

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Coming!

And Don't You Wish She'd Hurry?

By Nell Brinkley

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What About That Bathing Suit?

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

In a few days the real swimming season will be here. With every girl reader of this column I want to have a talk about her bathing suit.

Perhaps you already have it, are making it, or thinking of buying it. If you have it, try it on and study it from the standpoint of modesty and refinement.

Most of us go swimming at more or less public beaches, and are open to the gaze of certain idle pleasure seekers who never go swimming—they don't want to—or for some other reason.

Many of us have younger sisters. Nearly every girl in her heart hopes some day to be married and have daughters. Let each girl ask herself:

"Is this the kind of a suit I should like my sister, or my daughter to wear?"

There is nothing so charming as a pretty girl in her water clothes. But her apparel must be the right kind—not too extreme in style, not too short in length, nor too gaudy as to color. A black or blue suit with a little of white in the trimming, black stockings, trim bathing shoes, a plain rubber cap, and a suit a trifle below the knees and not too low in the neck, with very short shoulder sleeves—not straps—make a modest and becoming outfit as you could wish.

Swimming is a most healthful exercise when not carried to extremes. This means not lying around on a sunny beach all day, but a good swim in the ocean, a good run or ball exercise afterward and perhaps a rest for an hour or so on the sand, and then into your clothes.

The bathing suit is not meant to give you freedom of manner. It does not mean that when you put it on you are to drop the things which make you charming and attractive. Perhaps, unconsciously, a girl forgets in having a good time that she is an example for some other girl, younger, who is watching her, and so the little seed of immodesty and freedom of manner is sown.

It is good to get off the everyday clothes and into the swimming suit, but that does not mean the dropping of your womanly qualities.

If you swim or frolic in the water do it thoroughly, but don't make it a beach parade.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

You Must Save Yourself.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am deeply in love with a young man who works in the same place I do. I have been married, but his wife does not live in the same town. He goes to see her about once a week, or once in two weeks. He has allowed him to take me home and have grown very fond of him. I know he thinks a great deal of me and treats me very nice. I have tried very hard to give him up, but it seems I just can't. I don't want to leave my work, as I have nice position, and I see him nearly all day. I am twenty-six and he twenty-seven. What shall I do? BEATRICE.

If you permit yourself to foster your love for a married man you are in danger of ruining three lives—his, his wife's and your own. If you are strong enough to meet this man with an air of frank friendliness and to allow no romance or love-making, you will be safe in keeping your position. You must not permit yourself to think of love for this man.

A man who is not true to the wife to whom the law and the church and his sacred vows bind him is not likely to be faithful to a girl who holds herself lightly, is he?

Be Fair.

Dear Miss Fairfax: This letter is a little out of the ordinary, but I feel that you can help me.

I am a young girl of 15 years of age. I go to business and have very long hours, as I do not get home until 7:30 or 7:45. Now, Sunday is the only day that I can say that I really have to myself, for I very seldom go out at any other time, and I don't wish my friends to know I have a little sister in my home. Now my mother and my father are very fond of going out for a walk or a ride on a Sunday afternoon, but do not like to take the baby with them. Will you please tell me if you think it fair that I should stay home with baby every other Sunday? Do you not think that I should have Sunday to myself, when I work all week?

How much time do your parents have free to enjoy each other's society? If they work, too—which I don't doubt— isn't it fair that you should give them a chance to have every Sunday afternoon together? You might arrange to have your friends come and spend alternate Sundays with you, or go to her to take your little sister along. Talk it over with your parents. I am sure they will treat you fairly.

Joyful Anticipation of Motherhood



"There is apt to be a latent apprehension of distress to mar the complete joy of expectation. But this is quite overcome by the advice of so many women to use 'Mother's Friend.' This is an external application designed to soothe the muscles and to thus so relieve the pressure reacting on the nerves, that the natural strain upon the cords and ligaments is not accompanied by those severe pains and to cause nausea, morning sickness and many local distresses. This splendid embrocation is known to a multitude of mothers.

Many people believe that those remedies which have stood the test of time, that have been put to every trial under the varying conditions of age, weight, general health, etc., may be safely relied upon. And judging by the fact that 'Mother's Friend' has been in continual use since our grandmothers' earlier years and is known throughout the United States it may be safely inferred that it is something that women talk about and gladly recommend to prospective mothers.

