

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Pig-Pen Pete

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

Up at Roycroft farm, where guinea galore sing songs of joy and the Duroc grow red in the knees of the summer sun, is a wonderful Scotch collie, known as Pig-Pen Pete.

Pig-Pen Pete makes it his business to look after the pigs.

Always and forever, days, nights and Sundays, Pete is on the job.

Pete patrols the pens, samples the food, digs up the bedding, tops a fig bit between malmutes by moping ears or legs, and generally lends safety and security to all porcines.

You see, Pete's sure-enough mother was run over by an automobile and killed when Pete was only ten days old. These were four helpless little, crying bloodies. They were on a hunger strike, when a bright thought came to our hired man, whose name happens to be Pyramallon, and so Pyg took the orphans out to a pig house that had five very juvenile pigs.

And there you are!

The old pig never said a word. The puppies were about the size of her pigs and about the same color.

Those puppies snuggled in with the pigs and were very happy.

In three weeks they were bigger than the little Durocs and they were accusing them of being usurpers, and the little Durocs, being well bred and registered, made no remarks to the puppies, as they might.

In fact those puppies were so "fresh" that we had to give three of 'em away. We just kept Pete, and he grew up a sort of superpig.

If small un-taught pigs stray too far afield Pete rounds them up and starts them for home and mother.

If young shunts, full of wanderlust and slop, try to negotiate a hole in the fence, Pete goes after them with a zeal tempered only by the rule of reason.

Should a strange dog come near the pigs there is a fight and Pete always wins, for three armed is he who knows his cause is just.

At night Pete cuddles close with piglets in a pen, warmed by their pleasant adipose, and in very cold weather friendless runts find warmth in his generous fur.

All of the hogs accept Pig-Pen Pete as the prexi of the preserve.

The pigs are not exactly afraid of Pete; they merely respect his superior intelligence, and are perfectly willing to do his bidding.

How did Pete come to go into the pig business?

Why, he was a pig puppy, that's all. And you don't know what that is? Well, the pig dog is a puppy that has been adopted by a—ah—er—a mother pig.



"At High Noon" .. -Of Life- .. By Nell Brinkley

By Nell Brinkley
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A beautiful old man I know, beautiful and big, with the load of seventy years on his broad shoulders, but not bowing them much, with a crown of hair like drifted snow above his twinkling eyes, a type of old age that we find in verse and the back of our own minds when we think of what we would like to be when we've waved our last at Youth going over the hill. This beautiful old man rapped his cane on the floor and said: "It's all nonsense—this book in my hand—written by Youth or some old chap who's trying to fool himself with the sound of pretty words—*for it welcomes old age! And who that tells the truth wants to be old? No one. Not Youth; even while it squares itself and looks valiantly into the years it has a chill up its back, with the thought of illness and drifting snow on its head!"

"Who despises age as we do, who can never find our boy-days again? Oh, I pretend to believe that you think I'm as nice as I could ever possibly have been when I bestrode an Indian pony in the buffalo

days—but, oh, my dear—it's the high-noon days that hold all that's best—looking ahead to them when we are babies—looking back to them when we are ancient, and reveling in their golden glare when we are there where the clock points sharp at noon!

"There is the instant that holds our dreams, there for a breath the homeliest maid takes on the ghost of beauty, there is all laughter, there is the best love! If we could just hold the black hands there 'til the end. Who cares about dying? I would not care how long or how short a span I lived—if it could only just be at the high-noon of life! Never have I admired the frog; summer's the luring bait that brags this slow old trout to the surface. And yet do you know?" (and here I twinkled, while he straightened his high, broad chest), "do you know that I never felt fitter than I do today—and a man never knows what spice there can be in the warm wine of life 'til he's had a few years piled atop of him!"—NELL BRINKLEY.

Science of Workers

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Question—"Is it not true that other waves would in time decrease in intensity in space to such a degree that movement would be infinitely less trouble of an infinitely less degree of intensity?"—P. W. Lessard, Oakland, Cal.

