

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Song of Joy and Pain

By LILIAN LAUFERTY.

Oh, I tasted of pleasure—and liked it.
For the flavor was sweet to my lip.
"Life is joy," then I cried, "and my sea's at full tide;
Life's a garden—each flower I'll sip."
But a sting lurked in every bright flower,
And the waves of Joy's sea broke in foam.
While the lure of gay Pleasure's fleet hour
Bore me wandering—far from my home.

Then I tasted of sorrow—'twas bitter,
And the talons of pain tore my heart.
"Life is torture," I cried. "Must I linger and bide
All my losses in Cruelty's mart?"
But a message was hid in the tangle
Of these noisome and bitter dark weeds;
From the sound of harsh bells all a-jangle
Pealed a chime for the doer of deeds.

"There's pleasure to taste, and there's sorrow—
Take from one, from the other you borrow;
Sun today may mean storm-clouds tomorrow;
All your life you must still mark the measure
Of sorrow attuned unto pleasure—
The heart that is wise still will treasure
Its joys the more dear, for its sorrow,
Its pain as a wonderful measure
Whence joy brighter radiance shall borrow."

To Make a Hit with Women

By DOROTHY DIX

A lovelorn youth writes me a pathetic letter saying that he is persona non grata with the fair sex, that girls do not care for his society, and the ungrateful minxes turn their backs upon him and talk to other men in the very instant they are devouring the candy he bought them, and wearing the violets on which he squandered his good money. This state of affairs greatly distresses him, and he wants to know why he isn't popular, and how he may become a winner with women.

Let us see if we can help him.

Women differ from men in this respect, that looks do not count. It does not matter whether a man is handsome or not. Indeed, very few women care for beauty in the opposite sex. It is a poaching on their own preserves that they resent. Also it requires them to become flatterers instead of the flattered, for the vanity of the vainest woman that ever lived is as water unto wine compared to the vanity of a man who is a living picture, and who knows it—and expects to be told of it.

It is worth bearing in mind that almost without exception the men who were the great heart smashes of history were not only plain of face, but some of them grotesquely hideous. So no man need despair on account of his lack of pulchritude when he wants to take a hand at the game of hearts.

But while mere regularity of feature in a man counts for little in attracting a woman's fancy, a man should pay much attention to his clothes and his grooming. Nothing on earth, but the grace of God, keeps a woman in love with a man with a two days' stubble of dirty beard on his face. Married women stand this because they can't help themselves; but no girl wants a slovenly, untidy man, who looks as if he needed to be run through the laundry, hanging about her. All the knocking about the word "dude" comes from masculine lips. No woman joins in that chorus. On the contrary, she feels that the man who comes into her presence ill-dressed, dirty, neglected looking, not only shows disrespect for her, but indicates that he lacks judgment, industry and progressiveness. For that is exactly what being ill-dressed now means.

Another thing that women like, and it is an attraction that any man can acquire, is a certain savoir faire that makes him equal to any situation. A woman likes a man to know how to offer her a chair, to help her on with her wraps, to order a little dinner. And she hates with unspeakable loathing, the fellow who is always making scenes in public, who gets in rows with the theater usher over a mistake about the seats, or the street car conductor about the change, or who sits up like a graven image of wrath every time anybody drops in while he is calling.

"Chump," says the girl to herself, "he hasn't got enough sense to know only the ignorant have to fight to get their rights."

Women like generous men, but even girls have a contempt for men who spend more than they can afford. It is not the youths who waste all their substance on bonbons, and theater ticks, and violets,



who are the most popular with the fair sex. Every girl has what she calls her "candy beau," but she seldom marries him. The best way to touch a girl's heart is not by upsetting her diction.

An important point to remember here is that the man who would curry favor by means of gifts must give discreetly. A woman would rather have a present that cost 5 cents if it represented some special taste or fancy of hers, than one that cost \$50 if it was something that had no personal significance.

