

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Sweet Sixteen

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 16 years of age and would like to know if I am not old enough to write my own postals and letters to my friends, as my mother objects. I would like to know who is right. Hoping you will oblige. A. L. S.

Sixteen years old—dear me, what a Methusalem—in petticoats.

Sixteen—sweet sixteen, they call it in the old-fashioned love stories, don't they?—and sweet sixteen it is in real life, too—when it is sweet.

Some of the sixteens I know are not sweet at all—they are just stubborn and self-conscious, willful and foolish.

I am afraid that that is the kind of sweet sixteen I was once—a good long time ago.

I got the idea into my head that the one important thing in life was to be a good dancer—I was one myself—and I looked upon any girl who couldn't dance as well as I could as a poor, stupid creature who ought to be shut up somewhere for her own good.

Brains, character, a sweet disposition, a kind heart, loving thought of others—puff, what did all these things amount to. The one real thing in life is to dance.

Turn to turn, turn to turn—we didn't tango in those days—we waltzed—and some of the grandmothers thought waiting terribly shocking, too, let me tell you.

Grandmothers don't change much, do they?

Nor, I'm afraid, does always Sweet Sixteen.

So you think you're old enough to write your own postal and your own letter to your own friends, and you are cross because your mother interferes.

Yes, that's the way you are at sweet sixteen.

When I was sweet sixteen I thought my mother was positively malignant, because she didn't want me to choose a certain girl for my lifetime friend.

There was no sense in it; she girl was as pretty as a picture, and she had a perfect genius for making a cheap hat look like an imported model just by the way she wore it.

And fun; nobody in the world was so full of fun as that girl.

Why, she could even see a joke at a funeral.

My mother didn't like her and wouldn't let me go to her house and stay all night with her, and I cried and sulked and was as hateful as I knew how to be, and I'm afraid that was pretty hateful.

I thought my mother was stupid and unsympathetic and peevish and old-fashioned and just as mean and spiteful as she could be. I may not have told her so in so many words, but she knew what I thought well enough. Dear mother, how green the grass is above her loving heart today. When the girl I was so crazy about ran away with her father's coachman and made a terrible scandal I began to dimly wonder whether my mother didn't have just a wee bit of sense after all, even if she wasn't sweet sixteen.

That girl has been married four times since then, and there's been a scandal about every marriage. Once I went across the ocean on the same steamer with her, and she insisted on claiming my friendship on account of the old days.

I wished I had never heard of her.

So mother "objects," does she?

Well, now, Sweet Sixteen, the very best thing you can do is to listen to mother's objections. She is the best friend you have in the world. Don't make any mistake about that, and she won't object to anything that will make you happy unless there is some pretty good reason for it.

Mother's right, and you're wrong this time. So you just give her a good hug and a loving kiss and say, "Mother, whatever you say is best I'm going to do," and just watch the look that comes into her tired eyes.

It will make you happy for a week just to think of it.

Bluff

William M. Wood, the head of America's great woolen industry, said at a dinner in Boston.

"In socialism of the more rampant sort there is a lot of bluff. You will remember the socialist-anarchist who shouted from his red-draped platform:

"We've got 100,000 men all armed and drilled and ready to sweep this corrupt capitalist government into the sea!"

"Well, why don't you do it, then?" a heckler asked.

"The socialist-anarchist roared furiously in answer:

"Why, the bloody police won't let 'em!"—Boston Globe.

Girls! Thicken and Beautify Your Hair

Bring back its gloss, luster, charm and get rid of dandruff—Try the moist cloth.

To be possessed of a head of heavy, beautiful hair; soft, lustrous, fluffy, wavy and free from dandruff is merely a matter of using a little Danderine.

It is easy and inexpensive to have nice, soft hair and lots of it. Just get a 25-cent bottle of Knott's Danderine and apply it as directed and within ten minutes there will be an appearance of abundance; freshness, fluffiness and an incomparable gloss and luster, and try as you will you cannot find a trace of dandruff or falling hair; but your real surprise will be after about two weeks' use, when you will see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—sprouting out all over your scalp—Danderine, it is believed, the only sure hair grower; destroyer of dandruff and cure for itchy scalp and it never fails to stop falling-hair at once.

If you want to prove how pretty and soft your hair really is, moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair—taking one small strand at a time. Your hair will be soft, glossy and beautiful in just a few moments—a delightful surprise awaits everyone who tries this.

