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Playing with Cupid--and After

This Is the Way the Game with Cupid Begins--



By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"Love comes like a summer sigh," goes an old song, and those who have known it only in its beginning, think, calm-eyed, that love is always a summer sigh—a hazy-like strain, sweet, soothing, telling a story of flowers shaking their heavy, honey-burdened heads drowsily in the sun; of birds giving sleepy whitters from under the shade of the leaves; and of lazy streams, droning and crooning their way between warm, mossy banks, and giving no hint in their songs that they were ever turbulent.

That the summer sigh is followed by tempestuous winds and devastating floods that tear down and sweep destruction where all was lazy peace, is never credited by those who do not know love.

The girl whose love tale is in the beginning, regards a love sigh as a plaything. She tosses him in the air, sometimes catching him with fervent arms and loving kisses, and as often letting him fall that she may laugh at his woe-begone face and make merry over his laments.

She tweaks, pinches, slaps and throws

the little god about, finding renewed enjoyment in every moan and protest. "Love," she sings, "is more than a summer sigh. He is a game. He is the greatest joy in the world."

First hot, then cold; first loving, then disdainful; the playing in her hands would be driven mad entirely did he not know that, just as surely as tomorrow's sun follows today's, his time will come.

He is the playing today, and she who will be the juggler tomorrow, and with a face which bears no sign of the malice in his heart he submits to every torture she imposes.

And hides his time!

What hour marks the beginning of the new game where love is the juggler and the playing in his hands is the bruised and aching heart of his tormentor no one knows.

The inexperienced declare that that hour never strikes. The love-scarred

But It Ends So.

know that it struck when they were merriest, and that in a twinkling they found themselves the sport of that which had been their game.

"The girl who is playing with love grows tired and bids love go. He turns to depart, and there comes to her a swift revelation of the dreariness of life without him, and she commands him to stay."

"The hour has struck!" she refuses, and then she drops to her knees and begs for that which she once scorned.

"Only stay," she implores, "and you may do with me as you will." And love stays, and for every tear she has made him shed he makes her shed a torrent.

Every little pinch and bruise on his body has made a mark on his heart that is charged to her account, for which she must pay in humiliation and anguish. No cold-blooded, calculating enemy who starts out to destroy and lets nothing under heaven interrupt or change or balk or defeat his plans, was ever more ruthless than this little god of love.

Love is, as the young hope, the only real joy life holds. And only those who have known it know the depths of despair and sorrow.

In the beginning it is the playing; in the end the hearts of men and women are his toys.

Beauty

The "Don't Worry" Recipe, and Hats as a Striking First Aid.

The best beauty secret, according to Miss Grace Kimball, is not to worry—especially other people.

But Miss Kimball is also a great believer in hats for improving natural beauty.



By LILIAN LAUFERTY.

"The best beauty secret I know," said pretty, blond Grace Kimball to me, as we took possession of Ned Wayburn's office and prepared to assimilate a bit from and contribute a bit to the atmosphere of loveliness all about us at the winter garden—"the best beauty secret I know is, don't worry. But, if worry you must, the next best is, don't worry other people with your worries."

"Nowadays, with the popular fancy demanding youth, the woman who keeps serene, or does a good imitation of it, stands also a good chance of seeming youthful. To be beautiful means to be as youthful as possible—and here are my rules:

"Don't worry—other people.

"Cultivate a sense of humor and an ability to relax.

"Study the hat question.

"Hats are so important, and in spite of all the jokes about more careful selection being used in the case of hats than that of husbands, the gentle art of hat-

ting is much neglected. Women will insist on getting a hat like that adorable dream Mrs. Nextdoor is wearing, or they buy the creation that Madame Milliner has been trying to foist on some one all season long. Getting the right hat is an art—and in the study you have to go back to the foundation for the hat, which is the face."

"Suppose you tell me how to take a bit of care of the foundation, so that it may be as satisfactory a foundation as possible and then let us talk a bit about the hat to crown it," said I.

"Splendid," said Miss Kimball. "I have a real beauty secret to impart about faces. And about hats I am only airing my theories."

