

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Summertime Fables

By DOROTHY DIX.

Once upon a Time there was a certain Man who at the beginning of the Heated Term called his two Daughters to him and thus addressed them:

"It irks me greatly," he said, "that I cannot put up for your Annual Summer Campaign, but a Psychological Fable that resembles the Real Thing to a Low-brow like me has paralyzed the Grocery Trade and the Business on the Blink. Therefore, I opine that it is Home Sweet Home for yours this season."

"Sir, on that Economy Stuff," replied the Older Daughter, "I apprehend that there is Nothing Doing in Town in Summer, and it's me for the Mountains where I can Write Back how I am Sleeping Under a Blanket in July's Recluse, Sunning in the Open Season for the Matrimonial Hunt, and when a Young Woman has Collected as many Birthdays as I have it behooves her to be hot on the Trail."

"Your Words are Words of Wisdom," crooned the Poor Father, "yet how I am to get a Bank Roll to Stake you in the Game is a Conundrum that gives me the Willies to Contemplate."

"Cut the Appropriation in Half," said the Second Daughter, turning a Sympathetic Look upon her Father, "for I will remain at Home and Wear my old clothes, while Sister Dollis herself up in the Glad Rags at Fashionable Summer Resorts."

Thereupon the Old Sister Fared Forth, and began Playing the Big Time at the Swell Summer Joints. She would change her Clothes seven times a Day for the Inspection of the Old Cats who sat upon the Hotel Veranda and Clawed to Pieces the Looks and Reputation of every Pulchritudinous Woman that passed them. Also at Night she Tangled with other Maidens, that which there is no Sadder Sight on Earth.

But she did not Grab Off any Engagement Ring, for the Excellent Reason that the only Men in Sight were either Dotty old Grandpas who were already Tied up with an Ample Sufficiency of Wife, or else they were Schoolboys with an Allowance of \$1.50 a Week for Spending Money.

In the meantime the Good Sister who had Remained at Home in the City was having an Uproarious Time, because while Most of the Girls in their Set had gone away for the Summer, all of the Men were still Attending to Business at the Old Stand. Therefore she had a Monopoly which she Proceeded to Work in a Way that showed that Rockefeller will have Nothing on Women when they get the Chance.

Daily and Nightly her Door was Besieged by Youths with Automobiles, and Motor Boats, and the Price of Roof Gardens in their Pockets, and as she always said that she Preferred the City in Summer, and did not think it At All Warm, three Misguided Young Men asked her Hand in Marriage, under the Delusion that she would Hold the same Views after she was Wed.

Moral—This Fable teaches us Two Things.

First, that Virtue is its own Reward if we know how to Collect the Dividend.

Second, it Teaches us the Wisdom of Fishing where the Fish are Plentiful.



For What?



Millions of mothers, infinitely patient, have given their lives, hopes, thoughts and energy to the care of a BOY FOR WHAT? For the unmarked grave on the field of battle, to make "food for cannon," to feed stray dogs and foxes that prowl on the battlefield.

Mysteries of Science and Nature

New Aladdin's Lamp Is Found in Atoms of Matter Which are Capable of Doing Some Almost Impossible Things.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Do you remember when Aladdin had, at last, got down into the cave under the tree, what inexpressible marvels he found around him? What he had to tell when he got out was calculated to make the hearer's ears tingle.



But among all the riches of the cave there was only one dust-covered thing that was really worth the risk he had run, because it alone was truly novel and unlike anything else in the world—the necromantic lamp that had the genie for its slave. With that in his possession the poor boy was more powerful than all the monarchs in the world—provided that he knew how to handle the lamp, and that knowledge came to him by accident.

I have just been pondering over some statements made by Jean Coquerel, the French physicist, about recent discoveries concerning the contents of the atoms of which matter is composed, and they have forcibly recalled Aladdin's adventures to my mind. The interior of an atom is a little world infinitely more marvelous than the cave that contained the magic lamp, and it conceals power incomparably greater than that of Aladdin's good genie.

To the scientific imagination the inside of an atom is inversely as wondrous as the starry heavens.

It is infinite power packed into infinitesimal space.

That, of course, is an exaggeration; but this is a case in which one has to speak in imposing figures, because the facts surpass all ordinary experience.

