

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Gaby Deslys and Her Pet; First Dog to Wear Earrings



Above are shown pictures of Gaby Deslys and Babe, her tiny Mexican Chihuahua dog. The dog is the first to wear earrings. These earrings were made of pearls to match Gaby's famous \$200,000 necklace, reputed to have been given her by former King Manuel of Portugal. Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox has written of all this as follows:

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

The dog is an interesting animal of great intelligence. In the mine animal kingdom he is the farthest advanced toward the human incarnation of all the quadrupeds. This is due greatly to his close association with human beings and the education received through their companionship.

Everything which contains the divine essence, in the mineral kingdom, enters in the vegetable kingdom, sounds in the animal kingdom and thinks in the human kingdom. Everything is on its way back to God. Everything has its place and sphere in this present incarnation. It would be folly to take the minerals and try to use them as vegetables. It would be ridiculous to try to make a vegetable appear as an animal and it is quite as ridiculous to undertake to make an animal appear like a human being in attire or deportment.

Animals are entitled to our kind care, our sympathy and our affectionate treatment. By bestowing these we help them along toward the development which will fit them for a higher plane and at the same time we develop our own characters by showing our consciousness of responsibility toward weaker things. But the moment we begin to give animals the same treatment which we give to children or human adults we make ourselves ridiculous. There are silly women who give their dogs a seat at the table; there are silly women who talk baby talk to their dogs and lavish caresses upon them in public, and now comes the silliest of all women who bestow diamond earrings upon her dog.

It is not only silly, but it is unkind to the dog and accomplishes nothing save to exploit a foolish vanity and desire for publicity. That great soul, J. Howard Moore, says in his "University Kinship": "Look upon and treat others as you do your own hands, your own eyes, your very heart and soul with infinite care and compassion, as suffering and enjoying the members of the same great being with yourself. This is the spirit of the ideal universe. It is this alone can redeem the world and give to it the peace and harmony for which it longs. Yes, do as you would be done by and not to the dark man and the white woman alone, but to the sorrel horse and gray squirrel as well; not to creatures of your own anatomy only, but to all creatures. Do more than live and let live; live and help live. Do to the being below you as you would be done by beings above you.

"Poor, undeveloped, untaught creatures. They are fellow mortals. Let us be kind and merciful to them."

But that does not mean that we are to give our four-legged animals diamond earrings, necklaces or rings, put them in chairs at our tables, or otherwise place them on a par with human beings in a manner which does not benefit them and which they cannot understand or appreciate.

The finest bred horse in the world would not enjoy a four-post bedstead as a place of slumber. What he needs is a light, airy, comfortable stall, with clean straw for a

bedding. The most intelligent cat or dog in the world, however finely bred and carefully educated, does not appreciate having his mistress call herself his mother.

The devotion, the faithfulness, the loyalty and the unselfishness of many a dog, in fact of most dogs, may well put the majority of human beings to shame. Few of us have the faith in our God, however devout we may be, which enables us to illustrate it by obedience and devotion such as a dog shows his master or mistress. All these things are to be appreciated by the right-minded human being, and affection, protection and kindness shown the animal. To go farther than this simply makes us ridiculous and does the animal no good.

## The Sun His Own Timekeeper

Sun Dials — Beautiful, Useful and Romantic — Were the First Instruments Invented to Measure the Flight of Hours, and Are Still the True Watchdogs of Noon.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

"Kindly tell us all about a sun-dial, how it is built, the principle underlying the idea. Can a set sun-dial give the correct time summer and winter alike?" W. N. N. Richmond Hill.

"Heras non numero nisi serenas" ("I count only the sunny hours"). Such was the favorite motto inscribed on the old sun-dials, and it reveals at once the true application of the instrument as a measure of time, and the poetic beauty of the conception on which it is based.

The sun-dial has given to literature one of its finest allegorical phrases, "The shadow on the dial." What metaphor, or rhetorical figure, excels that in contemplative power?

