

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

"The Cure"

From a Stubbed Toe to a Bruised Heart

By NELL BRINKLEY

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The Haven—the cure—is the one big, sweet word that is soft and tender, brooding and mellow, in all languages: Mother—the sure healer for the griefs of a chap from the time he stubs his toe to the black, anguishing day when he stubs the quick of his heart.

When you were an atom of a curly-headed kid you fled to the soft hollow of your mother's shoulder and buried your rainy face in the

heaven of her breast with the sorrow of a toe that fairly radiated, so bitterly did it hurt.

Now that you're a great, lanky chap, it'll work just the same—try it when you're in the griefs and your heart's bruised black.

For she gripped the star-seeing toe and the poor little parent foot in the soft crushed rose of her palm and whispered little things into

your hair that only mothers can say (and the language has never been put down in black and white—it has not)—and the pain oozed away!

And now she can hold on tight to your bursting heart and whisper the same soft things if you'll fly to her quick—and that pain, too, will sleep and die by-and-by.

NELL BRINKLEY.



Madame Isobell's Beauty Lesson

LESSON XII—PART VI

My diet which I outlined for you in the last installment of this lesson with its following exercises will reduce the average patient three pounds a week. I do not recommend more rapid reduction. Unless the patient is very strong it may work harm. Moreover, if reduction is slow and steady, it is more apt to be permanent.

It is in time to have a free half hour before dressing for breakfast. Begin with the breathing exercises outlined in Lesson X and follow by the general exercises given in the first part of this lesson. Then do these three special reduction exercises:

1.—Hold the arms straight with palms towards each other, keeping them in this position raise them slowly above the head, stretching the body as much as possible. At the same time rise on the balls of the feet, keeping steady poise. When the arms are straight above the head continue the movement backwards as far as possible, keeping the head between the arms. Return to erect position with arms straight up. Now bend body to the left, keeping arms parallel and head between them, now to right. Repeat this exercise ten times.

2.—Place a rug or sheet, anything to protect your body on the floor. Lie flat with arms close at sides. In this position roll over to the right ten times and then roll back to original position. Repeat this ten to twenty times.

3.—Place hands on hips and bend right knee forward, throwing left hip upward and back. Now reverse the position, left knee forward bent, right hip backward thrown, and continue changing weight from one side to the other, at first slowly and then rapidly. Keep the hands clasped at the back of the head and continue this exercise until there is a decided ache in the legs and in the muscles.

Repeat these three exercises before retiring. Walk at least one hour a day. You should do from five to seven miles on level road. Hill climbing is excellent. I shall be glad to answer any personal letters in regard to reduction from any of my pupils. If they will send me a stamped, addressed envelope.

Madame Isobell

Household Hints

Fasten a piece of tape or string to the end of your scrubbing brush, so that when finished with it can be hung up and allowed to drain. Instead of the water cooking into the brush and loosening the bristles and making them soft. For the same reason, do not leave the brush in the pail of water when the floor is being washed.

To remove grease from wall paper apply to the spots a paste made of fuller's earth and cold water, leaving this on all night. If the spots have not disappeared in the morning a second application will usually be found efficacious. It is well to take grease marks out of paper directly they are made.

Half a cupful of milk put in a dishpan full of hot water will serve instead of soap. It softens the water, keeps the hands better, because it will not roughen them like soap, and brightens dishes, cleaning off all grease and leaving no scum in the pan.

Jars and pickle bottles that smell of onions may be made sweet if filled with garden mold and left standing out of doors for two or three days. When thoroughly washed they will be found quite fresh, and may be used for jam or any other purpose.

When cooking new potatoes to which mint has been added, they usually turn a bad color. This can be prevented by cooking the potatoes first and, when strained, placing a sprig of mint on the top, closing the lid tightly. The steam absorbs the flavor, and the potatoes are kept a good color.

Two drops of camphor on your toothbrush will give your mouth the freshest, cleanest feeling imaginable, and will make your gums rosy and absolutely prevent anything like cold sores or affections on your tongue.

