

The Bees Home Magazine Page

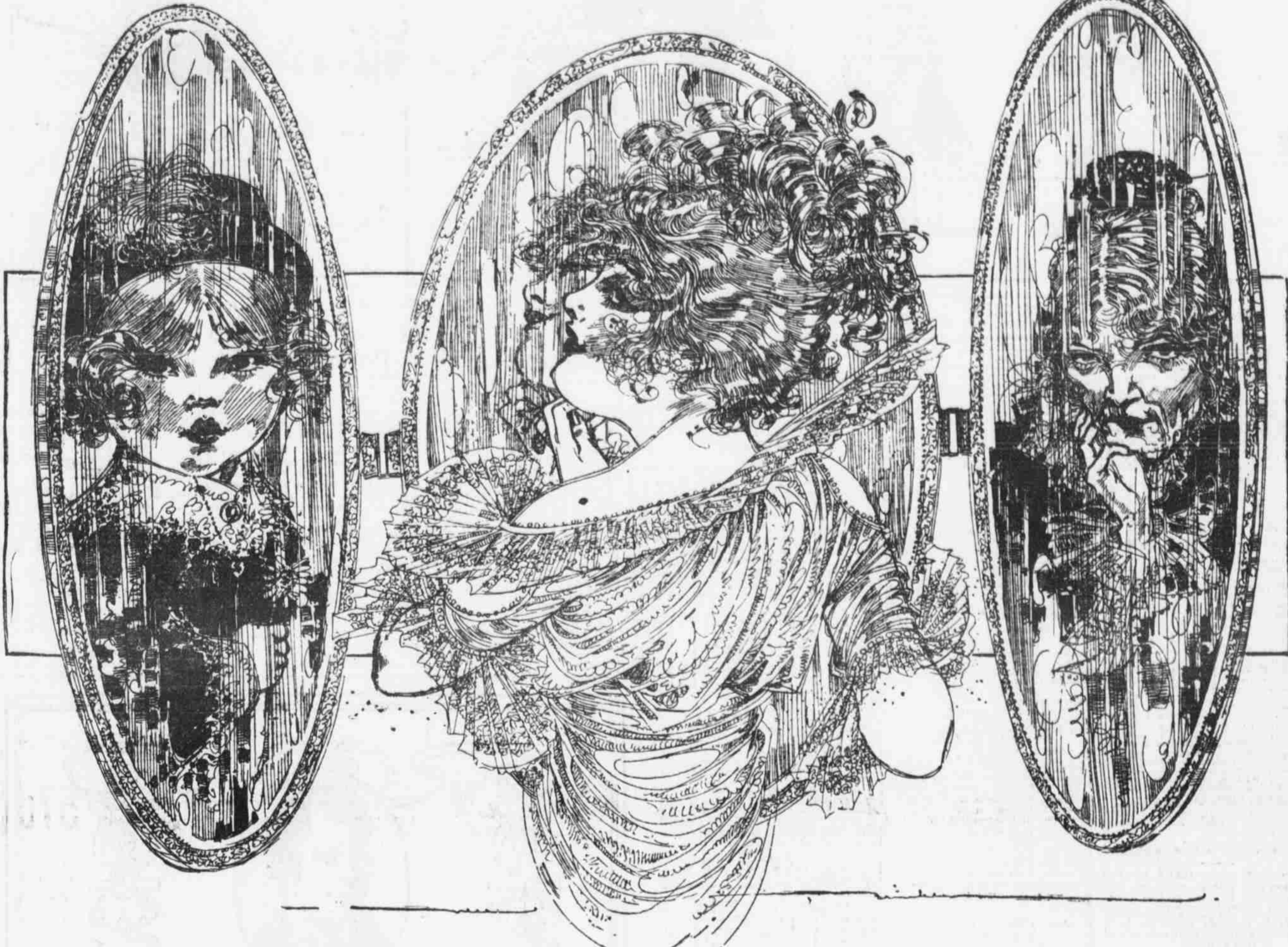
The Girl You Love

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By Nell Brinkley



Could She Ever Have Been This?

