

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Trees That Mark Old Age--Romance Connected With Patriarchs of Forests



The Big Cypress Near Mexico City, Under Which Cortez Wept After His Defeat by Montezuma.

GARRETT P. SERVIS

The individuality of trees is a very interesting subject. They are living beings, as much as animals are. It is an ancient notion that trees may possess a sort of self-consciousness comparable with that of the lower animals.

Perhaps neither is aware of itself; but, on the other hand, perhaps both are, in some dim way. There are persons who, seeing a great tree cut down and falling "with a groan," cannot avoid a certain shivering sensation. It is this undercurrent of feeling—superstition, if you will—that lends a high degree of interest to every ancient tree known to have witnessed famous historical scenes and events. Such trees seem like living witnesses of long past times.

A remarkable instance is the cypress of Cortez, still living, and carefully preserved and guarded, at Popotla, near the City of Mexico. A recent photograph of this tree, with its protective railing, is reproduced herewith. The legend, which is probably a true one, avers that Cortez sat and wept under this cypress, which was then already a large tree, although that was nearly 40 years ago, after his terrible retreat from Montezuma's capital, the famous *noche triste*, "night of sorrow," when most of his bravest followers were slain.

Read the account of that awful night in Prescott's "History of the Conquest of Mexico." It is one of the most dramatic descriptions ever written. The old cypress—in its present state seems an image of the fearful tragedy that it witnessed.

The race of the cypresses is a remarkable one, and has produced many notable individuals. They are celebrated for their longevity. Members of some of the species commonly attain a height of from 120 to 150 feet, and a diameter of trunk

sometimes exceeding ten feet. Splendid specimens are found on the Pacific coast. They easily attain an age of several, or many, centuries, and the wood of some species is astonishingly durable.

The island of Tenerife, in the Canaries, possessed until the year 1858, when a storm destroyed it, what was called and generally believed to be "the oldest tree in the world." According to the old system of Biblical chronology this "Dragon tree of Orotava" was ancient enough to have been planted by Adam himself, for botanical authorities were united in estimating its age at 6,000 years.

It belonged to a species peculiar to the Canary Islands, the *Dracaena Draco*. It was sixty feet in height and forty-eight feet in circumference at the base of the enormous twisted stem. It had been hollow for centuries. From a period of unknown antiquity it had served as a place of worship for the Druids. In 1493, the year after Columbus first set out for America, Alonso del Lugo, conquering the island, turned the holy place which the Druids had established inside the hollow stem into a Christian chapel, and mass was celebrated there as long as the ruins of the tree lasted.

Humboldt and many other celebrated travelers in the days when there was something new for travelers to see and to tell, visited the great Dragon tree and noted its gradually advancing destruction by tempests and by age. Prof. Planchon, one of the last of its visitors before its fall, described it as "no proper tree, with woody substance; it is merely a vegetable, an apparatus stalk, with a remarkable power of vitality and an equally eminent slowness of growth, and it is this last, indeed, not its size, which has gained it the credit of being the oldest tree in the world."

## Old-Fashioned Materials in New-Fashioned Suits Matelasse Weaves Harmonize with Modish Furs



Because black gives a mourning suggestion in this particular fabric it is preferred, just now, in dark plum, battieship gray, jungle brown, midnight blue and burgundy. There are also exquisite costumes made of white matelasse trimmed with black fox, skunk, beaver or seal skin.

Without question white is the smartest thing the fashionable woman can adopt for her street attire. It goes almost without saying that it is likewise the most extravagant. However, one should observe the rule of "live and let live," and by the wearing of white broadcloth, white velvet or white faille costumes the business of the dry cleaners is very materially assisted.

Some of the fall sport suits are of white cloth, but, logically enough, the cloth is of some simple weave that frequently may be laundered like a cotton or linen garment. Washable English flannel, stockinette, Tyrolean cloth, may be cited as favorite sport fabrics. Very often there are muffers that match the suit.

Unusual in its yoke and sleeve features is a French blouse of cream chiffon and lace.

and one may have a close fitting cap of the loqu order to match the costume. Those of a practical mind will prefer the outing garb of some one of the modish colors. One may select a suit of dull brown, of Belgian blue, rose or bright green, and likewise models of a purple color, as well as of deep yellow.

A very attractive sport suit is made of rose-colored stockinette, the skirt on straight and moderately wide lines and supplied with trouser-like pockets, which fasten over with a small rever and large pearl buttons. The coat is much longer than the usual suit model, reaching, as it does, to the knees. It has pockets of the reticule order, hung from the wide self belt, the latter being attached with two large buttons and buttonholes directly in front.

Of course it is inevitable that the fur collar and cuffs should be a part of the suit, and in this particular instance the neck and sleeve finish is of racoon, the collar of the convertible sort to be raised high above the neck or permitted to flatten out in modified sailor shape.

