

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## The Fool

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

He did not know who sent us here  
To work and rest and die;  
He did not trust the aged seer  
Who wisely owled the sky.  
Out peered the stars through the heavens' bars;  
The fool did not know why.

He could not tell why any man  
Should wish his brother ill;  
He saw a starving caravan  
Tottering up a hill.  
He could not see why this should be  
When others ate their fill.

He could not understand the scheme  
Men call their marriage rite.  
He knew a maid that loved and strayed;  
He knew her soul was white.  
The church, her sisters, all the good—  
They crushed her in their might.

All these and many other things  
He could not comprehend.  
To wise men here it seemed so clear  
They would have shown their friend;  
But he was just a fool, they said,  
And would be to the end.

## The Ball Room Tango--A Pretty and Refined Way of Dancing This Popular Whirl : : :



By LILIAN LAUFERTY.

"There is nothing new under the sun"--as we have been frequently informed, but there are new combinations of all the old ideas and a clever combination of five or six old things results in one brand new one. Just a year or two ago we fully persuaded ourselves that tango and monkey trots and bunny hugs and monkey wrenches were the latest things on Broadway and everywhere else--but they weren't, bless you--! They were cakewalks and barn dances and two-steps arranged in a to-be-well-shaken before-taken conglomeration and accompanied by a little hula-hula or other music native to any other soil but our own.

Now two of New York's cleverest dancers have thought up a fascinating new combination and permutation of steps taken from the tango Argentina, the Spanish bolero and the beautiful and so completely forgotten as to be really new minuet. In a little three-cornered chat

with Katherine Witchie and Ralph Riggs of Lew Fields' "All Aboard" company, I learned just how to do the new tango bolero, as they mean to call it. Of course, most of us lack the inherent grace, the careful training and the untiring study of their artistic calling that the clever couple bring to make their dancing a

thing of beauty--even if it is, alas! a joy for but a few fleeting moments. Instead of the hours and hours one would gladly sit and study their twinkling twirls.

"But will show you just how and we'll tell you just how," said pretty little Miss Katherine. "And then if you practice and practice, and if every one who reads fol-

lows the same course--why, when we introduce our dance every one will have that at-home feeling of knowing just how to join in the chorus.

"First of all, be sure you have good music--the tango and the bolero. Then make sure that you know how to point your toe gracefully in somewhat the same way the ballet dancers do. Then take a waltz position, girl's right hand on her partner's left shoulder, man's left hand at the back of his partner's waist, the other hands clasped loosely, and held almost at shoulder height, faces turned toward the outboard arms, and correspondingly the girl's left and the man's right foot pointing straight in the direction of the arm.

"Now, to tango music take the eight steps and the long gliding slide and recovering stamp that are characteristic of this dance of Spanish extraction via Argentina. Then with arms still pointing toward the girl's left, do the same steps toward the right. Swing into all the tango steps you know and can do easily and gracefully, and then suddenly the music changes to the real Spanish bolero--and you go on, Ralph," said Miss Witchie, with true sportmanlike desire to share and share alike.

Mr. Riggs laughed his appreciation of the feminine desire to be the leading partner, and "went on." "As the bolero begins, the girl is left and the man is right. Her left foot points forward, her

right arm is held high above the head, just touching the tips of the man's fingers, while the other hands touch at arms' length at waist height.

"Then the man twirls the girl in a little grapevine in and out and in and out by the unrestrained fingers. At the end of this movement, he is holding her at arm's length, his lifted right arm holding her left hand, and in this position he draws her around in front of him and they do a little flying forward step perfect union, right arms held together and weight on the right foot at the beginning of the movement, and left foot pointing to the back and dropping slowly to take the weight.

"Do this back and forth eight times in tango style, and then swing into figure three--hands clasped in front and girl's left and man's right foot pointing toward the side back in a knee-height position parallel to the floor. Swing from foot to foot, looking in the direction of the up-lifted foot; do this eight times, as for all dances for the tango family. And now for the pretty little minuet finish--you Katherine, please."