The Girl You Love.

And Can She Ever Be This?

Nell Brinkley Says:

You chaps who are swimming strongly in the swift, sweet tide of love, the blue sea of romance carrying you on its deep-breathing bosom, the white clouds of dreams like the lace at her throat drifting high over you, have you ever put in your hand a dainty little picture of a funny little child, a funny little child in an old-fashioned beaver bonnet with a little "tip" curling over its brim, a velvet

coat buttoned over her fat little tummy, a "property" flower clutched in her scared little hand, a tiny heart-locked gleaming on her tiny chest, a faded lace collar up around her flower-stem neck, and a pair of staring, dark, plike eyes under satiny, plastered-down tow-hair; have you ever had this dinky, scratched, warped-by-the-years photograph thrust into your hands and heard the voice of the girl whom you love breathing warmly and wistfully over your shoulder, "That's me?" Then you've thought

many things, if you have. Can this tall, splendid girl, with the high-coated hair, with the broad, flat shoulders, the language of womanhood in her eyes and on her lips, with the long, elegant hand with its single ring you gave her splintering into light on her finger, the quick, alert brain, the passion of living around her like a scarlet garment, ever, ever have been this little, little child? The only things left, it seems, that look back at you now as you slew your head about and search the face brooding smilingly over

your shoulder, are the pixie-eyes and the deep dimples, honey-filled. They are still there—but the quaint little "tip," and the tight-buttoned coat, the fat little hand and its stiff white flower, and the baby chin and brow, are all with the things that you never knew and she has forgotten quite. In the place where are the things that never come back, crumpled flowers, and memories, and the little boy that used to be? And then I think you reach around in a passion of jealousy and tenderness, trying to hold,

in the crown tall, girl, that little child that was. Trying to hold that other one she will be, a faded little woman with the splendor of the dark eyes set like gems in a network of wrinkles, the face still holding some of the crab-apple blossom coloring, the dimples sunk away into furrows, the baby-hand and the slim-rod hand work away into a fragile moral of bones, the hair again plastered down and satin-smooth, and the tiny chest in lace and velvet, like that first little child. The girl you love looks into a three-

oval mirror and there you will see her if you peer close, that little funny child that was, the glorious thing she is, and the elderly person she will be. And in your arms, if you are wise, you will remember that you hold all three—for in her ways and her heart and eyes, if you look and understand, you will find the little child. And you must try, if you are very wise, to keep that little child as long, as long as can be—to keep that other one with sunken lips and eyes as far, as far away as may be!

Mysteries of Science and Nature

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

"Is it a proved fact that the sun revolves on its axis?"

"The sun with all its planets moving through space, and if so, in what apparent direction?"

Yes, it is a proved fact that the sun revolves on its axis.

But all parts of its surface do not rotate with the same velocity.

In this respect the rotation of the sun differs from that of the earth.

Therein lies a visible proof that the physical state of the sun is different from that of the earth's although they are composed of similar chemical elements.

The earth being covered with a solid crust, and being also, as recent investigation demonstrates, as rigid as steel throughout its entire globe, rotates with one and the same angular velocity from the equator to the poles.

If you stood on the earth's equator you would be carried by its daily rotation round a circle about 25,900 miles in circumference. If you stood within a yard of the North or South pole you would be carried, by the same motion, round a circle not quite 15 feet in circumference.

And yet it would require precisely the same time, viz., twenty-four hours, to describe the 19-foot circle as the 25,900-mile one.

That is what we mean by saying that the earth's angular velocity of rotation is everywhere the same.

But the absolute velocity in space of a point on the equator is not the same as that of a point near the pole. The first amounts to about 15 1/2 miles per minute, and the other, in the case above given, to less than one-sixth of an inch in a minute.

