

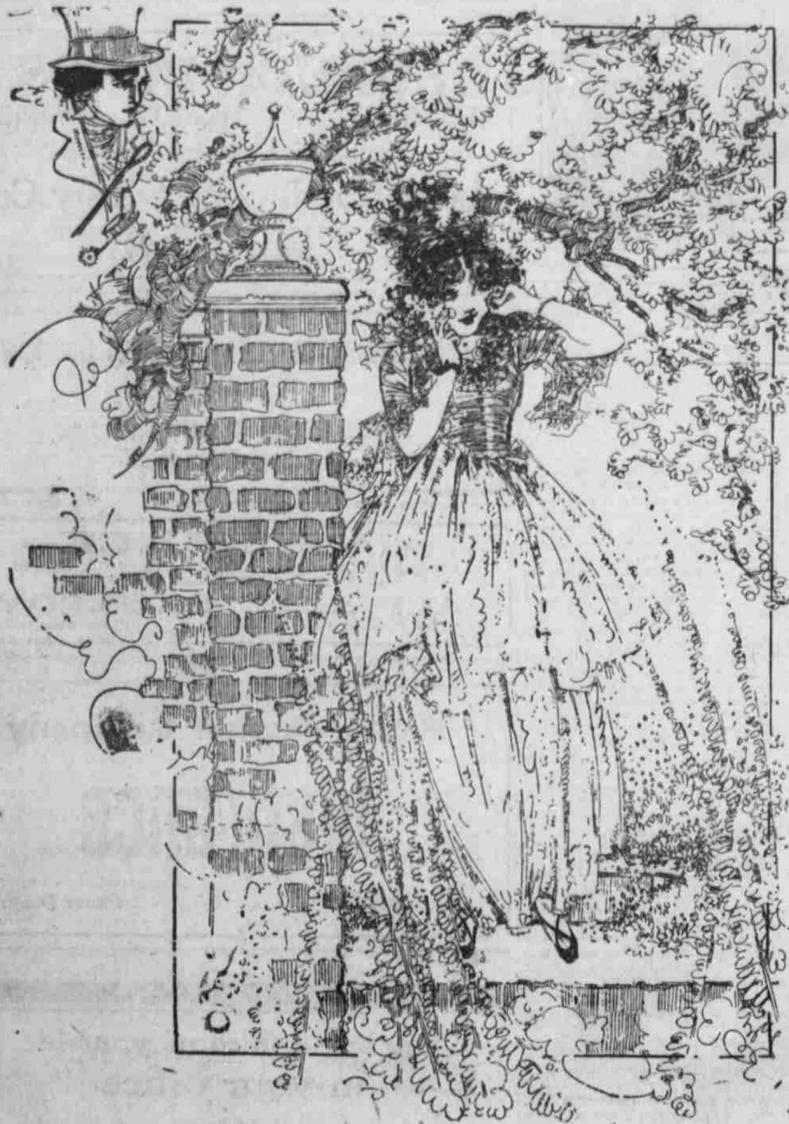
The Bee's Home Magazine Page

A-Horse and A-Wing

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By Nell Brinkley

Gran'mother waited in the garden—but now Betty waits on the roof.



Little gran'mother girl listened for a faint tattoo of hoofs on a country road when gran'father came a-courting. Gran'mother waited in her soft hoop-skirts like the ghost of a flower under the arch of a smothering-sweet cherry tree.

Gran'mother girl watched beside a red-brick gate with queer little wooden vases painted white on their sober square tops. Gran'mother peered through the soft twilight of a tree-darkened lane, with her little two feet on Mother Earth in the deepest heart of the garden when gran'father came.

And gran'father came on Mother Earth, pounding along on his sleek, black mare, with the dust clouding 'long behind. And his hat

was very tall and his spurs jing-a-linged with a tiny music when he strode up the gray-stone steps and kissed the face of the flower at the top.

Now it's a new picture—with nothing the same but the hearts of the girl and the man. And they—they are the same, young and unsteady, and wrapped in flame as ever gran'mother's-and-father's could be. But now M'sweetheart listens for the growling purr of a mighty motor—a far-away humming that grows terrifying and heart-gladdening somewhere out of the twilight sky.

She waits in her soft, blowing frock like a slim, lighted candle held high. She watches beside a rearing stone chimney on the tiles of the

room, and the curtains of the open dormer-window, where she clambered out with her field glasses, whip whirring in the night wind.

