

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Contrasts

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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A great gold sun in the skies above us,
A great green world about;
Fair winds out,
And a blue sea flowing,
And boats with white sails coming and going,
For the friends we love and the friends who love us,
Sing ho—sing!
Life is a goodly thing.

(The prison stands against the sky
A monument of gloom;
The dead are there who did not die,
Yet dwell within a tomb.
If summers comes or winters go,
They do not seem to care or know,
They do not sing, they do not sing.)

Birds in the orchard and bees in the clover,
Rainbows bloom in the sod;
Lovers abroad,
And somebody singing
An old sweet air on taut strings ringing,
And off in the woodlands the cry of a plover,
Sing ho, I say—
Life is a holiday.

(The Factory offends the air
With shrill, imperious calls,
And little children hurrying there
Are lost within its walls.
It does not matter much, some way,
If bright or dark the outer day,
They do not sing, they do not sing.)

Ella Wheeler Wilcox on "Charity"

Don't Send Money to Foreign Missions Until Every Town in America is Equipped with Free Hospital Accommodations.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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Let us not send any more money to foreign missions until every town in America of 10,000 inhabitants is equipped with best possible free hospital accommodations.

Accommodations which will make it possible for every poor man, woman or child who falls ill of any malady, contagious or otherwise, to receive the best of care without expense.

Connecticut is famed for its liberality to foreign missions. It supports many missionaries in various parts of the Orient and is ever solicitous for the welfare of the heathen.

In a small resort near New Haven the child of a poor mother fell ill. The mother, to support the child and three others, kept a boarding house and had little money to spare. The physician declared the malady to be contagious.

The house must be closed and placarded, he said, or the child sent to a hospital. Friends rallied to the scene, and the telephone was kept busy between the summer resort and the New Haven hospital.

And this was the result: No possible place could be found where this sick child could be treated under twenty-eight dollars a week.

Finally friends of the mother came to her rescue and raised the necessary amount.

But what a commentary it is upon churches that so much money goes to the propagating of various creeds in distant countries while such a crying need exists at home.

Private homes (unless they are homes of large wealth) are not places for sick people. Homes are for health. Hospitals are for the sick. And every town should be provided with hospitals for the benefit of those who have not ample means with which to supply the needs of the possible victim of illness or accident.

In this great hour of trouble and disaster which haags over the whole world, we must not forget individual needs. In our sorrow for the soldiers and their families we must not lose sight of the sick and the needy and the lonely in our midst.

And we must not permit ourselves to dwell upon thoughts of poverty and loss, or imagine that we have nothing to bestow upon the poor, because the food trusts are increasing the price of living.

Here is an inspiring bit of writing from the Unity columns: read it and practice and believe it and cast out fear:

"Many persons complain of their financial straits without realizing that it is this very complaint which fastens the condition upon them. As a man thinketh, so is he." is an absolute law. Knowing this, the wise one looks within his mind for the source of his troubles and, discovering the specific idea at fault, he turns about in his thinking and takes the opposite course.

"Reasoning from this premise it is but natural to conclude that if one wants prosperity he must think and talk and expect prosperity and abundance constantly, and then there will be no room in his mind for thoughts of lack with their productive quality for adverse conditions. We certainly create conditions for ourselves according to the character of our habitual thought. The confident, expectant attitude of mind opens a

channel for the coming of that which is looked for.

"Every individual should exercise a systematic method of thought, purpose and practice if he would gain the end desired. To think prosperity today and poverty tomorrow creates a dual state of mind which brings into manifestation conditions in which both plenty and lack appear.

"There is no power which can prevail against the God-given righteous will. The 'I will,' when spoken from the Christ consciousness, precludes failure. This righteous, intelligent 'I Will' belongs in the inner kingdom of the soul, and is in constant touch with the spirit, which always guides aright. There is no hesitancy, all doubt is banished, and the individual claims with undaunted faith that abundance, yes opulence, which is his of his father.

