

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

"I'm Sharpening This for You"

(A TRUE STORY)

By NELL BRINKLEY

Copyright, 1914, International News Service.



Once upon a time—all true fairy stories, with the glitter of gold dust in the air and the marvelous blue of the sky of Tir-na-h-Oigh stretching vast overhead, with the ermine of kings and the rainbow flitter of gem-span jewels, with the magic music of bewitched harp strings, and the finding of treasure beneath cold stones—all fairy-stories that beat true begin with "once upon a time."

And this is a true fairy-story, because it, too, is a shimmer with the gold dust of love dreams, and the marvelous blue of Youth's sky arches vastly overhead—the ermine of kings is there for the white of a maid's soul, and the rainbow glitter of life stretches out before like a jeweled strand. Herein is also the unearthly music of heart-

strings under an old spell; here also is the finding of treasure beneath the cold stone of a heart still asleep, but swimming up from the unborn land under the rosy light of Love's dawning.

So this is a true fairy-story for sure! Once upon a time fifteen raced, with her hair a brown cloud in the wind, her feet still in spring heels, her boyish body in the ease of a childish frock, down the path of life where the flowers are thick. And, clambering over a mighty fallen log in the path, her clear eyes fell amazed upon a fat, pinkish creature like a bit of a baby (only his eyes were too wise for one), squatted in the dust, his golden head on fire with the sun, his wings shimmering with a thousand shifting colors.

And he was breathing on a square of blue stone regularly and breathing hard, too, and rubbing away on the wet blue stone with an arrow, dull of point.

And fifteen—breathless, half over the log, her eyes snapping—rocked on her folded knee and asked:

"What are you doing there, and what is your name?"

And the fat, pink of raised his blinking eyes and showed all his baby teeth in a grin. He shifted a bit in the dust, breathed again on the blue stone, and quoth he back again in a silver voice:

"My name is Love—and I'm whetting this for you!"

—NELL BRINKLEY.



Madame Isbell's Beauty Lesson

THE HAIR AND SCALP—PART V.

It is a constant inquiry from pupils "How often shall I shampoo my head?" There is only one answer to this, "As often as it is necessary to keep it clean." This depends on where you live, whether your hair is exposed to much soot or dust and whether your scalp is subject to dandruff or over-oliness. Neglected hair needs a shampoo more often than hair that is carefully aired and brushed every day. In short, the hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean by daily brushing, airing, scalp friction and by a shampoo whenever it is necessary.

A shampoo can only be harmful when it is improperly done. Don't use a shampoo mixture of which you know nothing; it may contain some strong alkali which, while it will "cut the dirt" may break disastrous effect on the scalp. No matter what shampoo you use rinse it well out of the hair. Soap left in the hair or on the scalp will work harm. Remember also not to rub the cake of soap directly on the hair, for the hairs are grooved and soap applied in this way may get into these grooves and remain. A good shampoo mixture can be made by shaving enough good soap into two cups of boiling water to make a semi-liquid; stir in a teaspoon of powdered borax. It is quite possible to shampoo your hair at home if you have the time and the necessary appliances. If the hair is long and thick, it is difficult to properly rinse it without a bath spray. With a spray it is a simple matter, and the price of a good spray is quickly repaid. Most hair dressers dry with a current of hot air; this saves time and trouble, but the hair will be more glossy after the shampoo if it is dried simply by wiping with warm towels and lifting and fanning the locks.

Begin your shampoo by brushing your hair and taking out all tangles. Make a lather of your shampoo mixture and apply it to the scalp, rubbing it in vigorously. Then rinse with tepid water. Examine the scalp to see if it is clean, and, if not, repeat this operation. If the scalp is clean, pour the rest of the shampoo mixture on the hair itself, rubbing the locks of hair gently but thoroughly as if you were washing a piece of silk. Rinse several times to finish, first with hot, then with tepid and finally with cold water. When the rinsing water runs away absolutely clear you can be sure that all the soap is washed out of the hair and scalp.

Dry the hair with warm towels, first rubbing the scalp as dry as possible and then the hair, wiping and patting each strand separately. Fanning the hair will hasten the drying process during the summer let the hair dry on a towel and treat it to a sun bath whenever practical. When the hair is half dry separate it into strands and disentangle it, taking care not to pull the hair, for wet hair is elastic. When the hair is dry rub in any tonic you are using or massage the scalp with a little eau de Cologne to aid the circulation. Do not dry the hair until the scalp is thoroughly dry.

If the hair is so dry and fluffy after a shampoo as to become unmanageable, a little brillantine can be used to advantage. To apply this put a few drops on the palm of the hand, rub the two palms together and pass the hands lightly over the hair after it has been dressed. This will keep the hair tidy and restore the gloss that the shampoo may have momentarily taken from it.

Madame Isbell (To Be Continued)

Little Mary's Essays (NEAR RELATIONS)

By DOROTHY DIX.

Near relations is folks that you ought to be proud of, and ain't.

