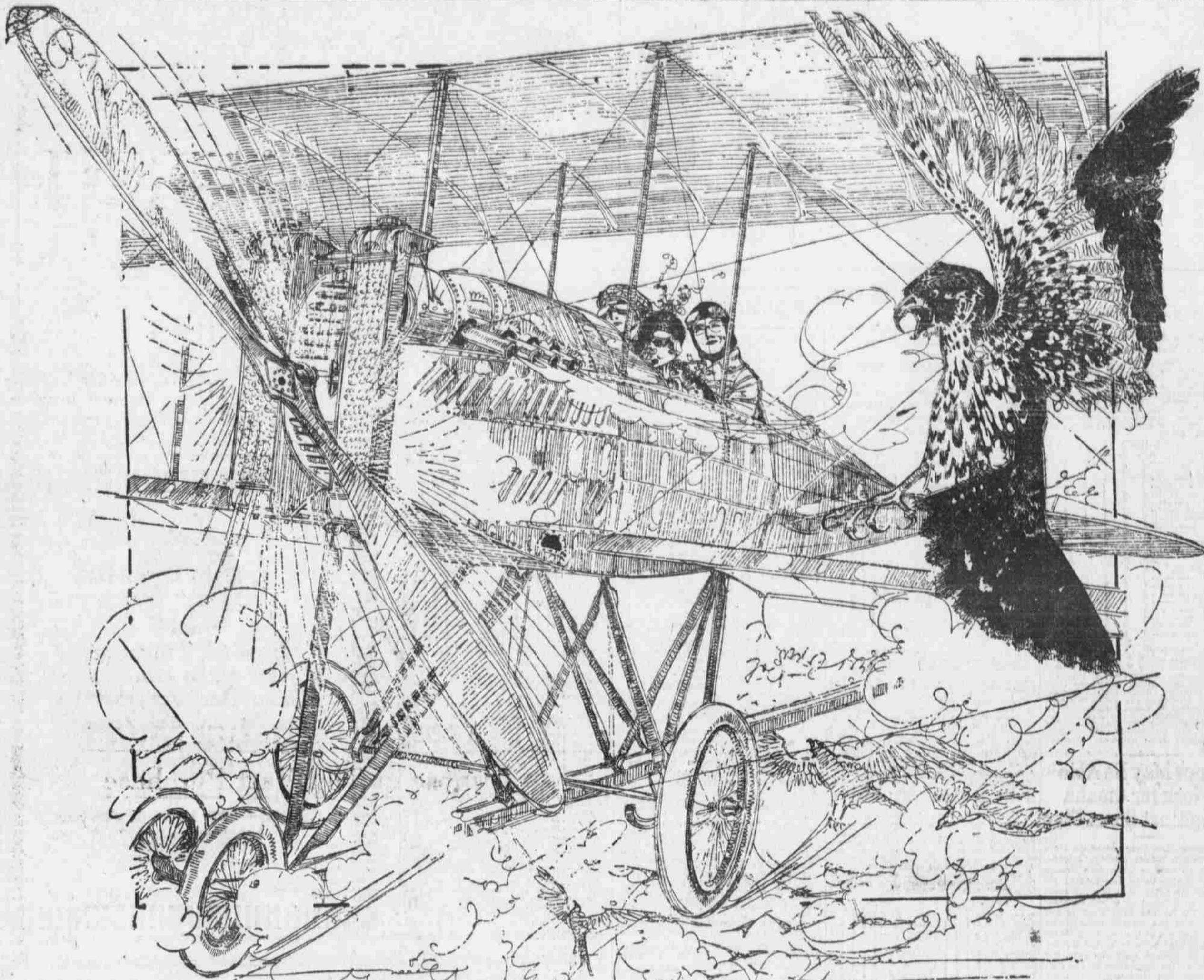


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

My Wonderful Trip to the Clouds

By Nell Brinkley

A Startling Description of the Famous Woman Artist's Thrilling Journey to a Height of 3,500 Feet with Dare-Devil Glenn Martin



By NELL BRINKLEY.

You'll forgive me if this telling is jumbled like a fairy tale—and capricious like some people's minds—hopping around from one thrill to another like a joyous little old grasshopper. But flying is a fairy tale, and the most solidly minded that ever was, when it had set the tip-toes of its feet on the green earth after its first flight, would turn suddenly whimsy and daff. Its hard to keep the after-enthusiasm all to yourself, and it's harder than ever to tell it, for the words go twittering around like humming birds, and the sun shines on them, and you blink—so a little chap is reduced, it seems, to a bright-eyed stuttering little s-s-s-sophon!