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Drawn by Nell Brinkley

Verses by Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

I asked Pa for a quarter last nite to buy Indian clubs with, we have all got to swing Indian clubs in our school, now, the boys & the girls.

I do not particularly approve of Indian clubs, sed Pa, as compared with other forms of physical culture, as, for instance, boxing & little dumb-bells. I will get you lile dumb-bells insted, Bobbie, sed Pa.

No, it is too late, I toald Pa. They all bought Indian clubs, becausk that is what the teacher toald us to get.

There was a yung man named Blake visiting for the evening with my cousin Alice, & he sed to Pa that club swinging was grate exercise, & that he was surprised to see a gentelman of Pa's intelligence saying that there was other better exercises.

I do not wish you to understand, sed Pa to Mister Blake, that I am denouncing club swinging. I was always a grate club swinger myself, sed Pa. They used to say about me at skool that I cud make Indian clubs talk. Sum evening wen we are ware there is a pair of clubs, Pa sed to Mister Blake, I shall take grate pleasur in showing you a few fancy movements.

That will be vary kind of you, sed Mister Blake, but Ma & me know better. Pa had forgot all about a pair of clubs that he brought hoam one nite over a year befoar. He tried to swing them onst wen they was new & neerly brook his hed, & ater that he put them away, but Ma & me remembered them. Ma went & got them. Wen Ma saw them she remembered all about the time that he tried to swing them, & he got awful red in the face. He started talking as fast as he cud about sumthing else, but Mister Blake kep talking about the clubs & he wud like to have Pa teech him sum fancy movements.

Presently, presently, sed Pa, but as I was saying I think there are other forms of exercise that are superior to club swinging. Polo, for instans, sed Pa. I was always a grate polo player. In one game I played so fast & furious that I neerly killed three mounts. I remember several English army officers cumming over after a game & patting me on the back.

That was nice, sed Mister Blake, but let us see what you can do with these clubs.

I wud gladly go thru a few moves with you, sed Pa, but the fact is that I have a touch of rumatism in my both arms, & it wud be a vary painful process for me to go thru with at present.

I dont believe you can swing them at all, sed Mister Blake. Look at the way your father is holding the clubs, Robbie. Here, he sed to Pa, stop four-flushing & give me them clubs. I will show you sum movements. Then Mister Blake got up & he cud swing the clubs as pretty as any man that I ever seen on the stage. After he swung them for about ten minits he started to toss them up in the air & catch them every way. He seven caught one of them on his eyebrows & balanced it there.

Isent that butifal & graceful? sed Ma. Imagine you teeching that boy anything, she sed to Pa.

He swings the clubs fairly well, sed Pa, jut I wish I didn't have the rumatism in my arms, & my back is soar too. Probly rubs back in sore from ware the English army officers patted you after that polo game, sed Ma.



SHE.

Gone are the Spring and the Summer, from the year;
And our lives as well. May we not, dear,
In our October find serene delights
To take the place of ardent Summer nights?
Not striving to retain a dying season,
Or imitate its pleasures, but with reason
Accepting Autumn's quiet, briefer day
Of calm content, not seeking to be gay?

HE.

Gone are the Spring and Summer; yet behold
The radiant woods, supreme in red and gold
And russet colors; and the wind harp plays
A louder song than in the April days.
Our lives need not be colorless or sober
Because of Autumn. Emulate October,
Who will not let the aging years grow dull,
But keeps its love by being beautiful.

Strange Astral Body Astronomers Unable to Account for Its Existence as Recorded by Practically Unknown Russian Scientist

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

There is a strange fish in the sky, a kind of astronomical "What-Id-It," which made its first appearance to human eyes on September 4, when a young Russian astronomer, named Neujmin, in his remote observatory at Simais, in the Crimea, found its image on a photographic plate that he had exposed to the sky three nights earlier.

It did not look like a comet, and Neujmin thought that it must be a little planet, and as such he announced it to the astronomical world. The matter was turned over to certain astronomers who make a specialty of the study of the asteroids, or little planets, and they, after a careful examination, repudiated it. They declared that it could not be a planet and must be a comet. They consequently declined to put it on their list.

