THE BEE: OMAHA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1910.

Austrian Opossum Fur Set



This fur set of Austrian opessum is ider piece is accompanied by a soft, round soft and rich and many of the Parisian muff. The hat is one of the new, queer dressmakers are using it to trim velvet "swirl" turbans made of gun metal gray costumes and wraps. The cape-like shoul- satin, twisted round and round in folds.



Kell.

BY LAFAYETTE PARKS. have received a lengthy printed circular entitled an 'Appeal to Patriotism,' ' begins Brightside, when his youthful son and heir has ensconced himself in the ensiest chair, indicating his willingness to illuminate dark problems beclouding his



THEY WANT TO GIVE EVERYBODY A

CHANCE TO SHARE IN THE WORK,

"Those political committees are all crazy

"One thing about these appeals that

LITTLE SERMON FOR THE WEEK ENDS

E'BEES HOME MAGAZINE PAGE

"The Pricetess Legacy." John 16:27: "Peace 1 leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you; let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be fear-ful."

What is there in all this busy world that men need more than this! Tired, careworn, nervous-we want peace and rest. The problem is how to get it. In leaving the world every man leaves something to the world. It may be honest property, the distribution of which is to lighten the hurdens and sweeton the lives of his posterity; or, it may be ill gotten gaina whose bequest is to become the gilded minery of its possessors. It may be simply a bad character, whose temperaments and traits, through the laws of hereditary. are to "blight the children unto the third and fourth generation."

Temperaments and tendencies, being hidden in some, will oreak out again in others. Like one of those underground rivers of Kentucky, whose waters come to the surface for a few miles, then dipping be-

neath the rocks, wrestle their way through subterranean passages and break out miles beyond. Or a man may bequeath as a legacy only

"precious ointment and more to be chosen than great riches."

something to leave the world, not merely as if remembering that wills were someyet he left us an estate of infinitely more timilignaires or kings, earthly, "those well

favored little clay gods and tin idols." be fearful." We have here Christ's last will and tes-

> The DIARY of DOLL A Summer Girl

Thursday-He actually dared to kim my air. I leaned over to pick up a book, and he kissed the top puff. It was one of those

new aviation puffs, and I was so furious I almost tore it off my head and threw it at him. Instead of owning that he had done wrong, he laid the blame on my ear. and even had to drag in a poor w'sp of hair that grows in that vicinity. It seems that It was that that started the trouble.

I might have known it was my own hair's fault. I admit the car was probably somewhat in fault also. It likes admiration, and I dare say turned pink with gratificait had secured the attention of a somewhat attractive man. Still, I was frightfully angry with Jim although I hold myself to blame for it. At times I seem to have very little control over my eyes or mouth or hair. In spite of my careful training, they not like perfect idiots occasionally. What can I do? I myself am a most quiet and dignified person, perfectly well behaved in every way. CLOST ITS HEAD DURING THAT DANCE WITH JACK, DIDN'T IT?" could sit beside a handsome young man IT LOST for a whole evening and converse about learned subjects-or at least try to; I could sew a stitch, but began to play with my to some plain sewing or read an improving hair or fiddle with a bracelet, or something thing, so I repeated it two or three times, book to him, but I no sooner get started corfectly silly and useless like that. talking learnedly than my eyes began talking in the most foolish way possible. The things they say are absurd. If I began reading something sensible my nouth usually becomes quite unmanageable. I have known it to begin to laugh at something very serious. I have often had "They explain this by saying that they



Rev. T. H. McConnell, Pastor of Westminster Fresh terian Church.

