

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Why America Should Now Lead in Beauty Culture and Fashions—Part I

It is difficult to define the exact moment when Paris commenced to govern the world in questions of dress and adornment. Probably from the beginning of European civilization it has held this authority which it has only lost occasionally through stress of war, during which time, it is safe to say there was no guidance of this sort in the world at all.

In the early middle ages the ladies of Venice on Ascension Sunday used to walk to the little street at the right of St. Marco, the Meocria, where a large doll, dressed in the latest Paris fashions, was yearly displayed. This may be regarded perhaps as the original fashion plate from Paris.

Luxury and extravagance in dress took a great step in advance during the profligate days of the French Louis, but beautiful gowning was still confined to the ladies of the court and women at large knew little or nothing of changing fashions.

With the French revolution the wave of democracy that swept over the world included the women as well as the men and one of the outcomes of it was an equalizing on the subject of dress. Every woman demanded raiment as costly as her purse could buy and from the honest endeavor to get ahead of her neighbor was born fashions as we understand them today.

Paris, however, the seat of a terrible civil war, could then hardly provide the luxuries of life. Not only was the flower of its aristocracy forced in fear of its life to emigrate to England, but the wig-makers, the manufacturers of fine textiles, the perfumers, the makers of women's hats and bonnets, were forced also to flee and take their arts and crafts with them.

These industries were then set up on English soil and under the fostering care of the government the French industries developed and became famous. For one short period England may be said to have been the fashion center of the world.

The French, for some reason, have never made good settlers on foreign soil. Their delicate art, their initiative, their refinement and spontaneity seem only to flourish in the French environment; transplanted, it fades, becomes commercial and seems finally absorbed and engulfed in the inferior crafts of the foster country.

So it was with the transplanting of the French dress industries to England; in a short time they were no longer French, but heavy, dull, practical, in short English.

With peace under Napoleon the old nobility came back to France and with them all the arts of refined living. Paris came to the fore in all matters of dress, deportment, the toilet, and that supremacy, although sometimes threatened, has lasted up to the present day.

## Mrs. Isabelle

(To Be Continued.)

## Do You Know That

It is estimated that there are 25,140 illiterates in the French army.

Sugar exists not only in the cane, beetroot and maple, but also in the sap of about 150 other plants and trees.

After the absence of three years a native of Hershham, Surrey, who has just returned, paid a local publican 8 pence for beer supplied on credit.

Automatic scales for the use of bankers have been invented. On a dial they indicate the weight as well as the value of a quantity of coin, silver or gold.

The metric system has been generally adopted by the people of Mexico, and is in use in ordinary practice, as well as being the official measure of weight and capacity.

A London art expert who visited Chester recently to examine a picture purchased by a local undertaker at an auction for £5 has pronounced it to be a genuine Michael Angelo, and worth possibly \$250,000. An American lady has already offered to give \$100,000 for it if genuine, and is sending an expert to examine it.

