

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Dances to Pan Is One of the Earliest of the Folk Dances Story by Margaret Hubbard Ayer. Sketch by Michelson.



The first folk dances were performed in the forest glades in the long, long ago, when the first signs of Spring came to the earth and Pan, the mysterious god of all outdoors, was honored by these dances.

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

Folk dancing was introduced into the public school course a few weeks ago. The children are taught the national dances which originated in various countries and are danced there by the country people themselves.

The courses are immensely popular and the great vogue of dancing which has swept over the country can be traced back to the impetuous Maxwell and to others interested in the folk dance.

Folk dances are the spontaneous natural expression of pleasure crystallized into certain set poses and steps.

The first folk dances were performed by the men

and women of long, long ago, when the first signs of Spring filled their hearts with joy.

If you want to see just how these dances originated watch a group of children, now that Spring is coming on, and see how the air and the sunshine and every new leaf and bud start them prancing and shouting with glee. And right in the midst of things comes the hand organ man with his wheezy old tunes that sound fresh and sweet because they have not heard them for so long. And then the children catch some kind of a disjointed tune, and be it ever so lullabey begin to keep time, small hands clap, little bodies sway rhythmically and they're off in a dance as old as the hills—the first folk dance, the dance of the Spring.

Go back a couple of thousand years and instead of the organ grinder there is the music of the Pipes of Pan—"The Great God Pan," who lived down in the reeds by the river, who was half man and half beast, and all of nature.

After the long day's work in the fields, plowing and sowing, the men who were making Italy a great nation, cultivating the wonderful earth, making it yield great harvests, blessed Pan, who helped with the plow and was a musician—the first and crudest musician and the greatest of them all. They had learned from him to cut the reed, make little holes in it and blow a sweet tune, like the call of the first birds.

Pan is the mysterious god of all outdoors, and many people protest that they have seen him

scampering away into the bushes on his goat's feet. The people feared him, and they loved him, too, and in such case, the best thing always is to propitiate the god with feasts and sacrifices of wine and bread.

These are the first dances of the folk. There is nothing artificial about the dance. Nothing affected and nothing very gentle or effeminate. To this day the folk dances have the same characteristics.

The music of these dances has a very decided tune and a strongly marked time and rhythm. Whether the dance is a Polish folk dance or comes from Ireland, it has a vigorous grace that no drawing room made dance can simulate.

The folk dance is always full of the outdoor

spirit. The motions are free and untrammelled, the accent or beat strongly marked, and when the dancers get excited they shout or cry out for the joy and exhilaration of the moment, just as the children do these sunny days when the organ grinder plays, and as the earlier children did when they danced in honor of Pan, with garlands of tender Spring foliage about their heads.

There were always a couple who could dance better than the rest, whose motions were more graceful or who originated some pretty step. Such couples are still inventing new steps to the "One Step," and the rest imitate them. That is why the different dances became fixed or set in their final form.

Charity Breeds Beggars

By ELBERT HUBBARD.
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Sailors just ashore, with gay painted galleys in tow, and with three months' pay, are the most charitable men on earth.

The beggars wax glad when Jack lumbers their way; but alas, tomorrow Jack belongs to the poor.

Charity in the past has been prompted by weakness and whim—the penance of rogues—and often we give to get rid of the troublesome applicant.

Beggary and virtue were imagined to have something akin. Rogues and honesty were sort of synonymous, and we spoke of honest hearts that beat 'neath ragged jackets. That was poetry, but was it art? Or was it just little harmless exercises of the lachrymose glands?

Riches and beggary were spoken of in one breath, unless the gentleman were present, and then we cursed, cringed and crawled.

These things doubtless dated back to a time when the only mode of accumulating wealth was through oppression. Pirates were rich—honest men were poor.

To be poor proved that you were not a robber. The heretic in war took cities, and all they could carry away was their lives.

The monasteries were passing rich in the middle ages, because their valleys opened only one way—they received much and paid out nothing. To save the souls of men was a just equivalent for accepting their services for the little time they were on earth.

