

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

"The Arch-Sorcerers!"

By Nell Brinkley

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Once black witchcraft was burned and dipped—but there are two mighty ones left who dig through the forbidden book of black-art in the wee sma' hours for recipes to turn a man's head into a spinning humming-

top and his heart to melted butter—Woman and Aphrodite's gypsy son! For he has a cook book of brews and charms, and when a man drinks deep of their witchery and looks straight into the eyes above the bowl—

he's a clean goner! Sorcery is not dead—peek at the pair of 'em, with guilty eyes cast over their shoulders and their two little red hearts between their teeth because the curtain behind them waggled in the wind! NELL BRINKLEY.

Publicity, Truth and Success

By ELBERT HUBBARD

Publicity eliminates pretense. The faker cannot work in a club. Falsehood makes for friction; while truth and love are lubricants. Where many people are involved nothing goes but truth. The sunlight of publicity destroys the ptomaines of fraud. The faker withers before the fact. As the planets are held in space through the opposition of forces, so are men held in the straight and narrow way of truth through public opinion. The ad clubs of America are great and important factors in the process of making men unselfish and honest. The ad-crafters stand for ethics in the highest sense, and also they stand for effectiveness and efficiency. The ad clubs form, in themselves, a university. The public meeting once a



week for midday lunch of an ad club will, in the course of a year, evolve every member from a villager into a cosmopolitan. No man can get into an ad club and wrap ignorance about him, and tuck in his prejudices, feeling safe and secure. Foolishness is given the smile audible. Selfishness flies out through the window. An advertising club is a pooling proposition. Everybody puts in all he knows and takes out all he can carry away. And what he takes away is in reality what he puts in. We keep things by giving them away. Thus we get a practical monism, or a scientific pragmatism. And pragmatism is simply the sentence of a sensible selfishness—or, if you prefer, call it enlightened self-interest. Pragmatism is the law of self-preservation illumined by love of kind. Righteousness is a form of common sense. Business is the science of human service. Commerce is eminently a living calling; and the word commercial should never be used as an epithet, save by the man with a guinea-hen mind. The creed of an ad club man runs somewhat as follows: I believe in myself. I believe in the goods I sell. I believe in the firm for whom I work. I believe in my colleagues and helpers. I believe in the efficacy of printer's ink. I believe in producers, creators, manufacturers, distributors, and in all industrial workers who have a job and hold it down. I believe that truth is an asset. I believe in good cheer and in good health, and I recognize the fact that the first requisite in success is not to achieve the dollar but to confer a benefit, and the reward will come automatically and as a matter of course. I believe that when I make a sale I must make a friend. I believe in the hands that work, in the brains that think and in the hearts that love. I believe in sunshine, base ball, fresh air, spinach, apple sauce, bombazine, buttermilk, babies, laughter, motor cars, adding machines, typewriters, typewriters—always remembering that the greatest word in the English language is "sufficiency."

How to Lose Your Tan, Freckles or Wrinkles

A day's motoring, an afternoon on the tennis ground or golf links, a sunbath on the beach or exposure on a sea trip, often brings on a deep tan or vivid crimson or more perplexing still, a vigorous crop of freckles. A very necessary thing then is mercerized wax, which removes tan, redness or freckles quite easily. It literally peels off the affected skin—just a little at a time, so there's no hurt or injury. As the skin comes off in almost invisible flaky particles, no trace of the treatment is shown. Get an ounce of mercerized wax at your druggist's and use this nightly as you would cold cream washing it off mornings. In a week or so you will have an entirely new skin, beautifully clear, transparent and of a most delicate whiteness. Wrinkles, so apt to form at this season, may be easily and quickly removed by bathing the face in a solution of powdered salicylic acid, dissolved in witch hazel, is best. This is not only a valuable astringent, but has a beneficial tonic effect also.—Advertisement

