

# For and About the Women Folks

**Studying Under Difficulties.**  
 "I had her 'Apology for Getting to College,' Helen Keller, deaf, dumb and blind, says in McClure's: 'I was, of course, hampered by my limitations, which turned to drudgery much work that might have been delightful for them. I expected upon me tedious methods of study. I was often behind in my work at a distance forbidden by military law; I was never ahead, and once I fell so far behind that it seemed as if I might as well try to keep pace with a shooting star! Experience, however, taught me to tack against wind and tide—the first lesson of life I learned in college. And this was easier with Miss Sullivan at the helm. I would not part with one of those struggles against the gales—the winds and persecutions of the sky.' They tested my powers and developed the individuality which I had been advised to bring upon books at home. Although I always tried to work with a cool head and steady hand and sleep according to the law, I, too, was drawn into this whirlpool of confused, incomplete tasks. I met other girls in the college halls and on the stairs who stopped a moment to greet me, but they were rushing from lectures to examinations, from examination to basket ball practice, from practice to dramatic rehearsal, from rehearsal to conference, and there was no time for a pleasant chat. And if the girls who had eyes and ears were overburdened and distraught I was at least no better off. During four years a torrent of miscellaneous knowledge poured through my fingers, and it fills me with despair to think how much of the choicest matter of this abundant stream dripped and oozed away. I was never able to draw from my living water of wisdom, but my pitcher must have had a hole in it. I was like the Danaides who poured water eternally into a broken urn."

**The Bride's Garter.**  
 The recent royal wedding in which the German crown prince and the Grand Duchess Cecilia of Mecklenburg-Schwerin were the high contracting parties has been described with such fullness and even prolixity, in letters and cable dispatches, that little remains to be added that can possibly interest the public, except it may be, one feature of the service known as the distribution of the princess's garter. This unique and curious ceremony, says Leslie's Weekly, seems to have escaped the attention of historians of the affair generally. The distribution of the garter is a quaint survival of olden times, when the ministers and ladies of the royal household enjoyed the privilege of escorting the couple to the bride's chamber. Now this ceremony takes the form of a torchlight procession around the ballroom to the door where the happy pair make their exit. At the wedding of the crown prince the procession was headed by Prince von Buelow and the door strips of the same silk as the bride's garter, specially embroidered with the date of the wedding, were distributed among the guests as mementoes of the occasion.

**Carelessness of Shopping Mothers.**  
 "It is the will of the Lord," writes the mother when her little one is brought in mangled by a car. As a matter of fact, the will of the Lord in such cases is largely controlled by the watchfulness of the mother in a large city, where danger lies at every crossing. It is not willful neglect nor lack of love, says a writer in Leslie's Weekly, but just thoughtlessness on the part of mothers who take their babies shopping with them, that has long been the marvel of the maroons in the lost child departments of the large stores, and to the city police, to whom a toddling baby of a year or two, making its way alone on a crowded thoroughfare, is an everyday occurrence. And this is not helplessness little babies, strapped in their carriages or carriages and left on the sidewalk while the mother is making purchases within a tragedy of city life that is difficult to understand. No mothers in the world are more truly devoted and self-sacrificing than the American mother, and yet every day the papers are filled with the tragedies which can always be traced to the cause of carelessness. Sometimes the infant is asleep when left, but bargains are engrossing, and the minutes are prolonged until baby has awakened and with a wailing cry is crying at the top of its voice. Or perhaps the sun has veered around and is shining brightly upon the spot where the carriage was left in the shade a short time before. To accommodate the mother who takes baby shopping, one large store in New York City has introduced the checking system, with a boy to watch over the small charges while the mothers are within. Almost any day one will see eight or ten little gowts and carriages, some with mothers without occupants, checked like so many umbrellas and ranged along the side of the store on the sidewalk. This method, of course, lessens the danger, and is a sensible idea as well as an excellent advertisement for the store which has adopted the custom.

