

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Kitty Courageous

## The Adventures of a Tom-Boy

## By Stella Flores



"I caught a shark out there one day," said Tom to Kitty. "How?" she exclaimed, her eyes wide with excitement. "Oh," replied Tom easily, "I just hit him on the head

and pulled him in." "Watch me get Kitty's 'goat,'" whispered Tom to Gertie as they swam away from the boat where Kitty was fishing for a shark, and

smiling as he silently disappeared under the water. "Oh my!" cried Kitty as she felt a tremendous tug at her line, "I'll bet it's a shark. What shall I do?"

Frantically she looked for Tom, but he was nowhere to be seen. "I remember," said Kitty to herself, "Tom told me he hit it on the head and pulled it in. Well, here

goes," and as a dark spot appeared near the surface she banged at it with her parasol. "Ouch," cried Tom as with aching head he clambered over the side of

the boat, scaring Kitty out of her wits. "What are you trying to do, cave my head in?" Then Kitty began to laugh.

"I only did what you told me to," laughed Kitty, "you thought you would fool me and you got the worst of it. Let that teach you a lesson, young man, against playing practical jokes."

## Animal Cruelties

Crusades Against All Performances in Which Beasts Are Exploited for Commercial Gain Should Be Helped in Every Way

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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"At present the instruction we place in the way of the young of all classes of society is full of inhumane suggestions. At Eton the boys are taught to break up hares as a half-holiday amusement. At other so-called 'upper class' schools the blood sport element is fostered, and in some elementary schools the children are permitted to attend meets and other hunts; books for boys are full of blood and fire, death and destruction; our music halls all supply performances in which animals are ill-treated, the cinematograph shows, in the same spirit, go as far as they dare in showing the horrible and sensational, and our schools, which ought to make it their first object to humanize the community, seem afraid to come near the subject. They are at present too much taken up with teaching French and algebra to think that moral education should have any place in their curricula. But a better time is coming. America is leading the way in humane education, and England will have to follow, in spite of our fox-hunting, otter-worrying, and grouse shooting legislators and magistrates."—Ernest Bell in Animals Friend.



The Animals' Guardian, a humane publication in London, is working mightily to do away with trained animal shows. A veritable crusade against animal performances has begun through the efforts of Mr. Mark K. Melford and C. E. Haverly, who have published astonishing and blood curdling revelations of the cruelties which these trained animals suffer.

Mr. Melford says in one article describing trained dogs and monkeys: "When the curtain rose again they appeared in characters ranging from Clowns to Policemen, Harlequin and Columbine, Cook and Butcher, in ill-fitting clothes, which, in their succeeding rambles, entangled their legs (as probably intended), causing them to fall over the obstacles placed for them to negotiate, and willing over like balls in a complicated mass of gaudy silks and satins to the excruciating delight of the intelligent human beings who formed the audience."

## FRECKLE-FACE

Sun and Wind Bring Out Ugly Spots, How to Remove Easily. Here's a chance, Miss Freckle-face, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable dealer that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes the freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling. Simply get an ounce of othine—double strength—from Sherman & McConnell Drug Co., or any other druggist, and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the homely freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Hardly more than one ounce needed for the worst case. Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength othine as this is the prescription sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles—Advertisement.

## No, All Women Are Not Like This One!

Here is a Picture of an English Woman of the Opposite Type to Mrs. Pankhurst. The Woman in the Picture Has a Monkey for a Pet, Although for the Same Cost She Could Easily Bring Up a Baby



This Englishwoman appeared recently in The Mall in London with a marmoset monkey clinging to her left shoulder, as shown in the accompanying photographs. She seemed to enjoy the attention she attracted from the curious crowd that watched her, and from time to time caressed the monkey and whispered inane things to it. From her style of dress, which was strictly "up-to-the-minute" in expensive and ludicrous fashions, it was evident that she could well

afford to take care of the monkey, and pet and pamper him to her heart's content. There are some women who would rather have monkeys for pets than children, but there are others—which is something to be very thankful for—who place babies above monkeys. It is not hard to guess which woman deserves and will get the right to have a say in the laws of the country in which she lives. The woman who values a monkey's dumb friendship is happily in the minority.

