

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Old Troubles for New

By DOROTHY DIX.

"I've got a get-rich-quick scheme," said the Stenographer, "that's going to put Mr. Schwab into the piker class, and make Bethlehem Steel look like a busted boom."

"Let me in on the ground floor," replied the Bookkeeper, "but what's your little graft?"
"I'm going to start a Trouble Exchange," declared the Stenographer, "a place where you can take the particular grouch that afflicts you and that gets on your nerves and swap it against the world, and trade it off for some nice little worry that you wouldn't mind hearing a parrot."



"It's a great idea," said the Bookkeeper. "I wish I had some people's troubles instead of my own."
"That's just it," asserted the Stenographer. "What ails us is that each one of us has got the particular kind of trouble that gets him or her on the raw. That's why it hurts so."

"Now, yesterday I met a rich old woman who was a bundle of bones and nerves and dyspepsia wrapped up in silk and lace and diamonds. And she told me how foolish I was to worry over being poor and shabby, and how happy she would be in a 25-cent shirtwaist if only she could tuck away a good feed under it."
"And all the time she was talking I was doting out what a time I would be having if I had money to burn, as she had, and nothing to worry me but a few nerves and a little unpleasantness in my rathskeller."

"We're all here when it comes to bearing other people's misfortunes," observed the Bookkeeper.
"That's just it," said the Stenographer. "We never look at anyone else without thinking what a noble example of patience and Christian fortitude under affliction we could give if we had nothing to bear but the measly little troubles that they are making such a howl over."

"Of course, we're putting up the same sort of a screen about our own particular assortment of aggravations, but that's because our troubles are the very sort of troubles that trouble us most."

"Now, why shouldn't people be able to trade off the sorrow they can't bear for the one that they wouldn't mind bearing? Suppose you could swap off your katesen-jammer headache, for example, for a nice attack of the grip, that it would be an actual pleasure to nurse."

"It would be all to the good," sighed the Bookkeeper.
"Sure," replied the Stenographer, "and just take our most common trouble, matrimony, for instance. Half of the women in the world are perfectly miserable because they are married, and the other half are utterly wretched because they are not."

"Wouldn't it be perfectly lovely if the woman who is shedding great gobs of tears over her husband who is playing poker half the night with the boys could exchange her sorrow over her husband for the heart hunger of the old maid who is worrying because she hasn't got anybody to worry over?"

"Then there is the blighted genius female, with a good husband, and home, and children, who is afflicted with acute melancholia because she has missed the career."

"Isn't it a pity she can't trade off her yearning for fame for the longing for a home of the lonely woman who might wear a laurel wreath, instead of a bonnet if she wanted, but who would swap off a trunk full of press notices for a husband who really loved her, and who would rather hear a little child calling her mother than to get the glad hand from a clique led by the head teacher?"

"I read in the paper the other day," said the Bookkeeper, "about a young man who had barrels of money, good health, and good prospects, but who killed himself because some jammy little girl killed him."

"Yes, replied the Stenographer, "and yet when I called the attention of a man who was walking the floor because he had backed the wrong side of the stock market to that story he said that the young man was a fool, and that there were plenty of girls, and the only thing that justified a man in hating over the outside route was the loss of money."
"All might have been well if only one man could have exchanged his broken heart for the other one's busted bank account."

"I don't believe people would exchange their troubles if they could," said the Bookkeeper, reflectively.

"Maybe not," agreed the Stenographer, "but if they wouldn't, they ought to quit complaining about them."

Resinol Surely Heals Sick Skins

When you know physicians have prescribed Resinol for over 20 years in the treatment of eczema and other itching, burning, unsightly skin eruptions, and have written thousands of reports saying: "It is my regular prescription for itching." Resinol has produced brilliant results. "The result it gave was marvelous in one of the worst cases of eczema," etc., etc., doesn't it make you feel "This is the treatment I can rely on for MY skin-trouble?"

