

# The Bees Home Magazine Page

## Swimming as a Health Key

Girl Champion Tells How She Learned to Perfect Herself in Water Sports.



May Nerich of the Woman's National Life Saving League, is a swimmer in a family of swimmers. Cup collecting and medal winning have descended as an art from a 20-year-old brother to 15-year-old May, and now Catharine, aged 11 years, and Frances, a wee girl of 8 years, are

## Folly of Having a Confidante

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Women have a sad habit of discussing their most intimate affairs with relatives, friends, and even mere acquaintances. They tell of their worries, their home life, their little triumphs and defeats—they discuss their finances, and in nine cases out of ten woefully misplace their confidences. If you cannot keep your own secrets, how can you suppose that any one else will more carefully guard them?

Marie writes me as follows: "I had a dear friend—a woman almost old enough to be my mother. And as I have no mother, I told her all my secrets. And now my cousin, with whom I live, is very angry because I did not make her my confidante. I don't like to tell her about my affairs, because I know she tells her husband. And although I have nothing to hide, I don't like to have every one know all about my plans and ambitions. How shall I find a safe confidante?"

My dear Marie, since your mother is not at your side to share your thoughts and plans, there is no safe confidante for you. It is a feminine failing to want to talk things over. Don't yield to the desire to hear your own voice discussing your most sacred and secret affairs. For if they are of any interest at all, the woman to whom you tell them will probably feel the same desire that is actuating you and will give them a little more publicity. Nor will you find men much safer confidants.

If you tell in the hope of getting advice from your confidante that dependence will give you a certain guarantee of safety. For there is something in the appeal for help that calls out the sense of honor which all humans have in greater or lesser degree. But that is a different matter. If you want advice go to the most sympathetic and sensible person you know and tell her whatever she needs to know in order to help you adjust your affairs.

But if your desire is merely a confidante—a sort of safety valve—believe me when I tell you that there is no safety there. If you tell under promise of secrecy your confidante is likely to tell some one else under the same misleading and misapprehended promise, and so on and on your little secret will go until it is fairly public property.

If you are not sufficiently wise to keep your affairs to yourself, why should you expect to be sufficiently wise to so judge human nature as to select a reliable confidante?

If you find your affairs so interesting that you have your story told, why should you not expect your confidante to have as much literary sense as you have? A good story secures interesting listeners. Why then should your confidante not yield to the desire to publish the circumstances of which you have made her aware?

Even if you are not directly betrayed by your false confidante the story is likely to be told without names and so presently it will circulate to some one who can put two and two together, and tell to whom it applies.

A secret seldom concerns one person alone. The affairs of which you tell in all probability concern at least one other person beside yourself. So in the process of telling you are violating a confidence and relating a secret that is not all yours to tell and your own standard of honor will afford your confidante an excuse not to keep faith with you.

There are some perfectly honorable people in the world. You may find one and safely confide your affairs to her. Or you may come across a chatterbox who simply cannot keep a secret, or some one with a bit of malice who will use your own words against you. You may inspire a lack of faith in some one whose good opinion you long to possess. You may trust since you cannot keep your own affairs to yourself.

Make friends with yourself. Think your affairs over, sanely and calmly. But unless you have a mother or a devoted sister or some one who has a right to know your affairs, keep them to yourself. Don't be a chatterbox. Keep a few things to yourself. You will be heartily glad some day if you have confidence be true to yourself, and you will be able to be loyal to friendship and love as well.

Not Exactly Strange. Lew Mayson—You sure got swindled on that auto. I told you not to buy anything from a stranger.

Ed Dodd—He wasn't a stranger. I seen that fellow somewhere about seven years ago—Judge.

Where Ignorance is Bliss. "Was that your intended that you were walking with?" "Yes, but he hasn't yet caught on." Life.

