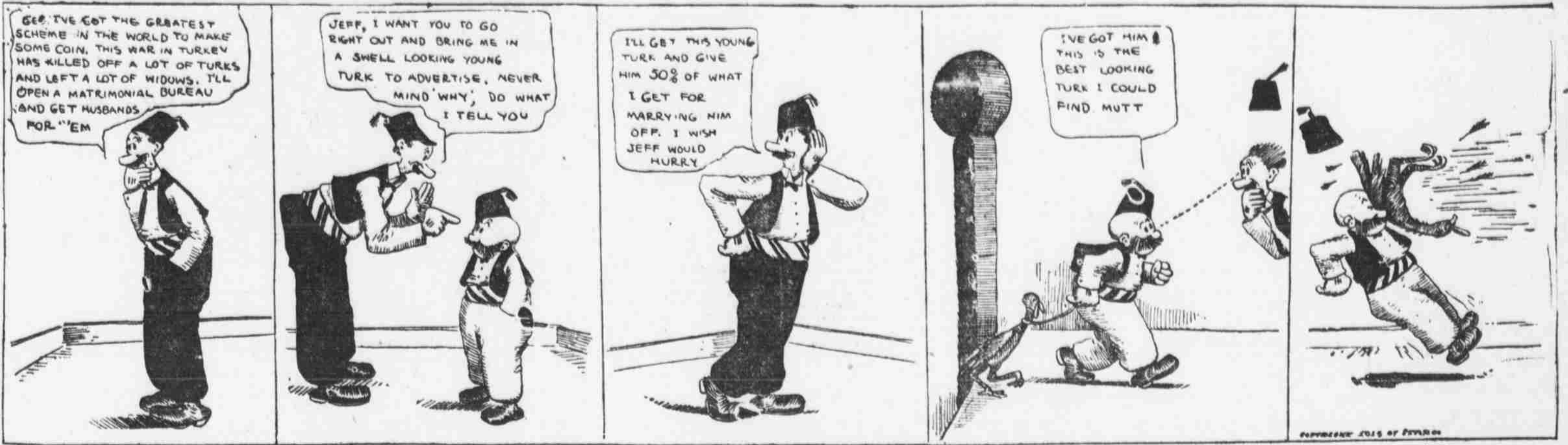


# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Jeff Says, a Turk's a Turkey Just the Same

## Drawn for The Bee by "Bud" Fisher



## The Fate of the Light-o'-Love

By WINFRED BLACK.

Yesterday I saw her again, the Light o' Love.

It was five years ago that I saw her first, and, oh, how I hated her! It was all I could do to keep from giving her an open insult for she was stealing my friend's husband away.

My friend was a sweet woman, a good woman, a clever woman and pretty—and she loved her husband dearly. But she was not well and she took up with a set of strange teachings, and became so absorbed in following out those teachings that she didn't quite realize what she was doing to her own happiness.

She went to meetings and she read books and practiced "rhythmic breathing," and "voiceless praise," and "soul sympathy," till it really was quite trying to be with her very much. And the Light o' Love took advantage of these things and stole the husband of my friend away from my friend.

She was pretty, too, the Light o' Love, and witty, and light of heart, and she was well, perfectly well, and full of the pure joy of living. She saw a great deal of my friend's husband when my friend was away at a "cure," breathing deep and "soul sympathizing," and my friend's husband was quite fascinated. And the pretty, witty, clever, foolish, head-strong, light-hearted girl was a sweet woman no more, she was, poor thing, poor, foolish thing, a Light o' Love.

My friend's husband was very devoted; he was never happy out of the sight of the Light o' Love; he showered her with flowers; he wrote her letters aglow with what he thought, I suppose, was love; he wrote poems to her; he sent her wreaths to wear and soft fabrics for his special delight, and the Light o' Love was at first secret about it, and then triumphant, and then defiant.

And we all hated her and wished her no good, we who loved my friend and wished to like the husband and think well of him.

