

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## A Married Woman's Romance

By DOROTHY DIX.

I got a great deal of letters from married women, who assert they are virtuous and discreet wives and mothers, yet annoyed by the attentions of men who have fallen desperately in love with them.

Sometimes this too attractive man writes that it is the family doctor, or even her minister, who cherishes an uncontrollable passion for her; sometimes it is the family friend, and not infrequently it is a brother or relative of her husband who pesters the lady with his love-making, and so she writes asking me what shall she do about it, how shall she stop it.

Perhaps such cases exist, but I am sure they are far more rare than my correspondents think. Not every woman who thinks herself a fascinator could substantiate her title to the claim. Many women have such insatiable appetite for romance that they can manufacture it out of mere politeness on a man's part, and they go about fitting the halo of a lover on the unsuspecting head of every man they meet. Many a man, who had never felt any impulse stronger than mere friendliness toward a woman, would fall dead with surprise if he knew that she believed him to be perishing of a hopeless passion for her.

Therefore, I take with a good many grains of salt any wife and mother's assertion that men persecute her with their unwelcome attentions. In case, however, that this is true, and some man has fallen in love with her, there is no difficulty in her putting an end to his philandering, if she really wishes to do so.

It is only in melodramas that the villain still pursues. In real life a woman has only to say, "Get out," to a distasteful lover, and say it in a tone of voice as if she meant it, and he scuttles over the back fence before you can say Jack Robinson. The difficulty is to keep a man in love with you, not to prevent him from getting tired of you, and wandering off after a younger and fairer face. Especially when you're old enough to be a wife and mother.

In all good truth, the woman who is really honest at heart and desires to run straight, has little to fear from men. Practically every man tests every woman that he meets as to her moral principles. If he ascertains that she is one of those who is standing around looking out for a tempter he qualifies for the job, but if he recognizes that she is one of the pure in heart he respects her innocence. It is curious, but true, that a man is equally willing to lead a woman up or down.

As a matter of fact, men have such a respect for goodness in a woman that only the lowest and most degraded among them would turn a woman from the right path if they could.

Even the most evil men, knowing too much of evil women, have this ideal of a white and unsullied wifehood and motherhood, a shield that will protect her from any Lothario if she cares to use it. Not many men are so abandoned as to thrust unwelcome attentions upon an honorable wife and mother, and the married woman who finds herself in possession of a lover has, at least, been guilty of contributory negligence. Like Harkis she has shown that she was "willing."

Of course the situation often goes beyond the limits of what we expect it to. That's the trouble in playing with fire. The married woman intended to be true to her husband and children. She merely desired to nibble once more at the outer edge of the cake of romance when she began making eyes at her preacher, or doctor, or the family friend, and she's disconcerted enough when she finds out that the man wanted to play the game to the end.

When a married woman begins dallying along the primrose path, there's generally something pitiful about it as well as so-called, because back of her straying is the feminine never-ending craving for sentiment and love, for something more than the dry husk of matrimony.

She may have a good husband, a good home, all the comforts of life, but her husband never shows her any loverlike attention, never notices how she looks, never praises her. He apparently regards her as just a cog in the domestic machinery, and the heart of the woman, starting for some real manifestation of a living affection, takes forbidden fruit.

It is men's indifference to their wives that makes so many flirtatious wives. This is, perhaps, no excuse for the women, but it surely should be a warning to the men.

No man who keeps his own live-making up the mark by anything to fear from other men, and by the same token, no woman is pestered with love talk who doesn't lend a listening ear to it. For, after all, the love game is not solitary.

## Sage Tea Keeps Your Hair Dark

It's Grandmother's recipe to bring black color, thickness and luster—Everybody is using it again.

