

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

No Gran'pas Any More

(He Wears Their Clothes and Steals Their Girls!)

By NELL BRINKLEY
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"No gran'pas any more!" crowed an up-to-date little Betty to me. "Not a gran'pa—except in New England, way-way deep in the far-away, old-fashioned places where there are still wood-lots and turkeys and little boys who perch on the worm-fence or twiddle the call of the moose—or down south on a white veranda with a mint-julep at his elbow—or—oh, I did see grandfathers, coming through Iowa in the rolling farm country—grandfathers with snowy whiskers and bowed backs calling 'pig-o-o-eee!' and watching the train flash by.

"But in the city—No! A gran-father is a legend—a story of something that was—a feeble story written in faded

ink that we cannot read any more! It doesn't matter if he's 70—oh, he still gets 70, you know—but the heels of him are so light—and if he creaks nobody knows it, I can tell you—the silver hair is worn off the pink top of his head—his eyes are dim a bit—but, oh! the light heart and the heels and the laugh of him!

"For I danced with him the other night—the city and town grandfathers—and that is how I know all this. All the bright young dancing pumps in town were twinkled into the background—I couldn't trip him up on a step—and I'd rather dance with him than all the blonde and black-bird boys in town all together! There are no gran'pas any more!"—NELL BRINKLEY.

Mysteries of Science and Nature

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

"What is the number of the stars? I have heard that it is only 3,000, but it seems to me there must be many more than that. In fact, I should think there might be millions."

The number visible to the naked eye is only a few thousands, but it varies at different times of the year and at different points on the earth, according to what part of the sky is looked at, and also according to the transparency of the atmosphere.



The eyes of different persons likewise vary greatly in their sensitiveness to starlight. Some cannot distinguish stars below the fifth magnitude, while others easily see those of the sixth magnitude, which are two and a half times fainter than the fifth magnitude ones.

Broadly speaking, there are between 5,000 and 4,000 stars in the whole sky bright enough to be seen by a fairly good eye on a clear, moonless night. But that does not mean that so many can be seen on any one night, because the number mentioned includes all that are visible on all sides of the earth, while, of course, no person can see more than half of the entire sphere of the heavens at one time.

And even then the vast majority of the stars that he can see are so small and faint that he would hardly notice a single one of them separated from its fellows. On an average night not more than fifty stars appear bright enough to attract any attention, and hardly more than half a dozen would be called brilliant by the ordinary observer.

Yet whoever looks up at the sky on a clear, dark night feels himself in the presence of a vast gazing multitude. The few hundred stars that he can clearly see, and the one or two thousand that lie in the background, both of the firmament and of his consciousness, multiply themselves into myriads. Their tiny javelins of light, darting into the sides of his eyes from every direction, confuse the sense of sight until the starry host seems as uncountable as snowflakes.

When huge telescopes are used, and particularly when photographic apparatus is employed with such telescopes, then the real riches of the heavens in stars become apparent and an explanation is found for that singular sense of the existence of hidden multitudes which impresses the naked eye star-gazer.

The sky is full of stars which are individually too faint, mainly on account of excessive distance, to affect the naked eye, but yet untidily are capable of producing an indefinite impression of luminosity, and this serves, like a rich background, which is rather felt, or suspected, than seen, to enhance the bril-

liance and the apparent number of the visible stars projected upon it.

A curious fact has been brought out by recent careful enumerations of the stars visible to telescopes and photographic instruments. It appears that the total probable number of human beings on the earth—a star for each man, woman and baby, of all the nations and races. In other words, the calculated number of the stars is between 1,500,000,000 and 2,000,000,000, which is quite close to the estimated population of the earth at the present time.

The astrologers are welcome to seize upon this fact and to try what they can make out of it. Perhaps they will claim that the coincidence in number is absolute, (which no astronomer would pretend to assert), and that it proves the truth of the old astrological dictum that every human being is governed by starry influences, or, as some aver, has his guiding star.

The heavens contain three stars each of which has the distinction of standing in a rank by itself, without any rivals. The first of these is Sirius, which the

Egyptians worshiped, calling it, sometimes, the Nile star. It is, for us, a winter star, being located in the constellation Canis Major, the Great Dog. Its popular name is the Dog star.

The second of the three super-stars is Canopus, which shines in the southern hemisphere and can only be seen from the southernmost parts of the United States. It is a little more than half as bright as Sirius, and lies south of it nearly 40 degrees. It is very remote, and may be, in reality, the greatest of all suns, exceeding ours, according to some calculations, not less than 10,000 times.

The third great star is Alpha Centauri, also in the southern hemisphere, and the nearest bright star to our solar system. It is a double star about twice as bright as our sun. To the eye it is about one-third as bright as Canopus, or between one-fifth and one-sixth as bright as Sirius. While it has no rivals, strictly speaking, yet there are three or four stars which almost equal it in brightness. These are Vega, Capella, Arcturus, and, perhaps, Rigel, all of which are visible from the northern hemisphere.