In conversation, cultivate a happy medium. Be neither a continuous monologue performer, nor yet a clam. Before you take the floor and devote hours to expatiating on how you can keep books, or play ping-pong, or take snapshots, be sure the girl is really interested in you. After a woman is in love, she can sit entranced for days listening to a man tell about the kind of collar button he wears, but if she isn't in love, a steady stream of personal reminiscences gets on her nerves, and she wants a change. Besides she desires to talk about herself.

For pity sake, though, help out with the conversation. From the time a girl is old enough to understand anything she is taught that her chief end in life is to entertain man, and everywhere you go you can see her conscientiously at work trying to do it. Every mother's laughter of us knows what it is to labor, and persevere, and toil, trying to make conversation with some man, who is just as unresponsive as a store dummy and as silent as the Sphinx. It isn't a fair division of labor, and if a man wants to see true gratitude let him chip in and help her the conversation ball along.

"Be bold, be bold, but not too bold." Women hate a timid man, and they despise the one who takes it for granted that he has only to throw the handkerchief to have every girl scramble for it.

Learn how to pay compliments as if you mean them. Don't apply flattery with a trowel. Few women are fools. Don't tell a woman the first time you see her she is the ideal you have been seeking for many years. Seven hundred other idiots have told her that before.

Don't quote sentimental poetry to a girl. It always makes her want to giggle.

Don't give in too much to a woman. If she has good sense she won't want you to sacrifice your taste or principles, and if she is unreasonable, she will respect you for mastering her.

Finally, beloved—and if you forget all the rest remember this—don't stay too long when you go to call. More men queer themselves right here than they do anywhere else. No living human being is entertaining more than thirty minutes at a time, or endurable for more than two hours at a stretch. In that time every man can say everything he has got to say worth hearing, and if he lingers along until the clock begins to yawn in his face he is simply defying fate and inviting disaster. Many a good impression is spoiled by too much of it.

And when you get up to go, go as if you were fired out of a gun. Don't linger for tender farewells and last words. Most girls wear shoes three sizes too small for them, and when a man keeps one standing on the doorstep while he makes his adieu she isn't saying, like Juliet: "I could say goodby, goodby, 'til it be morning." On the contrary, she is regretting that all the stories about papa's boot and the swift waltz out are fiction instead of fact, and she would be willing to pay out good money to anybody who would accelerate Romeo's descent of the steps.

Of course, no general rules can be laid down for winning the fancy of the fair sex. What has been said pretends to be no more than the most elementary facts, but a guarantee goes with each suggestion that it will work.

How to Acquire a Beautiful Figure Through Dancing

By Lady Constance Stewart Richardson

By LADY CONSTANCE STEWART RICHARDSON.

Copyright, 1913, National News Service. Dancing is one of the most characteristic and characterful things I know. It expresses the individual and the nation in perfect accord with the feelings and customs that characterize him or it.

Take, for instance, the Hungarian Csardas, the Italian Tarantelle, or the Tango of Argentina—each is characteristic of its place and time, and however well the peoples of another nation do the dance that is not their own they still must modify it to suit their own temperament.

If we take the best of the moderns and add to it the finest steps of the ancients and teach our result we will get an many variations as we have individual temperaments expressing the dance we have made.

If people will stop to think what a wonderful mode of expression the dance offers them, and will study it, its music and the effect of this expression on their own temperaments, they will no longer consider the dance and the body that expresses it as something to be despised, but they will give to the body, which is capable of beauty, its due admiration and its right to beautiful expression, which will mean that one step toward lifting instead of degrading the human body will be definitely taken through the worship of loveliness.

To help you all make your bodies as perfect in outline, in strength and in power to respond to your desire to express emotion through the great safety valve of movement is my desire.

When dancing, look happy as if you were dancing because you love to, and as if you were dancing because you love the particular step you are taking—not doing the fashionable thing some dancing teacher has assured you was the "proper way." Make one or two steps your own and through them teach your body to express itself without shame or consciousness in perfect happiness and rhythm.

Dancing is a safe and sane form of self-expression, and it is good for body as well as soul.

