

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## To You

By ANN LISLE.

No tie of kinship holds us—  
No bond we could not end,  
But still my spirit calls to you  
And names you Friend—Dear Friend,  
I reach to you across the space  
Where mind and spirit blend;  
And from the strength that molds your face  
Comes power to be your friend.

While tenderness of giving  
And love I dare not spend,  
Stir vaguely in my heart for you,  
Who call me but your friend,  
No other tie could hold us so  
As this—so faint to end,  
My heart for you with love could glow—  
You call me Friend—Dear Friend.

I did not know it, dear, at first;  
I never guessed love's trend,  
With mind and dreams and spirits knit  
I thought to be—but friend,  
And tho' all life deny me bliss,  
Unwanted love I spend;  
My spirit still thanks God for this—  
You call me Friend—Dear Friend.

## The Love-Time of Life

### How Science Interprets the Whims of Cupid and What Facts Show

By DOROTHY DIX.

Dr. Jack of Hamburg, has analyzed on scientific principles the course of love in the lives of the average man and woman. He puts the result in diagrammatic form, and shows that the male "curve of love," or capacity for affection toward the other sex, is highest between 24 and 28, whereas the female curve rises slightly between 20 and 24.



Thus does science interpret the apparent caprices of Cupid, and teach us to guard against the arrows of the little winged god.

Common observation will bear out the accuracy of this scientific diagnosis of the human heart. Doubtless it is true that men love most when they are young, and women love deepest when youth is waning. Proof of this is furnished by the statistics of the marriage bureau, which show that nearly all men who marry at all marry under 30, and by the chronicles of scandal that show that nearly all women who make fools of themselves about love do it after they are 40.

Every boy is brimming over with sentiment. He is like the hero of the old Florida sestet song who used to warble, "I must love somebody, and it might as well be you." And he's ready to expend this excess emotion on any woman that is handy.

It is boys of 20 who fall in love with chambermaids, or dairy-lid waitresses, or chorus girls, or women old enough to be their grandmothers, and who marry any skirt that happens to be nearest, if they have enough money to buy bread and meat and candy for two.

Then there comes a wave of reaction. They have had their eyes opened a little, and are beginning to get over their puppy love and see things clearer. They've lost many of their illusions, and have begun to at least differentiate between 25 and 30, but they are still young enough to be romantic.

Above all, the primal instinct of nature for mating and building of their own is strong in their breast, and it is then, somewhere around 20, that a man is not only most apt to marry, but to know the inspiration of a deep and abiding love.

From 30 to 40 the average man is too absorbed in himself and his career to think of love. These are the years in which he is apt to neglect his wife if he is married, and to thank God that he hasn't got one if he is single, because they are the crucial years of his man-life, the years in which he is fighting his battle for success with every nerve braced for the conflict, and no time nor strength to dally by the wayside with sentiment.

After 40 the average man's heart is steeped in selfishness and cynicism if he is still a bachelor. He wants his own liberty, his own ways, his own privileges without the bother of fight with a wife for them. Also he has seen enough of the matrimonial infidelity of his friends to make him shy of the holy estate.

Therefore, from 30 until into the 60's,

when most men begin to go back to a second emotional childhood, the love line of a man curves down instead of upward. Girls are sentimental from the cradle up, but it is a surface sentimentality, and there is, in reality, no other living creature that is so hard and selfish as a soft and innocent-looking little maiden of 18. From 15 to 25 the only person a girl really loves is herself. All other, male and female, occupy a place in her affections that is nicely adjusted to what they do for her and how much they add to her pleasure. She calls this love when it is applied to a person of the masculine persuasion, but it isn't real love any more than the ball room is real life.

It is during this time that a girl not infrequently deceives herself and marries a man under the impression she is in love with him, when it's just because she liked the way he combed his hair or turkey trotted, or the good times he gave her. How ephemeral is this early love! It is shown by the way it vanishes after marriage, when the little bride finds herself face to face with the stern reality of matrimony. Nine-tenths of the divorce cases are after-claps of youthful marriages.

