



The Bee's Home Magazine Page

How I Keep Healthy

The Way to Stay Youthful

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By Nell Brinkley



THIS IS AN OLD STUNT, BUT IT'S JUST AS HARD AND AS GOOD AS IT EVER WAS. A LITTLE EVERY MORNING WILL TRIM THE FAT OFF THE WAIST LINE.

THIS IS GOOD FOR THE MUSCLES OF YOUR STIFF LEGS, AND YOUR CARTRIDGE.

HERE'S ONE THAT LIMBERS YOU UP FROM YOUR CHEST TO YOUR HIPS.

TRY THIS BY BREATHING DEEP AS YOU GO DOWN. THIS WILL HARDEN YOUR ARMS AND DEEPEN AND WIDEN YOUR CHEST LIKE A SWIMMING STROKE DOES.

You might be one of the lithe clan who have just come into the heritage of youth, who have him all bottled up like a genie in a Solomon's jar. You clap your little hands and he comes out and takes his orchestra, works his wonders, and leaves you with the flag of the wild rose flying in your cheeks, your eyes like a child's, the color in your mouth deep and real, and the wild blood leaping so in your limbs that your body must be on the tramp to keep your heart and brain from mischief.

You may be one of those for whom youth works new marvels every dawn. And then, also, you may be one of that short-breathed, ardent crowd that have just looked into your jar, and from there up to the mirror that hangs above it and found youth flown. And now you are after him over hill and down dale, with all your soul in the chase and even love, the old, old fascinator, left behind and all forgotten.

Women love love, but they love youth more. You might even be one of those that have just come to the

top of a long hill in your chase for youth, and he's such a tiny speck in the blue distance, and it's such a long, long, trail stretched out before that you're going to give up and pick out a soft spot on the side of the road and drop out of the chase.

You who already have youth need to keep him; you who have just searched and found him gone need to get some of him back, and you who have found the soft spot beside the road and dropped out, with age sitting long side you on the soft spot, need to get back the image of him, a bit of his limberness in your knees, the red blood of him under your flesh, and a bit of his heart, that is strong and happy, in your chest.

And when you get to sticking one foot out stiff behind you when you dive into a closet after shoes on the floor, youth's makin' his exit-way. For your knees are stiffening up.

These first two pictures show an old, old stunt, but it's just as hard as ever it was, and it's just as good

as ever it was. When you can swoop back, feet flat on the floor, the soft belt of your body between the bony barrel of your ribs and the bones of your hips flattened and stretched to its uttermost, your chest high and filled with a great breath, your arms (left above your head, when you can swoop back and then with your lungs moving swing forward and down, arching your body like a bow and with your knees stiff, lay your feet flat on the floor as often as you like, you're pretty lithe. A little of it every morning will trim the fat of the waist line, harden and flatten the lax muscles of the abdomen, and stretch your settled down back-bone. When you do anything strenuous with your body it ought to be with an open window—first, because you breathe deep and long, and it's a good chance to fill your chest with clear outdoor air, and then, too, because sharp, fresh air is healthy and keen like a stimulant and it excites and fires you to do things with your body.

This next squatting one is hot work. It's good for the

muscles of your stiff legs and your carriage, for it's more or less a balancing stunt—head erect, a deep breath in your chest, the weight of your body on your tip-toes, your hands on your hips to have something to hold on to, up you go and down again, straight to your full height and down again. It sends your blood racing till you're hot from the pink tip of your great toe to the top of your little head.

Then here's an old kid stunt. You did that when you were 12 years old and had a gym in the barn loft and the trapeze had to be swung over the rafters when a new load of hay was packed in and you couldn't perform till a great hole grew in it and it was used away from the rafters. Try it now and see. If you can, lay your hands over your head, palms down flat on a wall, get a good grip with your feet, and then push your hands down, down, along the wall as far as you can. Be you're ashamed when you remember how far you could go when you were a kid. This is a general all around lim-

berer from your chest to your hips, and it hardens and strengthens the muscles about the waist that are so long and so often idle. It's good for the chubby lady.

And then here's another one. Breathe deep as you go down, for it's when your chest is down on the floor that your strained-back shows when it most. This will harden your arms and deepen your chest in the same fashion that the long, steady stroke in swimming does.

Pajamas are the thing to do all this in. They're easy to swing about in, they don't keep slipping off the shoulder and tripping you up with a deep hem, they're close and warm, and they're pretty and sensible and lots of fun.

And while you're working for youth and health you mustn't go the limit at the very beginning. When it hurts don't go any farther. By and by, ancient one, and little by little, you will be able to go farther and not creak! Go slow.

Interest in Agriculture Will Save Children of the Mills

Give Child Slaves of the Southern Cotton Factories Home Gardens and the Solution of America's Worst Problem is Near.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.
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Oh, the silence of the children in the sunny south today. It is sadder than the cry of fettered slaves. Lean and listen, and you will hear the roaring of the mill. And the sighing of the winds through open graves; But the voices of the children—they are still—Oh, the roaring of the mill, of the mill.