"The atom," says Jean Coquerel, "is a closed world, or almost closed, and it is that fact which constitutes its individuality."

This "closed world" of the atom is so small that if we could increase the powers of our microscopes a thousandfold we could not render it visible, and yet that minute speck of matter encloses a "solar system" as elaborate as that of the great sun with its planets, and keeps locked up there an energy so colossal that the plainest statements of fact that can be made about it seem like wild dreams.

"The emanation from radium," a substance whose atoms spontaneously give out at least a part of their energy "is capable of liberating 2,000,000 times more energy than the most violent chemical reaction known."

The world within the atom ordinarily behaves as if it had no concern with the world outside. It is sufficient unto itself. It seeks no communication beyond its own boundaries. It is a little medieval China, with closed ports and insurmountable walls all around. Still, a very few atoms, like those of radium, have a tendency to communicate with the outer world by a kind of explosion.

If all atoms should burst their walls simultaneously the whole universe would be dissolved in an instant!

The atoms that do disintegrate pass from change to change. Within their limit the foundations of matter are

broken up, the distinctions of the fundamental elements are confounded, things lose their nature and shift into other things; uranium gives birth to radium and to polonium; radium brings forth helium and the last transformation of polonium that has thus far been observed is into plain lead! It is like a transmigration of atomic souls.

But this is not the only consequence of the opening of the world of the atom. That opening releases energy in forms which we can recognize and which some day perhaps we may be able to utilize.

Atomic energy is the magic lamp that the Aladdin of science has found in nature's secret cave.

One day Aladdin's mother found the rusty lamp where he had cast it aside as useless and thought she would polish it up. Instantly at the first vigorous rub, the slave of the lamp stood before her, ready to do her bidding!

The Aladdin of science has not thrown his lamp aside. He knows it is full of magic. He is sure that if he rubs it aright the genie will appear before him, but he has not yet learned the right stroke. And, perhaps, after all, it will be with him as it was with the other Aladdin—accident will teach him the secret.

When the day comes, if ever it does, there will hardly be any limit to the transforming power of man over the world he lives in.

What Vacation Means

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Idleness is not vacation. It is emptiness, vacuum, waste and loss. A giddy whirl of pleasures is not vacation. It is only additional work of a new sort—exhaustion, effort and infinite taking pains for something not really worth while.

Rushing from place to place for a week or two weeks' sightseeing is not vacation. It is change, education, stimulation and a feverish panorama of seeing things in such a rapidly shifting bird's-eye view that forgetfulness follows the rush of the tour.

A week of society in a big city is not vacation. It depletes pocketbook and nervous energy alike and sends the worker back to the toil of autumn and winter with nothing gained, with no reserves of ambition and strength to bring to the long day of toil.

The ideal vacation is spent in some quiet and natural spot of beauty at the shore, in the mountains or in the country, where the noise and turmoil and unrest of the city are forgotten. The ideal vacation takes you among new people and into new surroundings. It broadens your interests and centers outside of yourself in the healthful pleasures that begin with daybreak and end at dark, instead of just reversing the natural order of the day and night. It brings you the rest of change.

You all know how a picnic lunch or a restaurant meal is a welcome break in the monotony of home cooking, however good that may be. The same principle runs all through life. The human mind and nerves and body crave change. The summer vacation ought to be such a healthful change that it will bring you back to your work with the same mettlesome energy a colt shows in the spring after the restful pasturing that follows his winter's rest.

The ideal vacation ought to bring you a fresh abounding of life in a new atmosphere. It ought to send you home fairly spilling to work off your new vitality in skill and force and interest brought to your regular tasks. It ought to give you a storehouse of strength and energy which will fairly sweep you through all the demands of your next year of effort.

Go out in the country and make yourself part of its life. Take part in all the interests of the community around you. If the dances of the locality where you are staying happen to be Virginia reels and lancers, learn them and enjoy with the simple whole-hearted zest of the unaffected folk among whom you are staying.

Learn from the country people instead of foisting upon them your city ways and customs. The change of pleasures will do you a world of good and give you a certain adaptability that will enable you to be happy and beloved wherever you are placed in life.

