



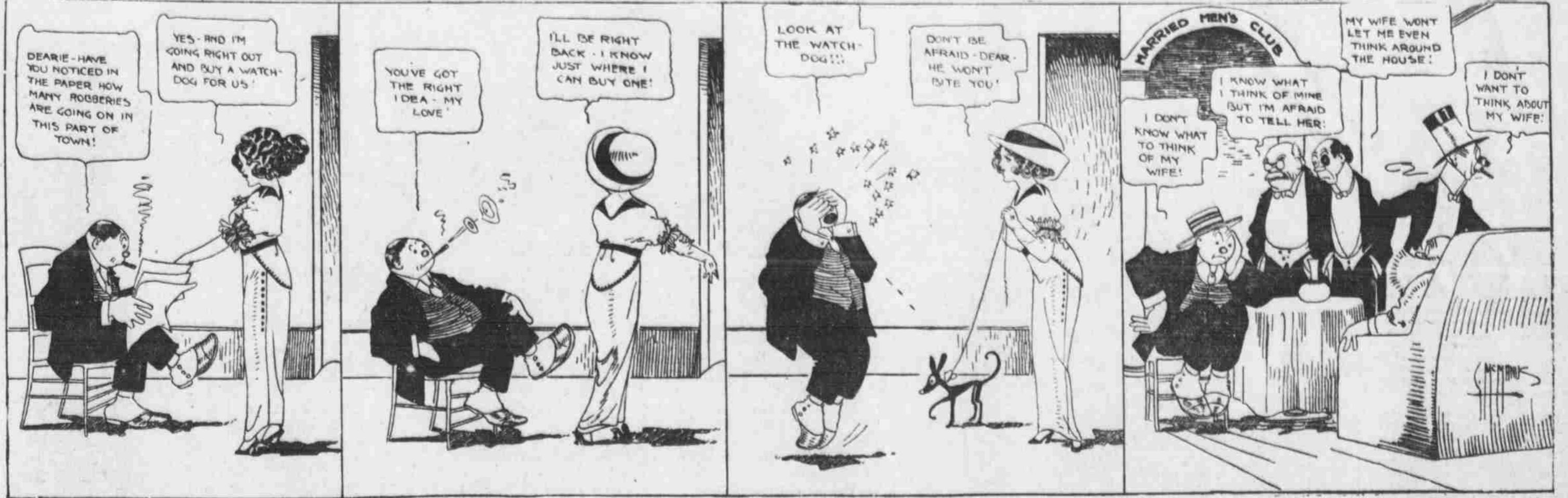
The Bee's Home Magazine Page



All Members of This Club.

Copyright, 1913, National News Assn.

Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



Marie

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Dainty and different, slim and sweet,
She smiled on the sinner she chanced to meet,
And her eyes for an instant seemed to shine,
Not like eyes that are bright with wine,
Not like eyes that are hard and cold
From gazing at things that are left untold.
They questioned him, and he came to know
All that he had been in the long ago.
All that he was in the wilder years
Of riotous revel and wanton leers.
Girl though she was, she was quick to tell
All the false gods he had loved so well.
But he felt, somehow, that she understood
And found in his heart a mine of good.

Though he said farewell to the maiden slim,
In the years to come she will seem to him,
When he dreams of her in the twilight's glow,
Like the strange, sweet Mary of long ago.

Elderly Flirts

By WINIFRED BLACK.

They're here—in full force—the elderly flirts. I met two of them down at the springs just now.

The first elderly flirt was a man, 45 if he was a day, straggling along behind his good, comfy, kindly, middle-aged wife-making eyes at every girl of 20 years or so he met.

I walked behind him and heard the girls after they had passed.

I really wish he could have heard them; he would have been edified.

"Here's father again," said one pretty thing in pink. "Oh, do look, he'll get cross-eyed, he ogles so."

"I heard him calling the telephone girl 'honey' at the hotel this morning," said a sweet sister in blue, "and you should have seen the face she made when he turned the other way."

"Father certainly is a giddy old thing," said the prettiest of all, in mauve. "I saw him holding hands with teacher, the one with the glasses, 'out on the porch just at sunset."

"Quoting poetry, too; and his wife came round the corner. I felt so sorry for her, I couldn't bear to look at her."

"Here he is," said the sportive widow to her escort, "Grandpa Googoo Eyes. I met him with his little girl this morning and he stopped talking to her and made an excuse to ask me the way somewhere. You ought to see the way he takes off his hat, ugh—he makes me shudder."

"Grandpa Googoo Eyes"—not a pretty name, is it, Mr. Elderly Flirt? Yet that is what they call you, the young things you try so hard to impress.

"Grandpa Googoo Eyes," and yet you are not a grandpa at all, only a pa—and not a day over 45 at the most—but oh, you do look so elderly to the girls!

FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Wily Spots.

There is no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription ointment—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Simply get an ounce of ointment—double strength—from The Beaton Drug Co., also any of Sherman & McConnell Drug Co.'s stores, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength ointment; it is this that is sold on the money-back guarantee.