Stains on white flannel can sometimes be removed by rubbing them with glycerine and yolk of egg mixed in equal quantities. Spread on the stain, leave for half an hour, then wash the garments as usual.

A bag of salt standing where there is a smell of fish will absorb the aroma.

Common fern laid down in places frequented by cockroaches will drive them away.

Face Peeling Easy—Blond or Brunette

The blonde's complexion fades early, because her skin is extraordinarily thin and fine," says Mme. Lina Cavalieri. The brunette's, as a rule, is the reverse. The skin is thicker and has the tendency to an oily appearance.

For either the faded blonde's skin or the brunette's oily or sallow complexion, the best remedy is ordinary mercuric oxide. Used every night, this will give one an entirely new complexion within about a week's time. The wax gradually peels off the worn-out surface skin, with all its defects, a little each day, without affecting the delicate under-skin in the least. The latter will have the exquisitely beautiful glow of youth-induced, one may readily lose ten or fifteen years from her age, so far as appearance goes, by a course of this simple treatment. The wax, available at any drug store, is applied like cold cream.—Advertisement.

Giordano Bruno

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By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

To pick out the heart of the greatest of all mysteries, the mystery of the world and man's existence therein, has been the one supreme desire of earth's brightest minds from the beginning of human history.



Among the first of the moderns to tackle this stupendous task in dead earnest and with soul aflame with a holy enthusiasm was Giordano Bruno, born in the little town of Noia, Italy, in 1584.

Sad and glorious is the life-story of Bruno—sad when you think of what the man suffered, but glorious in the light of the splendid triumph that in the fulness of time crowned his sorrow and his toil.

Bruno when yet a very young man became a Dominican monk, but soon learned that in so doing he had made a great mistake. He was required to stop thinking, a command to which his active mind could not possibly become obedient. He kept on thinking, and soon found out that he was a "suspect." His brothers monks looked at him with wide-open eyes full of amazement and terror. They called him a heretic, and he was expelled from the order.

Cast out from the monastery, Bruno began his continental wanderings, proclaiming himself wherever he went the Evangel of Reason, the Knight Errant of Scientific Truth. Wonderfully handsome, very elegant, the incarnation of courage, any of the greatest living masters of the art of expression, he drew to himself hearers as the magnet gathers about itself the iron filings.

Everybody in those days believed in Aristotle. The old Greek was considered infallible. To doubt him was to invite the maledictions of all. As a sample of the absolute sway that was held by the stagnate over the new, of the period we have the following incident: A bright young natural philosopher, having discovered "spots" on the sun, communicated

the fact to his pastor. "My son," replied the learned doctor, "I have read Aristotle many times, and I assure you there is nothing of the kind mentioned by him. Go rest in peace, and be certain that the spots which you have seen are in your eyes and not in the sun."

Bruno pitched into the mighty Aristotle as David did into Goliath and slew him. "There is a greater than Aristotle," he declared, "and that great thing is reason." Bruno was the originator of the noble motto, "Not Authority for Truth, but Truth for Authority." It was Bruno who, for the first time among the moderns, said: "That which is endorsed by enlightened reason and the facts carries along with itself its own authority, but no amount of authority can make a lie to be other than a lie."

With truth for his object and reason and investigation as his guide, Bruno flamed through Europe, announcing things that human ears had never been called upon to listen to before. He told men that God was in the universe, not apart from it, and that the universe was a much bigger affair than they had been in the habit of thinking it was.

The first to fully grasp the mighty significance of the discoveries of Copernicus, he was the first also to perceive that those discoveries necessitated a new theology, and a new philosophy of the world and of man.

With commanding eloquence Bruno discoursed, with rare ardor of one of the old crusaders, of a universe that was boundless. He divined nature—not by degrading the Deity to the material, but by lifting up the material to a participation in the spiritual.

And so, anticipating Bacon, and Descartes, and Newton, and La Place, and Darwin, and Herbert Spencer, Bruno passed from country to country, the herald of the dawn, the pathfinder of modern scientific and philosophic truth.

Of course, the position of a man of Bruno's kind, at that age of the world, was like standing on dynamite. His life was not safe for a day, or for an hour. He was liable, at any moment, to be haled before the tribunals to give an account of himself.

