The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Leader-to-Be

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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What shall the leader be in that great day
When we who sleep and dream that we are slaves
Shall wake and know that liberty is ours?
Mark well that word—not yours, not mine, but ours.
For through the mingling of the separate streams
Of individual protest and desire,
In one united sea of purpose, lies
The course of freedom.

When progression takes
Her undisputed right of way, and sinks
The old traditions and conventions where
They may not rise, what shall the leader be?

No mighty warrior skilled in crafts of war,
Sowing earth's fertile furrows with dead men
And staining crimson God's cerulean sea
To prove his prowness to a shuddering world.
Nor yet a monarch with a silly crown
Perched on an empty head—an inbred heir
To senseless titles and anaemic blood:

No ruler, purchased by the perjured votes
Of striving demagogues whose god is gold;
Not one of these shall lead to liberty.
The weakness of the world cries out for strength.
The sorrow of the world cries out for hope.
Its suffering cries for kidness.

He who leads
Must then be strong and hopeful as the dawn
That risese unafraid and full of joy
Above the blackness of the darkest night.
He must be kind to every living thing;
Kind as the Krishna, Buddha and the Christ.
And full of love for all created life.
Or, not in war shall his great prowess lie,
Nor shall he find his pleasure in the chase.
Too great for slaughter, friend of man and beast.
Touching the borders of the unseen realms
And bringing down to earth their mystic fires
To light our troubled pathways, wise and kind
And human to the core, so shall he be,
The coming leader of the coming time.

Common Sense vs. Romance

By DOROTHY DIX.

"Bob wants me to marry him," said the pretty young girl, "and I don't know whether to say yes or no. Bob's everything that a man should be, honest and honorable, and energetic, and intelligent, and tender, and kind, and considerate, and crazy about me. He is one of the men that are sure to get on in the world, and if I marry him I'm likely to be one of those lucky American wives who are petted and coddled and kept in pink cotton.

"But I don't know whether he's a habit with me, or a necessity. I don't know whether I love him or like him and I don't know how to find out just where I stand or how to take the temperature of my affection and it's making him grouchy and wearing me to skin and bones."

"What is your definition of love?" inquired the older woman, with a smile.

"Oh, replied the pretty young girl," I guess it's a bunch of thrills wrapped up in pink chiffon. It's romance. It's some deep, dark, tempestuous emotion that stirs your very soul in tatters.

"Now, as I said, I'm fond of Bob, but when I hear his footsteps I don't have a single palpitation of the heart. Neither do I feel myself grow hot and cold, and tremble at his approach. I like to talk to him, but I like to talk to other people, too, and have a perfectly good time when I go to parties to which he is not invited.

"It's because I haven't got any of the symptoms of love that people exhibit on the stage and in novels that makes me afraid to marry Bob. What if I should be taken with an acute attack of the tender passion for some other man after I married him?"

"Fiddlesticks," exclaimed the older woman. "I thought you had more sense. The stage and novels are no better guides in love than they are in business. They deal with pure imagination, where the impossible happens. Somebody always comes along at the psychological moment and presents the poor, but noble hero with a million dollars or discovers he's the duke's long lost son, but that kind of thing doesn't happen in real life.

"And it's the same way about love. No sane, well balanced son ever has all the fits, and starts, and agues, and jubilations and despairs that the heroes and heroines of books and plays exhibit when they are in love. If you felt that way you would be a poor neurotic creature, a fit subject for an alienist, and not a candidate for matrimony. So if you are waiting to experience all the wild romantic turnils that Lady Gwendolyn does when she meets Sir Percival, it's the spinster's retreat for yours.

"You will never have them. You are to healthy and wholesome to have them, and it's a pity that you, and hundreds of other girls like you, throw away the solid substance of a good, honest affection for the shadow of an impossible dream.

"It's nothing short of a crime that girls get their ideas of love from silly novels and plays, and that they expect not only the impossible from men, but from themselves. They look at everything else practically, but when it comes to the great decision of their lives they are guided by the vision of a poet or dreamer, whose judgment they wouldn't trust on the buying of a calico frock.

"Believe me, my child, romantic love is a nice thing to read about, but a poor thing to tie to. If you will observe you will see that the people who exploit it most get the most divorces.