Beauty

Pauline Frederick Tells the Secret of Her Great Charm and Dazzling Loveliness

By LILIAN LAUFERTY.

A beautiful jewel deserves a rare setting. Pauline Frederick's artistic little home, set high above the pavement with the beauty of a perfect vista of green Central park swirling in waves of atmosphere up to greet your delighted eye furnishes exactly the background that this loveliest of women should have.

And this "loveliest of women"—the Zuleika of "Joseph and His Brethren"—turns out to be a trimly smart shirt-waist girl, whose delightful sense of humor and simple enthusiasm of manner claim place with picture prettiness in the category of her charms.

Instead of sitting back in lachrymose loveliness and merely being in the picture, Miss Frederick is ever working and striving for success in her art, for supreme health of the healthy out-of-doors, free-to-everyone-kind, and for the supple slenderness that she and Dame Fashion agree in admiring.

"I like the idea of being just as slender as perfect health will permit—which means 'make haste slowly' in the melting process. A lot of fresh air, and a little of food seem to produce the fewest number of pounds and the most health," said the woman who has been called by Harrison Fisher the prettiest American girl. Once upon a time, my story goes, I tried to melt twenty-five pounds all off at once. I did it in five weeks and almost deprived my heart of the ability to work at the same time. I used to swallow my body in sheets of medicated rubber, and then finish my costume with a few sweaters, and then go on little tramps up the Alps in the neighborhood of Thun—near Lucerne, you know. I was combining too many methods at once. The outdoor air of the mountain country is a wonderful tonic, sane exercise is a reducing factor, and the medicated rubber has Turkish bath effect in melting off pounds. But one thing at a time in the thinning process—or good red blood and air-pumping lungs will be reduced to mere onlookers in the struggle for existence.

"The simple life in summer is a wonderful tonic—hair down in braids so it can join you in breathing in clean, pure air, and in breathing out paeons of praise for the glory of out-of-doors. Getting away from people and near to nature will bring you back to the city ready to put your best self into your winter's work. And if your 'best self' means a self minus ten or twelve pounds, why exercise sanely, bathe earnestly, and try this diet. For breakfast—orange juice, a whole glassful of it, to be sipped and enjoyed. For luncheon—two eggs, boiled or poached, some very dry toast and tea with lemon. For dinner—boiled fish or roasted chicken, salad, and non-starchy vegetable and plenty of stewed fruit, or acid fresh fruit."

I grinned a bit at the thought of gracefully slender, willowy Pauline Frederick's appearing on the scenes as an expert on "slim thin" is not what counts—the ravages of a limousine or office chair, sedentary life and the temptations of the French pastry tray is the secret Pauline Frederick imparts.

"And now for the complexion," went on the scintillating star. "I have two 'o's' that are a trustworthy pair of friends to my skin. Let me introduce you. Cream—not 'toilet' cream—but plain cream—'common or garden' cream to ward off the ravages of sunburn and tan from the skin that does not take on a picturesque coppery hue, but that burns a



Popular Pauline Frederick.

in lobster and sheds itself a la snake. Cream will clear your skin from dust, will heal the blemishes that are trying to establish themselves, and will write 'no thoroughfare' for the imperfections that are planning to invite themselves. Cream and castle soap lathered in thoroughly and washed out again. They

make cleanliness and complexion loveliness."

Out doors, a sane diet, cream and castle soap. And lovely Pauline Frederick recommending them. Join me, little sisters, for I intend hitching my wagon of desire for beauty to this beautiful star.

The Ether Theory

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Q.—"Is the ether theory necessary for explanation of magnetic lines of force, the flow of electric currents through conductors and the forces of gravity? Is it not possible that some of the substance of the magnets passes out and through space?"

A.—The passage of magnetism, heat, light or any other phase of radiant energy from sun through space seems to require the presence of ether in all space and within all matter.

In all problems of space-energy-transmission the ablest mathematicians have formulated equations seeking to discover properties of an ether that will convey light waves varying in length between limits of 23,000 and 63,000 to one inch, with set specific speed of 186,200 miles per second; and with rates of oscillation ranging from 43 trillion for low red to 79 trillion per second for high violet. The results of the computations are diverse, varying in deduced densities from millions of times less than hydrogen to the enormous density of 2,000 million times that of lead," according to J. J. Thomson.

I heard this great scientist, the discoverer of the base of nature, electrons, say this. But this density of ether, he

stated, was that immediately surrounding electrons. The question comes in here with great appropriateness. Thus, if electrons are shot from the sun with known velocity of light, and they surely are, then the density of ether exceedingly close to the flying particle is of this enormous degree. This deduction does not relate to the density of ether in space when at absolute rest, if it can be quiescent. It may be millions of times rarer than hydrogen. This is unknown, for the most refined experiments ever made, those by Michelson, failed utterly to detect the existence of ether.

All that is known is that the space surrounding an electron is an electric field whose intensity is powerful beyond all imagination. These are a few arguments for ether. The question is, "Do not particles fly from magnets?" This may never be known, for let 1,000,000 electrons per second escape from an ordinary steel magnet during 1,000,000 years, then only instruments of precision could detect the loss.

