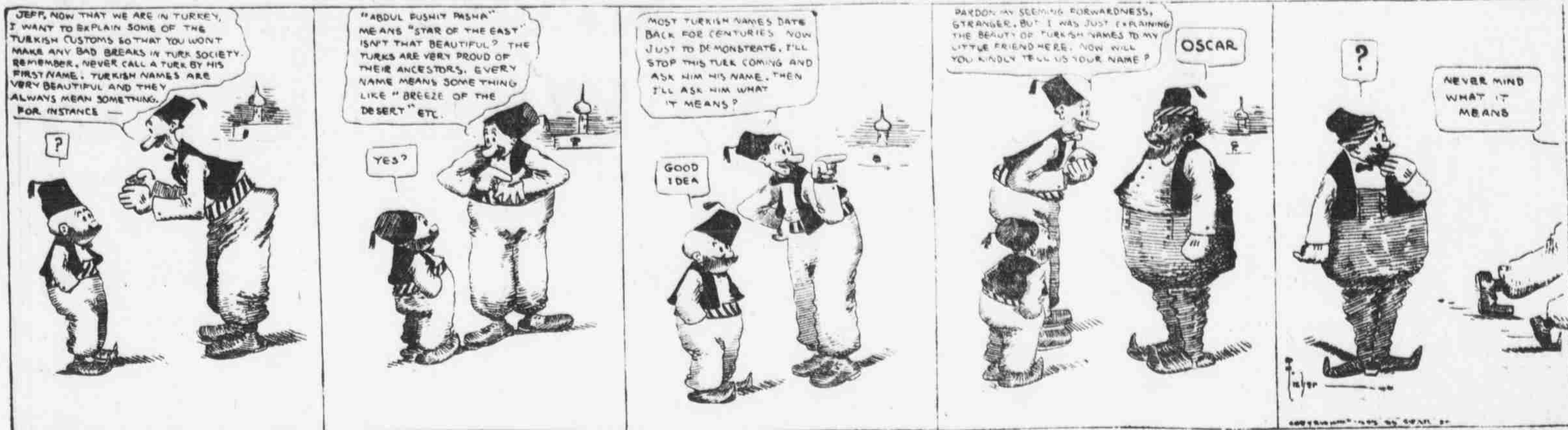


# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## What Mutt Doesn't Know About Turkey Isn't Worth Knowing : Drawn for The Bee by "Bud" Fisher



### Getting Away from Yourself.

By WINIFRED BLACK.

So they "talk" about you, do they little Mrs. Worry-to-Death, and you know it and it frets you so you can't bear to go anywhere or see anyone? Well, what is it "they" say? That you were not always as discreet as you might have been long ago in the golden days when you thought every traveling man who came to town might be a mysterious knight with the sweetest kind of love affair tied up in his grip along with the samples?

Well, what of that? Those days are past, long past. Who cares about them now? Who but you? And you ought to forget all about them.

"Why," said a woman, "I have a dozen little graves in my private graveyard. I never visit them except on anniversaries and such times."

"Who's buried there? I am—all the different 'I's' that I've been. I'm getting ready to have a fine, impressive funeral sometime this year. There's a new 'I' that must die.

"No, I don't put any emphasis on the headstones; I just mark the place and remember it, that's all. And sometimes I steal out there to my private little graveyard and lay a wreath on the grave of one of the 'I's, the foolish, young, light-hearted 'I' who made a fool of herself over a circus rider, for instance. And then the 'I' who wanted to go and nurse the lepers because some one said my hair was not Auburn, but plain red. Dead, buried, the poor 'I,' but not forgotten."

Why don't you have a funeral, little Mrs. Worry-to-Death, bury all the foolish "yous" you've been, cry over them a few minutes and let it go at that?

What kind of a woman would you be if you'd never been foolish? How could you understand your own little foolish girl at all or sympathize with her?

Half about you! I don't believe it. You just imagine the whole thing. The people you know probably never even think of you except when you are right in the room with them. You aren't nearly so important as you may think you are.

