

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Base Ball Craze a Healthful Mania

By ADA PATTERSON.

Manhattan Island a few weeks ago was populated by lunatics for a while. Men have stood with faces upturned, staring at boards on which young men hanging between heaven and earth on the window ledges of newspaper offices have chalked strange legends, mostly figures. The watching men sometimes burst into roars of delight. Sometimes they dejectedly hung their heads. One man while exulting fell dead before a bulletin board on Park Row. The same day a man died of grief in Philadelphia because his favorite player had failed in making a home run.

Most of the male, and a surprisingly large part of the female population of the Atlantic coast appeared to have gone daff about the world series of ball games. As watching a dance through a window or at any distance from which you cannot hear the music you think of a madhouse, so the energy with which men stand all day studying a bulletin board to see what is happening on a diamond miles away seems purposeless and insane. If you watch the crowds pressing for a sight of the game you feel still more the need of calling in alienists. The men who cheer until they look as though they are in danger of losing a lung, and those who fondly and fatuously scream unintelligible things about Brush and "Matty" seem to require their aid.

But there's a silver lining to this cloud of mania. Anything which stirs us to an absorbing interest is as good for the mind as exercise is for the body. Human nature inclines to stagnation. It "loses interest in things." Routine makes us slow-witted slaves. Life grows dull. That which lifts us out of the rut and hurls us into the vortex of thought and action starts anew the circulation in our brain.

Base ball cranks are hero worshipers, and hero worship is good for everyone except the young girl who chooses for a hero a man with romantic eyes and sentimental speech to whom she hasn't been introduced. Hero worship isn't the attitude of the fool. It is the state of emotion of one who has kept his ideals, not the cynic who throws mud at life. There is no danger of an American carrying hero worship too far. We are apt to place former popular idols on a toboggan track and give them a push as is the population of fickle France. There are hundreds of fallen idols to our discredit and through no fault of their own. Enthusiastic nation though we be, our enthusiasm is short lived. We are more than likely to pull the rose of a fancy to pieces, to childlike tear our heroes to bits, and, unable to put them together again, leave them forgotten while we rush to new toys. No, there is no danger of too much hero worship in America.

The danger is that there will be too little. Hero worship standardizes admirable qualities. The man who howls hoarsely at a play or "Matty's" cheers, qualifies he admires, courage, clear-sightedness, the disposition to fair play. He is cheering what he believes to be a great soul housed in a great body. Admiration is a tonic. Henry Van Dyke bids us "Be governed by our admirations, not by our disgusts." We become like what we admire and if we regard "Matty" as a brave gladiator of the base ball arena by admiring him we take unto ourselves added bravery.

The craze that deluged the city performed that difficult surgical operation known as "taking people out of themselves." John Smith forgot about the way he intended to "do" his rival Jones while he watched the game. Mrs. John Smith, lifted out of herself as a balloon rises above earth, lost her grudge against "the woman in the house on the corner." The last time I saw her she hadn't tried to find it and from the way her eyes glowed when she talked of how Barry doubled in the second, I don't think she will. The afternoon on the grand stand had taught her fair play. Seeing the players give and take, she took lessons in the art herself. After all the woman in the corner house had her good points he was certainly "good in sickness."

Exuberant interest in something outside ourselves makes us for the time selfless and everyone is better for a frequent bursting of the bars of self.

"I will let my boys learn to playbase ball," said a thin-lipped, gray-faced lawyer, who had never learned the game, and who had been watching the wild, god-natured mob surfing around the newspaper offices in the high tide of enthusiasm. "It makes them human in the better way."

Since the base ball craze stimulates the brain, pulls us out of a rut of living and thinking, teaches us the art of being interested in others, gives us lessons in fair play, the fanatic is not of a dangerous kind.



## Point of View

## or, The Pot Calls the Kettle Black

## By Nell Brinkley

Copyright, 1913, International News Service.



Before a heavy gilded frame stood and sat three ultra-smart young women. Close hair—a in "ear-muff"—enormous neck ruffs of lace and net, tip-titled little hats with odd barbarous things flying out from them at surprising angles, coats like sacks sewed up in the wrong places and edged with a whole animal fur just where fur was never put before, and all three in the "minaret" skirt, the "peg-top" like a slim-necked decanter upside down, the skirt which wraps, and hikes, and hitches, and swatches flash full at the top, but cinches close to the feet that flows in and out in silk and cut

steel buckles. The nineteen-thirteen Betty is an amazing and odd little figure to some people, but the most of us would have to step back or away from her a hundred years or so to see how strange and funny she is. We are used to her, you see!

