

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## A Contrast in Hats--(the Price)--and A Charming Gown Described by Olivette



may be cut in three strips, which can be stitched together invisibly. Another quarter for millinery wire and lining, and for three dollars you have a smart and unusual little "first" hat.

The evening gown of pale lemon brocade is rather startling without transgressing the limits of good taste. The gown itself takes the form of a princess dress cut with blousing waist and fish-tail train. The top part of the bodice is a dainty kimono of fine maline lace and ivory chiffon. Under this shimmers a pale apricot ribbon which is laid across the chest and under the arms. Over the dress and joining the "V" neck is a long coat of palest apricot chiffon, which falls to the bottom of the skirt with no opening for the arms. This cape-coat is edged with an applique of dull gold and pink roses, with leaves of green gold. Under this trimming the chiffon coat tightens into a few folds at the back.

Behold a hat, on the right, that the "home milliner" can never hope to manufacture! Of tete du negre velvet is the smart shape which scoops over lady's right eye, turns smartly up at the left side and the back and arranges itself in a soft, "near" Tam o' Shanter crown. And of the same wonderful smoky, dark brown shade is the great cascading spray of paradise, that extends across the back. The price? Oh, it can be done for \$150, if milady does not demand too generous a mass of the frothy paradise in her crown!

By Olivette.

Lent this a chic little chapeau on the left for early fall? It is of white satin, or supple felt, and is a "flower-pot" shape, with a band of self-material finishing at the edge. Draped about the high crown is black velvet. Two wide loops flare up in front, and a softer loop descends across the crown. The home milliner will find this hat very easy to copy—and the expense won't be very great. Twenty-five cents for the flower-pot foundation shape, a dollar for the yard of satin and a dollar and a half for a yard of black velvet cut on the bias. This velvet

## Beauty

Corsetless, Collarless Comfort as a Real Aid to Beauty Discussed by Miss Louise Dresser

By LILIAN LAUFERTY.

I used to wonder if the man who wrote "Oh, You Great, Big, Beautiful Belt" had visions of Louise Dresser while the muse burned—but that was before I had talked to Louise Dresser. For no great, big, beautiful doll is the stunning blond Louise, but a sane, thoughtful and altogether very womanly woman.

"Beauty is a somewhat over-rated asset of the feminine bank account," said Miss Dresser in answer to my plea for "secrets." "Whenever any one starts a discussion of it, I think of a friend from the west, who went abroad to feast her eyes on the beauties of Westminster Abbey and the Italian lakes, and all the eager little knowledge seekers in her home town kept writing to her to be sure to find out the latest methods of flesh reduction and hair retention and complexion beautification. Well, I believe in comfort—Co-m-fort—and health and calmness and living one day at a time and charm of manner; and if out of that combination beauty does not just naturally evolve, something is radically wrong with the woman who is practicing my five cardinal virtues."

Miss Dresser was donning the Arverne sack of Ruth Snyder, the charming stenographer, who delights "Potash and Perlmutter" and the audiences up at Colman's theater—and with a final setting flirt of the big butterfly black hat, she herself settled down to pay strict attention to me—and beauty.

"Let's discuss your five cardinal points—one extra for that compass, but it seems to have a magnetic south of loveliness."

"All right," said obliging Miss Dresser. "We begin with my very pet hobby—comfort—Co-m-fort—P-O-R-T. Please have that put in the biggest type there is—for it is so important. Comfortable shoes—no more strained expressions that say as plainly as possible: 'Oh, if I only last till I get home and into my comfortable slippers!' Now, why not wear comfortable shoes all the time—your feet will only bulge out somewhere if they are compressed into triple A when they yearn for the sanctuary of a C. Comfortable clothes—no choking collar bands or waist bands—or stiff, straitjacket corsets, when a pliable "tricot" will so much better keep the natural line of the figure with the somewhat sloppy look the average woman gets when she tries to appear absolutely uncorseted. Your disposition will be sweeter if you have not the aching painful irritation of clothes that bind and too strongly remind you of their existence. Your expression will be more charming, your general health will reach a higher standard—and you will be so much better able to enjoy life and meet trouble with a smile if you will just do away with the handicap of physical discomfort."

"The clothes of today may be modest when they fall into the power of the woman who used to make the tailor made suit suggestive, but properly designed and worn they are lovely, graceful, modest and comfortable."

"From comfort to health is a simple step, with outdoor life and sensibly chosen food to aid and abet in the search for preservation of health. If you are comfortable and healthy you can easily cultivate calmness, and if you are calm you won't let yourself get flustered and flustered about what happened yesterday or may happen tomorrow. You will learn to just live one day at a time and get all the joy and work and sweetness possible in and out of the day."

