

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Assertion

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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I am serenity. Though passions beat
Like mighty billows on my helpless heart,
I know beyond them lies the perfect sweet
Serenity which patience can impart.
And when wild tempests in my bosom rage,
"Peace, peace!" I cry; "It is my heritage."

I am good health. Though fevers rack my brain
And rude disorders mutilate my strength,
A perfect restoration after pain
I know shall be my recompense at length,
And so through grievous day and sleepless night
"Health, health!" I cry; "It is my own by right."

I am success. Though hungry, cold, ill-clad,
I wander for a while. I smile and say,
"It is but for a time—I shall be glad
Tomorrow, for good fortune comes my way.
God is my father. He has wealth untold;
His wealth is mine—health, happiness and gold."

American Fashions at Last

Now That the Paris Designers Have Gone to War, We Can Build Up a Dressmaking Industry Here.

By DOROTHY DIX.

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The news comes from France that Messrs. Paquin, Worth, Poiret and other famous couturiers have laid aside the scissors for the sword and gone to fight for their country.



Thus does a merciful Providence temper even the horrors of battle, and if the inventors of the hobble skirt and the stomach band sash and the wrinkled blouse, and the other atrocities that have been inflicted on femininity of late should be slain, there are a lot of us that would shed no tears over their loss.

We have talked a lot of late years about American fashions for American women, and many of us have looked forward prayerfully to a glad day when we would not only have clothes designed and made by our own people, but clothes that would come nearer to meeting the needs and expressing the same ideals of American life than do the finery-laden confections we get from Paris.

It has always seemed absurd that inventive America, that has flooded the world with its marvelous machinery and its patented labor-saving devices, and whose bridges and skyscrapers have made Europe marvel, hadn't enough ingenuity to trim a hat or devise a new dress.

Our dressmakers and milliners are just as artistic and just as skilful as any in Paris or London or Vienna. The trouble has been that heretofore they have had to work under cover. Women had been so imbued with the Paris superstition, and have made such a fetish of the Paris trademark, that our own designers have been sacrificed to it.

Whenever a dressmaker created a particularly beautiful confection she had to pretend that it was the work of some Paris designer. When a milliner turned out a dream of a hat, she had to attribute it to a French woman, or else her stupid countrywoman turned up their noses at it. It is an open secret that the tags of famous Paris milliners and dressmakers are sold in America by the tens of thousands, and are calmly sewed in dress and hats that have never been within thousands of miles of France.

Do You Know That

An idea of the extraordinary driving force impressed in the diligent young machinists may be gathered from the fact that through a shop floor laid down in asphalt three inches in depth, in Dunedin, New Zealand, several mushrooms, from two to three inches in diameter, forced themselves up into the light of day, a few weeks ago. The asphalt in the near vicinity looked very much as if a pick had been at work.

General Huerta, the central figure in Mexico's troubled affairs, is giving some of his spare time to learning the English language. In enrolling as a student, General Huerta gave his address as Calle Bolivar 52 (No. 53 Bolivar street), Monterey, Nuevo Leon, Mexico, and his occupation as "general in the Mexican army." He is now 59 years of age.

A young bachelor who was staying at a fashionable spa, near Dresden, was recently challenged to a duel by the husband of a young woman with whom he had flirted. The bachelor, who is an expert amateur boxer, replied that the challenge was accepted under the usual conditions—namely, choice of weapons. His choice was four-ounce boxing gloves. The husband sent word that "The matter may now be considered as settled."

For the eighteenth year in succession W. King walked the greasy pole at Toines, Tivoli, regatta, and secured the leg of mutton hanging at the end.

Filmy Gowns on Clever Lines

Examples of French Art in Dressmaking Which Will Be Equaled By American Designers Now That Necessity Demands It.



The saute-en-barque, the blouse of the sailor, was much worn this season. This one is of white embroidered net over a pretty little frock of same material, the blouse being girdled by a sash of Roman striped silk, blue and white, the skirt slightly draped very low at the back over a high flounce of embroidered net.

This French model gown of Nile green, and silver brocaded satin, shows the value of cleverness of cut. The skirt, circular in front and back, is draped on the zouave shape. The pannier falls across the rest of the skirt in a series of ripples. From under this short overskirt falls a petticoat of fulled silk point d'esprit.

The Art of Dressing

Folly of Trying to Cheat the Years by Wearing Unsuitable Gowns.

NO. 1.

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

A few days ago I rode out in the street with a woman whose clothes spelled a giddy twenty, and whose poor wrinkled face betrayed her as sixty, although she had attempted to cover the traces of time with a coat of parti-colored paint. Most of the passengers were smiling slyly or openly grinning in ridicule of the sad old creature. But I thought her poor taste was almost tragic.