For the girl who prefers a smart trotter to a fussy demi-costume, there has been provided an attractive model with short swinging skirt and a jaunty jacket. The material is Burgundy broadcloth and indicates the skirt cut in gores with the alternate pieces shaped in points that give an irregular edge to the hem.

The jacket is semi-fitting and fastens way over on the left side. There is no attempt to fit the front with darts or plaits, with the result that a sort of topportunity fold introduces itself across the waist line which accentuates the deep cuffs. A feature of the latter is the projected cuff of cloth falling beneath the fur hand and showing a facing of Oriental brocade.

There are no between sizes in hats. One must wear a large hat or a small one, Paris has provided no medium shapes, although she has taken great care to offer a wonderful variety in the extremes of headgear one encounters at all hours of the day and evenings where women congregate.

## Striking Embroidery Effects in Costume Worn by Russian Dancer



Karavina, who takes a leading place in the famous Russian ballet which comes to the Metropolitan Opera House this season, in one of her costly embroidery costumes.

Striking effects have been produced in the making of one of the costumes that is to be worn in New York shortly after the first of the year by Karavina, the famous Russian dancer, who is coming to take the leading place in the mammoth Russian ballet that the Metropolitan Opera house is bringing over at the cost of half a million.

The dancer's costume has provided a combination of chiffon and satin that teaches a new lesson in the ancient art of using embroidery for the decoration of fine fabrics for evening wear. The blouse is transparent, beaded in rows and very dainty. The satin skirt is heavily and richly embroidered. Not only

are threads of gold and silver lavishly used in conjunction with color, but jewels are worked into the scheme at every possible place. The skirt is short, revealing trouserettes or bare legs. A rich sash carrying flowered figures in embroidery falls from the waist line.

The trouserettes are given the full advantage of the finest needlework and show flowered effects of rare design. On the skirt the chief figures are "cut-out designs." They give an appearance of richness that is remarkable. The use of pearls in the embroidery work is carried from the cre to the bottoms of the trouserettes. Many of the evening costumes of the season will follow the suggestion that is offered in the stage combination.

## Advice to Lovelorn : By Beatrice Fairfax

Talk it Over—Or Forget It.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am in love with a gentleman two years my senior, who reciprocates my love in every respect. I am in a rather peculiar predicament and seek your valuable advice.

My friend's brother is a doctor and I ask up to have my throat taken care of. Out of my own knowledge I find that the doctor cannot take care of my throat properly, so I went to our family physician, who is capable of attending to me. Now every time that I come in contact with my friend I feel a bit embarrassed and uneasy. What do you advise me to do?

B. H. B.

Tell this young man that you don't want him or his brother to feel hurt because you have gone to your family doctor to whom ministrations you are accustomed. That is—tell him if it will make you feel more at ease to discuss the subject, I, however, would simply dismiss the matter from my mind and continue my friendship without any further consideration of the incident.

Your Country's Call.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 22 and deeply in love with a widow of 29, and I love her more than myself. Recently I received a call to arms from my native country to report at once, leaving on the next steamer possible. The girl, upon reading the news, denounced me violently, and said that I was fickle-minded, like all men, and not sticking to my word, and that as soon as I was out of

right, I would have her out of my mind. Now, I love her too much to be offended and forgave, I never went out with another girl before I met her in this country. Do you think the girl has a right to treat her sweetheart in such a manner instead of cheering me? I promised her and gave her my written statement that I would come over again as soon as war was over. But is it not my duty to obey my country's call?

It is your duty to obey your country's call. If you truly love this woman, I am sure you will return to her and I cannot feel that the signed pledge will affect your loyalty. It would have been better merely to give your word.

A Good Son.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been going out with a young man whom I love dearly. Now I am engaged to this young man, and the only fault I have to find in him seems to give my mother too much of her own way in regard to where he should go, and when he should come home. As he is nearly 30, I think he should be master of his own mind.

T. L.

A man, who at 30, respects his mother's opinions and wishes will probably not be tyrannical and overbearing in his attitude toward his wife. Don't try to cure your fiancé of his habit of kindness, gentleness and chivalry. His wife will reap the benefit of his consideration for his mother, and must ever be grateful to that mother for training so good a son.

## What Is Love?

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"A man friend of mine says that love is a form of jealousy; and he adds that affection and love are the same thing. Now I like a great many people, but do not love them, and feel that jealousy would follow love rather than love jealousy. Won't you explain the matter to me?" writes Edith.

What is love? Is a question that has been asked almost ever since the world began. The answers to it are about as numerous as are the individuals that populate the earth. Even the ideals of love differ according to climate, race and creed. A very clever man recently said to me, "Love is a matter of geography." Love is a matter of all sorts of external, which it would be hard to define. But in the ideal state love ought to be and mean and stand for certain very definite things.