The slow on-crawling of the dark gray, delicate-edged shade of the gnomon, gradually reaching and covering the successive figures of the hours in a curiously fascinating sight. It is like the march of doom. With a magnifying glass you can see the movement of time's shadowy finger. To the imagination it is an uncanny sight. It is more motion made visible, for what seems to move is nothing, because a shadow has no substance. There is no invention that man has ever made which puts under his eyes so startling an image of the fleetingness of life as is furnished by the sun-dial. The movement of clock-hands has no such effect, for that is manifestly a purely mechanical phenomenon. Here, perhaps, lies the occult reason why these instruments have never been popular, why they were often attached to churches and cemeteries, why moral maxims appeared in the mottoes that they bore, and why, in these days, whenever you find a man who has taken pains to furnish his garden with a sun-dial, you are sure to discover that he is of a meditative or contemplative disposition.

The sun-dial tells the true sun-time, at the place or on the meridian, where it is situated. Clocks are provisors and compromisers. If you want to know the moment when it is truly noon you must go to the sun-dial for that information. Your clock will, ordinarily, give you what is actually somebody else's noon, situated a considerable distance east or west of you, while somebody else's clock will give him your noon, and neither will have the real noon. This is all right for general, practical purposes in this all-grasping age, when we have made the world our oyster, and are concerned with all sides of it at once, but it is not right for certain, innumerable persons, who, for one reason or another, want to know the exact time shown by the real sun at the point on the earth where they happen to live, and not the conventional time shown by what astronomers call the "fictitious sun," which they have created to make easy work for clocks—nobody being able to make a clock that could accurately follow the sun, whose apparent motion through the sky varies in accord with the variations of the earth's real motion around it. Four times in a year, about April 15, June 14, September 1 and December 24, the clock and the sun agree.

There you have the whole philosophy of the sun-dial: it holds up its motions in the finest of the gnomon, exactly in the meridian on sunny days, and the sun, traveling from east to west through the sky, throws the shadow of the gnomon onto a graduated dial, and causes that shadow to move eastward across the dial, keeping perfect step with its own progress in the opposite direction. It shows the true local sun-time at all seasons.

The simplest of all forms of sun-dial, and the easiest to make, is a flat plane of metal or stone, placed horizontally, and having the line of the true meridian of the place, or the true north and south line, drawn through its center. Another line, at right angles to this, is the 4 o'clock, east and west line.

Upon the meridian line is set up the gnomon, a thin triangular piece of metal, one of whose angles is a right angle, while one of its two other angles is equal to the latitude of the place where the instrument is fixed upright on the dial in such a way that its right-angled corner is at the northern end of the base, or side on which it stands, while the side opposite to the right angle points directly toward the pole of the heavens, whose elevation above the horizon always equals the latitude of the place where the observer stands.

The shadow of the gnomon will move across the plate on the side opposite to that on which the sun shines, and will reach, in succession, a series of hour lines, which must be drawn at such distances apart as to correspond with the relative positions of the principal meridians of the globe.

As the shadow approaches the gnomon before noon and recedes from it after noon: At noon the sun will shine directly down upon the top of the upright triangle, or exactly in its plane, and there will be no shadow, the moon line on the dial corresponding, as we have already seen, with the direction of the gnomon itself. Standing on the south side of the dial, the forenoon hours will be on the left, and the afternoon hours on the right.

The proper positions for the hour lines on the dial can be ascertained by a simple geometrical method, which is too long to be described here, but which will be found, for instance, in the Encyclopedia Americana. It is very important to have the meridian on the dial placed in exact accordance with the real meridian, and the ascertainment of the latter is a problem in elementary practical astronomy. Many complicated and extremely beautiful forms of sun-dial were made in the days before clocks and watches became common. They are precious curios for those who can appreciate them.