Gray hair, however handsome, denotes advancing age. We all know the advantages of a youthful appearance. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray and looks dry, wispy and straggly, just a few applications of Sage Tea and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundred-fold. Don't stay gray! Look young! Either prepare the tonic at home or get from any drug store a 50-cent bottle of "Wreth's Sage and Sulphur Compound." Thousands of folks recommend this ready-to-use preparation, because it darkens the hair beautifully and removes dandruff, stops scalp itching and falling hair; besides, no one can possibly tell, as it darkens so naturally and evenly. You moisten a sponge or soft brush with it, drawing this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears, after another application or two, its natural color is restored and it becomes thick, glossy and lustrous, and you appear years younger. —Advertisement.

## Dan's Heartometer

By Nell Brinkley

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## Earth's Axis and Magnet Pole

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

"Why didn't Peary find out where the North Pole was by the aid of the magnetic needle? Wouldn't the needle stand straight up and down when it was directly over the Pole?"

The above is the substance of a long letter of inquiry which I have received from a patient intelligent inhabitant of Brooklyn, who has read both Peary's and Amundsen's accounts of their explorations, and yet apparently fails to understand just what they were looking for.

Inasmuch as I have frequently heard similar questions asked by other intelligent persons, I conclude that neither our schools nor the self-instruction gained in practical life suffices to make clear to the mind of the general public the distinction between the two sets of "poles" with which our planet is endowed. Yet, if you do not thoroughly learn that distinction you cannot possibly understand geography.

The earth is a globe about 8,000 miles in diameter which spins round on a round ball pitcher's hand. It makes one turn every twenty-four hours. And just as the flying base ball continues to spin in the same direction in which it started, turning about an imaginary straight line drawn through its center, which constitutes its "axis of rotation," and whose position was determined by the twist of the pitcher's fingers, so the earth always turns in one direction (from west to east), about an imaginary line drawn through its center, which forms its axis of rotation.

The two points where the extremities of the axis of rotation meet the surface of the spinning ball are called its poles of rotation, or in the case of the earth, the geographical poles. These poles are necessarily exactly opposite to one another. One of the geographical poles is a loyal friend and tell this silly and misguided lady how bold conduct such as hers will lose for her the best and highest form of regard. She probably has a foolish notion that she must let as she does in order to be popular. If you talk to her with kindness and tact perhaps you can raise her standard of womanhood. If not, keep your own standards high and wait for the finest type of womanhood.

direction, all that we can say is that that is the way the ball was "pitched" millions of years ago.

Now, it is these poles of rotation that explorers were seeking, for so long a time in vain, and both of which have finally been reached by man within the last five years.

The magnet poles are altogether different things. The earth is a great magnet, perhaps because its interior is largely composed of iron, and like other magnets, it has two opposite "poles of magnetism" around which its magnetic forces center. These poles are situated one in the northern and the other

in the southern hemisphere, but their location is far from being identical with that of the geographical poles.

The northern magnetic pole lies about 2,300 miles south of the north end of the earth's axis, and is situated in the extreme northern part of North America, on the peninsula of Boothia. Consequently the compass needle of an observer at the North (geographical) Pole would turn its "north-pointing" end toward the south.

Conversely the south magnetic pole is situated far north of the South Pole, on the border of the Antarctic continent south of Australia.

When a magnetic needle which is free to move in any direction is suspended over either of the magnetic poles it points directly up and down, that end of it which is charged with magnetism opposite in polarity to the magnetism of the pole over which it hangs being drawn down while the other end is repelled. This is the same law which causes opposite electric charges to attract one another.

## Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Modesty and Dignity.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Recently I was introduced to a young girl, to whom I immediately fell in love, because she seemed to possess good qualities, and a week later had the pleasure of taking her out on a boat trip with two other boys and girl friends of mine, and was so above that she seemed to ignore me entirely, although I am positive that I did not offend her in any way.

While on the above trip I seemed to lose all respect that I ever had for her, for she told one of my boy friends who was a total stranger to her—that if he wanted he could rest his head on her shoulder.

I did not say anything about it until we all reached home, and then one of the boys asked me why I was a slowpoke, meaning, of course, why I did not get more familiar with the girl I had taken out, and my answer to him was that since I have known the young lady for so short a time I did not think it proper.