## How To Get Rid of a Bad Cough

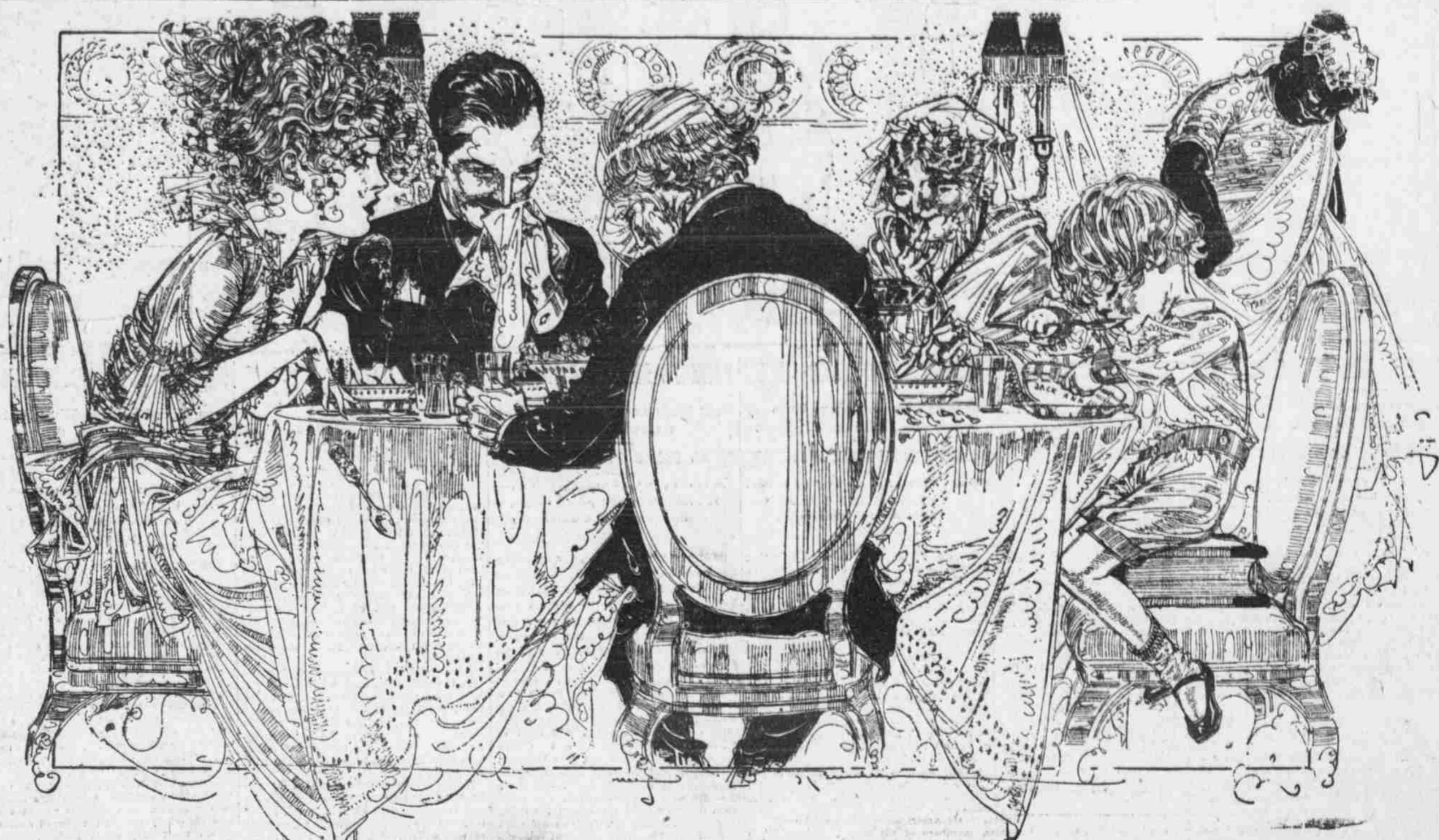
A Home-Made Remedy that Will Do It Quickly. Cheap and Easily Made

If you have a bad cough or chest cold which refuses to yield to ordinary remedies, get from any druggist 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (50 cents bottle), pour into a pint bottle and fill with plain granulated sugar syrup. Stir in a teaspoonful every hour or two. In 24 hours your cough will be conquered or very nearly so. Disappointment is greatly relieved in this way.

The above mixture makes a full pint—a family supply—of the finest cough syrup that money could buy—a cost of only 64 cents. Easily prepared in 5 minutes. Full directions with Pinex. This Pinex and Sugar Syrup preparation takes right hold of a cough and gives almost immediate relief. It loosens the dry, hoarse or tight cough in a way that is really remarkable. Also quickly heals the inflamed membranes which accompany a painful cough, and stops the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchial tubes, thus ending the persistent loose cough. Excellent for bronchitis, spasmodic croup and winter coughs. Keeps perfectly and tastes good—children like it.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, rich in galsolinol, which is so healing to the membranes. To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex"—do not accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

## After His First Week at School : "Oh-h-h Aw-right! Had Two Ter'ble Hard Fights!" : By Nell Brinkley



Billy's—Small Billy's—Dad, at the early dinner table, suddenly remembered that this night ended his chubby son's first week in school—in really truly school.

