

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

If You're an Idler Don't Worry the Busy

By ADA PATTERSON.

If you are idle, pray spare the busy. The magazine recently published aposium of distinguished women on the theme, "Why women break down." It expressed the opinion: "It is inconsiderate of their friends that break them down. She is right in eight out of ten of your breakdowning women."

The woman who is the good sense, the organizer, the well-lifer, would not let down despite a handicap of a catchily poised, nervous organism, she allowed follow her original program. But she not so permitted. There is a conspiracy among the idlers who know her prevent the smooth flowing of the rest of her days. She begins the day well, for she has her full quota of sleep. She has to the open window or the flat roof her dwelling and has swept her lungs of stale air and filled them with, by deep breathing. She has had cold shower, plunge to strengthen her. She has discarded all the fads no breakfast or a light breakfast, a substantial first meal, to fortify self for the day's draught upon her. She has planned her day's duties. As becomes one who has planned her day and who has found her peculiar work in the world, she opens deal with a smile.

What happens? The first letter on top the pile that awaits her is an impudence. It asks for information which writer could have secured for herself by a little effort. Lazily she has laid burden of the investigation upon idlers already carrying their capacity weight. She has asked this busy man to do something which she, an idler, has plenty of time but no inclination to do. Sometimes the busy woman ministers the snub the impertinence gives by ignoring the letter. It is a beguiling rudeness. More often, however, she is of a nature easily roused upon, she accepts this added weight the sum of the day's work. The heap of letters she finds other writers. Long letters that could be told their story in a short one, for example. Letters that wandered miles from the subject. And letters that had never been written, selfish persons venting the writer's need of exercise and making the innocent busy woman a victim. Often she only glances such long personal tales and distributes them to the world.

Wonder that the woman sighs and sobs at the clock. Small wonder that places some of these epistolary impositions in a letter rack and leaves them there indefinitely, as they deserve. The telephone. Chief sinner among time wasters and nerve destroyers are persons of wandering wits and corresponding tongues hold the receiver at other end of the wire. She listens, answers politely though in monosyllables. If the person who is robbing her her moments had not the skin of a hyacinth she would feel the frown that destroying the smoothness of her work. But he talks on and others ramble when come callers. Some of them from toasty. Others to kill time. Beauty troyers, these callers, for after she disposed of them her lips tighten in straight line. There is a deep vertical row between her brows. And the reproach of her precious vitality has been emptied.

By messenger, by telegram, by mail and by impudent telegrams, invitations to dine or to go to the theater, come from idle people who don't care a cent for the busy woman, but want her to amuse them. The world-demand of the idle folk from childhood to senility, upon the busy ones, to amuse them. The busy folk close to the beating heart of the world. Things happen in their neighborhood. The idle folk want to hear the news of these happenings from one who is near. Hence the invitations. The busy woman, if she has clear vision, will decline and she declines to be the irritant in return for food. She refuses to give much for little or nothing, generally declines the invitations, but must answer them. Another purloiner of her time. Another leak in the revolve of her vitality. When the friend who calls and stays long, although the clock faces her, finding her that she is stealing a precious fraction of the time of the busy man, who is now the painfully tired man, has conspired to rest. And friend who is so insistent upon "a" after the play" that to refuse to accompany her or him would be an affront. Social highwayman these, stealing us instead of dollars.

Pray you, waste your own time if you are a wastrel, but spare the busy ones, they women or men.

SUFFRAGISTS PROVE AS ARDENT BASE BALL FANS AS THEY ARE DEVOTEES OF EQUAL RIGHTS CAUSE—A few of the prominent society suffragists who witnessed the interesting combat between the Giants and the Cubs at the Polo grounds, New York. From left to right—Mrs. James Lees Laidlaw, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Norman deR. Whitehouse, and Mrs. John T. Brush, widow of the late owner of New York National League club. The cause shared in a percentage of the receipts, and despite the threatening weather 9,000 women who are interested in the fight for suffrage were treated to a most exciting diamond battle, the Cubs winning out by the score of 1 to 0. The suffragists offered \$5 to every player scoring a run, but only Frank Schulte, the veteran of the Chicago team, made a dent in the suffragist bankroll to the extent of \$5.

White Lies

By IRENE WESTON.

Perhaps the proverb that "and justifies the means" is the only thing that can be said in favor of "white lies." Personally I do not consider that anything can really justify a lie, white or otherwise. Certainly there may arise occasions when it is extremely difficult to avoid speaking the truth, and perhaps getting some innocent person into trouble. This state of affairs should never arise, and it would not if everyone had a nice sense of honor. The dangerous habit of lying is found in all ranks of life from the highest to the lowest, and it is this habit which has led to the necessity of using a "white lie."