The monasteries owned the land, and the rentals paid by the fiefs and villeins went into the church treasuries. Sir Walter Scott has an abbot say this: "I took the vow of poverty, and find myself with an income of twenty thousand pounds a year."

But wealth did not burden the monks forever. Wealthy chieftains—that is one of its peculiarities—came wild war, red of tooth and claw. And the soldiery, who heretofore had been used only to protect the religious orders, now flushed with victory, turned against them.

Charges were trumped up against churchmen high in authority. The monasteries were looked upon as contraband of war. "To the victors belong the spoils," was the motto of a certain man who was president of the United States, so persistent was the war idea of acquiring wealth.

The property of the religious orders was confiscated, and as a reward for heroic services soldiers were given big tracts of land.

The great estates in Europe all have their origin in this well-established custom of dividing the spoils. The plan of taking the property of each or all who were guilty of sedition, contumacy and contumacious was well established by precedent that traced back to Cain.

When George Washington appropriated the estate of Roger Morris, forty centuries of precedent looked down him.

Also it might be added that if a man owned a particularly valuable estate, it was easy for a soldier to listen to and believe the report that the owner had spoken ill of the king, and given succor to the enemy.

Then the soldier felt it his "duty" to punish the recreant one by taking his property. That gave us the age of barons.

The reign of the barons was merely a transfer of power with no revulsion of ideas. The choice between a mitre and a helmet is null, and when the owner converses through his headgear, his logic is alike vulnerable and valueless.

Then the age of the barons has given away to the age of the merchants. The merchants, whose business it is to carry things from where they are plentiful to where they are needed. But they did business by finesse and cleverness flavored with deception.

But the times have changed. Truth is now an asset, and a life is a liability. Merchants today deal with their friends. Money is incidental to service.

Comes co-operation so quietly, and with so little ostentation that men do not realize the change.

"Lay hold on eternal life," said St. Paul, writing to Timothy. The proper translation we now know should have been, "Lay hold on the age to come."

All life is a preparation, just as all life is a sequence—a result.

The past is dead, the present is dying, and only that which is to come is alive. Philanthropy once was palliation, just as the entire practice of medicine was palliation until day before yesterday.

WHY SUFFER?

Breathe HYOMEL and Kill the Loathsome Catarrh Germs.

Just as long as you have catarrh your nose will itch, your breath will be foul, you will hawk and sniffle, and you will do other disgusting things because you can't help yourself. The germs of catarrh have got you in their power; they are continually and persistently digging into and irritating the mucous membrane of your nose and throat. They are now making your life miserable; in time they will sap your entire system of its energy, its strength, its vigor and vitality.

If you do not kill the loathsome germs of catarrh, their desperate assaults will in time undermine your reason, rob your brain of its brilliancy and activity, and leave you not only a physical but a mental wreck.

This picture is not overdrawn; the writer has seen thousands of just such cases. He has personally experienced the demoralizing results that come from the ravishing attacks of the horrible catarrh germs, the greatest pest of civilized nations.

But there is one remedy that will kill the germs and stop catarrh, and that is HYOMEL, the Australian dry air treatment. There may be other remedies, but they are not guaranteed as drugs that will guarantee HYOMEL to banish catarrh or money back. Every day you allow these germs to exist in your system wings you nearer to complete demoralization.

Druggists everywhere will sell you a complete HYOMEL outfit, for only \$1.00. Ask them about it. It is also guaranteed for bronchitis, coughs, croup and croup.

The Whale-Headed Heron One of the Rare Freaks in the Animal Kingdom

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Look at the curious photograph of the "whale-headed heron," a bird from the southern hemisphere. This photograph was taken of the only representative of its kind now in Europe. Its awkward countenance, with the huge bill, seems to wear a knowing smile. When it opens its enormous jaws it seems to be indulging in a gigantic since it is well trained in captivity, gets plenty to eat, and has a good place to sleep, perchance it is not worrying about its lost liberty. Life is easier for it now than it was in its native haunts. It doesn't have to guard against its enemies, or travel long distances in search of its dinner. Possibly it thinks that man was made to wait upon herons, as some members of our biped race think that the sun was created to give them light and heat.