In figure 1 the body is poised on the ball of one foot while the other is raised with the leg thrown slightly backward from the knee and the toes pointing downward. A straight line from flexed knee to the tip of the toes seems to be a favorite idea of grace, as depicted by the sculptors of the ancients, and as it adds to beauty of line the benefit of strengthening instep and ankle, it is one of the little separate movements that I often incorporate in my dancing steps.

To return to figure 1. Bend slightly at the waist toward the uplifted leg and raise the arm above the head so there

will be a continuous curve from elbow to toes. A flexible waist waits upon the earnest practice of this exercise.

From elbow to wrist the arm is bent above and toward the head, while the other arm, stretched lightly out from the shoulder and parallel with it, terminates in loosely flexed wrist and hand. Sway lightly from foot to foot, and see what easily controlled muscles of the waist result.

Figure 2 pictures for you a walking



Two Poses by Lady Richardson Illustrating Her Points

exercise that has a wonderfully beneficial effect on the whole body. It is a natural bodily expression such as you have often seen little children drop into quite unconsciously.

Tip-toe along from foot to foot, with the raised limb flexed at the knee and held with down-pointing toe.

Bend the body well forward from the waist, and sway it toward the lifted foot, stretching the arm over this foot back and down the other arm forward and as

you would do in feeling your way along a solid surface in the dark.

Leg, arm and waist muscles are here brought into play—and when such simple, pretty, little exercises as this become indeed play you may feel sure that you are on your way to a body beautiful and graceful.

After all, just such dance movements as this are normal, simple, human expression, and out of them we can evolve natural grace of body and movement.

Child Toil of Present Age Worse Than Ever History Has Never Known a Slavery So Blighting as That of the Young Victims of Modern Commercialism—Money Spent in Pure Extravagance Would Soon Relieve These Children from the Grasp of Despair

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

If one half the energy that is wasted upon impracticable schemes of social reform and one-tenth of the money that is thrown away in pure extravagance were concentrated upon the solution of the problem of enforcing the child labor laws, the children of the so-called civilized nations from the bondage of squalid despair, whose dungeons echo to the pitiless grinding of the money-making machines, there would go up, within a year's time, such a pean of rejoicing childhood as would warm the soles of the world's great heart—for the world has a heart, if you can but reach it!

I have just been reading an article on "Children in Bondage," in the Good Housekeeping Magazine, which ought, in itself, to start a revolution. And it has recalled an experience of my own bearing upon this great question of child slavery.

Some years ago I went on a lecture tour in the south. I stopped one night in one of the basiest of those industrial cities which have sprung up within a couple of decades in that wonderful part of our country.

The next morning the owner of a great mill, who was one of the chief promoters of the local lecture course, and who took great satisfaction in his connection with so commendable an enterprise, and gladly spent money to keep it going, invited me to visit his mill.

It was near noon when I approached its formidable walls, and was admitted within its guarded gates, and I stopped amazed at the first sight of human life that my eyes fell upon there.

It was a long row of little boys and girls, pale-faced and haggard, and clothed in the filthiest and poorest garments, with tin pails on their arms—waiting in line to carry their dinners to their

brothers and sisters who were halted on the treadmills within. Some of them glanced quickly about at the least sound, with a scared expression, as if they expected a lash! Evidently there was

The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

"I was listening to a fat gent coming down in the subway this morning," said the Manicure Lady. "He was talking about how low he had worked for years and years, and now he was rich and happy. He was telling how he had his fine country home and his city home and his cars and all the rest of the things that wealth brings, and how happy he was, and what a good world this is."

"He had a right to feel that way when everything was so easy for him," said the Head Barber.

"That ain't the way I figure it at all, George," declared the Manicure Lady. "I may be wrong, but it seems to me that if I was rich and fat, that would be just the time I would feel saddest for all the millions of people that ain't rich and fat, and them that is fat and poor. I don't see how that man could be altogether happy when he knows that in the city of New York alone there is over 100,000 hungry folks every day, folks that ain't able to buy nothing good to eat or to get their hunger."