**Clothes for the Camper.**  
 It depends, of course, somewhat on the sort of camp you're going to, although certain rules govern every sort of camp outfit, and wherever you go you've got to prepare to meet conditions as you find them. If you mean to rough it—which is the truest form of camping—don't take any good clothes except your traveling dress, which you'll pack away the first night you get into the woods, and leave there until you are ready to come into civilization again. White shirtwaists are the most disappointing things imaginable—they soil so much sooner than they do in town, and, even with the roughest form of roughing it, you want to be neat. Pink and blue waists, especially the darker shades of the colors, are the most satisfactory, and take some sort of a dark stock along to wear with turnover collars. Stiff collars will usually just as you start off for an all day tramp, and by the time you get back to camp they're—  
 Woolen skirts are preferable to those of linen or cotton. You're sure to sit on

damp rocks and in wet boats, and even the invigorating air isn't enough to keep you from taking cold. Have your skirt made short—you're going to "make trails" and climb mountains and do a thousand things that a long skirt would make impossible.  
 Boots—good high ones, that lace strongly around your ankles—you ought to have, and splendid ones come for just such outdoor purposes; but if you don't want to go to that expense, take along all the old ones you can muster, and oil them well before you start wearing them, and get a pair of leggings.  
 Don't be fascinated by attractive walking hats, with quills effectively thrust through the side—get a soft felt hat, that can be crumpled up and sat on, and punched out to look like itself in spite of all it has gone through.  
 Heavy underclothes you'd better take along—it gets chilly sometimes in the woods; and a sleeping wrapper of flannel—it's to be hoped you're going to sleep out of doors; and a blanket—the heaviest you can find, and anything but white.  
 A sweater, a bathing suit (there's sure to be a lake about), bloomers and a coat, underclothes and handkerchiefs, and you've about completed your list, only have lots and lots of everything.

**French Beauty Secrets.**  
 The summer girl who wants to be pretty all summer long should study French beauty methods. The French woman, however, never gets any, or, however, she holds her looks all day. She is just as pretty in the morning as at night, and at noon as at midnight.  
 If you ask her about this she will murmur something about beauty, hygiene, the laws of health and the value of cheerfulness. But, really, it is to her beauty secrets that she owes it all. She has ten beauty secrets.

A French beauty who has joined the Newport colony tells the ten secrets of her good looks in the New York Sun:  
 "I am beautiful," said this French woman, "because I know I am beautiful. I am descended from a long race of proud French women. In our childhood we are taught that we are beauties. That thought is drilled into us and it never leaves us. To know you are beautiful is half the battle."  
 "I was early taught to carry myself like a beauty. And then the art of being beautiful was drilled into me."  
 "Any woman in the world can become beautiful with the ten secrets of beauty at her command. When I was a child and steadily on until I was 18 I was taught that beauty was an acquired thing. 'Beauty comes and goes,' my nurse said to me. And I was taught that you could control its going and coming."  
 "The first of the ten French beauty commandments is: Have a clear skin. No matter how dark it may be, let it be clear—as clear as wine, as clear as crystal, as clear as a drop of pure honey. Let there be no freckles, no liver spots, no blotches. Let your skin be of milky softness."  
 "The second beauty commandment relates to the hands. Have beautiful hands is a strict command in the French canon of beauty. Don't let your hands grow old. 'Then in succession come these laws: 'Keep your teeth white. 'Keep the wrinkles out of your forehead. 'Keep your step light. 'Keep your voice low and clear. 'Keep your chin oval. 'Keep your throat slender."

"There are other commands, and the most important is: Keep your eyes bright. Don't use them in the dim light. Don't read while you rock. Don't let the dust settle in them and remain there over night. Don't strain your eyes and don't try to clear them by rubbing them."  
 "Cry a little every day, if you must, for women who cry easily always have beautiful eyes, but keep them bright, anyway."  
 "The next of the French beauty secrets relates to the smile. The French woman smiles a great deal. It is a queer little smile, and sometimes, like her shrug, it looks artificial. But it is her stock, in trade. Without her smile the French woman would be far less attractive than she is."  
 "The only other nation in the world that understands the art of smiling is the Japanese. The Japanese woman knows all about the smile."  
 "She uses it on any and every occasion. She smiles when she meets you in the street. She smiles at the table. She smiles when she embroiders. She smiles all the time. It is not an annoying smile, but a pretty one."  
 "The French woman, while she does not believe in red cheeks, is a firm believer in red lips, and to keep her lips red she will bite them. She will put alcohol upon them, she will touch them at night with a good lip lotion, and she will keep her circulation good in order that her lips may be bright."  
 "The French woman will bleach her cheeks until they are clear and creamy, but she will keep her lips red, for she knows that red lips set off white teeth and make the mouth winning."  
 "The French woman pays the utmost attention to her hair. It must be glossy, and her preference is for dark hair. She is less partial to the light shades and she does not even fancy red hair, which is the aim and aspiration of every other American woman."  
 "A French beauty secret is that of hiding your poor traits. If your ears are big, cover them with little ear curls. These are only thin wisps of hair, but they can be coaxed to lie in pretty artistic waves over the ears."  
 "And the same with the temples. If they are high and bald they can be coaxed into beauty by curling the hair upon them so that the locks lie in little temple curls. These are easy to manage. If your own hair will not kink in this way you can add hairpin curls to cover the temples."  
 "The French woman has one beauty secret which should be known to every woman under the sun. It is so besetting, so fetching, so feminine and so unstudied. It is that of perfume."  
 "Never does the French woman obtrude her perfumes upon you. But she has the