"And the reason for this is as plain as the nose on the face. It is impossible for romance to endure in the prosaic atmosphere of everyday life. You can't cherish any illusions about the individual with whom you live in the close quarters of domestic life, and whom you see sick and tired and hungry and cross, and before he shaves and she takes down her curl papers and puts on her complexion.

"Under the fierce light of domesticity romance just curls up and dies, and it's because it's so short lived at the best that it isn't worth figuring on. After the honeymoon is over the thrilliest person doesn't thrill, nor the most idealistic see gods or goddesses in the one he or she has married, so it's folly to lay undue emphasis on symptoms of heart trouble for which matrimony is such a quick cure.

"But there is an affection that does last. It may not have any frills to it, but it's built on the solid rock against which the years and daily association beat in vain. It's the sane, sensible affection that is founded on respect and congeniality of taste and trust and real friendship and comradeship between a man and a woman.

"That's the only kind of love that's safe to marry on, and if you feel that way about a man you needn't search your system to find out whether you thrill or not. You've got the only genuine blown-in-the-glass brand of love, that's guaranteed to be divorce-proof."

"I guess I'll say yes to Bob, said the pretty young girl.

How to Lose Your Tan, Freckles or Wrinkles

A day's motoring, an afternoon on the tennis around or golf links, a sunbath on the beach or exposure on a seat in, often brings on a deep tan or vivid crimson or more perplexing still, a vigorous crop of freckles. A very needed thing then is mercolized wax, which removes tan, redness or freckles quite easily. It literally peels off the affected skin—just a little at a time, so there's no hurt or injury. As the skin comes off in almost invisible flaky particles no trace of the treatment is shown. Get an ounce of mercolized wax at your druggist's and use this nightly as you would cold cream, washing it off mornings. In a week or so you will have an entirely new skin, beautifully clear, transparent and of a most delicate whiteness.

Wrinkles, so apt to form at this season, may be erased and quickly removed by bathing the face in a solution of powdered saxolite, 1 oz., dissolved in witch hazel, ½ pint. This is not only a valuable astringent but has a beneficial tonic effect also.—Advertisement.

Do You Know That

Among the Moors, if a wife does not become the mother of a boy, she may be divorced with the consent of the tribe, and can marry again.

"Honeymoon" was an ancient beverage which it was customary to drink for thirty days after the wedding feast.

Bananas are fit to eat as soon as they have lost all their green color, and remain fit, no matter how black they may be, so long as the skin is unbroken.

"La Marseillaise" obtained its name name from the fact that it was first sung in Paris by a band of revolutionaries hailing from Marseilles.

A Chinese father has the supreme right of life and death over his children, and is not amendable to any law in this respect.

:: Frocks for the Coming School Days ::

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School days are almost here again. And the clothes for the girls who are conquering the three Rs and other fundamentals of an education are again foremost in the thoughts of the wise mother. Naturally she desires that her girls shall be suitably and well dressed, and with the simplicity that marks good taste.

Her big girl, who has only a year or two of schooling ahead of her, is wearing a long, straight coat of light cloth when she starts out for school. There is a high muffler type of collar in black velvet, deep cuffs of the velvet and a saucy tam o' shanter of the same fabric.

Her sister, who has just achieved the dignity of her 'teens, is in blue. The skirt is plaited and the coat with its cape-like tendencies is of a matching material. Her hat, a soft beaver, has only a puffing of the silk in the same tone to serve as trimming.

The 10-year-old is so anxious to wear her new clothes that the band of fur on the coat of kersey is no detriment. Like the coat, the little cap is banded in fur.

The younger children are wearing sensible little frocks of linen. Little Miss Eight-Year-Old is very winsome in her dress of dark brown linen, with Quakerlike collar and cuffs of stiff linen. Her still younger sister has the most unusual and yet practical of pinafores fashioned from claret-colored linen. The sombreness is relieved by the ruffle of white linen at the neck and outlining the sleeves. Even the baby has run out to say good-bye, and her nursery dress is the quaintest of all—a scant, very short frock of flowered muslin.

Bombs, Battles and Effect on Rain

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

"As a student of the Wendell Phillips High school I would like to ask you a few questions on physiography. I have studied about the clouds and causes of rain, but I would like to know if, when a bomb is exploded in the clouds, it will cause a shower. I read of a man who sent some bombs up in the clouds and 'touched' them off electrically, and after that there was a shower. My mother said many people believed we had so much rain because of the bombs being exploded in Europe, but my father said it has nothing to to with these showers we are having. I hope you can enlighten me on this subject.—John Kercher, Chicago."

