The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

My! How the Judge Hates a Gossip!

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Drawn for The Bee by Tad

June Astronomical Happenings

On the twenty-first of this month at 1:12 p. m. the sun reaches its highest northern declination and enters the sign of Cancer. It is then at the summer solstice, and the day is the longest of the year, fifteen hours and four minutes. However, as far as minutes are concerned, the three preceding and five following days are also of the same length. In fact all the days of this month are the longest of the year, the variation being only fourteen minutes. On the first, fifteenth and last days of this month, the sun rises at 4:56, 4:53, 4:54 and sets at 7:46, 7:55, 7:59. The earliest sunrise, 4:53, occurs from the tenth to the twenty-first, and the latest sunset from the twenty-eighth to July 1. The sun is two and a half minutes fast on the first, on time on the fourteenth, and three and a half minutes slow on the thirtieth.

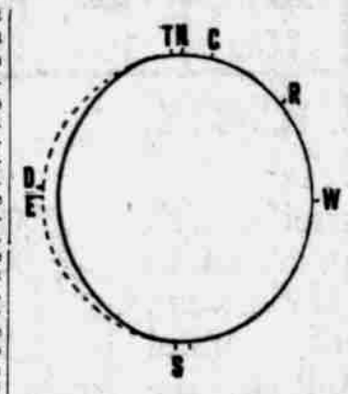
Mercury and Venus are not visible this month. Saturn may be noticed in the early morning, as it rises at 3:25 on the fifteenth, and at 2:21 on the 30th.

Mars is a conspicuous object in the evening sky near the brightest stars of the Twins, Castor and Pollux. Its own eastward motion among the constellations may easily be seen by reference to these fixed stars.

Jupiter, however, is the dominant planet of the month. It is in opposition to the sun on the first, and is in its best position for the year. It then technically becomes evening star and rises near the time of sunset. It is the most brilliant celestial gem in the sky, being more than twelve times brighter than its near neighbor, Antares, in the heart of the Scorpion. Any small telescope will show its four satellites.

The moon is in last quarter on the seventh, new on the fourteenth, in first quarter on the twentieth, and full on the twenty-eighth. It is in conjunction with Mars on the eighteenth, and with Jupiter on the twenty-sixth.

The most interesting event of the month is the occultation of Antares on the twenty-sixth, when one of the brightest stars in the heavens will be eclipsed by the moon. The phenomenon will be visible all over the United States, as may be gleaned from the map published



OCCULTATION OF ANTARES, JUNE 26

in the current number of Popular Astronomy. The annexed diagram will tell us what we may expect to see in Omaha.

The figure represents the moon as it will appear on the night of the twenty-sixth. Unfortunately the moon will be nearly full, so that much of the impressivness of the occultation will be lost. The dotted half of the circle to the left gives outline of the whole disk, while the full curve close to it represents the visible boundary of the moon's shape, the termination as it is called. The letters N E S W denote the cardinal points If we hold the diagram with the point C on top at 9:23 p. m., we shall see the star disappear at the dark edge at the point D. This disappearance will be very sudden, startlingly sudden to one that uses a telescope and has never observed an occultation before.

The star will remain hidden behind the moon for an hour and twenty-three minutes until 10.51, when it will reappear with equal suddenness at the point R, the point T being then on top.

Occultations of planets and bright stars are very rare. It will require no urging therefore to induce all lovers of astronomy to observe the great event scheduled for the twenty-sixth.

WILLIAM F. RIGGE,
Crighton University Observatory.

The Manicure Lady

"Some of these days, George," said the Manicure Lady, "I'm going to forget how much mother wants me at home, and I'm going to go out and look for a rooming house. Goodness knows I can't stand things at the house much longer, the way things is."

"What seems to be the trouble, kiddo?" asked the Head Barber, whose pale face and shaking hands suggested plainly enough that he had troubles of his own. "Ain't you getting treated right at home?"