Now the sun requires as many days to make a rotation on its axis as the earth requires hours. But the angular speed decreases from its equator toward its poles. Thus a point on the solar equator

goes round in about 24.6 days; one in latitude north or south, 30 degrees, takes 26.3 days; one in latitude 40 degrees, 31.2 days, and one within ten degrees of either pole 53.3 days. But although the sun's rotation takes days while the earth's is measured by hours, yet his size is so enormous, his equatorial belt being about 5,722,000 miles around, that the speed of a point near his equator is 4 1/2 times as great as that of a similar point on the earth.

The inequality of the angular velocity of the sun's rotation at different distances from his equator is in itself a proof that he cannot have a solid crust like the earth's, and we know from other evidence that the sun is composed of hot gases and vapors, among which vaporized metals such as iron occupy an important place.

Yes, the sun with all its planets is moving through space, and the direction of this motion is approximately known. It is toward the northern part of the sky, and not far from an imaginary line drawn to the brilliant star Vega in the constellation of Lyra.

That star is a sun probably a thousand times greater than ours, but it is not the attraction of Vega that astronomers ascribe the sun's motion. The real cause of that motion remains unascertained, although it is probably the combined effects of the attraction of all the stars as well as of the invisible bodies in space.

Every star in the sky is likewise in motion, but they all vary both in their speed and the directions in which they are flying. However, recent studies have shown that two great general currents of star motion exist, and these currents appear to be flowing in diametrically opposite directions, although the stars belonging to both currents seem to be intermingled as viewed from the earth. Here is a great mystery.

Also it has been discovered that certain groups of stars are moving together like swarms of bees, some going one way and some another. Stars scattered in widely separate parts of the sky are fellow voyagers with our sun, although they are millions and millions of miles away from him. What may be the link that joins them is another puzzling enigma.



How Two Banks Taught a City Manners

By ADA PATTERSON.

Two banks consolidated in New York last week and on their moving day taught the big, brusque, hurrying city a lesson in politeness.

The banks knew human nature and had provided against it.

They had sent out due notices of the consolidation, and had in good black ink, interspersed with red for emphasis, notified their depositors of the new home of the united banks.

It was done with all the decorum and painstaking correctness of the "At Home" cards of wedded humans.

But the banks knew this was not enough. They knew what would happen, and it did happen.

Careless depositors mislaid the notices. Absent-minded persons forgot it, or only vaguely remembered it. Crooked persons knew well enough the new location, but wanted to say what they thought about it, to enter their usual protest against things as they are.

Sentimental persons wanted to have a last look at the dismantled scene of their check writing. A large number were clear as to the locality of the new home of the newly wedded banks, but didn't know quite when the honeymoon began.

As the banks expected, they all called. They paid visits of curiosity, of looking backward sentimentally. Some called to complain. Others to ask questions. Some to

complain. Others to ask questions. Some to

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terminated woman, with a face as sharp as her words, arrived in a mannish suit and a felt hat, with an aggressive quill. The indefinite woman, all curves melting into each other, and a lazy manner of speech, who didn't know what to do and wanted to be instructed; the blustering man with the prognathous jaw, the fussy man with the peppery temper, the deaf man who made an ear trumpet of his hand and uttered that exasperating monosyllable, "How?" all came, all talked. They stared into the gloom of the empty rooms behind the man and talked. The man stood at the door and listened. Long ago, when the president of the bank had chosen him for an office boy, the official said, "He will set on his smiles." He heard what each one had to say. He never interrupted the stream of talk, although some of the streams were a weary, five minutes' long. He bowed to each in greeting, turned on them his smile, and said:

"The banks moved yesterday to the Sky Piercer building. You will find them well settled. All the old officers and attendants are there. They will be glad to see you. Mr. Granger—mentioning the most popular man in the organization—will be at the door to meet you.