The brightness of stars is estimated by "magnitudes." Each magnitude is about

two and a half times brighter or fainter than the one next below or above it. A recent estimate enumerates the stars as follows:

Above the first magnitude, 11. Between first and second, 27. Between second and third, 73. Between third and fourth, 180. Between fourth and fifth, 450. Between fifth and sixth, 2,300. (The sixth magnitude is lowest visible to the naked eye). Between sixth and seventh, 4,900. Between seventh and eighth, 22,250. Between eighth and ninth, 66,000. Between ninth and tenth, 174,000. Between tenth and eleventh, 455,000. Between eleventh and twelfth, 861,000. Between twelfth and thirteenth, 2,000,000. Between thirteenth and fourteenth, 3,500,000. Between fourteenth and fifteenth, 7,850,000. Between fifteenth and sixteenth, 14,040,000. Between sixteenth and seventeenth, 25,490,000. Between seventeenth and eighteenth, 35,400,000. Between eighteenth and nineteenth, 54,600,000. Between nineteenth and twentieth, 7,000,000. Below twentieth, number not calculated, but very large.

The total amount of starlight received upon the earth is about one-hundredth of the light of the full moon.

The Price of Popularity

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Is there a short-cut to popularity. No. But there is a safe highroad that will lead you there.

Charm and magnetism are things that no amount of taking thought will enable you to cultivate. Beauty is a gift that comes from the gods—when it exists it can be guarded and improved as any flower may be cultivated. When it is absent, cleanliness and health and good taste may enable one to produce a fairly satisfactory "something just as good."

But popularity is possible without the aid of the lieutenants of magnetism of charm, of brilliancy or of beauty.

No one is born to be liked or disliked. There is no decree of fate that one has to accept and bear as well as possible whether it works the right or wrong way.

Any girl can work out her salvation and make the other girls she knows ashamed to think what they did with their advantages when they behold her over-cunning, a handicap of plain looks, poor taste in dressing, and no flashing brilliancy of mind.

Dispose first of the trifles that count just as headlines in a story count. Have your headlines attractive to the eye. Study dress. Don't wear the fad of the moment; don't wear just what you want; but be sure that you are modifying style so that your clothes look as if they liked you—as if they honestly wanted to drape your body. Fresh air and simple food and sane hours will aid in keeping your complexion clear. Hair that is often shampooed will fall in soft becoming fluffiness about your face. Attend to those "headlines" first—so that you will

attract the eye like a promising looking index to a book or colorful magazine cover.

Think what other people want of you and of life. This will give you sympathy and there is no single quality in all the world that will set you further along the high-road to popularity. People will make a confidant of you and men, women and children unconsciously come to love the person to whom they dare reveal their hearts and feelings.

If you can learn to laugh you will have advanced another step on the road to popularity. Look on the bright side of things so that you can bring a bit of cheer to the worst pessimist you know.

Don't force your good spirits on people. Like the man on shipboard, who asked the woman who had been seasick all the way to Gibraltar, if she had ever known a smoother crossing. Sympathy will tell you when to laugh—and a clear, ringing laugh of good will is going to make up for a vast lack of Cleopatra-like charm.

Everything lies in the power of a girl who has the gift to make the most of herself. It takes a lot of "infinite capacity for taking pains" to win popularity.

Deserve every little thing. Don't presume on your looks or your family, or your money, or your position, or your cleverness to bring you social success.

The girls who have taken their popularity for granted without earning it will feel as flat as a dandelion that the lawn-mower has gone over when they find how much you have won by deserving to win.

When you have earned your popularity you will discover that you have won the thing that human nature craves most in

all the world. The great secret of popularity is to win it. And the great jewel of popularity is this:

To be popular is to be loved. And love is the one thing that all human nature craves supremely. So whatever of effort is the price of popularity, is it not well worth playing?

Household Hints

Perspiration—excessive—is a trial to many. Extreme cleanliness and dousing with powdered boracic acid mixed with fine starch is the best preventive.

When cooking vegetables never allow the water to stop boiling all the time they are in the saucepan. To do so will make them sodden.

After washing lamp chimneys, try polishing them with dry salt. This gives the glass a brilliant shine and prevents it from cracking.

A good treatment for unduly moist hands is to bathe them frequently in warm water to which a little alum or vinegar has been added.

When you desire to keep meat and have no ice on which to keep it, wrap it in a cloth wet with vinegar. Wash the vinegar off before cooking the meat.

Hot water used both internally and externally is highly recommended by medical men as a cure for insomnia. Bathing the feet in hot water is said to be particularly efficacious.

Sex Equality

By DOROTHY DIX.

We all agree that a man is a dastard who deliberately wins a woman's heart without meaning to marry her, and that no man has a right to pay a woman marked attentions unless he does intend to marry her.

It is a cruel thing for a man to jeopardize the whole happiness and prosperity of a woman's life just because it tickles his vanity to make her fall in love with him, or because she proves a pleasant companion while he is marking time waiting to find the one woman he intends to marry, or because her home is an agreeable place to spend his evenings and he likes her company.