If men differed from one another so much as various members of the heron family do our zoological parks might contain inmates of our own race whose claims to relationship we would not willingly recognize. In fact, what are we doing when we imprison monkeys and apes? They resemble us externally more closely than a stork or an adjutant resembles a whale-headed heron, yet all are members of the same family.

The herons are outrageous birds. All of them are great fishers. The adjutants, which grow six feet tall and live on terms of intimacy with man in Indian villages, not only feed upon reptiles, small quadrupeds and birds, but they are useful scavengers, quickly disposing of the offal of small towns. The sacred ibis of Egypt, which the ancient Egyptians worshipped, and carefully embalmed after death, belongs to the same family as the whale-headed heron, but if you should see the two side by side, the ibis, with its tall, elegant form and its splendid scarlet plumage, and this chunky creature, with its apparently unmanageable bill, you would not think of classifying them together.

The cranes are also related to the herons, but the differences among these various tribes are so great that it is not easy to classify them. Nearly all have something remarkable about their bills. They have to reach and grab and scoop and grab for their prey, and nature has provided them with "boat bills," "spoon bills," "pipe bills," and many other odd fantastic forms of apparatus attached to their heads, which, in some cases, look like very clumsy contrivances—and yet they invariably serve their purpose with astonishing efficiency.

You will observe that the whale-headed heron has a natty tuft of feathers, like a scalp-lock on the back of its head. This is a family distinction, which, in its case, seems to have almost fallen into desuetude. With many of its relatives the crest is a very attractive feature.

All of these singular creatures belong to what the older naturalists called the family of wading birds. They always have long, slender legs to enable them to wade into swamps and shallow shoals



The Whale-Headed Heron. Two photographs of this scarce bird freak, the only one in captivity.

water in search of their food, and they all possess the singular faculty of standing for long periods of time, with the utmost nonchalance and ease, upon one leg. In the case of the whale-headed heron this would seem to be a feat requiring a very nice sense of balance, but since it runs in the family no doubt he can do it.

In South America there is a species of crane which makes a sound resembling

What the World Wants

By ADA PATTERSON.

The world wants your smiling face. Men, women and children are like clouds for every one of them has a silver lining. That is what the world wants, not your frowns, but your smiles. Not the blues of your mood, but the gold.

A man who is a dictator of dramatic destinies in this country and in Europe said of a lad whom he had just engaged as office boy: "He will get on, he smiles."

The man who himself had risen in a few years from the stage when he joined street roads to advertise the show, had the smiling habit. He believed that he had in part smiled his way to success, and no doubt he had, for at least half of success consists in the co-operation of those who work for and with us, and his "people" address him by his initials, loving him as a father or an elder brother. "He is so considerate and cheerful and he smiles the rough places smooth," is their explanation of their abiding loyalty.

"You can't afford to be in the dumps. You are transformed when you smile," was the advice of a world traveler to a village maid who was a distant relative and sought to glean wisdom from his harvest of globe won knowledge.

I missed an attendant from a hair dressing establishment in New York. "Is she ill?" I inquired. "No, she's fired," responded the proprietor, and because my silence was full of inquiry she continued.

"I had to get rid of her because she had the complaining habit. She talked to the customers about her troubles and they gave her old clothes. I might have corrected that habit, but she had a sour face. In business you must not talk much, but you must smile a great deal."

A letter came to me requesting the address of a working girl I knew, an honest, cheerful, kindly, girl with a shining brown thatched head crammed with dog, and in employed to take charge of poultry and keep them from wandering too far afield.