They no longer shout and gambol in the blossom-laden fields. And their laughter does not echo down the street. They have gone across the hills, they are working in the mills. Oh, the tired little hands and aching feet, And the dreary, weary life that stunts and kills—Oh, the roaring of the mills, of the mills.

All the pleasures known to childhood are but tales of fairyland. What to them are singing birds and running streams? For the rumble of the mill seems an echo of the mill. And they see but flying spiders in their dreams; Life is one, in summer's heat or winter's chill—Oh, the roaring of the mill, of the mill.

In this boasted land of freedom they are bonded baby slaves, And the busy world goes by and does not heed. They are driven to the mill just to glut and overfill Bursting coffers of the plutocrats of greed.

When they perish we are told it is "God's will"—Oh, the roaring of the mill, of the mill.

Still from valley, plain and hamlet lofty steeples proudly rise, And the droning tones of preachers praise of crimes; And the gospel venders still sell the people of the mill Stacks of fire and fields of glory for their dime.

And they pray beside the graves the children fill—Oh, the roaring of the mill, of the mill.

At Louisville, Ky., there was held not long ago the eighth annual conference of the national child labor committee. Many speeches were made at the conference, but the most notable one was made by Prof. P. P. Claxton, United States commissioner of education.

He declared that there is only one good in the world—human good. The home, church and state exist for the sake of childhood. Wealth and prosperity are necessary, but we must hold above these the good of the children. Democracy means equality of opportunity, and in our country there is no safety except in university intelligence and virtue.

"I am in hearty sympathy with the child labor movement, but I regard the problem from the point of view of the educator. We cannot educate children for democratic government by keeping them in school until 14, and then turning them into the world. Education must take hold on children until they reach manhood and womanhood. A proper amount of work done under proper conditions develops children, but it must be purposeful work. Obedience in school is as bad as striking in the factory."

Mr. Claxton then presented his sug-

gestions for the solution of the child labor problem in the south. School teachers in cotton mill towns should teach children how to utilize the land back of their homes for raising of fruit and vegetables and the production of eggs and milk for their own families.

In this way they would earn more than if at work in the mill. The school day should be shortened so that children could do this work.

At the age of 10 or 12 years they could enter the mill, but for only eight hours daily, still devoting one or two hours to this agricultural labor at their homes.

Application of this system to the negroes would keep them from idleness and help to solve the problem of negro criminality.

Mr. Charles S. Smith of the Nashville Tennessean says of this speech:

"The suggestion offered by Mr. Claxton for the solution of the child labor problem in the cotton towns of the south and other industrial centers in this section was that teachers be employed in the school who are qualified to give instruction in agriculture and animal husbandry."

"He would have these teachers engaged for the entire twelve months. In the winter their work in agriculture, gardening, poultry raising and dairying would necessarily be almost entirely theoretical."

"In the spring he would have the school work transferred to the family gardens, and would teach the children how to raise vegetables and how to produce eggs and milk in such a manner that the income from their work would be greater

than they could earn in factories. This idea is directly in line with the trend all over America toward agricultural training in the common schools, especially in rural districts. It promises much in the way of advancing the living standard in the homes of mill families."

"With the raising of food supplies in the kitchen garden, the family table would be benefited."

Lessons in plain cooking and home sanitation would be a natural accompaniment of the practical training in gardening and dairying and poultry raising."

The whole tendency of our times is on toward nature life.

The very evils we decry—those of monopoly and graft—are factors which will push us toward the simple tasks and pleasures of life.

Our cities will become so congested, and the cost of living so high, that men will flee to the country for salvation.

"Down in Fairhope, Ala., Mrs. Johnson has established an outdoor school, and in many parts of America there are camps which serve as annexes to schools every summer."

The use of plots of ground by children has become a fashion, and a most health giving and profitable one.

What we need now is the carrying out of Mr. Owen's great idea of state auto highways. The very thought of having our United States tied together with a broad and beautiful band of perfect roads is thrilling and inspiring.

This work would employ hundreds of thousands of men, and would make a new era—and therefore possible—hundreds of thousands of homes in the country, where children could grow up under natural conditions.

"It would inevitably lead children away from factories and mills.

The construction of the great highway would be one step toward that larger movement which must come eventually, of giving the earth back to the people. Of this movement James Bartley recently said:

"We today can easily discern a portentous truth which certain early and perhaps, biased historians made so obscure. We now clearly see that it was the unrighteousness involved in ignoring or denying that God-made primary provision for man's sustenance and normal development on this earth, which sapped the neighborhood independence and love of country of the dependent and broken spirited sons of the former unconquerable defenders of ancient times, and it thereby

Fables of the Wise Dame

By DOROTHY DIX.

There was once a maid who was young and charming, but who was afflicted with an unfortunate conscience that caused her much pain. It also made every one with whom she came in contact very, very weary, for she felt it her sacred duty to police their conduct and tell them what poor, weak creatures they were, and how they misused their great opportunities.