Rest, plus interest, plus newness, plus popularity, plus fresh air and exercise will make your vacation invaluable to you.

Don't plunge yourself into all sorts of silly flirtations and love affairs with people of whom you know nothing and whom it will be your great desire to avoid when you get back to the city. Don't consume vast amounts of peanuts and popcorn, and candies and rich beverages. Make simplicity and moderation the keynote of all your pleasures.

Try to form a few real friendships that will last and give you a tangible evidence that new people have come into your life. Eat and drink simply so that your digestion and temper and complexion may not be harmed by your sojourn in the country. Conform to the customs about you instead of forcing your own standards upon people who will not understand them and perhaps criticize you severely for what they consider most improper because they are not accustomed to seeing it done.

Don't joll about on bathing beaches in scant bathing suits. Don't go off on long tramps through the woods in flimsy clothes. Don't romp noisily into a sleeping household at 2 a. m., with no thought but to publish to everyone what a good time you had at a dance. Avoid doing conspicuous things that will make you a target for criticism.

Be ruled by good taste, unselfishness and "the custom of the country." Make your vacation valuable to yourself in character and strength building as well as the search for joy.

There is a great deal that the country folks can teach you. In my next article I shall tell you some of the splendid things you may bring home from your vacation with you.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Don't Be Jealous. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young girl of 17 and have been going with a young fellow of the same age often, but a young girl a year younger has come between us since about a month ago. She has been his playmate from childhood.

She cares a great deal about him, but she doesn't seem to care much about her, but she has winning ways, and goes to his home after him, and he pays her a great deal of attention, but when she isn't around he comes visiting me and wants to take me out, but I have refused and he seems very much hurt about it.

It is very silly for a girl of 17 to demand the exclusive attentions of any boy. Share your friend with other girls. That is far safer than drifting into a premature love affair.

"Not Good Enough." Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 25 years old. I have recently been keeping company with a widower who is about 40 years of age. He has five children. I have known him nearly all my life. I have known him since he was a very young boy and have reason to believe that my love was returned, but all my people objected to him, saying that he was not good enough for me. He drinks and it was rumored that he treated his first wife very cruelly. Do you think he would treat me any better?

IN LOVE. Your people are quite right. Don't think of marrying a man who has either of the two vices you mention. Of course, it is possible that he did not abuse his first wife, but such rumors in conjunction with the known fact that he drinks do not recommend him as a husband.

"Joy Riding." Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of eighteen and considered good looking and met a young man at a school dance. Now this young man is a chauffeur and has invited me to go riding with him. He seems really in every way. Shall I accept his invitation?

Do not accept an invitation to ride in the car of this young man's employer unless you are sure it is sanctioned by the owner of the car. Many people give their chauffeurs the use of their car at stated intervals—say once a week. When the car is used without permission it is a stolen "joy ride" such as I feel sure a nice girl like you would not care to indulge in.

Love and Duty. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 23 years of age and an engaged to a man of 30 years, who is very well off and is capable of giving me a good home. I became engaged to him to please my parents, thinking it my duty to do that because they are dependent on me, and he will also take care of them.

I do not know what to do—my duty toward my parents, who sacrificed a good deal for me or marry the man I love.

No true woman has a right to marry without love. You owe as much to the children you may bring into the world as to your parents themselves. I am sure that they would not want you to marry a man who you loved another, for such things are scandals, divorces and life's greatest tragedies made. Talk this over with your mother and father.

Your Mother's Calls. Dear Miss Fairfax: I live in a flat with my sister and we are both working. I am engaged to be married and the young man calls every evening. My sister goes to a sewing club once a week and tells me it is not proper to receive the young man while she is out.

It is quite proper for your fiance to call whether your sister is at home or not at home.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

I herd sum ladies talking on a hotel veranda today, sed Ma to Pa & the way they was boasting about the number of servants they had. I figured that they must all be married to millionaires. One sed that she coddled possibly git along without fifteen servants, bekaus they had two children & her husband & herself. She sed she didnt understand how the common peepul lived, with no servant or one at the most.

Deer me, sed Pa, what a intelligent lady she must be. I suppose she was willing to admit that she wasnt common herself.

