

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## False Standards

By MRS. FRANK LEARNED.

A clever and distinguished woman, who returned to this country, her native land, after years of residence abroad, after years of association with the best that is to be had in social life among cultivated and intellectual people, was in dismay at the revelations of the false standards which govern many persons in the land of her birth.

The exploitation of material things depressed her. For instance, she was puzzled and thoughtful when her friends, with an air of pride, pointed out the houses of multi-millionaires, or spoke frequently of the fabulous possessions of this person or that. Pride of wealth seemed a dominating topic of talk and that pride of wealth not only was shocking in its bad taste, but injurious in destroying the fine sense of discrimination and proportion.

With perfect good nature, but with straightforward criticism, she exclaimed: "American women are inclined to measure men by their power of harvesting wealth. They seem to be under the childish confusion of thought which considers wealth as a personal quality. Are there no persons of importance or worth mentioning except financial magnates? Has America no artists, authors, poets, thinkers?"

Her friends demurred, hesitated, then confessed that people of that sort do exist, but have not a prominent place in the public mind.

"The mania for money, progress, speed and prosperity is confusing the people," concluded the visitor. "The mistake is made of regarding money as the end rather than the means to an end. The people are sacrificing high ideals of perfection and should strive for more simplicity. They would be happier for it."

The impressions of another American woman are interesting. Her life, since her marriage, has been spent chiefly in Italy and of late years in England. She bears a famous name. In her visits here, from time to time, her astonishment and distress have been expressed at the materialism of life in her native city; the commercialism which has thrust itself everywhere and pushed hopes aside, so that people must take up their Laces and Penates and establish themselves elsewhere.

The tumult, confusion, rush, hurry and drive in which people live disturbed her. There was no leisure. She observed that the expression of the faces of those she met indicated a lack of repose of mind and soul. Whether they were passers-by in the street, or those whom she met in society, most faces showed that lives are filled too full with a multiplication of activities and are, in consequence, far from being serene.

And she said, regretfully: "I find that so little time is given to reading and less time to thinking. People live in a whirl and believe themselves to be well employed. Some pleasure, excitement, fad or charitable enterprise keeps them busy, or all of these things combined in a way must go on unceasingly."

"Life is made complicated by the doing of things, not because there is an over-accumulation of much pleasure or interest in them, not because they are even liked, but because other people are doing them. There does not seem to be a belief that books, art and music are sources of quiet enjoyment. Even when people realize this truth, there is no time to do more than skim over the surface of things."

"Unless there are chosen resources in everyone's life and unless leisure is made for turning to them, much that is beautiful and noble is lost, as well as much that is joyful and consoling."

## St

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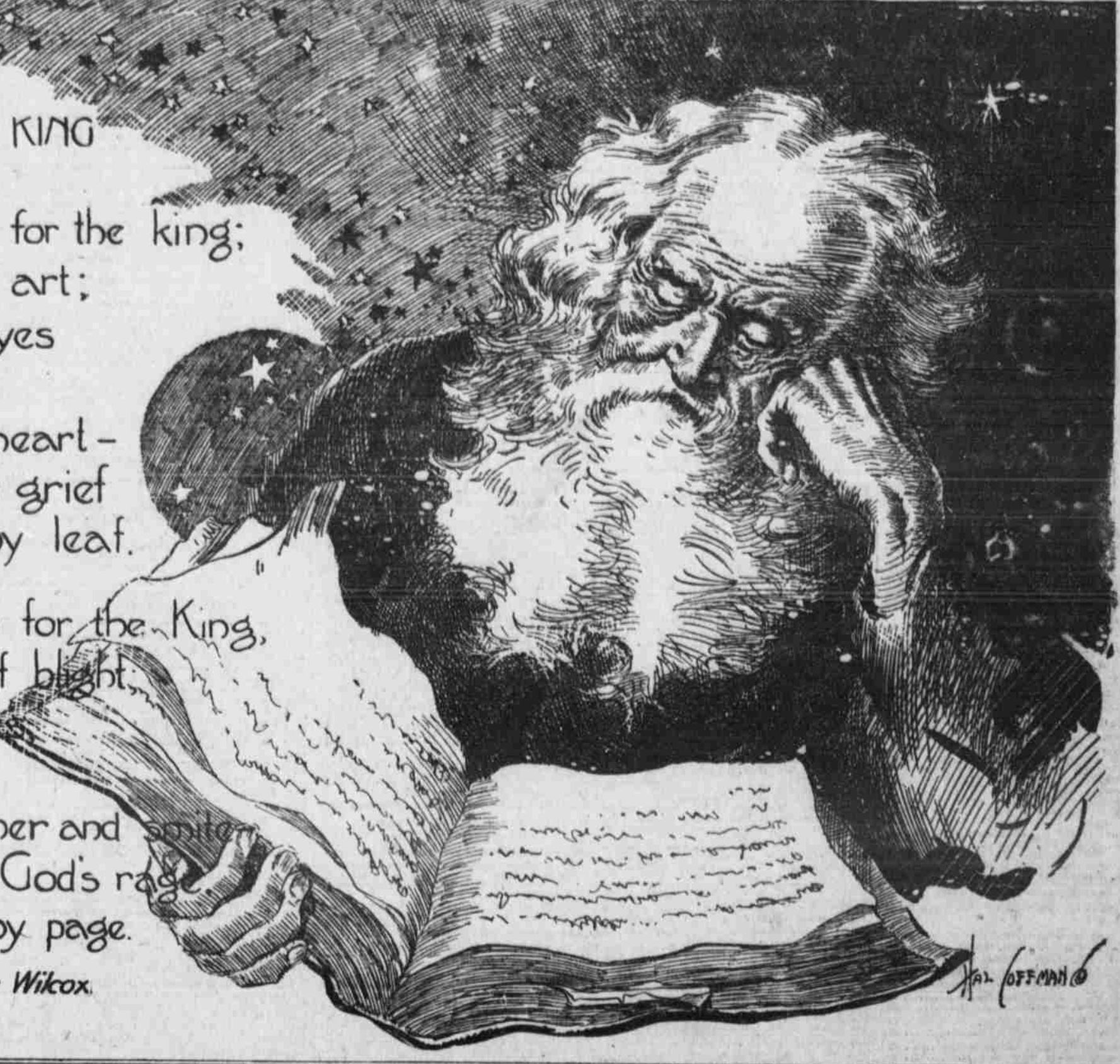
## The King Reads