The very first rule of good dressing is to wear clothes suitable to your age. After that you must consider your color, figure, particular style and type. You will find you no longer to wear the smartest of clothes if they are babyish and ingenuitous in type, while you are evidently forty, or to lengthen your skirts and imitate the sophisticated clothes of a woman of thirty if you are sweet sixteen.

You may select clothes that keep you young looking or emphasize your youthful sweetness and freshness. But you must keep in your own generation in choosing your garments. "Sweet sixteen" looks well in girlish and simple little frocks that make her appear like the flower she is. She may wear hats faced in shell pink and with a bridle line of black velvet across her smooth white throat. She looks attractive in frilly skirts and baby waists. But let the wrinkled woman of 50 or the buxom dame of 35 beware of these same clothes. They will make either woman a caricature.

Tailor-made suits of smart cut and dignified street clothes become the woman of mature charm, even as soft clinging silks and flannels are a very lovely setting for the grandmother.

But nowadays many women wear clothes so far out of their own generation that they give an impression of being just ready for a masquerade. It seems almost unbelievable that a woman of 60 will don a white shepherdess hat, a dress of lavender and white organdy cut very low as to its lacey neck and very high as to its scant skirt, innumerable chains and rings and pins, purple silk stockings and gilt slippers, and so attired set off on a shopping expedition. But that is exactly what the poor old creature who inspired this article was foolish enough to do. And then, in order to live down to her silly, girlish clothes, she covered her wrinkled face with paint and attempted to whitewash her wrinkled throat.

The moral effect of such clothes is bad. Old age claims no respect when so attired. It has no dignity. But youth dressed in mature and elaborate clothes, instead of in its own pretty simple garments, is pathetic, too. The effect it produces is the absurd one of a little child dressed up in its mother's clothes. All the charm and sweetness and modesty of youth are well worth preserving. They cannot be kept alive in over-elaborate or sophisticated-looking clothes. Youth must not dress in the clothes of a woman of the world.

Between the extremes of youth and age there are mistakes in dressing, but they are most glaring when the extremes illustrate the folly of garbing yourself out of your generation. Mother and daughter must not dress alike.

If you are a woman of dignified years, dress with dignity. If you are a child wait for the clothes of maturity until

you have grown to womanhood. And if you are an old maid, don't give up one bit of the sweet and placid dignity of quiet, simple garments that will frame your age instead of making it a frame for glaring absurdities.

Keep in your own generation. Dress as becomes your years. Make your clothes suit your time of life. That is the first rule of good dressing.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

FALSE PRIDE.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been keeping company with a girl two years my junior for five months. Am 27. I learned to love her dearly and thought I, too, was her dear friend. Am a university student, but having no parents, I make my own way through, working as a painter during summer vacations.

A few weeks ago, while doing some painting work outside of a structure, I saw her at the corner, where she stood and chatted with several girls, none of whom I knew. I quit my work and approached the group, greeting my friend heartily, but to my surprise she acted as though she did not know me well. I was not introduced to her friends, and seemingly she did not care to speak to me at all. It was plain she was embarrassed by my appearance. I wore overalls and my hands and face were smeared with paint.

Two days later she sent a note to me an invitation to a party given at her house. I never answered this note, I tried, I made up my mind never to see her again. But as time passes I begin to realize that I love her too dearly to be able not to see her, yet, I doubt greatly as to sincerity of her feelings.

Do you think I shall disregard what I owe to my self-respect and dignity by calling on her again? Do you think, and this is of far greater importance to me, that I, after all that has happened, will take the course of time develop a truer friendship to me? M. D. L.

When the girl you admire sent you an invitation to a party at her home, I think she meant it as a tacit apology for the weak and silly pride that made her snub you because you did not appear to advantage among her friends. It was false pride as great as hers that made you act so rudely as not to answer the note. You owe it to your dignity and manhood to offer an explanation of your silence. A gentleman does not snub women. So tell her of your own hurt and why you were driven to hurt her in turn. Your friendship ought to come out of this ordeal and be better and finer than ever before.

Don't Be in a Hurry to Marry.

Dear Miss Fairfax: While on my vacation I became acquainted with a girl about 20 years, who caught my fancy. She was married once, her husband having died and left her a child 2 years old. She lives on a farm with her mother, and I like her for her free, outspoken manner.

Although I acted toward her only as a friend during my short stay, I confess, inwardly, that I love her. I am 21 years old, in business and of good standing. I have had many opportunities, but I really liked this girl the minute I made her acquaintance. My mother, when I told her of it, is very much against me. She at first told me that I wasn't old enough, but when I told her that the girl had been married and had a child of course, I did not tell her of this at first, but held back until the last minute, then she was really angry at me. In this matter what would you advise? M. J.

You are too young to marry. Since you have acted only as a friend to the girl for whom you care you do not owe her your loyalty. But you do owe a great deal to your mother, and I strongly advise against your making a marriage to which she objects.

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