Indeed, sed Ma, she sed a lot of things wile I was in the party that I felt like dis-pu-ting, but on second thought, sed Ma, it didnt seem worth while I didnt talk any to her at all.

That is the best way to deal with a empty-headed person like her, sed Pa. she might have found out that you were one of the common peepul, with only one servant. Here's to the common peepul, sed Pa, the peepul that do things, the peepul worth while. The men whose names will live in history, sed Pa, didnt have many servants as a rule.

I never read where Bill Shakespeare mentioned much about his servants & I aint even sure that they kep a cook & Mister Spokrates, that wise old Greek gink, ate his wife's cooking & had to say that he liked it, bekaus he was a floundering & she was a chameen at hawling him out, & Abraham Lincoln, if I remember rite, sed Pa, never had much trubbel hiring butlers & footmen.

Oh, I suppose welthy peepul has a rite to have all the servants they want, sed Ma. It seems kind of naturel to them to be waited on.

I dont know about that, eether, sed Pa. I was reading sumthing the other day about Henry Ford, the grate Detroit milyunaire. In an interview he told the riter that since he had beccom so welthy he lived the same as wen he was poor. He sed that the only differens was that they had tried having a cook lately, but he coddnt find one that cud cook like his wife, & he sed that the friends he had twenty years ago was the same friends that he had today. There is what I call a reel Man, sed Pa.

But I have often thought that if I had a lot of minny I wud like to be prominent in society.

That is a very naturel femalin wish, sed Pa, but it is one that I never wud gratify for you if I made a milyrup tomorrow. No society for me, sed Pa, except the society of a few reel friends that we have had for years & that have showed they are true blue.

If I had ten million, sed Pa, you wud never see me around afternoons in a frock coat & a two gallon hat. My hed aint bit rite for one, he sed to Ma. I like good clothes, sed Pa, but I have always had a kind of feeling that a man that changes his clothes eight times a day ought to change his mind & go back to the plain business sute of his fore-fathers.

But we ought to give Bobbie a chance to mingle with society, sed Ma. Maebt then he cud marry a rich gurl and have everything his hart desires.

If I see any nooshuns like that sprouting out in Bobbie, sed Pa, wen he is big enuff to stand up & spar, I am going to jab them nooshuns out of him in five minants & I guess Pa wud.



Madame Isobell's Beauty Lesson

LESSON XIII—PART III. Excess flesh is prone to accumulate about the waist line, the hips and the feet. When these parts are equally affected the reducing exercises that I have given earlier in this lesson and the diet should be followed exactly. When there is more flesh on one part of the body than on another, certain exercises should be repeated.

We cannot safely reduce the size of the bust except by breathing exercises that tend to harden the bosom and make it more firm. But we can reduce the flesh under the arms. This is a bad place for excess flesh, for it makes the bust look large and causes the arms to hang in awkward fashion. Reduction on this part of the body can be effected by reducing exercise I given in part VI of this lesson and also by the following exercise which we will call R. 4—Stand erectly, well poised on the ball of the foot, right arm hanging straight with hand turned so palm is parallel with the floor, and left arm raised so that back of hand is laid against lower part of cheek and jaw with elbow raised as high as possible. Push down as strongly as possible with the right hand, raising the elbow of the left arm, at the same time feeling the under arm muscles pull. Now repeat the movement, changing the position of the hands. Do this twenty times night and morning in addition to the other reducing exercises and the loose flesh under the arms will soon turn into firm muscle.

For hip reducing practice the rolling exercise R. 2 (given in part VI of this lesson) night and morning, giving as much time to this as possible. Practice also the last movement of the wand exercise given in part II of this lesson. Salt rubs will also be helpful. For this make a very strong brine in sea water, the bottom of a big tub and soak two large Turkish towels; hang these over the tub and let them drip until dry. After the usual bath rub body with a salt towel, treating vigorously the loose flesh over the hips and upper legs.

Lesson XIII to be continued.

Household Hints

Showers are often heavy in the summer. A heavy coat becomes a nuisance to carry about. If you have a thin favorite cloak you would like to make shower-proof, here is the method:

Dissolve four ounces of alum in one gallon of rain water and four ounces of sugar of lead separately in another gallon. Then mix, dip the material into this, well work it about, dry in the air, wash in cold water, dry finally, and there you are. Two dippings and two dryings will make it waterproof.