One of the most interesting relatives of the heron is the stork, which plays so intimate a part in the ancient traditions of animal and human relations. All along the Valley of the Rhine and in Holland the stork is a sacred bird, protected and adored because of the services that he is believed to render to man. In Holland tradition says that the storks protect the great dikes constructed to keep out the sea by searching out the worms and insects which, if left undisturbed, would weaken the embankments by destroying the roots of the plants and the buried timbers that serve to retain the sands in place.

away from her and giving her a chance to forget you.

Neither is "The One."

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am in love with two young ladies, both of whom I have known for some time. One is a country girl and of an affectionate disposition, while the other is a city girl, and of quite a gay and flighty temperament. Both are in love with me. I'm quite sure that both would make excellent housewives.

Which is better suited to me, as I have spent some years in travel and would love to marry a homelike young lady?

M. D. B.

If you loved either of these girls as a man should love the woman he would marry, there would be no doubt.

Suppose you try giving up both until you know your own mind?

address herself if she wished the writer to have it. That second thought I learned, when again the girl was skillfully stuffing my fingers into yielding kid gloves, was patting and smoothing them and standing back to admire her completed handiwork, was the better.

"I'm so glad you didn't send the address," she said. "I don't want to keep up the acquaintance. I am sure she isn't good for me. Oh, no, she isn't a bad girl, but she is a sad girl. She had loved a young man very much and he had left her. She talked about it all the time. And she used to cry a great deal."

"Now, if I had been able to help the girl I would have done so. But after we'd talked the matter over thoroughly once and I told her he was a rotter, and she ought to forget him, there was no more for either of us to say. She couldn't get him back. Anyway, he wasn't worth it. But she kept on talking about him and her sorrow. And she kept on crying. I used to grab her hand and pull her up off the sand and ask her to run a race with me. I would duck her head in the surf while we were bathing. I would pour sand in her ears. I even tickled her bare soles as she lay on the beach. For two weeks I worked this. That girl to make her smile, but I couldn't. And I don't want to see her again. Thank you so much for not sending her the address."

The brown-haired girl from whom I buy gloves is cruel? Not at all. She is gifted with keen judgment and a sense of values. She had tendered good advice; it had not been followed. She had tried to make the girl cast off her burden of love's sickness, but she had failed. She knew the relation with the girl meant being an accomplice for an ever-repeated story—a story that should have been forgotten. She could not help her and she would not allow the girl to hinder her.

It was the doctrine of self-preservation applied to everyday life.

The person who will not smile is hopelessly selfish. The person who cannot smile is ready to die. "The world demands smiles, and by so doing proves itself a master psychologist."

It knows that the man who smiles does not take himself too seriously, so is not handicapped by conceit. He is willing and able to learn. The world knows that the woman who smiles is brave.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Quit Drinking.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man 35 years of age, who loved a girl about 15 very dearly, but I don't know what she thinks of me, because I started drinking to excess several months ago and have hardly seen her since, except to see that she will not let me come up to her or here anything to do with her. I love her very dearly and will do anything to get back where I was before. What shall I do?

R.A.M.

You know what to do: Quit drinking! If you love liquor more than you love her, don't bring disgrace and sorrow into her life by winning her. It seems to me you will be kindest to her by staying

Cleans The Hair and Makes it Beautiful--25 Cent "Danderine"

In a few moments your hair looks soft, fluffy, lustrous and abundant—No falling hair or dandruff.

Surely try a "Danderine Hair Cleanse" if you wish to immediately double the beauty of your hair. Just moisten a cloth with Danderine and draw it carefully through your hair, taking one small strand at a time, this will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt or any excessive oil—in a few moments you will be amazed. Your hair will be wavy, fluffy and abundant and possess an incomparable softness, luster and luxuriance, the beauty and shimmer of true hair health.

Besides beautifying the hair, every application of Danderine dissolves, every particle of Dandruff, cleanses, purifies

and invigorates the scalp, forever stopping itching and falling hair.

Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorating and strengthens them. Its exhilarating, stimulating and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow abundantly long, strong and beautiful.

You can surely have pretty, soft, lustrous hair, and lots of it. If you will just get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter and try it as directed—Advertisement.