

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Stitches in Time

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Tall and straight and fair they stand, the marguerite-blue and pink and purple and yellow and green. Oh, no, they are not real marguerites, they couldn't bloom in such colors as that. They are just embroidered posies on the curtain at the fair window.

Just a long, straight, simple row of them; heads up, stem straight and prim, something puritanical about these flowers. I wonder who did them? Some one in that home where the window is, I'll be bound. No one ever did them for sale; they're too full of character for that. One, two, three—why there's one missing from the perfect line. There, I said; they were never done for sale, two up and two down and three pink and three blue; there's fancy about these flowers, and imagination and wistful hope and a kind of quiet resignation.

Is she old and tired, and calm and settled, the woman who did them? Or is she young and restless and full of high hope and surging discontent, and did she do those flowers to keep from quarrelling with some one? Oh, yes, they're a great safety valve, flowers are, when they are embroidered.

I know a woman who goes to her room, locks the door and chews gum as fast as she can when she's cross, and she has the reputation of the sweetest temper on earth, and she deserves it.

The takes her fury out on the gum. Embroidery is the finest kind of temper-killer.

"It's unjust, it's cruel, I'd like to"—one, two, three, four, then a cross stitch—"I wish I could"—one, two, three, four—"how pretty that blue is going to be."

"How she can think"—one, two, three, four—"dear me, it's prettier than I thought it was!"

"I'll show 'em"—one, two, three, four—"there, what sweet flowers!"

"How pretty those flower fields were up there in the mountains last summer, blue as the azure of the sky, and acres of them, acres and acres, and above them the snow peaks, and the water laughing down into the green valley below."

"I suppose it's all snow up there now—deep, deep, quite, pure snow—as white as the snow, and so calm, so peaceful. Just the green, green, pines, and the great rocks and the snow. How far away all these little things that bother me do seem. So far, so far, and so little of account: what do they care, up there in the hills, whether he did right about the party."

"How fast the little rabbits run over the snow and the chipmunks, too, what bright eyed little rascals they are, to be sure! I don't believe they know what worry means, and yet they seem just as happy as if they did."

"So-r-a-a-m, scre-am, there's a magpie; what a handsome, cynical fellow to be sure! no knowing, no sense of themselves, but the old gray cat got the one who came to visit us; for all his wisdom, she was wiser than he—the old gray cat."

"I wonder if the coyotes are crying up there in the rocks back of the cottage? I saw one playing with his own shadow in the moonlight last summer, one fair night in June. 'Woo!' he barked, and sprang at the shadow's throat. Over and over he roiled, the coyote puppy, playing there in the moonlight so gaily."

"And the sweet breeze sprang up and the light clouds floated across the silver moon. Heigh, ho! How far away it all is, how far away!"

"Come the angry-past the folly of rage—quite gone the irritation of the little mind over little things, past at the clouds pass, high up there in the mountains. One, two, three, four, here's another flower growing under the needle; who will look at these, I wonder, and dream what they meant to a heart so sore disquieted."

Tall, straight and fair they grow in the soft white curtains at the fair window of my neighbor—the marguerite-pink, purple, blue and green. Oh, that's just her harmless joke, the green one, I rather like it, don't you? Peace to your gentle heart, you who made the fair flowers to grow there in the sweet curtains you made to keep the eyes of the curious from the quiet secrets of the home you love. One, two, three, four. Where's my embroidery needle?

And that soft gray thread for the lichen, and the brown for the tree bark; no, that isn't the right blue for those flowers, something a thought deeper and yet lighter, too; there, that's it; one, two, three, four—see, they grow, the flowers, under my busy hands.

One, two, three, four—come, this is better than idle anger at what can never be helped. One, two, three, four—spring up, sweet blossoms, and brighten my heart, and the hearts of those who look upon you—the work of my hands.

SPLENDID HOT WEATHER FOOD

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MAULL BROS., St. Louis, Mo.