I always avoid opposing a lady's opinion, or even her leaning toward an opinion, if possible. But in this case I am compelled to take your father's side. The European explosions not only have no effect in producing rain and showers on this side of the Atlantic, but there is no established ground for asserting that they have a general effect of that kind in Europe.

It is a very old notion that great battles bring rain after them, and it is conceivable that this might happen, not so much on account of the shock of the explosions, as on account of the vast quantity of smoke and gases launched into the air. If you recall your studies you will remember that clouds consist of extremely minute globules of water formed by condensation from the invisible aqueous or watery vapor present in the atmosphere. This vapor comes mainly from the surface of the oceans, where it is formed from the water by the heat of the sun, through a natural process called evaporation.

If you put a little water in a shallow dish and set it out in the sunshine, it will, in a short time, disappear through evaporation, and if you could follow the invisible vapor thus formed in its flight skyward you might see it wee cloud formed by its condensation into microscopic particles of water. Often, on account of the great cold prevailing at high altitudes, the particles composing a cloud are frozen into motes of ice.

Experiments have shown that aqueous vapor usually does not condense into the particles that make clouds unless there is present in the air a quantity of fine dust, each speck of which serves as a nucleus around which the vapor condenses; or, unless small charges of electricity are somehow introduced into the vapor-laden air. The electricity, like the dust, and perhaps in connection with the dust appears to form centers of condensation.

As long as the cloud particles remain very minute they continue to float in the high atmosphere. The beautiful curl-clouds, called cirri, sometimes have an altitude of ten miles, and they are probably always in a frozen state. But, when, under conditions which we do not thoroughly understand, the particles begin to unite and thus form larger and larger globules, or drops of water, the increasing weight of the individual drops causes them to fall to the earth, and we have a shower. Only a certain percentage of the clouds that appear in the sky condense into rain. The rest of them are dissipated into invisible vapor again, and thus the atmosphere, as a whole, always has a considerable, though varying, supply of aqueous vapor.

Now, take the case of a great battle. We have seen that dust particles and electric charges are capable of condensing the aqueous vapor of the atmosphere to make clouds, and we know that over a battlefield immense quantities of dust, mostly in the form of smoke and gaseous products, are formed, and we infer that the bursts of heat, the swift rush of innumerable projectiles and the tremendous shock and reverberation of swiftly reiterated explosions of the most violent sort, must produce electric disturbances in the air.

It seems possible, therefore, that in such conditions, if the air happens to be heavily charged with vapor, local rain may be produced as an atmospheric sequel to the battle—as if the clouds themselves were forced to weep at the pitiful spectacle presented to them by the maddened inhabitants of the earth below.

But, while this is possible, it has never been established as a scientifically accepted fact of observation. History shows that sometimes great rains have washed battlefields immediately, or at a short interval after the fighting ceased, but that, in other cases, nothing of the kind has happened. Anyhow, it appears that such effects could only occur if the air were already filled with vapor and if the battle were fought on a very large scale, both as to area and expenditure of ammunition.

This brings us to what you have read about "a man causing rain by exploding bombs in the clouds." No doubt the case of which you read was that of General Dyrenforth, who in 1891 and 1892, under an appropriation from congress, and the auspices of the Department of Agriculture, tried, in Texas, the experiment of sending up balloons charged with giant powder and exploding them to produce rain. He always claimed to have succeeded, but several men of science who watched the experiments, declare against his conclusions, averring that what rain fell during the experiments commenced before they were begun, and had no real connection with them.

Advice to Lovelorn: By Beatrice Fairfax

It Would Be Outrageous.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 20 and my parents are very poor. My uncle, a brother of my mother's, has proposed to me. I do not love this man. He is really nice to me and my people, but when I am with him I cannot bear him, and my people all love him. There are many chances for me, but he is always in the way. A. N.

You must not marry your uncle. That custom is a relic of barbarous times. In many states of the union such a marriage is illegal and justly so. Even if you loved this man your answer must be "no"—and since you are not even fond of him, you must dismiss him at once. The idea of the marriage of two so closely related is very unpleasant to all right thinking people.

She Doesn't Care for You.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 21 and keep company with a girl two years my senior. I like her very much, but she does not show very much affection toward me. Whenever I go to see her she always asks for my friends and does not feel satisfied unless I bring them. If I should bring them she sits in one corner with them and does not care very much for my company. She always wants to know everything that does not concern her in the least. E. S.

