

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## What Is a Pretty Girl?



"This is one of my prettiest," says Mr. Fisher.

This is the second of a series of three articles written specially for this page by the creator of the unrivaled Harrison Fisher girls.—Editor.

By HARRISON FISHER.

A great many persons don't know how to judge a pretty girl. The reason is that they have a mind of the microscope kind, that seeks for blemishes.

The only just way to judge whether a girl is beautiful, or possesses that lesser degree of beauty which is prettiness, is, first, whether her face is balanced; second, whether her figure is symmetrical. Personally, I am opposed to accepting

the canons of the ancient Greeks. I have to be convinced that they had any more authority for saying that a body should be so long, shoulders so wide, a foot so broad, than have we moderns. The truth is some of the works of the old masters were, so far as the subjects were concerned, atrocious. I have never seen uglier women than those whose portraits were done by some of the masters. "Smoked" hams, my father has called them, as we made our way down a gallery corridor inspecting some works of art.

In other words, I am of the opinion that it is possible for an artist of today to have too much reverence for the old masters. For instance, I say very

frankly that I think the Mona Lisa ugly. It is a form of snobbery that found expression in the widespread professed admiration for that picture. The Mona Lisa's long nose and sly smile are not beautiful. They are unpleasantly homely. But because the word went around that Mona Lisa was the work of a master everyone professed to intensely admire it.

It is not fair to measure a modern girl by the old standards. We should judge her by whether the impression made by her face is that of harmony, of balance. Personally, I admire the tilted nose, and I have a right to my opinion. The personal element enters more or less into every judgment of beauty. To my mind the nose that turns up slightly at the tip gives piquancy to the face. Accordingly, until I change my mind, my pictures of girls will have that characteristic. And a face is not inharmonious because it possesses that kind of a nose, unless all the other features are aquiline and so do not match.

It does not matter what the type of face, whether oval, aquiline or nearly round; if it gives the impression of balance, of harmony, it should be attractive. If one feature is out of harmony, if it spoils the balance, it will miss beauty.

And so of the figure, it may be avelte or plump, tall or short. It does not matter what the plan of its building provided it has correct proportions.

## World Inside the Atom

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

"To what extent is matter discontinuous? I have heard it said that a molecule is composed of only a few chemically elemental atoms; and, again, that it is made up of millions of them, each isolated to a remarkable degree. Which view is right? Is the hypothetical electron supposed to bear the same relation to the atom as the atom does to the molecule? If a molecule of water, for example, comprises only two atoms of hydrogen and one of oxygen, where is the inter-atomic space of which we hear so much? Or is there a distinction between the chemical atom and the physical atom?"



"EDWIN SUTHERLAND.  
New York."  
When the man of science turns into the realm of atoms, molecules, electrons, all of which are individually too small to be seen, he finds himself wandering, like the hero of the "Pilgrim's Progress," through absolute darkness, amid pitfalls and snares that beset his feet on every side, and with confusing, tantalizing, misleading suggestions and false analogies into his ears. He has nothing but his imagination, trained by the results of experience and observation in the visible and tangible world, to guide him.

The result is that his definitions of the things that he finds, or seems to find, although they may perfectly describe his own impressions, appear, sometimes, contradictory, or unconvincing, to the average man who only reads about that marvellous underworld of the atom. Hence such questions as those asked above. And the confusion has been vastly increased in consequence of the discovery that the atom instead of being, as was formerly thought, a simple, indivisible particle, the smallest possible portion into which any matter can be divided, is in fact, a complex object, made up of very much smaller particles, called electrons.

A vivid conception of the real nature of an atom, so far as its complexity of structure is concerned, is conveyed by a remark of Prof. Rowland that "a grand piano is a very simple mechanism compared, say, with an atom of iron."

The atom, then, is not a solid particle, but an organism, or system, composed of discontinuous parts, i. e., parts which do not touch, or press upon one another, and these parts are electrons. What proportion of the space inside an atom is occupied by the electrons, which are believed to be in ceaseless revolution, or vibration, we cannot say with certainty. What we do know is that the mass, or weight, of an electron is about one-thousandth of that of an atom of hydrogen, which is the lightest atom known. But this does not tell us exactly what the electron's size is, because we do not know its relative density. However, by calculations based on the electric charge borne by the electron its size has been approximately estimated. In this way it has been found that the diameter of an electron may not be more than one twenty-million-millionth of an inch, while that of an atom is as much as one two-hundred-and-fifty-millionth of an inch. If this is correct, the atom, minute though it be, is 50,000 times as great in diameter as an electron. At this ratio of diameters it would take 50,000,000 electrons to pack an atom full.