And murmuring something about "in at the finish," Miss Witchie concluded our profitable little chat with a description of the quaint and dainty step of the minuet. "It is the conventional dancing minuet bow. The man hold his partner's outstretched right hand in his left, with right hand on heart, and left toe pointing forward. The girls point her right foot, and holds her right arm poised with up-turned wrist, and then gradually through eight bars they separate into a deep courtesy. Don't you think that a dear little conclusion to our tango-bolero?"

"Perfectly polite, and very fetching and pretty, I think, don't you? And I hope we may all learn to do it with a fraction of the dainty grace and modesty shown by its inventors.

## Live First--Talk Afterward

The Trouble with the World is There Are So Many Teaching the Truth, So Few Living It--Let Your Life Illustrate Your Theories.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

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Are you a student of the power of mind over matter? Are you talking to everyone you meet about "Universal Life Principles" and "Vibration" and "Mental and Spiritual Science" and all the other expressions so in vogue today among advanced thinkers?

If you are, see to it that your life illustrates your theories. Do not let it all end in talk. I have known a self-supporting woman to use all her income in expenses and debts and losses as she subscribed "How to Control Death," "How to Grow Success," "How to Attain Self-Mastery" and "How to be Well and Prosperous." Yet she was always ailing. She had not one penny saved, nor respectable clothing in her wardrobe, she neglected her work, and forgot her duties and was altogether an unsatisfactory human being.

At almost any gathering of people identified with or interested in Mental, or Christian Science, or New Thought, or any kindred subject, a large majority of the unkempt and nervous, and erratic beings are, to be encouraged. This is true, we know, of all new theories and trends, for the disappointed and dissatisfied souls of earth naturally turn to new avenues of thought, hoping to find peace. But when we find these unfortunate types representing a religion or a

theory and talking its precepts to every passerby, it is a matter of more than temporary regret.

Until you can indicate by your life, your face, your manner and your work that you have found a solution for the problem of existence and a panacea for human ills, do not talk about it. Wait in the silence and grow.

It is a simple matter to be filled with a conviction that it is to prove that conviction to the world.

But while there are thousands of people today talking and writing the philosophy not ten in any thousand are living what they talk. A woman who was all nerves and hysteria and who kept herself and every one about her in confusion and excitement over her troubles and ailments was urged to try spiritual science.

"Why, I teach it," she said. "I do not need any one to help me in that way, as I have had a class of young women to whom I have been revealing the truth for some time."

"That is the great trouble with the world today.

We have so many people teaching and so few living the truth. Because you have gained a little light and begin to understand the philosophy of life do not set yourself up for a teacher or an exhorter until you have proven by your life that what you teach and preach is practicable.

Wait until you can keep yourself in health before you begin healing others. Wait until you are successful in your undertakings before you tell others the way to win success.

Wait until your face expresses peace and calm and happiness before you preach the power of your philosophy to produce these results.

Live first--talk afterward.

## The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

"I guess there ain't many real human beings that goes to the boarding houses at the seashore, George," said the Manicure Lady. "I was down to Bensonhurst for a week end, and I was entertained beautiful by a friend of mine that always does everything right. She and her husband is perfect darlings, George. He always takes her wherever she wants to go, and she thinks he is the only man on this globe. She is one of them kind of wives, George, that thinks when she hears about Julius Caesar that her husband would have had Julius' job if he had been living then.

"But they was the only two regular toys on that porch after we had our dinner and went out to let it digest in the shade. There was four married

women there about 40 years old or so, and two young chaps that had traveled extensively on the Subway, all the way from the Bronx to Franklin street. They were sitting there talking to the old gals, showing how brown their arms was from swimming and how much muscles they had, and the old gals was fine to them, beaming on them just as if they was grown up men. After the two chaps had went for their third swim that day, the old gals began telling what divine waltzers his was, and how one of them was very witty.

"But, oh, dear doctor! When the name of one of the younger married ladies came up, a lady that didn't happen to be there at the time, there was sure some scandal.

"They say her husband drinks something brutal," says one of the old hens.

"I wouldn't be surprised," says another. "The would drive any man to drink with that temper of hers."

