

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Builders Are Among Earth's Best Dwellers

By ADA PATTERSON.

Bless the builders. Those folk who leave something fine and strong and sheltering and helpful where nothing was before. The builders of bridges across dividing and discouraging streams, the builders of railroads across dusty, unknown lands, the builders of homes, and, most of all the builders of lives.



Personally I have never greatly admired writers. They do the work they can do and most of them do it as well as they can, but they do not leave something where nothing was before. They write of what others have done. They are reflections of the light of others. A few there are who build a philosophy whereby men live and work and prosper. In those rare instances writers are builders, and deserve the blessings of all grateful hearts.

A man may build a boat, an automobile, a great industrial system. Sometimes we hear of building a gown, or he may not fashion something with nails or needles, but he may organize the working forces of others and give them direction, as the man who has built mills and provided work for thousands of hands.

"Show me a man who has done something," cried Kipling, impatient of the praise of a fellow craftsman of the pen, writing "of things as he saw them."

The man most worthy of admiration, of all I know, is one who built a tunnel which had been pronounced hopeless. Men had begun to call that tunnel "The Murderer." The bursting river had taken so many lives. It had broken so many fortunes invested in it that men had killed themselves. One had died when hope died. A broken heart who had lost his fortunes and that greater fortune, hope, had killed him. But this man, a long, lank, lean Kentuckian, with calm eyes in which dreams lay, said: "I believe I can build that tunnel." He tried. He tried more bravely and mightily than the others and he succeeded. The nation so admired the man who built the "hopeless" Hudson tunnel that it elected him its secretary of the treasury.

Another man, rival with the first in my admiration, is a builder of towns. He is a man whom waste troubles. He saw broad waste spaces near his home in Brooklyn. He wanted to see spaces covered with compactly built homes. He wanted piles of unsightly, drying soil transformed into neat lawns and flower and grass plots in front and garden plots in the back of houses. And what he dreamed he did. Never despite the dreamer. He is a builder before the deed.

This man in his youth owned nothing besides his clothing, his health, and beneath his thatch of iron-colored hair, a mind of ideas. A great death dealing blizzard overtook his city. The youth, issuing from an office building at the hour when offices closed, tossed a last nickel in his palm. It was the last coin he had in the world, but he regarded it with a smile.

"Heads, I take a car home. Tails I have a cup of coffee and walk home," he said. He drank the cup of coffee and trudged home. And though others died in the storm he arrived at home after hours of fighting the great storm, his cheeks flushed, his fingers frostbitten at the tips, but his eyes full of courage. Of course such a man did what he set about. He reclaimed half a dozen waste places on Long Island. At least six towns that he called into being regarded him as a father.

Let us not forget the builders of lives. I know a woman neither young, nor attractive, nor extraordinarily clever. Yet she has built the life of her husband until it reared itself into the sunlight of success as a mountain peak pierces the sun. His health was impaired. The doctors said he could live but a short time. A fire destroyed property. He was sinking into lazy pessimism. She took up the scraps of his broken life and helped him build them into their present splendid structure. Hate of this gray-haired, plain-faced, middle-aged little assistant builder.

There are four classes of beneficient human beings. The builders, the healers, the inspirers and the comforters. And of these none is greater or more helpful than the builders.

Resinol



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Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap are absolutely free from anything harsh or injurious and can therefore be used freely for babies' skin troubles—eczema, heat rash, teething rash, chafings, etc. They stop itching instantly and speedily heal even severe and stubborn eruptions. Doctors have prescribed the Resinol treatment for the past 20 years.

Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap are sold at drug stores. Samples free. Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

These Modish Misses' Frocks at Little Cost



The school dress on the left, in serge, requires four and a half yards of serge (\$9), one and three-quarter yards of China silk for waist lining (\$1.13), handkerchief linen (43 cents), and incidentals (\$1.13), making the materials amount to \$11.69. The gown made to order costs \$35.

The silk dress for dinner (in the center), in faille, requires seven yards of the silk (\$21), three-eighths of a yard of organdie (50 cents), and belt-ings, button-moulds, etc. (50 cents), making the materials cost \$22. The gown made to the measurements of the individual costs \$45.

The top coat (on the right), is a necessity for the school girl and may be fashioned from any weather-resisting clothes. A new idea is the lining of corduroy in a contrasting color. This garment may be purchased, made to measurements of the individual, for \$35, but, made at home for less.