Answer—There is no proof that radiant energy lessens its specific speed of 186,289 miles per second in cosmic space. All impulses that come under the general name of radiant energy, as light, heat, chemism; all electro-magnetic wave undulations known, move with this set and fixed space-speed. If speed is not diminished in traversing vast interstellar distances, the wave frequency is not diminished in intensity—that is, rate.

The well known rates of undulation of energy waves do not change when measured from stars to vast distances apart. The most sensitive and delicate spectrometers and refractometers that can be made by a man like Brashear cannot detect differences in refraction and dispersion of light-energy waves from Sirius or Canopus. But Canopus is at least five times farther away than the huge sun Sirius. Refraction of their light is the same for both suns.

Then wave lengths and amplitudes are identical: the extra hundreds of trillions of miles additional traversed by energy from Canopus and other stars beyond Sirius are without effect. This for the visible or light waves. But still more refined researches have been made in that wondrous region, the ultra-ultra-violet energy band in solar and other stellar spectra.

Waves far too short to have any effect on the nerve fibers in the retina of the eye, and therefore invisible, are readily sensed by the quartz lenses and prisms of modern refractometers.

And even these exceedingly short waves, from 180,000 up to 200,000 to the inch, are not affected by their flights through distances of 51,000,000,000 miles or from five to ten times that unit distance.

Question—"What is an ohm?"—C. L., Alameda, Cal.

Answer—I was in a room in the Art Institute at the time of the World's Columbian exposition in Chicago, in 1893, and heard the first world law passed by vote of delegates from many nations:

"Resolved, That the several governments represented by the delegates of this International Congress of Electricians be and are hereby recommended to formally adopt as the legal international ohm the resistance offered to an unvarying electric current by a column of mercury at the temperature of melting ice, 14.62 grams in mass, of a constant cross-sectional area and of the length of 106.3 centimeters."

For the Children's Sake

By REV. MABEL M. IRWIN.

Emerson has said: "Infancy is the perpetual messiah, which comes into the arms of fallen men and pleads with them to return again to paradise." It would seem that at last this "perpetual messiah" was beginning to be heard, and that its pleadings were no longer to be in vain.

In the study of eugenics—the newest of the sciences—we find that its Alpha and Omega is the welfare of the child, and that, too, of the child not yet conceived, the child of the future, the race that is to be.

When children were believed to be arbitrarily sent by God to whomsoever He willed, the parent's responsibility beginning only with the advent of the child, the parental duty was thought to be done if nourishment and the proper environment in the form of education was given it.

But with the coming of eugenics into the thought arena of the world, fathers and mothers are beginning to understand that not only are they responsible for the nurture of the child, but for the nature or kind of child born of their union. That though they may truly say, as in the past, God sends the children, they can no longer assume that He drops them from the skies, or that He alone is responsible for their coming.

Eugenics—the social order of which they are an integral part, will in the future hold them responsible if the children come to the world other than sound of body and mind.

Sir Francis Galton, and those who have followed him in their devotion to this science of life's beginnings, have forever removed from the mind of the world the idea of parental irresponsibility. Henceforth, despite the scoffs of the ignorant and vicious, the ribald jokes of the crude and unthinking, and the misrepresentations of the well meaning, but misinformed, the science of eugenics has come to stay.

From this time on, every growing lad and lass, every young man and maid, every man and woman intent on marriage and family life, with it will have to reckon. Failing this, society will call them to account.

In the definition given eugenics by its

already illustrious founder, "A study of those agencies under social control which may improve or impair the racial qualities of future generations, either physically or mentally," we find not only the study of heredity, but at the same time a study of all of those things and conditions which go to make up the environment, including the physical and mental conditions of the parents when a child is conceived.

In this definition, for the first time, heredity and environment, nature and nurture, eugenics and ethics are fused into a single, causal unit. No longer need we ask which is the more important—heredity or environment—for we see that they are one. Though "the life be more than meat, and the body than raiment," yet neither can be postulated without the other.