When the Whistle Blows

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By Nell Brinkley



Nell Brinkley Says:

You lift your eyes to the great clock in the white tower and see 6 o'clock marked with wide-spread hands. You hear Trinity's mellow bells clamoring over all the choked streets that empty a seething crowd into the narrow throat of the subway. Six o'clock! And the girls who smile all

day long as steadily as any chorus girl is bidden to do, who haul down enough yards of stuff in a day to do a sash around this vain old world, who try debutante dancing-frocks on fat relics who've seen forty summer moons or more, who get down flatly "middles" for lean little girls, whose too flat pay envelope is sometimes the fortune of the family, all those who need and earn a thicker pay envelope and electric fans, all these bits of womanhood who go to make up the brave army that work

in shops pour out of the employes' door and out under the clamor of "6 by the clock." The blonde hat model, in her sleeky, slippery, little black gown, the close-tailored girl who sells suits, with her crinkly hair and big, black purse like a baby kit-bag, all there—and happy! Have you noticed that? And pretty! Have you noticed that? They have many good excuses not to be the first—but they laugh and laugh—and you hear little things like this: "He said to her—and she said to him."

"Isn't that great?" and "What are you going to wear?" and "I had the time of my life!" And pretty—they'd have a heap of excuses not to be that, too—what with trying to stretch a bill longer and greener than it is, and standing on their two feet all day long, and smiling long and sweet at grouches. But they are, among them you find the trimmest girls in town. And some of their faces make a society belle's wish it could go back to heaven and get made all over again.

Mysteries of Science and Nature

The Sun is a Variable Star and Its Changes Affect the Price of a Man's Dinner—What Science's Latest Discovery Means

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The recently announced conclusion of Prof. Frost, the head of the Yerkes Observatory, that the sun is a variable star is in accord with what has been said repeatedly in these columns. It is a tremendously important fact, and its demonstration is mainly due to the labors of Messrs. C. G. Abbot and F. E. Powell of the Smithsonian Institution. Their statements have been confirmed by observations of astronomers in Europe.



The sun has not suddenly become variable; it has been variable for ages, but not until now has any measurement of its variability been obtained. It has taken ten years to eliminate all the possible sources of error in the work, one of the principal difficulties being to discriminate between the effect of changing conditions of the earth's atmosphere affecting its ability to transmit the radiation from the sun to the surface of the globe, and changes occurring in the sun itself.

It seems now to be certain that the intensity of the rays which the sun sends to the earth often varies at least as much as five per cent in periods of only a week or ten days. These variations, of course, directly affect the temperature and the character of the weather. Then there are variations of a much longer period, and of greater general extent, indicated by the waning and waning of black spots on the sun's disk.

When there are many and large spots on the sun its radiation is not diminished, but increased, and when they are few and small, as at the present time, the radiation in general falls off. But at all times, apparently, minor changes are going on in the sun, which produce quite sudden alterations in the temperature of the earth.

As has just been said, we are now at a period of minimum in the sun spots, but in about four years from now they will be numerous again, and then a general increase of the solar radiation is to be expected. It takes, on the average, about seven years for the sun spots to decline from a maximum to a minimum, and about four years for them to rise again from a minimum to a maximum. Meanwhile the radiation is not steady at any time, except for a few days.

The practical importance of the recent studies of these things is seen in Prof. Frost's announcement that the time is

near at hand when it will be possible to foretell the general character of the seasons long in advance.

He thinks that that may be achieved within about twenty-five years.

Then, if the present promise is kept, it will be possible for farmers and growers of all kinds of crops to know in advance what they have to expect, and to govern their sowings and plantings accordingly.

The sun will be recognized as the great dictator in agricultural affairs, and they will be the most successful cultivators who heed the hints which it gives of impending changes in its humor. They will watch its face, with the aid of the astronomers, as Nero's courtiers watched the play of their tyrant's features.