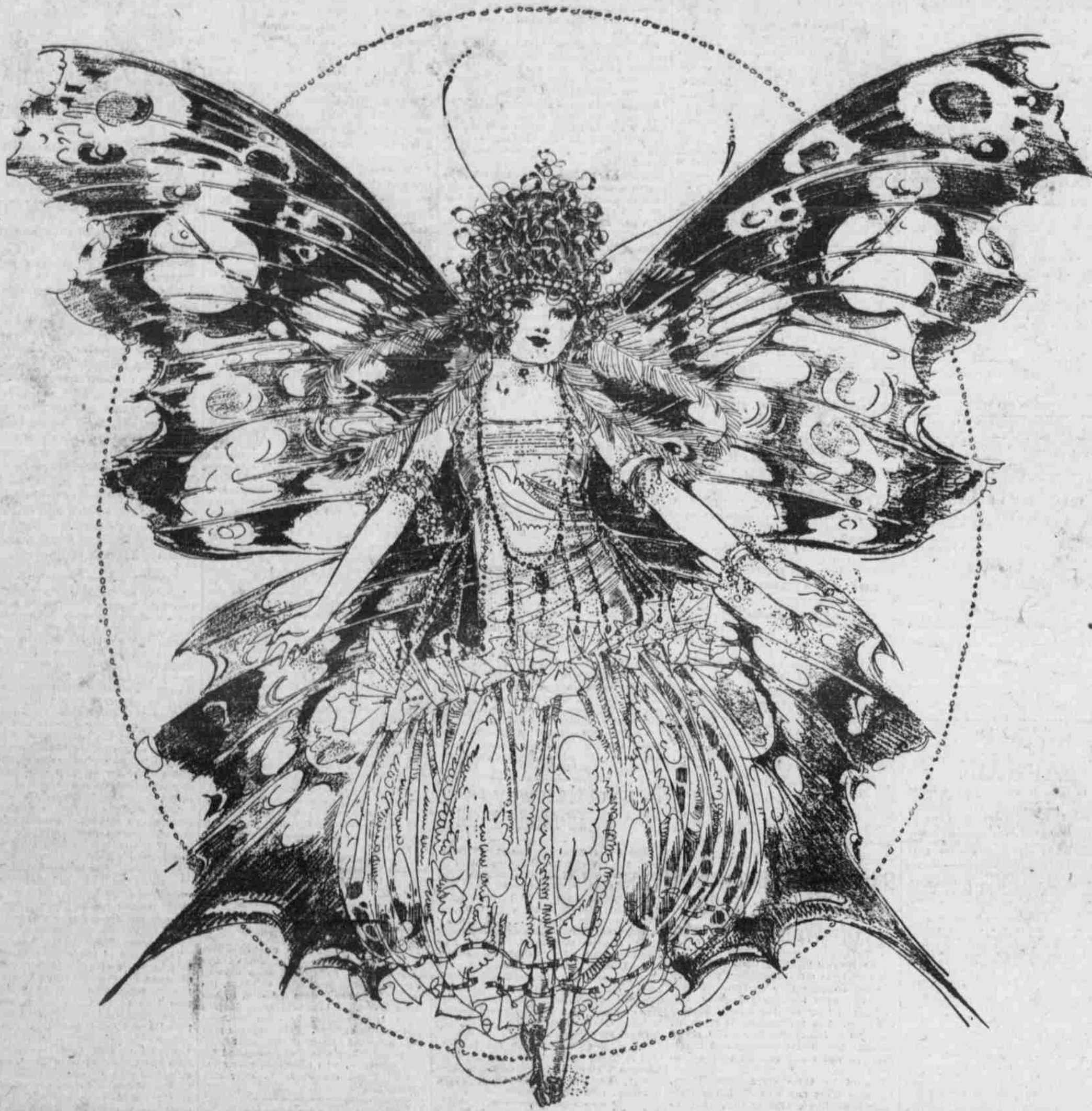


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The Last of Summer

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By Nell Brinkley



Nell Brinkley Says:

Butterflies go with the ending of Summer—but pretty girls go with the ending of the gay night that is their lives. Butterflies grow rare and at last do

not flicker gold anywhere, when the sun turns scarlet and the aspen on the far hills changes into little golden coins; butterfly girls vanish and are no more dimples and sparkle and laughter when there is no more fun to have, when the lights are out and real work comes. But I love a golden butterfly in the

sun; and who doesn't joy to watch the butterfly girl dance her way through the sober faces and the earnest!

Somebody said, "A butterfly lives but a day—and what if that day is rainy!" So, little butterfly girl whose day is so short, may it be sunny and clear.

New Distinct Types of Women Easy to Classify as Flowers

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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There are as many kinds of women as there are of flowers and vegetables. But there are a few distinct types of femininity that are easily classified and interesting to study.

There is the handsome woman, for instance. She is usually large, and her features are regular and strongly outlined. She may be pale or rosy, but if she has color it does not suggest warmth. She may be blonde or brunette.



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as she treats women, because she is so sweet and pure minded and unconscious of her own loveliness. She is seldom a belle, but she has always a host of loving friends and tender admirers, and her husband regards her as a sort of cross between an angel and a child.
She brings out all that is best in him without attempting a reform. Women are seldom jealous of her, because her innate goodness is felt by one and all.

I place this woman among my sweet little, thornless roses and sprays of mimosa and heliotrope, and surround her with rose geraniums and evergreens; for no matter how old she may grow she is always "lovely."
Then there is the "kissable" woman. Her size, age, taste, features, disposition, character—one and all have seemingly nothing to do with her charm. All you are conscious of in her presence is the desire to take her in your arms and kiss her. She may be absolutely devoid of personal beauty, and not young, and yet nine men and seven women out of each ten will want to kiss her if they are in her presence five minutes.

