

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Lottery of Love

By DOROTHY DIX.

A correspondent asks these questions: "Why should a man or a woman go over all the reasons why he or she should not love some one, and all the other ones would be best and wisest for him or her to marry, and while he or she knows that he or she loves, and wants to have an undisturbed party? In short, why should men and women in love be like one who flies a coin to decide a question, and when it comes down heads abides by the tall decision any how? Is this subtle thing we reason why some call intuition, or the sixth sense, a better guide in love than our coarse, and by no means infallible, reason?"



A general blanket reply to these queries is that men and women love by instinct, and not by rule. There is a mysterious attraction of the individual, just as there is an attraction between the sexes, that nobody can explain.

The wisest and most learned scientists cannot tell us why a man picks some one particular woman out of all the other women to be his mate, nor why a woman gets up and follows some one man to the ends of the world. Nor do the man and woman know, themselves. The wife and husband a man and woman have chosen may be inferior in every way to hundreds of other men and women with whom they are associated daily. The world may wonder at their selection, but to the man and the woman there were only one other man and woman in the world.

It is part of the tragedy of love that the head and heart do not always approve of the same person, and that the one who fires our fancy seldom comes up to our ideal.

Thus a man before he is hard hit by Cupid's dart, will tell you that the woman he marries must be intelligent, industrious, thrifty, domestic, not given up to fashion or folly, and he will hold up his hands in horror over the very idea of a man choosing for a life's mate a giddy little thing who is as pretty and as useless as a painted butterfly.

Nevertheless here comes along the little butterfly, and the next thing we know the sensible man is breaking his neck chasing after her.

Or it may be a woman who is poor, and who hates poverty with all the ferocious bitterness that a pretty woman feels. All her life the girl has loathed her squalid surroundings and the sordid make-shifts that she has had to contrive. All her life she has longed for luxurious surroundings, for pretty clothes and jewels and all that would make a proper frame for her beauty. The sight of her parents' struggle and her little sisters'

and brothers' necessities has wrung her heart, and she has grown up with the fixed resolve to marry money if the opportunity ever comes her way. Finally it does. A rich man, who is good and kind and generous and steady, one who could be guaranteed not only to give her all that she wants, but to be a model husband besides, asks her to marry him. She should by the laws of reason bless all of her gods for her luck and fall up his neck with devotion; but, alas, her errant heart has gone its own way and bestowed itself upon some youth without a penny to bless himself with, and who is wild and wayward and committing that her sober judgment commends. To marry him will plunge her deeper into the slough of poverty than ever, and yet he is the one that her very soul cries out for.

Nobody can explain these things, and nobody can suggest a remedy, for when the head and the heart espouse different sides in matrimony there is happiness in following the lead of neither.

The marriage of reason where a man marries a woman because she is suitable, or a woman marries a man because he can give her a fine establishment, is a cold-blooded affair that has no more thrill in it than a jelly-fish, and that falls on one's appetite like a dinner of health foods. A woman may have all the virtues under the sun, but unless there is something in her that quickens a man's blood and makes his throat get a little tight when he thinks about her she will become the weariness of death to him. A man may be a very paragon of perfection, but unless ever time she looks at him a woman sees him through a rosy mist of romance the bondage of her wifehood to him becomes iron fetters on her that clank in her ears as she moves.

Nor is there any way to change this. If men and women were not in love with each other before marriage they do not fall in love with each other after marriage, for matrimony is not a promoter of romantic sentiments. It is the fell destroyer of illusions, every both husband and wife inevitably see each other in their worst lights.

There are bound to be conflicts of opinion, clashes of temperament, days of taut nerves and irritability, all the sorry parade of little weaknesses, and vanities, and selfishness that disgrace poor humanity, and nothing else on earth but that inexplicable and indescribable something that we call love, and that makes one person's faults dearer to us than anybody else's virtues, one person beautiful to us no matter how defaced, that can make the touch of fever-parched lips sweeter to us than all the kisses of flower-scented rosebud mouths, can offset all the disenchantment of matrimony.

Yet, on the other hand, if one follows the heart and disregards the head, there is only too often a bitter awakening after the first rapture of love has spent itself, for unfortunately life is a very practical affair, and romance and sentiment are not legal tender with the butcher and baker and candlestick maker.

And as Mr. James would say, "There you are!" Happy the few whose judgments approve their own choice.

