THE BEE: OMAHA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1913.

The Bee's Home Magazine Page?

Two Beautiful Creations

Fully Described by Olivette

Beauty

A Delightful Different 131 with Mme. Yorska

> man you need not play. It would hurt your heart to be anything but natural when he is willing to play the game so fairly

"But be careful lest you lose your heart in a game like this, for it is the most dangerous kind to play, although it is generally true that the kind man is too straightforward, too honorable to engage in a same of hearts for his own amuse ment

"The very young man is very much the same as the older man with a pose, although he is not so clever. But he studies charm and makes a dash to be what you



tind a more charamagey simple TOCK IOF the tenne mie man this little ouel of orocall biue veivet on the left. the bounce is sugnuy imited. but upes not biouse. the v-neck is puped in oid rose peau ue pecne, anu a mus hine or LOWI DULLOBS of the same material tastens the tront down to the Drond, loose girdle of the saine rose peau de pechea ciom waica has the soft texture from WILLOU IT TAKES its name-'skin of a peach.' Tois girdle passes through little bridles of the veivet and is knotted at the back and falls in two long embroidered sash-ends. The long kimono sleeves have a piping of the rose at the wrist. The skirt is gathered at the waist and is draped into a pannier movement at each side, with little pocket dits piped in cose an finished by the buttons. A new and original note is the rose, caught at the bottom of the skirt iust above the right ankle.

beldom can one

The little lady in the picture on the right shows you a French idea that some of us will do well to copy. She is wearing a little frock of tango charmeuse with a coat of velvet. The gown has a simple blouse, cut kimono fashion and edged at the V-neck with ecru shadow lace. The skirt is draped up at the center front, and from a girdle of Bulgarian ribbon falls s tunic of narrow box plaits edged in a flounce of velvet. The cutaway coat has kimono sleeves edged in bands

of red fox.

edges the

The same fur

front and the

square collar.

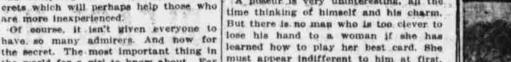


By MAUDE MILLER.

What is the secret and how do you tell? Oh, it is an absorbing topic, and a clever men, they are so funny they get very difficult question to decide. But Madame Yorska, that dear, elusively dainty little French actress formerly of the Theater Sarah Bernhardt, Paris, who if he is clever most of his manner is a seems to be well versed in the subject, has whispered some very important se-

crets which will perhaps help those who are more inexperienced. Of course, it isn't given everyone to have, so many admirers. And now for

"You must not mind any feeling of ennui, remember, as you funny English put it; it is all in a good cause. These drunk on their genius if they have any, but they are no match for the clever woman. She knows intuitively that even A poseur is very uninteresting, all the



By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. |are all, more or less, imbued with the

The Home Life

(Copyright, 1913, by Star Company.)

The writer and his brother are president and cashier, respectively, of our hank. We also conduct an insurance ing, and the American man described as business. In addition, the writer is a slave to ambition, chained to Mampresident and manager of a telephone mon'y car, dragged through the world company, besides

being interested in various minor enterprises. The writer goes to his office every morning at 6. He happens to be so situated that it does not inconvenience any member of his family in doing so. return to lunch at noon, and stay at nome with the famlly until I have had my full hour. We linish the day's work it from 5-until 6. The evening is inva-

viably spent with the family. In nice weather and good roads we use the au- appreciation for every little attention comobile. Although a member of lodges and pleasure she receives. Then she it is very seldom that I go. I allow no must have good health and good spirits. business of any kind to interfere with and not be forever complaining of my evenings or Sundays, as all of that physical or mental troubles. A man time belongs to my family. Every other may take a sick and depressed wife out week I have one day from business. My occasionally as a duty, with pity and brother enjoys the same privilege. On kindness in his heart, but it could those days we do not go to the office, marcely be a constant recreation. but spend the time at home with the No doubt, this wife, expresses her ap-'amily, or take them out for a ride, or preclation of her husband's society, and spend the day in the woods, or any way does not take all his attention as a matthat we choose. At any rate, it is with ter of course. the family. Business men, as a rule. And without question she makes herwill say that they cannot take a day self sufficiently attractive in his eyes,

can. Where there is a will there is a And she talks to him of things which way. We do it, and we are always busy. entertain and amuse him, and she knows We have a thorough system in our husi- how to listen to him when he talks. ness. Men owe it to their families to Meantime, it is not wise for two peop. give them more of their time, and to to be perpetually in each other's society. add to their happiness, which, at the An occasional separation augments love same time, adds to the happiness of the and increase the attraction between a nen. There would be more happiness in man and a woman, and between parents he world if they would do it.

