

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

"A Vacation Pipe Dream"

What He Dreamed It Would Be and What It Was

By Nell Brinkley
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Lost in the plans for his two small weeks' vacation, Billy tips back a fiction-filled head and sees it all—swimming in golden sun and silver moon—a wide hotel-veranda geomed, like a bracelet, on the balustrade with myriads of girls—sapphire girls soberly sweet and wistful—pearl girls all in white and smiles—topaz girls with coppery hair and hazel eyes—diamond girls with laughter always bubbling and breaking like the pulse of a mountain spring—ruby girls with a dan-

gerous eye and a luring curve of mouth—turquoise girls with clear watchet eyes and turned up nose—girls—girls gemmed over everything as thick as the star-powder in the Milky Way—and himself it is in the midst of it all—planted in a thicket, if you please, of curls and adoration—the

set in the ring—the oak in a gay flower garden—the handsome bachelor-button in the center of the bouquet!

That's from reading wandering bits of colorful fiction, Billy-boy—from looking at fibbing cartoons that always strew girls all over the Summer-land, Billy-boy. You and your chum of a sable-and-white dog, while you count the days and hours and dream on it o' nights, see fields of girls with smiles for the one of you and bits of cake and brown sugar for the other of you!

And, woe's me—sometimes this is what you get—if your mind is made up to a hotel-vacation—a veranda as lonely of lovely girls as the sea can be of a tug when your motor-boat engine won't "pitty-what" and is bobbing up and down, just as empty as that—and you and the pup will be cornered at one end of the golden day and half the silver nights with a skimpy bit of womanhood who gossips! —NELL BRINKLEY.

Man and the Weather

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

"Will man ever be able to control the weather?"

Not as long as it remains a mystery to him, and a mystery it still is in spite of all the studies and all the experience of the weather-bureaus and the prognosticators.



When Eve took Adam's arm and walked with him out of the Garden of Eden's gate, she first learned what damp weather means for a woman's frizzes, while Adam was probably not long in feeling the first twinges of rheumatism. The conclusion that a persistent spell of rainy and gloomy weather, followed the great explosion, is warranted as many others that have been drawn by learned men, because that would be a logical means of causing the offending pair to appreciate what they had lost.

If you ask a professional meteorologist why the North Atlantic seaboard has been so persistently afflicted with clouds, rain, mugginess, excessive humidity and general atmospheric gloom this summer, he will very likely look you defiantly in the eyes and assert that you are suffering under an illusion; that the weather is all right and running its regular gait, and that you have forgotten what happened last year. Then he will discourse to you on the law of averages, and prove mathematically that, in the long run, the seasons don't vary.

All this is really a confession of ignorance. Meteorology, at present, is a science of averages and generalities. It has to deal with a subject whose elements are so shifty that nobody can surely foresee their varying combinations.

To forestall a change of weather is like forestalling the shape that a puff of smoke will take; and to account for a spell of good or bad weather is as difficult as to account for the birth and persistence of a cloud that hangs for hours in a blue sky. The general causes are known, or believed to be known, but science, to have much practical value, must master the details.

I do not mean to cast doubt upon the

general usefulness of weather bureau work, but there should be no mistake concerning the bases on which it rests. When weather predictions succeed, it is because the atmosphere has settled into a state of regular action and reaction between the forces that control its phenomena, and then the weather observers can follow the course of a storm and predict its arrival at particular points as easily as a train dispatcher can trace the run of an express across the continent by simply consulting his time table.

But when the powers of the air concert a change of schedule, the scientific meteorologist is, for a time, as uncertain and upset in his calculations as the popular weather prophet, and less to be depended upon for local predictions than some wise old farmer who studies the behavior of tree frogs, earth worms, hens and chickens, and other animals which seem to have a foreknowledge of nature's moods that is denied to us.

Meteorology can tell, from observations gathered widely on land and sea, what the general state of the atmosphere is during a long spell of wet or dry weather. It can also make (very general) predictions concerning changes likely to occur in those general states of the atmosphere, but it refuses to be held to strict account in such things. If you use an intellectual microscope you will find in its schedule what is common on railway time tables: "Subject to change without notice."

It is no wonder, then, that thousands of people have more faith in St. Swithin just now than in the weather bureau. Last Wednesday was St. Swithin's day, and the old saw says:

"St. Swithin's day, if thou dost rain, For forty days it will remain. St. Swithin's day, if thou be fair, For forty days 'twill rain no more."

This Scotch-English weather saint has his counterparts in other countries. In France it is St. Medard, the state of whose day is supposed to govern the summer weather for forty days after. All over the world there are similar superstitions, which are superstitious only in their form, for there can be no doubt that they are based on the results of long continued experience. If the type of weather prevailing about the time of the occurrence of one of these days really does, upon the whole, continue for several weeks, it must be because a general law is in operation, tending to produce a stagnation in the state of the atmosphere.

