



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Matter of Height

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

One who has never taken heed of that very homely saying, that "The greatest values are done up in the smallest parcels," writes the following letter:

"I am 17 years of age, and in spite of my age, I am very short of stature. Many people often knock me, and especially young men in whose company I am, and others whom I do not know, and hardly think I would like to know, for the reason that they call me "shorty," "shrimpy," "Little One," and other names that irritate me. This would not be so bad, but as I am very well aware of the fact that I am short, it makes it twice as hard to bear when they say such things.

"I try to ignore all the remarks they make, but it is useless and I feel very heart-sick over them. When I go to a dance or to a ball, I come home usually very depressed, as I know how to dance quite well, and I seldom get a good partner to dance with, as young men, as well as other young ladies, do not want to take a chance with a little girl.

"I would feel very grateful if you would advise me as to what I should do, as I have a desire to be popular and jolly wherever I am, and often these remarks mar all my pleasure.

"OCTAVIA."

My dear Octavia, popularity is not a matter of inches. If it were, many who are now the happiest, merriest, most useful, most needed and best loved of all humankind, would find themselves isolated and despised. And other great, hulking, awkward, lazy creatures, slow in wit, loving and laughing, would suddenly discover popularity—a popularity that in most cases must carry its measuring string as an explanation.

In the first place, you are not through growing. While the majority no longer shoot upward after 20 is passed, there are instances of physical growth being incomplete at 30. You have at least three years of grace, and undoubtedly more.

I can understand what a hardship your short stature appears to you, but I ask you to forget it, lest brooding over it result in a greater misfortune. It is distressing to mourn for a few inches in physical growth to such extremes that the mental and spiritual growth are retarded, and that is what I fear for you. You are looking in instead of looking out, and that unfailingly results in dwarfed mentality and a spiritual blindness.

Please try to look at it in this way: The really great people of this world have, with few exceptions, been those of small stature. The useful ones, the helpful ones, those quick to scent danger and alert in averting it, have always been those who were short, like yourself. But, unlike yourself, they wasted no time mourning about it.

If you will look among your friends you will find the busiest women the happiest, the most useful, the quickest to serve, the smallest. In every form of life, from the lowest to the highest, the greatest dynamic power has been put in the smallest bodies. It is the bee, my dear, that is the emblem of industry, and the first sluggard the world ever knew had his eyes directed toward the ant as a rebuke and an example. If you are "helping mother" at home I will wager you are a greater help than your larger sister. If employed in an office or store, I am not afraid to affirm that you stand a better chance of promotion, because you are quick in your movements.

A little woman is always more tidy than one who is larger. Why this is I cannot explain, but a button off, a string hanging from a petticoat, a tear in a waist, are marks of a large woman rather than of her birdlike sister.

You want to be popular, which means you want to be loved. If you are fearful of becoming a spinster because of your size, dismiss your fears. The shorter the woman the greater the likelihood that she will marry and the greater probability she will rule her home. And the woman-ruled homes are the most prosperous and happiest.

I do not like the names that are given to you, but I am sure they express the bad taste of those who apply them rather than disrespect for you. We do not tease those we dislike. We keep away from them, ignore them, and if we attack them it is in a manner that cannot be likened to teasing.

You friends call you names because they like you. It is not the kindest way of showing regard, but youth is as cruel in showing affection as in showing hatred.

Since you cannot by fretting add to your physical growth, refuse to fret, remembering that if you continue to worry you will dwarf your spiritual and mental development.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

You Must Not Try.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Until a short time ago I was thought a great deal of by a young man two years my senior, but now it seems he cares for no other girl and does not bother with me.

I love him dearly and would like to win his love back again.

CONSTANT READER.

He had your love and did not prize it. His love is not worth the winning.

If you fret and cry you will convince him that he is a prize. Show him you do not care a rap for him. Call your pride to your rescue.

Neither is the One for You.

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 29 and deeply in love with a man five years my senior who is employed as a junior clerk in the same bank where I am employed as a stenographer, who does not reciprocate any of the attention I pay him, although both my mother and I have asked him to call on a number of occasions. I am also acquainted with a very gentlemanly chauffeur, and although I have a great liking for him, still there is not the same feeling of love that I have for my bank clerk, but he is genuinely and sincerely devoted to me.