The Bashful Boy

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"I am a young man who has not had much dealing with women and never cared for the company of a girl until recently, when I met a young lady for whom I have a great liking. I meet her when I am in the company of another young man. "No sooner do we meet than I seem to lose all power of speech. I cannot say what I want to convey. She seems to understand me and acts pleasant and encouraging. I have never asked her to accompany me to any places of amusement, for fear that I might not treat her properly. Furthermore, I would not know where to take her, as I've never gone out with girls," writes Henri G. "I suppose it would do no good to tell you, Henri, that in these days of bold young men who think they honor a girl by speaking to her, your modesty and shyness have a real charm of their own. What you want to know is how to campaign for the affections of the girl you admire. You don't want to be tongue-tied in her presence lest she think you are unwilling to risk having her girlish sympathy come out to your shyness for fear she will pity and despise you, when all your masculine instinct is for conquering and winning admiration. Suppose you ask her to go with you to a ball game. Most men understand base ball and not very many women do. In explaining the points of the game you can act as her instructor and guide and thereby you will gain confidence in yourself. You may ask her to the theatre, to go to some moving picture or to take a trip to Coney Island or any amusement park you like. If you go where you have a chance for physical exertion—as rowing or canoeing—you will some definite responsibility to take your mind off yourself and your own shyness. The bashful young man who is quite at a loss when he is paying a formal call in a girl's home will find himself perfectly at ease when busy at something more than the conscious game of society. Occupy yourself at some familiar or congenial pursuit, and ask the girl you like to share it with her. Don't struggle to make conversation, do something if it is only taking a walk

or going to the corner for a soda or taking a street car ride. Discuss what you see going around you as you would with a favorite boy companion or a dear relative. Stop thinking of yourself and devote yourself to giving pleasure to the friend you are trying to win. Friendships consists of almost equal parts of liking the same thing and liking each other. Find a congenial pastime

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

You need a spanking. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 years old. I have been clerking in a grocery store this summer and I met a traveling man, who must love me truly, because he has spent so much money on me. He has taught me how to tango. He is married, is the only trouble, but he don't love his wife since he met me, and he has won my heart. But my parents object to our romance. They want to send me away for a while because they think I will forget him. I think I should obey my heart and stay in the store, where we can see each other. People have told me things against his character, but I refuse to believe them because I know he is my affinity. Do you think we are doing anything wrong? I am worried because people are inclined to talk. Your advice and interest will be greatly appreciated. DIMPLES. You need a spanking, and will probably get it, if your parents find out what you are up to. The traveling man you refer to is a sneak and a disgrace to his kind. No man with any spark of honor would be guilty of putting such foolish notions into the head of a girl of your age. He means you no good, and you ought to avoid him as you would a pestiferous disease. Forget it. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young girl, 18 years old, but big for my age. While on my way home from a distant town about a week ago I started in flirt with a flagman on the train, but fell deeply in love with him after I had talked to him and he had treated me to peanuts and pop. When my station arrived he started off the train with me, and when we were passing through the vestibule he kissed me on the cheek and said he hoped to meet me again. While at the station the other evening I saw he was on the train and I went up to him and spoke. He

that pleases you both and out of your common interest a real friendship will flower. Men who are shy have a certain modesty that the brazen lady-killer lacks. And so, don't grieve over your inexperience. Just be your natural boyish self and rest assured that if the girl you like is fine and wholesome your unselfish devotion will win her.