## Gowns of Artistic Taste and Effective Style



This skirt, with its lines of small box plaits, is a forerunner of the unrest that is going to give us something totally new in fall models. With this plaited skirt the pretty, French woman who is sponsor for it wears a modified sailor blouse. Collar and cuffs are of white broadcloth, piped in the sage green taffeta of which the dress is fashioned. A flat tie of the broadcloth slips through a band of the taffeta and breaks the line of the waist in front.

Nothing more charming for the week end could be designed than this Paris creation of midnight blue charmeuse. The long, fitted sleeves are set into stitched buttonholes and trimmed by false buttonholes and silk buttons in exactly the fashion used on either side of the deep V-shaped cut of the simple blouse.

The waist is filled in by a waistcoat of white charmeuse following the V in its cut. A draped girde falls at the right side in long tasseled ends.

Marine blue taffeta is used for this afternoon frock that is produced by a French dressmaker who makes a point of conforming to modest American taste. It has the welcome feature of fullness at the feet, so it does very well for the practical service needed from a week-end frock. The waist is a jumper, with plain, narrow revers of bayadere satin, striped in sulphur, dark blue, taupe and cream. The underskirt is a wide envelope crossing widely at the front and edged in a bias fold.—OLIVETTE.

## Little Mary's Essays.

By DOUGLASS DIX.

The ortermobile is a kind of wagon with a sewing machine contraption in front and a small behind. It also goes very fast when it goes, and it stops very still when it stops, and you have to pay a man five dollars to come and protect with its insides and tell you why.



In ancient times there were no ortermobiles, and if people used to drive horses for pleasure, and it took all day to go twenty miles, but this was a long time ago, as much as twenty-five years, I expect.

My mamma says that a ortermobile is the best way to get into society. My papa says that a ortermobile is the quickest way to get to the poor house. I do not know which is right. Perhaps they both are.

It used to be that only rich people kept ortermobiles, but my papa says that now anybody can get an ortermobile that can raise a second mortgage.

There are a great many different kinds of ortermobiles. There are red ortermobiles and blue ortermobiles and yellow ortermobiles, but whatever kind of a ortermobile you've got you always buy a different make the next time you buy one. You also brag about the kind of ortermobile you've got, while you've got it, but when you sell it you knock it, and say it was nothing but a junk wagon.

The ortermobile is very useful in getting people from place to place quickly. It also furnishes you something to talk about, so if you've got an ortermobile you are never silent in company, for you sit up and tell how many miles you have driven, and what speed you made, and how the police liked to have caught you for going a million miles an hour. And folks have got to listen to you because they want to tell how many miles they went in their ortermobile.

My father says the ortermobile is also most useful as a fool killer, and that every year it rids the world of a lot of pin-headed idiots that would be in general people's way if there were no ortermobile wrecks of joy riders.

Ortermobiles make men very fierce, like raging lions, and say cuss words, but they makes ladies very patient like angels.

When we go out in our ortermobile, and all of a sudden it says p-e-e-p-e-e, and stops, and my papa gets out of the machine, and goes peeping around at its innards with an expression of damn all over him, none of us daat ask him what's the matter.

And when the wheel picks up a tack and my papa has to put in a new tube, we sit just as still as mice because it is not safe to speak to a man when he is pumping a tire. The reason there is always a crowd around the man who is putting a shoe on an ortermobile wheel is because he always looks mad enough eat folks alive, and they want to be there to see him do it.

When my papa is at home he's good and kind, and minds what my mamma says to him, but when we are in the ortermobile he snaps her head off if she speaks to him. I do not know why this is so, but it is so.

Ortermobiles make you very popular. You never know how many people love you and want to be with you until you have an ortermobile.

That's all at present about ortermobiles.

## Lesson in Scientific Complexion Renewing

Everyone has a beautiful skin underneath the one that is on the face. Bear that in mind and it will be easier to understand the correct principle in acquiring a lovely complexion. Nature is constantly renewing the top skin in flaky particles like dandruff, only much smaller in size. In abnormal conditions, these particles are shed as rapidly as in robust youth. The longer they remain the more soiled or faded they become—that's the immediate cause of a "bad complexion."