But the mere fact that those who have been conducting these researches think it possible to foretell the varying effects of the solar radiation upon the earth shows that even in its most variable moods the sun is subjected to a law which it cannot violate. It is only necessary to find out exactly what that law is and how it operates in order to foresee

its effects. Much still depends upon a better knowledge of the earth's atmosphere, for when a sudden change takes place in the solar radiation the effect is not immediately felt on the earth. The atmosphere acts as a kind of buffer, and takes up the shock, afterwards distributing it in a more gradual and gentle manner.

A graphic illustration of the importance of this matter to every human being is given in a remark of Prof. Langley's, which Prof. Frost has quoted:

"Though the most unformed nebula may hold the germs of future worlds, yet for us these possibilities are but interesting conjectures, for every nebula might be wiped out of the sky tonight without affecting the price of a laborer's dinner, while a small change in the solar radiation may conceivably cause the deaths of numberless men in an Indian famine."

Prof. Langley's forecast has been fully justified by the recent investigations, and we may now say that the price of every man's dinner is affected by changes in the sun that had not been discovered ten years ago.

Wellington in Spain

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY

It was 165 years ago—August 2, 1848—that the "Iron Duke," then merely "Sir" Arthur Wellesley, landed at Mondrago Bay, Spain, to try his hand with the



Marshals of France in the battle for supremacy in the Iberian peninsula. At the time in question Sir Arthur was the possessor of but meagre fame. He had filled certain minor positions, and filled them to the complete satisfaction of his superiors, but he was to a large extent unknown.

The prospect, as he stepped ashore at Mondrago Bay was not a rosy one. The Napoleonic forces had been on the ground for some time, and had achieved some important results. Napoleon's brother, Joseph, had been declared king by the "Master of Europe," and the greatest marshals of the empire were there with their veteran soldiers to see to it that the master's will was carried out.

But there, too, was Wellington, modest, patient, long-suffering, doing his duty in quiet way, taking what came in the spirit of true philosophy, and biding his

Marriage and Happiness

By DOROTHY DIX.

Is the happy way to be married the scrappy way?

In the real emblem of domestic felicity the prize fighter's mitt, and not the dove of peace?

Can husbands and wives really be too polite, too considerate and too amiable?

Is the perfect husband and wife not to be desired, after all?

The average married couple would answer these questions by saying that nobody knew, because no man or woman had ever achieved his or her ideal mate. He or she might have thought he or she



was getting this wonder at the time of the marriage, but later on—say five years afterward—well, that's a different story, and a sad one, friends.

Undoubtedly we are all in the way of thinking that the reason that marriage is so often a failure is because the high contracting parties are not only shy on a large proportion of the domestic vir-

ties, but they are also short on patience, and civility, and tact, and the most elementary regard for each other's rights and personal liberty. When we see the way in which most husbands and wives treat each other we are not surprised at the sound of breaking and rending of matrimonial bonds that we hear all about us. We are amazed that any couple remain tied together.

It appears, however, that you can overdo a good thing even in matrimony, and that a husband and wife can be too perfect, as witness the case of a prominent young couple of actors, who have just separated because they found an ideal marriage too dull to be endured.

This young man and woman were of the kind of people who take life seriously. Before they were married they had long heart-to-heart talks in which they discussed the duties and obligations of husbands and wives, and formulated a plan for making matrimony a grand, sweet song.

They drew up a list of things that they would do and would refrain from doing, and pledged themselves never to speak a harsh word, never to answer back when the other spoke impatiently, never to provoke a quarrel, never to be jealous, or unreasonable, or moody, or grouchy, but to be always tender, affectionate, considerate, patient, forbearing and so on.