"Mother and the old gent is fine," replied the Manicure Lady. "Of course, the old gent does get on my nerves a little now and then, when he comes home late from some meeting of them congenial spirits he is all the time telling about, but the worse he does is to make a little too much noise letting his shoes drop and hanging up his coat and vest on the statues of the poets that mother got him last Christmas, but he is such a dear old sport after all, that me and mother can't find it in our hearts to chide him."

"What statues of poets?" asked the Head Barber. "How do you mean—hanging his coat on statues of poets?"

"Oh, it was some statues mother bought, as I told you. They looked like marble busts, only they was some kind of plaster of paris, I guess, because they broke so easy. There was six of them in the original set, Mister Poe, Mister Longfellow, Mister Whittier, Mister Byron, Mister Shakespeare and Mister Milton, three Americans and three English gents.

"Mother stuck them all up on the mantel the day she got them for the old gent, and they stood solid enough 'till a week later. Then father came home one night with enough grape in him to make him look like a vineyard, and when he was trying to put his derby hat on Mister Milton, the great poet's bust took a Brodie to the floor and got smashed to pieces. Father said he didn't care because his derby didn't get broke and the poet was English anyhow.

"About a month later the old gent had a party of politicians up to the house and after they had went he thought Lord Byron's statue was the marble clock, and when he tried to wind it up he busted it on the floor the same way Mister Milton went. That left only four poets, and one by one they went the way of their broken pals. He broke Whittier when he was showing the bust to a young lady from New England, and Longfellow got smashed when the old gent stood in front of the figure one night and kept saying, 'Recite Hiawatha!' Of course a bust can't recite, and the old gent got that enraged that he beaned Mister Longfellow with an Indian club. Mother says we can't keep nothing beautiful around the house as long as father belongs to them lodges."

"What has all that got to do with your leaving home?" the head barber wanted to know.

"Nothing, George. It's Wilfred that is driving me frantic. The poor boy has got it so far in his brain that he's a poet, and a good poet, that he won't keep no good steady job. Father got him in as shipping clerk's assistant down on Broome street, and all Wilfred did was to write odes on the dry goods boxes with them paint brushes they use for writing addresses.

"His other jobs was all the same. If he should last a week out at one of them mother and I would faint. You see, him being out of work most of the time means that he is all the time touching me for change. All he usually asks for is quarters, but he is a frequent asker, and he's two-bitting me and Sister Mayme to death."

"Don't leave your parents, child," warned the head barber. "When your brother asks for dough, say 'No, but stay home. Think of all them pitfalls and snares, kid, and keep on living in the Bronx. There comes a customer for you."

The New Liner

By MINNA IRVING.

Oh, let us build a liner next
Of such stupendous size
Its keel shall scrape the ocean floor,
Its smokestacks sweep the skies;
And when she sights a berg upon
Its way to the equator,
She'll pick it up and pack it in
The ship's refrigerator.

This vessel, far ahead of date,
Shall have its stern in dock
At Bremerhaven, Liverpool,
Or Havre, or Greenock,
Its bow shall be in Hoboken,
And every gay world rover
May stay from either side the sea,
And walk or motor over.

The Persistent and Judicious Use of Newspaper Advertising is the Road to Business Success.

Dabbydoo

OAT A BAR SAYS "NO MAN IS HALF AS GOOD AS HE EXPECTS HIS DAUGHTER'S HUSBAND TO BE."

KANSAS KARL TOOK A SLANT OUT OF HIS WINDOW JUSTAS THE CYCLONE HEADED HIS WAY. HE BEAT IT FOR THE CYCLONE CELLAR. THROUGH A CRACK HE WATCHED HIS SHACK HIS CATTLE AND HIS WAGON SAIL BY. THEN A MEAN SPADER CAME HIS WAY HE STUCK OUT HIS PAW AND GRABBED IT. THERE IN BIG HEADLINES ON THE FRONT PAGE HE READ. WESTERN CYCLONE MAKES LITTLE ROCK, ALSO MAKES SOUTH BEND AND NEW ORLEANS AS THE RESULT.