I don't know whether to accept the attentions of the chauffeur and in time learn to love and cherish him, or to continue trying to win over the embryo banker. The bank clerk at present makes only \$12 a week, where the chauffeur in salary and tips earns at least five times that much and would be able to support me in better style.

AGNES H.

One doesn't care for you; you don't love the other. Doesn't that prove that neither is the man for you?

I am sorry you paid such marked attention to the first man. Don't do it again. A man likes to take the initiative in courtship, and when a girl takes it is tightens him away.

"Witchcraft"

Drawn for The Bee by Nell Brinkley

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A common enough court trial, even in these, our enlightened times. The Robed Justice, a much injured, woeful and wrathful young man, whom anybody can see has been conjured "scandalous," bewitched into lightheadedness; circled into following will-o'-the-wisps; spellbound by an enchanting eye.

The Offender, a soft, sweet creature—perhaps the saving, busy girl who hikes out gallantly to a shop or an office desk every morning, blue-skied or rainy—perhaps the little aristocrat who labors at riding in Central park o' mornings and serving tea afternoons in a

boudoir whose amphora vases three peach trees were flayed of their pinky blossoms to fill. Anyway, it's a creature that anybody can see is a Witch from the last feathery curl on the crown of her head to the strap of her brodered slipper.

The Counsel for the Defense, a small fat person, with a powerful tongue and eloquent eyes; with wings that are found sometimes to be slightly singed, who always wins his case. He never proves that his client isn't a witch—that isn't it—but he always get a light sentence—Oh! kisses or something like that. A thousand or so!

Dorothy Dix

Tells You How to Be Happy Though Fat. Women Have Got Fat on the Brain and Have Gone Mad on the Subject of Getting Thin.

By DOROTHY DIX

A fat girl has written me a tear-soaked missive in which she bewails her increased belt measure, and asks me if I can give her any good, reliable recipe for reducing her weight.

No, I cannot. If I knew any way to make this too, too solid flesh melt I should not be engaged in the occupation of writing articles for this column for the sake of my daily bread. I should be lending Mr. Rockefeller money, and helping out such poor neighbors as Andrew Carnegie and Ketty Green.

The people with even an alleged anti-fat remedy rake in fortunes. A real reduction cure, that would actually reduce, would cost so much money that it would make Aladdin's lamp look like old junk.

For women have got fat on the brain, and they have all gone stark, staring mad on the subject of getting thin. It has superseded all other interests in their lives, and where two or three are gathered together the conversation becomes nothing more nor less than an experience meeting of the different folk things they have tried in order to acquire a willowy figure. And at that, they have failed.

How to get thin is the burning issue in every feminine breast. The choicest compliment that you can pay a lady is to tell her how much she has fallen off, and the feminine definition of a cat is a sister woman who says: "Why, my dear, how well you are looking! You must have gained ten pounds this winter!"

Nor do women vainly long after attention. What they go through, the agony they endure in trying to achieve it, make the sufferings of the early Christian martyrs seem a mere picnic.

The maddening thirst of the ancient mariner, who saw water, water everywhere, but had not a drop to drink, is experienced every day by millions of women who sit at tables groaning under food and drink, but who deny themselves everything but a sip of water and a crust of dry toast for fear of adding another pound to the weight.

They are thirsty. They are hungry. Their mouths water for the rich soups, the succulent roasts, the piquant sauce, the bland creams, but they heroically mince along on a little spinach and a bit of zwitschke, which are guaranteed not to be fattening and which their very "st" turns from in loathing.

Not does starvation end their suffer-

ings. The tortures they endure in the form of exercise it has not entered into the mind of man even to conceive.

That the living skeleton is the accepted ideal of the feminine form divine today nobody will deny. But why? Who was the Paris who first picked out the skinny woman as conforming nearest to the feminine standard of perfect pulchritude? Who originated the theory that a lady's love should have a lean and hungry look?

Certainly, angles are not as beautiful as curves.

Surely, bones are not as alluring as firm, warm flesh. A haggard cheek, with hollows in it, is not as kissable as a round dimpled one. A full, milk-white throat is more enchanting than a stringy one that looks like an anatomical exhibit of glands and muscles.

