



The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Fashions of the Moment

A Charming Summer Gown Described by Olivette.



By OLIVETTE.

Here is a little summer costume that may be truly called a "confection," though we generally prefer not to use that gastronomic term in the description of even the dreams of the sartorial realm.

White or shell pink is the foundation of heavy grade china or shantung silk. There is an eight-inch slit over the left ankle, and all about the hem tiny pink wild roses are set at equal intervals. The overskirt is of wide shadow lace falling to the knees at the front and lengthening some eight inches under the caught-in drapery at the back. A garland of the roses peeks from under this, and another surmounts the wide girdle and rises to meet the square-cut vest of filmy white chiffon. Both waist and puff sleeves are of the lace, and another garland of the dear little wild roses nestles under the sleeve at the elbow.

The hat is a great round white Neapolitan covered with frill after frill of white accordion-plated maline, with a monster pink rose crushing in all the firmness at the left.

Dainty white slippers and silk stockings, and a filmy parasol with a wide border of chiffon printed in great pink roses, complete an absolutely ideal summer costume.

LIVE CHEAPER—CUT DOWN MEAT BILL DOWN

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MAULL ROS.
St. Louis, Mo.

THE BEST FARM PERIODICAL

Time's Changes

By MINNA IRVING.

I chanced to meet old Father Time. It does not matter where; He wore a leather coat and cap, And had a jaunty air. A pair of goggles hid his eyes, His boots were turred inside; I viewed the change with much amazement, "Where is your scythe?" I cried. "It cannot be that you at last No longer mean to mow Unhappy mortals like the grass, Before you as you go?" "The scythe," the ancient spirit sighed, "Is slow and out of date, I use an aeroplane instead To do the work of fate."

The Face in the Mountain

By WINIFRED BLACK

It is said today, the great face up there on top of the mountain. Have you ever seen such a face?

Who carved it, I wonder? Ages and ages ago did the wild waters know what it was they wrought when they rushed over the great boulders and sang and surged and cut the face in the great rocks?

There it is, day and night, the great calm face, lying with its eyes up to the sky, and the clouds sail above and the winds sing below and still the great face lies there for all to see.

There were great doings in the valley once. Some one found a pocket full of gold there in the canyon by the rushing waters and the whole place swarmed with men—and women followed and the quiet night was ransacked with wild songs. Gold, gold—that's what they all wanted—gold. What did they care for the peace of the valley or the calm of the great mountain? Gold, that was what they were after. Strange the fever that burns us when we hear the very name.

The other day I drove high above timber line.

It was a sight to take the breath away. While we stood gazing the driver spoke: "There," he said, pointing with his whip, "There—that's Simpson's Dream, that hole down there. Simpson took \$10,000 in twenty-four hours out of that hole." And every one of us turned our eager eyes from the glory of the sky and the splendor of the spreading earth and—looked earnestly, eagerly, with a vivid interest at a dirty hole in the ground because Simpson, whoever he might be, took \$10,000 worth of gold out of it once—years and years ago.

How the gods must laugh at our strange infatuation!

Poor Simpson—he had his day of delirium. What did it profit him?

He died—drunk—and raving—after he had spent his \$10,000, and the wife of his youth was ashamed to lay a flower on his dishonored grave and the boy she named for Simpson would rather you didn't ask about him if you please.

Now, if he had only watched the face there on the hills—the great, calm face, and had drawn strength and peace from that—how much better off he would have been.

"Come," the mountains call, "come, little, tired, anxious, worried, eager, quarrelsome children. Come, you are thirsty; I will give you to drink. You are hungry, there is plenty to eat here and to spare. See how light the trees feather into a canopy for your sleeping room. Peace, joy, health, faith, trust, love—all these I have for you here."

And we laugh bitterly and turn away—but let the hole in the ground speak—"gold, gold, gold—for the digging—sorrow, greed, care—work without ceasing, the forgetfulness of one we once loved—age before the time for age—bitterness while the brow is smooth, distrust, envy—all this I offer you," and how we run to answer—poor blind fools that we are.

What do you think of us—face there on the mountain? How sad you look. Here comes one who laughs—a girl with a letter from her sweetheart crackling in her bosom—"The face smiles," says the girl, "see how the face smiles."

And here comes one in anger—one he trusted has betrayed him. "The face is cruel," says the man in anger—"it sneers at me and my sorrow."

And to me, who mourn for what never can be mine again—the face looks mournful and full of sadness—can it be that you never change at all—face there on the mountain, and that it is we who are sad and angry or gay and we see ourselves reflected in your look?

If I make my world myself it shall be a happy one—trust me for that, oh, face of calm content.

Come! the sun shines, the winds sing, the waters rush by, who shall bring sadness to my heart or to your brow, oh, face of calm delight?

My world is my own, I'll make it what I will—a happy one.



Microbes

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The name "microbe" is one that generally inspires terror because of all the wonderful discoveries that have been made concerning the fearful death-dealing powers that many microbes possess.