"Prodigious great men and all else will follow" is true; unless the "all else" is something already there, neither great men nor anything else can follow. It is seen that the environment of today is the heredity of tomorrow, and the heredity of yesterday the environment of today.

Eugenics as "the science of the improvement of the human race through proper breeding" holds within itself every other science in solution. Whether we approach the subject through biology, physiology or pathology, through philosophy, ethics or religion, these are but approaches, and their final value to the human race will be determined by their several contributions to this all-important norm—the "how" of a higher, finer and more perfect race of men and women.

At the International Eugenic congress held at the London university in 1912, the president of that congress, Leonard Darwin, son of the great Charles, said in his opening address that that nation which first successfully dealt with this question will not "only easily lead in all international competition, but will make for itself a place of honor in the history of the world."

At that time he may have had in mind his own England, but to those who knew before ours began, and which is therefore correspondingly advanced in many particulars, they have evolved one phase of the matrimonial problem.

According to a recent newspaper dispatch, a young Chinese lady, belonging to one of the most aristocratic families, has just been married to a red flower vase—the vase being a substitute for the young man to whom she was betrothed and who died just before the wedding.

The prospective bride wished to enjoy the dignities and freedom that belonged to a maid, and that are denied to a maid, but her heart was in the grave with her dead lover, and she could not bear to think of marrying another man, so the red flower vase was substituted for the bridegroom and the marriage celebrated with all due pomp and ceremony.

For many years America has been sending money and missionaries without stint to convert what we call, in our fatuous folly, the "heathen Chinese." It is now China's turn to make a courteous missionary retreat and put us under eternal obligation by introducing in America the pleasing custom of marrying a woman to an inanimate object when no animate object applies for the job.

In this country there is not enough men to go around, even if all would wed, and every year piles up the deficit in the matrimonial bureau. What should be done about the surplus woman problem has been a question that seemed unanswerable until the acute Chinese came along with a suggestion so simple and so

direct that it leaves us wondering we didn't guess the answer to the conundrum long ago. Just popularize the idea of marrying a flower vase, and you have done away, once and for all, with old maids, girl bachelors, and all the disadvantages of spinsterhood. It is a far greater number of women marry just for the sake of being married than we ever suspect. They are not lovers at heart. They are not irresistibly drawn to particular men. Their instincts are for celibacy, and left to themselves they would far rather be free than burdened with the cares and responsibilities of husbands and children.

But they want to write "Mrs." instead of "Miss" before their names. They want the status of the married woman. Above all, they want the liberty of the married woman, for we cling to the absurd tradition that a single woman, though she be 90 years old, is still a debutante, and that she must be chaperoned, and that it is indelicate for her to hear or speak of any topic that isn't dressed up in white muslin and girdled with a blue sash.

Also, that the single woman must, perforce, live with her friends or her family, no matter how much she would like to set up an establishment of her own.

To this large set of single women, rich old maids, and business women earning good salaries, a red flower vase husband would fill a matrimonial ideal, and they would espouse it with an enthusiasm that no mere man ever evokes.

In reality, the red flower vase husband is not as startling an innovation as it seems. Many a woman has discovered, to her sorrow, that she married a whisky bottle instead of a man, and she would be glad enough to trade him off for a red flower vase if she could.

There are men so full of vanity and conceit and self-importance that their wives had just as well have united themselves to a balloon or any other sort of gas bag. There are husbands who are so silent in their own homes that a store dummy could be substituted for them without their wives ever finding out the difference, and there are other women who believed that they were marrying tender Romeos who ascertained after marriage that they tied up with surly bears that growl whenever you speak to them.

There are husbands in plenty who are so sour and tart that their wives would find a vinegar jar a sweeter companion beside them. There are other men so immersed in their business and professions that their wives would have had just as much sympathy and companionship if they had married a ledger, or a law book, which they could have shut up when it made them tired.

Also, there are men who wouldn't find a marrying a red flower vase instead of a wife such a bad idea, for there are men who have found out after marriage that instead of a living, human woman they have led nothing but a fashion plate to the altar. There are other men who have accented to their sorrow that they married talking machines that never run down and that they can't shut off, and still other men are married to weeping women who are nothing but hydrants, with the tap always turned on.