Of course, to the eye of the cubist, or the futurist, the thin, anemic, tubercular looking woman may be prettier than the plump, healthy one, but as a matter of fact most of us don't object to a reasonable amount of adipose tissue on a woman. We like it.

This is especially true of men who, as a general thing, prefer the kind of a girl who makes a nice armful, instead of the kind that looks as if she were nothing but the original rib out of which her sex was made. You never hear of a husband urging his wife to hant and grow thin, or to lace a little tighter. On the contrary, every husband who takes enough interest in his wife to notice what she is doing urges her to eat all she wants, and drink what she likes, and have her clothes made loose enough to be comfortable.

This is what makes women's sacrifices on the altar of thinness so pathetic, for they martyrize themselves in vain. Men don't admire them a bit more when they weigh 130 than they do when they weigh 160, and so love's labor is lost, and they might just as well have eaten what they like as not.

However you look at it, the cult of emaciation is a foolish one. To begin with, it is as broad as it is long, and it has its disadvantages as well as its advantages. It is quite true that a slim figure looks younger than a plump one, but when a woman achieves a slighthness in one place she gets it in another, and with the twenty-inch waist goes a neck like a turkey gobbler's and arms the size of a yard stick.

Also wrinkles come quicker in a thin face than in a plump one, so that in the end it is a choice between having a young-looking figure or a young-looking face.

As women grow older they either grow fatter or thinner, and the advantage is with the fat woman, because she never has the strained, overwrought, nervous appearance of her haggard sister. She looks calm, satisfied, prosperous and happy—the sort of a person who is comfortable to live with, whose laugh is hung on a hair trigger, and who has enjoyed life and made it enjoyable for all about her.

"Nobody loves a fat man," said the disconsolate hero in a recent play, but everybody loves a fat old woman. Look about you and you will see that the most adored wives, the most beloved mothers, and the women with hosts of friends are not sylphlike creatures, but comfy, stout old ladies, who would break the hearts of a straight front maker.

So, ladies, throw your anti-fat remedies into the fire and be as stout as nature made you—and happy!



Garrett P. Serviss

On What Would Happen if the Orbital Motion of Earth was Retarded—Interference Might Precipitate It Into the Sun or Into Different Orbit

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

What would happen if, by some unforeseen obstacle, the orbital motion of the earth were retarded? Would the decrease of the earth's centrifugal force cause it to be drawn into the sun, or would the orbit be automatically adjusted, so that equilibrium would be restored?

The writer of that may seem to some readers to be borrowing trouble about nothing, but in reality he has asked a very practical question. The kind of knowledge he seeks is of the same nature as that sought by the steamship passenger who insists on knowing what provision has been made for an encounter with icebergs.

The earth rushes eastward round the sun at a velocity of about 13 1/2 miles per second. But, while interstellar space, like the Atlantic ocean, offers plenty of open room for speeding suns and planets, yet it also contains many potential obstacles, such as great nebulae, both luminous and dark, some of which are billions of miles across, and wandering comets, and shoals of meteors, and huge invisible bodies which are only known to exist by the effects that they produce upon visible stars that have fallen under the influence of their attraction; to say nothing of the millions of other suns which, like ours, are rushing in all directions, like ships at sea, each seeking its own port.

Some of these, like the immense star Antecurus, which exceeds our sun thousands of times in magnitude, are moving with appalling speed, as if they were giant battleships running their way through the universe.

So it is evident that accidents may happen even to the best ordered solar systems, and an inquiry like that made above is worthy of an answer.

If the "unforeseen obstacle" should absolutely destroy the earth's orbital motion round the sun, the consequence would be that the earth would fall straight into the sun and be consumed almost in a flash. But there would be time for its inhabitants to make dignified preparation for their end, since the earth would take about sixty-four and a half days to fall to the sun after its orbital motion was arrested. If the orbital motion of the moon were similarly destroyed it would fall to the earth in about four days and twenty hours.

If the obstacle acted for a short time only and destroyed but a part of the earth's orbital motion, then the earth

would drop nearer the sun and begin to travel round it in a smaller orbit. In that case the earth would adjust itself automatically to the new state of affairs. But probably it would not be very agreeable for us to be carried, say, twice as near the sun as we are now, for then the quantity of solar heat falling upon the earth would be quadruple.

