

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Determination to Win Cuts Down All Barriers

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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"There is something I cannot seem to get over. Both my children started high school and I was confident I would be able to see them through. My son wanted to be an electrical engineer and my daughter wanted to enter the medical department in some college or university. It was impossible. They were both obliged to go to work, and yet work has not always been provided for them to do. We are financially embarrassed constantly. In their eagerness to obtain work they have lost the opportunity for an education. I have been unaccountably unhappy and despondent many years, and many times words that I have read in this column have given me strength to rise up and go on when it seemed at the very end. Can you say something to me now that will help me bear this great disappointment about my children?"

"A BROKEN-HEARTED MOTHER."

Schools and colleges are not the only places where valuable education is obtained. This world is a great college and life is the teacher. Each day of life is an assistant teacher. Young people who are eager for an education can obtain knowledge, culture and wisdom if their eyes, ears, minds and hearts are open to receive what each day has to impart. The reading of good books, the memorizing of good bits of prose and verse, the listening with attention to what people of education have to say, all help to cultivate the mind and train the speech in right methods of expression.

There are schools of correspondence, which for a comparatively small sum offer excellent methods of education to those who are deprived of school advantages. Few of our greatest men and women have been college graduates.

The young man who is absolutely determined upon making a place for himself cannot fail of final success if he allows nothing to discourage him. The same may be said of the young woman. Ambition (anchored on prudence) is a plow which will cut its way through the furrows and prepare the field for the harvest which is sure to follow.

Abraham Lincoln and Benjamin Franklin were both poor boys with few advantages. To their names could be added that of a great galaxy of brilliant stars whose fame illuminates the earth today; men and women who, step by step, fight their way from obscurity and poverty to recognition and prosperity.

Let this young man and young woman go to the public library and secure the biographies of great men and women; let them read them with care and ponder over the mental attitude which led them to success. All that we long for, all that we wish to be, do, and have, lies in the mind; for the mind comes from God and goes to God, and he who realizes this fact and acts upon it cannot become a failure.

Here is a little rosary for a "broken-hearted mother" to say and to teach her children to say every day:

I have the desire of my heart.
Man is the highest expression of God in earthly form.
All of God's powers are in man.
I am absolute health, unquenchable aspiration, limitless energy.
I am success.

I will be what I will be because I derive my strength and power from the Great Creative Source.
I have my heart's desire.

Repeat this rosary many times a day mentally and reverently. Repeat it just before falling to sleep at night, and the first thing in the morning, and many times through the day. Keep the mind filled with a consciousness of power, peace and plenty. Your words shall not be void, but they shall go forth and accomplish that whereunto they were sent."

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 2½ ounces of Pinex (30 cents) and pour into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Start taking a teaspoonful every four or two. In 24 hours your cough will be subdued or very nearly so. Even whooping cough is rapidly relieved in this way.

The above mixture makes a full pint—a family supply—of the finest cough syrup that money could buy—at a cost of only 54 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, loose 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 cough 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 guaiacole, which is so healing to the membranes.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2½ 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.

Fur-Trimming Fad Produces Anomaly Models

An afternoon frock of black tulle and satin is trimmed with black fur. The wide sleeve is a feature.



A modern Gainsborough, minus the plume, is exploited in a hat (to the right) with satin crown and wide velvet brim, under which is tucked a pink rose.



Exquisite in its combination of silver tissue and blue satin is an evening gown with graceful cascade drape.



Youthful in its lines is a suit of blue whipcord.



Despite the ban that has been put on paradise plumes they continue to appear on many of the fine hats of the season.

By GERMAINE GAUTIER.

An anomaly among suits is the model without fur trimming, and yet such exists and is likely to be acceptable to the woman who cannot afford the very best of fur trimmings and who will have none of the other kind.

In relation to braid trimmings, an effort has been made to get away from military effects. Nevertheless, the dashing bullion braid, the buttons of metal, the cartridge pockets and fatigue jackets are difficult to sidestep when offered as an inspiration for feminine models.

Sometimes the braid is interspersed with embroideries executed in chenille, heavy

the tailleurs. Sometimes it is of the flat tailor variety, but mostly the hercules weaves in seen. It trims the skirt in rows of graduated width and encircles collar and cuffs, as well as contributing to the belt composition.

