growing brother, secretly annoyed, but openly indifferent, to his slight skin eruption, will try "Sis's" remedy, when he would balk at the order to consult the family physician.

So through the entire family the beauty cult takes root and flourishes, extreme neatness of person becomes a family habit—and the mission of the family beauty doctor is fulfilled.

The family beauty doctor is a creature of evolution. She arose to meet the emergency. When the world feminine had paid the price of athletics in tanned, large-knuckled hands, in sun-burned, rough cheeks, it cried aloud for relief, and the professional beauty doctor sprang up in every city in the land, oftentimes but illy prepared for the work entrusted to his care. Systems were hastily mastered, sometimes to the betterment of women patients, sometimes to their actual injury, and then the world feminine began to think out beauty remedies for itself.

Enter then the family beauty doctor, who began by learning to manicure her own hands, to massage her own face, to shampoo her own hair. She discovered that the work came to her as naturally as piano playing to the musically inclined, and she turned to beauty culture as a fad.

In New York alone there are today scores of girls studying in beauty parlors who never expect to take positions of any sort. They are merely laying the ground for beauty culture. Some of them are even studying at schools of pharmacy the art of compounding lotions, emollients, bleaches etc., so that their own complexions and those of the entire family circle may not be sacrificed to incompetent, irresponsible beauty doctors and patent lotions.

In the art of beautifying the family beautifier learns that the nails must be filed, not cut; that they must be gracefully rounded, not filed to exaggerated points, and that the well bred woman

The Family Beauty Doctor

does not polish the nail to a lustre which is conspicuous. When a younger member of the household has acquired the unfortunate habit of biting the nails, it is the family beauty doctor, whose patient care of the abused hands—pinching the finger tips gently into shape and restoring the curve of the nail—helps to break the habit by arousing the pride of the little sinner.

Particularly does this gifted member of the family circle teach the growing sons not to abuse the nails by the use of a sharp pen-knife or cuticle knife. She buys for each member a file, an orange stick and a buffer for the daily care of the hands and once a week she gives the hands a thorough treatment, polishing the nails with rosoline or powder, using bleach if necessary, and watching carefully that all of the young people keep their nails in good condition betimes.

For discolored or badly tanned hands she uses this bleach: Sweet and bitter almonds, blanched and pounded into a paste, 250 grams each; lemon juice, 50 grams; sweet milk, 30 grams; sweet almond oil, 90 grams; brandy, 180 grams.

Many an overburdened mother has gladly turned over the task of shampooing the youngsters to the elder sister, who really deserves the title of the family beauty doctor. Not only is that a relief to the mother, but it is an excellent thing for the children, as few mothers have either the knowledge or the time properly to shampoo two or three bobbing little heads. Great harm is done the hair by slovenly or too strenuous shampooing. In the one case, harsh alkalis or uncleanly soaps remain in the hair, and in the other, too drastic substances are employed for cleansing the hair from oil and dust.

The beauty doctor takes the rebellious little patient to the bath room, throws a combing cape of Turkish toweling over the bare shoulders and folds another small Turkish towel on the edge of the stationary washstand for the patient to rest her chin on.

In a bowl close at hand she has ready the yolk of one egg, beaten thoroughly, with one pint of warm rainwater and an ounce of rosemary spirits. The egg will remove dandruff and cut the excessive oil in the hair. The rosemary leaves behind a pleasant perfume. Dipping both hands into the shampoo mixture, she works it into the scalp, rubbing thoroughly with the fingertips. When the scalp is saturated and the dandruff is loosened, she has the patient rest her chin on the folded towel, and the

rinsing begins. The hair is not washed its full length, but the shampoo, as it is washed down, cleanses the hair.

A rubber tube, which can be adjusted to any pipe, and which has a perforated spray nozzle, is useful for rinsing, and warm, not hot nor cold, water should be used. The right hand directs the flow of the water and the left is held at the base of the brain or on the forehead to prevent the water from running down the back or into the eyes.

Soft, warm towels are used for patting the hair dry. It should never be rubbed violently. Then it is fanned. Drying in the sun makes the hair lighter in tint, but this often induces headache.

The beauty doctor understands scalp massage and knows that the mere rotary movement of the finger tips over the scalp is not sufficient, but the scalp must be loosened from the skull, because if the scalp fits too tightly to the skull the hair cannot grow.

The family beauty doctor is a veritable angel in disguise during the summer, when outdoor life, blistering sun and arid breezes do their worst for the complexion. With her soothing lotions and creams and her gentle massage, she removes the one sting which exists for the girlish athlete.

For the manufacture of her lotions she has an equipment which is put to no other use. It consists of a double boiler in agate ware, a flannel bag, not unlike the old-fashioned jelly bag; a pestle and mortar, a fine hair sieve and a pharmaceutical measuring and weighing outfit. Given these and pure drugs with which to work and she evolves comforting lotions which may be used with perfect safety.

City children suddenly exposed to outdoor life in the country suffer tortures from sunburn, and for this affliction the family beautifier will use this simple remedy:

Six drams of pulverized borax mixed thoroughly with three-quarters of an ounce of pure glycerine and twelve ounces of orange flower water. As twelve ounces of the orange flower water is equal to twenty-four tablespoonfuls, it will be seen that it pays to make this cooling lotion in double quantities and keep plenty on hand, for its effect is immediate and restful.

When the skin has been roughened by sailing or exposure from long mountain climbs, it should be washed daily with this lotion: One-half ounce of simple tincture of benzoin, one ounce of glycerine, one ounce of alcohol and two ounces of distilled or boiled water, mixed thoroughly.

