

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

"The Girl He Left Behind Him"

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By Nell Brinkley



I wonder if the ranch boy weaned away long ago from his chaps and his high-heeled boots and his Stetson, lost in

a maze of city ways, polished down and successful, even while he whispers love notes into the ear of a girl of his new-found kind, doesn't see against the fashionable mob

and the bird-men dotted sky, the laughing, wind-blown, rough-booted little wraith of the "girl he left behind him?"
NELL BRINKLEY.



Madame Isbell's Beauty Lesson

LESSON XI—PART II.

Physical Culture.

If work on the farm makes the man laborer muscle-bound, one-sided in development and takes life and spring from his movements, the results are even more disastrous on the physical development of the woman.

As a rule women work indoors and are debarred the advantage that the man has in working always in the pure air. There is also a deadly monotony about the woman's share of farm work, and work done without lightness and gladness is apt to make the worker listless of movement and stooping of shoulders. For women, farm work means bending over a hot cooking stove, washing unnumberable dishes, laundries, heavy clothes and endless chores often beyond her physical strength.

As a rule farmers' wives are healthy women; their lot is far preferable to that of factory workers and under certain conditions better than office or store employment. It cannot be denied, however, that farm-bred women age young; that in many cases they succumb to the sameness of their tasks, and the body becomes bent and stiff while still in the youth of life. Physical culture is as necessary to the woman on the farm as to the shut-in denizens of a big city.

It is indeed difficult to point out any one occupation that develops every muscle of the body. The child's games and the "sports" of the adolescent answer the youthful demands for physical exercise, but few older people find their demands. They are comfortable as they are, and as years go on there is less and less desire for physical exercise. At the same time most people admit that they are neither perfectly healthy nor well proportioned. What does not occur to the average man or woman is that weight and proportion can be controlled and that muscular development is not a gift of nature, but the result of systematic training.

Madame Isbell

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Don't Try to Force Matters.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am eighteen and employed in an office. During the last year I am employed I became acquainted with a young man of twenty. During our acquaintance, he has taken me out twice and several times came to my office to see me. When I meet him on the street and he is with any of his friends he always gives me an introductory nod when speaking to him through the phone daily on account of business, he speaks quite sensibly and manfully and regards me as a friend. Now, what I want to know is, do you think he cares for me? I have taken a liking to him and want to win his love but do not want to trip at him like other girls and then be left out.

A CONSTANT READER.

Do not try to force this young man to be any more attentive to you than he desires. Don't make any demands or give any evidence of wanting to chain him to your side. Men prefer to do their own courting. If you are always sweet, amiable and friendly without any attitude of silly giggling or of demanding as your right the kindness he now gives freely, I think his interest will deepen, since it seems to be very genuine.

Are You FAT?

I Was ONCE.

I Reduced MYSELF.

I was Fat, Uncomfortable, Laid Out, Felt Miserable, suffered with Rheumatism, Aches, Neuralgia. When I worked or walked, I putted like a Porcupine. I took every advertised medicine I could find. I Starved, Sweated, Starved, Doctored and changed climate, but I failed to reduce my weight. There was not a single pill or drug that I heard of that I did not try. I failed to reduce my weight. I stopped eating, as I did not care to have my friends tell me I was getting thinner, as no one knew it better than I had.

SOMETHING HAD TO BE DONE

I began to study the details of F.A.T. When I discovered the cause I found the remedy. The French Method cured me in ten days. I improved then in confidence and regained my normal weight in size. I feel fifteen years younger. A book (10c) tells you more. Mail or write now. I can climb a mountain. I am normal in size. I can weigh but what I want to weigh. I am master of my own body now. I did not starve, but eat as I wanted to. I did not take sweat baths. I did not dress. I used an Electricity, or harmful exercises, but I found the Simple, Safe, Common Sense WAY of reducing my weight and I applied it. I have tried it on others. My Doctor says I am in perfect state of health now. I am no longer ailing. I am now a happy, healthy woman. Now I am going to help others to be happy. I have written a book on the subject. If you are fat, I want you to have it. It will tell you all about the French Method. To all who send me their names and address I will give you as long as the present supply lasts. It will save you money. Save your friends. Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! Write now. Your LIFE. It is yours for the taking without a penny. Just send your name and address. A Postal Card will do and I'll be glad to send you the book on entirely free terms. Write today, as this advertisement may not appear again in this paper.

HATTIE BIELL, 1644 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

The Dress Habit

Girls Have a Habit of Wearing Their Best to Work and Are Surprised If They Are Criticized by Those Who Know

By DOROTHY DIX.