For I have flown. I flew—I did! With Glenn Martin—the "safe man" in the shining great dragon-tailed bird that is hoist of expectant mothers, these women, experienced in this most happy period, advise the use of "Mother's Friend."

Experienced Women Advise Mother's Friend



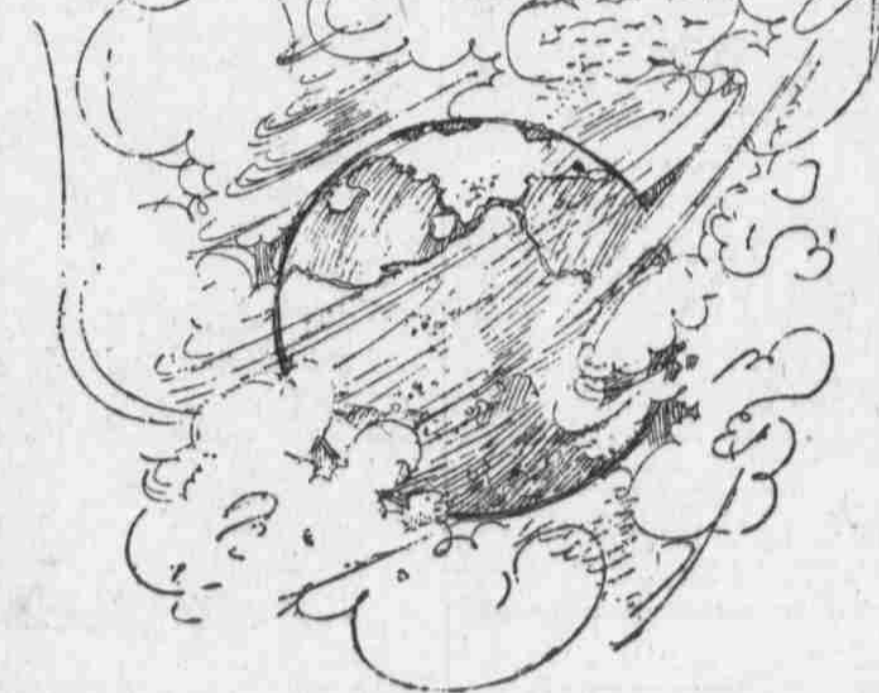
Because it is so perfectly safe to use and has been of such great help to a host of expectant mothers, these women, experienced in this most happy period, advise the use of "Mother's Friend." Applied externally to the abdominal muscles its purpose is to relieve the undue tension upon the cords and ligaments resulting from muscular expansion. Beneath the surface is a network of fine nerve threads and the gentle, soothing embrocation, "Mother's Friend," is designed to so lubricate the muscular fibres as to avoid the unnecessary and continuous nagging upon this myriad of nerves. It is a reflex action. Applied to the breasts it affords the proper massage to prevent caking. Thousands of women have reason to believe in this splendid help under the trying ordeal of motherhood. Their letters are eloquent evidence of its great value to women. In use for many years it has come to be a standard remedy for the purpose. There is scarcely a well-stocked drug store anywhere but what you can easily obtain a bottle of "Mother's Friend" and in nearly every town and village is a grandma who herself used it in earlier years. Expectant mothers are urged to try this splendid assistant to comfort. "Mother's Friend" is prepared by H. J. Field Regulator Co., 410 Lamar St., Atlanta, Ga. Send for our little book.

ugly, little gray bombs to Mexico, instead of girls, for Uncle Sam, who is "stacking his dry goods" and rubbing his palms in the dirt. The dragon-fly is slapping its iridescent sheath and taking on the feathers and talons of the eagle. And I have had the great luck to ride it for one splendid half hour before it went on the operating table for its shedding.

And now I know how it would be to be the great sea gull who volplanes past my windows at the beach. I've watched him and wondered how it is with him. To look down on the things of the earth instead of up—always up—as we do. As the moving faces of the folks he cares about and his world are always up to the eyes of our pet dog, I've wondered how it was with a gull to carry his body along into the blue sky where only the gaze of our eyes can go. And now I know how it is with him. I know how the tiny heart of the Princess Badroubaour tightened and her slant-eyes widened to hold the great sights when her gentleman palace took wings to itself and flew from a place in China to North Africa. I know how the one brother of the three in Bagdad who rode the magic rug had a mighty delight at his heart when he drifted like a homing bird above the Austrian mountains. I know how Icarus longed for the sun when he took wings from the sea cliffs of Greece; how the prince who bestrode the winged horse leaned and found the green plane of the earth just as a grandmother's "crazy-quilt" made of bright bits and silk pieces. I know all this.