It has been discovered that ordinary mercurozized wax, to be had at any drug store, will absorb these worn-out particles. The absorption, while hastening Nature's work, goes on gradually enough to cause no inconvenience. In a week or two the transformation is complete. The fresh, healthy-lured, youthful under-skin is then wholly in evidence. You who are not satisfied with your complexion should get an ounce of mercurozized wax and try this treatment. Wash the wax nightly, like cold cream, leaving it off mornings.—Advertisement.

## Old American Villages

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Life in an old American village? If you are of New England or Middle State ancestry and have passed the noon mark, seeing your sun begin to bow to the long afternoon descent, then, probably, you know what that life and its scenes are and characters were.

It is something which we shall not behold again, but the memory of which should be enshrined in every American heart because it was typical of the spirit that made this great country.

Those who saw and shared that life possess a vividness of acquaintance with its peculiarities that cannot be conveyed to a younger generation which never saw it. Novels fail to reproduce the impression because they have to many sophisticated and fictitious elements in their composition.

The nearest approach that I have seen to a true rendering of the atmosphere and the characteristic incidents of life in an old American village, of the Middle State type, is an unpretending work of my old schoolmate, the undervalued Mr. McMartin, of the Johnstown (N. Y.) bar. I myself knew something of the things, the thoughts, the humors and the people that he describes, or rather, that he allows to picture themselves in his narrative, and I feel the force of truth in the depiction.

There is nothing "literary" about the story, yet it is a very useful kind of literature for those who know how to read and appraise it.

But this is not a book review that I am writing. It is merely a glimpse into the receding past that has flashed upon my mind's eye in perusing Mr. McMartin's pages. There must still be thousands of readers who remember Central New York as it was when the charm of the simple old days yet rested upon it. That charm did not begin to dissolve away until after the civil war had brought a flood of change upon the whole country.

No more typical and so more romantic old American village than Johnstown, N. Y., could have been imagined. It was founded by Sir William Johnson, that big-souled Irish baronet, who did so much to shape the destinies of New York before the Revolution; charmed the hearts of the fierce Mohawk chiefs like a master confessor, familiarly held pow-wows with them, entertained them in his baronial

residence, allowed them when they were in a fire war humor to hark the rose-wood banisters of his broad stairway with their tomahawks (the marks remain there today), then married an Indian maiden, in a repentant mood, and finally, tradition avers, died of a broken heart because he foresaw the swift coming war for the independence of the colonies.

In touch with the Adirondack wilderness, Johnstown, when I knew it, in the late sixties, still had a kind of leather-stocking air about it that was infinitely fascinating to a boy's mind. It was famous for its judges, its lawyers, its public characters, its court trials, its academy, its officers and fishermen and its buckskin gloves. Its great popular recreation was a trip, with rifle and canoe, into the nearby "North Woods." Its favorite heroes were stump speakers, jury spell binders and riflemen, who could make a hand-molded bullet stop a bear at forty rods.

In all old American villages that had the honor of being "county seats" the center of interest was the court house and the trials that periodically occurred there.

Mr. McMartin gives a picture of the interior of the old Johnstown court house that is like a moving photograph:

"Go in with me for a moment. We are boys together. A burglar is being tried. The floor is covered with sawdust four inches deep, and peach pits, peanut shells and old tobacco quids are found in it. We find other boys there about our age peddling molasses candy and apples and

ears and nuts. And the constables have long black poles that every little while they pound on the floor to make everybody but the judges and lawyers behave themselves. And there are three judges, one of them, the principal judge, a specially educated judge, and two specially uneducated judges, sometimes called 'household' or 'block' judges, being old country justices of the peace. These household judges, as we understand it, are to help the main, principal judge out when he gets stuck on a big question of law. We see a box for the witness. He is in iron, to distinguish him from the lawyers. Another box is for the witness. The court room is crowded. One of the lawyers in the case comes late and finds it difficult to get inside the bar. It is James M. Dodge, a leading lawyer of the Cay and a large, portly man. 'Oh,' the crowd hit him up, and he is thrown over the bar.