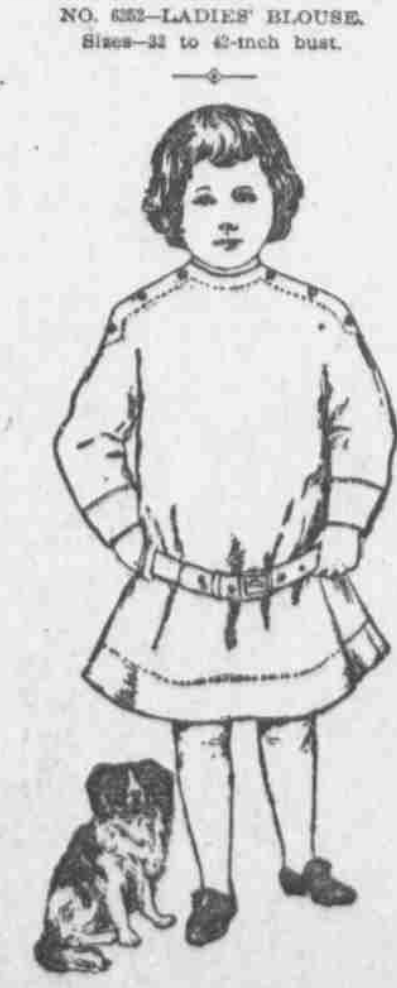
knack of being fully perfumed without appearing to be so.  
 "She understands the subtle art of incense odor as that of a garden. But there is none of that cloying sweetness of the tropics. It is charming fragrance."  
 "And another thing—and this is the final French beauty secret—don't get fat. Fat is fatal to grace, fatal to prettiness, fatal to everything under the sun."  
 "Reduce your weight if you want to be good looking. French women drink light, sweet wine instead of water or milk. It acts as a tonic to the stomach, without adding fat."

**Designing Rugs.**  
 To the uninitiated the designing of rugs would probably not appear to be an occupation for which men should have any special qualifications that women do not possess. Nevertheless, the designers of rugs are generally men, and when a young woman, Miss Emma Ray Marshall, made inquiries as to the opportunities of the field, about half a dozen years ago, she was told that there were absolutely none for a woman. Further inquiries as to why this should be so elicited only the vague general statement that the work was always done by men, and the more particular intimation that women couldn't make practical designs and that no matter how good their ideas might be at first they invariably gave out after a few years' work.  
 Miss Marshall did not see the force of this reasoning, and, undaunted by the quantities of cold water poured on her project, she persisted in learning rug-making. Today her beautiful floor coverings are to be found in homes of wealth all over the country.  
 She has made a specialty of Indian rugs, because this is considered to be the most difficult branch of the art, and her employes do not wish her to waste her time on easy things that other people can do.

She is said to have designed more of these rugs than any other man or woman in the country.  
 The predicted difficulty of making practical designs is one which Miss Marshall has never experienced. The first design submitted to the firm which now employs her was practical. Neither has she perceived any falling off in her ideas. On the contrary she has found the possibilities of the field limitless.  
 "The originality of her designs is almost startling," says an admirer of her work. "After the genius of art has been lavished on Indian rugs one would think that their possibilities would have been exhausted. Yet Miss Marshall produces effects that seem quite new. It is her ambition to rival the ancient art of India, and she gets effects such as are expected only as the result of time."  
 Miss Marshall is a graduate of the New York School of Applied Design for Women and had no artistic training until she went there, yet from the beginning she took a leading place in her classes, and during her course carried off many prizes. She took up rug designing for financial reasons, putting off till a more convenient season her ultimate object of painting pictures. Yet she says she has found in her work complete artistic satisfaction. She often designs interior decorations to harmonize with her rugs, and always prepares her own colors, which the chemist in India, where the rugs are woven, copies.  
 Miss Marshall is not the only woman engaged in this branch of applied art, but it is said that no other woman in this country ever got such high prices for her work as she. It is a common complaint among women designers that rug designing does not pay, and Miss Marshall thinks that any woman wishing to enter the field would be told just what she was told half a dozen years ago. Nevertheless, she is convinced that any woman who can make good designs will find her place. The demand for

## Hints on Latest Fashions

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oriental rugs is growing, and therefore the demand for satisfactory designs, whether made by man or woman, must increase also.