Listen, little woman, that the danger sign—that "they talk about me" ideas. It's put there by Nature to warn you to look out for serious mental trouble.

That's the way people go crazy, thinking someone is talking about them. That's the way it begins; then it turns to thinking that someone is plotting about them, and then comes the padded cell and the barred window.

Get out of yourself; get away from yourself. Think of the neighbor, think of the swallows, watch the bees, hunt up some ants and gaze at them through

you get tired of crying over nothing—a microscope, peel onions all day till you get tired of crying over nothing—do anything, watch any one but yourself.

Nobody is watching you, no one is talking about you, unless they are very idle, very stupid people, and in that case what do you care what they say or even what they think?

Go your ways in peace and comfort and cleanly honest living. Do the right thing as nearly as you can; think the right things; feel the right way, and you will soon run out of material and turn their attention somewhere else—see if they don't.

And whisper: don't you do any too much talking either—about yourself or any one else. You'll wish you hadn't if you do, sure as the sun rises at dawn and sets at dusk.

The world is full of joy, full of love, full of friendship, full of honest delight. Get hold of some of these things and forget that there is anything else to find.

Rise up, rise up, way up above all the petty gossip, the mean slanders, the cruel whisperings. They concern you not at all. Go out into the sunshine, walk far and walk fast, look at each human being you see with kindness, with sympathy, with real friendship, old, young, rich, poor, shabby or gay of apparel. There is something in each one to like, to admire, to see.

What world, what a world! Who can find time to worry about what "they" say? Not I, for one; not you, for two, "they" say, they say—"let them say. We do not even hear them."

### A Justified Pretense

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"I could never have been of any use if I had not pretended a little."—Little Dorrit.

Are there occasions when pretense is justified, and by "pretense" I mean a pleasing hypocrisy?

The stern moralists who gauge their conduct by the width of a hair will say most certainly not. I contend there is. I contend further that all of us, like Little Dorrit, can be of greater use in the world by pretending just a little.

But the pretense must be optimistic pretense. We must not pretend that things are worse than they are. We must pretend they are better.

A mother occasionally pretends to be pleased when we are far from it. We must pretend that we like that which a friend gives us when we don't, and we must pretend, day after day, in big things and little, that we are satisfied when we are not.

I sometimes think that the woman never lived who could make her father and her brothers happy; who could win and keep a lover, and who could please a husband without pretending a little and pretending often.

The men are great blunders. They seldom get a woman's viewpoint, and in their attentions to her they do what pleases them, and she must make that please her.

A mother knows what her daughter likes; father spends more and buys what is neither appropriate nor pleasing. As a girl she learns that she must be pleased because he bought it; she can't find pleasure in the gift.

The men love laughter, and a girl must be pleased when her lover buys tickets for a laugh-producing play, though she prefers a tragedy.

She must pretend to be pleased when her husband, in the overflowing generosity of his heart, is persuaded by some eloquent clerk to buy her a bright green dress, when she wants and would look better in a brown.

She must remember a hundred times a day to look at the spirit that prompts a kindly attention, and not with critical eyes at the manner in which the attention is manifested.

In her dealings with her friends she must pretend to be pleased with unexpected company when every housewife's instinct is panic-stricken. She must pretend, when a friend has purchased a hat, and must keep it and wear it, that the hat is becoming. She must pretend that a friend is looking well when the truth would frighten that friend into an illness.

She must pretend that she likes the dahlia a friend sends her, though she prefers violets. She must pretend that she is pleased at the gift of a book of poems, though she reads only prose.

And she must pretend, oh, such a tragic number of times, that she is happy when she is not. She must learn that this pretense is every woman's heritage, and that, like Little Dorrit, she can be of no use unless she practices it.

### Men Mainly Responsible for Fashions They Decry, Says Gaby Deslys

By GABY DESLYS.