But the mystery only deepened, for nobody could remember ever having seen such a comet as this. It looked like a star, but moved, as no real star could do. For a few nights it appeared very slightly elongated, but then it lost this appearance and became round again. There was no tail—not even the root of a tail. The great Lick telescope failed to show the slightest trace of one.

Great difficulty was encountered in making out the path in which it traveled. According to some calculations it had been nearest to the sun as long ago as July 22, and was, at the moment of its discovery, fast gliding away again into space. According to others its nearest approach to the sun was a day or two after its discovery.

At the Lick observatory, where they do not call it either comet or planet, but give it the non-committal and mysterious designation of the "Object Neujmin," a period of revolution around the sun of nearly seventeen and a half years has been assigned to the stranger, but they add that while there cannot be any doubt about the elliptical nature of the orbit, the period of revolution may be shortened as the result of further observations.

In the meantime the "Object Neujmin" has been provisionally accepted in the sometary sheepfold—to be turned out

into the cold later, perhaps, if its claim cannot be made good.

An "object" in the sky, about whose nature the astronomers themselves are in doubt—that is surely a new sensation! And yet we ought not to be very much surprised by it. The heavens are full of mysteries. Space is occupied by unknown, and ordinarily invisible, bodies of many kinds.

The sun is carrying the earth continually into new regions, traveling northward at least 27,000,000 miles per year, and there is plenty of evidence that the contents of space, through which we are moving, vary to an astonishing degree.

In some places vast nebulae, spread their glimmering wings and sprawling spirals over billions of miles. The earth caught in one of those celestial maelstroms would be less important than a chip in the rapids of Niagara. Some of the nebulae are invisible by direct vision, "dark nebulae," Prof. Barnard calls them, because their existence is only shown when they obscure hosts of stars behind them, like gigantic curtains of black gauze. These nebulous monsters may sweep our course like the pitfalls, gins and snares of the Pilgrim's Progress.

Elsewhere we see great stars, some of them far mightier than the sun, staggering under the burden of one or more huge, dark bodies, or swarms of smaller objects, which have attached themselves to them by the hooks of gravitation and cannot be shaken off. If the sun should ever, like Sindbad, fall into the clutches of one of these "Old Men of the Sea" that lurk around the shores and shallows of the ocean of space, he could never free his neck from its clinging limbs. There is no wine that can inebriate gravitation and paralyze its grip.

Strange objects in the solar system! If ever they begin to be seen in considerable numbers we shall have reason to fear that the sun is running up into danger in its headlong course. Every great dark body in space must have flocks of them about it. Every spinning nebulae must be casting them off by millions.

What occupation so fascinating as that of the watchers for these things, the astronomers, who regard the stars, the sun, the planets, the comets with tireless patience, keeping account of their behavior and of their motions, and once in a while, like the young Russian, in his lone Crimean observatory, spying something to which they can give no other name than that of an unknown object in the sky!

Shift of Suicide Belt

According to statistics of suicides in this country printed in the current issue of the New York Spectator, an insurance publication, the so-called "suicide belt" has shifted from the east to the west. The highest number of deaths in proportion to population due to self-destruction was in San Francisco and Sacramento, Hoboken, which for many years headed the percentage list of deaths due to suicide, has lost its place to cities more than 1,500 miles away. The rate was somewhat lower than in 1911; in fact, it has been on the decline since 1908. Chicago has the greatest number of deaths due to this cause, and Manhattan and the Bronx is second. Frederick L. Hoffman, writer of the article, who also compiled the statistics, asserts that the decline in the rate would seem to indicate that, for the time being, at least, the economic condition of the country is improving over previous years, as there is close relation in the suicide rate and business failures.

"The decline," says Mr. Hoffman, "also would indicate that moral conditions are better, although the fact that the

present annual mortality from suicide throughout the United States is approximately 15,000 suggests a far from satisfactory state of affairs.

The table of comparative suicides in 100 cities of this country shows that during 1912 the rate increased over the decennial average in forty-six cities and decreased, or remained stationary, in the remaining fifty-four places. The rate of Hoboken, which is always considerably above the average, also declined during 1912, but a slight increase occurred in the rates in St. Louis, Seattle, and Salt Lake City. The highest suicide rate during 1912 prevailed in San Francisco, where the figures were forty-four per 100,000 persons, followed by Sacramento with 33; Tacoma with 32; Los Angeles, with 27; San Diego, with 24, and Springfield, Ill., with 22.