From 25 to 30 women begin to think more seriously about love, but they also begin to be critical. They put their door on the latch for Cupid, but they are looking out of the window to see if he wears a good coat, and drives up in a taxi instead of coming wandering in on foot, and without a rag to his back. In a word, they want to love and marry, but they prefer to fall in love with an eligible party.

This may be called the rational age of love. There are not many thrills to it, but it is an eminently sane and safe affection, and comfortable to live with, because the woman who is only moderately in love neither asks too much of her husband in the way of affection nor bestows too much upon him.

From 30 to 35 is the panic time of a woman's life when she perceives that all of her friends are married, or have espoused careers, and that debutantes are beginning to look upon her in the light of the ancient mariner, and that the last call for the dining car is ringing for her. Then it is that a woman marries any man that asks her, without reference to her own heart, and repents it ever after.

The fatal age of love for women comes at 40, and this is true no matter whether she is single or married. Then it is that all the pleasures and amusements with which a woman has diverted herself pall upon her, and life grows suddenly stale and flat. She is obsessed by loneliness, by heart hunger and she thrusts it away.

It is the last tropical flare up of the summer of life for a woman before the cold winter of age sets in, and under its influence she does strange and unexpected things. It is the woman of 40 who marries a boy young enough to be her son, or slop with her chauffeur, or gets entangled in some disgraceful intrigue.

And it's life's little irony that at the time a woman loves most herself she is least capable of inspiring love in man.

## Combing Won't Rid Hair of Dandruff

The only sure way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it, then you destroy it entirely. To do this, get about four ounces of ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the fingers.

Do this tonight, and by morning, most if not all of your dandruff will be gone. Three or four more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single grain and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have. You will find, too, that all itching and scaling of the scalp will stop at once, and your hair will be fluffy, lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get liquid arvon at any drug store. It is inexpensive and never fails to do the work.—Advertisement.

## In-Shoots

It is difficult for a satisfied man to be progressive.

Live wires should not waste time on dead issues.

Only the very wealthy can afford to join the anti-tipping crusade.

If you take things as they come the other fellow will not get them.

The ability to juggle with the English language is often called wisdom.

There are a good many United States senators who could not hold down second base in a minor league.

Everyone wants to help the villain to reform. But when it comes to women, they generally regard it as hopeless.

The business opportunity that deadens a man's conscience is usually the most inviting.

If we could booot with the persistence that we know, a lot of good could be accomplished.

## My New Girl of Beauty

A Striking Series BY HARRISON FISHER The Famous Artist

It is a foregone conclusion that a series from the pen of the famous artist whose unrivaled sketches adorn the pages of magazines will be eagerly read by interested thousands. Today Mr. Fisher tells of his decision to draw a "new girl of beauty," and gives his reasons for deciding on a change of style. Mr. Fisher's series will consist of three articles, of which today's is the first.—Editor.

By HARRISON FISHER

To do our work well we need once or twice a year to get as far from it as possible, and from the distant point to look coolly and critically at it.

That I did this summer. The result is that there will be a new Harrison Fisher girl, or several new Fisher girls. I looked my studio opposite Bryant Park early in July and went back to my home state, California. I visited my father and other relatives in my home town, Alameda, across the bay from San Francisco. Then I went with artist and author friends to a camp of the Bohemian club in the country of the giant redwood trees. That was the birthplace of the new Harrison Fisher girl or girls.

If a man has found his work if he does the work that is not some other man's, but his own, he carries it with him into his vacation. He can never quite escape it. Nor does he wish to. It is his twin.

So the Harrison Fisher girl was with me in the redwoods. I looked coldly upon



her. I criticized her. I determined to put more character into her, to give her more strength.

While I thought of her I read some of Rodin's views of art. The great sculptor advised the artist not to be photographic in his representations. He meant, "do not fling upon canvas or into pen and ink a model as she is, but put into the picture what you yourself think of her. Reveal her to others, not necessarily as she is, but certainly as you see her. That is individuality."