Once, years ago, I took a girl of 16 to task for telling an untruth to an older woman who had been questioning her about some relation. "You know your answer should have been quite the opposite," I knew she owned, but how could I tell her the truth? She only asked out of pure nastiness and curiosity. I like the A's, they are friends and I have no intention of taking part in a family quarrel. Why should I tell anyone about them?"

It is this point I want to illustrate. No person whether in authority or not, has a right to ask anyone else questions from which she cannot expect anything less than "white lies" in reply to her question.

At first the "white lies" may be spoken with a sense of shame, a fear that the subterfuge may be found out. We hardly like to meet the person again for a few days. But one untruth, even the mildest of "white lies" will need another to justify it, and the first "white lie" demands another to support it, and while the first was uttered with fear and misgiving, the others that follow become easier to utter, until at last there is no difficulty at all in using a "white lie."

Among my old friends there are women who in theory would never descend to a lie, but who have become unconsciously so addicted to the telling of "white lies" that they use them at all times and seasons. Once I had been invited to take tea with a friend. She lived at some distance from my home, a long two miles lay between our houses. I reached her house at 4:30 to find it empty and my friend apparently out. Knowing her fancy for long country walks, I made my way into the garden and waited for half an hour, and then returned home feeling rather cross at having had my walk for nothing. The next day she came and reproached me for having disappointed her. She had been resting and had not heard my knock. Why hadn't I opened the door and walked in? I might have believed her, but unfortunately I had tried the door and found it locked. I had met a mutual friend, who had informed me that she and my absent friend had been out on the river all day, and that the latter had only remembered her invitation only an hour after the time she should have been at home to receive me. Now I am wondering why she had not honestly told me the truth. We were old friends and there was no necessity for her to have hidden the fact that she had forgotten her appointment. I should not have felt half the annoyance I did when I heard her utter a deliberate untruth.

In-Shoots

It is a wise politician who can make his constituents forget the campaign promises.

The trouble with most of the advice is that it has generally been offered at the wrong time.

A man can insist that wealth is a burden and yet break his back holding on to his share.

One charitable act will occasionally cause a man to pat himself on the back for many months.

Many a smart kid who has ruled his mother has found it a different proposition to govern a wife.

LOSING HOPE WOMAN VERY ILL

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

Bellevue, Ohio. "I was in a terrible state before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. My back ached, my head ached, I thought I should break, I had pains all over me, nervous feelings and periodic troubles. I was very weak and run down 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, Bellevue, 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.



Read It Here—See It at the Movies.

The Goddess

INTRODUCING EARLE WILLIAMS as Tommy Barclay ANITA STEWART as The Goddess

Written by Gouverneur Morris

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTER. After the tragic death of John Amesbury, his prostrated wife, one of America's greatest beauties, dies. At her death Prof. Stilliter, an agent of the interests, kidnaps the beautiful 3-year-old baby girl and brings her up in a paradise where she sees no man, but thinks she is taught by angels, who instruct her for her mission to reform the world. At the age of 18 she is suddenly thrust into the world, where agents of the interests are ready to find her. By an accident the hero sees her first and hides with her in the Adirondacks.

SECOND INSTALLMENT.

She was in the schoolroom. The map which the teacher had drawn in red chalk had grown so big that you could no longer see the other maps at all, and it was blood red and smoking. It looked less and less like a map, and more and more like a face. It had horns and pointed ears, but these melted off, and it began to develop two enormous eyes with coal-black rims. Before the thing really looked like anybody that he had ever seen Tommy knew that in the very next crumb of time it was going to look exactly like Prof. Stilliter.

Mr. Barclay couldn't help being fond of Tommy, but in some ways Tommy proved an awful disappointment to him. Adopted into and brought up to be an aristocrat of wealth, he had no interest in money except to spend it. I don't mean that he was especially wasteful or especially extravagant, but only that he took no interest in how the money had been gathered or how it could be made to work. He was much more interested in horses and boats and dogs and shooting than in any of his patron's financial affairs. He went to boarding school and played on the foot ball team and the hockey team and the base ball team. He

look prizes in everything that he engaged in, except studies. It was the same with him at college. He spent half of his time winning trophies for his college and the other half making friends for himself. When he graduated Mr. Barclay tried to teach him banking, railroading and a few other trifles all at once. Mr. Barclay had not patience with the idea that it is best to begin at the bottom and work up. He believed in beginning at the top. Tommy did his very best to make good. He attended long-drawn out directors' meetings and he racked his brains to understand what they were all about. He travelled all over the country to inspect this property and that, and once he almost got into touch with finance; at least he found amusement in one aspect of it. In short, he was sworn in as a special deputy in a time of coal trouble and helped to put down a strike.