The elder members of the family, particularly the men, are apt to suffer during the summer from dust gathering in enlarged pores of the skin. Here is the family doctor's most dependable remedy:

Strained honey, fifty grams; white soap, shaved in thin strips (either of the floating soaps will do for this, or a pure white castile), forty grams; tincture of benzoin, ten grams; white wax, thirty grams; storax, ten grams. Melt the soap, honey and white wax and mix, then add the benzoin and storax. Use instead of soap to wash the face before retiring. A cold cream or a cucumber cream should be applied after the face has been thoroughly dried.

For the cold cream she uses this prescription, handed down from an old Kentucky family famous for its beauties:

Rose water, four ounces; almond oil, four ounces; spermaceti, one ounce; white wax, one ounce.

Orange flower, lilac, violet or elder flower water can be substituted for the rose water at pleasure, and the addition of one dram of tincture of benzoin or a half-dram of salicylic acid will insure the cream from becoming rancid.

An oily skin is particularly annoying in summer, and it can be relieved by bathing the face twice or three times daily with this lotion: Sulphate of zinc, two grains; compound tincture of lavender, eight drops; distilled water, one ounce.

The family beauty doctor takes no chances on facial massage, but studies it under the direction of an expert. Facial massage, improperly administered, is extremely injurious to the complexion. Certain movements are intended to reduce the tissue, others to increase the amount of adipose matter. Rubbing the face the wrong way induces wrinkles rather than eradicates them, so self-massage is not to be undertaken lightly. The family beautifier makes her own massage cream from the following receipt:

Lanolin, two ounces and a half; spermaceti, three-quarters of an ounce; white vaseline, two ounces and a half; coconut oil, two ounces; sweet almond oil, two ounces; tincture of benzoin, one-half dram.

Melt the first five ingredients together, beat until the mass concretes, adding the benzoin, drop by drop, during this process. Extract of violet or any perfume may be added if agreeable.

It is this knowledge of what to do and what to leave undone which makes the family beauty doctor a remarkable comfort in the family circle. Though she cannot write M. D. after her name she is none the less an angel of mercy to those with whom she comes in contact.

ANNA S. RICHARDSON.

Bellgirls and Bellboys



IT IS not so astonishing to learn that a woman's hotel in New York has replaced the bellboy by the bellgirl as it is to discover that the bellgirl experiences some difficulty in picking up the polite duties of the bellboy.

The bellgirl, it appears, is unable to adjust herself to those little masculine courtesies at which the bellboy is adept, and which make life in a city hotel one round of pleasure. For one thing, she has not learned that she is not to precede a guest into and out of the elevator. And for another thing, she is unable to grasp the subtle secret of door raps. There has prevailed at this hotel, for instance, a code whereby the bellboy notified the occupant of a room that a male visitor was awaiting her, by three short taps on the door. If the visitor was a woman there were two short taps. If two male visitors called there were six short taps, and if two female visitors four short taps.

American Divorces



A PERSON who signs herself "An American Lady," writes in a London paper on the ever-interesting subject of American divorces: "The game of progressive husbands," she avers, "is entangling the American woman in a labyrinthian coil of social relations." Continuing, she remarks: "So recklessly have a large number of American women made use of the various and obliging divorce courts of their country and the liberal privileges of remarriage that they find themselves no longer asked to solve the simpler problems of the etiquette of divorce. They have passed from the class where 'how to treat the divorced wife of one's own husband on the first occasion of meeting' is considered a difficulty. Neither does 'the correct method of entertaining one's former spouse at dinner' cause them great anxiety.

"They have now to consider more complicated situations, such as 'the possible basis in which a friendship with a lady who has been one's husband's wife between his first and second marriage to one's self, may be maintained.' Divorce is, in reality, no longer an adventure in the United States. It has become merely a convention, in which 30,000 devotees take part annually. Each divorcee continues to think hers an unusual case, a romantic episode, fit theme for some great novelist.

This is as much of the code as has been divulged, and just what the signal would be if there were a mixed delegation is not explained. At any rate, the bellgirl has found the code perplexing, and she frequently causes embarrassment by showing in a visitor to whom the occupant of the room would be "not at home" were the signals perfect.

"The girls are nice, of course," so one of the guests is quoted, "but they are not as polite as the boys were. Today one of them who carried my valise bumped it against my knees going into and out of the elevator. A boy would have gone behind."

"One girl," complained another, "dropped my valise and broke a brush that cost me \$10 in Chicago only last week. And when I spoke to her she had the impudence to say that she didn't care!"

These expressions show very clearly that while woman's field is constantly widening it does not yet comprehend the field of the bellboy.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

In truth, even when a divorce is followed by a marriage to another person, and in turn by a second divorce and the remarriage of the first couple, it has come to be regarded as too common a matrimonial lightning change to be talked about. It is estimated that more than 50,000 divorces have been granted in the United States in the last twenty years, during which time in all Europe less than half that number have been granted.

"All sorts of movements are on foot to stem this tide of divorce, which has been characterized by one of America's foremost clergymen as 'progressive polygamy.' The Daughters of the Faith, an organization of Roman Catholic women of the highest social standing in New York City, has been recently incorporated, having as one of its chief tenets the pledge not to accept or extend invitations to a divorced woman who has remarried during the lifetime of her husband. But, alas! many of the most prominent members were obliged to withdraw when they found that this pledge must be taken seriously, for, as they explained, they 'couldn't be rude to their relatives and their life-long friends even if they were divorced.'

"An organization of clergymen was formed a year ago with the object of obtaining a uniform divorce law and uniform action on the part of the clergymen in remarriage."