

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

His Sweetheart's Hair

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By Nell Brinkley



Nell Brinkley Says:

Here is some lover's glorification, the song of his enrapturement, his "Beata Mea Domina," in praise of his sweetheart's hair. I do not even know who wrote it. It was sent to me.

Lovers have always longed and yearned over the skins of silk on the heads of the women they loved. Sometimes her hair is short, raven-dark, tangled in curls, metallic and crisp.

Sometimes it is brown and fine and long and sleek.

Sometimes it is velvet-black and Indian-straight, shadowy as a night-cloud and dusty-fine to the touch.

Sometimes it is red, glittering hair by hair in the sun, plentiful, stiff to touch, thick and deeply waved.

Sometimes it is deep-gold, like an autumn leaf, heavy and silky and ripply.

Sometimes it is pale-gold, fine as thistle-down, like a yell of sunshine, spreading wide and generous when shaken out, but crushing to nothing in the hands.

Whatever of these sorts it is, some lover twists in its sure snare and sends up his praiseful chant.

Here I think it must have been the deep-gold sort, heavy and silky and ripply, and colored like an autumn leaf. Listen:

I.
"She braids it in two heavy braids
That reach the carpet nigh,
And winds them crosswise, nape to crown,
To cross again and then come down,
And cross again on high.
I watch with joy that never fades;
A fortunate man am I.

II.
"She twists it from a silken twist
Into a coil instead;
Each side rests against her ear;
Its weight is on her collar clear,
Heavy it seems as lead;
A rope thick as her good wrist,
She fastens it to her head.

III.
"To styles not blind,
She cannot blind, as other women do,
That scented mass, that smells of wheat,
And lavender and apples sweet,
She plies the great combs through,
More lovely than all maiden kind,
A woman twenty—?"

Hold the Note

By ADA PATTERSON

A girl of 17 told me her troubles yesterday. Not love troubles, no indeed! Something that she considered at the time, at least, far more important than any girl she might have with Jack, or than Frank's failure to call on Saturday night. Jack and Frank were related far to the rear. With sentiment they dwelt in the far back ground of her thoughts. As with many of her sex, business was in the foreground of her mind, and it was a feature of business that concerned her. A nervous woman customer had been rude and the girl of 17 had in consequence dissolved in tears.

She was a manicurist, and while she told me of the woman's rudeness she polished my nails to a high, but not too high, luster, and glanced for a moment at her finished work. The nails, pointed, spotted, pink, testified to her draftsmanship.

"That happened today?" I inquired.

"Yes," she said, with a little sob, that was like a kicked puppy's whimper.

"But didn't I tell you that you did your work faster than any manicurist I have ever known, who did her work well?"

"Yes."

"And didn't the woman before me say she was delighted with the way you had done her nails. I heard her say 'fine.'"

"Yes." The tears were drying in the blue eyes upturned to me.

"Why don't you hold the note?"

"Hold the note?"

"Yes, the note of pleasantness, I am sure that occasions are unusual, for you know two compliments you have received for your work. Probably you have had more today. Hold the note in your mind."

"The other was a discord. Have you any piano or violin lessons? You know what you strike a discord how quickly you end the note and pass to pleasantness? That is what we should do in life. If you were careless when the woman rebuked you, resolve never to do that particular thing again. If the woman was cross because she was ill or worried, pity her. Women have a habit of carrying their staggering burdens into shops and dropping them on the people who serve them. They shouldn't do so, but they do. When you go home forget that woman and remember only the appreciative words you have heard. You will fall asleep with a smile instead of a scowl."

"The little manicurist promised and I went home thinking how much sweeter would be the music of life if we all held the note of pleasantness."

"A skilled musician holds a beautiful note, carries it, clings to it the while, if a breeze blows into our ears. We, the interpreters of the harmony of our own lives hold the jangled notes."

"If there is a harsh note in the day we dwell upon that. We tell our neighbors that Susie has the carache, instead of that John won the boat race. We shed tears because husband was surly about the burnt roast at dinner, instead of remembering the new hat he was at pains to carry home to us. We fret because Fannie was preoccupied when we met her downtown. Heaven knows there is a reason for preoccupation for any woman who has a husband who drinks and a child who is a cripple, and we forget that Edith, amidst the multitude of her duties, sat home to write a long, loving letter of inquiry about the sick mother at home."

"Most colossal of ours is the fault of being less grateful for it before we get it. It is human to rise from beseeching knees on which we have wrestled for something we craved about above anything else, and when it is granted, turn about to find something else to wrestle about instead of basking the soul in very billows of thankfulness."