There are two kinds of near relations, your mamma's near relations and your papa's near relations, and when you are very, very good, and you don't muss your dress, nor lose your hair ribbon, and your teacher gives you a good report, then you are like your mamma's near relations. But when you are naughty and tear your dress, and behave like the old scratch, then you are like your papa's near relations.

I know this is true because my mamma says so.

There are more near relations in the world than anything else except fleas, which are too numerous to mention; also they are like fleas because they bite.



cause when you get them in the house it is hard to get rid of them.

I do not know much about the habits of near relations except that they spend their time in visiting, and in telling people what they ought to do. When my mamma's near relations come to our house they say that it is a shame for him to smoke in the parlor, and drink beer with his dinner, which will lead him to a drunkard's grave, and they wonder where he goes when he goes down town at night. And my father says damn.

When my father's near relations come to our house they say that my mother dresses too fine and stylish and that she should stay at home, and cook dinner instead of playing bridge, and that she should raise her children better. My mother is a lady, and she does not say damn. She slams the door when she leaves the room where my papa's near relations are.

My mother's near relations always call her "poor Mary."

And my father's near relations always call him "poor John."

I do not know why this is so, unless it is the way near relations are built.

When people are your near relations they tell you the things you do not want to hear, but a stranger speaks to you polite and agreeable.

When your near relations are rich, or have been generals in the war, or something great, you brag about them, and call them ancestors. But when they are poor and have a little store on the back street you do not mention them at all.

Sometimes a near relation gives you a nickel to buy candy with, but most times they say, "My, how forward children are now. They didn't behave that way in my days."

That is all that I know at present about near relations.

FRECKLES

Now is the time to get rid of these Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription othine-double strength-is guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Simply get an ounce of othine-double strength—from the Sherman & McConnell Drug Co., or any druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

James Oglethorpe

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

Of General James Oglethorpe, the grand founder of the state of Georgia, the people of this country do not know half as much as they ought.

John Fiske says: "Oglethorpe's name deserves a very high place among the heroes of our early American history." Fiske might have added that his name deserves a more honorable mention.

James Oglethorpe was born in London, December 21, 1585, and after a course at Oxford entered the army, and at the special recommendation of the duke of Marlborough was appointed aide de camp to Prince Eugene. Under that illustrious general he served with distinction in the campaign against the Turks, 1716-17, showing great bravery and efficiency of the siege and capture of Belgrade.

Returning to England in 1722 he entered politics, became a member of Parliament, and proved himself to be, in the best sense of the word, a "practical" man. Interesting himself in many humane works, he may be said to have been the father of modern philanthropic politics.

In 1732, when he was 47 years old, Oglethorpe scaled the Kamacraw bluff on the Savannah river and began laying the foundation of the state of Georgia. No commonwealth ever had nobler foundations. Its founder, having witnessed the inhumanity of man to man as it prevailed in the old world, resolved that in his new state mercy and justice should prevail.

"In Georgia," declared the great-hearted Oglethorpe, "there shall be no slavery, no bondage of man to man. In Georgia there shall be freedom only. In Georgia there shall be no persecution for religious opinion. In Georgia there shall be no manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquor."

The exploitation of humanity, the systematic, legalized degradation of humanity were prohibited. Such things were



not to exist in the new commonwealth. With clean hearts and clear heads, their state resting on the simple principles of fair play and good will, Georgians were to begin right and keep right.

But man proposes and something else disposes, and the fine beginning down on the banks of the Savannah was destined to go up in smoke. In 1733 Oglethorpe left Georgia forever, after having given the colony the best there was in his head and heart for something more than ten years.

For the ten years that her founder was with her Georgia remained "dry" and free. No "ginmill" and no slave, few being known within its borders, but with Oglethorpe out of the way the "interest" began to undo all of his good work.

The lumber trust sent its agents to England and with a great "tale of woe" about "business condition" in the colony, owing to the excise laws, and parliament at once knocked out Oglethorpe's laws against the manufacture and sale of ardent spirits. The lumber people exchanged their lumber in the West Indies for rum, which they sold to the colonists at a big profit, and thus Georgia became "wet."

The "trustees" who had charge of affairs in Georgia after Oglethorpe's departure, appear to have been excellent men, fully bent upon carrying out the founder's purposes; but the interests, backed by parliament, were too strong for them, and seeing the hopelessness of the struggle, they resigned.

"Close upon the heels of rum came slavery, and one of the fairest ideals that ever charmed a statesman's soul vanished into nothingness.

"But the ideal was none the less worthy and noble, and the man who tried so faithfully to bring it to pass upon these western shores is deserving of our everlasting admiration and gratitude.

Oglethorpe died at Cranham hall, England, during the summer of 1785, at the venerable age of 82. The grand old man lived to see his colony a "free and independent state," and had been permitted to live for just three years longer he would have had the pleasure of seeing Georgia a member of the great political constellation, the United States of America.