coolly stared at me, but did not speak. Now, I love him very much and was very much hurt because he didn't speak. Tell me what I can do, as the suspense is killing me. Would it be all right to invite him upon his next lay-off from the train? I am anxious to read your advice at once. You are a very silly little girl. Love should not enter your head for the next ten years. Try to forget this adventure as quickly as you can, for if you do not, the day will come when you will recall it only with shame. Not Too Young. Dear Miss Fairfax: Will you please tell me if it is wrong to love a lady ten or fifteen years older than you? I am 22 and the lady is 32. I make her a month and I do not drink. I love her, but she says she is too old to make a wife for me. I tell her it makes no difference, as long as I love her and give her a home and be good and kind to her. I don't think the age makes any difference as long as we love one another. The lady is old enough to be your mother and apparently has too much good sense to think of marrying you. She might love you as a son, but never as a husband. Age does make a mighty difference when it comes to marital happiness.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl 18 years of age and deeply in love with a young man three years my senior. Now this young man has asked me to become his wife. What I wanted to know is, am I too young to marry? I am almost sure I would make a good wife and am sure he would make a very good husband. Please advise me what to do. M. A. F. Many a girl has married at 18 and lived happy ever after. Yet it would be better to wait a couple of years if you can. True love will easily stand that test and lose none of its joys. Too Old for You. Dear Miss Fairfax: Will you please tell me if it is wrong to love a lady ten or fifteen years older than you? I am 22 and the lady is 32. I make her a month and I do not drink. I love her, but she says she is too old to make a wife for me. I tell her it makes no difference, as long as I love her and give her a home and be good and kind to her. I don't think the age makes any difference as long as we love one another. The lady is old enough to be your mother and apparently has too much good sense to think of marrying you. She might love you as a son, but never as a husband. Age does make a mighty difference when it comes to marital happiness.

Summertime Fables

By DOROTHY DIX.

Once upon a time there was a youth who, perceiving that he was in the also-ran class, and was never likely to win out in the race of life, determined to make an end of himself. Thereupon he sought the big drink, but before he took the fatal plunge, he sat down upon the bank and wept a few. While he was thus bemoaning his fate, an old man, observing his grief, approached and addressed him. "Why these gobs of gloom?" the aged party inquired. "A l-a-a," replied the youth, "I am nothing but a false alarm, and as I do not desire to be merely a piker all my days, I have resolved upon using the suicide stunt, for of what use is it to possess a dress suit if you have nowhere to wear it, or to have brains in your heels if the only place where you can maximize is in a cheap dance palace?" "Ha," cried the old man, "your case is one of aspiring youth and blasted ambition combined with symptoms of lack of opportunity." "You have got me Steve," replied the youth, with a fresh burst of woe. "I apprehend," said the ancient mariner, "that you yearn to be a lady's pet and have the fair ones sighing for your favors." "Mock me not," returned the youth, "but such is the desire of my heart." "A-l-e-n," continued the gray beard, "that you would not look with disfavor upon easy money." "Try me," exclaimed the youth. "Likewise," suggested the venerable philanthropist, "that you would not seriously object to occupying the center of the stage, and having the spotlight turned on you." "In pity," pleaded the youth, "quit pulling that earthly paradise stuff on me." "All may be yours," quoth the old man,



"If you will only follow my counsel, Arise, go forth and purchase yourself glad raiment, and beat it to the nearest summer resort. There shall fair women struggle for your favor, and claw each other's eyes out for the privilege of tangling with you, and also shall they feed you with rich foods and ply you with costly drinks, and ride you about in automobiles. Likewise you may marry the daughter of a pork king, for a thing is of value in proportion to its rarity, and a man at a summer resort is a pearl in a barrel of clams." Thereupon the youth did as the old man bade him, and the result was even as the wise one had prophesied.

Moral: This fable teaches that the summer is the young man's opportunity, and sagacious is he who embraces it. Coast-Trailing in Ulster. We are hearing much about coast-trailing in Ulster, and one wonders if the practice in its literal sense ever really existed. Tradition connects the origin of the phrase with the famous Dennybrook fair, licensed by King John, and growing steadily more disorderly until its abolition in 1850. Here the Irishman on the lookout for a fight is supposed to have taken off his coat, and, brandishing a scullion, to have dragged the scullion behind him with a pious hope that some one would tread on it. And the hope was seldom disappointed.—London Chronicle.

FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots. There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription ethine-double strength-is guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Simply get an ounce of ethine-double strength—from the Sherman & McConnell Drug Co., or any druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion. Be sure to ask for the double strength ethine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.