**Frits of Fashion.**  
 Sets of chemise and elbow sleeves to wear with the short gown sleeves of this season are as pretty as they are useful, and come stamped for embroidery.  
 Girls who wear linen suits like to embroider card cases to match. With white embroidered bias suits the card case is white and blue, and they are done in other colors or all white.  
 One of the newest devices in the way of lingerie ought to be widely adopted. This is none other than a silk blouse, India or taffeta, to button on a white petticoat at the knee.  
 Three-piece suits are always suitable for sightseeing. This silk blouse matching in color with the costume are convenient in that they do not require constant laundering. Worn with the lingerie especially with the high cuffs so much in vogue, these blouses are very modish and becoming.

The laudable desire to get rid of superfluous underwear has resulted in a very wide adoption of combination garments, which are far from being the ludicrous creation devised by early dress reformers. They are garments of fine materials and are cut so skillfully that the size of the wearer, if she be stout, is materially decreased.

Another device whereby the apparent size is diminished is seen in a princess petticoat of taffeta or light weight satin. For evening wear these petticoats are developed in all the beautiful pale shades, and they are shaped in the waist with special reference to low-necked bodices. The skirts are trimmed as elaborately with lace and ruffles as the bodice and the purpose of the wearer may dictate.  
 "All the talk about returning to business and economy in dress is nonsense when the increasing rationality of fashion is observed," says the New York Evening Post. "If old women were content to suffer in order to be beautiful, but within late years there has sprung up such a large class of women who have learned that personal beauty, while extremely desirable, is not the only goal of woman's existence, that fashion itself has been modified to conform to comfort. One wonders that women of such high intelligence and good breeding should be so easily misled by the riding habit as a cumbersome affair, wearing heavy, white, buttoned-up, long, full skirt must have been apparent. Nowadays the riding skirt reaches barely to the knees, and is lighter in weight than the average walking skirt. In warm weather most women wear linen or khaki. In the country such a skirt is worn with an ordinary linen shirtwaist, but in town the entire habit is usually worn. Sailor hats and soft Panama outing shapes are worn in summer quite as much as ordinary riding hats. In the country, of course, Central Park morning rides are taken in most informal costumes. Skirts of lining, with white shirtwaists, and no hats at all, are frequently seen."

**Chat About Women.**  
 Mrs. Mary Vanderpool Hayes of Newark, N. J., has given many valuable bronzes, rugs and pieces of pottery to the Free Library of her city in memory of her husband.  
 Miss Minnie Baldwin is president of a bank in Waterloo, N. Y. She is also among the incorporators of the institution and still assumes direct management in the days of her leisure. The concern has a capital of \$35,000.  
 Miss Liel C. Capriani, the brilliant Florentine scholar, a former teacher in the University of Chicago, has been appointed senior instructor in the department of romance languages at the University of Iowa.  
 Miss Elizabeth Killingsworth Brown, editor-in-chief of the late "Devil" Weekly, was for forty years chief of the official reporters of the house of representatives, has gone into mining in Colorado. Parties who had prospected and found valuable mines, but who were unable to work them on account of lack of funds, were persuaded by Miss Brown to sell their holdings, and she is the holder of several paying properties. Miss Brown is personally superintending the work on her holdings and may be seen any day on her way, with her lunch basket, to the mine, where she watches every detail of the labor, and extracts the precious ore from the earth.  
 "The late Mary A. Livermore was a shrewd woman who believed in 'fighting the devil with fire.' She was converted to this idea by the example of an old friend, a clergyman. With solemn air he announced from the pulpit one day that a button had been found in the collection oil. 'Only one individual in the church could have been guilty of this trick,' he said, 'and I shall expect that person to replace the button with a coin.' After service a member of the church stepped up to be the culprit and asked: 'How did you know I was the man?' 'I did not know,' said the clergyman, 'but you said only one person could have done it.' 'Just so,' was the reply. 'Two persons could not have put the same button on the plate.'"  
 An important personage in Washington society nowadays is Miss Margaret Wade, who has been appointed social secretary to Mrs. Fairbanks, wife of the vice president. Mrs. Fairbanks will certainly be a great deal of business in her term of office and upon Miss Wade will devolve very important social duties. She must and does thoroughly understand all the intricate questions of procedure and precedent. She knows who should be invited to various functions, how guests should be seated at table and all the other niceties of being young woman in a town of Pennsylvania. She has also traveled extensively abroad and is well acquainted with social customs in foreign countries. It is understood that Miss Wade has literary aspirations and expects to be able to devote herself to writing fiction.

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