If the obstacle acted as a continuous resistance to the earth's orbital motion, then the earth would gradually approach the sun on a spiral path, until, at last, it would plunge into the solar furnace. The same result would be produced, but much more slowly, if the resistance were encountered by the earth periodically as some point in its orbit. The orbit would then become a little smaller after each encounter, until, at last, it might become so small that it would pass within the body of the sun, which is 86,000 miles in diameter.

Something of this kind seems actually to have occurred to Encke's comet, whose orbit has been observed to become slightly smaller at several returns, as if, at some place, it encountered a swarm of meteors lying in its path.

It would also be possible for some vast mass, like an extinguished sun, passing near the solar system, to so act upon the earth as to increase instead of decrease its orbital velocity, and in that case the earth would adjust itself to the new conditions by moving away from the sun, and traveling in a larger and more remote orbit, perhaps away out in the cold of distant space. If it were carried as far away as Jupiter is from the sun, the heat that it received would be only about one-twenty-fifth as much as it now gets.

But the earth might be dragged off, like a kidnapped child, by a huge passing body, and then it would never see its family again. All the other planets would suffer similarly, the solar system would be broken up and scattered abroad, and the sun itself, owing to the tremendous tidal forces set in action by the near approach of the disturbing body, would probably be burst asunder, and the entire system reduced to a chaotic state of a whirling, spiral nebula.

This is not purely a fanciful picture, for there are many reasons for believing that just such catastrophes have happened to other suns and solar systems, and have been visible to us in the form of new, temporary stars, some of which, like the great new star of 105, have actually been seen to turn into nebulae.

But the universe is only the more interesting for these things. The joy of the Creator is in making, unmaking and remaking, and perhaps, in a higher state of existence we shall take the same pleasure in these vast changes that we now find in watching the progression from seed to flower and from flower back to seed, while spring, summer and autumn flit over our gardens.



Changes

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Pink Morning comes with petals in her hair,
As fragrant as the kisses of a bride;
Bright noon comes marching with its dazzling glare
To scatter spears athwart the countryside.
The purple twilight follows dreamily,
Soothing the senses like a mother's breath;
Each of these changes through the years we see,
And then comes Night—and Death.

How many, many changes have I seen—
Dawn, Noon, the purple Twilight and the Night,
How often have I watched them with a queen,
Dear queen of love who made my years so bright
Still shift the scenes and still the seasons whirl!
And eagerly I watch them, for I see
In every tint the tresses of the girl
Who smiles and beckons us

Charles Flees to Scotch

By THOMAS B. GREGORY.

The 6th day of May, 1856, will always be an interesting date in English history, for on that day King Charles the First, staggered by the crowning disaster at Naseby, turned as a last resort to the cannie Scots, who were destined to establish a precedent in the line of commercial transactions by selling the king for so much hard cash.

The Scotch hated the English and loved liberty and hure, and the circumstances, duly considered, they not greatly to blame for turning the king to their pecuniary advantage.

In the first place, Charles had "done them much evil." He was the bitter foe of Presbyterianism and Presbyterians, and in more ways than one had shown that the freedom which Scotchmen so ardently loved held a pretty low place in his esteem.

In the second place, the king had, by his habitual and persistent insincerity and double dealing, forfeited all claims upon the respect and consideration of mankind, and, having no principle himself, the Scotch felt it would be violating nothing very sacred if they sold him to the English.

Charles had to go. That was all there was to it. "But," said the thrifty Scots, "while he is going we will make a little something out of it." And they did.

They sold him to the English for four hundred thousand pounds—\$2,000,000—not a bad price for a king who had already lost his throne and crown.

It would not be just to withhold in this connection a certain mitigating circumstance. The 400,000 was only part of a much larger sum that the English had been owing the Scotch for a long time and would not pay. Hallam, in his "Constitutional History of England," says that the English Parliament did not intend to pay this debt and would never have paid it but for the desire of gaining possession of the king. The Scotch were well aware of all this, and when the requisition for the king was made they agreed to deliver him.