I resolved to do stronger work. I determined to make my girls less beautiful, if need be, but of more pronounced character.

Sitting on logs in front of my tent in the redwoods I sketched the new Harrison Fisher girl. I hope you will like them. Wider-eyed, more thoroughly awake mentally, reflecting sturdier character and higher purpose, I tried to make them. I tried to eliminate the non-essential. If before I used sixty strokes in drawing a girl's face, I have now used thirty. On this page are some of the redwood sketches. I hope you will like them.

## Pampering Your Children a Folly

### To Enjoy the Comforts You Have Earned is More of a Duty than to Furnish Your Offspring with Unneeded Luxuries

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

(Copyright, 1915, Star Company.)

Do not deny yourself comforts and pleasures in order to give your children luxuries.

There is nothing worth while in such a course of action, and almost invariably the result is injurious to the best interests of the children and of society at large.

Give the children you bring into this sphere of existence your love, your sympathy and your counsel. Study them as you would study the most important problems. Make yourself acquainted with their temperaments and dispositions and train yourself to exercise patience in dealing with their weaknesses. Remember, they may have inherited some of these weaknesses.

An example of self-control, kindness and sympathy is the greatest wealth you can bestow on your children. Give them such opportunities to develop their strength and best character as you can, without too great sacrifice of your own needs.

If you are able to enjoy some blessings of your toll, enjoy them instead of hoarding your dollars to give your children luxuries which they have not earned, or leaving a fortune to be fought over.

The worst characteristic human nature is capable of frequently develop in children of unselfish parents when the division of property is made—property which the children had no part in earning.

Not long ago a sober, industrious and contented laborer received word that an inheritance had fallen to him, and he at once began to neglect his work to adopt a mood of despairing rage because law was slow in giving him all he believed his due.

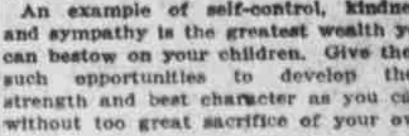
I met two young women to whom a fortune had been left. I knew what sacrifices their dead parents had made to give them the luxuries and advantages they were enjoying, and I studied them with care. Two more arrogant, selfish and unlovable young women I have rarely encountered. They made frequent references to "common people" and spoke patronizingly of the "middle classes."

Yet the father of these girls had been a poor boy, and a self-made man, and the maternal grandfather had begun life as a peddler until he earned the money to study a profession. Money hoarded for two generations, and the sacrifices of parents and grandparents brought no happier results in the third than two arrogant and pure-proud girls, who would have been rendered nobler and sweeter, no doubt, if they had been obliged to come in closer association with the "common people" and the "middle classes."

I grow to believe there is a curse upon money we do not earn. Certain it is that we rarely find the greatest characteristics or the wortliest qualities developed in the children who have been spared all effort and shielded from all responsibilities, and upon whom has been showered the hoarded wealth of self-denying parents, while scarcely a day passes that we do not encounter or hear of selfishness, greed, crime or folly which has resulted directly from inherited wealth.

Enjoy the proceeds of your labor—be charitable, generous, benevolent while you live; give your children a happy home and reasonable pleasures and advantages, but do not sacrifice your life to them.

You only worry yourself and them and society by such a course. They will be better citizens if you let them work for what they have.



## Giving Proper Attention to Every Unit

By DR. CHARLES H. PARKHURST.

Society takes it complexion from its units, and individual men and women are the units. The big Metropolitan building is white because each separate block of marble entering into its construction is white, not because a general coating of white has been applied to it. The belt of brightness that spans the heavens in the autumn and winter seasons, what we know as the Milky Way, shines with a lustre that is only the brilliancy of all the several stellar units that make up the Milky Way.

Everything begins in the unit; everything depends on the unit. The quality of the unit, its complexion, its value, determines what will be the quality, complexion and the value of the sum total that the units sum up into. We must get as closely as possible to fundamental facts and not let ourselves be deceived by the casual aspect of things.