Do you think that a girl who invites such attentions from a stranger is worthy the name "lady"? Also if I should give up the friendship of the above girl, as I am in a very good position to marry a nice young girl, but have about given up hope of finding my ideal of a girl that I could love and trust, as I have found out that the only things that the average New York girl cares for is dancing and good times.

There are numerous girls in New York, as well as through the cities and countryside, who are sweet and dignified. You are sure to meet them in time. In the meantime suppose you act the part of a loyal friend and tell this silly and misguided lady how bold conduct such as hers will lose for her the best and highest form of regard. She probably has a foolish notion that she must let as she does in order to be popular. If you talk to her with kindness and tact perhaps you can raise her standard of womanhood. If not, keep your own standards high and wait for the finest type of womanhood.

## Fricken Chickasee

By WALLACE IRWIN

(Republished by Permission of Good Housekeeping Magazine)

"I could not forgive the disgustful attitude of that Hon. Rooster, Mr. Nero. When I attempt to show chivalry to chickens he plucked me painfully in leg with sharp nose.



"Oh, what kindy companionship I learn from that female rooster! While I wash dish she walk around edge of pan singing poetry in barnyard language."

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To Editor Good Housekeeping Magazine: I shall show you my edible rooster, but would not eat Friendship, however delicious.

Dear Sir: Hon. Mrs. Stanley McCrude, who roasts beside husband, infant, etc., in suburb home approaching Wmsburg, N. Y., is now doing so without my help, which are inexcusable for her. Reason of this are the warmth of my chicken heart.

"Togo," she says so, when I obtain job, "in my coopyard are 27 delicious chickens which I have raised from seed. Do you understand how to cultivate these sweet pets for food?"

"Yes can," I assure deceptively. "In Japan my grandfather made wealth growing ostriches."

"So glad to hear it," she acknowledged for, gently smiling across her golden teeth, "I shall show you my edible rooster."

Behind enlarged fence resembling criss-cross wire we could hear sentiment expressed in song of young hens growing to majority. We make walk-in. O! What charming varieties of feathered scratchers were there strolling forth & back while pecking bugs from weed. How daintily with flap of wing while yet other delectably beneath trees, while scratching their chests with dirt.

"How fortunate it are to be a bird," I holla happily. "While man must lay tricks bird need merely lay eggs."

"These do not deposit eggs," she renig coolly. "The are only eggs," she made correctly. "While she spoke long came one enormous high hen of serious aufragete appearance who wait upon scenery with such appearance off bull-dose that all chickens scatter frightly."

"O! surely such exaggerated hen could lay one, if not too lazy," I narrate bashly. "She high, but could she?" require I did not say my reply.

"That rooster are name Mr. Nero," she narrate furthermore. "He got a mean political nature, and are therefore hated by all who meet him. Otherwise my hens are perfect. I never served so many lowly virtuous made one fence. They got gentle hearts and tender nature. I shall begin to kill them in two (2) weeks."

I stand gawt for this phenomenal. "Such a brutal way lady to talk," I smagger. "Is this polite way to treat virtue among poultry? Answer is, No! If I was chicken I should practice toughness and live 100 years."

You should notice my fidelity. Mr. Nero now for two (2) weeks continuously I chaperone that roosteryard with affectionateness resembling negroes. Two times each daily I throw corn and other garbage which those sweet birds gobble with gratitude peculiar to charity. When they make a cluck with Oliver Twisted I cannot forgive the disgustful attitude of that Hon. Rooster, Mr. Nero. Whenever corn was contributed on ground, what he do? Come booling around corner with squawk-noise resembling ottomobile. Loudly cackles emerged from everywhere, while the indignant mammals bite feathers from innocence of chicken, who get away from there amidst hen-squeals, while he pluck nourishment into his mouth showing sense selfishness. When I attempt to show chivalry to chickens and abolish that rooster with club he plucked me painfully in leg with his sharp nose. I could not love such nature.