And my friend found the whole wretched affair out and almost died, and it was very miserable and very tragic, and some of us who looked on wished something dreadful would happen to put a stop to it all.

That was five years ago, and yesterday I met her, the Light o' Love.

She has just come back from Rome, where she went to study art. Some say the man who made her a Light o' Love sent her there to get rid of her. Some say she went there to get away from him herself, and some say that the wife made the man send her.

At any rate, here she is at home again, poor foolish, head-strong, vain, selfish Light o' Love, a disillusioned woman with hardly a chance for reasonable happiness left for her on earth.

The man doesn't care for her any more; she isn't as pretty as she was, nor as witty, and she doesn't laugh so easily. I thought she was roughed a bit yesterday when I saw her, and I know there were lines about her mouth.

She asked me about my friend. First she tried to get me to speak of her with-out being asked, but I would not, so at last she spoke her name. "How is she these days?" said the Light o' Love, speaking of the good wife whose heart she came so near breaking.

"She is well," said I, "very well. I

saw her and her husband off to Japan the other day, and really she looked like a bride."

The flickering light went out of the Light o' Love's poor shallow eyes, and I think she paled a little.

"Have you seen the children since you came back?" I asked. "They are dreams. Little Mary is exactly like her mother, so her father says, and the boy is his father's again. Isn't it lovely?"

"Yes," I answered the Light o' Love, and I'm sorry for her, poor, foolish thing. Why didn't she learn the lesson sooner, before it meant so much of bitterness to her?

Five years she gave to that man—five feverish, restless, desperate years—and now he has gone on his second honeymoon to Japan with the wife he had fallen in love with all over again.

And the Light o' Love, what will become of her? Faded, worn, shadowed with whispered disgrace, what man will make her his wife? And yet when we first knew of it we all felt sorry for the wife—and did not pity the Light o' Love at all.

Over and over have I seen it thus. The children, the home, the respect a man feels for the woman who bears his name—nothing can stand against all these forces together, nothing, nothing.

We always see the other side in the plays and the stories. I wish some one would write a play that tells the truth—the simple, practical, real truth—about these affairs of the Light o' Loves. I'd like to take every pretty woman on earth to see that play and bid her learn the lesson it teaches.

So you thought you had him, did you, Light o' Love? You thought it was the wife's heart that would break and not yours? Blind, blind! What did you have to hold him with, a man who could not be held by honor? How could he give up all that his wife meant to him—honor, children, the respect of his friends, peace of mind, self-respect—all for you?

Yes, you were pretty, witty, light of heart. But there are thousands like you at every turn of the road.

Those children of his, did he pick them up by the wayside? The home he built with so much pride and care, every stone in it spoke to him of the wife of his youth. Did you think you could win in any such battle as that? No, no, Light o' Love! My heart has softened to you; you are punished already for your selfish, cruel folly.

God speed you on your second honeymoon, good wife and faithful mother! Every heart that knows or even suspects your story will warm to you and wish you every joy.

The man? Oh, he's only third in the story. Nobody really cares much about him. Why should they? Except the children—to them he is a great man, a splendid Bayard, without fear and without reproach. So may he always be.

## Don't Be an Echo Girl, Says Mary Sandal

By ADA PATTERSON.

"Be yourself, raised to the hundredth power."

Every intelligent woman has a message to her sex in this woman's hour, and a thoughtful woman is glad to convey it. Miss Mary Sandal is both intelligent and thoughtful. Moreover, she is young and extremely attractive. Incidentally, she teaches classes in the smart set the value and cultivation of personality. It was of personality she was talking when she delivered the message I have quoted.

"The trouble with most persons, especially women, is that they do not show forth themselves, but somebody else—sometimes a dozen somebody else. Listen to the chatter at the next tea or reception where you happen to be, and listen to the conversation. The girls and women are all saying the same thing. You might as well introduce a graphophone into the room. It would repeat as faithfully what you will hear. 'Isn't it lovely?' 'Isn't she sweet?' 'Isn't he nice?' 'I'm just crazy about it.' All this ready-made language is as cheap as shoddy clothing, and as ill-fitting and unbecoming. What women need is to be themselves, developed to the uttermost—themselves raised to the hundredth power. It is every woman's duty to enhance her personality."

