

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

LESSONS IN UNNATURAL HISTORY BY DOROTHY DIX



By DOROTHY DIX.

The peach is a cross between the apple that Eve ate and an American Beauty rose. It is composed of equal parts of sugar and ginger, and possesses a flavor of which men never tire, from the cradle to the grave. Indeed, it is the favorite fruit of men, who spend so much money upon peaches that they frequently have nothing left with which to buy meat and potatoes for family use. For peaches are expensive. Very, and do much to account for the high cost of living.

The peach is at its best when it is about 18 years old, and served up with a garnish of French millinery, although some people, with simple tastes, prefer their peaches au naturel.

Where the finest peaches are raised is a matter of grave dispute among the best horticulturists. Some contend that none have the same sweetness as the common, or garden, variety, that are grown in the country. Other connoisseurs aver that the hothouse ones, raised under glass, have a certain piquancy that the provincial ones lack. While still others are strong for the theory that to produce a perfect peach you must transplant the rural species to the city while it is still a slip, and that by doing this you get the sweetness of the country and the grace of the town combined.

A strange peculiarity of this delectable fruit, however, is that it cannot be grown to order, and that it is freaky in choosing its habitat. For instance, many a peach springs from a dingy and frowny tenement, while millionaires spend hundreds of thousands of dollars in cultivating a seedling that turns out to be nothing but a little, hard, knotty, green fruit that they have to hire some mortgaged foreign aristocrat to take off their hands.

In this connection two other peculiarities of this interesting fruit are to be noted. One is that the most attractive peach always hangs highest on the tree, just beyond a man's reach. The other is that, for some unknown reason, scientists have never been able to explain, no man ever wants the over-ripe peach that is ready to drop into his mouth. This is why so many near-peaches are left hanging on the parent bough.

In selecting peaches two things are to be borne in mind. The first is always to pick out a peach while it is still wet with the dew of early morning, as it is sweeter and fresher then than at any other time. The second is to get your peach before the dawn and the blushes on its cheeks have been rubbed off by much handling.

Sometimes a peach isn't as luscious as it looks, but owes its attractiveness to the pink mosquito netting with which it is covered, and when a man gets it home he finds that instead of being sweet and tender it is sour and hard; for, alas, many a peach of courtship turns into the lemon of matrimony. There are microbes, however, in every situation in life, and a man has to be sport enough to back his judgment in peaches.

Strangely enough women do not seem to care for peaches unless they happen to be it themselves. Otherwise they are very scornful of any particular peach that their husbands, or any other man, admire, and point out its defects. "Huh," they cry, "can't you see that peach is artificial, and that that blush is painted on its cheeks? I'd never be taken in by that." This explains why peaches are seldom found at the family table.

Although, as has been said, peaches are the favorite masculine fruit, they do not agree well with many men, causing internal trouble and disagreement in the domestic regions. Also, they are very depleting to the pocketbook.

Peaches are found in all parts of the country, but the finest selection in the world is to be seen along Broadway.

September

Copyright, 1913, International News Service.

By Nell Brinkley



September comes along the great green way
That Spring and Summer fashioned for our feet.
And though her face is beautiful and sweet,
Though gracious smiles about her ripe mouth play,
Yet subtle recollections of each day
Of idleness in her large book I meet.
All things achieved how small and incomplete

Beside the boasted promises of May!
Now I berate fair June, who tempted me
With fragrant beds of roses, and as well
Her siren sisters, who were following near;
But most of all I do accuse the sea.
Reach me thine hand, and help me break the spell,
September, matron-mentor of the year!

Cormorants The Winged Slaves of China

How the Followers of Confucius Have Taken Advantage of the Bird as a Fisherman.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The story of the fishing birds of China, throws light on both natural history and human nature. These birds are cormorants, which, by nature, are great fishers, for fish are their favorite food. All went well with the cormorants of China, and they conducted their piscatorial operations in peace, and for their own sole advantage, until, to their misfortune, the idea occurred to the human inhabitants of the land of Confucius, who are not lacking in many small ingenuities or in a certain broad philosophy of life, that it would be a good thing to make the cormorants fish for them.



From that moment the cormorants became a slave and joined the great army of serfs, including oxen, mules, donkeys and other easily subjected creatures, with which man has surrounded himself for his pleasure and convenience.

The cormorant no longer fishes for himself, he fishes for a master, who has more brains than he and who lets him eat just enough of the fish he catches to keep him always in good training and eager to work. The cormorant, not having much of a brain, is perpetually misled when he goes after a fish, by the hope that he will be allowed to keep it for himself, while his master, having more intelligence, takes care that the poor enslaved bird shall never get quite as much as his appetite demands. Thus the receding hope of a good full dinner and a delicious period of repose afterward is continually dangled before the stupid cormorant's eyes.

The cormorant is a large awkward bird, with a long bill and capable of diving into the water and catching a fish before it can make a move to escape. When he has captured a fish he emerges from the water, and, if he has no master, he flings it up into the air with the skill of a juggler, in such a way that it always comes down head first and passes straight down the bird's throat, without any entanglement of fins. This is the only way in which a cormorant can safely swallow a fish.

