



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Bringing Up Father

Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Her Letter to Girls—Addressed to a Girl Who is Sorry for Herself. . .

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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To a Girl Who is Sorry for Herself: Your letter shows me, not how badly fate treats you, but how badly you are treating yourself.

You are standing outside of yourself, and making a mental picture of misery and neglect, and sorrow, and loneliness and heart hunger—and weeping over it.

That is the easiest and the weakest thing a mortal can do.

I doubt if a human being lives, no matter how seemingly fortunate and to be envied, who could not find a whole chapter of miseries to mourn over if he or she chose to turn over the leaves of life's book to that particular page.

In every life there is always something which might be bettered.

One person likes his environment, but hates his occupation; another likes his work, but dislikes his environment; one wants the city; another wants the country, and so on ad infinitum.

You feel you are particularly unfortunate in not having a harmonious home; in not having more companionship with people who are congenial, and in having a great many material worries.

You carry always a face of sorrow and a look of sadness; and you tell me life grows more and more a very serious thing to you.

You are meantime forgetting that you are blest with health; that you are in possession of all your faculties; that you are not crippled or bedridden; and that you are pursuing an occupation which you like.

You breathe good fresh air in your

home; you are not shut up in a tenement house; you are not confined in a factory all day; and you are not starved for good food.

Why, my dear girl, with such a list of things which could make life hard indeed for one left out of what fate gives you it seems to me your days should be one psalm of thanks to God and one prayer for voice and words to praise Him for His manifold blessings.

In the same post with your letter came one from a girl who is totally deaf, and who has lost both lower limbs, and she writes me that she has had a very pleasant time, enjoying the outdoor life and the kind attention of good friends, and that she has been studying and growing.

Does that not make you ashamed of yourself?

It ought to. An inharmonious home is indeed a great trouble; but the only thing for one to do who suffers from such a cause is to be one note of harmony in the discord.

Speak the silent word of love to each member of the family; say "Peace. Be still" to the troubled domestic ocean, and by every thought, word and act set the example of harmony.

Miracles have been wrought by one loving, patient soul in a home of many warring minds.

Refuse to quarrel; refuse to be sullen; refuse to be sarcastic; and by the example of love and kindness, and good cheer, shame the other members of the household into better behavior.

Then, if you continue to be disagreeable, speak the word of freedom to your own soul; and picture to yourself a life apart from the family.

It will come to you if you live in a

way deserving of this freedom. It will come either by a change in the people who make the discord or in your change to other surroundings.

It can never come while you are pitying yourself. Self-pity is weakness and a waste of mental force.

It is a great weakness of character to continually crave pity and sympathy; and to want people to be sorry for you. Just as well might every pupy who is given a lesson ask all the teachers and all the other scholars to be "sorry," and bestow sympathy.

We are placed in this world where our actions and thoughts in other lives direct our path; and we are here to build character and learn the power which lies in our minds to change present conditions and shape a better future.

We can never do this by constantly mourning over our situation. For such feelings waste our energies and prevent constructive processes of thought.

Begin right now, today, my dear girl, to thank God for whatever has come to you; thank Him for trouble and sorrow; and ask Him to show you the way to transmute these things into a strong, helpful character and to give you the power to work up, and out of all conditions which are distasteful to you. This is your work; and you alone can do it. Then look about you for things to rejoice over; and think and talk of these; and allow no one to be sorry for you.

Stand before your mirror and laugh every day for five minutes; and when you feel the corners of your mouth turning down bring them up—and laugh again.

And before very long you will discover that you are no longer to be pitied, but to be congratulated.

For you will have made a new Heaven and a new earth for yourself.

Love of Home That is Worth While

By WINIFRED BLACK

They are taking the Chicago high school girls to the stock yards nowadays to learn how to cut meat to the best advantage.

"Chuck steak is better than tenderloin if you know how to cook it," they say at the stock yards, "and a pot roast will beat an oven roast all hollow if the cook is all right."