ament, which describes His estate, and tells us something of our inheritance. Peace I leave with you; my peace I give

unto you." This legacy was written in vermillion color,, "having made peace good name, which is better than through the blood of the cross." It was a document written by the Son of God and witnessed to by eleven men. It became In feaving the world Jesus Christ had valid upon the death of the testator, Then,

a good name, though that was more ex- times contested and broken and the testacellent than the name obtained by angels, tors, being dead, were powerless to ex-Nor was it, thank God, that kind of prop. | scute them, He rose from the dead that |ay his head on luxury's soft lap, or tread erty that might be converted in dollars and Ha might become His own executor. He the primrose path of dalliance. He was from the leaves that formed a heavily cents, as some thief would have stolen it died to put his will in force. He rose to acquainied with hardships. His was per- padded carpet for their feet. Baindrops long ago, and you and I would not have see that it was executed. He was de- manently the strenuous life. His whole seen a penny. In his abyasmal poverty the livered up for our trespasses and was career was prowded with temptations, yet greeting rose from the cedar hedge next Son of Man had not where to lay his head, raised for our justification." And to as crowned with victory. sure the disc ples that they would come

What then is this peace? We all desire and in all ways.



HENAL® CO., All Chable Conserval

for his benefit, "Here's your curl, dear!" said, "Thanks ever so much for bringing to me, dearest. It lost its head during that dance with Jack. didn't it?" vening.

But to go back to Jim. I can see that he annot be a brother to me, as he suggested, after I refused him. I reproached him bitterly, and told him how furious I was that is dared to think he could kiss the top of once. my head. I said he should have been over- never be coming back." olg, clumsy thing that didn't know any thing! Horrtble, dirty looking hands Great, huge feet! I said the idea of his imagining I'd look at him, anyway! The idea of his daring to imagine he could touch me with the tips of his little firger! I was so angry I got quite worked up about it. Buddenly he grabbed ma by my arms and said, "Stop talking like that" I Was BY BOBBY BABBLEL speechless with fury. If only I could have When little Polly comes to wait thrown something at him! I managed to say. "How dare you!" He didn't say any. At sunset by the garden gate, An inner version greets her sight-She sees beyond the western light each time more savagely. He still didn't Her sentry lover break his pace; Taking it all in all. I have a difficult time | say anything.

Boss of the Establishment Common Sense is the Good Cooking.

BY AMERE MANN. "Cooking is simply common sense," observed the Boss of the Establishment

His wife had been in town shopping dur said, "All may have it, and yet each may ing the afternoon and they were journey have it all." Everyone of us may have it ing home together on a late suburban train.

peace of God poured into the heart produces that blessed soul calm and gives one the trangull assurance of salvation.

feeling; a ble sful peace in which there is slowly, no misery, no remorse, no sting; a con-

tentful peace in which submissiveness cushdons the freiful disappointments of life; a holy peace in which there are no ravenous appetites madly demanding an impossible gradifications; a regnant peace which brings into subjection to Christ not only our every thought, word and deed, but the whole of that troubled kingdom which each one of us carries about within himwoman that ever lived." self, passion dragging this way and con-

ience that, a hundred desires arrayed against one another, inclination here, duty there until the King of righteousness, who phetic mlen. s the King of peace, unites the heart.

joys is an inward estate which flood cannot overflow, fires cannot burn, and death trelf cannot destroy.

Christ's peace is a peace amid conflict. He did not seek it apart from the world. He was no recluse with hollow-eyed absociety or the market place, nor did he

value than that of landed proprietors, mul- into their inheritance, He says: "Let not heart every unclean thing and from the life it seemed strangely desolate and dark. your hearts be troubled, neither let them every offensive thing. Only then will the

I, hence we must know what it is. Peace to one of those New Testament words that staggers under the weight of its own meaning. It is the only thing, to my present oracularly. knowledge, of which it can logically be

and yet each one may have it in fullness, It is inden with unsearchable riches. The "I'm glad you think so," the Boss' wife

replied; "but I've known a great many wonderful cooks who had no common sense at all-and a great many sensible orplinde of conscience or sluggisliness of persons who had no idea of cooking whatever. You, for instance," she added

"IT" the Boss reiterated. "Why, I was the best cook in our camping club when went to school. I'll bet there isn't a chef in New York that can plank a steak the way I can. You don't know what you're talking about. Why, if you ever got i taste of my cooking you'd realize what Vve often told you-that a man can do anything he undertakes better than any