## Anita Stewart's Talks to Girls

No 8—The Smoking and Drinking Menace

By ANITA STEWART.

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"Have a cigarette, Anita? What? You don't smoke? Oh, you poor little day-before-yesterday girl!"

"That's what lots of my friends say to me, and they are nice girls, too. Sometimes I think they are the best girls in the world because they have come unscathed through all the fire of temptation that the devil himself lights around the feet of a pretty poor girl in a big city.

But so many of them use cigarettes, and they tell me that I don't know what I'm missing when I don't join them in a smoke or two after a trying morning's work in the studio.

"Oh, yes, I do know what I'm missing in not smoking cigarettes," I say to them. "I am missing a bad case of nerves." And that, it seems to me, is the real answer to the question of why women shouldn't smoke.

We women are jumpy enough anyway. We are nothing but bundles of nerves, and why we should add to our over-supply by cultivating the cigarette habit, I have never been able to understand. If husky and phlegmatic men find that cigarettes are coffin nails, their effect is even more deadly on a delicate, high-strung girl.

Aside, however, from the physical effects of cigarettes, I am personally fastidious, and it revolts me to smell a girl's breath reeking of tobacco, and see her fingers stained with nicotine. If I were a man, I shouldn't like to kiss that kind of lips, nor hold that kind of a hand.

I never smoke cigarettes, and I never touch liquor in any form, not even a cocktail, or a glass of champagne at dinner, although at times it is embarrassing to refuse.

But it seems to me that the water route is the only safe route for a girl to travel, for young as I am, I have already noticed that nearly every woman who makes a wreck of her life runs her craft aground when she is befuddled with liquor.

Everybody knows this, and that's what makes them suspicious of the girl who drinks at all, and that's why you hear men say—and they say it with reverence—when they are discussing a girl, "Oh, she's all right. Straight as a string. Never touches anything but water." Just as they'll say with a leer of another girl, "Fond of the drink. That kind you know."

Of course this judgment is often very unjust. A girl who takes a drink with men may never drink too much. But she is always in danger, whereas the girl who doesn't drink at all is perfectly safe, so why run the risk?

More than that, there's a lot in avoiding the appearance of evil. We girls are emotional creatures, easily excited, and just the thrill of dining in a gay restaurant, with the music, and the lights, and the flowers, and all the beautifully dressed women coming in, runs through our veins like wine, and brings a flush to our cheeks, and a sparkle to our eyes, and keeps our voices up to concert pitch.

We may not have had a single drop of liquor to drink, but if there are a lot of wine glasses at our plates, and if we have taken even a sip of champagne, the chances are that every one about us will think that we are intoxicated.

Drink ruins a woman's looks quicker than anything else in the world. It dims her eyes, it washes out the roses in her cheeks, it puts fat on her figure, it puts folly in her heart, and makes her do the things that she would give her life to undo. It is a curse to men, but it is a curse and ruin to women, and that's why I urge all girls to join me on the water wagon.



## In-Shoots

The average married woman has to die to get a vacation.

As a rule woman can accomplish more by tears than smiles.

None save those of brutal instincts will sympathize with the wife-beater.

It is better to tell the truth in the first

place than to admit things when backed up in a corner.

Slavish solicitude on the part of the wife seldom wins affection of a selfless man.

The business man who begins the day with a smile may be excused if he lets it relax when a bore approaches.

If we could take a peep a hundred years hence we would all be surprised to find how easy the world can get along without us.

## Looking for the Props

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Human beings seem to divide themselves into two classes: the sturdy independent folks who work out their own life problems as independently as may be, and the spineless weaklings who waver through life seeking props.

No human being is really fully self-sufficient; no human being ought to rely to any great extent on any outside influence to bolster him up so that his uncurved weaknesses will not spoil his life. In the final analysis everyone has to work out his own problems and "dress his own suit."