I LOVE TO HEAR THE WATCHDOG'S HONEST BARK.

POP SCHWARZ THE JOVIAL TILLER OF THE SOIL FROM CAMP WOPONOG HAD BEEN DIGGING A WELL FOR WEEKS TRYING TO REACH WATER FREE FROM SURFACE CONTAMINATION. HE WAS DOWN 100 FT AND YET DID NOT STRIKE A DROP OF THAT COLORLESS, COLORLESS TASTELESS FLUID. "FUNNY HE DONT STRIKE IT" PIPED PIERANDO "JOE" WELL SAID DOC GUMS "YOU CANT SAY HE AINT GETTING ALONG WELL"

EASY WITH THE WHIP PHIL ITS A HIRED HORSE.

THE LITTLE BUNCH OF PICNICKERS STOPPED BY THE MOUTH OF A CAVE TO REST BEFORE RESUMING THEIR JOURNEY UP THE MOUNTAIN. THEY WERE LAPPING UP THE LUNCH AT A GREAT RATE WHEN SUDDENLY A LOW MOAN BROKE THE STILLNESS, THEY LISTENED. IT WAS FROM THE CAVE. THEY LISTENED AGAIN AND HEARD DISTINCTLY. DOES A FAT MAN GET A LARGE BIER WHEN HE CROAKS?

CALL OFF YOUR DOG LADY - I'M AN HONEST TRAMP.

HEY JOHN I GET A PIPE JOB NOW. I'M WORKING FOR A DAIRY CO. I DONT SHOW UP TILL 6 A.M. THEN I DRESS AND CLEAN THE NAGS THEN DRIVE DOWN TO THE DEPOT FOR THE MILK AND ON THE WAY BACK SERVE THE RETAIL CUSTOMERS THEN I GO OUT AND HUSTLE UP NEW TRADE RETURN TO THE BARN, WASH THE WAGON DED DOWN THE STALLS AND PUT THE HORSES UP — THEN I WASH BOTTLES AN CANS TILL 5 P.M AND AFTER THAT I HITCH UP THE CARRIAGE AND TAKE THE BOSS AND THE MRS FOR A DRIVE, I'M ALWAYS THROUGH BY 11 P.M.

GEE YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY

YEP NOTHIN' TO DO TILL TOMORROW

The Making of a Pretty Girl .. .. By Margaret Hubbard Ayer

When a girl is between twelve and sixteen she is said to be at the ungrateful age.

Personally, I think it is the first dangerous age, and there are several others, for a woman does not stop at forty, as the heroine of a famous story seems to believe.

The impressions gathered by the child at this ungrateful age are deep and not easily effaced.

It is now that she gets her first ideas of her own future, and she begins to set a standard for herself, according to the influences which are brought to bear upon her.

Between twelve and sixteen a girl gets an idea of her own good looks, and she begins to try an enhance them. Her vanity develops. Often this vanity is like a hot house plant stimulated by the constant attention she receives from the members of her family, who doesn't hesitate to say "How pretty Dorothy is getting to be," right before her, as if she had no ears to hear, or brain to grasp the significance of the remark.

So many girls are spoiled at this age that in other families the budding charms and beauty of the young girl are never remarked upon and Isabel is frankly told that she is quite ugly while, on the contrary, she is slowly evolving into a very pleasing, natural young girl.

I think it's just as wrong to harp upon a girl's physical shortcomings during this abnormally sensitive period as it is to tell her that she is going to be a beauty.

Many a girl who at fourteen, was awkward and lanky, and at fifteen developed a frightful crop of pimples, has been made desperately unhappy by the sarcasm of her family, and as often as not a girl like this develops into a rawboned, self conscious young woman, when with a little help and encouragement, she could have overcome her physical awkwardness and learned to care for her skin, and become in time a graceful and attractive woman.