Of course, there are some disadvantages in having a flower vase spouse. As a husband he might go broke, or get full, like a human husband. As a wife she would never be anything but a parlor ornament, but the advantages outweigh the disadvantages, and the Chinese plan is earnestly recommended to those sociologists who are disturbed over our diminishing matrimonial rate.

As a happy expedient for the superfluous woman, and the old bachelor who would like to be free though married, the red flower vase substitute for a husband or wife takes the wedding cake.

Wedded to a Red Flower Vase

By DOROTHY DIX



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An Old, Family Cough Remedy, Home-Made

Readily Prepared—Costs Very Little, but is Prompt, Sure and Effective

By making this pint of old-time cough syrup at home you not only save about \$2, as compared with the ready-made kind, but you will also have a much more prompt and positive remedy in every way. It overcomes the usual coughs, throat and chest colds in 24 hours—relieves even whooping cough quickly—and is excellent, too, for bronchitis, bronchial asthma, hoarseness and spasmodic cough.

Get from any drug store 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth), pour it into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Full directions with Pinex. Keeps perfectly and tastes good.

You can feel this take hold of a cough or cold in a way that means business. It quickly loosens the dry, hoarse or painful cough and heals the inflamed membranes. It also has a remarkable effect in overcoming the persistent loose cough by stopping the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchial tubes.

The effect of Pine on the membranes is known by almost every one. Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract combined with guaiac and other natural healing pine elements.

There are many worthless imitations of this famous mixture. To avoid its appointment, ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex," and do not accept anything else.

A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Household Hints

Stale bread crumbs mixed with a very small quantity of washing blue can be used for cleaning embossed velvet. A piece of white flannel should be used for applying the bread crumbs, which will finally require brushing-off with a clean soft whisk.

Preparation stoves may be removed from white blues without any trouble if they are steeped before washing in cold water, to which a little carbonate of soda has been added. Let them soak for a time and then wash in the usual way.

Advice to Lovelorn

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

It is Improper.
Dear Miss Fairfax: Is it proper for a young lady to kiss her escort good night after they have returned from an entertainment, or the like?

It is highly improper. Don't cheapen your kisses by giving them lightly to whomever chances to be your escort. Save them for the man you will some day love.

Ask for an Explanation.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man of 19 and in love with a girl 12 years younger than I am. We did not see each other for some time, and when we met we stopped to talk to each other.

Now whenever she passes me she looks me in the eyes and won't say a word to me. Should I wait until she starts to talk to me, or should I start in to talk to her?
H. A. G. OP BROOKLYN.

You have given her some offense of

Goodness Wins.

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

I have firm faith in the goodness of womankind. Unfortunately there are wicked women on earth, but they are in small proportion to the vast army of noble and splendid womanhood. And never forget that even the Magdalen reformed, so there is hope that the few "bad" women who exist have in them the spark of goodness ready to be kindled.

My Dear Miss Fairfax: A said there are more bad girls than good on earth. B said there were more good than bad. Would you kindly decide this question?
P. D. S.

RESINOL HEALS RAW, ITCHING SCALY SKINS

No matter how long you have been tortured and disfigured by itching, burning, raw or scaly skin humors, just put a little of that soothing, antiseptic Resinol Ointment on the sores and the suffering stops right there!

Healing begins that very minute, and in almost every case your skin gets well so quickly you feel ashamed of the money you threw away on tedious, useless treatments.

Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap clear away pimples, blackheads, and dandruff. Prescribed by doctors for 19 years and sold by all druggists. For trial size of each free, write to Resinol, Dept. 40-R, Baltimore, Md.

First in Quality
First in Results
First in Purity
First in Economy

and for these reasons
Calumet Baking Powder is first in the hearts of the millions of housewives who use it and know it.

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS
World's Pure Food Exposition,
Chicago, Illinois,
Paris Exposition, France, March,
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