Williamsport, Pa., has the unique distinction of having no suicides during 1912 and during the preceding decade the rate was only 3.1 per cent per 100,000 of population, or less than one-half the average of 100 cities at large.

Refinements of Science

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Go deposit by very delicate electrical methods upon perfectly flat and smooth glass an excessively thin film of bromide of silver without admixture of gelatine. Ordinary plates have all along been deposited with silver bromide incorporated with gelatine to hold the layer of bromide molecules on the glass. Then the

minuta molecules were hindered in any chemical reaction in any motions they might attempt to make by the molecules of the gelatine. But if the layer of molecules could be attached to the glass without being mixed with any other substance, then the efficiency of each molecule would be vastly enhanced. The photographic sensitiveness would become so much increased that unheated waves of energy from the sun or from electric light hitherto unknown from their excessive shortness, could be detected. This has been done, and energy waves have been discovered whose length is only one-tenth mil., i. e., one-hundredth of a micron. Ambrion is the one-thousandth part of a millimeter, and a millimeter is the one-thousandth part of a standard international meter, original now in Paris. But one inch contains 25.4 millimeters. A micron is the one-thousandth part of this, but the new short waves are down to one-tenth of a micron, or 25,000 to one inch.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Give Him Up. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am keeping company with a young man and am anxious to marry him. Now he is very kind to me, but my folks he is very insulting, and as I think highly of my folks, what will I do? Marry him or give him up? "PERPLEXED."

If he has so little respect for you he insults your family, it will be only a question of time when he will insult you. Indeed, he does it now. Give him up. I am proud to hear from a girl who is so loyal to her family.

As a Good Friend.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of 18 and some time ago became acquainted with a young man of 21. For two months we kept company steadily, but a month ago he stopped calling. How should I treat him when he passes me on the street and I remember nothing I have said or done to make him act so?

M. H. P.

Treat him as you would any other friend. Be agreeable, indifferently so, and do not ask him why he no longer calls.

This will cause him to think you haven't missed him, and he will grow interested.

A Problem in Economy.

Dear Miss Fairfax: How much do you think a wife can save each week out of \$22.50, four to clothe and feed? What I mean by four is two children, myself and husband.

I pay \$5 a month rent and gas. I am considered a good housekeeper.

W. M. W.

You have \$6 a month; \$5 for rent and gas leaves \$1. It has been demonstrated that table expenses for four may be kept within \$1 a day, which leaves a margin of \$4 for clothes, shoes, sickness, amusements, the repair of household furniture and the tax in the name of friendship, such as gifts, entertaining, etc., which few escape.

If you can put away, month after month, as much as \$10 you are doing well.

Hoboes Bury a Dog

An unkempt line of men trailed behind a rickety express wagon that crashed its way up "Hobo hill," a shack-covered clay bank in the slum quarter of the north side, Kansas City, following to its grave all that remained of "Snowball," a nondescript terrier, known and loved by all the human devils who have frequented the cheap lodging houses of North Main street in the last five years.

"Here lies Snowball, the hobo's friend. May he rest in peace."

These words were roughly scrawled in crayon on the home-made coffin in the express wagon, and painted on the smooth side of the wooden slab that was driven into the ground at the grave's head.

Snowball was run over and mangled by a street car in front of the Helping Hand Institute last night. The dog, covered with sleet frozen to his hair, slipped into a cheap North-side saloon one winter night five years ago. The floating class of men that frequent the district adopted him, taught him tricks, fought over him and, for him and often put in their nickels to bail him out of the pound—Kansas City Journal.

Coming of The Sunbeam

How to Avoid Those Pains and Distress Which so Many Mothers Have Suffered.



It is a pity more women do not know of Mother's Friend. Here is a remedy that softens the muscles, enables them to expand without straining upon the ligaments and enables women to go through maternity without pain, nausea, morning sickness or any of the dreaded symptoms so familiar to every mother.

There is no foolish diet to harass the mind. The thoughts do not dwell upon pain and suffering, for all such are avoided. Thousands of women no longer resign themselves to the thought that sickness and distress are a necessary blessing. This (Sunbeam) remedy is sold by all druggists and is only \$1.00 a bottle. It is for external use only and is really worth its weight in gold. Write to-day to the Brand and Register Co., 127 East Third, Atlantic City, for a most valuable book.