

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Treasures of Buried History



Wonderful Bowl-Shaped Vase of Massive Silver, Ornamented with Raised Figures in Gold Gilt. Photographs of Three Sides Showing the Exquisite Workmanship Displayed in the Hunting Scenes.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

More buried history has recently been unearthed in Southern Russia, some dozen miles from the town of Nicolaeff. It carries us directly back to the days and scenes described by Herodotus, and, like so many other modern discoveries of the kind, it tends to show that the "father of history" was one of the best informed as well as one of the most truthful writers that ever lived.

The most important part of the discovery consists of a previously undisturbed tomb of a Scythian king, who probably lived in the fourth century before Christ, or, say, a hundred years later than Herodotus himself.

strikes the eye. The human figures and the horses are drawn with a truth and spirit that could hardly be exceeded, and if the animal figures are less perfect the fault is one that is fully shared by Greek work of the same age.

In the same tomb were found many personal ornaments of equal excellence of workmanship. One of these is a heavy gold necklace, which actually surrounded the neck of a dead king, and which is remarkable for its clasps, consisting of lions' heads carved of gold and richly ornamented with inlaid enamel.

Herodotus says that when a Scythian king died his body, after being subjected to preservative treatment, was carried around among all the provinces that he had governed, and afterward placed in a tomb, surrounded by golden vases and other objects. He also avers that fifty horses and fifty young men were slain, and the bodies of the young men being mounted and fixed on the backs of the dead horses, this cavalcade of death was arrayed in a guardian circle about the royal tomb, the horses rearing on hind legs, as if their riders were reigning them in.

The bowl-shaped vase found in the tomb recalls the story that Herodotus tells of the origin of the kingdom of the Scythians. He says that according to their traditions a golden bowl of exquisite workmanship fell from heaven upon the Scythian territory and was found by three brothers. Each tried to pick it up, but it flamed with fire so that two of the brothers dropped it in dismay. The third, however, succeeded in getting possession of it, because it became cool when he touched it. His brothers and the people looked upon this as a favor from the gods, and the possessor of the bowl was chosen king of the Scythians. It would be easy to see in all this a distorted tradition of the falling of a meteorite, too hot to be handled when it first struck the earth. A considerable book might be written on the part that meteorites have played in early human history.

## What Dame Fashion Decrees

-FULLY DESCRIBED BY OLIVETTE-



This charming little evening gown on the left suggests the possibility of going "on with the dance," even in the warm mid-summer months. It is even cooler and more inviting than the lace frocks, for they demand linings, and this costume of tea rose pink is cool in color. In the softness of its charmeuse folds and in its absence of lining.

Two of the new features which it accents are the lace petticoat and bustle. The bodice, V-shaped front and back, is of the peplum shape, with points held together by rhinestone straps that cross the shoulders. A wide girdle of Chinese blue moire finishes in a huge butterfly at the neck.

The skirt is drawn up at the back to form a bustle. This lifting of the skirt permits a petticoat of ecru lace flouncing over pink chiffon to be glimpsed at the back.

The home dressmaker will find this a most practical little frock for her fingers to fashion.

A striped material is sufficient unto itself, for the parallel lines cleverly arranged constitute a simple but effective trimming.

Over a simple chemise of white linen is worn this girlish tailored skirt on the right of navy blue serge striped with ivory.

There is a corselet cut in square bib fashion with the stripes running crosswise. This is upheld by little double "suspenders" of black moire. Gray horn buttons trim the lengthened sides of this corselet, and the skirt gathers on to it at the waist line in front. At each side four deep plaits are laid.

With this is worn a simple tailored hat—a sailor preferably—and a simple little jacket cut after the fashion of a man's tuxedo.

OLIVETTE.

## Women the Human Naturists

By ADA PATTERSON.

Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch made a ringing speech at Cooper Union in New York when 5,000 women met to protest against war. Her words were rewarded again and again with applause, but these brought forth a tumult: "Men don't go into powder magazines carrying lighted matches, because they know the nature of powder. But they don't know human nature."



Mrs. Blatch uttered a truth that is crystallized in everybody's everyday experience, but no one has ever before wrapped it round with such bold words. All the diplomatic posts of the world should be filled with women because they are natural diplomats. The reason for their diplomacy is that they know human nature and, knowing it,

have the grace and patience to handle it. Men are blind on the human nature side. When they attempt to handle questions involving men they handle them as they would cattle, by force or terror. With women they have a softer hand, though that is under protest. It is a concession to what men have long tolerated, though with a poor grace, woman's "touchiness." Women provide the curves of human nature, men the angles, and it is a curious comment that the curves understand the angles, but to the angles the curves remain to the last a mystery. Men had a glimmering sense of this extra knowledge of women, but not one of them has been clever enough, or gallant enough, to give it its right name. They have talked of women's intuition, their strange half childlike, half animal scent of the true character, but not once have they applied the term that fits that rare and beautiful quality. The word is "penetration."