## Two Spring Styles and How to Make Them :-: By Olivette



In no other daily newspaper will you find up-to-date fashions like these. In addition, each style of gown, hat or blouse that appears here from time to time is always fully described by Olivette. With this expert instruction, and the clear, sharp pictures to help you, it is easy for any woman who makes her own clothes to be dressed in advanced style.

are turned into a high pinna- cle from either side of the crown of the head. For the crown of the hat several lay- ers of tulle are massed to- gether into a high circle. A draping of net crosses the round on the right side, and wherethis touches the little halo brim of straw it is joined by a wreath of white dahlias which cross over to the left side, a vivid mass of white and green amid the browns of straw and net. When the little Watteau "Shepherdess" hat, shown at the bottom, is set at just the right angle over just the right face, it has an effect of smartness and coquetry that is unlimited in its charm.

And clever fingers can ma- nipulate flowers and tulle and a bit of straw into a "perky" little hat that the smartest of milliners will be unable to improve upon. These little hats must be worn at a curious angle, posed aslant and showing the hair on the left side, while the right ear is almost concealed. The little model we show you is of the "Plateau" shape. It is lifted off the hair by a bandeau of straw with a band of black velvet and a bunch of deep-hearted pink roses. The crown (which is only suggested) is veiled by a flounce of black net caught up by a wreath of white jas- mine. The underbrim is faced in black velvet, and where the roses nestle against this there are two black velvet ribbons which fasten softly about the throat.

OLIVETTE.



This smart little French model hat shows several of the new ideas that give the spring and summer millinery of 1914 a definite tendency all of its own. This is the top picture. Hats no longer pull down over the hair with a hoodlike tendency that was of most benefit to the scalp- doctors. Hair and ears to- gether are to be allowed to breathe this spring.

A century ago "Belgian split" straw was used for the Empire bonnets. Today it reappears with its forgotten- ness turned to newness. Two rounds of this straw

## Public School System

Conditions Due to Birth Rate—Neither Teachers Nor Pupils Have Chance to Show Individuality—Foolish to Try to Make People Attend Church

By REV. C. H. PARKHURST.

Much is published by way of criticism upon our schools and school methods, and there are doubtless many respects in which improvement is possible, but it ought always to be remembered that so long as a children multiply at the present rate of increase we shall be obliged to be satisfied with an educational system that falls very far short of the ideal.



In the first place, while sheep can be driven in droves, children cannot be educated in droves, and that is the only way in which the public school can educate them as long as there are so many of them.

In the early New England days a good many of us never went to school till we were 12 or 14 years old. Our parents, though not college bred, were intelligent, and thought so much of their children that they introduced a system of home education by which each child was personally and individually held and molded by the tuition of father, or mother, or both. The general average of parental culture is lower now than it was then, and in addition to that even those parents that are intelligent enough to do for their offspring what our parents did for theirs are many of them as anxious to hustle their children off into the care of

someone else as our parents were to retain them in their own.

The children, therefore, now are herded in school rooms, educated in batches, like flocks which come out of the oven with the same bake upon them and stamped with the same stamp. Individuality has to go unrespected. What is special in each pupil cannot be allowed to count. There is no time for it. The teacher, however well intending, has no chance for it.

The poor things are rolled over the curriculum as blank paper is rolled over the inked type in a printing shop, every sheet of which tells the same thing. It results very often in ignoring what is best in the pupil and in cultivating in him only that which is commonplace. All of this seems inevitable and must be borne in mind by those who complain that we get so much less out of our public schools than it seems as though they ought to yield.

This condition of things also prevents everything like initiative on the part of teachers. They are not in the school room to fit pupils for life, but to fit them for the next grade. Their work is definitely cut out for them. There is left them practically no room for the play of originality, worked, myself, for two years in exactly the same kind of an educational treadmill, and I know what it means. It means doing less for the pupil than ought to be done for him, and it means the contraction and the draining of the teacher, and accounts, perhaps, for the pedagogical look that teachers generally wear when they have been more than about so long in the service.

There seems to be no way out of this while conditions remain as they are and the birth rate continues what it is. Yet such facts, if appreciated, will tend to check to some degree the complaint so much in vogue that our public schools are failing to render the service legitimately obligatory upon them.

Animals in general, including men and women, have in them a vein of obstinacy and are made less inclined to do a thing by being urged to it. This is especially true of children and is not outgrown by becoming adult.

This fact suggests whether there is not a grain of unwisdom in the urgency which just at this time is being employed in inducing people to attend church. We could wish that all our churches and synagogues were filled to overflowing every Sabbath; and we take the liberty of believing that such a condition would indicate a better moral status in the community than exists with sanctuaries only half filled. But people will not go if they want to go, and they will not be made to want to go by being urged and nagged, but the reverse.