"What is personality?" I asked without any hope of a satisfying answer. I had asked it from persons who repeat, parrot-like, the words "magnetism," "personality" and "charm" and who, when pressed for a definition, reply with vacuous stares. To my surprise, this slim, gray-eyed, delicate-faced girl replied without an instant's pause: "Personality is the expressed point of view."

"Then that is all there is of a person, his or her point of view?"

"Practically all. Not this poor, foolish appearance. Those appearances are a mosaic of what other people think and do and say. But it is an immensely important thing. It is in the psychic world what radium is in the physical."

"The last time I visited my home in the south I sent invitations to an affair I was given and my sister wanted to strike one name off the list. 'Don't ask her,' she begged, 'she is the most boring person I know. She does nothing but giggle.'"

"I would like to see her," I answered.

"You know every giggle is a groan, a groan of fright or nervousness. I'll wager that that woman has never had a real chance to express herself in her life."

If we knew her life better we would doubtless learn that she had always been suppressed. She had as a child lived in one of those silent homes where children are always told in all circumstances to keep quiet. When she married, her husband probably sneered at her opinions, and her children ignored them. I would like to draw that woman out. I had my way. The woman came to our 'afternoon.' At first she was so nervous and so full of giggles and gasps that my sister sent me a glance of triumph, half of annoyance. I talked to the giggling woman. I gave her all my attention. She showed that I was interested in her, not what others thought and said that made up her appearance, but in what she thought. Presently she began timidly at first, but afterwards with growing confidence, her beautiful, shy eyes never leaving my face, about a moonlight sail. She described the sketch of black water and the play of the moonbeams on it, and the far away outline of white sails until silence fell upon all around us. Everyone listened. It was a glorious description. That was the woman. When she had finished she tore her eyes from mine and looked around the room. Her

self-consciousness came back. Her nervousness returned. Again we heard the nervous little giggle. But for the five minutes that she had talked the door of her diffidence had opened, and through it we had seen the real woman. That is what every woman should do, show her real self.

"Aren't some selves rather undesirable?"

"Not the real self. Every self is lovely. The cramped, frightened creature or the egotist is not the real self. It is the self distorted by custom or environment. Every real self is attractive and every real self has dignity. Dignity, you know, is not being what you are not and not overemphasizing what you are. It is poise, and poise is balance."

"How can personality be developed?"

"By thinking you own thoughts, regardless of what others think, and by expressing those thoughts."

"Aren't some women overexpressive?"

"Some of my pupils tell me their husbands say they are." Miss Sandal smiled. "I don't blame the husbands for that opinion. But the husbands don't understand that the whirlwind of chatter they hear is not what their wives think."



MISS MARY SANDAL.

but largely a repetition of what some one or many others think. My oft-repeated advice is, 'Don't be parrot.' The trouble with women is not that they talk too much, but that they don't tell enough. They don't tell what is in their minds. They allow themselves to be made echo women."

"What is the difference between the person whom everyone likes and the person whom nobody likes?"

"One has developed her personality. The other has an undeveloped personality. All any of us has to give ourselves. The attractive person, the 'magnetic person,' the person with 'charm,' is one who gives of herself, her thoughts. In other words, she frankly, though gently, shares her point of view."

Which, summed up, means, according to this charming apostle of the complete personality, that to raise ourselves to the hundredth power of efficiency and attractiveness, we must be natural with emphasis. We must break the jail of self.

"To find yourself you must lose yourself." Miss Sandal quoted the paradox. "To lose yourself you must find yourself."