St. Swithin's day occurs between three and four weeks after the summer solstice, and it is well known that, by that time, the character of the season has generally become settled, and is not liable to be much changed until the sun has sunk so far toward the autumnal equinox that the heat received by the earth during the daytime becomes so much less than that radiated at night that a general atmospheric change of state in the northern hemisphere must necessarily occur.

We need a meteorological Newton; but if we had one is it certain that he should be any happier? Newton established the law of gravitation, but now there is much dissatisfaction because we don't know what gravitation is; Newton could only tell us what it does.

Murder of Love Is Commonest of Crime

And All Too Frequently the Death Wound Is Not Inflicted by a Stab, But by Pin Pricks

By DOROTHY DIX.

It is a sad and a grotesque fact that love is oftener done to death in the house of its friends than it is slain by enemies from the outside.



When we see a man and a woman who are madly in love with each other when they marry, in the course of a few years land in the divorce court, or else arrive at a state where although they stay together we can hear their matrimonial fetters clank as they walk, we are apt to rush to the conclusion that some big and tragic wrong has awakened them from love's young dream.

Not at all. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred an autopsy on the body of their dead love would show that the deceased had come to its end, not by a clean dagger wound that struck through its heart, but that it had been pricked to death by pin points.

When all is said, it is easier to forgive a big wrong than it is to put up with constant little irritations. It is the constant dripping of water that wears away stone, and the ceaseless little shattering of ideals and rending of illusions that at last shatters domestic happiness.

Take the woman, for instance, who adores her husband so that she is frantically jealous of him. He loves her, and he feels that she might trust him, and have some respect for his loyalty and honor. Abstractly she does, but when it comes to the concrete she cannot endure to see him show another woman even ordinary civility. When they go out if he does not act like a booby to every woman they meet, there are tears and hysterics when they get home.

She is even jealous of all other women collectively and goes through his pockets for letters in feminine handwriting. She calls him up over the phone to see that he is really at his office, and makes herself a pest and a nuisance by suspecting a mythical other woman.

The result is inevitable. She could not kill love quicker if she'd gone out running for it with a gatting gun. Her husband resents her lack of faith. She bores him with reproaches, and on the principle that one might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb, she often drives a man who would have otherwise been faithful to hunt up some more reasonable woman for solace.

Then there is the woman who makes her love a prison house in which a man is always conscious of the bars and bolts. She makes the marriage ceremony deprive him of his liberty and thenceforth she arrogates to herself the right to police his every movement. He cannot move from his own fireside without giving a complete account of all he did, and

said, and thought, and furnishing an alibi for every hour.

It is not reasonable to suppose that because a man takes a wife he changes all of his tastes and habits, and no longer finds pleasure in any of the amusements to which he was accustomed, and yet this kind of a wife never even gives her husband an evening off in which to enjoy himself in his own way. She makes of him a liar because he has to tell untruths to square himself at home, although he would be truthful enough if she would only stand for the truth. This woman kills love because it is not in human nature for anybody to love his jailer.

There is also the woman who kills love by her complaints. She forgets that she marries of her own free will and accord, and that she knew that she was marrying a poor man. She makes the deadly mistake of striking at a man's vanity by lamenting the fact that she could have married better, and lamenting that she can't have as fine things as some of her neighbors do.

She kills love by wounding her husband's self-love. No man ever forgives a woman for that.

Men kill their wives' affection for them by indifference. There is a theory that a woman who once loves a man can't stop.

She just goes on loving him anyhow. This is a mistake. A woman's love can be started to death, very quickly, and when a man absorbs himself in business and ceases to show his wife any attention or tenderness, her affection is mighty apt to turn up its little toes to the daisies.

Men kill their wives' love by sheer brutality. There are husbands who think that marriage gives them the right to criticize their wives, and say things to them that they wouldn't dream of saying to any other woman on earth. Vinegar

catches no more flies after marriage than it did before, and the wife who has to stand for insults from the bully that she is married to learns to hate him and fear him just as any other woman would who was forced by circumstances to endure a cad.

Men kill their wives' love by being parsimonious to them and by making the women who spend their lives doing the dreary round of domestic work feel that they are slaves who are grudgingly fed and clothed for their services. No love was ever robust enough to survive the question: "What did you do with that quarter I gave you last week?"

Men kill their wives' love by petty tyranny and by sheer injustice. The man who takes advantage of his wife's financial dependence on him to treat her as he would not his stenographer, or his cook, or any woman employe who was free to get up and leave, doesn't shine as a hero of romance in her eyes any longer. He just looks the poor, miserable, contemptible coward he is.

Love is an exotic that can only live in the warm air of a happy home. It cannot exist in an atmosphere full of buckering and quarrels, nor in one that is surcharged with the querulous complaints and temper of a woman or the surliness of a man.