Just a few days ago I read a criticism in a newspaper which amused me very much. It was about myself, and deplored the fact that an article I had written on "How to Be Pretty" should be accompanied by a photograph of myself clothed in a fur coat with a hat covered covered with akreties.

The writer of the notice seemed to think I was personally responsible for the slaughter of the birds on my hat and the killing of the animals whose fur made up my coat.

As I have already said to you, it is my business to be pretty, to look as well as possible; that is part of my stock in trade. You may not think it when you look at these fluffy pictures of a girl always dressed in the latest and newest of frocks, always with a photograph of myself clothed in a fur coat with a hat covered covered with akreties.

Personally I think ostrich feathers quite as pretty as akreties and I much prefer them, but the popular taste of the moment demands akreties, which means the slaughtering of many millions of lovely birds.

And who, pray, dictates the popular taste? Men, not women, I can assure you. No woman goes out and hunts birds by the million simply for her own adornment. No woman goes out and hunts and traps animals.

And, last of all, it is men and not women who set the fashions and who keep the taste in clothes at an artificial and unnatural point, where we admire the plumes of slaughtered birds and the fur of dead animals and buy them to adorn ourselves.

The minute men stop admiring these things and don't look at the woman who wears them, they will no longer be worn. But because one lonesome writer or a small society of people disapprove, that doesn't mean much.

Before one can stop the slaughter of the akretie and other birds for millinery purposes one must stop the desire in man to hunt and kill in well stocked preserves where unfortunate and nearly tamed animals are bred for the killing.

I was invited during the shooting season to visit some friends who had a beautiful chateau and wonderful forest preserves. Great excitement prevailed because of the deer hunt, at which many famous people—but I am glad to say no women, only men—were asked to shoot the deer which had been bred for the purpose of being shot down, and which were almost as tame as pets.

These poor animals were accustomed to being fed in winter time by the foresters whom they had gotten used to, and they would come to the feeding place, beautiful, unsuspecting and as gentle as only deer can be.

On this dreadful day they were driven into a corner of the big forest park and shot down by the score.

The women of the party had stayed behind, but when we all gathered together and saw the corpses of the lovely animals, several of us had no appetite for the hunt breakfast, that followed, and one or two shed tears. But the men were delighted with their prowess.

### The Peace of Carlowitz

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

The peace of Carlowitz, concluded 24 years ago today, between Turkey on one side and Germany, Russia, Poland and Venice on the other, marks the point at which the Ottoman power ceased to be a serious menace to the Christian powers of Europe.

The chief cause of the signing of this epoch-making treaty is to be found in the great victory won by Prince Eugene over the Turks at Zenta, September 11, 1697. At Zenta the great Ottoman army of more than 100,000 men was practically annihilated, and the "commander of the faithful" was perfectly willing to come to a parley, the smiling result at Zenta having, for the first time, opened his eyes to the fact that



"And the question remains, for whom do we wear pretty frocks? To satisfy our own artistic taste? For our own sex? Or for men?"

I am not condoning the slaughter of the akretie; I am merely showing you another side of the picture.

I know a man who belongs to the anti-bird killing society and is a model husband in every way. He boasts that he likes to see his wife dress "neat and plain," but I notice that he always turns round to look at the women on the street whose frocks are in the latest fashion, whose coats are trimmed with fur and whose hats stream plumes and feathers.

It seems to me at these times that he looks at his wife with disappointment, though it would be against his best theories to buy her clothes he admires on others. Sometimes I wonder how long she is going to stand it, and whether she won't regret that she was always neat and plain and sensible.

Women dress to outlive each other, but they would not care about this rivalry if admiration of men was not the prime motive. The woman who is not fashionable and cared very little about clothes.

Men are to blame for the continued slaughter of the akreties for, besides doing the killing themselves, they admire the dead bird when it is perched upon the head of a woman. If they didn't admire them no more akreties would be worn.

Write and tell me for whom you wear your pretty frocks, your plumes and furs. Is it for your own sex, for your own artistic pleasure and satisfaction or for men?