BUSINESS MAN. Let our home-loving Business Man go

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away on a little trip, or send his family This expression of one man's views of away for a brief outing and discover the home life is interesting, and must come added joy life will possess when the reas a surprise to our foreign visitors, who union takes place.

provailing belief that American men are o absorbed in business that they never give-any time-to their families.

every success. In every part of the world one hears this idea enlarged upon; hears the Amerlean woman discussed as a brilliant, extravagant, attractive and neglected beountry don's tall.

Especially Posed for This Page

1888

by the Tyrant Finance, while his wife and children sit at home, alone, or deendent upon others for entertainment such men do exist in our busy new or'd, but they are not the prevailing

7**2**10. The writer of the letter quoted above monopoly. / exceptionally devoted to his family. Doubtless he has a wife who undertands the art of keeping her husband he enjoys himself better in her society mas saint. han anywhere else.

That is the greatest of all arts. Such a woman must be of an amiable isposition; she must have a sense of humor; she must see the fun in things. and she must possess enthusiasm, the enthusiaam which makes her show her

every two weeks from business. They so that he is proud to be seen with her

and children as well.

(Copyright, 1913, by Star Co.) We women teach our little sons how wrong

And how ignoble blows are; school and church Support our precepts, and inoculate The growing minds with thoughts of love and peace. "Let dogs delight to bark and bite," we say: But human beings with immortal souls Must rise above the methods of a brute, And walk with reason and with self-control.

And then-dear God! you men, you wise, strong men, Our self-announced superiors in brain,

Our peers in judgment, you go forth to war! You leap at one another, mutilate And starve and kill your fellow men, and ask The world's applause for such heroic deeds. You boast and strut; and if no song is sung, No laudatory epic writ in blood. Telling how many widows you have made, Why then, perforce, you say our bards are dead And inspiration sleeps to wake no more,

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE. | rights and tearing the veil of hypocrisy Life is one long story of injustice to off the face of man, that you should woman. She is discredited for every know the truth.

The Real Saint

woman. She is discredited for every failure, and man is credited with her every success The little homage that has been done deer chariot bags of goodles and toys

to her has always had its little joke tied is a man, is he not?-with a long, white to it as big as the tin can tied to a beard and highly colored checks? Theu wake up. For while you dream there site Man flattered her by making her a near your bed, unappreciated, unsung ymbol of justice. Then he tied a hand- and undreamt, the real Christmas saint,

age over her eyes to discredit her judg. your mother. ments. He made her the symbol of lib- Her cheeks are pale, through much of patience, because that is a virtue of they are tender and loving, and perhaps mas cheer. which he is willing to let her have a a little wistful, because your wants are

Woman and War :-: By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

She invented love; he stole the idea But, no matter how little she has, there not on any man. If it were left to man weren't. and made a boy child love's representa-tive. She invented Christmas and he Christmas; and though every gift repre-tashior would see a glorious revival, and it takes the prettiest woman in the elf so attractive and entertaining that made an insane-looking man, too old to sents self-denial, she never tells of the after two or three years of worry the world to look pretty in a kimono-it is hold any other political job, the Christ- sacrifice, nor complains when the credit word "Christmas" would pass away to almost as bad as a bathing suit when it

It is time, children dear, in these days the lazy-fat stomach and the long, white dead languages. And your praise and gratitude for the

when every woman is demanding her there is always Christmas where there alleged Christmas saint!

And we, the women, we whose lives you are-

What can we do but sit in silent homes,

For us no waving banners, no supreme

Dread torture of uncertainty, each day

And wait and suffer? Not for us the blare

Triumphant hour of conquest. Ours the slow

And when at best your victories reach our ears,

There reaches with them, to our pitying hearts,

The thought of countless homes made desolate.

Of trumpets and the bugle's call to arms-

The bootless battle with the same despair.

And other women weeping for their dead.

O men, wise men, superior beings, say,

Great age and era! If you answer "No."

Then let us rear our children to be wolves,

And teach them from the cradle how to kill.

In talking peace, when men declare for war?

Why should we women waste our time and words

Is there no substitute for war in this

must appear indifferent to him at first, the world for a girl to know about. Far more important than any beauty hints; and gradually allow him to arouse her they are of secondary importance. What interest. Real interest, or seeming inis it? The secret of understanding a man. terest, it is all the same. He will be "O, mon Dieu, these men," said Mme. too absorbed in himself to notice. And Yorsks, who at present is artistic director by and by when she finds that she must of the French drama society of New tear herself away, he will say to his York, clasping her hands and leaning friends, "Such an interesting woman, forward from the big couch where she so much temperament, so sympathetic, I was curled up among the cushions. "They ing, and often they have not an idea in their heads. But do they enjoy life any the less? Ah, no, and why? Because they are unconscious of the fact. And we women. Do we in our funny superior beautiful.

way look at them askance? Ah, no; we laugh very humanly, and long quite dog.

is a mother. It is not a celebration that depends upon environment embracing a toy shop near a 10-cent store. It depends solely upon the existence of a mother.