Yet there are women who deluge their husbands with reproaches and who nag them every minute the unfortunate men are at home, and there are men who never speak a pleasant word in their own houses and at whose approach laughter is hushed and the very cat takes to the cellar.

And these people have the nerve to complain that their husbands and wives do not love them, and that their homes are unhappy! And they never realize that they have murdered love, and with their own hands have destroyed their happiness.

How Can I Know My True Love?

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

In all the old fairy tales, Prince Charming comes riding upon a wonderful white charger and his happy love knows him at sight. Life, unfortunately or luckily (according as you prefer to have your pleasures ready made or to work for them), is not in the least like the fairy tales of love.

Life is full of people who would not know their true love if they met, or of folks who get tired of waiting for love and marry for a home, or for support, or to satisfy a passing fancy. But there are many honest souls who are convinced that they would not know love if they met him, and they write me in great numbers to ask how they may recognize love when it comes.

Now love of the right sort is based on more than mere attraction between the

sexes. Love is a supreme longing of one individual for another. But that longing is to share all the realities of life and not emotion alone.

The person you love, truly is the one with whom you long to share all the good that comes to you, and whom you yearn to protect from any evil that threatens them.

Love should be based on companionship, on congeniality, or respect, trust, tenderness and a loyal belief that life with the object of your affections at your side will be better and happier than it could ever be under any other circumstance.

Love has been called "friendship without flowers or vell." In reality it is a fine, loyal friendship plus sex attraction. But congeniality of mind and spirit is fully as important as the longing for emotion and affection that many people confuse with love.

Girls and men alike may know their true loves by four signs that point to love as the sign of the compass point in the four great cardinal directions. The great signs of love are four—and there are four minor ones, too.

First, there is a longing to be with the object of your affections. Next there is a desire to save him all pain and to give him all joy. Then comes a great surging faith in his strength and honor. And then comes a longing to be in all things fine and splendid so that you may be worthy of the gift of his love.

And for the four lesser directions on the compass of love there are these four "symptoms of love." A constant state of comparison in which no one else seems to even approach the high standard of your beloved. Next a foolish little tendency to shirk work and fall a-dreaming of him. Third, a wish to run and tell him everything that happens, and a feeling that nothing is worth much until he has known or seen it, too. And, last, a great disdain for every one who is not wise enough to appreciate the dearly beloved.

When you feel all these emotions and jealously and distrust and petty selfishness and a desire to prove your power by wounding are no part of your attitude, you may be sure that your true love has come.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Forget Him.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Several years ago I was engaged to a young man and although he has left me I have never been able to forget him and love him more now than ever. I thought I could forget him, but several years has left me just the same toward him. I have had plenty of fine chums with other young men that have a great deal more than he, but none of them seems to appeal to me. Do you think I shall ever outgrow my first love, as I am still young. Do you think it would be right for me to marry his weekly? Could I start a home with understand why I still love him, as he is poor and has nothing that would attract the average girl. Your advice will be very much appreciated by a READER.

He apparently doesn't care very much for you, or he would not let several years elapse without indicating the state of his feelings. You would better put him out of your life, if it is possible. Try yourself in the company of others, read good books and see if it does not help to clear your mind. If he is worthy of you and cares for you, he will come back, but you would be doing yourself a great wrong to try to lure him back.

The Nest Egg.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man of 23, and deeply in love with a girl of the same age. Is \$50 cash on hand enough to get married on with a position paying \$15 weekly? Could I start a home with this amount? I think you will be able to manage nicely on your income and to save about \$1 a week.

Late Hours.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I attended an engagement party on July 2, and left said party at 1:30 a. m., and the people who gave the party were highly incensed at my action, saying that I should have waited until lunch was served. Do you think me at fault for what I have done? E. A. H.

No man who attends seriously to business can afford to stay at parties even as late as the hour you mention. Refreshments should be served before midnight. If you say a courteous good night to your host you have nothing with which to reproach yourself.

Gains New Complexion By Peeling Her Skin

"Keep still, sad heart, and cease repining; behind the clouds is the sun still shining. I was forcibly reminded of these lines when, after months of fretting over my ugly complexion, I found how easy it was to remove the cloudy, muddy skin and bring forth a bright, new complexion. I got a ounce of ordinary mercurochrome wax at my druggist's and used this like cold cream every night for two weeks, washing it off mornings. Lo and behold! That old skin had all peeled off! The healthy young skin underneath gave me a complexion as pure, white and soft as a young girl's. I experienced no discomfort, the skin came off so gradually and gently. Several friends have been similarly benefited. I'm sure anyone whose skin is soiled, tanned, withered, blotchy, pimply or freckled, can acquire the loveliest complexion imaginable by using this remarkable treatment. Another treatment that brought more sunshine was one to remove wrinkles. A face bath made by dissolving 1 or 2 powdered aspirin in 1/2 pt. witch hazel soon erased every line. It's wonderful—Julia Orff in The Queen—Advertisement.

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