Harmless Gossip

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"With every death a reputation dies," does add poetic license to truth, but unfortunately it has a superstructure of fact. Scandal most decent people abhor, but everyone seems to have a secret hankering for "a little harmless gossip." When a group of individuals gathers together all talk about people or things or ideas exactly in accordance with their mental ability. Petty minds can't think beyond the affairs of the neighborhood. Little souls must look at life personally and deal in concrete conceptions in which Mr. A. and Miss B. and Mrs. C. figure.

Broader minded men and women are interested in events, in happenings of life about them, in the larger world of news. And really superior minds concern themselves with speculation, with mental experiment, with the sort of thing that has made for growth and progress and discovery.

"A little harmless gossip" may truthfully enough begin quite unmaliciously. Suppose A. tells B. that X. looks worried. Then B. who has nothing better to talk about, tells C. that X's affairs must be in rather a bad way, for he really isn't looking well at all. Next C., who wants to appear interesting, and well informed in the eyes of D., tells that individual that X is on the verge of a failure.

And D., with a very know-it-all air, remarks to E. that Mrs. X's extravagance has ruined her husband and tomorrow he is going into bankruptcy.

Nobody wants to be malicious. Nobody meant to do the X's irreparable harm, but what began as a trifling and unconsidered bit of gossip has grown to dangerous proportions. X's creditors hear of it and force him into bankruptcy perhaps, and Mrs. X finds her matrimonial happiness gone because she feels that her husband wasn't man enough to take the blame on his own shoulders, but hid behind a woman.

Mrs. Y. is walking up the avenue and meets Mr. Z. He suggests they lunch together instead of each having a lonely meal. Harmless enough—but Mr. Y. is in a far-distant city and Mrs. Z. is in the country for the summer. And a "little harmless gossip" so magnified the event of the luncheon that it grows from a harmless indiscretion to an "outrageous flaunting of a shameful infatuation." And it actually brings about a divorce in one family and a life clouded by suspicion for the other.

It is exactly this type of thing that "a little harmless gossip" causes. I wonder why so few of us remember that the way we interpret other people's actions has to be based on self-knowledge. If we know each in our own soul that a seemingly innocent thing would mean ignoble purpose in our own case, naturally we must conclude that it means the same in another case.

Each of us takes ourself as the standard of measurement. Each of us interprets other people's actions in terms of what we would mean if we did the same thing. Each of us must look at life through his own eyes. A little thought and every one of us will grant the truth of this statement.

Then here is the thought that ought to make us all tremble at the thought of gossip. If we sneeringly and suggestively comment on the action of another we are only confessing that in like cases we would not be acting decently and disinterestedly.

So against gossip there are three great arguments: In talking about people we acknowledge ourselves too stupid to conceive of life impersonally in terms of things and ideas, we do irreparable harm to innocent people; and by malicious interpretation of simple acts we confess ourselves practically incapable of acting with simple decency.

LOSING HOPE WOMAN VERY ILL

Finally Restored to Health By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Belleuve, Ohio.—"I was in a terrible state before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. My back ached until I thought it would break, I had pains all over me, nervous feelings and periodic troubles. I was very weak and was losing hope of ever being well and strong. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I improved rapidly and today am a well woman. I cannot tell you how happy I feel and I cannot say too much for your Compound. Would not be without it in the house if it cost three times the amount."—Mrs. CHAS. CHAPMAN, R. F. D. No. 7 Belleuve, Ohio.

Woman's Precious Gift. The one which she should most zealously guard, is her health, but it is the one most often neglected, until some ailment peculiar to her sex has fastened itself upon her. When so affected such women may rely upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a remedy that has been wonderfully successful in restoring health to suffering women.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

Sir Isaac Newton on a Subway Train...

He Would Have Been as Delighted as a Boy Over the Opportunities There Offered Him for Practical Studies of the Laws of Motion

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.



In a subway train I got up to walk to the rear entrance, as the train was slowing down for a stop, and it was just like struggling up a steep, rocky hill. I nearly fell over backward. I suppose there is a scientific explanation for this, so please tell me what it is.—Stranger in New York.

If some modern physicists are right in their reasonings you were struggling against the mutable demon called electricity in his most mysterious form. What pushed you backward was the fundamental thing of the physical world—inertia—and inertia ordinarily defined simply as resistance to motion, or to change of motion, is, according to the mathematico-physical philosophers just referred to, an electro-magnetic phenomenon.

But, putting aside all these speculations, which sometimes smack too much of metaphysics, we can find a perfectly clear explanation by considering inertia according to its plain, commonsense definition, as that quality of matter on account of which it requires force to change its condition of rest or motion.