Quite true, perhaps. I always seem to catch myself preferring tenderloin and a pot roast myself, all other things being equal, though there is no question that a "chuck" steak well broiled is better than a tenderloin or even a porterhouse, that king of meats, fried to leather; but I wonder if knowing these things is going to help the wayfarer.

There's no getting round it at all—the American housekeeper is lazy, not incompetent merely, just plain lazy, and getting lazier every day.

Give an office boy more to do than he can do and he'll be up and coming—wide awake and right there every minute.

Put him into another office where there isn't enough to do to keep him busy and he'll groan if you try to drag him from his "thriller."

That's what's the matter with the American woman when it comes to house-keeping—her job is too easy and she won't do it.

It doesn't seem worth while somehow. No fire to make, no ashes to dispose of, no laundry in the house, electric iron all over the place—why not have it a little easier and run to the delicatessen and get dinner instead of bothering with it at all?

The old-fashioned housekeeper had to get her fire started just so far ahead any-how or she wouldn't have any oven for

biscuits, so while she was waiting she did other variously useful and interesting things.

Basting the roast, for instance, and flavoring it. I've eaten pot roasts at my German friends' that were worth eating and remembering, too, but they weren't cooked at the last minute as an afterthought when mother got home from the matinee. The mushrooms that made that gravy were in soak for two hours before the roast went in the pot, and somebody did some work on the almonds that gave the meat such a delicious flavor.

The average cook will not do the things that mean trouble—and brains. It hurts to make your brain work when you can make somebody else do the work with his digestion. The house mother must be there to see to the general plan or somebody will see that something is spoiled.

I am afraid the average American woman is perfectly willing to let her husband drudge all day at the office for her and won't hear of drudging one single hour at home for him any day at all.

I wonder why?

What if the everyday-woman's husband ran his work as the everyday-woman is apt to run her house, bit or miss, maybe and maybe not; no time to bother—the matinee, the moving picture, the new hat, the beauty parlor, the back fence gossip—"Goodness! John will be here and he'll die if the table isn't set. What on earth shall I get to make him think it's a dinner?" That sort of thing—how often would there be money enough in his envelope to pay the rent?

We aren't here merely for ornaments, girls of the high school. Life is something bigger and better and more fun than any mere game. Let's learn how to live it before we drag some foolish man into harness, where he has to do all the pulling.

For roast, chuck steak—cheap cuts just as good—that sounds fine—and it is true in a way, too, when the cook sits on the other side of the scale and brings it down right.

Industry, earnest interest in household affairs, as real live of home, a real care for comfort—these are important things to teach, too. I do hope some of the girls will get the tad of studying them.



JOSEPHINE BROWN.

"Hair Pulling Makes It Grow More Quickly."

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

Miss Josephine Brown stood before the mirror and clutched her short curly mane with both hands. Then she gave a yank as if she were determined to pull all her pretty reddish hair out by the roots.

"Don't look so worried," she said to me. "I'm not mad at myself! This is the latest Paris method of growing hair in a hurry."

"Yes, I cut it off because I had to be in style. And to be in style in Paris today means that you must look as if you had short hair. Most of the really smart women are really cutting theirs off altogether."

"Leon Bakst, who did the costume designing for the Russian ballet and for all the Oriental plays, has set the rage for short-haired coiffures, and short hair is absolutely the thing now in Paris. To be chic you must wear your hair very flat on the head and bound around with a silk sash of Oriental material, from

under which a few short curls are allowed to escape.

"There must be no wad of hair to spoil the contour of the head. The head must look very boyish, indeed, and those women who have cut all their long hair off, attain the true Bakst effect, the pretty young actress continued.

"I want to have long hair for several reasons. First, I am in America again, and America has not accepted the short-haired woman. Over here you still think short hair masculine, while in Paris short hair is considered fascinating on a woman's head, and the boyish look of these Bakst coiffures is the very last and smartest and most bewitching style. Every one is in love with short hair, and considers a woman with curly locks, stepped off at the nape of the neck, much more attractive than her sister of Sutherland descent.

"I shall never keep my hair very long any more, because I know the delights of short, healthy, clean hair."