"Now, here is the secret. Whenever you are tired, or whenever you have half an hour to spare and a desire to improve your skin and facial contour to the utmost, here is what you must do: Make a paste of Fuller's earth moistened with water and benzoin, spread this mask-like over your face and leave it on for fifteen

minutes; then remove the mask with hot water. The way this is as near as hot water ever comes to the skin of my face—next rub your face briskly with a piece of ice.

"Gaze for a moment with satisfaction on the clear, wrinkleless glowing face you have just snatched for yourself from the talons of time and realize that you don't have to worry when it is such a simple and inexpensive matter to keep your face young and colorful and clear-skinned. Next, do your hair in the simple, becoming fashion that my predecessors in the beauty interviews have schooled you to affect, and effect—and now all aboard for a hat."

"Sit you down in front of a mirror that is illuminated by honest, all-revealing daylight. If you are a blond demand a hat that has some clear color note to accent your pale coloring. Personally, I think a black velvet facing is about the most wonderful background for bringing out clear coloring, and it is particularly kind in its treatment of blond hair. A little up-lifted hat will make you look perky and saucy. A big, drooping affair will give you a picturesque look. But beware of drooping hats if you are a short woman with a neck on the same general lines."

"I am very fond of clear black or white or black and white combinations for myself, and for all blonde I would recommend the same. A facing to match your eyes often accents their color—decide whether that is desirable and if it is, cultivate a habit of putting kind blue over your cornflower blue eyes, purple over your pearly eyes and gold-brown over your blue-eyes."

"The soft, maline frilliness on the hats of today softens almost any face. But if you substitute for maline good taste and an honest study of line, it is always possible to find a hat that will soften the face beneath it by throwing kindly shadows in just the right places. Make up your mind that your hat is not something to set atop of your head as an ornament, but is something to cover your head, and with the aid of softly fluffed out hair, to make a background for your face."

And as Miss Kimball gazed out at you from the two pretty backdrops, hats she has chosen, does not her little theory sound to you well worth a bit of practice?

Mysteries of Science and Nature

Is Our Blood in Its Composition and Temperature the Counterpart of the Water, Whence They Say All Life Sprang?

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Science boasts of its exactness, and properly so. Yet there is no speculation comparable in boldness with the man of science who is endowed at the same time with the scent for prevision and the wit of imagination.

One of the most daring scientific speculations with which I am acquainted is that of a French physiologist, R. Quintron, who ventures to assert that the blood which flows in the veins of man and other animals derives its peculiar temperature (which hardly varies more than ten degrees in all the host of vertebrate, or back-boned, animals) and its peculiar composition (in which salt always plays a fixed part) from the primeval sea that enveloped the earth in those early ages when life was beginning on our planet.

flux of mineral substances washed down from the land, it was no longer a suitable abode for many of the progressing animal forms which had been built up by the combination of the original single cells, and these assumed the shape of closed bodies, in which the life-sustaining fluid was locked up, while its original temperature was maintained by physiological action.

Having emerged upon the land these creatures continued in the course of evolution, determined by their own surroundings, and assumed a great variety of higher forms, constantly increasing in complexity or organization, but always retaining the secret of life derived from the sea in the form of a fluid, never varying much from a temperature of about 100 degrees, nor from a composition comprising about seven or eight

parts salt to a thousand parts of water.

It is a strange fact that from the poles to the equator all vertebrate animals possess blood of nearly the same temperature and the same degree of saltiness, and Quintron avers that this singular uniformity is due to the retention in their bodies, sealed up with membranes, of the ancestral composition of the universal fluid that, at the beginning, nourished the life of their remote predecessors in the sea. If this be so, then our blood is simply an image of the water of the first ocean, at the time when life was developed in it. If we did not possess it we could not continue to live. In a certain sense, then, we may be said still to live bathed internally by the life-giving fluid of the primeval sea.