I have received an interesting communication from a working girl who wants to know whether a business woman must invariably belong to the plain shirtwaist-and-skirt brigade in order to avoid criticism about her clothes. The young woman writes: "I am a business girl of 24 and maintain that business women have little opportunity to express their individuality outside of working hours; that a business woman's friends, male and female, are usually the business people whom she meets at her place of work, or on the street during the lunch hour, or mornings and evenings when she is going to and from her work. Therefore, it being generally conceded that every woman particularly desires to look her best when she meets her friends, is it not rather unjust for one to be made to feel inappropriately dressed and subject to ridicule, if one (being a woman) invests in a string of beads to harmonize with a becoming blue blouse a la mode, which she wears to work, thus plainly degrading the uniform shirtwaist and skirt?"

For myself I know that I am just as neat, just as efficient and more pleasant dressed in my becoming blue blouse and beads as in Miss Prim in her unbecoming shirtwaist and skirt at the next machine and—oh, the satisfaction that if I do meet Miss May or Mary, Tom, Dick or Harry, there will be a moment's diversion from business and business thoughts in the



apparent approval of my looks, and latest model regalia.

"There are no stereotypic rules and regulations governing the manner of dress of church attendants or society maids and matrons. Why should the business women practically be branded by their clothes?"

This is an interesting letter because it represents the eternal feminine yearning for frills and frivolities that will not be denied and will have them in season or out of season, appropriate or inappropriate. But my correspondent's logic is not sound. She contends that a business woman has a perfect right to wear her most becoming finery to work because she has no other place to wear it. On the same grounds she might advocate a woman decking herself out in her ball gown to go to church, because she was never invited to dances, but could always go to church.

Of course, there's no denying that colored chiffons are more becoming than plain linen, or muslin, or silk. Also that a lace ruffie is less trying than a stiff white collar. Likewise, that a string of beads may have a highly decorative effect. Moreover, it is incontestably true that a foot never looks so small as when clad in a silk stocking and a high heeled pump, and nobody will argue the fact that most complexions are improved by a little rouge judiciously applied, and the addition of a small quantity of rice powder.

But suppose my correspondent was going to do business with two young women, and one of them came appurcheled in a well cut, well made tailor made suit, with sensible shoes on her feet and a quiet hat on her head, and her face clean and wholesome looking, and the other young woman arrived dressed like a near-mil-lionaire, jingling with beads, perched up on high heels, silk stockings and befringed and painted and looking as if she were on her way to a pink tea. Which of these women would she want to do business with? Which one would she pick out for a worker? Which one would she expect to succeed?

It doesn't take any prophet to answer that. Possibly the fashion plate is just as intelligent, just as industrious, just as efficient as Miss Prim, but she doesn't look the part, and we go a lot on looks in this life, you know, especially when it's a woman's looks.

Sometimes a woman's clothes do her a cruel injustice, as in the case of a young girl I knew who lost a splendid job because she dressed too finely. "Come down to the office dressed up in silks and satins, and every man that came in gave her the once over, and then asked me 'Who's the queen?'" said her employer. "I couldn't stand for that, and I didn't have the nerve to tell her that a working girl has to dress respectably to have people think her respectable—and yet a more honest soul than this girl never lived."

Wonders of the Heavens

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

When on a hot summer day colossal masses of snowy cumulus clouds, popularly known as "thunder heads," pile themselves up to breathless heights in the blue dome of the atmosphere, an upper world seems to be revealed to our senses, a thrill of aspiration runs through our nerves, and we begin to picture the delight that it would be to roam upon those unapproachable skyey Alps, to climb their limitless precipices, and to leap across their airy chasms in Titanic play. We feel that we could do it if only we were made of substances as light as vapor. The spirit is willing and content—it is only our "too, too solid flesh" that holds us down.

Biology does not permit us aspirately to consider the possibility of organic, living beings having any gasous or vaporous composition, and common sense cries out against so farcical an idea, and yet no less a scientific genius than Sir John Herschel put forth (merely of course, as an entertaining speculation) the suggestion that certain bright objects in the sun, visible only with powerful telescopes, might be organic beings. Sir John Herschel knew perfectly well that those "beings" must probably be subject to a temperature sufficient to vaporize every substance known to science.

The fact that so close a mathematical reasoner as Herschel should have entertained such a thought simply betokens the irresistible tendency of the mind to regard life as ubiquitous in the universe, trusting to create a power to adjust it everywhere to its environment. Sir John Herschel was simply carrying out in another form an idea of his father's (Sir William Herschel), who also thought that the sun was probably inhabited; but less boldly speculative than his son, he placed the inhabitants on a vast cool globe which he imagined as existing beneath the blazing hot shell of the sun which we see.



For those who cannot bear to think that even the sun should be lifeless the planet Jupiter offers a trysting field for speculation. Here is a picture of Jupiter made by a French astronomer last September, and, consequently, showing its most recent aspect. You see, at a glance, that Jupiter is nothing but a globe of clouds, at least as far as our telescopic vision can penetrate—a globe of gases and vapors some 1,300 times as voluminous

Jupiter, the Cloud Planet

city of Jupiter is only about one-third greater than that of water, so that on its surface, and far below its surface, everything must have the consistency of clouds.