Since she so plainly shows that she cares for you only as a means for meeting other men, don't go to see her. You owe something to your own pride, you know.

He is ruTly Small.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a blonde, 26 years of age, just six feet tall, and have been keeping company with a young man for the last seven years. He is also a blond, five feet four inches. We were to be married in June, but now he tells me owing to the vast difference in our heights he can never marry me, as his friends would ridicule him. HEART-BROKEN.

The physical height makes no difference, but his mental, moral and spiritual smallness make him unfit to marry any girl.

Try to forget him and the seven years' wasted in his company.

Decidedly Not.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of 15 years and am big for my age, and always taken for about 18 or 19 years of age. May I use powder or keep company with any young man, as my parents object? FIFTEEN YEARS.

You are too young to keep company with a young man even with your parents' approval.

You are also too young to use powder; youth never needs such questionable methods of adornment.

Man's Own Thoughts Control His Destiny

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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You who believe in the power of mind and in the constructive qualities of thought need to keep a careful watch every your own thoughts and your own words if you would carry conviction to others of the truth of your theory.

There was a woman who talked much of her belief in the metaphysical philosophy as taught by New Thought and other similar cults. Yet when the Springtime came, with its sudden changes of climate, its trying winds and its varying atmosphere, the woman talked continually of her bad colds, her rheumatism, her headaches and her susceptibility to weather influences. She described her symptoms and discussed the various remedies for her ailments.

She was not aware, seemingly, that all of her thought stuff was being used to make a mental rubbish heap and that she was preparing the way for future colds, future headaches, future attacks of nerves and rheumatism by giving so much time and space in her thought to these things.

Another woman loves to talk of her bad luck in small matters. She is sure to be out when the person calls whom she desires to see; she is sure to be in when the neighborhood bore calls; she never finds the thing she is looking for in shopping, and that which she does not want is always thrust upon her.

It does not occur to her that this is a mental attitude which will induce a continuation of these small annoyances. We are constructing our destinies every moment of the day and night; for our night dreams are governed largely by our day thoughts. He who keeps his mind filled with the thought of universal good and the reign of universal love over all things will gradually lift himself above the plane of petty annoyance and will find his nights filled with refreshing sleep and devoid of dreams or will be given symbolic and helpful dreams.

Mabel Gifford Shine of Richmond, Va., has recently said some very sensible things on this subject. In a little magazine called Self Culture she said:

"What a beautiful garden we could make of the mind if we realized that those are living entities, but let us enter our gardens and see—

"The first thing, we stumble over a heap of unsightly rubbish; trashy, worthless stuff, which we have allowed to fill up this corner of our mind. Life is too precious, too full of things beautiful, sweet, grand, to give any of our time or energy to trash. We look to see what thoughts that come from nothing and lead to nowhere; non-consequential thoughts about our affairs or others; how many, many hours have been spent this way. Let us dump this accumulation out as quickly as possible. And let us not allow this accumulation to find entrance."

Rid your own mind of this rubbish heap. If you are ill remember it is because you have broken some law, physical, mental or moral, and set yourself the task of discovering where the fault lies and overcome it. If you can not overcome it wholly by mental means use other means, but meantime do not continually think or talk about your maladies.

If a lot of little differences, annoyances and worries pursue you, rest assured it is because there is disorder in your mind, and these things are sent to you that you may know your faults and rid yourself of them.

Take a little time alone every day in your own room, close your eyes and say mentally: "I am God's child and since God is all goodness, love, wealth and peace everlasting. He would not send me any but good fortune, good health, opulence and power to do good. All these things belong to me and are coming my way. All other things are but temporary conditions. I have my heart's desire. I am encircled by the arms of Divine love, and nothing can cross it but peace, power and plenty."

Then after you go forth from your room refuse to talk about your ill health, your ill fortune, and your annoyances. If they must be referred to, dismiss them in a sentence. That is the way to build different conditions from those which you find unsatisfactory.

TO RESTORE
VITALITY

Loss of appetite, impaired digestion, sleeplessness, bodily weakness and a feeling of depression are signs of lowered vitality, largely due to the heat, and exhaustion of the body's supply of phosphates. Recover strength, vigor and vitality by taking

HORSFORD'S
Acid Phosphate
(Non-Alcoholic)
Keep a bottle in your home