After all, friendship, love, sympathy, guidance and the best intentioned desires to help will aid no one who does not choose to help himself. Do you remember the old fable of Aesop? It is called "Hercules and the Wagoner." This is how it goes:

"As a wagoner was driving his wain through a miry lane, the wheel stuck fast in the clay, and the horses could get no further. The man dropped on his knees and began crying and praying to Hercules with all his might to come and help him. 'Lazzy fellow,' said Hercules, 'get up and stir yourself. Whip your horses stoutly, and put your shoulder to the wheel. If you want any help then, you shall have it.'"

How wonderfully this tells the whole story. Anyone worth helping will make also the effort to help himself. Anyone who cries weakly and ineptly for assistance would fall even when assisted, because each time a squire stared him in the face he would shriek aloud for help.

The "clinging vine" is miserably unfair to himself and equally cruel to the "sturdy oak." Every human being has his own problem to face and his own burdens to bear for everyone the personal problems are hard enough.

To some strength enough is given so that they have it to spare for others even after they have managed their own lives. To them inevitably an appeal will be made by the "weaker brethren." And a generous nature must always give lavishly of the help and understanding it has in its power to offer.

But if you are one of those who are in

the habit of casting your burdens on others, stop for a moment and think: Are any of your problems ever really solved when you do not solve them? Don't you see that life in its wisdom insists on disciplining you and "whipping you into shape?"

If today you are given a certain situation and if instead of facing it you rush with it to a wiser mind for solution and unreasonably and with rather pathetic faith accept the solution just because the wiser mind has offered it, you are denying your reasoning powers a chance to figure out your problem and refusing to search your own nature for the reserves of strength which may well be there.

Read over again the little fable of "Hercules and the Wagoner." Determine to stir yourself when you find the wheels

of your chariot are caught in the mire. Give yourself the exercise of trying to extricate yourself. Then if you fail, you have a right to wiser counsel and when you see it applied to the situation, you will be able to figure out why you failed and so act more intelligently in your next difficulty.

Don't get into the habit of rushing with all problems to some one wiser and stronger than you. Aid and counsel are splendid things. But the exercise of your own ingenuity and intelligence and good judgment are of equal importance. Don't be a "clinging vine."

If you are, you will impede the oak to which you fastened yourself and you will make yourself so weak that if storm winds or breaks your oak you must be cast to the ground a mass of tangled leafage, doomed to destruction.

## Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Do Not See Him Again.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am in this summer I met through a flirtation a roan eight years my senior. He seemed to be a gentleman and I took great liking to him. He asked me if I would let him be a good friend. Now I hear he is married and a gambler.

You must have absolutely nothing more to do with this man. You should never have flirted with him in the first place, and now that you know he is a gambler you must drop him at once. The case would be still worse if he is married. But whether or not he is, he is still a dangerous associate for you and you must end your acquaintance at once.

Let Well Enough Alone.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am going about with a young lady whom I love dearly and who has told me that my love is reciprocated. Previous to our friendship she had seen much of another man, but after she had consented to become my wife she refused to see him. Now he has begun teahounding her, and asking whether he can call to which she replied no. He presented her with a miniature set, which she has never used.

Would it be proper to return this to him, after she had it for years? P. F.

Your friend should have returned the gift at the time when she ceased receiving the other man's attentions. To do so now would be merely to give him a chance to protest, and so to reopen affairs between them. The best way to rid herself of his unwelcome attentions is to tell him frankly that she cares for some one else.

Has Treated You Unfairly.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I met a young girl ten months ago and learned to like her. I persuaded her to improve her education in English and music, for which she has a talent; she accepted it and I started to help her with expenses.

After eight months I told her my intentions, but she said she did not care for me. Will you advise me if you think I have any hope to win her heart? HEARTBROKEN.

You had best discontinue your acquaintance with the girl; she certainly had no right to let you pay her education, and now that she has told you she does not care for you, both dignity and propriety demand discontinuing your friendship.

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