

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Creed Based on Love Man's Greatest Treasure

Person Who Tries to Break Down Humanity's Belief in Immortality Adds to Misery in World and Helps to Keep His Fellow Beings in Chains.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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Whoever has begotten by pure love,
And came desired and welcomed into life,
Is of immaculate conception. He
Whose heart is full of tenderness and truth,
Who loves mankind more than he loves himself,
And cannot find room in his heart for hate,
May be another Christ. We all may be
The Saviours of the world, if we believe
In the Divinity which dwells in us
And worship it, and nail our grosser selves,
Our tempers, greeds and our unworthy aims
Upon the cross. Who giveth love to all,
Pay kindness for unkindness, smiles for frowns,
And lends new courage to each fainting heart,
And strengthens hope and scatters joy abroad,
He, too, is a Redeemer, Son of God.

"Old Flames" ::: Mary :::

Mary :::

By Nell Brinkley
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Our Deadly Habits

No. 1—Drinking at Meals

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, M. D.

How many repetitions does it take for nonsense to become accepted as the sacred truth? Not very many, apparently, provided that it is once enunciated with sufficient solemnity and perpendicularity of front. The world is full of "wise saws and modern instances," which most people accept as implicitly and unquestioningly as they do the law of gravitation—if they happen to know what that is.

All that is necessary, apparently, is to get a thing said, a rule printed in the text books (and so-called scientific text books were just as bad as the village whistler club until twenty or thirty years ago), and then it does the rest and perpetuates itself automatically.

For instance, of all the popular rules of health which were preached to the young in the past, and indeed the present generation, none was more undispensed and more universally accepted as gospel, whether lived up to or not, than the dictum that you must not drink water with your meals, or, if you did, as little as possible.

Fortunately, like most of our creeds, none of us succeeded in living up to it, and now our perverseness and our heresy have been triumphantly vindicated.

The law has actually been tried out upon half a dozen different squads of student volunteers on both sides of the Atlantic, with the triumphant and unanimous finding, in every test, that the squad which drank the most pure water with their meals, ate the most food, did the best work, enjoyed the best health during the experiment, and got rid of their food waste cleaner and better than those who drank small amounts of water or none.

The squad that drank the least water, either none at all, or less than half a glass, came out at the foot of the list in every one of these categories.

In fact, there is every reason to shrewdly suspect that the real basis of this ancient saw was, like so many of our so-called health precepts about food, pure stinginess. Because the less water the household drank at their meals, the less food they consumed, and the lower the cost of their grocery bills.



Editorial -for- Women

By DOROTHY DIX

Here is a tip to mothers: Watch your young daughter's friends. Scrutinize carefully her men friends, for many wolves there be in sheep's clothing. Keep a wary eye on her girl friends, because birds of a feather are supposed to flock together, and one silly, loud, indiscreet young person can compromise all who associate with her. But as you value your daughter's safety, turn a searchlight of investigation upon the character and antecedents of her middle-aged women acquaintances.

These women have grown old and fat. Their joints are stiff. They have lost their good looks. They can no longer attract men of themselves. Men no more are willing to blow in their money on them for luncheons, and little dinners, and theaters, and cabarets, and suppers. But the women are still avid for masculine attention, and for good times.

So the heartless, conscienceless woman looks about her and picks out some pretty, fresh, innocent young girl that she can use for bait. Generally she selects a girl who is in a humbler social set than her own, and less well off—a girl to whom the gift of a pretty frock or two will mean much, and who is enchanted at riding in a limousine and sitting in a box at the opera.

Apparently Mrs. Smartley has become the patroness of little Miss Dowdy, and little Miss Dowdy is so pleased and grateful, and little Miss Dowdy's mother is so flattered, and brags about it to all of her friends, and tells how Mrs. Smartley just can't do anything without Mamie, and what a privilege it is for a girl to have as a friend a middle-aged woman who takes her about with her everywhere.

Yes, Mrs. Smartley is looking after Mamie, as the cat looks after the mouse she is playing with. Mrs. Smartley takes Mamie with her for the potent reason that Mamie is the lure that tolls men back to her. No man will invite Mrs. Smartley alone out to lunch or drag her avordupois about a dance floor.

Mrs. Smartley is perfectly aware of this, and so she goes to the telephone and calls up some man and says: "I've got the prettiest young girl you ever saw with me. Regular living picture. Just 30, and fresh as a rose. And dances like a bit of thistle-down. Don't you want to meet us somewhere for luncheon, and afterward we can go to a dance?"

And the man goes because of the young girl. He and Mrs. Smartley understand each other perfectly. And because she gets the old woman the pleasures that she desires and cannot get for herself the girl is taken to places that no young girl should frequent. She is introduced to men she should never meet. She is taught to drink things she should never taste, and lessons in life that innocence should never learn.