The inquisition got after Bruno and cast him into prison. He was a dangerous character. He was making people think a business that has always been unpopular with "those in authority."

The criminal was finally taken to Rome and subjected to a mock trial. The dice were loaded, and by the throw it was decided that the champion of reason should die.

When informed that the decree of death had been voted against him, he replied: "I suspect you pronounce this sentence with more fear than I receive it."

It was on the 17th of February, 1600, that the brightest man in Europe was publicly burned to death, in the fifty-third year of his age.

Scipio, one of the wise men who heard Bruno sentenced in the hall of St. Maria Sopra Minerva, left this estimate of him: "A horrible man. He taught that there are innumerable worlds; that the world has existed from eternity; that God is the soul of the world, and that Moses composed his own laws."

Love at First Sight

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Do you believe in love at first sight? Numerous people write and ask me this question, and each and every one shows plainly that they hope I am going to speak words of approval for the sudden feeling which they doubt even when they cherish it.

I do not believe in "love" at first sight. In the charm that attracts at once, in the magnetism that makes itself felt almost before a word has been spoken, in the allure that reaches across tides of lack of knowledge and understanding, I do believe. But that any of these or all together are stable things worthy of the name of "love" I gravely doubt.

Love ought to be based on understanding, knowledge, congeniality and respect. Unless it have a firm foundation it cannot last.

There is little durability or wearing quality to a cobweb. Now the magnetic quality that makes itself felt as the attraction called "Love at first sight" is no more than "a cobweb web with morning dew" and sparkling delightfully in the early sunlight. When the sun's rays become warm and hard to endure, or when the chill east winds blow, the misty cobweb becomes a dusty, lifeless thing of a chill and sudden mass of gray.

Love at first sight is too often exactly like that. It cannot endure the warmth and friction of daily living or the chill winds of adversity. It is a thing of glamour and of mystery. Understood or analyzed or put to any test of living, it fades away.

If a man is taking a business partner or a woman is hiring a cook, do they plunge in and take some one whose looks they like, or who has a pleasing way of tilting their head? Not at all. Mister Man makes sure of having as his partner some one whose talents dovetail nicely with his own, some one for whom he has admiration and respect, some one with whom he can endure the friction of daily contact. And Madame Housekeeper will have no one as her cook of whose capabilities and qualities she is not sure.

In buying a suit or a dress or a hat a woman studies wearing qualities and suitability and becomingness—and sums it all up by saying, "Can I afford that suit? Will it serve well?"

When a man gets a lawn mower or a new auto, he studies the workings of that machine and does not decide upon it until he is sure he knows all about it and considers it a "good buy."

Isn't love as important as any of these things?

Of course it is. And love isn't worth entertaining unless it is based on actual knowledge and is sure of itself.

At first sight a given man feels more attraction to one girl of a group than to half a dozen others that would assay just as many charms. Well and good and natural enough. But he is not in love with her. He is ready to judge her faults with a lenient mind and to find delight in all her charms. He is in a receptive mood for love. But truly in love he can not be.

Perhaps some lad's flashing blue eyes and broad shoulders attract a certain lassie the very first second she sees them. She, too, is ready to feel the force of his every good quality. But she should try to judge him with somewhat the same open-

minedness that she would show in her judgment of any one of life's far lesser interests.

The world is sadly full of people who do not wear well. There are numberless lovable scamps, or likable vixens on earth. Don't be fooled by them because they exert on you when first you meet a certain charm.

Love ought to be based on mutual knowledge and respect. And these things come as time proves worthiness and congeniality. If they are added to the first attraction, which is generally merely a snare of the senses, they elevate it to a worth while plane.

Don't yield to "love at first sight" until you have investigated it and proven that it is love and mere fleeting fascination you entertain.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Am a young man 23 years of age and considered very handsome by all my friends.

I am deeply in love with a girl who is several years my junior. Recently I held an affair which I thought positively she would attend, but she failed to appear.

I have not seen her for some time and have written to her several times, but she failed to receive a reply. Kindly tell me how I can gain her love, as I am heart-broken.