To clean tennis balls take a cake of pipeclay and dissolve it in just as much water as it will absorb. When dissolved, stir it well, and add half a tallow candle, melted. Mix all together and allow to cool, then remove all dust from the tennis balls by brushing them with a stiff brush. Take a lump of the pipeclay mixture and dissolve it in cold water to the consistency of cream. Apply to the tennis balls with a sponge.

Jars and pickle bottles that smell of onions may be made quite sweet if filled with garden mould and left standing out of doors for two or three days. When thoroughly washed they will be found quite sweet, and may be used for jam or any other purpose.

To remove a splinter nearly fill a bottle of water just off the boil. Press the finger hurt by the splinter tightly over the neck of the bottle and hold it in position for three or four minutes. The steam will cause the splinter to come out and relieve the pain.

Hard-boiled eggs should be plunged into cold water as soon as they are removed from the saucepan. This prevents a dark ring from appearing round the yolk.

To revive withered flowers plunge the stalks in boiling water and leave them in it till it becomes cold. Then cut about one inch from the ends of the stalks.

RESINOL CURED ECZEMA IN ITS WORST FORM

Feb. 25, 1914. "I had eczema in the worst form all over my face. It started with a rash like hives, and itched and burned so that I could not keep my hands off of it. I could hardly sleep. The more I rubbed it the worse it itched, and the more it itched, blisters formed and when opened had pus in them. I looked terrible. I would not let myself be seen. This lasted for about three months, and during that time I had tried prescriptions, cold creams, camphors, etc. But it still kept getting worse, until at last I tried Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap. THE FIRST APPLICATION BELIEVED THE ITCHING AND BURNING. I purchased a jar of Resinol Ointment and a cake of Resinol Soap, and by the time they were gone my face was entirely well—my skin is as smooth and clear as ever." (Signed) Mrs. Phoebe Cole, 1905 N. Walnut St., West Bay City, Mich.

Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap are sold by all druggists. Trial free. Write to Dept. 29-R, Resinol, Baltimore.

Do You Know That

Bank notes to the value of \$5,000 were found hidden in the cork leg of Harry C. Wise while he was undergoing treatment in a hospital at Denver.

According to a Swiss doctor, the latest cure for nervous diseases is tea made with melted snow.

One lighted gas jet consumes as much air as four adults.

A Swiss prince appears to be the very place in which to spend a cheap holiday, as you have practically all you want—a comfortable cot, central heating, electricity, good food, a fair quantity of wine or beer and tobacco, and a library. You can learn a trade, have plenty of exercise, and there is little work to do in return for all these advantages.

There are 1,900,000 more women than men in Great Britain. The proportion of women to men is slightly on the decrease, however. At the census of 1901 the proportion was 1,002 women to 1,000 men. Now it is 1,901 to 1,000.

A novel method of scaring away birds has been adopted by a farmer. He has killed a number of cats, had them stuffed and placed them in various attitudes among the branches of the fruit trees in his orchard.

A scarecrow of the ordinary type placed in Mr. Howard Wilson's corn fields at Marmette, Wis., having failed to frighten the birds, was replaced by a feminine figure with a low-necked blouse, slit skirt and plumed hat. Crows have now ceased to haunt the locality.

How to Absorb an Unlovely Complexion

(Phyllis Moore in Town Talk) The face which is admired for its beauty must have a certain amount of skin, pink and white and youthful looking. The only thing I know of that can make such a complexion is a certain amount of water. I mean a natural, not a painted complexion—is ordinary mercurial wax. This remarkable substance literally absorbs the unsightly cuticle a little each day, the clear, healthy, pinkish skin beneath gradually peeping out until within a week or so it is wholly in evidence. Of course such blemishes as freckles, moles, pimples, spots, blotches and pimples are discarded with the old skin. If you will procure an ounce of mercurial wax at the drug store, use like cold cream every night washing this off mornings, you'll find it a veritable wonder-working. Another valuable natural treatment is a wash lotion to remove wrinkles which can be easily prepared. Dissolve 1 oz. powdered saxofite in 1/2 pint witch hazel. Rub the face in this and you'll find it "works like magic."—Advertisement