In short, each was to be a pin feathered angel, and their home was to be a heaven on earth, but instead of this ushering in a domestic millennium as they anticipated, each soon began to be bored stiff, and to long to make a few cents in the perfection of his other. Life became insupportable. It was like living on a diet of nothing but chocolate creams, or in a climate where there is never anything but sunshine, and so the victims of the too much perfection in marriage are petitioning the courts to divorce them.

This case can hardly be considered in the light of an awful warning, because there are not many people who err on the side of being too good. But undoubtedly hard as the faulty husband or wife is to endure, the perfect one would be still worse, for there is nothing in heaven or earth that is more exasperating than the individual that is always right, unless it is the person who remains cool, calm, and collected while you are a seething volcano.

It is not in humanity to endure perfection, especially in its mate, and that is why the wife of a man who is an example in the community always wears a meek, dejected look, while the husband of the superior woman is a slight so abject that it brings tears to the hardest eyes.

It is also to be observed that the women who are the happiest and the best loved wives are almost invariably poor, weak, faulty creatures, who waste their husbands' money on fine clothes and good times, whereas the wives who do their duty by their families by economizing and working, and going shabby, never get any thanks for it. It is also discouraging to masculine virtue for men to observe that the most adored husbands are those whose wives are kept busy forgiving them things.

As a matter of fact, most of the theories about married life don't work out in real experience. For instance, wives are advised that the way to keep a man nailed to his own fireside is to be always amusing and entertaining, and dressed up, and to chat gaily with husband of an evening, and to sing and play for him, and keep something going all the time. Can anybody imagine anything more horrible than such a home, a home that was an understudy of a music hall, and a wife that leapt nimbly from vaudeville stunt to vaudeville stunt?

What you want with a home is a place where you can take off your coat and your collar, and sit on the back of your neck, and be quiet, without having to talk, or to be talked to, or to have to listen with a polite expression of an interest you don't feel. Certainly to be married to a woman who would read aloud to you, or render a few operatic selections when you were dead tired, ought to entitle any man to divorce on the ground of cruel and unusual punishment.

And equally objectionable would be a husband who was such a perfect gentleman that he always made his wife feel as if she must have on her best frock and her company manners, and before whom she could never permit herself the luxury of appearing in a kimono and saying what was really on her mind.

The real psychology of the domestic quarrel is that nature is trying to infuse a little ginger into domesticity to keep it from getting too monotonous and so cloying on the domestic palate. A good round quarrel is the thunderstorm that clears the atmosphere and brings fresh ozone into the family circle.

The moral of all of which is that it is fatal to try to be too good a husband or wife.

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Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

There is a Way.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 23 and in love with a girl of 18, and if I don't win this girl I'll go crazy. I proposed, but her parents object because I am of a different religion. The girl loves me, but she waits for my parents' consent. Will you please help me to win this girl, because I think of her all the time?

I never told her that I loved her until last Sunday night, when she told me that she had to give me up on account of a difference in religion. She said somebody told her mother and she was told to give me up. Can you tell me how I could get her back, for I am almost heartbroken?

L. A. C.

Have you thought of making a change to her church? Do you love her enough to make the sacrifice yourself instead of demanding it of her?

But you are only 19. I know it seems incredible to you now, but if you wait a few years you may find comfort in a girl of your own belief.

His birthday is quite near and I would like to know if it is proper for me to send him a birthday card, so as to let him know I think of him.

ANXIOUS.

A cordial little note, wishing him many happy returns, will prove your friendship. You are so young; will you promise me to regard no man as more than a friend for a few years longer?

There is One Way.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am in love with a young girl of 16 years. I am 18. I love her so much that I wouldn't forget her for anything in the world.

I never told her that I loved her until last Sunday night, when she told me that she had to give me up on account of a difference in religion. She said somebody told her mother and she was told to give me up. Can you tell me how I could get her back, for I am almost heartbroken?

L. A. C.

Have you thought of making a change to her church? Do you love her enough to make the sacrifice yourself instead of demanding it of her?

There Could Be No Objection.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18, and have a friend two years my senior.