It jeopardized the confederate occupation of Norfolk, Va., a most important point. It was a big step toward the enforcement of the blockade. It led to the fall of Elizabeth City and Newbern, with its excellent seaport, thus placing practically the whole Carolina coast in the hands of the federals.

Most important of all, it gave the federals (the confederates having at the time no navy) the almost undisputed control of the eastern half of the state, which, with its rich cornfields, was of inestimable value to the union army.

It may be interesting to remember, in this connection, that it was at Roanoke Island that Sir Walter Raleigh planted the first English colony in North America (known as the "Lost Colony"), thirty-six years before the permanent English settlement was made by Captain John Smith at Jamestown. It is especially interesting to remember that it was at Roanoke Island on August 18, 1857, that Virginia

## When Winter is Coldest

It Does Not Occur at Winter Solstice Because a Balance Must Be Struck Between Amount of Heat Radiated Away at Night and That Received by Day.

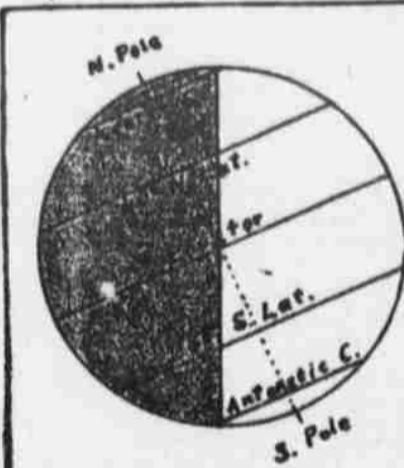


Fig 1

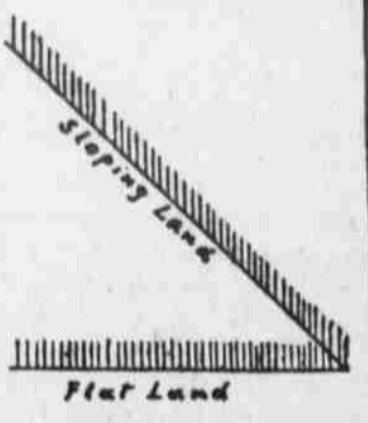


Fig 2

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

A correspondent asks a question which appears to be perpetually puzzling to a great many people, and since the answer involves one of the most important relations between the sun and the earth, it is here given.

This is the question: "It is as astronomers say, the cause of winter is the low elevation of the sun, why, then, since the sun is lowest in the south about the 22d of December, the winter solstice, does the temperature continue to fall after the sun has turned back north, and has been rising higher for several weeks? I should think it would be the coldest at the winter solstice, when the sun is lowest, and its rays fall the most obliquely."

Here is the answer: The cold of winter is due to two causes which act together: first, to the low angle at which the sun's rays strike the earth, causing the same quantity of heat to be spread over a much greater area, and second, to the fact that when the sun is below the equator the nights in northern hemispheres are longer than the days.

Let us take the second first. Look at the first figure, showing the north pole of the earth leaning away from the sun, as it does in winter, while the south pole leans toward it. The shaded side represents night and the other, day. Starting from the equator, where day and night are always of equal length, no matter what the position of the poles with reference to the sun may be, you perceive that as you go north the length of night increases as compared with that of day. At forty degrees north latitude, which is the median latitude of the northern United States, the difference is very evident on the diagram. At the time of the winter solstice, which is that here represented, when the sun is twenty-three and a half degrees south of the equator, the night at forty degrees north latitude is about four and a half hours longer than the day.

As you continue to go north the difference increases until when you have arrived at the Arctic Circle, within 23½ degrees of the pole, day vanishes completely, and it is all night. In the southern hemisphere exactly the reverse occurs, so that they have their winter when we have our summer.

Now, as to the second cause mentioned above; look at the second figure. You know, no doubt, that corn stalks always grow up vertically out of the ground, whether it is a flat valley or a hillside. But a farmer will tell you that he can raise more corn to an acre of flat ground than on a steep hillside, even if there is no difference in the fertility of the soil. The reason is evident from an inspection of the diagram. The same number of stalks is represented on the upper part of the figure as on the lower part. But they cover more ground, because the sloping line is longer than the level one. If the lower line, then, represents the side of an acre, the upper one, containing the same number of stalks, must represent the side of a square much greater than an acre.