M'sweetheart now lifts her face and searches the waste of the sky, her little two feet gripping the roof high up above the floor of the feathery tree-tops, "up above the world so high," when her sweetheart comes.

And he drops out of the heart of the sky—on a slinging wing, the roar of his engine filling the world—star-dust drifting behind. And his headgear is very snug and onion-skin close—and he strips the goggles away from his eyes when he lights to kiss the face of the now-days sweetheart.

NELL BRINKLEY.



Madame Isbell's Beauty Lesson

LESSON XII—PART V.

Obesity—Continued.

The diet that goes under the name of "banting" which I gave in last article will reduce the most stubborn cases of obesity three to five pounds a week, whether physical exercises are included in the regime or not. But there are certain disadvantages in adopting so rigorous a diet.

For perfect health a more varied diet is necessary; the system needs some starch and sugar and a considerable amount of fat. Women who undergo the banting system are apt to emerge with sallow, dry, wrinkled skin. They look, as they are, undernourished. The diet I recommend is less strenuous and to get good effects should be accompanied by at least one-half-hour's daily work at specific exercises that I shall give you later and a certain amount of walking or vigorous outdoor work.

Breakfast—One egg, cooked in any fashion except fried; two thin slices of bacon; toast, cup of weak tea, with milk if desired, but no sugar; orange, grapefruit or apple sauce made without sugar.

Lunch—Choose one of the following dishes: Cold meat with green salad. Raw oysters with a few buttered crackers. Dry toast with baked apple, apple sauce or any stewed fruit cooked with very little sugar. Any soup made without cream eaten with toast or crackers. An occasional glass of buttermilk may be drunk.

Dinner—Grilled chop or steak, underdone roast beef and lamb, chicken, boiled or grilled fish (excepting salmon and sardines), green salad with French dressing, any vegetable that grows above ground, with butter omitted from seasoning, and cheese or fruit for dessert. Cup of black coffee may be drunk after dinner.

This diet includes a small amount of fat and sugar and enough liquid to aid digestion. In addition, drink an arising cup of hot water with juice of one lemon in it and partake freely of pure cold water between meals. If the dinner hour is late a cup of weak tea, but no food, may be taken at 5 o'clock. Food between meals or before going to bed is absolutely forbidden.

Lesson XII to be continued.

Madame Isbell

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Frudery and Pleasure.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am perplexed over the question whether it is proper or improper for a young girl to go to a cabaret with her escort. Alas, what should she order in the line of drinks? Would you please give the names of a few really refreshing in this line? I am a young girl who likes pleasure very much, but still I do not like to do anything that my mother would be ashamed of telling, and still I do not like to be a prude and spoil the fun for others.

These are some cabarets to which it would be proper for you to go. Drink lemonade, orange-ade, ginger ale, sarsaparilla, grape-juice, or any bottled water. Simply make sure that the cabaret to which you go is a perfectly reputable one; drink no liquor, leave before midnight, and rely on your good taste to keep you from doing anything that would shame your mother.

Think it Over.

Dear Miss Fairfax: May I have your advice on a matter of considerable importance to me? I am a young man of 21, and am earning \$80 per week. My work is far away from the comforts of my home, and I feel the need of someone to give me the comforts of home and to have an interest in my work, which is professional in nature and at times very heavy. I am tired of boarding. There is a girl. Would I make a mistake in marrying at this age? Is my salary sufficient to support us comfortably? Should I wait? I shall appreciate your reply.

You had better analyze your situation a little more carefully. Talk it over with the girl. It is not good to wed just because you are lonesome. Your salary is quite sufficient to support a wife in a modest way. Many men are raising families on less.

HOW RESINOL CURED ITCHING SKIN TORMENT

Baltimore, Md., May 23, 1914. "My limbs from knee to ankle were completely covered with eczema for a year. It commenced with several small water pimples, which burst when I scratched them, until they developed into sores, and oozed a yellow fluid. I hated to go in company, it itched and burned so badly. I had no rest at night. I tried a good many remedies for eczema, both liquid and salve, but they did me no good, only made the skin more rough and scaly. I learned of Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap and tried them, and was relieved of the severe itching and burning AT ONCE, and after a month's steady use was completely cured." (Signed) T. S. Lewis, 1221 Summit St.

Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment are sold by all druggists. For free trial, write to Resinol, Dept. 26-B, Baltimore, Md.