The sharp-faced woman in the mannish suit hesitated, nodded and with a semi-smile started across the park to the new bank. The round-featured, indefinite woman followed. The prognathous-jawed man departed with but slight grumblings and the deaf man dropped his hand trumpet and joined the procession. At the door of the new habitat of their deposited millions, the most popular man of the assimilated banks met and gossiped with them. And every depositor entered and renewed his account. Human nature is like quicksilver. Had the inquiring army met at the old bank a closed door, against a murky background of empty rooms. Had they encountered in the new one silence and the rigid features of indifferent strangers the old depositors would not have merged so readily as the officials did with the new bank. Sulky persons, wary folk, officious men and women would have swarmed upon and robbed the money hive of most of its honey.

Are You a Snob?

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

A snob is a pest to society and should be regarded as a natural enemy by every one who has the good of mankind at heart.

And yet almost all of us have a touch of snobbery in our natures. We must all be very careful not to let the plant grow into a tangle of weeds that will choke all the sweetness and human kindness in the garden of our lives.

Snobbery is cruel vanity and mean cadishness. It is a desire to shine at some one else's expense. It means a wish to contrast one's own superiority with some one else's inferiority in a way that will hurt and degrade them wantonly and unnecessarily.

It is bad enough to be ashamed in your heart if your mother is a washerwoman and your father a coal heaver. But if you fight this touch of snobbery and teach yourself that the further you rise the more pride you must have in your humble beginnings, this touch of snobbery will only help you to be stronger as you conquer it.

The supreme quality of snobbery is a parade of wealth or family in the vulgar, selfish and even wicked desire to humiliate those who are less fortunate. To the pleasure of the serene snob it is essential that some one else be hurt and humiliated.

Take stock of yourself. Are you one of the human pests? Are you a cruel, selfish snob?

Are you unkind to your people because you fear that the fine friends you are making in your upward climb in this world might laugh at your mother's broken English or your father's habit of eating with his knife? If you forget to "honor your father and mother" you are a contemptible snob.

Are you silly enough to wear jewels and over-elegant clothes to work, so the people who meet you in street cars and at your place of employment may envy or admire your affluence? In this showing yourself ignorant of the fitness of things you also show yourself to be a vain and underbred snob.

Are you so proud of your ancestry that

you don't feel called upon to exert yourself to prove yourself a worthy descendant?

Do you laugh at the blunders and misfortunes of others?

Do you insist on having all sorts of respectful favor paid you, regardless of time and place? For instance, do you go off for a day's shopping, and on your way home glare at the poor, tired day laborer who falls to honor you by arising that you may get?

Do you sneer at some one who works in your office and occupies a lower place on the payroll than you do?

In any of these cases you are a snob. Watch yourself for the vanity that makes you humiliate others. It is snobbery.

Do your duty in that station to which you have risen. But on the day when you find yourself taking pleasure in awakening jealousy in another by parading your advantages; the hour when you find yourself vaunting or flaunting to make others uncomfortable; the moment when you find yourself pressing forward so others may feel humiliated by being left behind, that moment go down on your knees and pray God to be merciful to you—a contemptible snob!

Coyote Held Four Dogs Off.

The fighting abilities of coyotes were demonstrated recently when one fought more than an hour with four dogs belonging to Ann Irston, a farmer, in the east part of Salina county, Kansas.

After fighting several minutes the coyote took to the river, and in water from six to eight feet deep the battle waged for an hour. The coyote swam about with only its ears and nose above the water until attacked by the dogs, and after fighting as long as the dogs could fight the coyote would break away and rest by floating. When the dogs had covered their wind they would make another attack, working all the time to get the coyote out of the water. They were successful two or three times, but each time the coyote would leap back into the river.

After an hour's work the coyote was driven away from the river into the open. There it lasted more than fifteen minutes against the four dogs, which had been trained to work together against coyotes and bobcats. The dogs were exhausted, as well as badly battered.—Kansas City Star.