Sometimes she is good and kind and unselfish and possessed of beauty; and then she is always breaking hearts with out meaning to do so and winning love she cannot return.
She sees more beautiful women giving more encouragement to men than she gives and indulges in far more desperate flirtations without causing any such disaster as she causes by one kind, sweet smile; and she cannot understand it all, at least until she has had all sorts of trouble out of it.

But the fact is that the men who are quite hardened to flirtations with the merely beautiful woman lose their heads in an insane desire to seize the kissable girl in their arms. Women who do not possess this charm and who play a bold game of flirtation without incurring any such risks and dangers find it impossible to explain the effect of the kissable girl upon her admirers.
I place the kissable woman among my huckleberries—with now and then a hidden thorn—and spicy variations, wherein a bee may be concealed, and my fragrant magnolia.

Then there is the dainty, "belle"

truly woman, who is so alarmingly well informed on all subjects and so anxious to have you realize her mental superiority. She has thought on every subject under the sun, and has formed her convictions on all matters, and the instant you broach a subject she hastens to assure you that she knows all about it.

She sometimes possesses handsome features, but her too active intellect has sharpened them and bared away the curves of beauty. Her woman friends speak of her with great respect as "such an intellectual person."

The useful, healthful but strong and tear-starting look is suggested by this

She must Co-Operate.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am interested in a girl who at present has a bad reputation. I have been trying for the last few months to wipe out that miserable reputation she has earned for herself. There is one thing that interferes with my plan, and that is, she pals with a fellow who has helped to give her the reputation she now holds. Do you think it right for me to keep her away from such friends?

It is very praiseworthy of you to attempt to help a girl live down her bad name, but unless she shows enough appreciation of your efforts to give up the companion who caused her to be criticized and to try to help you, your unaided efforts can do nothing for her. Talk the matter over with her and tell her how much it means to you to see her reinstated in the world's eyes. You are doing a very splendid thing, but it will take patience and faith to see it through.

Do You Plan to Marry Her?
Dear Miss Fairfax: For the last ten months I have had the acquaintance of a young lady during which time I entertain a high regard for her. Recently our friendship grew into a more profound understanding of one another and developed to an extent where we now feel our companionship to be almost indispensable to one another's welfare. But, in spite of this close relationship existing between us, I never hinted of any serious intentions beyond what she readily contented. Realizing the close friendship existing between us, and she having a natural tendency to flirt with other young men, I told her that I strenuously object to her said flirtations. Now, Miss Fairfax, in view of all these facts do you think I am justified in my request to have her stop flirting with other young men. I would feel myself committing an injustice to this young lady if I knew that

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I were unreasonably requesting her to refrain from doing something which is fully within the limits of propriety, as the case may warrant, and therefore this letter.

Are you planning to make this young woman your wife? If you are, naturally you object to her showing undue interest in other young men, and since you feel "her companionship to be almost indispensable to your welfare" I think you must mean to marry her. In this case your actions are natural. Otherwise they are disconcerting and selfish. Possibly she flirts with other young men to prove her power to you, since your selfishness in failing to declare your intentions may make her feel very uncertain.

Matrimonial Agencies.
Dear Miss Fairfax: As I am a stranger and not accustomed to the ways of this country, I beg you to enlighten me on these following few questions:
Is it advisable and possible to marry through a matrimonial agency?
In case a person comes to the point of corresponding with a lady residing in a city very far, would it be right to let the lady come to meet her prospective husband? And are there kind of marriage a cause of lifetime unhappiness or would it be possible to bring up a good, happy family after having been married thus?
It is possible, but most decidedly inadvisable. Would you take a partner in business without ever having seen him? If you take a life partner this way you are gambling with your happiness. Don't worry about the custom of the country. I am sure you have plenty of common sense. What is your opinion of a woman who would come from a far away city to marry a man she had never seen?

woman. A very small flavoring of this vegetable is all one's taste requires. The "used" girl is another type. She can sew, cook a dinner if need be, amuse children, assist in getting up entertainments for other people to participate in, dance enough to fill up an impromptu set, play cards well enough to take a hand when the old people need her, and she is an excellent nurse and reads aloud well and sings a little—enough to rock a child asleep or to help out a chorus.

She is not noticeable in any way—is neither pretty nor ugly, and is very simple in her attire. Everybody makes use of her and everybody likes her. She has no enemies and no lovers. Women like her very much, and men speak highly of her when she is brought to their attention in some way; but they never think about her voluntarily. They appreciate her highly when she helps them out of a corner, and thank her cordially, and then forget her until they need her again.