Notwithstanding that she was so top heavy with virtue, such was the philanthropic of the maid that she ennobled the affections of a nifty young rascal who conned himself into the belief that her moral attitude was merely a side line of talk that she thought attractive to men, and that she would drop when she got married and could not bridge what.

Unfortunately, however, the maid's conscience instead of being a false alarm was the real thing. She was that most fearsome object in nature, a reformer, and no sooner was she safely wed than she began to put her theories into operation on her husband.

"Alas," she would cry as he lit a cigar after dinner, "do you know that the use of tobacco is a disgusting and injurious habit, and that if you would save the money you waste on cigars, in the course of a hundred years you could buy an apartment house?"

"But," replied the husband, "think of the trouble and annoyance with janitors and tenants I am saved by not owning an apartment house! It is only those who have nothing who do not have to worry over the stock market."

Now the man was a discreet fellow who never toyed too much with the booze, but no sooner did he open a bottle of beer than his wife was on him with both feet.

"Miserable creature," she cried, "I see your finish in a drunkard's grave if you had not had the good luck to marry a wife who knew how to down the demon rum and reform you of your vice."

"I perceive," said the man to himself when he had stood so much interference in his ways that it made him sore, "that it is the dog collar and jumping through the hoop for mine unless I make a stand right here for my liberty. So it is up to me to bat in with some sort of counter play, for I believe that the reason females are so hot on reform is because their own little games are never raised by men."

Thereupon the man went to his wife and thus addressed her:

"I perceive," he said, "that you are right and that it is our duty to pass up the frivolous pursuits we have been following and lead the higher life. However, I do not feel that it would be kind for me to monopolize all the virtues and sprout angel wings while you merely have a few pin feathers. I desire, therefore, to return some of the good advice you have handed me and help you to overcome some of your faults as you have assisted me to correct mine."

At this the wife looked surprised, but



An Extra-Terrestrial Dream

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Last night I had a curious dream, which impressed me so vividly that I hasten to write it down for the possible entertainment of those who feel an interest in such occult things.

My dream opened with sound of a loud, strange, raucous laughter which seemed to echo all about me. Then I perceived that I was in the midst of a great gathering of personages whom I could not at first clearly discern, although they were assembled under the open sky.

Presently the laughing ceased and was followed by a single queer, quacking voice, which appeared to come from the mouth of someone who was recounting his adventures. Immediately the speaker became clearly visible to me, and, to my amazement, I saw that it was a huge bird shaped something like a pelican, and standing very upright, in a most comical attitude, with its wings set akimbo on its hips and a sarcastic smile on its face, which was reflected sympathetically on the countenances of its circle of listeners, who also now became visible, and were likewise birds, differing from the first only by variations of stature and diversities of color on their plumage. This is what he was saying when I first noticed his voice:

"The next place at which I arrived was the planet Earth, which you all know is about the same size as our world. I expected to find something interesting on the Earth, and I was not disappointed, although what I saw was not at all what I had anticipated. You will hardly believe me, but it's a fact that I found that planet governed by a race of two-legged ground animals, bearing no little resemblance, except that they were larger, to our ordinary hogs, which make such excellent ragouts in the hunting season."

"These absurd, wingless beings are very intelligent (laughter). Yes, I am not feeling you; they are really very intelligent, almost as much so as ourselves. (Incredulous quacks and laughter.) They have invented ways of getting about more rapidly on the ground, and I found that the greatest speed they have been able to achieve is a mile a minute! And they

Nearing Perpetual Motion

Prison bars cannot restrain the workings of the mind, the deadly damp of the cell cannot put out the spark of creative genius; to proof of which statements the inventions of John S. Edwards, whom the law has condemned to remain at the Eastern penitentiary until the dawning of December day, 1930, are evidence sufficient. If Edwards has not approximated, in theory and in applied principle, the long-sought goal of perpetual motion, at close has been to the fact of it that the lay mind is lost in the maze of speculation as to the outcome of his work.

Science has declared that perpetual motion were possible only where absolute nonresistance to motive power might be found. This is a condition manifestly impossible, on account of the ever-present problem of friction, air pressure, etc. But efforts hitherto criticized and proved at fault by science have embodied the use

CAN SOON TELEPHONE AROUND THE WORLD

The reported sending of a message over 4,000 miles of wire successfully at the convention of the Independent Telephone Association in Chicago will cause many persons to question whether the day of practical long distance telephoning is at hand.

Professor Pupin of Columbia university ten years ago invented a coil which has come into use and which is being applied to long distance work by companies in the United States and abroad. The inventor is quoted as saying that "the only difficulty with transoceanic telephony is one of capital" because of the heavy expense that would be required to lay new cables for the work. The present telegraphic cables could not be used. A telephone cable under the Pupin system is already working between England and Belgium.

If there are no great engineering difficulties in making the telephons efficient for conversations between New York and San Francisco or Chicago and London, an appears to be the case, there is a large unknown element, considering the long distance problem. In the question: "How much use would there be for such lines?" Perhaps more use than one dreams of at present.—Chicago Record-Herald.