Men are to blame for the continued slaughter of the akreties for, besides doing the killing themselves, they admire the dead bird when it is perched upon the head of a woman. If they didn't admire them no more akreties would be worn.

Write and tell me for whom you wear your pretty frocks, your plumes and furs. Is it for your own sex, for your own artistic pleasure and satisfaction or for men?

Men are to blame for the continued slaughter of the akreties for, besides doing the killing themselves, they admire the dead bird when it is perched upon the head of a woman. If they didn't admire them no more akreties would be worn.

Write and tell me for whom you wear your pretty frocks, your plumes and furs. Is it for your own sex, for your own artistic pleasure and satisfaction or for men?

Men are to blame for the continued slaughter of the akreties for, besides doing the killing themselves, they admire the dead bird when it is perched upon the head of a woman. If they didn't admire them no more akreties would be worn.

Write and tell me for whom you wear your pretty frocks, your plumes and furs. Is it for your own sex, for your own artistic pleasure and satisfaction or for men?

Men are to blame for the continued slaughter of the akreties for, besides doing the killing themselves, they admire the dead bird when it is perched upon the head of a woman. If they didn't admire them no more akreties would be worn.

### Where the Line is Drawn Between Life and Death is Something Not Fully Understood

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

A dispatch from Paris, printed not long ago, told of the wonderful feat of a professional swimmer who remained under water no less than five minutes and twenty-six seconds.

In the meanwhile swimming thirty yards though totally immersed all the time, and unable to take any fresh air into his lungs if he had remained under water a few seconds longer, no doubt he would have been drowned.

A drowned man, as far as we can see, and as far as he is personally concerned, is a dead man; and yet there is little question that, if this swimmer had thus perished, he could by modern methods have been revived, and would thus apparently have been brought back from death to life.

Many drowned persons have thus been restored after all consciousness had departed from them.

The explanation usually given is that in such cases it is not real death, but "suspended animation," with which we are dealing. The bodily machine has stopped, like an engine "stuck on the center," and by clearing the obstructed passages, imparting artificial movement to the muscles of the chest and introducing air into the lungs, the machinery is set going again. The heart resumes its beating and the man recovers consciousness as the blood begins once more to flow through his arteries.

And yet the fact remains that, as far as we can determine, suspended animation, for the victim himself, is equivalent to death, and if it is allowed to pass into what we call real death there is nothing in his experience to indicate any further change. As a personality he suffered when his consciousness departed. A kind of separate "life" remains for a time in the different organs and parts of the body, but it is not the thing which we, as conscious beings, know as life.

There are other ways in which "apparent death" that is, death as far as the individual's consciousness is concerned, may be produced. It sometimes happens, for instance, in various forms of trance. In perfect sleep, unaccompanied by dreams, the consciousness is completely arrested. If the sleeper should or could remain in that state for a thousand or a million years, it would be all the same to him. Yet in sleep the

appearance of death is not produced for those who look upon the sleeper. They say that he continues to breathe and that his heart goes on beating, while the circulation of the blood, though it may be changed or slowed down, is not arrested. Something occurs that cuts off the connections of the nervous system, or the brain, and consciousness departs.

When the man is profoundly asleep or in a state of suspended animation, as in drowning, are the parts of his body which still retain a kind of life separately conscious of that life? We have no reason to suppose that they are; but, on the other hand, we have no means of proving that they are not. If such consciousness exists, it has no apparent relation to the consciousness of the whole individual, which assures him that he is living. He has that consciousness only when his entire system is working together, and in such a way as to stimulate the activity of his brain.

Some very interesting experiments have been tried recently with suspended animation. At Moscow Prof. Bakhmetief has played boldly with the life of many animals and insects by freezing them.

Butterflies thus frozen so that all their bodily fluids were turned to ice and all their vital actions ceased could be restored to life at any time, provided that the general bodily temperature was not reduced below minus ten degrees centigrade. This was managed by varying the temperature of the air in which they were kept. Bats thus refrigerated were kept in a state of apparent death for weeks together and then completely restored to activity.