The physical readjustment which goes on in the young girl between twelve and sixteen, and which often lasts till eighteen, is accountable for the poor complexions and especially for the pimples and blackheads, which begin to show themselves on some subjects after the fifteenth year. Where a child is anaemic you can expect blackheads to appear about this time, and there is no use trying lotions or salves. The anaemic girl simply has not force enough in her system to throw off the impurities in the skin. The blood doesn't circulate properly, and it is useless to expect these spots and blotches to disappear until the root of the matter has been remedied.

In our system of education the hardest part of school life comes just at the time when a girl needs rest, quiet and the most care. No wonder our best scholars are nervous or anaemic and break down at examinations.

If the pretty girl's parents want her to get through her school days without losing the vitality and strength which she needs, they should see that she gets plenty of fresh air, the most wholesome and simple kind of food, enough amusement and healthy recreation, and is in bed early every night. The average American girl of this age does not get enough sleep. She is always trying to keep her end up socially, to go to parties, to entertain, and she feels that she is much abused if she does not get her share of theater-going. All this with her school work is a tremendous strain on her nervous system, and it is no wonder that foreigners who come to our shores insist that we have no young girls in America, only children and women, for the average high school girl dresses, acts and looks at least five years older than she is, and at present she affects styles which even her mother would consider rather advanced.

WHEN SHE IS SIXTEEN.

When you realize how small a part the American father plays in the making of our pretty girl, it's a wonder that so many of them grow up into charming and lovely women, making comparatively few mistakes in a grown-up world for which they have in no way been fitted.

To be pretty and well dressed and have a good time, that is about the only ideal that the average male parent has for his daughter. His son is taught from early boyhood that he must do something, and to accomplish his share of the world's work, he must have a high standard of honor, honesty and industry. The boy gets this knocked into him one way or the other; the daughter is supposed to imbibe a complete understanding of morals and responsibility through that famous feminine intuition which only begins to be understood and appreciated after experience and mistakes have taught her their dreary lesson of caution.

No matter how sweet and intimate the relationship between mother and daughter, there are certain things which go toward the making of our pretty girl that she can learn more quickly and easier from her father if he has gained her confidence, and has done something more toward forming her character than paying the school bills.

There would not be one painted or powdered schoolgirl face is father objected rationally, quietly, and with a sensible illuminating explanation.

But when he is not too busy to notice the makeup at all, he merely rages. As one girl put it to me the other day, "Father just threw a fit when he found I used makeup. He said he'd throw me out of the house if I ever put powder or rouge on my face again. I don't see anything so bad about it; all the girls use powder, and I'm so pale, the rouge makes me look much nicer. Now I wash my face before father comes home, so he doesn't catch me at it. I don't see why he made such a fuss."

Of course she didn't understand, because father carefully side-stepped the real reason that he did not want his daughter to paint and powder, and look like anything but the sweet and pure girl that she is. He did not want her confounded with a class of women of whose existence she is entirely unaware; on the other hand, he could not deny that many of her friends and that her own mother used powder occasionally.

Sweet sixteen, unfortunately, takes to powder as a duck to water. Our pretty girls often look like little Pierrots, with their whitened faces and chalky noses. They think it is grown-up and becoming, and they do not realize that every vestige of powder and makeup takes away the beauty of their youth, the sweet innocence and candor of their faces. Powder, except when it is absolutely necessary, makes any face look older, and it makes the young face look hard. As for paint of any kind, I think the only way to frighten sweet sixteen out of it is to tell her that the slightest vestige of paint makes every imperfection in her skin show up as if under a magnifying glass, and the use of these artificial aids to beauty will eventually quite ruin the texture of her skin and to make it yellow.

For really pale cheeks there is nothing so good as deep breathing. Then a cold sponge bath in the morning, followed by a brisk rub with a crash towel will bring natural roses to the face. Don't drink tea or coffee, if you are a little "pale face," and try and give up candy and substitute fruits.

If there is any way that it can be done, arrange to sleep out of doors; a sleeping porch for people who live in the country is worth the price of the investment in the improvement to the general health of the family, and the exodus of city people to their roots for sleeping purposes has brought out all kinds of new bedsteads, swings and hammocks at moderate prices.