Looked at in another way, according to Quintron's hypothesis, the blood of verte-

brate animals gives geologists a clue to the temperature and composition of the first sea waters. We know that these have changed with the progress of time, the water becoming both saltier and colder, besides acquiring other ingredients which it did not possess originally.

This strange hypothesis has met with a certain degree of approval from other investigators, whose criticisms of it relate to details but do not attack its general credibility. Thus Prof. A. B. Macalium thinks that the blood of the vertebrates represents the sea water at a later period than that assumed by Quintron, but still a period millions of years back of our time, while Dr. A. C. Lane suggests that the blood temperature may have been raised by physiological processes above that of the sea when the animals left it.

The One You Didn't Marry

By DOROTHY DLX

"I fancy," said the woman who likes to philosophize above her tea, "that there are very few of us, either men or women, who do not cherish the memory of some rare and radiant being that we have met somewhere in the past, and who do not have moments in which we speculate upon what life might have been, if only we had married the ideal, instead of the individual that we did marry."

"Of course, for the most part, we are fairly satisfied with our own particular. Dearly or faintly, but in times of domestic strife we recall with a sad, sweet pleasure the face of Angelina, or Edwin, and reflect that he or she never would have been such a goose, or so pig-headed, or so rascally such rows about nothing as does the wife or husband to whom we are tied."

"Ah, no! Angelina would always have been fair and beautiful, and slim and young, a perfect housekeeper, and a marvel of economy, far different from our own fat and gristled middle-aged Joan, who is a fit-or-miss cook, and apparently thinks a man can gather money off the trees. Our Edwin, too, would always have been a romantic hero, who could make us thrill at his touch, who would

murmur beautiful sentiments of affection, cooed in Booth Tarkington language, for forty years at a stretch, and who would have lived on such a high plane that he wouldn't even have perceived when the coffee tasted like dish water, and the soup was cold, and the ice hot. And he would have been utterly incapable of saying such things under such circumstances, as does the common-place Darby to whom we are united."

"As the years go by, and we get farther and farther away from Edwin and Angelina and the gilt robe more and more off of the finger bread of matrimony that we are daily forced to consume, the pictures of our early loves grow more and more brighter, with a more and more rosy halo, until at last we come to the place where we privately consider ourselves blighted beings, who have made fatal mistakes in matrimony."

"I am convinced that a great deal of domestic unhappiness arises from this cause, and I think that ten years after marriage there ought to be a compulsory excursion back to the scene of one's early romance, so that husbands and wives could get a near view of their first love. Take my word for it, that it would do more to make men and women satisfied with the life partners they did get than anything else on earth, for if there is one thing that makes you want to go out and burn loss sticks to luck it is to meet up with the one you didn't marry."

"I have just been seeing a most illuminating example of the value of my theory. I have a friend, whom I will call Susie, because that isn't her name, who, when she was a young girl, fell in love with a good looking and attractive young fellow who was one of those

youths who live upon their mothers.

"Fortunately for Susie she had a sensible, hard-headed father who represented to her that a man who had never supported himself was not likely to support a family, and as Susie had too much independence to want to settle down to a poor mother-in-law to be taken care of, she was kept from marrying the young man, and, of course, in time got over her girlish fancy."

"Eventually she made an excellent match. She married a thrifty business man in a distant city, who was able to give her a beautiful home, fine clothes, an automobile, and every luxury that wealth can supply. Also her husband is a man of weight in his community, looked up to, and deferred to."

"But always her early love has loomed in Susie's mind as a fairy prince, and she has contrasted her husband unfavorably with him, and said to herself how blissful she might have been with a man who understood her poetic yearnings, and her grasping at the whiteness of the what, instead of with a solid business man, whose soul was not on material things."

"Well, last month Susie went back home for the first time in many years, and saw her early love. Also his wife and children. The shiftless never do well had gone down, and down, until he had become the village loafer. People spoke of him with sneering contempt. His wife was a poor, pitiful, overworked drudge who supported him by taking boarders. Half a dozen dirty children crouched to her skirts."