Many a young girl is started on the road to perdition by just such an older woman. And many a girl who stops short of taking the final plunge has her life ruined by such association because, she has been given false ideals, and acquired a taste for the bright lights that she met domestically every afterward seem dull and monotonous.

Just because these women are more sophisticated and worldly-wise than a girl's own mother, their influence is greater than hers, and because they frankly preach the doctrine of living while you live, they make the most dangerous appeal possible to the youthful imagination and thus become the greatest possible peril to girlhood.

Because of this danger, mothers, be suspicious of your little girl's friendship with older women. Don't let your innocent little daughter be used as a decoy dove.

In the candle of my flames glows the face of Mary. Mary! There is a name! Ivy and Ruth were blurred in my mind when the first years of high school came, and with them Mary. Here I was leaping ahead into the years—as a man's mind leaps ahead of him as he writes on the typewriter. I remembered nothing. I dreamed ahead.

Now—now—I am looking back—and wishing again for Ivy and the days of my old straw hat. Then—I was wearing my first long trousers and dreaming of top-hats. Mary came—golden of hair—real gold. Not the fine pale sun-color of Ivy's little gypsy head—but dusky-gold with a thread of brown glinting through. I seem to have been magnetized by woman's hair. Mary's was thick and soft, and deeply waved—and it hung in fat, stretchy ringlets over her shoulders. I will never forget how it fanned out from her face in the shape of a golden clock.

Her eyes were brown—velvet brown. And Mary's manner was so soft and velvety as her eyes. She had a thrilly laugh. I was 15 then—and Mary was, too. She sat in school far across the room from me—and I watched her golden head the first day and wondered shamedly if ever she might walk home with me. She wore little gray frocks—with red velvet on them. And her cheeks were like peaches—almost tea-rose pink.

I carried home her books one day—and my heart beat in my throat like a fist there when her curls bobbed against my shoulder and the rustle of her skirts brushed me by. She walked with little steps and a swing to her soft shoulders that was a delight. She had an enchanting little habit of lifting her brows in the middle and crinkling her nose. I teased her. I remember, to call up this trick.

She was "strong on" science. And could draw crabs and grasshoppers in her notebook with a shine to their backs that left me stunned with admiration! So with my science she helped me—her gold head bent thrillingly close to mine.

I never kissed Mary. No. But sometimes—my mind almost thought of the wonder of ever doing it—and then veered away in a scared fashion. She it was who dragged me through science many a time when I teetered on the anguishing fence between a flunk and a passing mark—and gave me the little push that helped me to fall on the right side. I who was a master-mathematician proved the hypothesis of things to her bewildered little brain.

I took her to the school dances. And she went in pink and blue fluffy things that I had to be very careful of. For I still had boy feet. I carried her slipper bag. And I suspect—I know that at these state affairs she put talcum powder on her small nose.

Here came to me—the first soft lure of feminine ways and feminine things, and the belief in them. The soft lace at throat and elbows—the satin sheen of her girdles—the tucking in of her adorable chin like a bird's soft breast—the bows on her slippers—the tiny fan she carried and flirted softly.

My growing heart was enchanted with the wonder of Mary, who was a girl-girl! And here I first touched hands and cared to help a girl across rough places. Here I first eyed and pondered on Mary's smooth hands—her thin pink nails like bits of satin feld-spar—and approved of beauty and daintiness. Ivy's hands had been brown. Brown! And I hadn't cared. Now there were distinctly boy-hands and girl-hands—and mine look mighty big! Mary shines in the fourth candle of my flames—the fourth—but Mary was the first glow of the mysterious star-shine that woman means in man's cloudy sky.

No. Mary didn't move away. I came east to college. I wrote to Mary—for a long time. And then—Mary married!

—NELL BRINKLEY.

Household Economy

How to Have the Best Cough Remedy and Save by Making It at Home

Cough medicines, as a rule contain a large quantity of plain syrup. A pint of granulated sugar with 1/2 pint of warm water, stirred for 2 minutes, gives you as good syrup as money can buy.

Then get from your druggist 2 1/2 ounces Pinex (50 cents worth), pour into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with sugar syrup. This gives you, at a cost of only 54 cents, a full pint of really better cough syrup than you could buy ready made for \$2.50—a clear saving of nearly \$2. Full directions with Pinex. It keeps perfectly and tastes good.

It takes hold of the usual cough or chest cold at once and conquers it in 24 hours. Splendid for whooping cough, bronchitis and winter cough.

It's truly astonishing how quickly it loosens the dry, hoarse or tight cough and heals and soothes the inflamed membranes in the case of a painful cough. It also stops the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchial tubes, thus ending the persistent loose cough.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, combined with guaiaecol, and has been used for generations to heal inflamed membranes of the throat and chest.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex," and don't accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.