But it is estimated that the hydrogen atom contains only 1,000 electrons, and even the atom of so dense a substance as mercury not more than 50,000. Thus we see that there is an abundance of "open room" inside the atom.

Sir Oliver Lodge has made a striking comparison showing the amount of room in an atom. Imagine an ordinary church, he says, to be an atom of hydrogen. The electrons constituting it will be represented by about 1,000 grains of sand, each of the size of a printer's period, or full point (.), dashing in all directions or rotating with inconceivable velocity and filling the whole interior of the church with their tumultuous motion.

Next above the atom comes the molecule. By the term molecule is meant the smallest combination of atoms that will form a given chemical compound. There are some eighty different chemical elements, and consequently some eighty different kinds of atoms. But there are thousands of chemical compounds, each made up of a number of chemical elements whose atoms unite to form the molecules composing the compound. Unusually in physics the term molecule is sometimes used in such a way as to cause confusion with the atom.

Now, just as the electrons composing the atoms are free to move and are far from being crowded together, or in direct touch with one another, so the molecules composing any common bit of matter, such as a piece of wood or of paper, have free space between them and are in continual motion, circulating around and among one another and in certain cases having mutual collisions.

From all that has been said above, it becomes clear that even the most dense and "solid" bodies that we have any experience of, such, for instance, as a mass of pure gold, are by no means continuous in their internal structure. It is because of the coarseness of our sense impressions that they seem solid to us. If we could look at a cannon ball with microscopic eyes, magnifying billions of diameters, the mass of metal would dissolve into a diaphanous haze composed of vibrating molecules, made up of revolving atoms constituted of great dancing electrons and all of them—the molecules in the mass of iron, the atoms in the molecules and the electrons in the atoms—would be seen to have an abundance of room around them in which to perform their unending gyrations.

In short, all matter is discontinuous in its texture, and it is only the fluctuations of our senses that cause us to think of any body as being a continuous solid. We may squeeze the molecules of a substance closer together, and then we will simply heat it, for the molecular vibrations increase in quickness with the restriction of the space, but there is no reason to think that we could ever force two molecules into absolute contact, or that we could compress an atom into a smaller compass.

## From the Paris Openings

Republished by Special Arrangement with Harper's Bazar.

"More fascinating than ever," is the verdict of buyers who attended the millinery openings in Paris this year.



Skunk fur holds down a wreath of ostrich feathers around the crown of the black velvet hat above from Lewis, which is worn with a neckpiece of ostrich feathers and fur to match, while in the creation to the right the return of the Prince of Wales feather is heralded by Maria Guy with a model of marron panne velvet. The feathers of marron are attached high on the crown. In the model below Jean Castel combines all the warm tones of autumn in a toque of brown velvet, with leaves of velvet.

## Those Who Live in the Past

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"The past was goodly once, and yet, when all is said, the best of it we know is that it's done and dead."

Duty and work and joy—these things it cannot give. And the present is life, and life is good to live.

Let it be where it fell, far from the living sun. The past that roods upon, is gone and dead, and done.—HENLEY.

For all who live the time is now; the day is here, and opportunity lies ahead. Why then grieve over things in the past that we may, well wish undone, but that

for all our wishing are accomplished facts?

If the man who is stricken with blindness were to sit and grieve over the fact itself instead of trying to adjust himself to new conditions and to learn to use his other senses to take the place (as far as possible) of the one he has lost, would not his life become desolate?

It is only in adjusting yourself to the conditions of your present circumstances—whatever they are—that there lies any chance of your finding life worth living. Yesterday's blunders belong to yesterday along with yesterday's hopes and fears. Because these hopes and fears and blunders were part of your experience yesterday, you may be a little different today—but you have a new set of problems to face today, and you must not distract your own attention from them to worry over the way you met yesterday's situation.

Yesterday is finished. It is not a piece of knitting you can unravel to do over and do better. It is as irrevocable as nature. You cannot stop flowers from coming if certain seeds are planted and

germinated—you cannot prevent weeds from springing up under certain conditions. But learning what produces flowers and what weeds, you can be careful about the conditions you produce.

So with your yesterday. They produced certain things. Don't worry about them uselessly. Don't let your past be a ghost to haunt you. Instead, use it as a bit of experience in which to build a better future.