Mother shook me into the consciousness of a brooding, cloud-filled day. And what she said was "Knechen, get up, you have to hurry if you're going to fly." If my little old grandmother's mother had called that into her dream-drowned ears—what would she have done? Just slipped into oblivion with one feeble, terrified, "By Gracious!" sprang out of her? I think so. And so I hurried. I didn't know then which hat I pulled on—but now I know it was one I didn't like. But when you are invited to be a bird in the air, a prince on a magic rug, a lost star, you can't even see your hat when you are looking at it.

Glenn Martin, in leather and helmet, and molaslin-lined gloves, and a smile, went up first alone to try his wings. And I stood on the flat little earth, feeling like a ladybug, and while he chased a soaring hawk in the bowl of the sky my heart was clapping its hands. He made a landing like a sign—a gull drops on a long slant, soundlessly—a rattle as you slip into a dream—the plane's airy structure for running on the ground, tip-toeing swiftly along the earth like the gull's slim toes. And I have seen birdmen in landing take the



earth like a rubber ball. But this—was beautiful!

And then I and my city editor and the mind of this great bird, tucked in close and tight behind the roaring wind of the propeller and our own speed, with a voice like a storm. Down behind the hood of the eight-cylinder engine we could hear one another shout; but, for the rest, it was pantomime. And at 2,500 feet, when Glenn Martin behind his wheel wanted to know if we would like to keep climbing, he stabbed upward with a leather finger and laughed. And the tail of the dragon bent down and we soared to 3,500 feet, close under the clouds, with the earth below all prim and silent and dim. And down in the crazy quilt of the plains and mountain chains, all tiny and flattened, there was a bit of varied color like a snip of silk from a wedding vest—that, Glenn Martin said, was Los Angeles.

Here at this height—the bird-man killed his engine. And we settled back, and through the night, wonderful silence that lay around and under we volplaned down, dropping through a sea of air on a swift, coasting wing. Here was a sea gull! The earth rose swiftly to meet us and take us back again. I didn't feel that we fell. We sailed on a floating silence—and always it was the earth that rose. So wonderful was our landing that I never knew for sure the instant we touched the ground. I was just sorry to come down—I knew that the grass was running swiftly under our wings—we drew softly up to the doors of the hangar like a taxi calling for a fine lad—and I knew then that somewhere yards back we had settled on solid ground.

Coming through the deep grass—silent with the daze and the wonder of it, all I could think of was that we had touched earth so perfectly—and that my work in

the world seemed so pitiful and small an offering in accomplishment beside the thing of being a successful one of the great vanguard of fliers—history makers—mighty and practical dreamers. Glenn Martin is known as the "safe man." He is careful in his flying and his building. That means that he makes it possible for just you and me and our milkman to be able to take to wings some day. The United States government has given him the making of army machines spare with men who are older and have built and flown longer than he. He is young—with a modest and cool head, and a ready smile.

When he was a little boy he made knives on his mother's kitchen floor at night, and out of the litter he built up—"oh, quite a little bit of business"—"two bits apiece!" All sorts of shapes they were—built at an angle to scorp having a tail. One he planned to fly on—but his mother took him and his kite, when the rumor came to her, out of the lists before he could get foot in stirrup!

"My mother is afraid a little, I think," he said, and smiled. "But she wouldn't tell for the world—for fear it would be an atom of drag on my work. That's mothers, you know—when my plans went all awry and my head wouldn't solve my problems. But mother fed me, and told me it would all feel right in the morning, and it always did. Bless her heart. Mother's a booster!"

And I liked that, because I have a weakness for a certain little mother of my own.

This had fairies, and sea gulls, and mothers in it, all rather tumbled up, but I've tried hard to make you know how it is to fly. And after all my trouble the city editor, in three little old words, said it better than I have. Says he: "It's great stuff."

We lifted and climbed seventy-five miles an hour into the flying rags of the clouds. One was as white as wool and drifted by us like torn chiffon. We never tipped and leaned (I thought), but the world did 'till I knew the little squares of groves and gardens and towns, so tiny and perfect, would go sliding off. I've thought what little steps we take—and how when we dream of freedom we always tip our faces up to the sky. Water—and the things we do in it—the stretched body—the feet loose from the earth—has been our elbow room! But the

air! By gracious, here is freedom! Your heart grows too big for the narrow cage of your breast—it swells so with the joy of thousands of feet between you and the upturned face of the world. Here the wind blew, with the giant whirl of the propeller and our own speed, with a voice like a storm. Down behind the hood of the eight-cylinder engine we could hear one another shout; but, for the rest, it was pantomime. And at 2,500 feet, when Glenn Martin behind his wheel wanted to know if we would like to keep climbing, he stabbed upward with a leather finger and laughed. And the tail of the dragon bent down and we soared to 3,500 feet, close under the clouds, with the earth below all prim and silent and dim. And down in the crazy quilt of the plains and mountain chains, all tiny and flattened, there was a bit of varied color like a snip of silk from a wedding vest—that, Glenn Martin said, was Los Angeles.