'Mother's Friend' is prepared only in our own laboratory and is sold by druggists everywhere. Ask for a bottle to-day and write for a special book for expectant mothers. Address: Bradford Regulator Co., 607 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.



My gracious, what a long time 'til summer—but she's coming up out of the boil of surf from the green of a summer set—with her glossy black cap, and the salt-drops on her nose and lashes, her auburn arms and her sleek, wet, black figure like a seal's—the Bathing Girl! The Billies are watching for her—with their spy-glasses glued to their eyes—aching for a sight of her—for the bathing girl is real summer time. Don't you wish she'd hurry? Me—I do.

NELL BRINKLEY.

Wife Is Man's Proper Study

By DOROTHY DIX.

Women understand men a great deal better than men understand women. This is easily accounted for by the fact that woman has been forced by her dependence on man to study his whims and peculiarities. Her pleasures, her perquisites, even her livelihood depend upon her ability to read mankind as if it were a primer in words of one syllable.

On the other hand, man, being independent of woman, has not felt it necessary to study her moods and tenets, and so he has dismissed the whole problem of feminine psychology with a grand wave of the hand.

It wasn't worth while for the mighty masculine intellect to concern itself over. This is a pity, because, after all, the majority of the men marry, and do have to deal with feminine peculiarities, and they could save themselves such a lot of trouble if only they had their wives' numbers, and so knew just how to work those ladies.



drinks and gambles, yet as long as he tells her that she's the most beautiful creature on earth, and the only woman he ever loved, and swears that he'll kill himself on her grave if she dies first, she is perfectly happy and goes about bragging about her husband to other and envious women.

Men also find it impossible to cope with the dissatisfaction of their wives because they have never taken the trouble to study women enough to know that a woman's complaints are nothing more or less than a bid for sympathy, and that if he'll just pity her enough she will be perfectly satisfied to do without the things she apparently wants.

The wife of a poor man, for example, will complain because she can't have jewels and automobiles, and go to the opera, and her husband, poor ignorant soul, doesn't know that he can stop her whines and make her perfectly happy by simply telling her that it breaks his heart because he can't give her these luxuries, and how much handsomer she would look bedecked in pearls than the rich women who wear them.

What hurts the poor woman who must do without things is thinking that her husband doesn't care whether she has luxuries or not, and for her to know that he wants to give her a tiara makes her just as contented as it would to have it.

Many men complain of their wives' extravagance. These men are often grouchy and cross and uncompanionable, and they understand women so little that they do not know that shopping takes the place of drink with a woman. When things go wrong at home with a man he beats it to the nearest saloon. When things go wrong with a woman she slams on her hat and rushes to the nearest department store. The woman who is married to a man who is pleasant and amiable and agreeable around home is satisfied with a very few clothes and limited pin money.

For every row that a man has with his wife he literally has to pay out good hard cash, for shopping is not only a woman's solace in times of trouble, but buying things is also the way she revenges herself on her husband when she thinks that he has been tyrannical or unjust to her. Considering, therefore, that talk is cheap, and millinery comes high, the marvel of it is that men have never found out that it's money in their pockets to keep their wives pacified.

If men are brother to the ox, as the poet says, women are twin sisters to the donkey that can be tamed along anywhere, but that can't be driven an inch. Yet there are men who are married to women, and live with them for forty years, and fight with them every day of that time, without ever ascertaining that the one and only way of managing a woman is to jolly her.

ing for her—with their spy-glasses glued to their eyes—aching for a sight of her—for the bathing girl is real summer time. Don't you wish she'd hurry? Me—I do.

Change Is Coming Over the Sun

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

A bit of astronomical news, the importance of which will become more apparent as time goes on, is that the sun is now entering upon another period of maximum spottedness.

Last year the surface of the sun was less disturbed than it had been for nearly a century before. At the beginning of April this year a large spot broke out upon it, and as I write now I can see, at the first glance with an opera glass (the eyes being protected by a pair of electrician's black spectacles), a huge elon blot near the edge of the round disk, and it is only necessary to turn a telescope upon that blot in order to behold a solar storm covering a space far larger than the whole earth.

But this spot is small compared with many which will be seen during the next few years. Just as the period of minimum spottedness which culminated last year was extraordinary quiet, so the maximum now coming on is likely to



be unusually energetic. What will be the consequences to the earth?

There will be great magnetic storms, and probably magnificent displays of the aurora borealis, rolling its wonderful curtains in the polar skies.