Telescope

Has Told Us More About the Moon Than We Know About Earth's Surface. The Lunar South Pole is Dotted with Huge Mountains, Rugged and Clear Cut, with no Air to Sweep Over Them, no Water to Wear Them Down, no Clouds to Hide Them.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

We know more about the South pole of the moon than we do about the South pole of the earth. One reason why we know more about it is because we are so far away from it. Let me explain this paradox.

If we stood on the moon, in the neighborhood of its South pole, we should find ourselves surrounded by steep and rugged mountains from 15,000 to 20,000 feet high, and vast crater-like basins twenty miles across, and three or four miles in depth. Of course, in such a situation we could see nothing but our immediate surroundings, and if we attempted to clamber over them to get wider views, we should be confronted by insurmountable obstacles.

But worst of all, on the moon we should find no air to breathe, no water to drink, no clouds to screen off the blinding sunshine by day, and no vaporous blanket to afford protection at night against the awful cold of empty space, hundreds of degrees below zero!

Evidently there could be no polar or other exploration amid such circumstances. But, situated as we are on the earth, 240,000 miles from the moon, we can avoid all its inconveniences, and yet get effectively near its South pole by the aid of the telescope.

This shows us the whole polar region in a single view, and all its features are before us at a glance. If we could get a similar view of the Antarctic continent the entire scene of the adventures of Shackleton, Amundsen and Scott would be plain before us.

The telescope is a gentle more powerful than any in the Arabian Nights; it seizes the moon for us and practically puts it in our lap.

With a magnifying power of 500 diameters, the moon is brought within 480 miles of the observer's eye; if the power is 1,000 the apparent distance is 240 miles, and with a power of 2,000 the distance becomes only 120 miles. Now let us see what this means.

Suppose you take an ordinary terrestrial globe, on which the geographical features of the earth are plainly represented—the seas and lands, the mountains and plains, the locations of the great cities, etc. Let the globe be one foot in diameter, a usual size. Take it on your knees.

When it is one foot from your eyes you see its features on the same scale as you see those of the moon with a telescope magnifying only about 120 diameters, and a small telescope will easily magnify that much.

Then bring the globe within a distance of about six inches and its features will appear on the same scale as those of the moon when magnified 240 diameters. In order to make the same comparison when the magnifying power of the telescope becomes 1,000 or 2,000, you must bring the globe so near that distinct vision is destroyed, and the only way to see its features clearly is to use a magnifying glass.

This shows us how it is that, thanks to the telescope, we really know more about the surface of the moon, as a whole, than we do about the surface of the earth. Of course, we do not see the minute details, but, on the other hand, we see the broad relations of the moon's geographic features better than we can represent those of the earth on an artificial globe.

Recently Mr. Scriven Holton of the Royal Astronomical Society of Great Britain has made a series of telescopic studies of the south polar region of the moon, and then constructed a plaster of paris model of them, which can be photographed in an electric light, at any desired angle of illumination, and the pictures thus obtained show the moon as it would appear to us if we could visit its surface, or hover close above it in an aeroplane. The mountains about the south lunar pole are much grander than

any found near the south pole of the earth. Some of them are nearly five miles high, and very deep.

Because of the absence of air and water there is little weathering action on the lunar rocks, and accordingly the huge, sharp peaks stand up in all their precipitousness for ages after ages, whereas the mountains of the earth are being continually worn down.

Perhaps the feature of the lunar landscape which would appear most wonderful to us is the immense number of great volcano-like craters that pit the surface. One of these in the neighborhood of the south pole is called Newton, and it is so deep and so steep-walled that the sunlight can never reach the bottom of it.

The stars all shine, with dazzling brilliance in the very presence of the sun, and when the latter rises, at the end of the lunar night of two weeks duration, it is preceded by no dawn, a curve of blinding light, shooting above the horizon and quickly swelling into a blazing globe that smites the rugged mountain peaks with its untempered rays. Yet behind every rocky wall black night prevails, although the sun be risen, until the solar beams penetrate directly into the hidden recesses.

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Whose Children's Birthday Today?

The Bee's "Little Folks Birthday Book" answers that question every day for your boys and girls