"You never saw such an instantaneous cure as that sight of the man she didn't marry worked on Susie. She scuttled back home as fast as she could go, and she's been so busy ever since scattering

roses in the path of the man she did marry that she has got him guessing as to what has happened."

"That's right," said the other woman coolly. "I never miss an opportunity of inviting my husband's early loves to dinner. They are sure to be fat and frothy, or living skeletons, and I can see his ideal crumbling to pieces as he contrasts them in propria persona with the way he remembered them."

"But we also have changed since we inspired love's young dream," suggested a third woman.

"Oh, our husbands are used to us," replied the woman philosopher, comfortably. "And they've quit looking at us, anyway."

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Oh, husband, sed Ma, to Pa last nite, I have the cutest thing to tell you. Our dear little son has a littel sweet heart. He met her to ay. She is a littel city girl that lives near our city hoam. & Bobbie's how perfectly cunning, Ma sed. To think of our gallant ittel son beeing a Romeo.

I aint no Romeo, I toald Ma. I wish you wuddent say that.

The littel deers looked so cute out there on the lake, Ma sed. Bobbie helped her into the boat & out of it just like a prince helping a princees. Ma sed. Did you enjoy yure day, Bobbie, you and littel Grace?

No I didnt, I toald Ma. & she aint any awtweart of mine, ither. It was

her father's boat & she didnt know how to row. It & I wanted to row, so I got in & rowed the boat. I didnt like her any much, I toald Ma, because she kuffed at me when I spelled her name row. I spelled it without a Y. I sed, & that is the way to spell Grace.

Bobbie, Pa sed, I tell you what to do. If you want to win littel Grace, you must rite her a poem. I will rite her a poem for you to read to her, sed Pa, & you can say you rote it.

Bobbie will lose her sure of he tries that, sed Ma. He has a littel boy friend that rite good poetry, littel George Crowley, & he can git him to rite the poem.

No, sed Pa. I will rite the poem. So Pa went & got a sheet of paper and rote this poem for me to show to Grace.

littel Grace, charming Grace, I luv yure voice, I luv yur face. Thou art the idyl of my hart, & from thy smile I'll never part. Sum day wen I am grown up, I'll denide to marry, as every man should, I'll cum to you, dear, with a smile, & And ask to lead you up the aisle, & You are the sweetest girl in this place, My dear Grace.

I aint going to show her that, I toald Pa. I dont luv her & she aint my swtweart, I aint going to start in so yure telling sur's that I luv them wen I dont luv them at all, I sed.

You have got to do that, sed Pa, to git along. Why, wen I was yure age I toald all the girls I luvd them, Pa sed. They didnt tell me they luvd me, but I could see they did. I was yur hansom as a boy, sed Pa, & I had a grate way with the ladies. I used to write them verses & they threw down all thare other bobbie for me. I will give you a quarter, Bobbie, if you will show the poem to littel Grace, & if she doesnt call you a darling boy I will give you \$1 besides.

So I showd Grace the poem & sed I rote it, & she kuffed & sed it sounded just the sumthing that a green kid rote, so I made a dollar and a quarter for Pa.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Don't Be Discouraged.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man of 22, and every morning on my way to work I meet a girl whom I would like very much to meet, but we have no mutual friends, and I am at a loss as to how to accomplish an introduction. She works at the same place I do, but I don't know in what department.

I show her every courtesy, and sometimes she favors me with a smile, but I am still as far from an introduction as when I first saw her.

An introduction is always best. It is what you would insist upon for your sister. Isn't that true?

I am sure in time you will find a mutual friend, but if one does not appear, and you are satisfied in your heart that you will never give her cause for regretting your acquaintance, say "Good

morning" next time you meet. A closer acquaintance will develop.

The Difference Immaterial.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am in love with a girl four years my senior, which difference in our ages seems to stand between us. I have tried in every way possible to convince her of my love, but so far have not succeeded. I do not believe I can ever be happy without her.

You do not state your own age. If you are old enough to marry, her four years seniority should be no bar. I am convinced she refuses you because she does not love you. Be persistent in your devotion, and if that does not melt her heart, try giving your attention to some other girl.