There is considerable reason for expecting that destructive tornadoes, cyclones, typhoons and hurricanes will be unusually abundant during the next five or six years.

Every atmospheric disturbance in which electricity plays a conspicuous part is likely to be more marked during years of sunspot maximum. Such observations indicate that violent thunderstorms are more abundant at such times.

It has been thought that a great "wave of heat" passing over the earth is characteristic of the beginning of a new sunspot period. Like the present. This was the opinion of Flaxal Smyth, the Scotch astronomer, whose fascinating speculations about the origin and meaning of the great pyramid were regarded as too mystical by some of his scientific brethren and lessened the weight of his authority on other subjects. For, in science as in other human things, orthodoxy is a great asset.

But, while there may be an increase of heat at the beginning, yet the best opinion of astronomers at present is that the earth, as a whole, gets a little less heat

from the sun during a maximum than during a minimum period of spottedness. It is simply a matter of area; the spots cover hundreds of millions of square miles of the sun's surface, and since they are comparatively dark they cut off a proportional amount of radiation carrying heat to the earth.

The loss to the earth amounts to a decrease of about one degree in the average height of the thermometer. To that extent, then, the sun is a variable star, with a period of a little over eleven years from one maximum to the next.

But the periods are irregular not in length but in intensity.

Moreover, recent observations have shown that the solar radiation is subject to much rapid and extensive fluctuations in periods of only a few months or even a few days, during which the heat received upon the earth may vary anywhere from 3 to 10 per cent. Some otherwise inexplicable spells of cold or warm weather may thus be accounted for, charged against the sun's caprices, which we can at present neither prevent nor correct.

The absolute dependence on the earth upon the sun for everything which makes planetary life possible gives an overwhelming significance to the growing proof that the sun is not an entirely reliable, and certainly not an indefinitely enduring, source of light, heat and other forms of radiant energy.

There may be beginnings—personally, I believe there surely are such beginnings—whose span of existence is so vast that the advice of so many women to use "Mother's Friend" will continue in gradually decreasing quantity to furnish the earth with radiation appear to them only like the fitting of a single moment, while all the sums of space, which to us seem eternal, pass before their unwinking eyes like the flickering sparks in a sphintari scope, where a bit of radium is shooting itself away in mimic showers of stars.

But to us the lifetime of a man is very long, so that the seeds of death that visibly affect it in sunspots do not greatly alarm us. "Not in our day," we say, "nor in our children's, will the cold and darkness come. That is for another geological age to face."

In the meantime screw the sunspots on your spectacles and telescopes, and see for yourselves what a sunspot is like.

In the Office

By LILIAN LAUFERTY.

Mist and dawn and sunrise—balsam-scented space, How my heart would dream of them in this dull gray place! Keys click all around me: "Orders," "Beg to state," "Carry out instructions," "Shipment cannot wait." And upon my keyboard how my fingers race— Notebooks blot from vision balsam-scented space. Happy factory worker whirring your machine, You may dream and vision woods and trees of green. Hands upon your labor, while your heart dares go Fearlessly a-wandering, since the boss can't know. But my thoughts are prisoned here on my machine, Notes and keyboard claim me, tho' the woods are green.

STRIKE FOR EQUAL RIGHTS

"Break hearts, not windows," so Mrs. Havelock Ellis, English writer and lecturer and wife of the distinguished physician and critic, advised members of the woman suffrage party in New York.

"If we women would refuse to cook, wash, kiss our husbands or even look at them, and just sit down with our most charming manner and our hands in our pockets—seventeen pockets if we wanted them—we should get nearer the vote than we do by destroying valuable paintings and irritating those who are really in sympathy with us."

"I have always thought so, and just before I left I tried my theory on a farmer who lives near my Cornish home."

"What do the crazy women want?" he asked.

"They want their rights. They own

property like you. Why shouldn't they vote?"

"Well, there's somethin' in that," he admitted. So I explained my idea to him. When I had finished he struck his fist on the table.

"My God, they'd get it in a fortnight!" he said.

"But there is some excuse for the English women even in their crazy pranks. All during Saturday's parade I watched from the automobile the faces of the men along the streets, but I saw not one man who looked as some Englishmen do. There was not a single sneer. I sat down and wrote my husband so. Not that he ever looked like that—if he had I should have left him. But it is to wipe that sort of expression off the face of English men that English women are willing to go to such lengths to get the vote."—New York Sun.