"If I had \$1,000,000 I would try to limit myself to just enough for a nice, comfortable living the rest of my life and scatter the rest of it where it would do the most good. I would care for all the needy I could, and every time I heard of a poor little shop trying to live right on \$4 a week I would be one of them there Lady Bountifuls, and from that time on she would live happily until she was married. I often like to be awake and dream of all the good things that I would do if I had money. I suppose I'm a kind of nut for wasting my time that way, but it makes me feel almost as happy some-

no time in that busy place for human being to stop to eat, otherwise than as the overworked dray horse stops at the edge of the pavement to have a bag of meal hung over his neck, with his nose thrust into it!

My interest in the sights that the mill might have to offer was already chilled, but, nevertheless, I went in. I remembered how delighted the owner had been to see so many of "his people" listening to a lecture on astronomy the night before!

I shall not try to describe what I saw. No doubt it was a sight that ought to have made me thrill with admiration for the practical application of the great principle of "efficiency" which I saw and heard, but in fact it only made me sad and depressed.

I could not admire the marvellous machinery, could pay no attention to the wonderful statistics that were poured into my ears about the incredible number of this, that or the other things that could be turned out in a single minute, for I really saw nothing by pale, drawn faces, bent over the machines, not daring to look up for a moment, and white, bony fingers doing perilous feats with the darting shuttles, and I heard only the inhuman hum of the mechanical monsters that were devouring those young lives!

I have always regretted that there was an occasion when I had not the courage to say what I thought. But we all meet many such occasions. One reason why the world does not improve more rapidly is because we are too often moral cowards. However, I never think pleasantly of the name of that town, although it had listened very faithfully to what I did say—but that was about the stars, and when you talk about them you can hurt no man's "business."

Of course, such things are not confined to the south. In fact, it is to be feared that New England taught the lesson. Read the article to which I have referred if you want a host of other facts about this nefarious business of killing off the young of the race, killing them soul and body, on order to swell the bloated carcass of mammon! Then think seriously about what you have read, and, having thought, act for modern civilization is doomed unless this unholy thing be destroyed!

times as if I really had the money and was doing all them good deeds."

"I think you are a mighty good girl to have them dreams," said the Head Barber, "but, of course, dreaming don't do no good. You have to have the millions first before you can help the poor. There is so many of the poor, too many. Things ain't the way the ought to be in this world, kiddo. It makes me kind of sad a lot of times when I am on the way out to Coney Island and look at some of them little hovels not far from one of the biggest bridges in the world. In them hovels there must be misery and discomfort that you and me could never stand one week and yet them people have to go along that way, not for a week or a month, but for all their lives. The trouble with you and me is that, like a lot of other good-hearted folks, we never have enough at one time to help the really poor. All I had this morning was carfare and lunch money, and the guy that just went out paid me \$10 that I never expected to get in this world."

"Ain't that queer?" exclaimed the Manicure Lady. "Brother Wilfred paid me back \$10 this morning that I had kissed good-bye to long ago. I felt so good about it that I went and bought me a new summer lid, which makes three bonnets I have all at one time. What are you going to do with your ten, George—give it to the poor?"

"It wouldn't go far enough," said the Head Barber, sheepishly. "I just sent out this minute to cover a bet on Crude Cars in the fourth race. She's due to win, and I got three to one for my sawbuck. But just the same, kiddo, if there was more good-hearted folks like us, the poor would be happier."

A Theological Rationalist

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

One hundred and sixty-five years ago a clergyman of the Church of England published a book entitled "The Free Inquiry." The name of the clergyman was Conyers Middleton, to whom belongs the honor, or dishonor, as you may choose to put it, of having been the first modern theological rationalist.

The writings of the "Father," says Lecky, "contain numerous accounts of miracles which they allege to have taken place in their own day and under their own notice, and which are of such a nature, and are related in such a manner, that it seems scarcely possible to avoid the conclusion that they had really taken place, or else that the fathers deliberately painted them off upon the credulity of their readers."

Middleton, in his "Free Inquiry," met the difficulty by an attack upon the fathers, which was so eloquent, so uncompromising and so admirably directed that all England soon rang with the controversy.