I listened. Inside the gilded frame was a painting like a jewel—a girl of seventeen-seventy—her skin like pearl, her breast crowded high with the stiff, tight, armor-like bodice that held an absurd little bowknot at its sharp point, velvet bands on her wrists and about her throat, her hair powdered and piled like a white tower

over a "Heddus roll," curled in great ringlets like silver bracelets and decorated on its far top with pearls and true lovers' knots. The girl in the chair smiled and mused her flat black hat farther over one eye. And what she said was, "Isn't she funny!"

I smothered my own peg-top skirt and laughed. I wondered if the painted heart of the little creature on the canvas wasn't fluttering with amused laughter; if her long zone black eyes did not find us "funny," too! It was a place where the "pot" was calling the "kettle" black.

NELL BRINKLEY.

## Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

"Sister Mayme is going to be married next month," said the Manicure Lady. "I thought for awhile that I was going to beat her to the altar, but after I gave the playwright the gate Mayme passed me on the homestretch, and soon she'll be a bride."

"Who's she going to marry?" asked the Head Barber.

"He's a kind of nice young fellow," said the Manicure Lady, "and I guess he will make Mayme a good husband, but his work is kind of dangerous. He is a locomotive engineer, and he makes good money, but Mayme says she is afraid some day he will get killed at his post."

"I don't think it makes any difference where a man works," said the Head Barber. "If he is going to get it, he is going to, and there ain't no changing that. My dad used to tell about a old sea captain that was thirty years sailing the high seas and came home and got drowned in his bathtub. It's all on the chart, and when our time comes to go, good night. Tell your sister I said so."

"I don't think anything you said could differ Mayme none," said the Manicure Lady, "because she is head over heels in love with her gentleman friend and can't bear to think what life would be without him. I told her she better not start worrying until after she had come from the altar, because, goodness knows, there is many a slip between the cup and the lip, as in my case with the man that wrote the fine plays."

"Mayme is a worrying kind of way, I remember one time she was going to marry a head pressman that is on one of the big papers here in town, and when she heard that the pressman and the printers used to play poker in the little mill around the corner, she began to stew and fret. Wilfred told her it was better to marry a pressman that played poker than to marry a college boy that thought he played poker, but it didn't do no good, so that match was off, and the pressman has been a bachelor to this day."

"She ain't married the engineer yet," said the Head Barber.

"That's what Wilfred says, George. My brother don't want to see Mayme get married at all, because since I have cut him off my loan list Mayme is his only meat ticket when his pocket ain't meeting with no sale. So he is doing everything he can to discourage the match. Ever since he found out that she is nervous about her engaged gent's calling he has been clipping out head lines of train wrecks and putting them under her plate at the table, and last night he read a poem called 'The Wreck on the Moon Road.' He has got that poor girl so unnerved that she don't eat anything to speak of, and I guess he would have kept up his bum comedy until the old gent put the crusher on it last night at dinner."

"Dear me, George, this life is a poster to dope out, ain't it? Folks gets married and live happy for a year or so, and then they drift apart. Folks gets engaged and worry themselves sick for fear something is going to happen to break up the happy home they ain't sure yet they are going to have. The way the world is now, folks will have to commence using half-dye or all go gray-headed long before old age. It's stew, fret, worry, nag and sweat blood from one day's nag to the other."

"That's the way it is in the big towns," said the Head Barber, "but you don't see much of it in the country. I've been thinking of starting a little shop of my own in the country somewhere. Of course, I'd miss you, but I would get a chance to rest my nerves if I could be away from your chatter. You'll be right next, ain't it?"

## Waterspout 600 Feet High

The passengers on the White Star liner Cedric, which arrived from Liverpool Saturday, had the unusual experience of seeing four waterspouts on Thursday, the largest of which was described by the officers as being 600 feet high.