G. W. P.

You seem too calmly certain of your good looks. Perhaps this sensible girl wishes to show you that you are not irresistible. If you really care for her, persist, and loyalty may win her.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Won't you please tell me how I could meet the gentleman bearing his name A. W. A. in your column last evening? I am a young lady of much ability and refinement, but seldom meet men of my moral ideals and would like very much to meet him.

QUIET.

This column is not a trying place. Names are not furnished under any circumstances. You should be patient and trust in your own goodness. In time the right man will appear.

Certainly Not. I am a young man, 22, and love a girl who is five years my junior. My salary is small, while her earnings do not overflow her pockets either. How would you advise me to disclose my intentions to her by sending her a few dollars for a dress, as she is seldom met men of my moral ideals and stays with her married sister.

J. P.

It would be an insult for you to send this girl money. I am sure you mean to be kind, but you would only hurt her by suggesting that you were ashamed of her shabbiness. You may not pay for her clothes until you are married. In the meantime show your fondness by bringing pleasure into her life.

Conquer Your Jealousy.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man of 25 and am in love with a girl of 18 and have been going with her a little over a year. She is out with other fellows quite often. What would you advise me to do?

H. BARTHOLOMEW.

Until a girl is engaged she is quite free to have a number of boy friends. Don't permit your selfish jealousy to begrudge her friends, or pleasant times.

Easy Lesson in Evolution

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

A savage is a man who eats, every day, all the food that he secures. The savage sees only one reason for securing food, and that is, to eat it. When his hunger is satisfied he ceases industry.

When a man begins to store up for future use, and to supply others, he becomes a capitalist.

All capital comes from savings above immediate necessities. These savings of labor constitute the wealth of the world. If men did not produce more than they consumed there would be no civilization. Wealth is stored-up labor.

The first organization is in the family, where the children work to help their parents, and the parents work to help each other and the children.

The clan is a combination of families that are inter-related by marriage. The tribe is a collection of clans. There is always a tendency for tribes to split up through personal animosities, jealousies or misunderstandings.

Near every communal or co-operative concern is the opposition known as "the dump," made up of come-outers. Every big factory has little factories near, managed by former employes of the big concern.

In the pure savage type each family secures food for itself. The hunt and the chase have the incentive in hunger.

Man first lived in caves. To utilize the skin of an animal for making a tent or a house marked an evolution in intelligence.

A stone was the first weapon, and used in the hands of a gorilla is decidedly effective. To attach a handle to the stone by means of thongs, and thus make a hammer, marks the beginning of the stone age. To sharpen the stone and make an axe, and then a knife, an arrowhead or a spearhead, probably required a good many generations.

The corporation had its rise in the fertile brain of Julius Caesar, and was founded on the idea of the Tenth Legion, that never died.

The soldiers in the Tenth Legion may have been killed in battle; but the ranks closed and the column advanced over their dead bodies.

That night, when the legion camped, new men were put in place of those who were lost, and so, although individuals might die, yet the Tenth Legion lived on forever.

The Romans were builders and engineers. Caesar set aside a hundred men to build an aqueduct. Knowing that it would probably take longer than the lifetime of these men to complete the task, Caesar ordered that whenever one of the hundred died the next should elect his successor, and thus, though the entire original hundred men should pass



BLACKHEADS GO QUICK BY THIS SIMPLE METHOD

Blackheads—big ones or little ones—on any part of the body, go quick by a simple method that dissolves them. To do this get about two ounces of powdered norexin from your druggist—sprinkle a little on a hot, wet sponge—rub over the blackheads briskly for a few seconds—and wash off. You'll wonder where the blackheads have gone. The powdered norexin and the hot water have just dissolved them. Finishing and squeezing blackheads only opens the pores of the skin and leaves them open and unattractive—and unless the blackheads are big and soft they will not come out, while the simple application of norexin and water dissolves them right out, leaving the skin soft and the pores in their natural condition. You can get powdered norexin at any drug store and you are troubled with those unsightly bumps you should certainly try this simple method.—Advertisement.