"We will use powerful 'I Will' statements for our mediation this week:

"I will know that God is my only source of supply.
"I will thank God daily for the prosperity constantly manifesting for me."
"I will praise God that I recognize that I am one with him in the riches of his kingdom."
"I will glorify God in the beauty of wholeness in my body, soul and spirit, and my affairs."
"I will be that which I will to be."

Household Suggestions

When making apricot jam add a little lemon juice. It gives an excellent flavor.

When whipping cream beat slowly for the first two minutes and then very rapidly.

If bacon is soaked in water for a few minutes before frying it will prevent the fat from running.

Save the vinegar left over from pickles. It is better than ordinary vinegar for salad dressing.

Instead of boiling beetroots roast them in the oven. The flavor will be much improved.

Gold embroidery may be cleaned when it tarnishes with a brush dipped in burned and pulverized rock alum.

When washing saucepans be sure to lay them in front of the fire for five or ten minutes so that they may dry thoroughly inside, and so prevent deteriorating through getting rusty.

After use, all pudding cloths and jelly bags should be washed in very hot water, and when they have been well rinsed hung up to dry, where they are exposed to a good draught.

To give a rich, creamy flavor to coffee, take as much mustard as will lie on a dime and the same quality of salt, and mix with the amount of dry coffee allowed for every pint of coffee required.

The Cape's the Thing, Says Dame Fashion



Above are shown some of the latest varieties of the ubiquitous cape. That on the left, in hyacinth taffeta, with soft skunk collar, is a particularly graceful and becoming design of the Cavalier pattern, with a superimposed flounce under which are armholes, the general effect reminding one of the mantles of a generation ago. The other two capes, of biscuit taffetas with tulle ruchings and of white fur with lace collar, are charming examples of the new short pelerine. The fourth figure is wearing a costume tailleur with a gilet of flowered cretonne.

Some Things Not Learned in School

By GARRETT P. SERVICES.

Everybody who can get away is now paying a visit to the seashore or the mountains. It is a splendid opportunity for education. If these seekers for recreation would do a little reading out-

of novels, and a little observing beyond the limits of the piazzas, parlors, tennis courts and golf links, they would be surprised and delighted by their easy progress in knowledge and general intelligence.

The moment you leave the city behind the wonderful history of the earth is spread before your eyes. The sea writes it, and the hills and mountains write it, and anybody can read it who tries. It is the literature of nature, which deals only with truth.

I take today the story of the mountains, which declare themselves to be, not the rigid masses that they seem, but surging and tossing billows of rock, as truly in ceaseless motion as the waves of the sea, but presenting a deceptive appearance of rest because every second ticked by their clock-ages is as long as one of our years.

When you go into the mountains take along with you a book as that of the famous Scotch geologist, James Geikie, on the origin, growth and decay of mountains and see what a marvellous new interest the great hills assume in the light of science. You will feel, when you stand on the summit ridge of some long range, that your feet are borne up by the foaming crest of a geologic breaker, whose form, despite its seeming fixedness and solidity, is as evanescent as that of a ripple of water. So significant an ultra-microscopic being, whose whole term of life was limited to the millionth part of a second, sit upon the spinning rim of a locomotive's driving wheel, and philosophically remark to his transitory fellow creatures: "Everything is relative. Even this moveless wheel on which we dwell might be found to be in motion if our lives could be extended to the vast span of a second or two."

Geology is a kinetographic camera whose successive views are combined on the screen of the imagination into moving pictures of the growing earth. Take Prof. Geikie's chapter on the origin and architecture of the Alps and turn it into a motion picture. It will amaze you with its truth. The exhibition begins with a film dated millions of years ago. The epigraph doesn't tell how many millions, because the management is not informed on that point.

The film flickers on through countless ages, tremendous storms and floods burst and roar over the doomed continent, and the spectator sees its hills and rocks dissolving and wearing down until only the stumps of the higher mountains remain.