"Then, with the first four points mastered, you will feel so young and happy and 'springy'—instead of all shaken down into a rut—that it won't be a very difficult task to cultivate charm of manner. And that is the greatest aid to beauty I know. You never realize that a plain look-

ing woman is almost lovely if she is charmingly courteous and sympathetic and sweet-manneredly unconscious of herself and interested in you. Charm of manner and becoming clothes bring out a clear complexion or cast a merciful glow over a dull one—and a homely woman sometimes manages to look more attractive than her pretty sister, who is wearing the particular color that made some other girl she knows look smart, but that is guaranteed to make her look her worst."

Try the three "C's"—Comfort, color-study and charm for the acquisition of the big B—that is for beauty. It will really pay you to try, for Louise Dresser, lecturer, practices exactly what she preaches.



Miss Louise Dresser.

## The Problem of Navigating Space

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The statement has just appeared in print that, owing to the discovery by Sir William Ramsay of a gas sixteen times lighter than hydrogen, it may become possible to send a balloon from the earth to the moon or to other planets.

If this could be done it would be the most wonderful thing ever accomplished by man. A voyage to the moon would be an experience of indescribable novelty and infinitely more marvellous than Columbus' first crossing of the Atlantic.

But the reasoning on which the statement is based is entirely erroneous, and the fact that it is credited to a "scientist" only shows how ignorant the majority even of educated people are of the difficulties to be overcome before a voyage in open space can be undertaken. This seems a good occasion for showing how a trip to the moon could actually be made—provided that we had the means.

Suppose that this strange gas of unexampled lightness were produced in sufficient quantity to charge a balloon, the result would only be that we should be able to go a few miles higher than we can now go with the aid of a balloon

filled with hydrogen. It would be impossible for any balloon, no matter how light and buoyant its gas, to escape from the shell of atmosphere that surrounds the earth, and which at a height of 100 miles becomes so rare that it is practically insensate.

I know that some persons think that if a balloon could be made to rise with so great rapidity as to reach the upper limit of the atmosphere, it would then continue to move, with the momentum acquired by its ascent, out into space, and would go on uninterrupted because the resistance of the air would be gone. But this is a wrong notion.

If we could give to a projectile a velocity of about seven miles per second, then we could shoot it straight up from the earth and cause it to escape from the earth's attraction. But the highest velocity that could be given to a balloon with any gas whatever would be incomparably less than this. Moreover, the velocity would rapidly decrease as the balloon got into the rare atmosphere a few miles up, because its buoyancy would depend upon the relative weight of the gas as compared with that of the surrounding air, and the latter becomes rare until it practically ceases to exist. The balloon then would come to rest, being unable ever to get out of the atmosphere.

In the present state of science the only solution of the problem of navigating space appears to be indicated by the property of electric repulsion. If a car could be constructed bearing an electric charge, opposite in kind to that of the earth, then perhaps it could be made to fly away in spite of gravitation, and if the repulsive force could be caused to act continuously it might go as far as the moon, or farther.

But this is only the statement of an idea. We have no means of making such an electrically charged car, and the charge that would be required is so enormous that its production seems impossible. Then, of course, there are other immense difficulties in the way. It is sufficient to state only one of them. We

cannot live without breathing that mixture of oxygen and nitrogen which we call air. If a man undertook to cross the airless space between the earth and the moon he would have to carry with him some substitute for air, to say nothing of the cargo of eatables and drinkables that he would require!

Yet I personally have little doubt that if humanity continues for thousands of years to make progress in its knowledge of the laws and forces of nature comparable with what it has made in the last 100 years, and in continuation of the same, the problem of human flight in open space will be solved. But it will not be solved by the use of any gas, however buoyant.

The new gas, however—if a new gas

such as is described has really been found—may add immensely to the possibilities of flight within the limits of the atmosphere. A relatively small vessel containing such a gas would possess the lifting power of a large balloon without presenting as great a surface to the wind, and it might easily be employed as an accessory to the aeroplane, enabling the latter to rise more directly and to ride the air more steadily. There would be no danger of a fall with an aeroplane furnished with receptacles containing a gas sixteen times lighter than hydrogen. Then, too, the planes might be made smaller and more manageable, while the lifting power which many inventors have been trying to obtain by vertically acting air-screws would be readily supplied.

## City Boarders

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

The city boarders hurry now to hamlet and to lake To sit and gossip on a porch or in a boat to bake. The natives look them over in a bashful sort of way, And hang on every syllable the city boarders say. The natives love enlightenment, and now, for many a week They'll hear these pearls of wisdom that the city boarders speak:

"I should worry!"  
"What do you mean, you lost your dog?"  
"Snooky Ookums!"

The people in the country would remain in darkness dense Except for city boarders with their vast experience. The poor, benighted natives have no better school to reach Than listening to wise folk who are more than glad to teach. The poor, benighted natives! What a great and glorious treat To learn these clever sayings that the city chaps repeat:

"Snooky Ookums!"  
"What do you mean, you lost your dog?"  
"I should worry!"