Middleton showed that the fathers had "applauded falsehood, had practiced the most wholesale forgeries, had habitually and grossly falsified history, had adopted to the fullest extent the system of pious frauds, and had continually employed them to stimulate the devotion of the people."

Among the lally the "Free Inquiry" met with great acceptance, and the landmarks of English theology were completely wiped out. The traditions on which that theology had rested were rudely shaken if not destroyed. If the old views were to be maintained resort was needed to new arguments.

"But," to quote Lecky again, "beyond all this there were other and graver questions suggested. Under what circumstances was it permitted to reject the unanimous and explicit testimony of all ecclesiastical historians? What was the measure of their credulity and of their veracity? What, again, was the degree of the antecedent improbability of miracles, the criteria separating the true from the false, and the amount of testimony required to substantiate them?"

Such were the queries raised by Middleton's "Free Inquiry." The book was the forerunner of the long line of disputants, from Hume down to the latest contentant, pro or con, in the great field of theological rationalism.

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Habits of Speech

By MRS. FRANK LEARNED

Author of "The Etiquette of New York Today."

Culture is the result of the constant choice of everything that makes life beautiful. In manners, habits, thoughts, books, words or conversation the cultivated man or woman aims to choose the best. If one has been negligent in these matters a new start may be made.

It may be a surprise when we realize how very limited is our vocabulary and how we have been satisfied with it. A good vocabulary may be acquired by reading books which are worth reading, as well as by talking with those who express themselves in the speech of educated people. Thought is back of speech, and those who think accurately have a discriminating sense of language and try to use the best word to say what is in their minds.

It is neither pedantic nor is it affected to use well chosen words. It is not desirable to use long, difficult words. The simplest, most direct, most vigorous words are usually convincing. We may choose a descriptive or a beautiful word, expressing ourselves in clear, terse speech without using expletives or exaggerated terms which are weak and without using inappropriate, ordinary language.

The habit of using slang destroys the taste for good English. A slang phrase may seem crisp or condensed, but it is not wit. Usually it is coarse and cheap and may be compared to a counterfeit coin. If we were as anxious to add a descriptive or beautiful word to our vocabulary as to add the latest slang there might be hope for improvement in our speech.

We should be as careful to choose correct words as to be careful in dress. Women give much thought to the selection of becoming dress, yet there are many pretty, well-dressed women who seem unconscious that their attractiveness suffers an eclipse when they speak. The pleasing impression they have made vanishes when the voice is harsh or nasal, when words are clipped, or incorrectly pronounced, or grammatical mistakes are made.

FRECKLE-FACE

Sun and Wind Bring Out Ugly Spots, How to Remove Easily.

Here's a chance, Miss Freckle-face, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable dealer that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes the freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of ethine—double strength from The Beaton Drug Co., also any of Sherman & McConnell Drug Co.'s stores, and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the homely freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength ethine as this is the prescription sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

That's Right.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am in love with a young girl usher in a local playhouse and would like to meet her. I do not know her name or any of her friends. Tell me how I could meet her without flirting, as I would not care to meet her that way.

AMERICUS.

I am glad that you have too much respect for yourself and for her to flirt with her. It speaks volumes for your good sense.

Have you a sister who could contrive to meet her? Or could you not induce the manager to vouch for you with an introduction? You deserve her acquaintance because of the respect you show for her.

RESINOL MAKES ECZEMA VANISH

Stops Itching and Burning Instantly.

There is immediate relief for skin itching, burning and disfigured by eczema, ringworm or other tormenting skin trouble, in a warm bath with Resinol Soap and a simple application of Resinol Ointment. The soothing, healing Resinol balsam sinks right into the skin, stop itching instantly, and soon clear away all trace of eruption, even in severe and stubborn cases where other treatments have had no effect. After that, the regular use of Resinol Soap is usually enough to keep the skin clear and healthy.

You need never hesitate to use Resinol. It is a doctor's prescription, that has been used by other physicians for years in the treatment of all sorts of skin affections. It contains absolutely nothing that could injure the tenderest skin. Practically every druggist sells Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap. Trial free; Dept. I-F, Resinol, Baltimore, Md. Works wonders for sunburn.