Then a sinking sensation comes over him as the entire face of the earth in front of him suddenly settles down as if the interior of the globe had given way beneath. In mighty billows the sea rolls in and covers the sunken continent.

A strange darkness now falls over the theater, and there is a mystic glimmer in the flickering picture on the screen. The spectator becomes aware that what he now beholds is occurring in subterranean crypts. He sees the bottom of the ocean, where vast deposits of sand and silt grow deeper and deeper, like plumb snowdrifts, until what was once a continent has been

buried under sheets of sediment two or three miles thick!

A blinding flash, and the dancing picture has given place to an illuminated epigraphic sentence: "The Cretaceous Era."

Immediately the film runs on again but a startling change has occurred in the character of the views. The surface of the globe seems to be bending and buckling as if an irresistible pressure had been brought to bear upon it, or as if it were being squeezed by an almighty hand. The bottom of the sea swells and rises until it emerges from the water, and then the dazed onlooker sees that those immense sheets of sediment that covered the drowned continent have been transformed into thick strata of sandstone and other sedimentary rocks.

The buried continent is rising from its watery tomb, but still sheeted with its stony grave clothes, which it can but partially cast off.

The crumpling of the rocks goes on. It is due to the cooling and shrinking of the

core of the globe. The hardened crust must settle down as the core shrinks away from it, but in doing so it has to accommodate itself to a smaller area, and so its parts are squeezed together and heaped up and thrust one over another, like cakes of ice in a spring flood.

Gradually a kind of order emerges from this chaos of battling and bending rocks. The swelling summits of the rocky waves become new mountain ranges, and the Alps are born. They stand on the site of the ancient Paleozoic continent that was submerged, and their peaks and ridges are composed, in part, of the old crystalline rocks of the primeval continent, which burst through their covering during the mighty throes of its restructuring.

This is the barest outline of the history of one range of mountains. Every range on the globe has a story to tell of equally absorbing interest, and if you will learn a little geology and use your eyes and intellect you can find a scientific romance in any hill.

The Man Who is Hard to Please

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Frank writes me:

"I am keeping company with a girl of 19 years. I am 21 years old. Recently I took her to the theater and to supper, and spent \$7 on her, and I got one kiss good night, and now she has thrown me down. Answer soon."

But what may one answer to such a girl at this? He had the pleasure of the girl's company at a cost of \$7 to himself, and she kissed him good night. After which she threw him down. He feels injured, the thought finding no room in his little brain that the man who spends money on a girl and counts what he spends and demands a return in such payment as he may see fit to exact, is too contemptible to merit anything save a "throwing down." It is a pity that such men do not receive their just dues as promptly.

He feels that he did not get his money's worth, not knowing that the society of a nice, decent girl is not for sale, and that if the pleasure a man finds in such a woman's company is not recompense for the outlay of cash then the sooner they part company the better for both, and particularly for her.

Better that she provide her own amusements than be the guest of a man who accountably counts up what every hour in her company has cost him.

more niggardly man, waiving the doubt that a man who demands returns for his cash outlays has anything honorable as marriage in view.

The companionship of the young woman for one evening cost him \$7, and his regrets do not mean that her society was not worth that much, but, rather, that he spent \$7 more than he could afford in justice to himself. Few young men of 21 are earning wages that justify an expenditure of \$7 for one evening's amusement, but when they are profligate they have only themselves to blame.

No nice girl goes around begging a young man to spend money on her, and there are too many nice girls in the world to afford the excuse of escape from loneliness for the young man who goes with the other kind. If a young man spends so much that he is handicapped in his resources he has only himself to blame.

The companionship of the right sort of a girl is worth tenfold the financial cost. The companionship of the wrong kind costs too much if it costs nothing.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Perhaps He Cannot Afford Them. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young lady of nineteen and have been keeping company for the last four months with a young man three years my senior. While he seems to care for me a great deal he seldom invites me to places of amusement, although he frequently goes to various pleasure resorts with his male chums and seems to have a good time.