But, in a most interesting article in Hearst's Magazine for July, Sir William Ramsay has just pointed out how microbes may be, and are, engaged as allies of man either by changing their malignant nature, or by setting them to war upon other minute foes with which we cannot ourselves directly fight.

In some cases the services which microbes are able to render in the battle against disease might be compared to that of fleets of small armed boats sent out from a squadron of battleships to enter the shallow and hidden creeks and coves on an enemy's coast, and attack the foe in positions unapproachable to the heavy vessels.

Our trained microbe allies may race through our blood and penetrate the most secret regions of our bodies, either destroying the enemies already lurking there, or laying waste the territory against their advance by depriving it of the means of subsistence upon which the invaders must depend.

And all this may be done without harm to the tissues or the functions of the body.

Such beneficent microbes are like scouts and guerillas, and where they have skirmished the enemy is found to be so disorganized and broken up that it can be swept out of existence.

A dramatic example of the way in which the discovery was made that microbes can, as Professor Ramsay says, be "harnessed" for useful work, is afforded by Pasteur's experience with "chicken cholera."

He had been inoculating healthy chickens with microbes taken from fowls infected with the disease, in order to study its method of development. The vacation period came along, and Pasteur went away, leaving some of the cultures of microbes in his laboratory.

When he returned he resumed his experiments with the microbes that had been left over, and which seemed, as far as appearances went, to be as virulent as ever.

But, to his astonishment, when he inoculated them into healthy chickens, the latter went about their gallantous (hen-like) affairs with their usual zest and good appetite, and did not develop disease of any kind. Here was an opportunity for genius, and Pasteur was a genius.

Instantly he set to work to find out the reason for the immunity of the chickens from so deadly an enemy. First he inoculated them over again with microbes taken fresh from fowls that had the cholera. But the chickens remained as lively and healthy as ever.

Then he found out that if the microbes were exposed for a long time to the air, at a certain temperature, they lost their virulence, they could no longer communicate disease, but they could, like scavengers, remove from the blood of chickens into which they were introduced the elements upon which the disease-breeding microbes subsisted.

Thus Pasteur, led by a happy accident, had learned how to "harness" the microbes of chicken cholera and make them work for health and life instead of for disease and death. They became his guerillas, with which he waged successful war upon an enemy of the domestic fowl that had hitherto defied attack.

After that it was found that many other microbes, some of them deadly enemies to human life, like the terrible germ of spinal meningitis, could be subdued and trained in a similar way, and thus the great science of inoculation against disease had its birth.

Professor Ramsay shows that microbes can be employed not only in combating disease, but in aiding man in a hundred other ways. For instance, the preparation of tea, the curing of tobacco and the manufacture of butter and cheese are all processes conducted through the intervention of our microbe friends, which are falling more and more under our control and guidance. Science is teaching them new duties.

"New bacteria," says Professor Ramsay, (bacteria are microbes), "are being discovered, or old bacteria are being given unaccustomed food, from which they evolve useful products. The conversion

Beauty Secrets of Beautiful Women

Stella Barre Tells of the Value of Voice Culture

By LILIAN LAUFERTY.

"When I began making vocal culture a serious study a few years ago—six, to be accurate," said Stella Barre in the most delightfully musical of voices, as we slipped cooling ices after the matinee. "No one except my teacher and myself believed I had a voice to train. We did believe, though—we worked hard to prove it—and now we have a few followers, haven't we?"

If you have heard Stella Barre's top notes and a few others below it at the performances of "All Aboard" you will agree that she has triumphantly proved the existence of her voice. And a voice is, as we have been told, "an excellent thing in women." Be it low and sweet, or be it high and sweet; but heaven forefend that any one of us have the high-pitched nasal voice, or the husky, breathy creak that are an unfortunate tradition as the possessions of the American woman.

"No amount of study is too hard," said the charming singer, "if it gives you at last the goal of your dreams. But you have to work with your brain as well as your body. And the thing I would warn girls most earnestly against is over-fatigue. It is so easy to think, 'Oh, I will just keep at this a bit longer,' and to use up so much energy and strength that you infringe on your reserve store. Now I really practice all afternoon long—but only about fifteen minutes at a time. I work a bit, and then I go off to something quite different, and then back to work. In this way, I probably put in three or four hours' work with less fatigue than two hours of steady application and over-strain would give."

"You read so many romances of how the fair telephone girl wins a millionaire husband by saying 'Hello' very sweetly to his listening ear. There is something in every tale—fairly or otherwise—you hear, and whether a girl has a singing voice or not, a few singing lessons will vastly improve her speaking voice—and perhaps help to discover another prima donna."

"For the girl who cannot afford singing lessons, I would suggest deep breathing at an open window morning and night, or whenever she has a chance to try it during the day. Then fill the lungs and hold the breath back of the voice while speaking a few words, gradually increasing the number until you have breath control and all the while keeping the voice as deep, clear and low as possible."