"We hold the note. Oh yes, we hold the note, but not the right one. We press our unyielding finger upon the key and memory gives forth what we thought was a slight, a disappointment in the last gown a dreamer has sent home, a bill-boy's lapse of memory about the pitcher of ice water we had ordered. We slur the note of a friend's splendid offer of help in time of sorrow. We forget the shining example of self-forgetfulness of one of our own family when we were ill and helpless. We glide over the favor, unexpected usefulness and tremendous, that someone had done unasked."

"Life would be so different—so sweetly different—if we would hold the right note."

Why We Should Stop Capital Punishment

It Forces Men to Kill Other Human Beings and so Brutalizes Them, for, No Matter How It is Done, It is Legalized Murder.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

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In the state of New York, the former superintendent of prisons, Joseph F. Scott, once superintendent of Elmira reformatory, has said in his current report:

"I believe that capital punishment should be abolished as a relic of barbarism. Its deterrent effect is overestimated and materially reduces the number of convictions. But if it is to be the continued policy of the state, there should be erected a prison, removed from the state prisons, centrally and suitably located and devoted to this purpose."

Warden Hoyle of San Quentin prison, California, says:

"I think it is generally believed that the death penalty has not materially lessened the number of murders committed in this state."

Former Governor Dix has written: "I am opposed to capital punishment. It is one of the remnants of the Biblical injunction, 'A life for a life, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and a hand for a hand.' We have done away with all of these except the 'life for a life,' and believe that society through the process of law should take a life for a life. To my mind the real punishment will come if the capital cases are segregated in a prison by themselves, out off from the rest of the world, and upon conviction no interference with that sentence shall prevail."

The leading criminologist in this country is probably Prof. Charles R. Henderson of the University of Chicago. He is the American representative of the International Prison commission, composed of representatives of all civilized nations. Prof. Henderson puts his reasons thus:

"1. Am opposed to capital punishment because—

"2. It too often serves revenge.

"3. Not needed for the protection of society.

"4. Occasionally is inflicted on the guiltless.

"5. Is irreparable.

"6. Tends to increase brutality.

"7. Diverts attention from preventive policies."

All these reasons are good reasons for doing away with capital punishment. But there are two other reasons. Capital punishment creates a legalized class of murderers.

It forces men to kill other human beings.

No matter whether the killing is done by the guillotine, the hangman's rope or the electric button, it is still legalized murder; it is taking the life of a fellow being into human hands and destroying it, and this must brutalize and harden the nature of the man who performs this act. It must produce an unmoral effect on the minds trained and taught to take away life, no matter how dangerous that life may be to the world.

But there is still another reason why capital punishment should be abolished. The influence of human beings after they leave the body does not cease to affect the earth plane or its inhabitants.

While the very spiritual being, who dies, passes in a very brief period of time to attend to his Father's business in realms or states of consciousness for which he has fitted himself here, the very carnal and gross and depraved being remains much longer in the vicinity of his state of consciousness or plane, and his desire to return to active participation in the human world enables him to absorb weak and vicious minds, and to create far more crime and do far more evil, for a season, than he could have accomplished had he continued here in the body.

There is a true story told of a weak-willed, vacillating young man who was one day seized with an uncontrollable desire to enter a low saloon which he frequently passed, but which he had never before thought of entering. He went in and began to order drinks, to the amazement of the bartender, who knew him to be temperate and told in his habits.

For three days the youth indulged in a wild orgy, and then woke out of what seemed to him some terrible nightmare.

During the three days he had spoken in the voice, and used the expressions of a wretched, life-long sot and drunkard who had died in the neighborhood but a short time previous to this occurrence.

To the student of occult lore these instances are well known and are at once a warning to every human being to cultivate a positive will and the habit of concentration on high ideals of life, and a warning to the man not to thrust criminals into the world, beyond, however dangerous they may seem to society.

It delays the progress of the soul while it endangers the denizens of earth.

Far better for them and for us that they be given life terms, and allowed an opportunity to think, and grow, through labor and right instruction, that their minds may reach up and out, however feebly, toward the light, before they die.

Solitary confinement should be abolished with capital punishment. Every sinful soul finds time enough to meditate at night; and it should be given wholesome, constructive work during the day, and a portion of this work should be in the open, where nature can preach its wonderful sermon to the earnest in voices of the winds and songs of the birds, and where wholesome aspirations may arise.

The way to drive out darkness is to let in light.

Light does not come to the darkened criminal mind through death in the electric chair.

The eyes must be taught to see before they can discern light.

Science Questions

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Q. "If the star Algie has a great planet in close proximity, how does it happen that the fixed star is not set in corresponding motion by its attraction?"

A. "H. F. Schulz, Cosmopolis, Wash."

Q. "The 'fixed star,' a misnomer, since nothing in the universe is fixed or stationary, does move around the center of gravity in between it and its revolving massive companion."