But how I admire the intelligence of one sweet-hearted hen I met there. She were more fatter than others, and her feathers contained palids resembling Plymouth Rock plucking. She met me at gate each p. m. when I approach. I name her Maud because she seem pleased when I come into the garden.

Oh, what kindy companionship I learn from that female rooster! I learn how to leapt to my shoulder and eat carrots from my ear. I teach her how to speak like dog. While I was in kitchen cooking sponge cake she get on chair watching when it come out, so she obtain slight pick from it. While I wash dish she walk around edge of pan singing poetry in barnyard language.

One Wednesday p. m. Hon. Mrs. McCrude approach to kitchen and observe Hon. Maud.

"I can observe many loving qualities in this pet which would be appreciated when boiled," she said, with cannibal eye at Maud. "Tomorrow Rev. Jones, pastor, will be here for lunching. So sure cook nice fricken chicken for that holy man." She point murder finger to Hon. Maud.

"O not to do!" I holla. "Her murder would be like killing your sister."



"which hen shall I choose for fricken chickasee today?"

"Use your own indiscretion," she dib briefly. "I told you yesterday to slay the one most fit to kill."

I go honyard with axe & tears. Yes, there were Maud waiting by gate as usually. When I walk in she pronounce "Quick!" and shake handle with my foot. Constantly wees damned my necktie while I say Japanese farby for ever.

Next thing I snatch her by neck and elope to chopping block. Tragedies is most pleasant when delivered promptly. Before I could look I placed her affectionate neck lengthwise of block and uprise Hon. Axe with execution elbows. Yet I must close my eye so I could not see the pathos of her face. Chops! I look. Hon. Maud still lay there in one piece, because I too inaccurate from grief to chop her correctly.

"Ah, well, sweetish henfriend," I elapse. "Hon. Fate know more than cooks. You are not intended to die by my cruelty."

Again I snatched her by her tame ankles and replaced her back to roosting department behind gate. And when I set her lovingly to wood, what I seen there? That rooster, Hon. Nero, stood looking to me with irritation expression peculiar to satire. This was too much for my impatience. Making maddy grasp with my thumbs I obtained him by the wrists of his wings and eloped to wood-pile, where axes was there. I laped his un-

reproachable head crosswise of wood. Already I could see him sneer. I uprise Hon. Chopper to extreme height. Hacks! Down came cutter to his wicked vertebral. Bounce! Sin had made his neck too tough for chop. Again I uplift weapon. This time to down comes with such earnestness that Hon. Head drop elsewhere and Hon. Body otherwise.

"When hunching time was there I could hear clery talk from dining room where soup was there."

"Sin should be cut off by promptness," say him.

"Yes, exactly," narrate Hon. Mrs. "Do you enjoy fricken chickasees, Hon. Rev. Jones?"

"Deliciously!" he sent back.

"So glad I am! We raise our own flesh in garden."

I could hear emotional sound of hungry knife and fork. So with immediate quickness I dish forth Hon. Nero to platter, and fetch him to table, where he lay with innocent expression amidst dumplings. I go back kitchen. Silence. Considerable sounds of more knives behaving angrily.

"Togo!" When I hear my name ligo that I expect discharge.

"Yes, sir, Mrs. Madam!" Thusly I say while appearing there.

"Are this chicken or ottomobile tire you cook it?"

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"Are this chicken or ottomobile tire you cook it?"

"That are fricken chickasee by Boston Cook Book," I signify.

"What chicken did you assassinate for it?" she glub.

"Mr. Nero, depraved rooster," I exclaim.

"O!" This from her. "Did I not tell you to select chicken most fit to kill?"

"You did, and I did also," is rejoind from me. "What mammal could be more fit to execute that Hon. Nero? Sin should be cut off, off by all clery preaching. I do so, and serve it for chickasee."

"If crimes are punishable with axes," she shriech, "you must escape immediately."

Saying which she looked so much poison that I regain my situation by doing so. I could not live in such home-like, although I am now walking toward starvation.

Hoping you are the same. Yours truly, HASHIMURA TOGA.