But the cormorant slave never gets an opportunity to fling his fish up into the air and catch it on the descent unless his master so wills it. The fish is taken from his before he can get his feet on anything sufficiently solid to enable him to perform the acrobatic feat that is indispensable to his dining. The fish is seized by the master, and the foolish bird eagerly goes after another one.

The best cormorants come from the province of Honan. They are so valuable that a well-trained pair costs about \$50, which is a large sum of money in China. A good outfit of fishing cormorants numbers from twenty to thirty birds, and they can earn for their master from \$1 to \$125 a day. Such birds get in exchange for their loss of liberty a certain kind of care, which masters always bestow upon useful slaves. If they fall sick they get a dose of oil of sesame, which quickly puts them back into working condition.

They are slaves from childhood—like many unfortunate human beings. Their training begins almost from birth, and at the age of seven or eight months they are set to work catching small fish. For an average fish they receive a very continuous—and then they die, still in chains to superior intelligence.

The management of these winged and beaked slaves is very simple. Their master ties a long cord to one of their legs, puts a rattan collar around their necks, just tight enough to prevent them from swallowing a fish if their hunger should make them unruly, and attaches a bamboo float to the cord so that they cannot escape by diving. He also carries a bamboo pole, ten feet long, with which to beat them and frighten them by slapping the water, when they do not perform their task obediently.

Sometimes he places himself near the shore in shallow water, and sometimes governs his fleet of slaves from a curious boat, made by putting a board across two parallel floats, each about three or four feet long. The fishing is done in lakes, quiet streams and ponds.

After a good catch has been made the master picks out the little, unmarketable fish and assembles his flock about him, gives the fish a dexterous turn in the air, which causes them to descend, head first, into the gaping throats. But he keeps all the large, fine fish for himself.

The Japanese also employ cormorants for fishing. It is said in Holy Writ that man was given dominion over all the animals of the earth. He has not failed to exercise his privilege, but if the animals were capable of rebelling he would have to work harder himself.



Ella Wheeler Wilcox on Nature Secrets

Our Maker Never Intended We Should Share the Secret of Sex Control —It Would be a Misfortune and be Cause of Inestimable Sorrow

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Copyright 1913, by Star Company.

This is an age of discoveries; of the unveiling of long hidden truths; of the unveiling of great secrets of nature.

And in the next ten years, more wonderful things than those that are dreamed of now, will be brought to light.

But these are secrets which the Master-Maker of this universe never intended to share with the masses of one generation.

One of these secrets is the controlling of the sex of an unborn child. Periodically some wise man or woman declares this secret has been discovered; but invariably the excitement which follows this assertion dies out, as the method proves to be a failure.

The following letter is evidently from a sincere woman; one who believes in herself. But it is one thing to believe in yourself and quite another to be able to convince the world by demonstrating your theories:

"I have discovered that mothers can decide the sex of their unborn child. If intelligent they can, according to my nature methods, be their own judge of sex and bring forth their desire in this respect.

"It is undoubtedly a wonderful discovery and has taken me six years to acquire the knowledge. My parents and all have satisfaction in their offspring while others have not.

"I am at present in humble circumstances and a mother of three children. Thanking you in anticipation and awaiting your reply, I am your respectfully, "MRS. J. HOOVER, 117 Webster Avenue, Yonkers, U. S. A."

It would be the greatest misfortune which could befall this world were every human being to know how to control the choice of sex of unborn children.

Within two generations woman would become extinct, as 99 per cent of the people would desire sons, and after half a century the world would be depopulated.

Without doubt, the very strong desire of a mother whose mind is capable of powerful concentration can produce a son or daughter, as she may wish. But, fortunately for the world, such women are quite as likely to wish for daughters as sons.

It would be the unthinking and unreasoning rank and file of minds which would want only males, and this class of minds makes the world.

It is far better for the earth that such parents are not able to choose the sex of their children.

It is more than probable that the parents of Queen Victoria desired a son when she was born; and is more than probable that England was far better off under the guidance of that good woman than it would have been under a king. It is possible that the parents

of Jane Addams wished for a son when she was born; but it is doubtful if any son would have done for humanity what she is doing.

Perhaps the family of Joan of Arc regretted bringing a girl into life; but we have yet to find a record of any peasant boy who did for his country what she did for France.

It is not well for us to know these laws which govern sex.

We are not wise enough to use them for the benefit of the race. This world better and more beautiful for the use of men and women who come into the earth plane for the purpose of perfecting themselves for more advanced realms. Let us go on perfecting ourselves.

Each man and each woman needs the experience which is gained in that particular form.

And God knows better about what sex for each unborn soul needs than the parents know.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Certainly Not.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man 19 years of age, and in love with a girl three years my junior. She wants me to elope with her, and as I am earning \$11 a week, do you think I can support a wife?

You are only a boy, too young to marry if you had the financial means, and marriage on \$11 a week is suicidal. I am sure the girl is impulsive and thoughtless, and if you refuse to elope with her she will some day be grateful to you for it. You must protect her from her own impulsiveness.