How to Read Character

By ADA PATTERSON.

Those who lament the failures of Jones to do his part, or Smith's conscientious breaking of his promise, are quite as much to blame for the state of affairs as are Jones or Smith if they are victims of those faults. They haven't taken pains to study their character. Haven't had a chance? Everyone who sees a face in a moderate light can study character and arrive at a reasonably correct conclusion. He can derive a good working and work-ink knowledge of the other.



"He who runs may read" fits character reading, for even while we run we can register a fairly accurate impression of the character of him we pass. We glimpse the full, ever red, loose hung lips of the self-indulgent. We can see at a glance whether the nose is the high honey one that cleaves its way through obstacles, or the flat, low-bridged fleshy one of the supine nature.

An instant's survey reveals whether the brow is the full one that betokens the well stored brain, or the slanting one that is often the index of an empty pate. It is evident at a glance whether the chin is the firm foundation of the face, indicative of a strong will, or whether it is a mere excuse for such a feature.

It takes but a second to note whether the hair is of baby-like softness and fineness, disclosing that the owner is of infantile softness of nature and infantile

sensitiveness to the hurts of life, or whether the hair and skin, of coarser, crisper texture, are calculated for a greater wearableness as is their owner. Little ears, set close to the head have a measurable correspondence with a limited mental and character view, and large ears standing well out from the head are one of the indications of a nature generous in purse and judgments.

Eyes matter little as to size and color, but the manner of their gaze is of great significance. Have they the stern, intent regard of the mind that focuses its powers, or the shifting glances of the mind that scatters its forces?

All these a sweeping glance at the face beside you will reveal, but they are only digits in a column of figures, whose sum is indeterminate. One feature seldom determines a face. As an index in determining character it must be paired with another. If the nose is powerful the chin may be so weak that, add chin and nose and divide by two, add the result is a character only fairly successful, and of only moderate force. The contour of the face is round and child-like, suggesting love of pleasure and perhaps indulgence. But are the eyes purposeful? Are the lips firm? Then do not assume that the owner of the baby profile is lax and leisure loving. Is the hair baby-like and is the chin weak? Then will the nature probably be handicapped by super-sensitiveness always, but if the chin is one of the extensive sort, the will will surmount the sensitiveness and whip the slothful nature into action.

Learn to pair features. It is the most fascinating matchmaking. By so pairing them and striking averages will you become not an ordinary character reader, but an extraordinary skillful one. To read a man aright and to see a woman as she is to insure ourselves against two-thirds of those mistakes in life which the shallow deem inevitable.

How to Build the Brain

Constant Thoughts of Hope, Courage, Love, Faith, Hatred, Wealth, Usefulness, Beauty and Good Will Are Essential

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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Every teacher and preacher tells us to think good thoughts, to do good deeds, to abstain from wrong thinking and wrong acting, and to love our enemies and do good to those who despise us.

They tell us to control the mind. But they do not tell us how to do this from the time we rise until we sleep, and even after we sleep.

The mind is like a wild colt, and he who undertakes to break a wild colt to the bit needs to know something about horses and horse training.

Here is a little formula for the beginning of mind control. When you rise in the morning give your first thought to the Great Power which has brought you to the threshold of another day. Say mentally a little prayer of gratitude. "Thank You, Great Creator, for life and hope," will serve every purpose.

Even if you are dependent and do not feel hope in your heart, say the words, because hope is really in your heart, whether you feel it or not. A being absolutely without hope could not live. While you are dressing think of hope, courage, love, faith, health, wealth, usefulness and good will.

Think of beauty, too, and youth. Refuse absolutely to permit your mind to occupy itself with thoughts of trouble and sickness. As you mingle with your fellows, whether in your family, or in your place of business, pick out some agreeable topic of conversation rather than one depressing and unpleasant.

In these times there is much written and said about efficiency, and about the conserving of our time and energies, in eliminating wasteful methods from our business. A wonderful system has been inaugurated where bricklayers and car-

penters can accomplish three times the labor with one-half the effort, just by avoiding unnecessary movements and economizing time and energy.

The same can be done with the mind. To each of us is given a certain amount of mental energy—of nervous force by filling all our lungs with fresh air many times a day, and by understanding and employing the law of concentration in the use of our minds.