## The Levitated Railway

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Q—Please explain the new levitated railway. I understand that a train has been propelled at a speed of 80 miles an hour above the rails, what is the track. How is this?—Subscribed, Alameda, Cal.

A.—Indeed, I cannot fully explain, as the composition of the metals is kept secret. I suppose the subscriber refers to Bachellet's levitated railway. I stand in awe in presence of the future possibilities of the recent discovery of the principal involved. It is entirely new in electrical science. Bachellet's "air train" sounds strangely. We are familiar with air ships, but air trains seem a misdemeanor, as trains are supposed to keep in the vicinity at least of tracks and rails. The facts of electricity involved in the levitation of cars above the rails are obscure, and I doubt if the inventor, or rather, discoverer, can fully explain.

A solenoid is a coil of insulated wire; and you can make one by wrapping wire around a broomstick, like thread on a spool. Slip off this helix or coil and pass a strong current of electricity through the wire forming the spiral. Then the vacant place within becomes one of the most wonderful places known: It is a magnetic field of force. It will draw iron filings, iron or steel nails into it and hold them suspended. I want to have one that would pull an iron bar into it that weighed a pound. Suppose that when a coil draws a bar of iron into it the current is instantly turned off and turned through a wire coil in front. Then the second coil will pull the bar into it, but with increased speed, because the bar was already in motion. Make a long row of coils, and each one will add to the velocity of the bar. Immense speed can be established in this manner.

Lay tracks in the bottom of the long line of coils; put the wheels under the bar, and you have a portion of a Bachellet railway. But, further, suppose that you want to lift part of the weight off the rails. You could do this by placing magnets over the coils of the car made of iron. But it would be necessary to make and break circuits of flowing electricity around to poles pieces of them upper magnets at the precise instant when the car was under it. This make an electro-magnet at the exact instant when a car commences to pass under it, and part of the weight of the rail will be levitated, or lifted. This is by reaction—a force with which all are familiar who have seen magnets.

Call this positive magnetism; then imagine that man can discover negative magnetism as in the well-known case of negative electricity. Then the career of man on earth would be changed. I am careful not to say that negative magnetism—that is, a force that repels instead of attracts—has been discovered; but Bachellet has actually discovered metals,

of which one is aluminum, that in combination have the effect of retarding or counteracting attractive magnetism in some obscure way. If fully known, he has not published the knowledge.

I will watch this problem and write another article if the discoverer publishes details.

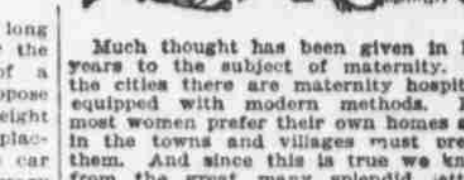
## Do You Know That

In the Arabian desert the sirocco, or scattering the sand for miles around, sweep 1000 or 2000 mph westward, causing in ten years the wheat yield of western Australia has increased from 75,000 to over 12,000,000 bushels.

Music was first printed with moveable type in England at the close of the fifteenth century.

Musty jars should be rinsed with lime water. This is especially beneficial for all vessels used for milk.

## Baby of Future is Considered



Much thought has been given in late years to the subject of maternity. In the cities there are maternity hospitals equipped with modern methods. But most women prefer their own homes and in the towns and villages most prefer them. And since this is true we know from the great many splendid letters written on the subject that our "Mother's Friend" is a great help to expectant mothers. They write of the wonderful relief, how it seemed to allow the muscles to expand without undue strain and what a splendid influence it was on the nervous system. Such helps as "Mother's Friend" and the broader knowledge of them should have a helpful influence upon babies of the future. Science says that an infant derives its sense and builds its character from cutaneous impressions. And a tranquil mother certainly will transmit a more healthful influence than if she is extremely nervous from undue pain. This is what a host of women believe who use "Mother's Friend."

These points are more thoroughly explained in a little book mailed free. "Mother's Friend" is sold in all drug stores. Write for book. Bradfield Regula-tor Co., 411 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.