Perhaps you are ashamed of your past. But shame won't be a factor for future growth if you merely wallow in the mire of what you wish had not been. It has been. You have not your yesterday to live over and better. But your today you will have now, and your tomorrow you will have soon, and there is nothing in your past to prevent your living them well.

Don't repeat your past blunders. But do more than just dwell on them in memory. Give your attention to making your today and tomorrow so splendid that your yesterday in the great balance of life will be outweighed and will not count.

## Advice to Lovelorn : By Beatrice Fairfax

"Attention" from Men.  
Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been keeping company with a young man for a long time, but he cannot regularly to his house, but always wishes to remain in the parlor instead of going out for enjoyment. I fear to ask him to take me out, as he supports his mother and little brother. I know that he gets money, but spends it all with the boys. He has often spoken of affection for me, but for this reason I cannot believe it to be true. Do you really think I ought to remain with him, and has he any affection for me?  
UNDECIDED.

A man who supports his mother and young brother can have very little money to spend for pleasure. You must never dream of asking any man to take you

out—that suggestion must come from the man, not the girl.

Seek a Reconciliation.  
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am in love with a young man, and I know he loves me, but we have had a quarrel and have not spoken for some time. Both of us were to blame, but neither of us will apologize first. I don't want to lose him, but I want him to apologize before I do. In the circumstances it is only just that he should. What will I do to bring him back to me?  
ANXIOUS.

Don't let false pride stand in your way. It is a fine thing to be the first to ask pardon for a fault. He will surely give you all the more if you are woman enough to say, "I am

## How Not to Write Love Letters

By DOROTHY DIX.

"That millionaire out west who is being sued for breach of promise and has got to listen while 3,000 of his love letters are read in court, is up against the jammy thing good and hard, isn't he?" remarked the stenographer.

"It's getting so that the only safety for a rich man is not knowing how to write," responded the book-keeper gloomily.

"I shouldn't wonder if, in another generation, the conscientious millionaire parent would be as careful to keep his offspring from learning how to write, as he would be to keep them from learning to smoke cigars."

"I'm not doling out any sympathy for a lady whose wounded heart can be healed with a few shipplasters," continued the stenographer, "and if I were a man, I'd a heap lot rather she got my roll than to get me for keeps. Neither am I rooking the man who makes love and never makes good; but it does look to me that a case like this would be an awful warning that would make every man take something for the love-letter-writing habit that would be a sure cure, and prevent him from having any craving to slip over on paper."

"Just think of all the 'angels' and 'darlings' and 'precious ones' and 'lovely-dovey' rot that a fellow writes while he's got the beetle flush on him, and how anime it looks and sounds when he's cooled off. Gee, but I could weep for pity on the neck of the man who has to listen to his own passive raves!" "Well, I wonder that men are idiotic enough to write 'em," repeated the stenographer.

"It didn't so much matter when the forsaken dame used to gather up her treasured love letters and tie them up with a blue ribbon and a faded rosebud, and put them in a secret drawer of her desk, where she could get them out handy when she wanted to weep over them."

"But, judging from the number of breach of promise suits where the love missives form Exhibit A, that isn't the way young women regard their sweethearts' letters now. They preserve 'em all right, all right, but when Romeo flies the track and balks at the altar, they don't waste any brine salting down his written vows of deathless devotion."

"Neither do they tie up his letters and put them away among the sad, sweet memories of their lives."

"Do you know what makes men write these dopey love letters?" inquired the bookkeeper.

"Because the fool-killer has knocked off business," suggested the stenographer. "No," replied the bookkeeper, "it's because every man in his heart believes that he is a poet that could have lammed the spots off of Tennyson if he'd given his mind to writing poetry instead of selling groceries."

"Now, the average man hasn't got the gall actually to try to manufacture poetry; besides, it would injure his business standing to have it get out on him. So he bottles up all this flub-dub sentiment in him until he falls in love and then he fires it all at the girl."

"He don't really mean it at the time, but he's got a sort of a sentimental jag on, and the more he writes, the more he wants to write, and the lovelier and the more poetical it sounds to him. I tell you, a man's love letters certainly do look good to him."

"All the same," said the stenographer, "if I was a man and had to write a letter to my distant love, I would sit on a cake of ice while I penned it, and keep it in the refrigerator for twenty-four hours before I mailed it."

"Right-o," said the bookkeeper, "and you'd save yourself trouble if you did."

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