Madame Isbell's Beauty Lesson

LESSON X—PART V.

Breathing—Its Relation to Health and Beauty.

The modern method for tuberculosis, or pulmonary consumption, is to remove the patient to a dry, high altitude and have him live and sleep entirely in the open. In the congested quarters of large cities a tendency to lung trouble and often advanced cases are healed in the open air schools established on the top of high buildings. Here, even in cold winter weather, the children do their school work, eat their lunch and take an afternoon nap entirely in the open, covered only from the snow and storms by a roof, and protected, of course, by very warm clothing. This regime would indicate that air is good for sore and ailing lungs.

The best preventive for colds in the head, that is, an inflammation affecting the throat or nasal passage, is, according to a prominent specialist, deep breathing and complete cleanliness of the throat and nose. If you begin sneezing, give your lungs a good air bath; open the window, protect yourself with a wrap, if the day is cold, but don't be afraid to get all the cold, pure air that your lungs can hold. Then gargle the throat and wash out the nostrils and the chances are that the cold will depart to find some less cleanly lodging.

Remember that deep breathing of fresh air will improve the color of the skin. If the skin is sallow, or, if the blood is congested, either on the cheeks or about the nose, open the windows and try the effect of twenty deep breaths, remembering always to keep the mouth closed and to inhale and exhale slowly. There will be an improvement at once and it will become permanent as this good habit continues.

(Lesson X to Be Continued.)

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

The Golden Wedding.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Will you kindly help one who is a constant reader of your paper? I am one of a family of five, and

month my father and mother desire to celebrate their fiftieth wedding anniversary. Now, will you kindly let me know if my mother must be dressed the same as on her wedding day, or if civilian clothes are sufficient. Do we have to have a wedding ceremony performed again? We intend to have a small dance for the young folk and a buffet served, such as sandwiches, cake, etc. Is it proper to send invitations to friends whom we wish to invite? Is the following invitation proper, if printed on a card?

You are cordially invited to attend the ceremony of the Golden Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. at 8 P. M. Wednesday, June 17, 1914.

There are no absolute rules about a golden wedding celebration. If your mother can arrange to wear her wedding dress this will be a very pretty bit of sentiment, as would repeating the wedding ceremony. Have your invitations read as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. request the pleasure of your company at the celebration of their Golden Wedding.

Quarrels and Jealousy.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am keeping company with a young man two years my senior. We are engaged, but we are always quarreling. He is very jealous of me. Would you kindly advise me what to do? A. H. A. E. M.

Fall River, Mass.

Quarrels and Jealousies do not make for a happy marriage. Try to persuade him to trust you, and see if you cannot overcome your own tendency to disagreements. "It takes two to make a quarrel." Unless love will solve your difficulties now, you will only find your troubles growing with marriage.

Greatest Event in Woman's Life

All human experience looks back to Motherhood as the wonder of wonders. The patience, the fortitude, the sublime faith during the period of expectancy are second only to the mother love bestowed upon the most helpless but most marvelous creature—a baby.

Women are quick to learn from each other those helpful agencies that aid to comfort, that conserve their nervous energy and yet are perfectly safe to use and among these they recommend "Mother's Friend."

It is entirely an external application designed to lubricate the breast that muscles and skin that protect the abdomen. It has been in favorable use for nearly half a century and is known to mothers in almost every settled community in the United States who highly recommend it. You will find it on sale in drug stores. "Mother's Friend" is utterly harmless, contains no deadening drugs and yet its influence in the skin and muscles beneath as also upon the network of nerves beneath the skin is very beneficial, very soothing and a wonderful help. The muscles expand naturally and are not subjected to unnecessary surface strain and pain.

Get a bottle of "Mother's Friend" today at any drug store and write to us for our instructive little book to mothers.

Address: Bradford, Hamilton Co., 413 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

Advertisement for Mother's Friend, a product for women's health and skin care.