"The day will come when you will have to eat your words and your own cook ing, too," answered the woman with pro-

And then each settled down to & perusal Fee, this peace which Christ himself en- of the evening papers, which was interrupted only by the trainman's mumbled announcement: "Mountainville"" "Prophets are seldom entirely without you cook."

honor in their own minds, but on this occasion the Boss' wife did not know, or. as the romances say, little reckoned that stenence or lean despair. He did not shun the Boss was shortly to be called to account for his culinary bragging. A recent rain had washed the hung on the glistening trees; a pungent

Get right with God. Expell from the But their own house as they approached Lord of peace give you peace at all times dog knows we're coming as soon as we you dinner's ready, no matter what hap-

round the corner," said the Boss won- pens." ieringly.

She was distinctly proud that one mem- gions. ber of her household dressed for dinner and promised herself that some day when she him by several feet. had more time she would imitate the

cook's example. "Oh, Mary's in the kitchen," the Boss explained.

But when his front door swung open an inexplicable air of desolation assailed

To be sure, Wooff-Wooff scrambled up from the sitting room rug and approached. wagging a rather languid tall, but where was the light of the household, the hub of the universe, the queen of the kitchen? A note on the dining room table told

the story. The Boss' wife selzed it fever-Jack was awfully attentive the rest of the lahly and then at its conclusion uttered a low, weak laugh of relief.

"Mary's gone!" she exclaimed. "But she's coming back. She got a telephone message from New York saying that her

"There was really nothing the matter "Bosh." said the Boss. "You never exwith it." the Boss' wife continued. "But I him to sit on the same sofa with me. A pect to see her again, do you? She's just do wish our dog had a better appetite." letting you down easy. But what are you (Copyright, 1910, by the N. Y. Heraid Co.)



HUMOR

going to do about 'eats?' "

"Dol" echoed his wife .. "Why, we're se ing to give you a chance to show how much better you can cook than any woman! Mary has set the table (and fixed the salad), so I will have a chance to watch

"No, you don't!" the Boss answered "I've no objection to cooking the utchly. dinner, but I won't have anybody watching me. All you need to do is to cat."

"It sounds easy," the Boss' wife admitted, "but you never can tell!"

The Boss ignored the flippant heresy and disappeared in the dim receases of the basement kitchen.

"I'm going to have an Irish stew!" he "That's the way to get everything na.d. cooked all at once. Now, mind you don't "I don't hear Wooff-Wooff. Usually that dare set foot down these stairs until I tell

The Boss' wife promised and settled "And I don't see the light in Mary's down comfortably over a magazine. It room. She always goes upstairs to dress was two hours later that the Boss emerged before serving dinner," his wffe retorted in crestfallen diamay from the lower re-

An odor of burning stew had preceded

"It got a little scorched," he said concliintingly. "but I think it's great, except for a rather peculiar flavor.'

He set the dish upon the table.

"Come, let's est. I'm starved!" he added.

Starved he was and remained, and starved the lady of his house and heart continued to be. For it was not in the power of the most loving wife to do more than smell the product of her husband's culinary skill.

"It's not very good?" inquired the Boss, tentatively.

"Oh, yes, dear, it is! I'm simply not hungry. Perhaps Woof-Woof will eat it," she added encouragingly.

But even the faithful Woof-Woof turned sister was ill, so she had to leave at away and sighed when he found his affec-Well, it might be worse; she might tions put to the supreme test.

"Don't fall for any of them political campaign touches, Pop," severely cautions Son, igniting a torch. "If you happen to have any loose change that's burning a bele in your pocket, just come across with it to your little Willie."

"Any subscription, no matter how small, will be gratefully received, the letter reads," continues Father.

"That's what the cripples all say." explains Son, "but if you slip 'em a nice new Lincoln penny instead of a dime they'll hand out a line of curses that will make the witches' chorus look like a convention of Sunday school teachers. Don't balleys for a minute that kind of con talk and don't try to slip 'em a two-dollar bill in a letter, because the office boy grabs off those kind of contributions for carfare."