At 12:30 o'clock in the afternoon, when the Cedric was about 80 miles east of Sandy Hook, a waterspout was sighted about five miles away on the starboard, traveling east-southeast. Another smaller spout was sighted a few minutes later which did not appear to have any end that could be seen. To the right of it two other waterspouts were seen moving in the same direction, but smaller than the first one sighted.

An electric storm broke, and the vivid forked lightning lit up the black clouds as they passed over the waterspouts and showed the dense volume of water clearly to the passengers and crew. The officers said that it was the highest waterspout they had ever seen. The Atlantic and added that it was in sight for two hours.

—New York Times.

## Sunken Continent of Atlantis

By GARRETT P. SERVIS.

The missing continent of Atlantis, whose extraordinary story is told by the Greek philosopher, Plato, is at once a fascinating romance and the greatest of pre-historical mysteries. Has again become the subject of learned discussion.

Was there or was there not formerly a continent in the midst of the Atlantic ocean? If it sank suddenly under the waves, with all its splendid cities, as the traditions gathered by Plato declared, are any traces of it now to be found on the bottom of the sea? In the light of modern science it is possible to admit that a catastrophe of such unexampled magnitude as the swallowing up of a whole continent could occur?

These are some of the questions raised by the investigation of the subject which M. L. Germain has recently published in the *Annales de Geographie*.

The clue to the mystery that M. Germain follows is that which is furnished by the existence of the island groups of the Canaries, the Madeiras, Cape Verde and the Azores. These islands lie in deep water near the place where Plato said Atlantis existed. Although they are widely separated, they possess plants and animals of the same species, and these species are similar to those found in southwestern Europe and northern Africa, but entirely different from those of equatorial Africa.

This fact is regarded as indicating that the islands in question once formed part



of a continuous continent, which was either directly connected with southern Europe and northern Africa by a bridge of land, or lay so close to them that animals and plants could easily cross over the intervening strip of sea.

Moreover, there are living in these islands species of plants and animals which have been no other than the fabled land of Atlantis, echoes of whose vanished glories were yet vibrating in human tradition in the days of Plato.

These things carry the imaginative mind to the depths of the sea and call up pictures of the marvels that might be discovered there if the ocean could be dried up, or if a means could be found for exploring its profundities in submarine vessels as perfect as that which Jules Verne's Captain Nemo constructed.

They also summon up an awful vision of the unparalleled calamity that put an end to the life of an entire continent. Not only palatial cities, vast cultivated lands, forests, roads, fields, gardens, villages, but whole hills, valleys and mountain chains were swallowed together by the universal crush of the whelming waters. The more splendid Plato's account of the civilization of the inhabitants of Atlantis, the more terrible appears that dies irae, that "day of wrath," when they felt the solid ground dissolving beneath them and when the whole earth seemed to be sinking down: down into a bottomless pit, until the foaming roar of the ocean closed over everything.

Possibly here is to be found the original of that tradition which has arisen again and again among all peoples, in all ages, of a cataclysmic deluge, destroying by wholesale the sons of men because they had blindly offended the Ruler of the Universe. And in that case how otherwise should we regard those islands, now supposed to be projecting points of submerged Atlantis, than as the Ararat of that doomed land?

ance that he sees no reason why parts of the ocean or even the dry land, may not tomorrow sink to form new depths. Suez even thinks that Greenland may be one of the remnants of an ancient continent which occupied a large part of the Atlantic basin, and which could have been no other than that fabled land of Atlantis, echoes of whose vanished glories were yet vibrating in human tradition in the days of Plato.

These things carry the imaginative mind to the depths of the sea and call up pictures of the marvels that might be discovered there if the ocean could be dried up, or if a means could be found for exploring its profundities in submarine vessels as perfect as that which Jules Verne's Captain Nemo constructed.

They also summon up an awful vision of the unparalleled calamity that put an end to the life of an entire continent. Not only palatial cities, vast cultivated lands, forests, roads, fields, gardens, villages, but whole hills, valleys and mountain chains were swallowed together by the universal crush of the whelming waters. The more splendid Plato's account of the civilization of the inhabitants of Atlantis, the more terrible appears that dies irae, that "day of wrath," when they felt the solid ground dissolving beneath them and when the whole earth seemed to be sinking down: down into a bottomless pit, until the foaming roar of the ocean closed over everything.

## The November Heavens

By WILLIAM F. RIGGIE.