"Well, Billy-boy, how did you get along in school?"

Everybody, gray parchment gran' dad, silver, tiny gran' ma; "beautifullest" mamma with the goldy hair, and Dada of all Dads, held their breath with twinkling pleasure and their eyes clinging to Billy's small face. Billy, Small Billy, tipped up his bread-and-milk bowl, frowned loftily, stuck out a wet delicious under lip and drawled:

"Oh-h-h, aw-right! Had-two-ter'ble-hard fights!"

The real honest novelist would "draw a veil" over the scene that followed, but it's too tempting to leave unfinished. Grand-dad turned his venerable head aside and had a strange fit of coughing in his napkin; Grandma, after a dazed minute, crinkled up her dear wizened countenance and put a trembling finger to hold her lips firm, while her eyes danced with the memory of "raising" the tall man beside her; the tall Dad, who once was a tiny, chubby boy, gave a gasp and roared behind the screen of his napkin, with

great chuckles that shook his chest, and the beautifullest Mama! she leaned and looked, her hands limp, her eyes dizzy and wide, her lips apart, at this strange thing that had been her baby last week and was now a fighting man-creature with a gory record!

Billy had sure learned something! And in the midst of this havoc and silence, Billy calmly went on, "An' I wish 'at you wouldn't call me Billy—the fellows call me BILL!"

—NELL BRINKLEY.

## Need of Getting Away

By ADA PATTERSON.

"I got into my car and drove a long way into the country alone yesterday. I just had to get away."

I looked at the woman who had said this. She sat in the seat in front of me on the express train from a summer city by the seashore. She was stout, well dressed, about 40 years old, fairly good looking. She was of average appearance and average speech. There was nothing about her to distinguish her from other women in the car. She was an average woman who had expressed an average need.

What woman hasn't said: "I just had to get away? And what woman who has said it hasn't felt it through every fibre of her being? She has ached with the pain of the accustomed. She needed distance from the persons and events of everyday. She "had to get away."

A great many of the tragedies of life would be prevented if this instinct to "get away" were obeyed. It is an outcry of overwrought nerves. It is like pain. Pain is a warning of the imminence of disease. The desire to get away is a sign that the nerves are being worn to the quick by the repetition of events. The desire to "get away" is the danger signal on the track of life.

A woman I know has just returned from a little rest at the foothills of the Rockies. She is no longer young. Her eyes were dimming and her shoulders rounding. The neighbors had begun to say to her: "Mrs. Brown is falling," and "Mrs. Brown is showing her age." The other day she came back looking, the neighbors agreed, "a different woman." Her eyes were in the cheeks that had been so pale. Her shoulders were noticeably straighter.

She had rented a room in a village in the foothills, and had gone to the village hotel for her meals. Like most persons who live at home the year round, hotel fare was a pleasant change, even though the hotel fare were not very good. And she had sat for hours in rocking chairs or hammocks on the long cool porch, or had taken long walks. Occasionally there had been a drive into the fresh, green country, and there had been a few chats with new friends. But for the most part she had refreshed herself in quiet alone. "She had gathered strength by "getting away."

Another woman I know is suffering and her family is suffering because she hasn't been gotten away. Her house-keeping has worn her spirit to the quick. She has to entertain a great deal. Life has become a nightmare to me,

one big dreadful question. What shall I give them to eat," she said, and there were tears in her eyes.

The need of varying her bill of fare to suit her guests is nothing to cry about, you say? I admit as she would that she had not felt the pinch of war in her purse. Her husband is well-to-do. It was doing the same thing over and over until she felt like shrieking out her rebellion that had brought these nervous tears. She ought to be glad she had a home and friends to entertain. She is. But nerves are not reasonable. The horse whose collar has worn his flesh raw doesn't reason. He is only conscious of a torturing hurt. So with this woman. If her husband would take her away for a week and visit. If he would send her to the city for a few days eye-revel in the shops, even though she bought nothing, he would be repaid in sweetness and light in the home.