## FRECKLE-FACE

Sun and Wind Bring Out Ugly Spots, How to Remove Easily. Here's a chance, Miss Freckle-face, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable dealer that it will not cost you a penny, unless it removes the freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling. Simply get an ounce of ethine-double strength from the Beaton Drug Co., or any other druggist, and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the homely freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case. Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength outline as this is the prescription sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Advertisement.

## Stairways and Gardens

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

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From the painting by Maxfield Parrish.

Gardens and Stairways; those are words that thrill me. Always with vague suggestions of delight. Stairways and Gardens. Mystery and grace. Seem part of their environment; they fill me With memories of things veiled from my sight, In some far place.

Gardens. The word is overcharged with meaning. It speaks of moonlight, and a closing door; Of birds at dawn—of sultry afternoons. Gardens. I seem to see low branches screening A vine-roofed arbor with a leaf-tiled floor, Where sunlight swoons.

Stairways. The word winds upward to a landing; Then curves and vanishes in space above. Lights fall, lights rise; soft lights that meet and blend. Stairways; and someone at the bottom standing Expectantly with lifted looks of love, Then steps descend.

Gardens and Stairways.—They belong with song— With subtle scents of myrrh and musk— With dawn and dusk—with youth, romance and mystery, And times that were, and times that are to be. Stairways and Gardens.

to worship, and if that public is hospitably received and provided for by the pastors in charge, and a homiletical and musical service furnished that is reasonably adapted to the religious impulses of the people, and if, for all of this, not one penny is exacted in return—and there are not many churches which do not meet fairly well all these four conditions—

then that is as far as a church can wisely and with propriety go. Begging for a congregation will not bring a congregation so long as human nature remains what it is. It cheapens service to plead with the public to attend. It is like a shopkeeper begging of his customers to buy. The more he begs his trade is falling off or that he deals in cheap goods. If a pleasant sanctuary, an appropriate service, with the whole occasion suffused with an atmosphere of Christian hospitality will not draw people, they will not be gotten there by going out into the highways and hedges and trying to compel them to come in.

## Eighty-nine Kinds of Atoms

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Q.—"Is the vortex theory of matter now held by scientific men?"  
—No. The discovery of basic electrons made the vortex hypothesis obsolete. And it had not been widely accepted from the start.  
A fair idea of the theory that molecules are made of vortices may be had by watching ascending rings of smoke from the exhaust of locomotive smokestacks. As they rise in the air particles of carbon revolve around the thickness of the rings, which do not break, but expand until they become invisible from rarity. These were taught by Kelvin to be possible atoms; and the interlocking of rings in different proportions made molecules.

This doctrine was very complex, and this cumbersome property of rings prevented its general adoption. Kelvin was careful to put it forth as a mere working hypothesis.  
Electronic base of all matter: This met almost universal approval when published by J. J. Thomson in 1900. Atoms consist of electrons in excessively rapid revolution, singly and separately, each in its own orbit like that of the planets around the sun; and not related to each other as they would be in a ring.  
The eighty-nine different kinds of atoms now known to advanced chemists are made up of different numbers of revolving electrons, moving with set and forever fixed specific speeds for each elementary atom, at different directions for differing kinds of atoms, and at varying distances. Thus number, rates, distances and directions of electrons determine what particular atom shall appear in cosmic space.  
Here it is again: Nothing exists but electrons. I have published this daily in some part of the world since 1900.

## Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Take Care of Your Mother.  
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 20, and am keeping company with a girl and expect to marry her soon. I am earning \$5.00 a year, and she wants me to marry her and live with her mother and I have an aged mother to support. What shall I do?  
TROUBLED.

Take care of your mother. That is your first duty. After marriage, plan it so you will not live either with her parents, or with your own. You owe it to your hope for future peace and happiness.

## "Tiz" Fixed My Sore, Tired Feet

"O, Girls," Don't have puffed-up, burning, sweaty feet or Corns.



"Tiz" makes my feet feel better."  
Ah! what relief. No more tired feet; no more burning feet; no more swollen, bad smelling, sweaty feet. No more pain in corns, callouses or bunions. No matter what ails your feet or what under the sun you've tried without getting relief, just use "TIZ."  
"TIZ" is the only remedy that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet; "TIZ" is magical; "TIZ" is grand; "TIZ" will cure your foot troubles so you'll never limp or draw up your face in pain. Your shoes won't seem tight and your feet will never hurt or get sore, swollen or tired. Think of it, no more foot misery; no more burning corns, callouses or bunions.  
Get a 25 cent box at any drug store or department store, and get instant relief. Get a whole year's foot relief for only 25 cents. Think of it!—Advertisement.

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