Madame Isobell's Beauty Lesson

A pupil has sent me the following letter and, as many others are interested in the subject, I am printing it with my answer:

"Dear Madame Isobell—Will you tell me frankly how you regard the use of artificial red on the cheeks? Can it be used without detection? I am growing very pale and it is not becoming to me, yet I dislike doing anything that would make me look fast or vulgar."

Rouge that can be detected is better avoided. Either it has been put on hastily, or in a poor light, or a bad quality has been chosen. Every woman does not need rouge, but when colorless cheeks make a woman look old, ill, or unhappy, it is time to change them. Recently I was watching a well-known actress who even under strong daylight looks a dozen years younger than she is, make up her face for the day. She used a liquid rouge which she says she puts on never more than twice a week. She uses no soap on her skin, cleansing it always with a good cleansing cream, which may explain the fact that the artificial color stays on so well.

She shook the bottle, applying a little of the rouge to a towel end, and commenced applying this first to one cheek, then to the other, rubbing from the cheek bones backward. She included in this rubbing the skin over the eyes, the chin and the lobes of the ears, thus giving a glow to the entire face. To do this she held her hand glass in strong daylight and she finished by carefully examining her profile. A little powder added gave her a fresh, rosy and perfectly natural complexion.

Remember, if you use rouge, use the best. Have your face clean, skin smooth and in good condition when you apply it, put it on in a strong light and take the necessary time to do it. Under-rouge rather than over-rouge and, if you have any doubts as to this, wear a face veil while on the street.

Madame Isobell

ciently intoxicated in public so she cannot trust him to take care of his own money? I am sure the boys stared at you in surprise because you so easily accepted your friend's condition. It was an insult to you for him to become intoxicated. Don't remain friends unless he will give up drink.

Ask for an Explanation.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man 18 years old, and deeply in love with a girl of 17 years. Some time ago I asked her to attend a "social" with me while she was with some girl friends who were also invited to attend by some other young men. She promised me she would go, and just as she did one of her friends called her aside. She excused herself and went over to the other "social" in the evening. I again spoke about the "social" and then she said she was not going. She had promised me to go, but she would not go. I told her I would stay home. The place where I asked her to go was respectable and I am at a loss why she would not attend with me.

Tell your friend how thoroughly puzzled you are at what she has done. Make her certain that you have enough faith in her to feel that she had some good reason for her actions and that you care enough to want to clear up over the shadow of a misunderstanding between you. You need only talk to her with the simple good faith you have shown in writing to me and I am sure she will be glad to explain.

The Courteous Girl May Show a Man.

Dear Miss Fairfax: While on a tour through the west I met with a gentleman. He is now coming east for a trip and I met only, as he has not any other object to bring him here. He wants to see the Hudson and various other things. I would like to know if I should suggest the different trips; also what to do about accommodating him. I live at home with my father, older sister and one brother. Should I ask him to dine with us, or what courtesy should I extend him? A. B. C.

Suggest trips that will interest your friend, for he will naturally rely on you to know the points of interest about your home city. You may ask him to dinner or luncheon at your home, or suggest that you will bring along the luncheon on any of your day excursions. Don't hesitate to offer the hospitality of your home to your friend. Westerners are very hospitable, and after crossing the continent to see you this man will be at a loss to understand if you fail to invite him to your home not once, but several times.

The Barrier of Age.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am eighteen and am receiving the attention of a man twelve years my senior. I have known him for more than five years and we have always been friends. He has asked me several times to marry him, but I have always refused, as I do not really love him as I should.

I could easily learn to love him if I were certain that the difference in our age is not too great. PERPLEXED.

Twelve years is not too great a difference between a man and a girl if love is there to make them happy together. Just forget the question of years, and search well your heart and mind to see if this is the man with whom you wish to spend the rest of your life.

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