Respect Your Mother's Wishes.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 years old and recently I met a man at a dance who I think cared for me very much. My mother objected to my going with him without giving me her reason.

Kindly advise me what to do, as I love him very much. B. L. K. I believe your mother makes a mistake in not telling you her objections, but this will not excuse you for not heeding them, nor make them less reasonable.

Do just as she says. Trust her. No girl ever made a mistake by trusting her mother.

Don't Take Either.

I am 21 one have two boy friends who are very much in love with me. One is eight months younger than I and the other is four years older. My parents are very much opposed to my marriage with the former, as his family connections are not what could be called good. The other boy has a very good reputation, he cares a lot for me, but I do not care half as much for him. My parents think everything of him. But he does not appeal to me.

PERPLEXED.

Your parents object to one suitor and you don't love the other. Good reasons why you should not take either. Wait a while and perhaps time will make your way clear for you. But under no conditions must you marry a man you do not love. Always remember that

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

She's engaged and she had a good looking cousin.

When she meets the good looking cousin he kisses her, and when he leaves her he kisses her again. The fiance says the cousin has got to stop kissing his sweetheart or there will be trouble, and now the sweetheart writes me a letter to know what to do about it.

"I like my cousin, and I don't want to hurt his feelings," says the girl who gets kissed; "but I love my sweetheart and don't want to make him really angry. Still I don't think he ought to be so bossy, do you—and isn't it all right for cousins to kiss? We have always done it in our family."

Well, now, little girl, just because you have always done a thing in your family is no reason at all why it is the right thing to do, is it?

And then your sweetheart doesn't belong to your family—and never will you belong to his family, and perhaps they don't kiss—in that circle—no cousins anyhow—and so you'll have to think it over and do what sweetheart wants you to do about the kissing.

What is there so entrancing about kissing that cousin that you even hesitate a minute about turning your cheek the other way when you see him coming?

Silly—your sweetheart's idea about it? Well, may be, and may be not; but anyhow, it is his idea, and why shouldn't you ease him in the matter?

What if he likes blue and you keep on wearing pink—that if he likes chicken and you insist on ordering veal. What if he likes poetry and you want him to read the military "ads"—do you think these things will tend to make him that much fonder of you?

Why not give up to him in this matter—it is, after all, unimportant to you and important to him—what's the use of making a fuss about it?

I know a woman and a man who divorced each other because the man played the guitar and the wife wouldn't play his accompaniments on the piano. It didn't end with that, but it's how the whole trouble began. What a goose that woman was not to play any old accompaniment her husband thought he wanted. What hurt could it have done her or any one else?

What's the difference, anyhow? If you love the man you want to please him, don't you? Well, a wise woman told me once that the way to please a man was to give up to him in all the little things that don't count and hang on to your own way in all the big things that do count—

he'll be willing to give up to you in them. Men don't mind big sacrifices. A man will give you \$100 and quarrel over 10 cents too much on the grocery bill. That's the way men are made.

Why not make up your mind to take them as they are and not as you think they should be, and then, honestly, now, hasn't sweetheart a pretty cousin somewhere?

If he has just get her to come and see you, and every time sweetheart kisses pretty cousin see how you feel about it. That may help you to understand sweetheart's attitude a little better.

Remember, you are used to cousin—you see in him just good old Dick, who taught you to skate and swim—when he felt like it and you promised to make him enough fudge to pay for lessons; and he sees him as a gay deceiver. Maybe he is one too, even if he is your cousin.

And besides, little girl, kissing is out of fashion except among real sweethearts; didn't you know that? Ten years ago every time you had tea with a friend she kissed you when you came and kissed you when you went. The woman who tries to kiss a friend now except in really solemn times is looked upon as just the least little bit in bad form. Didn't you know that?

Hand holding has gone out, too, and waist spanning. Girls don't paw each other the way they used to. And cousins—well, cousins aren't nearly so much relation to each other as they were when they were all liable to be brought up under the same roof. Keep cousin at a distance, little girl, to please yourself as well as your sweetheart. It can't do any harm and it may be a whole lot of good.

Should a Girl Kiss Her Cousin?

Few Moments! No Indigestion or Sick, Dyspeptic Stomach—Pape's Diapepsin

Digests all food, absorbs gases, stops fermentation at once—Puts Stomach in order.

Wonder what upset your stomach— which portion of the food did the damage—do you? Well, don't bother. If your stomach is in a revolt; if sour, gassy and upset, and what you just ate has fermented into stubborn lumps; your head dizzy and aches; belch gases and acids and eructate undigested food; breath foul, tongue coated—just take Pape's Diapepsin, and in five minutes you will wonder what became of the indigestion and distress.

Millions of men and women today know that it is needless to have a bad stomach. A little Diapepsin occasionally keeps the stomach regulated and they eat their favorite foods without fear.

If your stomach doesn't take care of your liberal bill without rebellion; if your food is a damage instead of a help, remember the quickest, surest, most harmless relief is Pape's Diapepsin, which costs only fifty cents for a large case at drug stores. It's truly wonderful—it digests food and sets things straight, so gently and easily that it is astonishing. Please don't go on and on with a weak, disordered stomach; it's unnecessary.