The woman of 1914-15 is not constituted like her placid grandmother, who never went twenty miles from home. She needs a change. We live in different times. The nervous tension is greater. New times and conditions have created an imperative need for women. They are housewives' vacations. Some time in the 365 days the woman must get out of the path of habit. Worn nerves and tired spirit demand that they get away.

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## Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Ask Permission to Call.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man of 21, and about two months ago I was introduced to a young lady of about 15. I escorted her home in the evening, but, although she seemed to have been pleased with my company, she failed to request me to call on her.

As I thought I would like to become better acquainted with the young lady, I have tried ever since to meet her without violating any rules of propriety. But all my efforts so far have been in vain. And it looks as if I may never be able to meet her again.

Will you please advise me in your paper what I may do to effect a meeting? I expect.

Many girls hesitate to ask a man to call on them until he has shown some decided interest in them. There are even some who hold that the first request to call should come from the young man. It would be proper for you to write to this young girl, or even telephone her, and ask her if she is willing to let you call on her and renew the acquaintance so pleasantly begun.

Writing Love Letters.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Would you please give me a little information as to where I could buy a book on how to write love letters? BOB.

## Science for the Workers

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Q.—"It is well known by telescopic observations that the planets of the solar system are flattened to some extent on their polar ends; and it is given on our schoolbooks that our earth is twenty-seven miles shorter through the polar axis than its diameter at the equator. I ask how is this fact ascertained and by what method?"—P. E. McDONNELL, Chicago.

A.—Eratosthenes, the great Greek geometer, measured an arc of a meridian in Egypt, B. C. 230, and secured the first idea of the size of the earth. His classic, all-important act—now a great science—has been repeated by geodetic surveys many times since in many parts of the world, in equatorial, middle and arctic regions.

Finally the great governments of the

world assumed the immense expenses, one-fourth of the cost of one battle, and measured meridians with an accuracy that would have been deemed forever impossible by the good Greek geodist.

The United States Geodetic survey, supplied with instruments of a precision that elicits admiration of all who behold, has measured arcs of longitude and latitude with astonishing skill. Once these are measured, then high mathematicians compute the exact size and precise shape of the earth.

By the way, these refined products of the mind that are now phasing in man, these beautiful instruments, will be on display at the magnificent university of the world, the Panama Exposition in San Francisco, 1915.

The oblateness of all planets in the solar system that have the ellipsoidal form is accurately measured by micro-

meters of exceeding modern precision in the apices of telescopes. These very wonderful instruments consist of a system of spider's threads, movable in the field of view, and the motions are read by microscopes, and circles are provided with verniers.

A Bitter Pill. The night was pitchy dark; and Robinson seemed to have been driving his car round and round in circles for some hours and hours. He hadn't the foggiest notion where he was; in fact, had lost his way completely. The hour was midnight, and now it had just begun to rain. Robinson felt very bitter toward the world. At length he came upon what appeared to be a sign post; though what was written on it, try as he would, he could not see. He shook the post and swore at it. But that helped him not at all.

So, taking off his shoes, he fumbled in his pockets and eventually brought out a box of matches. Luckily it contained a match—just one match and no more. Slowly and with much labor, Robinson proceeded to climb the post; and at the top, anxiously and carefully, he struck the match.

What he said then cannot be printed. The flickering glare of the match showed these three words: "Try Tinker's Tablets."

## Magical Effect of New Face Peeler

To maintain a clear, rosy, youthful complexion, there's nothing so simple to use and yet so effective as ordinary mercurized wax, which you can get at any drug store in the original package. Just apply the wax at night as you would acid cream; in the morning wash it off with warm water. If you've never tried it you can't imagine the magical effect of this harmless, home treatment. The wax causes the worn-out scurf skin to come off in minute particles, a little at a time and soon you have entirely shed the offensive evidence. The fresh young underlain now in evidence is so healthy and girlish looking, so free from any appearance of artificiality, you wish you had heard of this marvelous complexion renewing secret long ago.

To get rid of your wrinkles, here's a formula that is wonderfully effective: 1 oz. powdered saxolite, dissolved in 1/2 pt. witch hazel. Bathe the face in this and you will be simply astonished at the results, even after the first trial.—Advertisement.

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