"We boys have often heard about 'throwing a lawyer over the bar,' but we didn't know what it meant. We know now, because we see it done."

One of the greatest judges that New York has ever had, Daniel Cady, the father of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the original American champion of women's rights, presided in that same court which has just been pictured and amid just the same surroundings and incidents.

Is it not worth while to preserve the memory of these things? The old American village has passed away, together with the old red-painted American country school house, but both will live, in their progeny, as long as the republic endures.

ANXIOUS. Give her the benefit of the doubt. She may be sick or away. Write again and again until you do hear.

It is then a perfect half moon in the telescope. After this date it will take on the crescent form.

Return is the morning star, rising on the 15th at 1:28 a. m. Mars is invisible in the evening twilight.

The moon is full on the 4th at 8:01 a. m., in last quarter on the 12th at 11:45 a. m., new on the 19th at 3:31 p. m., and in the first quarter on the 27th at 6:08 p. m. On the 2d and 29th it is in conjunction with Jupiter, on the 12th with Saturn, and on the 23d with Venus.

## The Heavens in September

By WILLIAM F. RIGGEE.

An Omaha narrowly missed getting even a glimpse of the solar eclipse of the 21st of August, it will be just as unfortunate in regard to the lunar eclipse on the morning of the 4th of the present month, when 96 per cent of the moon's diameter will enter the earth's shadow. The moon enters penumbra that morning at 5:01 and sets at 8:46, before the sun rises on the 1st, 8th, 15th at 5:31, 6:16, 6:26, and sets at 6:47, 6:24, 6:30, thus making the day's length 12 hours 49 minutes, 12 hours 29 minutes, 11 hours 49 minutes, a decrease of 1 hour 17 minutes during the month. The sun is on time on the 1st, according to a sun dial, 5 minutes fast on the 15th and 14 minutes fast on the 31st. On standard time it is 24, 19, 14 minutes slow on these dates. On the 22d at 3:33 p. m. the sun is at the autumnal equinox and enters Libra, the Scales, when it rises due east and sets due west. According to the sun dial, it rises and sets at 6 o'clock exactly. According to standard time, however, and because it is then about 7 minutes fast, it rises on that day at 6:15 and sets at 6:23. This makes that day 8 minutes longer than 12 hours on account of refraction, which accelerates sunrise and retards sunset.

Venus and Jupiter, the most brilliant of the planets, are both our evening stars during the month. Venus in the southwest and Jupiter in the southeast. Venus sets on the 15th at 8:06 p. m. On the 18th it is farthest from the sun—64 degrees

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 years of age and am in this country about eight months. I left a young lady behind me in the old country, and I am deeply in love with her. I have written to her once a fortnight since I came here, and received replies to every letter up to the month ago. Since then I have not heard from her.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have some butterflies which I have caught and killed by using camphor. Could you give me an address where I could sell them? A CONSTANT READER.

I cannot, but you might find out by writing to Prof. Bessey at the University of Nebraska.

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## An Easily Prepared Hot Weather Meal

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

You needn't stand over a hot stove this weather cooking long-drawn-out meat dishes. Try Faust Spaghetti frequently and take things easier.

The change will benefit you and your family's health. In the first place, Faust Spaghetti is far more nutritious than meat. It is rich in gluten. It has an additional advantage over meat in that it is not heating.

So easily prepared, also. Try a Spaghetti dinner once in a while. Cook a whole package of Faust Spaghetti with some red ripe tomatoes. Serve with powdered cheese and bread and butter. 'Tis for a king.' The folks will say when they're through. Send for new recipe book. Buy Faust Spaghetti from your grocer—and eat the package.

MAULL BROS. St. Louis Missouri