The same thing happens with the sun's rays. They are equally numerous whether they strike the earth vertically

or slopingly, but when they fall slopingly they are spread over a greater surface, and consequently their heating effect, for a given area, is less.

The combination of these two causes, as we have said, brings on the cold of winter. It remains to explain why the cold is not greatest when the sun is lowest. It is because the cold will accumulate—or more correctly, the relative loss of heat will grow greater—as long as more heat is radiated away at night than is accumulated by day, and this continues to be the case for about six weeks after the sun has turned back from the winter solstice, and begun to rise again toward the north. Although the sun is lowest about December 22 the greatest cold of winter ordinarily occurs about February 1; but the precise date is variable owing to local or accidental influences. As soon as the amount of heat stored by day equals that lost at night the temperature will begin to rise.

Exactly the same influence is at work in summer, for the hottest weather does not occur on June 21, when the sun is highest, and when the greatest amount of heat is poured down in twenty-four hours, but about the end of July, when the earth has become thoroughly warmed, and more heat is accumulated by day than is radiated away by night.

## A Message to Breathers of Hyomei

A series of tests recently completed prove that the HYOMEI vapor treatment for catarrh, coughs, colds, and sore throat is wonderfully efficient when only one-half teaspoonful of HYOMEI is used in one-half a tea cup of boiling hot water. It is advisable to heat the tea cup before pouring the boiling water, so that the water will remain hot a longer time. Pour one-half a teaspoonful of HYOMEI into the boiling water, hold cup close to face and breathe through nose and mouth the healing, germ-destroying vapor that arises.

Just breathe HYOMEI, and its soothing medicated and antiseptic properties will come in direct contact with the inflamed parts, stop the discharge, drive out the soreness and heal the membrane. For catarrh, coughs, colds, sore throat, croup and all nose and throat ailments, HYOMEI is sold on money back if dissatisfied plan. Single bottles of HYOMEI 50 cents; complete outfit, which includes Inhaler, \$1.00 at drugists everywhere.

Mail orders filled, charges prepaid by Booth's HYOMEI Co., Buffalo, N. Y., who will gladly mail trial treatment free.—Advertisement.



They're The Boys! Silk Hat Harry's Divorce Case

## This Shampoo Helps To Dry the Hair

"It may sound paradoxical to say that shampooing helps dry the hair," writes Mae Martyn, in the New York Star, "but it is a fact that women using find their hair, in cleaning the hair and when shampoo dries quicker than when shampoo is left for her on earth."

"Next time you wash your head try this simple recipe: Dissolve a teaspoonful of caustic in a teacup of hot water. Pour on the head and rub briskly until the scalp is thoroughly massaged, then rinse well."

"Caustic costs but a trifle, but the only certain way to get it pure is to buy an original package."—Advertisement.

## Battle of Roanoke Island

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

The battle of Roanoke Island, N. C., which was fought fifty-one years ago—February 8, 1862—between the confederates under General Henry A. Wise and the federals under General Ambrose E. Burnside, while not looming up with many other contacts of the great conflict, fully deserves to be reckoned among the decisive battles of the brothers' war.

The state of North Carolina has a most peculiar coast line. Between the ocean and the mainland proper there runs, from the northern boundary to the southern boundary, a sand bank from one to five miles wide, cut here and there by inlets leading from the ocean into the large sounds. These sounds lead well up into the interior, and the larger rivers emptying into them, make it possible for a successful naval power to command the entire eastern part of the state.

Roanoke Island was the grand strategic point in this coast region, and the confederate authorities, early in the war, stationed at the island a force, as they thought, sufficiently strong to hold it



General Ambrose E. Burnside.