## Unanswered Question of "Infinity"

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

So many questions on infinity have been received that this note is written in reply to them all. Here are some of them: "Is there an infinite number of suns?" "Is the ancient theory of plurality of worlds true?" "Is the universe infinite?" "Are any stars at an infinite distance from the earth?" "Is space really infinite?" In reply will state that the thinkers of the world who think, explore, toil and work as man never worked before since humans appeared on earth along mathematical, not speculative, lines no longer try to even commence to think of infinity. These are the very ones who know better and have proved that it is useless. They prove it mathematically. "Is there an infinite number of suns?" I have been asked this orally and in writing many hundreds of times since my eleventh year. The answer is they do not know—and by they is meant mathematicians. Not one of these is able to think of anything infinite. And none is therefore able to think of the effect on humans should the universe ever be made up of an infinite number of suns. For, if the number of suns becomes infinite, how about worlds? Our sun has eight worlds and twenty-six moons; really little worlds, and well on toward 1,000 bodies—asteroids—and an unknown

number of comets, all in regular revolution around it. Speculate that an infinite number of suns, many of them thousands of times larger than our own, have at least as many worlds revolving around them; then there would be a greater infinity of worlds than suns. But this is absurd, or at least we cannot think of two infinities, not being able to think of one. But suppose it is thought of a number of suns next to an infinite number, then, if they all emit light intense enough to reach the earth the mid-night sky would be entirely filled with light. In dense areas of the Milky way the sky is almost covered by fine shining specks—all huge suns, yet there is a minute portion of black sky between the diamonds. Thus, in the richest regions of the galaxy the sky is not solid light. Then the universe has a limit in these directions; if not, then some of the suns do not appear because their light is quenched in space. But the very term "next to an infinite number" is speculative, not scientific, because none can think of this word next; for mathematics has shown that if you add or subtract any finite number to or from an infinite number the infinite number is not affected—that is, the finite number, however large, is infinitely small compared with a number that is infinite.

## The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

"The old gent got kind of sentimental last night," said the Manicure Lady. "I never expected to see a hard-headed old fellow like father get soft and mushy, but he had been out kind of late two nights in a row and maybe his drinks didn't set good on his stomach. Anyhow, something went to his head, because he shed some real tears and that is certainly a unusual proceeding for him. He was looking over a book that had a lot of sad and tender poems and bits of prose in it. The name of the book was 'Heart Throbs.' Some gent named Joe Chapple got it together and sent a copy of it to father, because they used to go to school together in Wisconsin. I guess it was one of two of the sad poems in the book that got father started, but whatever it was, you should have saw the big tears roll down his cheeks."

"I ain't cried since I was a kid," said the Head Barber. "And probably won't till the doctor tells you the stuff is off," said the Manicure Lady. "You ain't got no sentiment in you, George, but my old gent is made of gentler material. Sometimes when we are all at home he starts singing one of the old songs that his mother used to sing to him when he was a little boy, and his voice is so soft and mellow that we all set there as if we was spellbound. Of course, it is mellow sometimes than others, but it all goes to show that father has a heart."

"I've got a heart, too," insisted the Head Barber. "I feel just as when I see sad things as anybody does, but I can't cry. Crying after you are grown up is what some folks call 'taking on' at a funeral."

"Well, I suppose no two people is constituted similar," said the Manicure Lady. "But I was glad to see that little soft side in the old man's nature. I think that the stronger a gent is sometimes, the more tender he can be. "It ain't so surprising to see a tender heart in a weak young like Wilfred, who is all the time on the fence between laughing and crying. If he has a five-dollar note he is just bubbling over with good spirits, and if he is broke you would think he was about to jump off the Bridge of Sighs. But I suppose most poets is that way. Father had to fight the stern battle of life from the time he was 16, and many a rap on the knuckles he got, too, but it made a man out of him. Wilfred has always had easy sailing, for though he has made quite a little coin here and there, there has been long, dry spells in between where he didn't have even a thin dime that he could get a sandwich with, and in them times of stress he was never very far from the dear old homestead." "I bet I could read them 'Heart Throbs' without bating an eye," persisted the Head Barber. "Tears is for kids and not for grown-up people." "I don't doubt that you could read anything sad without bating an eye, or even without knowing what the meaning was," said the Manicure Lady. "But I think goodness, my dear dad ain't no thick, simple mutt like you. If he was, I would be the one to shed tears."

## Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Don't Nag. Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been keeping company with a gentleman for the last three months, and it seems every night before he leaves me he wants to smoke a cigarette. At first I had no objection to him smoking in my presence, but now I am getting tired of him smoking every night before he leaves. He asked me if he could smoke and I said no. Then he kept on coaxing me to let him smoke, and I said, well, if you want to smoke then go on. Do you think it is proper for him to smoke in my presence? He says just so long as he don't smoke in the street with me, it is all right. He is quite right. Since his smoking does not annoy you in any way and gives him pleasure, why make a fuss about it?

Play Fair. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young girl eighteen years old and have been keeping company for the last eight months with a young man. Two weeks ago he brought his cousin to my house and introduced us. My friend, having a position which takes him out of town a great deal, asked his cousin to see that I wouldn't get lonesome. While my friend was out of town his cousin declared his love for me and we secretly became engaged. What should I do? G. I. Play fair. Write and tell the man for whom you first cared that you have become engaged to his cousin, and hope your old friend will be glad to hear the news of your happiness.

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