Since color has been revived for street wear, many of the designers have used this as an opportunity to face high collars, sleeve edges and revers with Garibaldi red in cloth or velvet, with Joffe blue or Russian green. Those high collars are sometimes topped down a bit by the application of narrow bands of fur. A good idea is to have the facing color match the dominant note in the chapeau.

Lovely metallic gauzes and laces compose the afternoon and evening frocks. A departure has been made this season in that stripes have appeared as a rival for the old-time flowered designs. A case in point is a frock of gold tissue striped with turquoise blue satin and

roped silk or metal threads. These, however, are used very cautiously, as too great a display thereof would communize even a high-class garment. Generally speaking, it is the black braids that are in prevalent use.

Very interesting is an afternoon gown of black tulle and black satin, whose salient feature is a wide-wrist sleeve of the "Watch Your Step" order bordered with fur. Fur weights the butterfly tunic, which is lifted to show an underskirt of satin.

Blouses are lovely indefinite creations of filmy crepe and lace which run largely to white and flesh colored tones, but which are also offered in old blue, old rose and, in fact, in many of the practical colors that match the suit. Touches of hand embroidery with palmettes or bead interspersation are popular. Style changes that differentiate the present blouse from that of last season, are found mainly in the sleeve treatment.

Wisdom of Taking Account of Things Which War's Devastating Effects Cannot Reach Instead of Dwelling Too Much on Loss of Life and Property

By CHARLES H. PARKHURST.

This is an era of destruction. Things are falling to pieces and are being knocked to pieces. The talents most active today are those that are expending themselves in reducing population and annihilating values.

It does not appear that history has ever witnessed the like of it. Vast productions that are the fruit of years and centuries of accumulation are being dismantled with uncalculating recklessness. Billions are devoted to demolition with all the indifference with which a drowning man empties his pockets of money and jewels.

The man who loses his hearing forgets to prize at their true value the eyes with which he does his seeing. Under such circumstances what he misses bulks larger than what he possesses. The San Franciscans felt in that way for a couple of days after they had lost their city by fire. On the third day they commenced reckoning up their remaining assets and pretty soon they began to be happy and by today they are happier than ever.

Things work out in that way; they were ordained to work out in that way. There has always been a rather large group of people that have interpreted disaster as being the last step, but one before the final wind-up. The end of the world, however, has come so many times that the Millerites have become a negligible quantity.

We still have the world left, and that is something with which to begin our inventory of undestroyed assets. There is no falling off in the amount of daily sunshine. The sun, by a wise provision, is kept intact by being hung so high that no siege guns, nor even aviators nor Zeppelins, can silence its shining or put its working, or the working of any of the rest of the celestial machinery, out of commission.

That may seem to be going a long way in search of consolation, but to many thoughtful people distant sources of comfort and encouragement count for more than those that are nearer by, and for the simple reason that, though more remote, they are more dependable.

The sky, too, keeps its coloring; there are no blood streaks across it. The stars also continue twinkling. Though farther from us than even the sun, yet there are myriads of them, and their quiet and orderly procession seems to indicate that however things may be going down here, nevertheless the foundations of the universe are not yet shattered nor shaken.

Were our little earth the sum total of all that there is, then perhaps the distracted state of its affairs would appear to give some color to the notion that the existing order is entering upon its last days. Fortunately, however, this earth is not an incident, and is bathed by so much outside, which seems to be getting on admirably well, that all occasion for apprehension is certainly minimized.

And the earth, also, although but an incident compared with the grand total, is as good an earth as it was before the war—indeed, rather better for practical uses than it was when first struck into existence by the word of the Creator. If people anywhere on the face of the globe are not winning from its soil as great a return as in some previous years, and not deriving from its learning beneficence the usual satisfaction and contentment, it is none of the Lord's doing and none of nature's doing, but the product of man's devilish depravity and incorrigible ingratitude.

Whether this earth is paradise or inferno depends on the kind of people who inhabit it. For, after all, the real wealth of the world and of the life we live upon it is not to be estimated by limiting our count to its physical assets, which, while not to be ignored, are rather the cup than the contents of the cup.