The beautiful winter constellations with their many brilliant stars are coming into better view, and bringing with them the most wonderful of the planets, Saturn. It rises on the 1st, 15th and 30th at 7:27, 6:21 and 5:15 p. m., and its great northern declination places it high in the sky. It is a never failing object of interest in any telescope.

Mars also is coming into better view, although somewhat reluctantly, it would seem. It rises on the 1st, 15th and 30th at 9:44, 9:32 and 8:50 p. m.

Jupiter, however, is all but gone from our evening sky. It sets at 9:12, 8:28 and 7:41 at the beginning, middle and end of the month.

The sun rises on the 1st, 15th and 30th at 6:56, 7:13 and 7:30, and sets at 5:21, 5:06 and 4:46, thus making the day's length, ten hours, twenty-five minutes; nine

hours, fifty-three minutes, and nine hours, twenty-five minutes, a loss of a whole hour during the month.

For the first six days of this month the sun comes at its earliest, according to the sun dial, being then sixteen minutes fast. According to standard time the sun is then seven and a half minutes slow, this being the least difference between standard and sun dial time throughout the whole year. By the end of the month the difference will have increased to twelve minutes. On the 23d the sun enters Aquarius.

The moon is in first quarter on the 11th, full on the 15th, in last quarter on the 21st, and new on the 27th. It is in conjunction with Jupiter on the 5d, with Saturn on the 16th, with Mars on the 18th, with Venus on the 26th, and with Jupiter again on the 30th.

Crelighton University Observatory, Omaha, Neb.

## Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Perhaps Not.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am deeply in love with a young man two years my senior. I am 17 years old. Will you please tell me if I am too young to keep steady company with him.

Some girls of 17 years are still babies and others are women grown. No doubt you are old enough to keep company with him so long as marriage is kept five or six years in the future.

Wait a Year.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man, 25 years of age. About three months ago I met a young lady about 17½ years old, and we have kept company since. I have taken a liking to this girl, and I know she loves me, as she has told me so. Her parents are also fond of me. My parents, however, object to my going with this

girl for the reason that her parents are not in the same financial circumstances as they are, my people being in business and considered quite wealthy, while her father is a plain working man. I have told my parents that I love this girl, and I have tried to convince them that the difference in their positions should not be a reason for them to interfere, but they do not want to listen to me. It has become so now that I will either have to leave my home or stay away from the girl, whom I most dearly love.

PERPLEXED AND HEARTBROKEN.

In the first place, are you self-supporting? If you are depending on your parents for your bread and butter, you have no right to go against their wishes. In the second place, the girl is under 18, and may not know her own mind. Wait a year. It may bring around more favorable conditions.

## Grandma Never Let Her Hair Get Gray

Keep her locks youthful, dark, glossy and thick with common garden Sage and Sulphur.

When you darken your hair with Sage Tea and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it's done so naturally, so evenly. Preparing this mixture, though, at home is messy and troublesome. For 10 cents you can buy at any drug store the ready-to-use tonic called "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy." You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning all gray hair disappears, and, after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully darkened, glossy and luxuriant. You will also discover dandruff is gone and hair has stopped falling.

Gray, faded hair, though no disagree, is a sign of old age, and we all desire a youthful and attractive appearance. Get busy at once with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur and look years younger.

## Make This and Try It for Coughs

This Home-Made Remedy has no Equal for Prompt Results.

Mix one pint of granulated sugar with ½ pint of warm water, and stir for 2 minutes. Put 2½ ounces of Pinex (fifty cents) and a pink bottle of the old Sugar Syrup. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

This simple remedy takes hold of a cough more quickly than anything else you ever used. Usually cures an ordinary cough inside of 24 hours. Splendid, too, for whooping cough, spasmodic croup and bronchitis. It stimulates the appetite and is slightly laxative, which helps end a cough.

This makes more and better cough syrup than you could buy ready made for \$2.50. It keeps perfectly and tastes pleasant.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, and is rich in quaiacal and other natural pine elements which are so healing to the membranes. Other preparations will not work in this plan.

Making cough syrup with Pinex and sugar syrup (or strained honey) has proven so popular throughout the United States and Canada that it is often imitated. But the old, successful mixture has never been equaled.

A guaranty of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. Your druggist has Pinex or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.