Q. "Is the force of attraction of a heavenly body proportioned to its weight, volume or composition?"—Same.

A. "To neither. But to mass or quantity of matter stored in the body."

Q. "Why are the planets of Algie not to be seen in its reflecting light?"—Same.

A. "Because the reflecting power is not intense enough to reflect light visible here at the vast distance of the earth from Algie or any other huge sun. All planets revolve around all stars, if there are any, are invisible in the highest power telescopes for this reason. Planets revolving around our own sun, all near neighbors, very near in comparison with the distances of the stars, are only visible in the largest telescopes."

Q. "As light is transmitted through the motion of electricity, is it not possible to build several great light-receivers at different points, and turn these simultaneously toward a star to make an enlarged stereoscopic image of the heavenly body at a central observatory?"

A. "Impossible. Light rays are not transmitted through the motion of electricity, but electric light is caused by the motion of electricity being arrested by encountering resistance. No compound image of a star could be made at a central observatory by the use of a number of telescopes. Each telescope would make an image at its own focus, but two or more could not be merged together at any central."

Q. "If our earth and moon are so infinitesimally small, why are they not disturbed by the other planets?"—Same.

A. "They are disturbed. The earth is often 'off its track'—several thousand miles, and is off its regular ellipse now, as I write, from the action of Jupiter—now magnificent."

Q. "Can a telescope extend the horizon of the eye?"—Same.

A. "No, the horizon is a circle on the earth's surface having the eye for its center. Where sky and earth appear to meet, the contour, dust and vapor greatly hinder the seeing in all telescopes."

Q. "In fact, no good view of any cosmic body can be had while it is within several degrees of the horizon. But in free space the telescope greatly extends the power of vision, not the horizon. The telescope up here, sixteen inches diameter of the object glasses, brings millions piled on millions of distant suns into view."

Q. "Are astronomers paid by the government, and are we entitled to information free?"—Same.

A. Astronomers only in government employ receive pay from the government. Others receive pay from universities. But the majority have no pay, and are often sorely pressed to get a living. They devote every moment from youth to death in studying the supremely magnificent laws of the sidereal universe. History reveals that many have suffered in the cold for want of sufficient clothing, since no heat of stove can be anywhere near a telescope.

Q. Will you please explain how a person is lifted by four persons placing their index fingers under his shoulders and legs, by means of slight lifting force, at time of inhaling a long breath by each person, and by the person about to be lifted?"

A. "I have been asked this question many times. If a person actually has been so lifted, and those doing the lifting think that the 'law of gravity is partially suspended,' then the lifter are under self-hallucination or auto-suggestion insofar as their impression of lifting is concerned. They actually lift far more than they think, but they will not admit this, as they are partially self-hallucinated in the belief that the body of the person will rise. And if they really succeed in lifting the man two inches, they think it a feat. Auto-hallucination is a remarkable mental phenomenon and is now being studied by mentalists here and in Europe with minute care and research."

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MAILL ROS.
St. Louis, Mo.

A Dead Fire

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

"I see in the evening paper," said my Arizona friend,

"How a feller was shook by his Missus, and brung her life to an end. That'll be lots to pity the feller, and say that it saved her right, and I ain't a-setting in judgment, nor takin' up no one's fight. But I never could shoot a rabbit, out whar rabbits is thick, and I figger that shootin' a lady is a similar kind o' trick, Rabbits and ladies and babies—they can't shoot back, you see, and the guy was a cur that murdered her!" said Phoenix Phil to me.

"You remember the gal out in Phoenix?" said my Arizona friend.

"You remember the home she made me, and the dream that had to end. I never was able to figger, when I seen I was in the lurch, how she left my kind of a feller for the rat she met at a church. But I wasn't no ideal husband; I was always fast and wild. And she wanted a feller with manners and his shirt all proper bled. I heard that he made her happy, so I figgered I'd let her be, which is harder sometimes than murder," said Phoenix Phil to me.

RESINOL CURED AWFUL PIMPLES

Whole Face Covered, Now Clear

Brooklyn, N. Y.—"I was troubled with two or three pimples coming out on my chin. In a week or so my whole face was covered with them. Friends advised me to use different lotions and ointments. I tried them, but they did me little good, if any. I finally washed the pimples with Resinol Soap and applied Resinol Ointment before going to bed. In the morning I found the swelling going down, and the inflammation gone from the pimples. I tried this treatment for about a week, and found that most of the pimples had disappeared. I kept the treatment up for about a month, and then my face was clear of all pimples. I have used Resinol Soap since, and find that the pimples do not come back." (Signed) Walter A. Stenstrom 54 Willoughby Ave., Oct. 9, 1912.

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