Foolish Love Letters

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

There is nothing more helpful in the sweetening of mature years than to run across a letter written in one's extreme youth. It takes away all taint of superiority; one may not claim, in pedantic terms, to have been less foolish than the young of today, because of the written proof that one was more so.

For this reason, I want Tessie to cut out the following letter, which I have just received from her and read it in the years to come. It will be good for her soul to remember that years ago she gave it such food as the letter describes:

"I am deeply in love," she writes, "with a young man named Frank. I love him more than my life. I can hardly work when he is not around. His presence is food for my soul. I have made a poem that I would give anything for him to see and know it is from me: "Sweetest that the falling dew is my love when I gaze on you. Your beaming face doth heal the wound of my heart! I pray to all we may never part.

"He scraps and fights with me and often complains about me to the man we work for, but that only makes me love him more. Please advise me what to do, for, oh, how I love him!"

Your plight is not as serious as I would seem at first sight. I would urge you to write more poetry, making every poem a little smoother, a little more elegant in sentiment and style than the one that preceded it. After exhausting your emotions and vocabulary on Frank take up other themes; you will find many richer, though you doubt it now. This will remove repulsive to you at first, and entirely alien to one of your loving nature, but practice will make it come graceful and easy.

Then drift into prose writing, gradually enriching your vocabulary with each effort. Do not say you have nothing to write about; that if you could travel and see the world you might find something more worthy of your pen. My dear girl, the writings that have lived have been those that have been inspired by the most humble occasions and a well-written story of a girl's life, her work, her ambitions and her surroundings, by they ever so humble, is more interesting than a pedantic treatise on the subconscious self.

or an encyclopaedia-plucked essay on the stone age.

Quicken your powers of memory and observation of carrying away with you at all times and on all occasions some mental tid-bit with your next hour with your pen. You will thus learn in time that there is more in life than your love for Frank that is "sweeter than the falling dew," and also learn incidentally that the dew doesn't fall and also that while Frank's beaming face may heal the wounds of your heart, a more effective remedy is found in a cultivated mind and a well-trained brain.

In this way, Tessie, you will give your soul a food that will grow more nutritious and sustaining with the years, the supply of which will never diminish.

To feed it alone on Frank's presence is to invite speedy and eternal famine.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

The Price of Pleasure.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am in a very exasperating condition; perhaps you can aid. I am a stenographer, working in an office. The Fourth of July being a legal holiday, I was off duty. I am fond of out-of-door sports, and I do not think that I have committed such a wrong in going out riding the Fourth with an elderly man who is married. He is a great friend of my employer and I, of course, feel a good friend to him in that respect.

We were out driving for about two hours, and I really believe that the ride into the country was the most enjoyable thing that I have had the opportunity of accepting for the summer. His home is not in this place, and for that reason I think it appropriate for my acceptance. People have been making serious remarks in regard to this, and it has affected me very deeply.

Have people any authority to make rude remarks?

I am quite sure that you meant nothing improper in taking a little motor ride with a married man who happened to be in your town. But in a case like this the opinion of one or two individuals does not count. Society will always criticize an unmarried woman who accepts any attention from another woman's husband. The price is too great to pay—and affairs between married men

of means and pretty young working women are dangerous—for the girl. So, my dear girl, don't enjoy a few hours of pleasure any more in days and weeks of injured reputation.

Should Pay Her Own Fare.

Dear Miss Fairfax: The girl I am going with is going to Chicago next month to visit her aunt and sister and as I am going there, too, we have arranged to go together.

Now, I have taken this girl to many, many places and have spent quite a lot of my money, never allowing her to spend any of her money, and she says, "What I want to know is this: Should I pay her fare on the train over?"

B. J. N.

As this is not a pleasure trip on which you have invited your friend, there is no reason for you to pay her fare. In fact, as she is going to make a visit and you are merely accompanying her on the journey, it would be improper for you to pay her fare. You may buy her candy, magazines, tip the porter or even pay for her meal if you take one on the train, but she should pay her own fare.

It's Easy to Peel Off Your Tan or Freckles

This is what you should do to shed a spotted complexion. Rub evenly over the face covering every inch of skin a thin layer of ordinary mercurized wax. Let this stay on over night, wash it off next morning. Repeat daily until your complexion is as clear, soft and beautiful as a young girl's. This result is inevitable, no matter how soiled or discolored the complexion. The wax literally peels off the skin surface skin, exposing the lovely young skin beneath. The process is entirely harmless, so little of the old skin coming off at a time. Mercurized wax is obtainable at any drug store; one ounce usually suffices. It's a veritable wonder-worker for tans, sunned, reddened, blotchy, pimpled or freckled skin. Pure powdered sallote is excellent for a wrinkled skin. An ounce of it dissolved in a half pint witch hazel makes a refreshing wash-lotion. This renders the skin quiet, firm and smooth; indeed, the very first application erases the finer lines; the deeper ones soon follow. Advertisement.