A BOOK FOR THE KING

A book has been made for the king;  
A book of beauty and art;  
To the good king's eyes  
A smile shall rise  
Miding the ache in his heart—  
Miding the hurt and the grief  
As he turns it, leaf by leaf.

A book has been made for the King,  
A book of blood and of blight,  
To the Great King's eyes  
A look shall rise  
That will blast and wither and  
Yes, smite with a just God's rage  
As he turns it, page by page.

Elb Wheeler Wilcox.



## Does It Pay Women to Be Modest?

By DOROTHY DIX.

I got a great many letters from girls asking the question, "Does it pay to be modest?" Almost universally they answer their own query in the negative. They say that unless a girl will permit familiarity from the young men with whom she associates she is left beautiful, or, as one woman pitifully puts it, "Unless a girl will let her escort kiss her good-night it is good-night for her, for she'll never see him again."



Other letters assert that a girl has to be a good sport, and not too particular, if she expects to receive any attention from men nowadays; and still other letters ask pathetically if there are no more men who care for modest, shy, retiring girls.

Queer comment is afforded on these letters by another letter which I received the other day from a man who says that the reason that he and many other young men, do not marry is because they can find no more modest girls. This man declares that he is on the search for a shrinking violet sort of a wife, as Diogenes was on the search for an honest man, but that so far he had never found a girl with whom he could not take liberties of speech and action, and so he remains a bachelor.

Here are the masculine and the feminine points of view on the same subject, and it is an illuminating one for girls. It shows one of the least admirable of man's dealings with women, and that is the fact that a man will deliberately lead a woman into doing the very thing that he condemns her for doing.

Also it shows a thing that experience has taught every older woman, but that no ignorant young girl knows, and that is that practically every man she meets puts her character through a sort of third degree to see how much she will stand.

A man, for instance, will urge a girl to drink, to take a little cocktail, or a glass or two of champagne, or to have one more highball, and then he will speak of her with blighting contempt and say, "None of that drink stuff for the girl I marry." A man will tell a girl off-color stories, and lead her for laughing at them. He will use every art, and wit, and persuasion to induce her to kiss him, and suspect her because she does.

Girls don't understand this. They see that the loud, free-and-easy sort of young women who put no restraint upon men, always seem to be having a grand good time. They see hordes of men swarming around Blawebella, and hear of her going to this place and that place, and they think that her recipe for attracting men must be the right one.

They cheapen themselves because they are under the misapprehension that men only want bargain prices feminine society, while all the time what the man is looking for, and hoping to find, is a girl who is a pearl above price, one so rare, so fine that she is worth all he has to give, and more. The girl does not realize that the very man who is tempting her is just trying out her strength of character, just testing her loyalty to her ideals, and that in his heart he may really be praying that she will resist him, and renew his faith in the essential purity and goodness of womanhood.

## Science for Workers

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Q.—"I read that the principle of the Diesel international combustion engine is: The upstroke of the piston condenses air in the upper portion of the cylinder until it (the air) has taken approximately 1,000 degrees of heat Fahrenheit. At this moment there is infringed upon this superheated air, sprayed oil, denatured alcohol to bring about the power producing explosion. I also read that liquid air (which has an extremely low temperature) is also produced by compression. If those statements are correct, I am unable to reconcile them, and ask that you help out through The Bee."—J. S. I., San Francisco.

