

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 down in the far-away, old-fashioned places where there are still wood-lots and turkeys and little boys who perch on the worm-fence o' twilights and mimic 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-e-e-e-e!' 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 grandfather—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. SERVIS.

"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 2,000 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 uncontrollable as snowflakes.

When huge telescopes are used, and particularly when photographic apparatus is employed with such telescopes, 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 undeniably capable of producing an indefinite impression of luminosity, and this serves, like a rich background, which is rather felt, or suggested, than seen, to enhance the bri-

lliance 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 the stars is equal to the total population 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 worshipped, 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 stars, 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, II. Between first and second, 27. Between second and third, 73. Between third and fourth, 189. Between fourth and fifth, 659. Between fifth and sixth, 2,290. (The sixth magnitude is lowest visible to the naked eye.) Between sixth and seventh, 6,000. Between seventh and eighth, 22,250. Between eighth and ninth, 66,000. Between ninth and tenth, 174,000. Between tenth and eleventh, 456,000. Between eleventh and twelfth, 981,000. Between twelfth and thirteenth, 2,025,000. Between thirteenth and fourteenth, 5,260,000. Between fourteenth and fifteenth, 13,820,000. Between fifteen and sixteen, 44,940,000. Between sixteenth and seventeenth, 25,400,000. Between seventeenth and eighteenth, 25,400,000. Between eighteen and nineteenth, 55,600,000. 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.

Certainly nothing could be more interesting than the number of stars in the human 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 effort is the price of popularity, is it not well worth playing?

Household Hints

Perspiration—excessive—is a trial to many. Extreme cleanliness and dusting 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 vinegared cloth 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.

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 in and he likes her company.

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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 talking to me for about three years. This man tells me he loves me, but 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 care, and I would like to be able to marry him, although he is in a position to do so. Shall I drop him or continue in this way?

W. A. C.

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.

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Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young girl, and so far have been out very little with young men. When coming home from school, a boy I have known since 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 the idea of 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?

INEXPERIENCED.

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 most 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, but 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 care, and I would like to be able to marry him, although he is in a position to do so. Shall I drop him or continue in this way?

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It is only by drawing the multitude of Tom, Dicks and Harrys about them that women stand a sporting chance of somewhere among the number finding the real men 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 game 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.

The Price of Popularity

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

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 seaborn 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.

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 overcoming 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 dress you. 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

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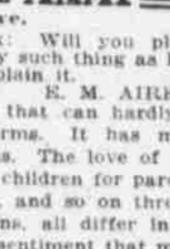
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ADVICE TO LOVELORN

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX



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.

That 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 bear has that bear 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 senior old grandpas and callow kidlets, and laugh at the dull stories of tedious boudoirs, flatter self-complacent egotists and suffer themselves to be bored almost to extinction by weary Willyas whose presence makes them want to scream.

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