Certainly nothing could be more inhumanly selfish than such conduct, for the man who does it not only blights the woman's chances of marriage by keeping other men away, but he often fills her heart so full of love for him



that is never has room in it for affection for any other man.

But what of the woman who does practically the same thing, who uses all her arts and wiles to win the heart of a man without intending to marry him, and who accepts his attentions and his gifts without ever expecting to make any return for them? Is she not as culpable and blameworthy as the man?

Undoubtedly the woman who plays with a man's heart as a kitten plays with a ball of yarn and who leads him on with false hopes does a most reprehensible deed, but in their sentimental dealings the two sexes cannot be judged by the same code of honor, because conventional have made men free agents in the matter, while women are merely passive.

A man, for instance, pays attentions to a woman of his own volition, but these same attentions are thrust upon a woman. No matter how much she would like to have a man come to see her and talk to her she cannot make him do it unless he wants to. That's up to him.

Also, by the same token, a woman has no right to presuppose a man is in love with her and wishes to marry her until he pops the question. She can't rise up and say offhand to a man, "Sir, I think that you are falling in love with me, and as I don't intend to marry you, you had

better quit coming to see me and spending your money upon me." The man might retort, "You flatter yourself. You are not at all my style of woman, and I never had the slightest idea of proposing to you."

"That would leave the woman in a ridiculous position, and so, no matter how honest she may desire to be, she is not at liberty to declare her sentiments to a man until he has first expressed his own.

This also is true. The idiotic convention that rules such matters does not permit a woman to go frankly and candidly forth and select her mate. She can't pick out the man she would like to have for a husband and tell him so.

All that she can do is to sit up with her fingers crossed for luck, and hope and pray that some man that she can admire and love will come along and discover her and ask her to marry him.

Now men are like a flock of sheep. Where one goes the others follow. No man has the perspicacity and courage to go to see a girl that no other man will go to see. He follows the crowd, and this is why the girl who has only one beau has that beau taken away from her and given to the maiden who has ninety and nine.

All women know this simple fact of masculine psychology, and so that is why girls "lead" men on, and why they smirk and smile over gentle old grandpas and callow kids, and laugh at the dull stories of tedious boudoirs, flatter self-complacent egotists and suffer themselves to be bored almost to extinction by weary Willies whose presence makes them want to scream.

It is only by drawing the multitude of Tom, Dick and Harry about them that women stand a sporting chance of somewhere among the number finding the real man that they are looking for, and whom the gods may be kind enough to give them for husbands. This is necessarily often hard on some honest fellow who is really misled by the come-on smile of a woman who is not mean nor heartless, but who has been forced by convention to play the game according to the rules Mrs. Grundy has laid down.

One of the chief reasons why women should be given the right to propose, and be as free to pick out their life partners as men are, is because it would enable them to play the same of hearts fairly and squarely and honorably, and not force them to have to resort to tricks that are dark and ways that are vain, as they do now.

There can never be honor between the sexes until there is equality and they stand on the same platform.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Love.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Will you please tell me if there is any such thing as love, and if so, please explain it.

E. M. AIRES

Love is a passion that can hardly be defined in exact terms. It has many phases and variations. The love of parents for children, of children for parents, of husband for wife, and so on through the various gradations, all differ in degree. It is a tender sentiment that manifests itself in ways beyond understanding. When you really experience the feeling, you will know what it is without being told.

Getting Acquainted.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl that is very anxious to get acquainted with a nice boy that speaks to me every time I meet him, and I have heard he has been trying to find out my name. Now I wish you would be so kind as to tell me how, in some nice way, to make his acquaintance. Would it be foolish if I would write him a nice letter and tell him I know it is his place? But he is "bashful" but good. Will you tell me a few ways that I may try?

It would be very wrong for you to write to him. Get some mutual friend to introduce you. He is not very bashful or he would not speak to you without an introduction.

Either Way is Proper.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young girl, and so far have been out very little with young men. When coming home from an entertainment the other evening my escort took my arm. Later a girl friend told me that the proper way was for me to take his. Now I have always hated to see a girl holding onto a man's arm, and there is really much more protection in his taking her arm. Will you

please tell me which is the proper way?

Either way is proper, and it is also quite correct and very common to walk together without either taking the other's arm. The main purpose in taking the arm is to afford assistance, in the way of support or guidance. Perhaps the more popular way at present is to walk without taking hold of arms, except at such places in the way where a little assistance ensures the safety of the lady.

Test Him.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a woman nearly 20 years old and have been keeping company with a man four years my senior for about three years. This man tells me he loves me. In fact feels hurt if I don't believe him and trust him; also I love him. He is very generous with his gifts and always looks after my welfare and pleasure, but has never asked me to marry him, although he is in a position to do so. Shall I drop him or continue in this way?

A very effective way of bringing a dilatory lover to terms is to accept the attentions of another man. If this doesn't bring him to a realizing sense of his position nothing will. It is unfair to you to go on as you have been. Test him without delay.

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