There are three things which no revolution and no historic disaster of the most extreme kind has ever been able to shatter or even to bruise; they are beauty, truth and goodness. So far from history, convulsions bringing disaster to either one of the three, it is the designed effect of such convulsions to bring them out into even stronger relief by eliminating the coarser ingredients with which they are always more or less commingled. For just as an earthquake does not destroy or imperil the earth, but only topples down whatever of a more fragile and destructible kind has been built upon it, so likewise the events in history that wear the most ominous aspect are the ones most faithful in setting our against one another in convincing contrast the beautiful and the deformed, the true and the false, the good and the evil, and by that means helping to win an ultimate victory for whatever is finest and best.

What guarantees their eventual triumph is that nothing can be done to imperil or injure them. They are instinctive with an imperial and eternal genius that sets them out of reach of all local or temporal influences. Truth never becomes discouraged or wounded. Goodness is good under all circumstances, and is forever unafraid. It is in this respect like the sun, which no one can get at in a way to put out its light. It is always there, and wherever we meet it, never intermits its shining.

It was exactly at this point that I had arrived in the preparation of this article when there comes to me from the publisher of a newspaper in the middle west this question: "What cherished belief of yours has the great world war robbed you of?" To which I shall reply, that it has not robbed me of any cherished belief that is sturdy enough to grip down into the foundation of things.

Like multitudes of other people I am disappointed that there are in Christendom so many millions of men with high ideals that show themselves satisfied to live so far below the level of them, and that act like devils when they know that it is their grand prerogative to behave like saints. But the ideals are there yet, and the war has not erased them any more than smudge at the earth's surface obliterates the stars.

All the further, I am at one with all the earnest thinking people around me in the settled conviction that this war is going to prove a great world cleanser, and that, in keeping with what I had already written, it is going to make devilhood look so bad that there is going to be a fresh yearning for the angelic. People are thinking that and saying it. The very distance to which the prodigal had wandered from his father's house was what made him anxious to get back home.

Romance of the Redman

GARRETT P. SERVIS

The recent trouble with the Indians in the southwest serves to remind us that our continent is the scene of one of the most puzzling racial apparitions that history records. Today in Europe there is lively curiosity concerning the American Indian, an Indian that concerns American inventions. They still read Cooper's "Leathstocking Tales," which they think are closely related to contemporary life here. The red man has left an atmosphere of romance hanging over the western world which was once his that cannot be blown away. We have conquered him, driven him from his lands, violated his ideals, abashed his character, corsalled him on reservations, but we cannot loosen his hold on the imagination of mankind. With the Moors of Spain, he dwells forever in the mired afternoon of history.

Whence came the Indian? Who were his ancestors? Was he an indigenous product of American soil, or did his forefathers emigrate from another continent, as did ours?

An ethnologist would probably tell you now, that the place of origin of the American aborigines was eastern Asia. That is the latest opinion. It may be correct, but if so, it tells us very little, it goes a long way beyond the boundaries of certain history, to a far off, hypothetical time, when there was a natural bridge across the Behring sea.

For our purpose it is better to begin with things as the earliest white settlers found them, and try to work no farther than the relics and monuments left by the dead men themselves will carry us. That is not very far; only a few hundred years beyond the date of the Spanish conquests and settlements. The relation of the various native tribes and nations to each other is still a mystery. The Mohawk of New York had never heard of the Aztec of Mexico. Was there any real connection between them? The Indians found in the Ohio valley could tell nothing of the builders of the strange burial mounds that scar the face of that country with the forms of huge circles, and ovals, and writhing serpents. But the skeletons in the mounds were found sitting upright, with their weapons and beads about them, after the burial custom of the Indians that William Penn met. So Philip Freneau, in his poem on "The Indian Burial Ground" (from which Thomas Campbell filched its most beautiful line to adorn a poem of his own):

In spite of all the learned have said,
I still my old opinion keep,
The posture that we give the dead
Points out the soul's eternal sleep.

Not so the ancient of these lands,
The Indian, when from life released,
Again he stood with his bow and arrow,
And shares again the joyous feast.