"What else do you expect from that kind of folks?" asked the Head Barber. "I never sat on a boarding house porch in my life, unless it was with some of the old Romans, long after the women folks had went to bed. I never could stand all the cruel things they said about the other women. Many a young married lady has been kissed and called 'waster' by the old fat and forty girls, only to be hammered into a pulp when they moved fifty feet away. I was up in the country not long ago and heard some of those rocking chair dames working. Two of the young chaps there happened to be live ones, and went to the village to get a few steins on a hot day. They mentioned it when they got back home, and the next morning when they started out one of the dames says, 'Look at Mr. Doonan and Mr. McSherry' and another says, 'Yes, there they go' and I suppose when the young fellows got back in the evening every one of the ancient says, 'Here they come!'

"That's the trouble, George," said the Manicure Lady. "This would be a whole lot different world in which to live in if it wasn't for the 'There they go!' and 'Here they come!' people. If they see a young fellow throwing himself away and going to the dogs, you don't hear many folks shouting 'some back and get wise!' They all say 'There he goes!' and they say it as cheerful as a kid saying 'Oh, mama, here comes the circus parade!'"

"This is too hot a day to do much demoralizing, George, but I do wish that folks would be kinder to each other and bury the hammer. It ain't hatches that needs burying in this world, George, it's hummers."

## Can't Help But Admire Babies

Every Woman Casts Loving Glances at the Nestling Cuddled in its Bonnet.

A woman's heart naturally responds to the charm and sweetness of a pretty child, and more so to-day than ever before since the advent of Mother's Friend.



This is a most wonderful external help to the muscles and tendons. It penetrates the tissues, makes them pliant to readily yield to nature's demand for expansion, so there is no longer a period of pain, discomfort, straining, nausea or other symptoms so often distressing during the anxious weeks of expectancy.

Mother's Friend prepares the system for the coming event, and its use brings comfort, rest and repose during the term. This has a most marked influence upon the baby, since it thus inherits a splendid growing system of nerves and digestive function.

And particularly to young mothers is this famous remedy of inestimable value. It enables her to preserve her health and strength, and she remains a pretty mother by having avoided all the suffering and danger that would otherwise accompany work on occasion. Mother's Friend thoroughly lubricates every nerve, tendon and muscle involved and is a sure preventive for chafing of the breasts.

You will find this splendid remedy on sale at all drug stores at \$1.00 a bottle, and is highly recommended for the purpose. Write Bradford Regulator Co., 134 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., and they will mail you a most, a very instructive book for expectant mothers.

## Dr. Parkhurst's Article On Chances for Boys--The Like of Booker Washington Proves All Who Wish to Can Succeed--Work the Secret. : : : : :

By DR. C. H. PARKHURST

If the boys that read the The Bee could have listened to an address delivered by Booker T. Washington in the town hall at Lake Placid last Sunday afternoon they would have gotten a stirring in their hearts that would have kept them on the run all the rest of their life.

That magnificent negro, the admired of whites and blacks, gave the story of his life, dwelling particularly on the first move which he made while still a lad, and which led on to his becoming the man that he is and to the great work all the world knows so much about.

While working one day in a coal mine, far under ground, he overheard two men talking about a school that had been established somewhere in Virginia, where boys could attend without having to pay. He said to himself: "That is the place for me."

The school was at Hampton, 500 miles away. He had no money, but that did not discourage him; neither did the fact that he would have to walk in order to get there. He put himself on the road, and by the aid of an occasional lift that some wagon driver gave him or a ride that he stole on the cars, he arrived in course of time at Hampton.

In his soiled and bedraggled condition he at once presented himself at the school house where boys were being examined for admission. The teacher eyed him

curiously and asked him what he wanted. Although thinking that it was perfectly evident what he wanted, he respectfully replied that he wanted to go to school.

Without a word of explanation the teacher gave him a broom and told him to go into the next room and sweep the floor. He took the broom and swept the floor three times and dusted the room four times till there was no more dust to be had.

When the job was finished the teacher came in and with her handkerchief rubbed off the table and the chairs, then tried into the corners in pursuit of some errandy into which Booker's duster had not penetrated. The search proving unsuccessful she turned on the boy and simply said, "You will do."