She is not apt to marry, for men do not care for useful girls before marriage. She usually drifts into old maidhood or marries a widower with a lot of children.
She is like the green "everlasting" or old-fashioned "live-for-ever" plants—pleasant and not beautiful, yet indispensable in a garden. Everybody needs it in a bouquet to serve as a background for the bright flowers, but nobody cares for it for itself. No man ever thinks of plucking it for his boutonniere, but he appreciates its effect and value in the garden.

Then there are the every-day "pretty girls"—pretty with youth and hope and good spirits merely—who have no distinguishing traits or peculiarities, but who please the eye while it beholds them, like the common field daisies, buttercups and clover blossoms growing by the roadside.
And, again, there are the critical, pessimistic, fault-finding, fault-discovering women, who always make you feel dissatisfied with yourself and the world; and these are the prickly pears, the burrs and thistles of womankind.
Not all women can become the human flower of their choice, but all women can, at least, avoid becoming weeds and thistles.

Organized Insect Armies

The Mysterious 17-Year Locust Lives but a Few Weeks Above Ground

GARRETT P. SERVISS.

If our American minds were as superstitiously superstitious as those of the ancient Egyptians we would worship a secret beetle, too, and an even more remarkable insect than



the famous scarab of the Nile. It would be the periodical cicada, or the "seventeen-year locust," as it is popularly called. Its form would be carved in jewels of jasper, agate, sard and carnelian, and worn for a charm and as a token of the eternal cycle that leads through life to death and back again through death to life.

The seventeen-year cicada is, in some respects, the most wonderful insect known on the earth. For one thing, it is the longest-lived. But what a life! For more than sixteen consecutive years an ugly grub, dwelling underground; then a livid, six-legged horror, crawling a few feet up the trunk of a tree and anchoring itself with barbed claws to the bark; next splitting open along its abdomen back as if the sun had at the mere sight smitten it with instantaneous death; and finally a bronze-winged, bungling, buttin?, elephant-bodied fly, making a noise like a toy sawmill, and winding up its ephemeral career above ground within two or three short weeks! Sixteen years grubbing underground for only that!

The male cicada is the serenader. He has in his body two drums, covered with membranes, some of which are as brilliant and transparent as mica, and which are set into vibration by special muscles. These produce a buzzing, dreamy music, which singularly accords with the alambic spirit of a summer afternoon, and forms, from the human point of view, the only excuse for the cicada's existence. But there are persons who would not grant even this excuse.

The female is no laxy, Ming musician, like her husband, but a doer of damage to trees. She is armed with an instrument that has been described once for all by Dr. T. W. Harris. It consists of a piercer, having "three parts in close contact with each other; namely, two outer ones grooved on the inside and enlarged at the tips, which externally are beset with small teeth like a saw, and a central, spear-pointed borer," which plays between the other two.

"Thus this instrument has the power and does the work of both an awl and a double-edged saw, or rather of two key-hole saws cutting opposite to each other." Here is another wonderful thing about these strange insects. Entomologists have discovered that there are two races of the periodical cicada, a seventeen-year race and a thirteen-year race. Each race consists of a number of successive broods or hordes—seventeen of the seventeen-year race and thirteen of the thirteen-year race, or thirty broods in all. Every brood has its own particular year for appearing above ground, and its own chosen territory, and no other brood of the same race ever appears in a year that belongs to another. This year's seventeen-year horde bears, in the entomological index, the Roman numeral VII. The latest and best studies of these wonderful creatures have been made by Mr. C. L. Marshall of the United States Bureau of Entomology.

The earliest recorded appearance of the seventeen-year cicada was in 1623, at Plymouth, Mass.

COULD NOT STAND ON FEET

Mrs. Baker So Weak—Could Not Do Her Work—Found Relief In Novel Way.

Adrian, Mich. "I suffered terribly with female weakness and backache and got so weak that I could hardly do my work. When I washed my dishes I had to sit down and when I would sweep the floor I would get so weak that I would have to get a drink every few minutes, and before I did my dusting I would have to lie down. I got so poorly that my folks thought I was going into consumption. One day I found a piece of paper blowing around the yard and I picked it up and read it. It said 'Saved from the Grave,' and told what Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound has done for women. I showed it to my husband and he said, 'Why don't you try it?' So I did, and after I had taken two bottles I felt better and I said to my husband, 'I don't need any more,' and he said 'You had better take it a little longer anyway.' So I took it for three months and got well and strong."—Mrs. ALONZO E. BAKER, 9 Tecumseh St., Adrian, Mich.

Not Well Enough to Work.
In these words is hidden the tragedy of many a woman, housekeeper or wage earner who supports herself and is often helping to support a family, on meagre wages. Whether in house, office, factory, shop, store or kitchen, woman should remember that there is one tried and true remedy for the ills to which all women are prone, and that is Lydia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound. It promotes that vigor which makes work easy. The Lydia E. Finkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

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