Mr. Barclay did not expect too much of Tommy, and soon saw what little he did expect he was not likely to get. But he was very fond of him and tried to make the best of him. Tommy spent all his leisure time playing polo or tennis or washing off on hunting trips, and some fourteen or fifteen years after this story opens he became very much interested in Miss Mary Blackstone.

He hadn't forgotten the little Amesbury girl. He never would forget her, but what is the use of a little girl who lives in heaven to a young man who doesn't?

Tommy often dreamed about her still. As he grew older she grew older, and the heaven in which she lived and was educated by the most scientific and philosophical of all the saints and angels, became more and more sophisticated and less and less like the palace scene in a comic opera. But Mary Blackstone did not live in heaven, did not wear a halo, did not string a golden harp or sit around and look as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. She lived in a low white house near Southampton, L. I. It had gardens full of gigantic boxwood, and it had as many fluted columns to hold up its veranda roofs that Tommy, with his distaste for figures, was never able to count them. Some people said the house had a hundred rooms in it; other people said that there were 200. These, however, did not affect Tommy. He was on the most craning and intimate terms with her father, and there was one southwest room in which he spent many and many a week-end, which was always known to the Blackstone family as Tommy's room. Mary Blackstone rode horses, played tennis and swam in the surf as well as a strong and courageous boy. Tommy never knew whether she was more attractive in athletic clothes or when, as she expressed it, she was dressed to look like a real lady. Every phase of her appearance charmed him. Unfortunately, these same phases and everything else about

MR. ELBERT HUBBARD, prior to his departure for Europe on the Lusitania, prepared a series of articles for The Bee to be used in his absence. These articles will appear from day to day, added interest no doubt attaching to them owing to Mr. Hubbard's tragic death.

The Fine Art of Loving

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

The world has always been run on a short allowance of love.

Passion has been plentiful, but love scarce—"the love that suffereth long and is kind."

However, our own America has more love in it today than it ever had before.

To love and be loved means the highest form of happiness that mortals know.

Not to love or be loved means misery.

Those who are well loved live long and well.

These are the people who accomplish results in the world of art, music, literature, acting, oratory, business.

"Love" and "life" are synonymous terms.

To love means allying yourself to the forces of the universe—moving with the eternal tides—"hitching your wagon to a star."

To love one is to love all. For loving one we are in harmony with all. Then do our footfalls tinkle with the music of the spheres, and the days are radiant.

To be loving and lovable one has to have certain qualities—physical, mental and moral.

And our moral and mental qualities, psychologists now tell us, turn largely on our physical condition.

What is called "heart disease" is usually a form of indigestion.

Many people eat four meals a day—breakfast, luncheon, dinner and supper after the theater. Such folks are bound to suffer, and much of the time are, consequently, unloving and unlovable.

When you are aware you have a stomach you are given to introspection, and introspection means misery. And misery is contagious.

Also, I might add, that happiness is not only contagious but infectious.

Joy runs over and inundates everything. It bubbles, effervesces, overflows its banks and makes the waste places green. We keep joy by giving it away.

A thought is not our own until we impart it to another. And in order to have sweet and joyous thoughts you must have a body that can mirror your joyous mood.

If we were sailors, living twelve hours or more a day in the open air, we could stuff our holds with a mixed cargo and yet thrive. But living much indoors, with vexed mental problems to solve, we need the fertile mind and the insight that sees things in their true light.

To this end we must get rid of the farmhand habit of overeating.

We want less food—and better food. We would be gallant, generous gentlemen, and intelligent, gracious ladies, all.

The sick, the groggy have got to go. We would possess our souls in patience. We would know the fine art of listening. We would sit in the silence with our friend without embarrassment and pack each pause with feeling. For only then are we lovable.

To be lovable we must have certain mental and moral qualities. By mental qualities is meant the traits of character that make you able to put yourself in place of the other person.

This means deference for the rights of others, consideration, sympathy, slowness to blame and quickness to command.

Mental qualities are those that we use in making decisions. Mentality means memory, knowledge, insight, ability to face problems and solve them rightly, to throw the searchlight of imagination into the future and thus possess the prophetic vision.

People who are hurried, worried, in doubt, are dangerous in a business way, unsafe and unreliable.

They blame all their ills on others and have a faculty of making a whole household miserable.

And, of course, they are unlovable.

Such people have a coated tongue, cracked lips, blotchy complexions, dull eyes, yellow teeth.

Cut down your food quantity, increase your breathing and note how your love capacity keeps pace, and patience possesses your soul.

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