The very lack of history among the Indians made them more interesting and more mysterious to the white men. Their traditions, such as that of Hiawatha, derive an epic grandeur from their indistinctness. Whatever the Indian of the western plains may have become, his eastern predecessors impressed Europeans with a deep sense of personal gravity and dignity. His nature was full of poetry. His language was as imaginative as that of the Arab. He was a native orator. No man ever spoke more eloquently than did "Red Jacket," the Iroquois chief, the friend of Washington and Lafayette. He was aware of his power. When he lay dying he said:

"When I am dead it will be noised abroad through the world. They will hear it across the great waters, and dead Red Jacket, the great orator, is dead."

Traits like this render it impossible not to respect any man who could exhibit them. New England history would lose half its charm if the part played by the red men were eliminated. Witness old Samoset, with his grave and courteous "Welcome Englishmen." Witness King Philip and his war. Witness, even, the midnight attacks on stockade settlements, and warwhoops, the painted countenances, the tomahawks, the scalp-locks, the long, weary marches of captives through endless forests, the hairbreadth escapes, the councilfires, the stake, the running of the gauntlet, the strange adoptions—these things are the red tragic touches which give color to history.

Let us not be hypocritical. Let us remember that we were the invaders! Major Powell, who knew as much of the nature of the Indian as any white man could learn, said that the primitive savage idea that one's own tribe, or nation, or people, is the best in the world and superior to all others, was deep planted in the Indian. Well, then, what was to be expected of him? Are the hands of white men clean in that regard?

Major Powell also called attention to the fact that the Indian tribes, when the white man came here, were in the main, sedentary, and not nomadic. They were living in fixed habitations. Agriculture was general among them, yet not so far developed but that they were compelled

to seek out their supplies by hunting. They possessed almost everything in common, which, as Major Powell remarks, encouraged the idle; but, on the other hand, they gave honor and place to the industrious. They did not become nomadic until they had been driven to the western plains, had been supplied with firearms and had supplied themselves with horses, which they found running wild there.

MOTHER OF SCHOOL GIRL

Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Daughter's Health.



Plover, Iowa.—"From a small child my 13 year old daughter had female weakness. I spoke to three doctors about it and they did not help her any. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had been of great benefit to me, so I decided to have her give it a trial. She has taken five bottles of the Vegetable Compound according to directions on the bottle and she is cured of this trouble. She was all run down when she started taking the Compound and her periods did not come right. She was so poorly and weak that I often had to help her dress herself, but now she is regular and is growing strong and healthy."—Mrs. MARTIN HELVIG, Plover, Iowa.

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Thin Men and Women

DO YOU WANT TO GET FAT AND BE STRONG?

The trouble with most thin folks who wish to gain weight is that they insist on dragging their stomach or stuffing it with greasy foods; rubbing on useless "flesh creams," or following some foolish physical culture stunt, while the real cause of thinness goes untouched. You cannot get fat until your digestive tract properly assimilates the food you eat.

There is a preparation known to reliable druggists almost everywhere which seemingly amobites the missing elements needed by the digestive organs to help them convert food into rich, fat-laden blood. This preparation is called Sargol and much remarkable testimony is given as to its successful use in flesh building. Sargol, which comes in the form of a small non-injurious tablet, taken at meals and mixing with the digesting food, tends to prepare its fat and muscle building elements so

that the blood can readily accept and carry them to the starved portions of the body. You can readily picture the transformation that additional and previously lacking flesh-making material should bring your cheeks filling out, hollows about your neck, shoulder and bust disappearing and your talking on from 10 to 20 pounds of solid healthy flesh. Sargol is harmless, inexpensive, efficient. Sherman & McConnell Drug Co., cor. 16th and Dodge Sts.; Owl Drug Co., cor. 16th and Harvey Sts.; Harvard Pharmacy, cor. 14th and Fairview Sts.; Loyal Pharmacy, 287-9 No. 14th St., Omaha, and other leading druggists. If this vicinity have it and are authorized to refund your money if weight increase is not obtained as per the guarantee found in each large package.

NOTE:—Sargol is recommended only as a flesh builder and while excellent results in cases of nervous indigestion, etc., have been reported care should be taken about using it unless a gain of weight is desired.