"That," said Mr. Washington, "was my examination for Hampton Institute, best college examination I ever passed."

Near any young fellow who has any stuff in him, and any ambition to be something more than a mere commonplace, of no particular use to himself or to anybody else, ought to learn something from this story of the way in which young Booker started in to make a man of himself.

Thousands of boys today are complaining that they have no chance. The trouble is that instead of making a chance for themselves they wait to have some one make it for them. They want to be cosseted and babied, wheeled in a baby carriage instead of using their own legs and feet.

How many of the white boys that read this article care enough about going to school to be willing to foot it 500 miles, for the sake of the opportunity? How many would sleep under a board sidewalk, as young Washington did, because having no money to pay for a bed?

How many have spirit and independent ambition to pass Booker's style of examination, and thus prove the sincerity of their purpose? There is a chance for boys that will make a chance. If you get left it is because you have not spirit enough to keep up. While Booker used adversity as a means of victory, the average white boy uses difficulties as a cause of defeat. Obstacles stimulated Booker; most boys are frightened by them and fall not because they are really fools, but just because they are cowards.

If, as soon as the ordinance against producing soft coal smoke had been enacted, the first violators of that ordinance had been dealt with promptly and routinely, the entire nuisance under which we are suffering, and are going to suffer more and more, would have been avoided, and we should not be destined to the filthy condition that constitutes the misery of Pittsburgh and certain manufacturing districts of England. If, as soon as statutory restrictions were put upon automobiling, the very first transgressors had been held up, and hounded by the very start, been treated as homeless, hundreds upon hundreds of fatal disasters would have been prevented.

And automobiling would not be the public curse that it is today. Such treatment would have been trying to the individual transgressor, but the distress of the entire nation would have been avoided, and the safety of the many. In the long run it does not pay to deal, in murky sentimentality, with infractions of intelligible and reasonable statutes. In such cases justice is the greater mercy, and mankind consideration shown to the individual becomes cruelty as toward the public.

## Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Certainly.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 15 and am keeping company with a young man for the last year. Now this young man's folks live out of town and invited me to their home. Should I accept their invitation?

A. B. S.

If the invitation is from his mother I would have you accept by all means. It will mean a great deal to your future happiness to be on good terms with them, and the visit may give you an enlightening view of your lover. I hope it will prove favorable.

You Were Right

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 16 and have been keeping company with a young man about three months. He has been sick and he telephoned and asked me to come and see him. I told him it was

improper for a girl to go to a man's house, and he got angry. Was I right?

R. M.

Don't worry, my dear, you did just right. I do not admire him because of his request or his reception of your refusal. Never go to see a man under any circumstances unless your mother goes with you.

Keeping Everlastingly at It.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 19 and dearly to love with a girl two years my junior, whom I have known for the last seven years. Some time ago she met a young man at a wedding, and has since been devoting all of her attention to him. I love her dearly and would ask you how I can win her love again.

E. H. P.

Your seven years' devotion merits better returns. Be devoted and persistent, and if this fails change your tactics to indifference. The appearance of your rival stirred you. Has it occurred to you that if she found she had a rival it might renew her interest?

## Art of Weighing Now a Great Science

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

The art of weighing has expanded into a comprehensive science and can no longer be called a mere art. Scales are made of metal, but the scales are described in not made of anything. Scales are in hourly use that can weigh a pencil mark whose length is one-fourth of an inch, or a section of a hair of equal length. The usual practice in weighing runs from grains, ounces, pounds up to tons, usually one ton, and then up to fifty or more tons in railroad weighing, costing hundreds and thousands of dollars.

But humans would find it quite difficult to make scales that would weigh millions, billions, trillions, quadrillions, quintillions, sextillions, septillions, octillions and nonillions of tons, or decillions. An instrument able to weigh a decillion tons can now be purchased for 1 cent a pencil. The scales are not made of metal; instead, a set and fixed specific speed is the next to all-powerful engine used. But it is far more easy to run a locomotive or steamship without knowing a single law of these complex machines than to even attempt to use the speed scales without knowing every minute detail of every velocity law of moving bodies.