"I had thought," says Father hesitatmoney. They let the spellbinder get your ingly, "of making a small donation just to vote-if he can." show my interest in the party I have voted for now going on thirty years."

want to give everybody a chance to share "Your small strip of long green might in the work," continues Father. put up the district leader's handsomely odiored lithograph in half a dozen more store windows, but outside of that I don't about work in just the name way," retorts Son. "Their middle name is Work, but they see where it would save the dear old party use great care when signing their name any pain," volunteers Son.

only to jot down the initial so the bunch "They tell me here." Father resumes, won't get onto their little fad." "that the state is in great danger from its enemiese and the forces of corruption. seems inconsistent, is that both warn me if and that perhaps my contribution will be the means of saving it from the hands of the other party is victorious at the polls, the business of the country will become rencals who seek to overturn the governparalyzed," says Father, dublously referment.

"Those guys that try to pinch off the ring to the documents. pes-puls cash to finance their own little "Take it from me, Pop," advises Son "that whichever side wins, somebody will game are certainly there with the super-"If get paralyzed, but it won't be the country heated atmosphere," comments Son. they'd only swing a little of that strong The boys that pull off the winning trick arm stuff in their own private business will gather up what's left in the collection maybe they wouldn't have to hold up the basket and proceed to blow it in to celepublic on this everybody-ohip-in-and-help- brate another glorious victory won for the me plan or the country will go to the dogs pee-pul and by the pee-pul. If you send in on the Empire State gapress." your money quick it might help to buy a "This year," plaintively complains quart of fian."

Father, "both the old line parties have "Appended to one of these letters are the honored me with appeals for campaign names of twenty-three men to whom I may funds, regardless, as one letter puts it, of send money," pussies Father. "Skidool" exclaims Son. "That's my an party.

"What do they care about your politics swer to these touching touches to help as long as they pry loose a chunk of your somebody else get a fat job without hustimanuma "" queries Son. "It's the business ing for it."

of the financial committee to get the Copyright, 1910, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

Correct Wording for Invitation to a Bridge or Euchre Party

A bridge or eachre party is a pleasant. In arranging an evening of cards a form of entertaining friends in the evening hostess should always regard herself as and entails but little effort on the part an extra and invite enough to play. of a hostess, for unless she has four tables Women who entertain much know to prizes are not necessary, and the suppor their sorrow that it is not unusual for one served may be simple or elaborate, as she person to stay away through illness, and so the houters must play-and this would While it is permissible to invite friends obviously be impossible if she has not fig-

by writing the date and hour on one's used herself as an extra. visiting card, it is not really good form Tables ready for playing should be in when both men and women are asked for their places before guasts arrive, and a the evening. For a formal evening affair name card at each place or written on the

a note should be sent and the communica- score will save confusion. tion should be brief and read something It is customary to wait until all guests arrive before starting the game, but if like this:

My Dear Mrs. Smith-Will not you and My Dear Mrs. Smith-Will not you and Mr. smith play bridge with us on Tuesday evening, the twenty-fifth? We are analys friends to come at haif-past eight, and shall hope to nee you. Cordially, MARY ELLEN BROWN. Such an arrangement prevents the pleas.

2

Such a note requires an immediate and ure of others being delayed unnecessarily. gwer, accepting or regreiting, that a best- A hostens is apt to announce at the be ess may know without delay whom she ginning of the evening either the hour at My Dear Mrs. Brown-It will give Mr. Smith and me great pleasure to accept your kind invitation for bridge on Tues-day evening, the twenty-fifth, at half-past sight c'olock. Most cordially, ELIZABETH LOUISE EMITH, BOBANNA schurrer

haperoning mysolf. Really I can feel for I smiled then-I couldn't help it-and His face turned home, he halts a space a woman who is asked to chaperon all jerked my arms away and ran to the other And on his faithful rifie leans In Luzon of the Philippines. those things in a large party of girls. It side of the table and said, "Yes, Aunt