A man and woman stand beside the stream of human nature. Man sees the bright surface of it. He notes the swiftness or slowness of its current. A woman sees the mud and the pebbles at the bottom. Men have even desired to be guided by this quality. I know a western railroad president who told me that if his wife didn't like a man he never employed him. "At first I used to laugh at her when she said, 'Don't trust that man,'" or "I believe this one would be a good railroad man." But I found she was right. He married the tribute by his tolerant smile and his unpleasant little oral postscript, "Women are strange creatures."

A striking example of man's blind acceptance of the truth they cannot understand is the practice of newspapers to send a woman on a difficult story. The most difficult task on a newspaper is to induce someone to tell what he doesn't want to tell. If added to this distinction, the person on whom the newspaper's eye and plans are focused adds a peppery temper the newspaper turns ungrateful and sends a woman that the encounter will not be a pleasant one for the woman does not count with the newspaper. What it wants is the story. The results usually prove the wisdom of the paper.

A young woman had slipped from her home in New Jersey, with a middle-aged citizen. Her father brought her back though against her will. The young man of the press called at her home and one was selected as spokesman. When he was introduced to the young woman who

had been persuaded to make a statement much desired by the press he began: "I hope this experience has taught you something and that you'll stay at home and do as your father and mother tell you and behave yourself." The young woman's lips closed with crablike tightness. Not a word came from her. "A fine way you take to get what you want," the look said.

One rebuke was as much desired as the other. A woman would have done it differently, knowing human nature.

The difference between a man's method and a woman's in treating human kind is the difference between the bulldozer and the knife.

## John Locke and His Book

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

Two hundred and twenty-four years ago, March 28, 1690, there was given to the world one of the most remarkable books ever written, men think, and that has kept them thinking ever since—John Locke's "Essay Concerning Human Understanding." It is a landmark in the history of philosophy, for which the author was paid the magnificent sum of £30; the same price, by the way, that Kant afterward received for the epoch making "Critique of the Pure Reason."



It is to the "Essay Concerning Human Understanding" that we must look for the headwaters of modern philosophy as opposed to the scholasticism of the middle ages. It was Locke who furnished the germs of the teachings of the great philosophers who, a century later, followed him in England, France and Germany. Locke took the ground that originally the mind is like a sheet of white paper, and that whatever is written upon it comes, directly or indirectly, from the sensible objects about it, or to the states which those objects produce. There are, so Locke maintained, no such things as "innate ideas." All ideas, from the low-

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Q.—I shall be glad if you could give me a little information on the new elec-

## What is "Rex"?

ment, "rex." How is the oxygen kept constant in our atmosphere? What balances the immense amount, for instance, that is lost over the whole surface of the land portions of the earth?

A.—(1) "Rex is an atomic element or kind of matter that repels its own atoms, but between which and all other atoms there is a graduated affinity. Or rex is an atomic element without weight that repels its own atoms and cohesively affects all other atoms, which determines its color and that of associated atoms." So writes Calvin Samuel Pass, the author of the theory.

The existence of rex is not proved any more than is the existence of cosmic ether. Both cannot be sensed by any of the exceedingly sensitive and delicate instruments of modern science. Both rex and ether are entirely hypothetical and no trace of proof has ever been discovered that such entities are in existence. Since nothing exists but electrons, the existence of rex and ether is not demanded by any known fact in recent high science.

## How Are Your Investments?

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

A wife will say, "I haven't any. It takes all my allowance to keep the house going." A young girl will reply that she spends all her money on clothes and a good time, and the husband and further will take mental inventory of his stocks and bonds and make no reply at all.

No one seems to remember that there are other, better and more necessary investments than those that are made over a counter. That the real investment bears no interest of 5 or 6 per cent. Its joys are not confined to certain coupon-cutting periods, and neither business inflation nor depression affects it.

It is the investment in friendship, and of all the investments a woman makes, from the day she toddles with outstretched arms to the one holding out the largest and most tempting lolly-pop through the days of painful and uncertain friendships of youth and love, when she counted quality as greater than quantity, to the time when she sits in her chimney corner and rejoices if she has one faithful friend left, there is no investment she can make so precious, so rich in coupon-bearing, so reliable and unflinching, as in the friendship of one of her own sex.

all the boys falling in love with her," they write, "and I intend to have nothing more to do with her."

"I have had a girl chum for six years," writes another one of these foolish ones, "but have ended our friendship because a boy I adore danced with her often the other night than he danced with me."

Silly, silly girls, to throw away the genuine for the counterfeit; to malign, abuse and turn down a good, faithful friend because some boy who is here today and will be gone tomorrow looks at her with admiration.

A boy comes into a girl's life, metaphorically whirls her around once or twice in a dance, and dances on to some other girl. The girl friend of his partner was there before he came, and will be there long after he is gone and forgotten. She is not a passing fancy, but a very present and immovable fact. The playmate of one's childhood, the confidante of one's youth, the inspiration and consolation of one's mature years. The dear old girl friend! How I deplore every tendency to give up such a friendship for the more transient friendship of one of the opposite sex!

"Save your money. Wisdom cries: 'You will need it for your old age.'"

"Save your girl friend," I cry, "for you will need her in every age and circumstance. You will find her the best investment the heart of a girl can make."

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