Nothing whatever is known of the real nature of gravitation, so that part of the query cannot be replied to. Gravitation is supposed to be electrical, however. So is everything, for that matter.

Washington a Mason

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

It was 190 years ago that George Washington was raised from the "dead level to the living perpendicular" and given the well-earned right to look upon the "hieroglyphic light which none but craftsmen ever saw."

The venerable and venerated records of Fredericksburg lodge show that Washington was initiated on November 4, 1732, passed fellowcraft March 3, 1753, and was raised to the sublime degree of Master Mason August 4, 1753.

Strange to say, it appears to be a fact that the "Father of His Country" was initiated before he had reached the required age of 21 years. Daniel Campbell, master of the lodge, granted the special dispensation which enabled the candidate to begin his eastward journey while still a minor.

Grand Master French of the District of Columbia declared in an address delivered in 1881 that no one stopped to inquire about Washington's age when his petition was presented; that the majestic proportions of the candidate, together with his well known character and ability, made upon all concerned the impression that might have been made by a thoroughly matured man.

It appears, however, that the dispensation was based upon the fact that the candidate's pressing duties demanded it. So busy a man was to be received when it was convenient for him.

Washington remained a member of the Fredericksburg lodge to the day of his death. Among the many other distinguished men whose names appear upon the rolls of the lodge are George Weedon, Washington's adjutant general; General Hugh Mercer, who fell at the battle of Princeton; Jacob Van Braam, Washington's instructor in sword practice, and Fielding Lewis, Washington's brother-in-law.

The Bible that was used at the time Washington was made a Mason is still in possession of the old Virginia lodge, and is guarded with unremitting care and affection. It is said to be 230 years old, and is still in an excellent state of preservation.



A Token of Love

By HEATRICK FAIRFAX.

"Do you think," writes a young girl, "that it is proper for a girl to kiss a man when they are merely friends?"

I once heard a girl describe a box of candy an admirer sent her. "It was just sublime," she gushed. "I never saw a grander, more magnificent, more beautiful, more artistic or finer box of candy in all my life. Words can't describe it."

"What words would you use," I responded dryly, "to describe the Grand Canyon?"

She had seen the Grand Canyon. After a moment's thought, she replied that she would use the same; that she knew no words that would express more than grand, magnificent, beautiful, artistic and fine.

A girl asks if it is proper to kiss a man who is merely a friend. Suppose I say, "Entirely proper. He is a good friend; no wrong is thought or intended. Go ahead and kiss him."

She kisses him. She kisses him often, for that is a pleasure that once indulged in knows no limit. Some day she has a lover.

It is a parallel case with the girl who exhausted her adjectives on the box of chocolates and would have to use the same on the Grand Canyon.

The lover asks for a kiss as proof of her love, and she gives this man she loves with all heart, and who loves her, the same proof of affection she gave a man who was merely a friend; one who is here today and gone tomorrow, and kissing all the girls who are foolish enough to kiss when on his way.

One of the greatest offenses a man can commit is to kiss and tell. He coaxes a girl to kiss him, and the kiss, which is sacred with her, is only a passing incident with him.

He laughs about it afterward, as one laughs at an easy conquest, and tells.

It was given in all innocence. It is not accepted as a proof of innocence in the more vulgar minds of men. It cheapens a girl in the eyes of the man she kissed, and degrades her in the eyes of those who hear of it. Not any man can kiss her, but they get that impression, and the love of a girl whom any man can kiss is not valued highly nor eagerly sought for.

It is a privilege with a price, and the girl pays. She commits no crime; she is guilty only of folly, but it is an injustice for which there is no redress that one of her sex must always pay a greater price for folly than one of the other sex pays for a crime.

There is a rule which clever wives heed. It is this: "Always leave something untold." Curiosity is the foundation of interest, and the man is always interested in his wife if she keeps him guessing.

There should be a rule somewhat similar in the game of love. "Don't give all." The kiss should follow the engagement ring. If it precedes it, there is usually no engagement.

If there are few kisses, there is always a longing for more. The caress that is given grudgingly and shyly is the caress most highly prized.

Love is all there is in life, but it becomes only a passing sentiment if treated lightly. The love that is greeted with a kiss that was given the mere acquaintance of yesterday never lingers long.

Don't kiss this mere friend, my dear, somehow, I can't believe that he is a real friend, or he would not ask it.

HEAL BABY'S ITCHING SKIN WITH RESINOL

For babies tortured by eczema, prickly heat, teething rash, or other itching, burning skin eruptions, there is instant relief in a warm bath with Resinol Soap and a gentle application of Resinol Ointment. The itching and scratching stop at once, baby can sleep, and soon the tormented little skin becomes clear and healthy again. The Resinol treatment is so absolutely free from anything that could injure the tenderest skin, that it can be used on even the youngest infant.

Resinol Soap for baby's daily bath will usually prevent any skin trouble and chafing because it contains the soothing, healing Resinol medication. Doctors have prescribed Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap for eighteen years and druggists everywhere sell them. Trial free; Dept. 1-7, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.