must be a fearful job. I have known even Georgette, I'm right here." I asked him to If in his mind there lurks a fear false hair to give a great deal of trouble. excuse me a moment, and when I came At a dance last winter, when I was bos- back told him she wanted to know if the Of the Negrito's flying spear, Out of the rustling bamboo brake to stop reading and let it say the frivolous toning with Jack Wright, a little curl I book she was reading was in the room we With grim destruction in its wake, diotic things it was trying to. When, as a had pinned on the back of my head came were in, and that she would be down for it The thought of Polly comes to him,

last resort, I pick up the sewing and at-tempt to accomplish a little in that line, in a quiet, refined and womanly manner, I the general insurrection and didn't want pened, but I had to do something if he was His heart beats fast, his eyes grow dim He bridges space that intervenes Twixt Polly and the Philippines. have discovered that even my hands had rushed right over to me with it and said going to behave so idiotically.



Types We Meet Every Day The Girl He Left Behind Him.



Still Polly stands beside the gate. Pathetic in the darkening air, She symbolizes, standing there, All patient women, down the years, Still smiling bravely through their tears. like knows, too well, just what it means To guard the distant Philippines. (Copyright, 1910, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

So in the twilight growing late

Tis strange how time repeats the tale!

Saw Polly's great-great-grandma there

At the same gate to breathe a prayer

For her brave lover marching down

With other days and other scenes-

With Yorktown and the Philippines!

The time slips by, as time will do,

When Polly's grandma came to wait

For her brave mate, the boy in blue.

How strangely history links the two-

Down to the days of sixty-two,

In tears beside the garden gate

The man in khaki and in jeans

At Shiloh and the Phillippines!

Long, long ago, the twilight pale

To Washington at Germantown.

A century and more slips by, And yet, behold! how close the tie

If Blood Circulates Freely in Winter The Body Will Not Feel Cold

If there was any one suggestion more | ever normal the color of the nose may rethan another that I would commend to the main in the open, as soon as a person thus attention of a person whose nose turns red affilicted goes indoors the blood will rush with the first cold of autumn it would be to the extremities, and the nose will tingle to avoid overheated rooms. Whether it is and burn.

the extreme temperature which causes the redness I do not know, but the faot re- vells, such as until recently were reserved mains that a nose susceptible to weather for the use of babies, may be worn to keep conditions will redden almost immediately the temperature around the face comparain a warm room, and hours will elapse tively normal. before it agair resumes its normal color. I have said more than once that an im- as alcoholics, as far as increasing the drpoverished condition of the blood is fre- culation, and so should be avoided by perquantity the causes of red noses, and, of sons with red noses. Hot and cold water, course, circulation affects it. But it is 100, must not be applied. Only that which true that there are conditions of tempera- is tepid will not increase the tendency to ture which it is wise to avoid, because by redden. Direct contact with heat, such as so doing the weakness is not increased, sitting before an open fire or register, is

vented. One great trouble about a red nose is that ence chronic it is difficult to cure. to turn red, to starve one's self in the beshould a nose show the slightest tendency lief that this will aid the color of that to redden preventive measures should be organ, is the greatest mistake. Plenty of started at once, else the blood vessels of food that is nourishing and easily digested that organ becomes dilated and naturally must be eaten, and it is better not to les easily fill with blood at the alightest the stomach become empty. When that provocation. A nervous start will stimu- happens redness of the face almost always late circulation, and the nose will turn follows eating, whereas such flushing may red in an instant.

Once this condition is chronic a physi- food. man's treatment is almost necessarily required, for external applications are of little avail.

When cold weather comes it is wise to protect the face when out of doors. How-

As a protection against cold thick knitted Tes and coffee are as great stimulants

and sometimes in a great measure is pre- unwise for persons who want to prevent red noses from becoming redder.

Although indigestion may cause the nosa be avoided by not going too long without MARGARET MIXTER.

"Something Just as Good." "Did he leave footprints on the sands of time?"

"No; but they took his thumb prints."-