Or we can deplete those precious forces by breaking the laws of health in diet, postures of the body and habits of wasteful thought. It is a wicked misuse of thought to allow your mind to dwell on the unpleasant things in your own life or in the universe.

It is wicked to think of troubles which are past, to fear troubles which may come, to worry over the future, and to wonder why Providence does not arrange affairs differently.

Mental efficiency does not follow such methods of thinking. Intelligent men and women frequently scatter their forces by criticisms of the power which permits the helpless invalids and the criminal and the insane to live, while the young and happy and strong and useful are taken away.

Over and over we hear these comments and complaints. Of what avail are they? And who can say that the time had not come for the passing onward of any soul that goes, however young and happy and needed it may seem to us?

Such use of our mental energies is wrong and foolish. It is brain destroying, not brain building. Keep all your thoughts for some constructive purpose. The moment you feel your mind going off on a senseless, useless tangent draw in the reins as you would draw them were you riding a refractory horse headed for a ditch.

Nature's Secrets Not All Known

By GARRETT P. SERVIS.

In this age of marvelous achievements and discoveries, we need an occasional dose of anti-boast. It clears up the mind and shows the way for future advance.

It cannot be denied that the chemists (with all respect for their splendid work) are the cause of a great deal of vain boasting. To accept all that is said for them, if not always by them, would be to believe that nature no longer has any secrets that cannot, in the laboratory, be made as plain and simple as A, B, C.

A great number of "synthetic" products and imitations of nature's products have been put upon the market, and their fabricators have been rash enough to try to persuade even Dr. Wiley that they are better than nature's own work. Some of these things really are good and extremely creditable to their inventors, but they are relatively few in number, and people who think that we are almost on the point of being able to dispense with the handicraft of Nature and to turn away from our doors the kind old nurse who has hitherto taken such good care of us in order to make room for an automaton that can do her work better than she can, ought to have their eyes opened.

The number of nature's marvels that chemistry can imitate, more or less successfully (usually less), is considerable; the number that chemistry has not the slightest notion how to imitate is immense. I am not going to make a list of such things or even to search for a particularly good example. I take the first that comes, by accident, to my attention, a very fragrant, beautiful and useful thing, viz., red cedar or juniper wood.

Everybody who has a good lead pencil in his pocket knows what red cedar is. He knows what a smooth-grained, soft, yet crisp and flexible, delicately aromatic, pleasant flavored, light, but sufficiently strong, wood it is. If, in his youth, he never had in his hand and subject to his jack-knife a chunk cut from the dark-red heart of some old cedar post, which has stood unrotted in the ground since his great-great-grandfather's days, he will

recall the wondering admiration with which he regarded it, how it perfumed the air with its strange, rich odor, and how his very knife seemed to thrill with the pleasure of cleaving its compact, elastic fibers.

The fact that man cannot make cedar wood or anything that is acceptable in its place is shown by the story of the pencil industry. The lead pencil manufacturers would be very glad to have an artificial or "synthetic" cedar if they could get it. They would rejoice if some other wood, more abundant, could be found that would answer as well as cedar does the needs of the factory and the taste of the public. Various substitutes have been tried, but none will do.

The consequence is that the world's supply of red cedar or juniper is being rapidly exhausted. A single pencil factory in France consumes 20,000 feet of cedar lumber a year. It is so precious that, as I am informed, houses in our country in which cedar wood has been freely employed for construction in the days when lead pencils were virtually unknown and all wood was cheap, have in recent years been partly or entirely demolished in order that the crisp red wood might be sold to pencil manufacturers. Furniture made of red cedar has been broken up for a similar reason, and innumerable cedar fenceposts have been pulled out of the ground and turned to a more immediately profitable account. Old farms are said to have been found whose fences of red cedar were worth more than the entire land that they enclosed.

There is within a few rods of the place where I write a red cedar tree growing with its branches interlaced with those of a number of fir trees. They all spring out of the same ground and are all nurtured by the same sunshine and the same soil, but the cedar, in its strange alchemy, works up these materials into the pencil wood of the pencil makers, while the fir, standing rigid in touch with it, turns them into wood of a very different kind.

Chemistry has a long road yet to travel before it can hope to put carbon, nitrogen and water together and out of their combination produce a synthetic cedar. By taking a little thought any one can recall a great number of things that nature furnishes freely and that we cannot do without, but which still lie far beyond the range of the cunningest science. It is one thing to know what an object is made of and another to know how to make it.

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