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Madame Isbell's Beauty Lesson

LESSON I—PART II.

Breathing—Its Relation to Health and Beauty.

Out-of-door exercise, golfing, rowing, tennis, long walks, when done under proper conditions and with the skin properly protected, are beautifying as well as health giving. These pleasant things, however, demand a certain amount of leisure and many women are not able to indulge in them for that reason. In such cases breathing exercises should be taken up regularly night and morning. These need not take much time—twenty minutes a day, divided into two parts is sufficient—and, if a moderate amount of out-of-door exercise is taken in conjunction, marked improvement in both health and appearance will be noted.

The Yogi system of philosophy includes the habit of rhythmic breathing to be practiced daily or whenever the nerves are out of normal tension. The devotee lies flat on the floor, relaxed and arms outstretched, inhaling and exhaling regularly, counting four with every breath.

I also recommend the following breathing exercises for those who suffer from nervous exhaustion or from recurring nervous attacks which momentarily disable the subject from work: Lie flat on the bed or sofa in as comfortable a position as possible, and loosen the clothing, if it in any way restricts the breathing. Inhale and exhale slowly ten times, concentrating attention on the palms of the hands, with the idea that you are absorbing the air in that way. Next concentrate the attention on the soles of the feet and inhale and exhale ten times. For the next ten inhalations and exhalations concentrate the mind on the elbows as if the air were entering the body in this way, and then at the knee joints. To finish, take twenty deep breaths, slowly inhaling and exhaling, imagining that the air is entering and leaving by every pore in the entire body.

These exercises, like the Yogi exercises, improve the blood, as do all breathing exercises, and they have as well a hypnotic influence on the mind. They will ward off nervous spells, and in many cases arrest them, but they are not necessary for the normal subject.

Madame Isbell

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Don't impose on kindness.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man 25 years of age, and have been keeping company with a young lady for two years, and for the last six months I have been boarding with her parents, as I have no parents of my own. I would like to know if you think I should continue living with them as I have invested my savings in a business which failed and I am absolutely penniless and an out of work and can't say my board. Her father told me I could stay, but I feel as though I was imposing upon them. What shall I do? PROUD.

Your position is very difficult, but if these kind friends urge you to stay with them until you are again earning money I think you may do so. But you must strain every nerve to find work, and make yourself as useful as possible while you are a guest. However, do not stay if you feel you are a drain on the purse of the family of the girl you love. I wish you all good luck in getting work soon.

Before and After Using



Cuticura Soap and Ointment

These pure, fragrant, super-creamy emollients quickly soothe rashes, itchings and irritations, permit sleep for baby and rest for mother, and point to complete healing when all else fails.

Samples Free by Mail

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Liberal samples of each mailed free, with 25-c. box. Address "Cuticura," Dept. 1311, Boston.

Butterfly and Clover

By LILIAN LAUFERTY.

The butterfly flits to the flower,
Her fragrant heart he sips—
So in one golden hour
Love's wings just brushed my lips.

The butterfly drifts to the roses,
For his is the heart of a rover;
Each flower new joys discloses,
So he forgets the clover.

I scorn another lover
As his first love scorns the bee—
When the butterfly drifts to the clover
Perhaps you'll come back to me.

Household Suggestions

If screws, gasfittings, the sides of bedsteads, or anything else of the kind become tightly fixed and cannot be moved, the following method will generally be found to loosen them. Pour a little oil on the tight parts, and then hold a lighted candle underneath until it is warm. You will then find that it is easy to separate or unscrew the fixed parts.

When ironing it is a very good plan to get a stand, a white one if possible, as a stand. The iron will retain heat much longer than if an open ironstand be used.

To clean brass flower pots or trays rub them with a piece of lemon; then

pour boiling water over them, and finally polish with a soft dry cloth.

If an iron is allowed to get red hot, it will never retain the heat as well again. The flatiron is badly abused if allowed to stand on the range and in a dusty place. Irons should be put away to cool as soon as done with, and then kept in a cool place away from dust till wanted again.

To cure the soreness which occurs at the sides of the nose where the glasses rest, take some methylated spirits and dab on the affected parts once or twice a day, and then dust over with a little boracic powder or starch. This will harden the skin and keep it from getting sore.