"But you don't think that voice alone is sufficient beauty for woman, do you?" I asked, for every line of Miss Barre's cool coral-colored linen dress and white hat bespoke a careful attention to the mysteries of true becomingness in dress, with beauty and good taste duly mingled—and these mysteries become just plain everyday facts in the clever hands and brain of the woman who knows how to dress. "I am sure that you recognize the importance of dress and manner in the field of womanly charm."

"Yes," said Miss Barre, with the pleasing attention that she always gives to your part of the conversation. "I believe in dress and manner as adjuncts to beauty, and I have just four little theories for the first aids to beauty. Here they are: First and most important, keep up. Keep up and ahead of what you are doing of events and happenings; just cultivate a habit of feeling light and buoyant and not weighted down or impeded by life."

Next, be pleasant. Friends are as easy to acquire as good taste. And a pleasant greeting to the people you meet won't harm them or you.

"Of course I believe in dressing as well, and as becomingly as your means will allow. And to do that you must cultivate your imagination. Do you know, I can always see myself walking out of the front door and down the street in a dress just about the time I am having my first fitting. I picture myself in clothes, and as I don't like freak pictures, I don't get freak clothes. I make sure that my hats form a background

of starch, a cheap commodity in the form of maize or potatoes, into two chemical substances, named acetone and butyl alcohol, is likely to have far-reaching results, for the latter can easily be transformed into India rubber, and the former is largely used in the manufacture of certain kinds of high explosives."

Mistaken people who would interfere with such work on purely sentimental grounds are capable of doing much harm to the best interests of humanity.



Statuette Stella Barre.

for my face, although if I had a shorter neck I would be careful not to make it appear still shorter by wearing hats that would cut it off in the course of their down-droop in back. And I study the line of my throat. A neck is pretty generally becoming—except to the woman with an exceedingly long, narrow face. Square neck for her, and a round line that cuts off the throat should be generally taboo.

"It's a science, isn't it?" laughed Miss Barre. "Why, I believe taste in dress has as many branches and ramifications as the study of singing. But they are both worth while, aren't they?"

And we all agree, don't we, little sisters?

Hints to Social Climbers

How to Attract Notice



Dine at a smart restaurant and forget your table manners.

Why Women Keep Awake in Church

If you have ever taken much notice in church of those of the congregation who nod drowsily or even go to sleep, you will have found that it is the men who do this and not the women. It's doubtful if one woman to a thousand goes to sleep in church and people have long held an entirely wrong impression of this.

It has been said that the men are a bit more stupid, that they do not pay enough attention to the sermon or do not comprehend it sufficiently to retain their interest, and hence get sleepy. It has also been said that women are brighter, quicker to understand and have more self-control and so do not lose interest and close their eyes in slumber while the minister is preaching.

But all this is quite wrong. A German professor has been making a study of this and he declares that men fall asleep in church because they do pay more attention to the sermon than do the women. Further, he declares the average woman does not begin to grasp the purport of the sermon, that she is far slower of understanding than men.

The man will watch the minister every minute, he will concentrate all his mind upon the preacher and what he is saying, he will catch his every gesture and every motion of his lips and listen to every word until finally he drops off to sleep simply because he had watched so steadily, gazed so intently that he has actually hypnotized himself.

If the woman does not grasp the meaning of the sermon so readily, if her mentality is not quite so keen and quick, one would think she would fall asleep. But the fact remains that she has plenty to interest her. A man cannot look about the church and be interested in John Jones' cravat or William Smith's vest, or Sam White's cuff buttons. He doesn't care anything about them, but a woman will sit quietly in church, she will hear what the minister is saying without giving much thought to it, but she will be interested in everything every other woman is wearing, from the feathers and ribbons and buckles and flowers of their hats to the dresses and laces and jewelry

and furs and wraps and laces and trills, and there is enough to keep her just moderately entertained and wide awake.

And so, according to this German professor, the wife should not blame her husband for being dull and stupid and falling asleep; she should know it was because he was listening too intently to the sermon and thinking too deeply on it until he fairly worked himself into what appeared a sleep, but was in reality a sort of hypnotic state.

CURED TERRIBLE HUMOR ON FACE

Could Not Go On Street Without Veil. Tells What Resinol Did For Her.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"In December, 1912, my face became sore. I tried everything that was recommended, and my face got worse instead of better. I spent over \$100 and got no benefit. The face and nose were very red and the eruption had the appearance of small boils, which itched me terribly. I cannot tell you how terribly my face looked—all I can say is, it was dreadful, and I suffered beyond description.

"I have not gone on the street any time since 1912 without a veil, until now. Just four months ago a friend persuaded me to give Resinol a trial. I have used three cakes of Resinol Soap and less than a jar of Resinol Ointment, and my face is perfectly free from any eruption, and my skin is as clear and clean as any child's. It is about four weeks since the last pimple disappeared." (Signed) Mrs. M. J. Eastman, 4254 Viola St., Dec. 6, 1912.

Practically every druggist sells Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap. Prescribed for eighteen years for itching, burning, skin troubles, sunburn, pimples, blackheads, dandruff, ulcers, boils, stubborn sores, and piles. Trial free; Dept. 3-R, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.