Let a street car start from rest and keep moving faster and faster until its rate of motion is, say, twenty miles per hour at the end of one minute. If the speed of the car increased uniformly during the entire minute its average speed is ten miles per hour, because it started from rest and increased to twenty miles per hour. If a body moves during one minute at twenty miles per hour the distance traveled will be speed multiplied by time, or twenty miles multiplied by one-sixtieth of an hour, or one-third of a mile, but the average speed in case of the car is ten miles per hour, so that the distance moved over is half as great, or one-sixth mile. This is a fundamental law of nature and is of enormous importance.

Law: For uniformly increasing speed, starting from rest, the velocity increases with the time, but the distance traveled is that moved over by the moving body with its average speed, or one-half.

If measuring the distance fallen through by a body let fall at the rigidly exact beginning of one second of time to the rigidly exact end thereof is difficult, what shall be said of finding how fast it is falling at the end of the second? Go try: work from the age of 30 to 40 years daily and you will fail. The fact is the time required to find the mathematical exact specific speed of a falling body in still air was almost that required to measure the distance of the nearest star--about 132 years.

Then Atwood invented his machine and this finally came to some near approach to accuracy. But this instrument of precision fell far short of the electrical-chronographic apparatus. When all of this very complex mechanism is in perfect order it releases the ball at the exact beginning of a second and records the absolute time on the cylinder of a chronograph electrically and repeats the process at the absolute end of the second so far as human hands are able to do rigidly accurate work.

The moment that those supermen, Newton and Leibnitz, discovered that mighty power, beside which all else human pales into insignificance--the stupendous calculus of differentials--every mathematician saw immediately that one of nature's most magnificent laws was found in falling bodies. And then began the relentless and arduous self-imposed work of more than a hundred years to find the set specific speed acquired by a falling body at the instantaneous and absolutely exact end of the first exactly measured second of time since man appeared.

The result is one grand, all-potent, all-powerful mean or average of a century of world-wide measures, the diamond of diamonds, the most valuable number in possession of man--the astronomical balance: 161 feet fallen to end of the first second; 323 feet per second speed at end of first second.

This is a body let fall well, under the action of the earth's attraction of gravitation, fall 161 feet during the absolute second of time, and at the absolute end of the second will be in motion with a velocity of 323 feet per second. These numbers constitute the most accurate and all-powerful scales in existence.

Love Observatory, Mount Love, Cal.

## A SATISFACTORY HUSBAND

Listen patiently and pretend that you are interested.

Acquire the habit of admitting daily that her family is much superior to yours.

Buy her everything she wants and look as if it pleased you to do so.

Don't lie to her, unless you do so in telling her how young and pretty she looks.

Make her believe that you are mad with jealousy whenever she speaks civilly to another man.

Make her think when she has a headache that you could not live if you were to lose her.

Call her "Darling" when other people are present.

Give her a bigger allowance than you can afford.

Give her to understand that you consider all other women trumps.

Insist that her new gown is the most becoming one she has ever had.

If she is beginning to be stout assure her that she doesn't show the least becoming one she has ever had.

Chicago Record-Herald.

## Taking Off Fat by Merely Eating Candy

(From Town Tattler.)

Multitudes of fat people will draw a universal breath of relief when they learn of the newest flesh-reducing treatment. This consists in the eating of a delicious sweetmeat, known as the "boranium jubilee." It contains an extract of a certain vegetable substance found clinging to rocks in the ocean, possessing the peculiar properties of dispersing and absorbing abnormal fatty matter. The method of incorporating this candy seems to have come from Germany, the birthplace of so many startling discoveries in medicine and science.

It is likely to become the favorite method of taking off avoirdupois, not only because of its effectiveness, but because it does away with tireome gymnastic stunts, weakening baths, starvation dieting, digestion-ruining drugs and other obnoxious things. One need but eat three or four boranium jubilees a day. Druggists say this unique obesity remedy, though little known in the United States until recently, is already quite popular.

Advertisement.