The principle we are contending for here admits of a variety of applications. We call ourselves an intelligent and refined community. We think so because our associations happen to be with intelligent and refined people. Being such ourselves our fellowships are naturally with those of the same order. As perhaps our understanding of the community does not extend beyond the close circle of our intimates, we generalize, and predict of those whom we know nothing about the same qualities that we find in those we are acquainted with, and the consequence is that the general public wears to our regard the aspect of culture and elegance. Unfortunately there is no such thing as a general condition of refinement. The only refinement there is what is embodied in a certain number of refined individuals. Refinement is not an atmosphere, a peculiar transcendent condition of the air, like some perfumed perfume that all people can breathe, whatever may be their personal odorlessness or malodorousness. It is strictly personal and individual, refinement is. It is nothing apart from the persons that possess it.

A brilliant electric light in the middle of a room will illuminate every object that the room is furnished with, and it is easy enough to attribute to each article a luster of its own, and a child might be expected to do so; but once turn off the electricity and everything at once becomes black. Everything had shone with a kind of general, but there was only one light. If we were to divide the population of this city into two classes, one class of those that are refined and the other class of those who are credited

with being so because they live in a city that happens to have some refined people, in it, we should none of us, I suspect, be prepared to show which of the two classes would sway a majority.

What we call "the spirit of the times" is only a rather pretentious phrase for the spirit that possesses a very considerable number of individual men and women that live in the times. The Germans call it Zeit-Geist, a pretty expression, but a combination of fact and fiction, prose and poetry.

It was a remark once made to me by a man widely known in this part of the world, and held in the highest esteem for his eloquence, the justice of his judgments, and for his understanding of New York, where he had been for a long time an active and observant resident—the remark, namely, that a majority of the people living here are pagans.

It was made to me shortly after my coming to town at a time when my estimate of conditions was founded principally on its reputation for large benevolences, for the variety of its humanitarian enterprises, for the distinction of its churches and reputations of its clergy, and for the wide extent of its evangelizing efforts. It can easily be imagined the shock that was caused me by the characterization, in terms so severe, of a city that I had conceived to be a fairly close approach to the New Jerusalem.

Without caring to state what precisely is denoted by paganism, and while disclaiming all intention of quoting my informant's remark for the purpose of exhibiting disrespect for the religious condition of the city, it simply illustrates the principle I am contending for, that no single characterization is applicable to a community. The city cannot be called religious nor irreligious, moral nor immoral. Whatever morality or immorality, religion or irreligion there is, is simply an affair of individual men and women.

In my innocence and inconsideration, had taken the Christianity evidenced by its churches and missionary enterprises and diffused it through the entire population; made it a kind of joint stock property, supposing, as I must have done, that all New Yorkers were neither prophets nor apostles, but that somehow the distinguished piety that was known outside to exist here was sufficient to cover the whole territory in a way to allow every resident to be a sharer in its benign and blessed influence, its amenities and prerogatives.

In the same manner it is a common thing to speak of the United States as a Christian country. It is a pleasant way of representing the situation, not objected to by Christians and usually accepted by those who are not. But only so much of the country is Christian as is the number of separate and individual men and women living in it that are Christians. And even then it is not the country, not even a part of it, that is Christian, but only so many of its people.

Someone may say that this is splitting hairs. It is not splitting hairs. The distinction is of sharp one and cuts deep. Failure to observe the distinction and to make it determinative in each several case is what enables one to feel that he is graded to the particular quality of those with whom he is thrown, without the necessity of being himself personally and individually possessed of that quality. If he consorts with respectable people he easily imputes some of that respectability to himself, without, very likely, an intentional dishonesty in the process.

We can feel ourselves brightened by someone else's illumination without thereby becoming ourselves luminous. The full moon shines with great brilliancy, but if, when at full, the earth happens to come between it and the sun the light out of which its brilliancy is composed is shut off and the moon turns black.

Borrowed excellence does not write itself in indelible colors. This is illustrated by the fact that when one has been for a time kept artificially upright by the impetuosity of his surroundings there is no telling what he will become if moved out of those surroundings into a less sustaining environment. So that the only way of making the world wiser and better is by the bettering of its units, increasing the number of its brightened and improved individuals.

## Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Forget It.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 15 years of age. Nearly two years ago I met a girl of my own age and I fell in love with her. I have not met her since. I have lived in another state. I still love her, and I do not think I could care for any other girl. Would you please give me your advice.

I advise you to stop chasing rainbows. You are much too young to think of love, and the little girl you are wasting your time dreaming about is probably far better occupied. Work and try to get ahead in the world—then some day you will be able to take care of a good wife.

Men and Letter-Writing.

Dear Miss Fairfax: An engaged to a young man, and supposed to be married soon. He is all that I could want him to be, but for one thing. When he is near me he pays me a great deal of attention and many times gives me too much of it. But when he is away he writes to me every Wednesday and Sunday, by no means does he show me that he thinks of me. Do you think his love is genuine or not?

PUZZLED MAY.

Many men hate to write letters, so your fiancé's silence when he is absent for three or four days is only an example of this masculine characteristic. You ought to have enough faith to imagine that a love which shows itself plainly can last for a few days of separation and silence.

## The Light that Defies the Storm

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

No great victory has ever been won without enthusiasm. The defenders of a citadel need only determination and stubbornness to enable them to hold their position. But to take the offensive and to storm any fortress needs the white heat of supreme enthusiasm.

The force of enthusiastic hope and enthusiastic endeavor has saved many a lost cause. Depression sinks away before the force of bright-eyed desire to be up and doing. How many of us enthusiasts quickly about each new opportunity that touches our horizon. But the cold winds of waiting may chill our first ardor and the frost of no results may even destroy it. But it is only counterfeit enthusiasm that so easily perishes. The genuine feeling endures in the face of hardship and the slow accomplishment and conquer by force of steadfast determination to reach its goal.

Youth, in its first flush of proud conceit, is likely to think it can conquer the world. But the enthusiasm that can make a whole life splendid is that which endures to the very end of life's disappointments and transcends them all. Cultivate the enthusiasm that endures. It will make a dull world brighter—it will make you a cheerful optimist in which hope lives and who has the power to endure the disappointments in the light of the belief that all will yet be well. You give of your best when you are keen on the quest of what you are hunting in life. The ardor that lightens work and brightens disappointments has its effect on your physical being. You are not jaded and tired with the boredom of one who feels that tomorrow has nothing to offer. But instead you write each day with the eager joy of one who has faith in his own ability to achieve. Brain, muscle, will and spirit all must respond with their best when the motive power of enthusiasm starts them into action.

Enthusiasm is not content to stagnate. It demands to learn how to do. It is impelled from within to get on quickly and it does! In work, in play, in vocation and avocation, enthusiasm not only points the road to success, but guides you along it at an earnest pace with unwavering purpose to reach the goal of accomplishment.

Without enthusiasm achievement is a colorless thing. And enthusiasm is not a gift of the fairies—it is a thing within your own power to cultivate and possess. Your own desire to do and with joy at what you have a chance to accomplish. Look steadfastly forever and ever more opportunity to count in the world. Go about your work briskly, with the feeling that you are assuredly to accomplish great things. You are not likely to disappoint yourself. Your own enthusiasm will carry you high on wings of power.

## Do You Know That

The word "omnibus" means "for all."

Great Britain paid \$50 for Newfoundland.

An English prince or princess is never called "baby."

"Emeralds are worth more per carat than any other precious gem."

Osmium is one of the most valuable metals. It is worth \$50 per pound.

St. Peter's church in Rome, will accommodate 64,000 people.

In Berlin the night police are armed with long spears, such as the knights of old used.

## There is no after-glow

### When you blow out a Safe Home match, it is DUT. And it stays out.

Every Safe Home match is chemically treated to prevent after-glow.

Safe Home matches are extra long and extra strong.

The extra length means extra service.

Safe Home matches are non-poisonous. They are safe to have in the home.

All grocers. 5c a box. The Diamond Match Company