That gigantic world is a swirling mass of vapors, turning so swiftly that a single rotation is made in ten hours. Any point on its surface that you see in the picture is continually sweeping past with a speed of 27,000 miles per hour. On Jupiter the sun-looking only one twenty-fifth as large as it does to us—appears to move so fast round the sky, in consequence of the planet's rapid rotation, that only two and a half hours elapse between sunrise and noon. In the afternoon the sun slides down the sky as if it were slipping on an icy slope, so fast that the eye, with a little attention, could detect its motion.

The sunlight plays upon a vast surface of tumbling clouds, which are drawn out into the broad belts shown in the picture, as a result of the swift rotation. If you could step upon the surface of Jupiter that the telescope reveals you would drop upon the summit of a "thunder-head." But you would not fall through the cloud and see a solid globe beneath you when you came out. On the contrary you would go on dropping through the thickening vapors until you had fallen perhaps 10,000 miles, or even more, before the increasing density of the mass arrested your descent. You would have to go about 4,000 miles in order to attain the center.

Now, what do you think—that big world inhabited or not? Is it waiting to become solid before it gets its inhabitants, or has its inhabitants, suited to the present condition, already? Does life appear only once, for a brief period, in the long evolutions of a world, or is it always present, simply changing its forms to accord with the changes undergone by the globe to which it is attached? It may do you good to think about these things even if you can reach no settled conclusion about them.

To Ward Off Summer Complexion Iils

To keep the face smooth, white and beautiful all summer, there's nothing quite so good as our famous mercurized wax. Oily, cracked or discolored skin, so common at this season, is gently absorbed by the wax and replaced by the newer, fresher skin beneath. The face exhibits no trace of the wax, the latter being applied at bedtime and washed off mornings. Creams, powders and rouges, on the other hand, are apt to appear more conspicuous than usual these days of excessive perspiration. Just get an ounce of mercurized wax at any drug store and use like cold cream. This will help any skin at once, and in a week or so the complexion will look remarkably youthful and healthy.

Sun, winds and flying dust often cause squinting and other contortions which make wrinkles. You can quickly get rid of every wrinkle, however produced, by using a harmless face bath made by dissolving 1 oz. powdered saxolite in 1/2 pt. witch hazel.—Advertisement.

Mirage

By CONSTANCE CLARKE.

Gray, smoky chimneys bulking in a row
Brush crudely on the sky.
The ceaseless rush of hurrying feet below
Endlessly winding by.

Bought of a gamin in the dusty street—
Out on the window sill
White violets, wild and wet and sweet
Silently work their will.

Slowly the parched white city fades away.
Over my senses creep
Scents from a rain-drenched wood, where violets stray
Deathless and deep.

Call of a startled bird out in the dark
Voicing its pain.
Then I am back—but through the casement, hark,
Come the first drops of rain.

Household Hints

When buying tea, before using it spread it on a sheet of paper and place it in a warm but not too hot oven from ten to fifteen minutes. By doing this the tea will be made to go much farther, and the flavor will be greatly improved.

Sprinkle dry flour over any japanned trays that are beginning to look shabby. Leave for an hour or so, then rub off the flour, and polish with a soft duster. It is wonderful how this treatment will improve even a shabby tray.

The popular cabbage is useful for draining and cleansing a gathered finger or poisoned hand. Take a cabbage leaf, roll it out with a bottle until the juice comes, and tie it on the affected part.

To remove the smell of fish or cabbage from a saucepan, burn a piece of

Screamed with Joy

at the end of ten weeks when the scales told me I had lost ten pounds by the French Method. It was a pleasure then to continue and regain my normal weight in size. I feel fifteen years younger. A book (10c) tells you more. Mail or write now. I can climb a mountain. I am normal in size. I can weigh but what I want to weigh. I am master of my own body now. I did not starve, but eat as I wanted to. I did not take sweat baths. I did not dress. I used an Electricity, or harmful exercises, but I found the Simple, Safe, Common Sense WAY of reducing my weight and I applied it. I have tried it on others. My Doctor says I am in perfect state of health now. I am no longer ailing. I am now a happy, healthy woman. Now I am going to help others to be happy. I have written a book on the subject. If you are fat, I want you to have it. It will tell you all about the French Method. To all who send me their names and address I will give you as long as the present supply lasts. It will save you money. Save your friends. Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! Write now. Your LIFE. It is yours for the taking without a penny. Just send your name and address. A Postal Card will do and I'll be glad to send you the book on entirely free terms. Write today, as this advertisement may not appear again in this paper.

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