A.—A matter of rates and consecutive state of heat in the air in the Diesel engine cylinder. Air, when compressed, becomes heated. If compressed in an exceedingly short time, the heat endures for a very short time; but therefore must be greatly concentrated—that is, the air becomes momentarily very hot. Keep the pressure on the piston and the heat will radiate away.

When the air in the cylinder assumes the temperature of that in the room suddenly release the piston; the air will expand, force it out, but instantly becomes much cooler. Work utilized the heat in the cylinder air, which at once descended to lower temperature than that of the room. In case air at great pressure in a strong tube, compress air around this tube, suddenly release it; the expansion carries away heat and cools the included air. Keep it up and you may cool air until it becomes a frigid fluid in closed cylinder.

Q.—"If an automobile or motorcycle maintains a speed of, say, sixty miles an hour to hold it momentum on a 300-foot saucer-shaped track with a 15 degree slope, would the same machines hold their momentum on a mile saucer-shaped track with the same slope, 75 degrees, and at same speed?"—C. R. Austin, Union Oil Company, Fullerton, Cal.

ing to help her, he is ready to defend her against other men if necessary arises. Girls make no greater mistake than when they think that men do not care for modesty in a woman. It is the one quality they value above all others, and if they want proof of this let them look about them and see how seldom do they marry the Blawebella girl with whom they drink, and gamble, and swap double entendre jokes. Not until men prefer the sunflower to the violet, the full blown rose to the bud, the bruised peach of the dusty street stall to the peach with the down still upon it, will they prefer the good sport girl to the modest girl when they come to pick out their wives.

## Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Go to Your Parents. Dear Miss Fairfax: About two years ago I met a young lady who later became intimate with my sisters. Her father, a man of high standing, came in and showed a great deal of affection for me. She called me endearing names, petted me, and I was deeply in love with her, and I suppose showed it plainly.

My father noticed this and objected. He went to the girl's parents and quarreled with them. It ended with her parents having her removed from my home, which seems to be the main reason for their objection to me. Since then our paths have never crossed, and she has made her life so miserable that several times she threatened to take her life.

We have met pretty often, each time saying it was the last, but we were sure to meet again. We find that we could not give each other up. That is how matters stand now.

Your situation is unfortunate, as family quarrels that start over nothing are hard to straighten out. I advise each of you to go to your parents and state your feelings and see if their excitability toward one another cannot be dismissed for the sake of your love. Perhaps the girl was a bit bold to come to see you and to treat you as she did, but since your sister is her friend and you were ill, there are mitigating circumstances. If your parents realize that you are in love and intend to marry I am sure your father will be willing to tell her parents that he is sorry for what he said, unless it was based upon some known facts.

## Don't Buy Ugly Dolls for Your Babies

By Arthur Rockham, A. R. W. S.

Do not buy ugly toys and repulsive dolls for your little boys and girls. Children should be brought up among entirely beautiful surroundings. There is one doll in particular to which I have a strong aversion. I mean the repulsive, red-nosed polioeman. We have had more than enough of the red-nosed cull in the music halls and elsewhere, and to introduce such hideousness into the nursery is to familiarize childhood with an ugly idea from which it should be kept free.

Drunkenness under the most charitable interpretation is a form of disease and a knowledge of disease is the last thing which we should wish to instill into young people. I know very little about children. My own little girl is only 10 months old. At present the toys she has are those which she can put in her mouth without fear of paint or wool coming off them.

But I shall never surround her with toys or dolls I consider ugly, for I know only too well from my own experience the importance of early impressions. When I was a child the furniture in most houses was in the highest degree artistic, and such surroundings had their bad influence on me.

I remember when I was about 15 years old being asked by my father to design a mirror. I aimed at simplicity, but under the influence of my childhood's impressions produced only something ugly. Golligoss and Punches I look upon as grotesque and not perhaps harmful, because the child is conscious that they are intentionally comic, but I should prefer to give my little girl a nice warm woolly bear as being a representation of a natural creature.

Ugly toys unfortunately lose their repulsiveness for children if they become accustomed to such things from an early age so that soon they forget the ugliness. And it is a bad thing when a child takes ugliness for granted.

Then there is this aspect of the question. Little girls—and little boys as well—use their dolls to cultivate the dramatic instinct that all children possess. They live in a world of make-believe. And with dolls they try to make real the stories that are read or told to them.

The Prince Charming and Cinderella of the story are to be embodied in the dolls, and for many years of their life they retain in their minds a picture of the hero or heroine of a fairy tale. It is because of the lasting qualities of the childhood impressions, then, that those should be made beautiful and repulsive. Of course animals are not necessarily ugly, and the effect on the mind of a child depends largely on the story that weaves round the doll. For instance, in a fairy story, the good fairy always gets the better of the wicked fairy. As the child knows this there is no harm in showing him a picture or representation of a bad fairy dark and ugly, but not deformed.

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