If you stand erect in a subway train when it suddenly starts you will be flung backward, because your body, by virtue of the property of inertia (which is a kind of protest against interference, and the very type of conservatism), refuses to obey like a slave the command of the automatic motorman to jump ahead. It proposes to itself, on the contrary, to stay as it is. But, being connected to the floor of the train by its feet, its lower portion is carried violently ahead, while the upper portion, still protesting and reluctant, and struggling to maintain its position in space, finds its support swept away from beneath by the forward motion, and, accordingly, falls over backward.

In other words, the inertia of the feet is overcome more rapidly than that of the body because they are more directly affected by the movement of the train. Friction holds them fast to the floor, and they have to start at once. If, instead of being shaped like a long cylinder, standing on end, your body had the form of a cube, which is not really upset, its entire inertia would act simultaneously to resist movement, and you would slide backward on the floor until the resistance had been overcome.

Now, take the case of which you speak, in which your body, having acquired a forward movement equal to that of the train, has changed its inertia of rest for inertia of motion. The nature of the inertia is the same in both cases; it is simply pure conservatism, or resistance to change.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Having been compelled to set itself going, your body now clings obstinately to the new state of things, and resents any effort either to stop its motion, or to vary its rate of moving. As long as the train is moving steadily at a fixed speed, you can rise and comfortably walk forward or backward, as you choose, because your movements inside the train are independent of the train's own motion. You are sharing that motion of the train, just as you would be sharing its state of rest if it were standing still, and in either case your walking about the floor is unimpeded.

But, when you rise from your seat at the moment when the train is slowing down for a stop, you encounter again the effects of a change of state related by inertia. Your whole body is moving forward with the common motion of the train and all its contents, and is reacting force, applied through the train's brakes, which tend to stop this motion.

If, at this instant, you erect your body upon the feet, the latter, being more promptly affected by the retardation of the train, lose the forward motion quicker than the upper part of the body does, and you pitch ahead in the direction of the original movement. In trying, in such circumstances, to walk toward the rear of the train you have to overcome

first the difference of momentum between your body and your feet, and must lean forward, just as you have expressed it, like a person climbing a steep hill. In fact, it is, potentially, a hill that you are climbing, and its slope is determined by the inclination that you have to give to your body from a perpendicular to the floor.

On the other hand, if you attempt to walk toward the front of the car when the train is slowing down, you must hurry your feet to catch up with the upper end of your body, and you will seem to be going down hill and have to lean backward. Two men meeting in such a case will both lean in the same direction, though walking in opposite directions, just as if one were climbing and the other descending a hill.

All these things are of the highest possible interest to a thoughtful person, inspired with intelligent curiosity concerning the causes of the phenomena amid which we live, and one cannot but picture to himself the delight which Newton would have experienced if he could have enjoyed the advantages which a subway train, in the hands of a motor-man just learning the business, affords for practical study of the laws of motion which the great Englishman formulated.

The cases with which we have been dealing fall under Newton's "First Law," which reads: "Every body perseveres in its state of rest, or of moving uniformly in a straight line, except in so far as it is made to change that state by external forces."

Advice to Lovelorn: By Beatrice Fairfax

The Indications Favor It. Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been keeping company with a nice young lady of 18 for several months. The other day our conversation turned to friendship and she told me that I was her best friend. She has also been writing to me weekly, all of which I have answered. Now, would you infer by that that she cared for me?
PERPLEXED.

Don't Try. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 15 and meet a boy every day, whom I have learned to care for. Now this boy speaks to me, but I don't think I should speak with him, as it is not proper. How may I become acquainted?
TROUBLED.

Not in Best Taste. Dear Miss Fairfax: For the last six months I have been engaged to a young lady. Not long ago one of her old sweethearts gave her a present. Was it right for her to accept it after we were engaged?
ANXIOUS.

Certainly Not. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am an engaged girl and have recently received a postal from an old acquaintance. Kindly advise me if it would be an injustice to my fiancé to acknowledge this card.
Obligations to your fiancé are strained if they result in making you impulsive to your old friends. Acknowledge the card in all means.

You are a nice, sensible girl to refuse to speak to a boy you don't know. Continue to be sensible by making no effort to meet him. All that will come to you in good time.

It was not in the best of taste, but perhaps your jealousy magnifies the wrong in it. If the former sweetheart's attentions end with this, you must not quibble over the matter.