It is well known that lower forms of life, like bacteria, may be subjected to temperatures approaching that of liquid air and then, after a long interval, be brought back to active life. Some speculative minds have suggested that life may originally have been brought to the earth by spores and germs driven off from some other planet—perhaps even from planets circling round some distant star—and after remaining in a state of "suspended animation" for thousands of years, amid the awful cold of open space, have been restored to activity upon encountering our planet. The celebrated Archdeacon has maintained that in this way "a mighty stream of life is kept circling in space from world to world."

Seeds that have been kept frozen for months in liquid air have been thawed out and planted, whereupon they germinated and grew into plants as if nothing extraordinary had happened to them.

Let us return for a moment to the phenomena of sleep. Hibernating animals, which pass the winter underground, apparently lack personal consciousness for months at a time. With some of them their "sleep" has been artificially prolonged for two years, without affecting their activity when they were brought back to consciousness.

The toad is an animal famous for its tenacity of life, and many stories have been printed of its alleged ability to pass hundreds of years enclosed in tree trunks and even in rocks, without food or air. Naturalists and biologists are supposed to question these accounts, suggesting that some overlooked means of obtaining at least air must have existed. But it seems probable that the toad exceeds all other well known animals in its power of suspending with the ordinary means of sustaining life.

It is evident that the mystery of life is still very far from being cleared up, and many more elaborate investigations will have to be made before we really know much about it.

### A BLOOD MEDICINE WITHOUT ALCOHOL.

Recently it has been definitely proven by experiments on animals that alcohol lowers the germinative power of the body and that alcohol paralyzes the white corpuscles of the blood and renders them unable to take up and destroy disease germs. Disease germs cause the death of over one-half of the human race.

A blood medicine, made entirely without alcohol, which is a pure glyceric extract of roots, such as Bloodroot, Queen's root, Golden Seal, root, Mandrake and Stone root, has been extensively sold by druggists for the past forty years as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The refreshing influence of this extract is like Nature's influence—the blood is set in the tonic which gives life to the blood—the vital fire of the body burns brighter and their increased activity consumes the tissue rubbish which has accumulated during the winter.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, the founder of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, and a physician of large experience and practice, was the first to make up an ALTERNATIVE EXTRACT OF ROOTS, without a particle of alcohol or narcotic.

"It is with the greatest of pleasure, that I write to let you know of the great benefit I received from the use of your medicine and subsequent treatment at home," writes Mrs. Wm. H. Hayes of Leavenworth, K. C. "I suffered for three years from a running sore, which was attended by a constant discharge of blood and pus, and even a running eye. Finally I was told I was to consume and was to consume a quantity of your medicine. I took it and the sore was cut out before the wound would heal. A kind friend advised me to write to Dr. Pierce, which I did, and after seven months' use of the treatment I was cured. I am now in perfect health and I feel that I owe my life to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Pellets for the bowels. I shall always recommend your medicines."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate liver and bowels.

### Baby's Voice

Every woman's heart responds to the charm and sweetness of a baby's voice, because nature intended her for motherhood. But even the loving nature of a mother shrinks from the real because such a time is usually a period of suffering and danger. Women who use Mother's Friend are freed from this discomfort and suffering, and their systems, being thoroughly repaired by this great remedy, are in a healthy condition to meet the time with the least possible suffering and danger. Mother's Friend is recommended only for the relief and comfort of expectant mothers; it is in no sense a remedy for various ills, at its many years of success, and by thousands of endorsements received from women who have used it to a guarantee of the benefit to be derived from its use. This remedy does not accomplish wonders but simply assists nature to perfect its work. Mother's Friend allays nausea, prevents caking of the breasts, and every way contributes to a healthy motherhood. Mother's Friend is sold at drug stores. Write for our free book for expectant mothers.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

### Mother's Friend