Early hours, out-of-door sleeping, simple food and exercise, those are the secrets of good complexion for the girl of 16 years. Her complexion troubles are due always to nerves, bad circulation and indigestion, and it is by curing these that she can get back the peach-like bloom to her cheeks which is the charm of youth and health.

Mecklenburg's Declaration

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

May 31, 1775.

The Mecklenburg declaration—the first expression of that spirit of resistance to British rule which finally resulted in the independence of the United colonies—was passed 137 years ago today by the people of Mecklenburg county, North Carolina.

The king's address to Parliament, declaring the colonists rebels and outlaws, the occupation of Boston by the red coats and the evident purpose on the part of the British government to force the Americans into submission aroused the Mecklenburg farmers to a high pitch of excitement, and meetings were held throughout the country.

Representatives from each of the nine militia districts met to consider the situation. An election was held, and on May 20 the delegates convened at Charlotte.

After a spirited discussion, which lasted far into the night, it was decided unanimously that the only thing to do was to declare for independence. A committee was appointed to draw up the resolutions, and the meeting adjourned to meet again on the following day.

Accordingly, on May 31, 1775, at high noon, the delegates reassembled. Their minds were fully made up, and, without a tremor or the waste of a minute's time, they went about their great work.

The resolutions decreed that all commissions granted by the crown were null and void; that no authority other than that of the Continental congress and the Provincial congresses existed in any of the colonies; that military officers were to be elected who should hold their commissions independent of Great Britain, and that an independent local government should be immediately established.

The resolutions being adopted, the work of the meeting was publicly proclaimed at the court house door, and the season, being a very busy one, the farmer-patriots hastened back to their farm work.

The resolutions were published on June 12 in a paper at Charleston; on June 16 at New Berne, in the North Carolina Gazette, and on June 23 in the Cape Fear Mercury at Wilmington.

The publication produced a profound impression. Martin, the royal governor, sent a copy of the Mercury to the king, saying: "I daily see the sacred majesty of my royal master insulted, his government set at naught, and the whole constitution unhinged and prostrate, and I live, alas, ingloriously only to deplore it."

Although the Mecklenburg resolutions were sent to Philadelphia, they were not officially brought to the attention of congress, and no reference was made to them in the proceedings of that body, but the work that had been done at Charlotte was too great to be covered up; and today everybody knows that a year and two months before the famous Philadelphia Declaration of Independence was proclaimed to the world the men of Mecklenburg had publicly and solemnly resolved that they were forever through with King George and his government.

The Dictagraph

By MINNA IRVING.

We dare not have a quiet game
Of poker on the sly,
We dare not kiss a pretty girl
When not a soul is nigh,
We dare not talk about our friends,
Or tell a joke, or laugh,
Because it may be lurking near—
The tattling dictagraph.

No larks behind the teacher's back
Nor mischief in the school,
Nor gossip at the sewing club,
Where gossip is the rule.
For any place, though it may be
Not big enough by half,
To hide a mouse, may yet conceal
The truthful dictagraph.

When night lets fall its starry veil,
And we retire to bed,
No more beneath it do we search
For burglars grim and dread,
But in a fuller measure yet
The cup of fear we quaff;
We look behind the picture frames
To find a dictagraph.

I'd like to speak my mind about
The man who first conceived
This conscience in a collar box,
This spy that has me peeved.
I'd like to meet him in the dark
And have an oaken staff.
I'd like—but hush! it may be near,
The tell-tale dictagraph.

Woman and Her Feet.

Women have more trouble with their feet than men; but, contrary to general opinion, it is not because they wear their shoes too tight. Women are careless in the house. She saves her old shoes for housewear—her old shoes that are out of shape, run over at the heel, broken down at the arch, and loose and slipshod in general. Wear a light-weight tie for the house if you will, but see that it fits tight at the instep and that the heel is always kept square and true.