## A Letter to Mary

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

A certain little girl whose father is necessary away from home a great deal found the following letter from him under her plate this morning:

"You ask my consent to your marriage with John. Since you were old enough to climb on my lap and whisper a desire in my ear I have given you everything you longed for. I see my mistake, for now, when you ask for something I should refuse. I know that the power of refusal is beyond me.

"I know that you ask me as a matter of form; that should I say no you will do as you have done for years; laugh at my refusal, and then proceed as it pleases you.

"This is my fault. I am not blaming you, my child. I have never taught you to investigate, to reason, or to consider the consequences. When I knew your own way would not be but for you, I have weakly let you have it, and then have thrust myself between you and the punishment that came afterward.

"In this case I cannot do that. Have you thought of that?"

"So I say in the beginning that I will give my consent to your marriage with John if you insist, but I wonder at your ignorance (or bravery) in dreaming of going away from your home with a man you have known less than six months, and then chiefly through correspondence.

"You know that he is good looking, is of pleasing manners, generous to a fault with his money, and that you love him. You will marry him and go with him to a strange town, and you do not know what his standing in that town is.

"You do not know if he is considered in his home town the kind of a man a respectable girl cares to go with; you do not know if he is good to his mother; if his business prospects entitle him to assume the support of a wife.

"You do not know what his habits are. He may drink, gamble, loaf, and be addicted to the company of those who blaze the primrose path, but of this you know nothing. You are not making as much

effort to learn something of the character of the man who wants to be your partner for life as your mother makes in finding out about the maid whose stay will not be longer than six months.

"You know nothing whatever about him, yet you are anxious to go away from your comfortable home to risk a leap in the dark, landing only the good Lord knows where.

"Your mother and I have never let you take a trip as far as ten miles from home without assurance of who would meet you at the end, and how you would fare. This is a trip for life, and we are powerless to protect you.

"You must throw up your safeguards, my dear. We have let you have your own sweet, unreasoning and unreasonable way too many years to protest now. We have brought you up to the habit of your own way. We want you to have it now if it is for your happiness, but we want you to be sure that it is.

"Love is all there is in it, my dear. I have been happy too many years in

the love of your mother to deny it. But, when I courted her, it was with her father's permission, after proving to that worthy gentleman's satisfaction that I was of good moral habits, stood well in my home town, had no past to conceal and was willing and able to support her in every luxury she had enjoyed in her home. We had known each other five years, and were engaged two years.

"We want you to love, to be loved, and to marry. But we want, more than this, for you to marry so happily you will stay married. We don't want you to come back in a few months with every hope, every faith in life and love for mankind trailing in the dust.

"I give my consent, of course, realizing that if I refused it you would marry without it, but I am going to put it straight up to you to be sure in your own heart that you want it.

"It is up to you. Shall I order the wedding cake as I ordered the doll you cried for when a child, or will you make him prove his worthiness first?"

## Dandruff, Falling Hair, Itchy Scalp, End This at Once—25-cent Danderine

Girls! Girls! Save your hair! Make it grow luxuriant, beautiful—a delightful dressing.

If you care for heavy hair, that glistens with beauty and is radiant with life; has an incomparable softness and is fluffy and lustrous, try Danderine. Just one application doubles the beauty of your hair, besides it immediately dissolves every particle of dandruff; you cannot have nice, heavy, healthy hair if you have dandruff. This destructive scurf robs the hair of its luster, its strength and its very life, and if not

overcome it produces a feverishness and itching of the scalp; the hair roots fall out, loosen and die; then the hair falls out fast.

If your hair has been neglected and is thin, faded, dry, scraggy or too oily, get a 25-cent bottle of Knawlin's Danderine at any drug store or toilet counter; apply a little as directed and ten minutes after you will say this was the best investment you ever made.

We sincerely believe, regardless of everything else advertised, that if you desire soft, lustrous, beautiful hair and lots of it—no dandruff—no itching scalp and no more falling hair—you must use Knawlin's Danderine. If eventually why not now?

## Men Welcome Mother's Friend

A Duty that Every Man Ows to Those who Perpetuate the Race.



It is just as important that men should know of progressive methods in advance of motherhood. The suffering, pain and distress incident to child-bearing can be easily avoided by having at hand a bottle of Mother's Friend.

This is a wonderful, penetrating, external application that relieves all tension upon the muscles and enables them to expand without the painful strain upon the ligaments. Thus there is avoided all those nervous spells; the tendency to nausea or morning sickness is counteracted, and a bright, sunny, happy disposition is procured that reflects wonderfully upon the character and temperament of the little one soon to open its eyes in bewilderment at the joy of his arrival. You can obtain a bottle of "Mother's Friend" at any drug store at \$1.50, and it will be the best dollar's worth you ever obtained. It preserves the mother's health, enables her to make a quick and complete recovery, and thus with renewed strength she will eagerly devote herself to the care and attention which mean so much to the welfare of the child. Write to the Resfield Regulator Co., 129 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., for their reliable and instructive book of guidance for expectant mothers. Get a bottle of "Mother's Friend" today.