In the days of the ploneer, when the nearest toy shop was hundreds of miles away, there was always Christmas if there was a mother. A string of beads,

won by a little cajolery or trade with Is it proper to wear a kimono to breakthe Indians; a cookey man, a bright red fast in a boarding house? What do you apple, a beanbag or a home-knit mitten, mean by "proper"-what sort of a boardeaved the stocking by the fire from the ing house do you live in?

gragic droop of emptiness; and strings I have seen girls come down to breakerty, hoping the compilment would southe midnight preparation of your Christmas of bright-colored corn, with winter fast in a mob cap and a boudoir jacket, her into forgetfulness of his refusal to gifts; her eyes are not merry, as were bouquets of dried grasses and wild ber- and by the way they crooked their little let her vote. He made her the symbol the eyes of the man of your dreams; ries, gave the house the look of Christ- finger and had such a time tipping their

girl has and ought not to have.

Morene?

the big shops.

It is all very well to read about the charmers in satin peignoirs and dainty gold heeled slippers-that's in a book

in your own room. You won't fuscinate the young book-Be friendly, keeping a careful guard keeper who sits opposite with that kimono on your pen. Write nothing you would -you'll just make him wish you would be ashamed to see in print. If he still take time to dress yourself before you loves you when his school days are ended come to breakfast.

one thing a man really admires in a real to write. girl is modesty-if he ever gets it into

> Apropos of compulsory school attend. ance Superintendent Maxwell said in York:

chin, rose suddenly the other afternoon in the wash frock department of any of in the midst of the lesson, plied his books in an orderly heap and proceeded

ered-all colors, all styles, all prices-I have seen very neat, pretty little blue the astonished teacher asked. "'Yakubicka, where are you going?"

Yakubicka answered half-get one of those, do your hair in a gravely, 'exactly fourteen years ago at pretty simple knot and you'll look as a o'clock in the afternoon I was born sweet as a peach and feel sure that you So I am now entitled to guit school." are doing the right thing at the same

are doing the right thing at the same "From the doorway he waved his hand this fellow students." "So long, fellers, he said. Tim off to learn pantmakin." "-New York Times. time.

must see her again." Not a word about call a lady killer. He does not know are like children; they come to us all the color of her eyes or the straight that he is very funny, he is too egoflushed with health and the joy of liv- line of her aristocratic little nose, or the tistical and it is often a very rude awakmaddening curve of her mouth. Not that ening. It develops his manhood and in I mean to imply that a man does not the hands of a very clever woman any care for beauty. Not at all, but a clever latent possibilities can easily be develwoman can make a man think she is oped after the foolishness has somewhat evaporated.

"You have enjoyed my little talk? Yes? "Then there is the kind man. One often shamelessly to pet them as we would a finds the kindest men among the Merci, beaucoup. I have enjoyed it much. good child or a favorite Newfoundiand bourgeois class. It takes brains to be an I hope I have given you all, what you intelligent bourgeois. And with the kind say, good advice."

Wearing Kimono to Breakfast

your closet and never think of wearing it outside your own room. That's a nice,

sweet, sensible, modest girl.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Dear Miss Fairfax: 1 am 20, and al-though 1 know several young men have rever met a young man who seems to care enough to propose to me. What shall I do in order to win some-one? SORROWFUL.

If you let the men know you are on a husband hunt they will carefully avoid you.

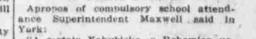
Be a little independent; find such hapis given to the imaginary old man with find a resting spot in the cemetery of comes to showing up every defect that a piness in the society of women the men will be interested in knowing what you Besides, it really is a bit negligee for a are happy about. And don't worry bebring sorrow as well as joy when he does

Purely Friendly.

where a girl can cry and look preity at the same time. Out of a book a peignoir, or a kimono, or a dressing jacket, are fit for just ex-acty one place in the world, and that is in your own room. A. C.

there will be many opportunities for Don't make any mistake, my dear, the telling him that which it is wiser never

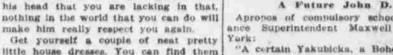
A Future John D.

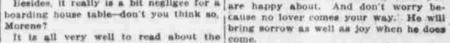


"A certain Yakubicka, a Bohemian ur-

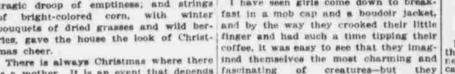
Blue and pink and lavender and flowto clump out of the room.

"Teacher."





Act as if You Didn't Care.



By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