First of all, love ought to be unselfish—and seldom is! Real love ought to consider the happiness of its beloved, as well as itself. It ought to be faithful and tender and true, and because it is these things in itself it ought to believe in them in its beloved.

Jealousy is not part of love—it is love's cruellest enemy, and it slays real love. If you cannot trust, you do not love—and make up your mind to that.

Emotion and love are often mistaken for each other. Emotion may be a wild, turbulent thing of feeling and desire; it craves possession and resents the thought that its object can find happiness away from it. It is jealous, exacting, feverishly unhappy in itself, and all too likely to produce a similar effect in the person it honors with its dangerous devotion.

Love ought to be honest, congenial, friendly, plus healthy, normal human emotion. It has been defined as "friendship plus flowers and yell."

Emotion is not a thing to be despised or hidden. It is a beautiful, human expression that too many of us pervert by constant usage.

John meets a charmingly attractive young girl; she appeals to his senses and he imagines he loves her. He goes excitedly whirling through an amorous adventure he calls a love affair. He demands loyalty and devotion, and since he cannot command them through faith and trust and well balanced congenial attraction, he is miserably jealous and suffers, and causes all sorts of doubts.

Neither John nor his charmer know anything about love. They are having a facile, feverish affair in which youth is calling to youth and emotion is expressing itself without a background of understanding and respect and congeniality to make it worth while.

True love longs to give happiness. It believes in the kindly intentions of its beloved; it has faith when all the evidence points to unfaith. It has sympathy for pain; tenderness for weakness; hope for strength and, above all, the splendid desire to be fine and worthy, and to make life more worth while because it has come into it.

Love knows how much more blessed it is to give than to receive. Love is gracious and long-suffering. Love takes on the interests of its beloved. It casts out jealousy and doubt and bitterness and all harsh judgment. It does all these things if it is ideal love—the sort we all long for and do pathetically little to deserve.

There is one thing we all owe to love—that is a high ideal of it, and ideal that will keep us from accepting cheap imitations—an ideal that will make us long to be worthy of the promised land we can vision and may enter if we choose.

Making the Best of It.

"The sunshine had suddenly given way to a storm."

"That a terrible downpour," sighed a girl to her male escort.

"Yes," replied the man, "and I am afraid that my umbrella is hardly large enough to cover all of your picture hat."

"What a shame," mourned the girl, "but, anyway, see what you can do for the pink plush rose."

## Two Boys and a Prophecy Regarding Them

By ADA PATTERSON.

Let us start with a statement of what everyone knows, that the express companies, since the operation of the parcel post law, have lost a great deal of business. Naturally they are doing all they legitimately can to secure new patrons and to keep the old ones. Every official in every express company does, or should, counsel every proper means to induce patronage.

And yet—this happened. I had made a purchase and hurried into the nearest express office five minutes before closing time to a western town. A youth of about 18 stood behind a desk nearest the door. His back was turned toward the door, for he was admiring himself in the mirror that hung behind his desk. What the mirror reflected was a pale, thin face surmounting a tall thin body, the face itself surmounted by an enormous shock of brown hair. The eyes that lit up the pale face were blue and fairly intelligent. He turned slowly with a hored air when a shadow, falling across the mirror, told him that a customer had entered.

"I'm afraid this package isn't well enough wrapped to send so long a distance," I explained. "Suppose we put another wrapper around it." I suggested. "Haven't anything to wrap it with," he snapped.

"At least it should have more cord," I said sure this won't hold.

"We haven't an inch of cord in the place," replied he, whose Narcissus occupation I had interrupted.

I glanced about the big, dreary looking warehouse. Six feet from me lay what I coveted, a piece of twine cast off by a hasty hand from a package.

I stopped, picked it up, untangled a knot or two and was beginning to tighten the fragile parcel when a lad who had been working in the rear of the room came forward with another "fastaway," a piece of wrapping paper. The boy gently took the bundle from my hand and deftly wrapped and tied it. In the moment of his work I looked from his strong, capable, yet sensitive hands, to his face. There wasn't much in that face to make looking into the mirror a pleasure for him. The features were strong, but irregular. His smooth, straight hair was thin. His sturdy figure looked as though it would be happier swinging an ax in a forest than tending in a tea room.

But his eyes were clear as a mountain lake when the morning sun shone on it, and his grave, half-smile reflected a calm, brave spirit.

Quickly he looked up the list of the firm's branch offices to see whether it was represented in that distant city. In a second he had weighed the little package, written the receipt and received and changed a banknote. All this he had done in less time than it had taken the first youth to explain that he couldn't do anything. And he had done it with a minimum of words, just "Will you send it pay or collect?"

A simple incident, consuming precisely three minutes, yet it meant a great deal. The mirror facing youth was the older. His position in the fore front of the office denoted that he was older, too, in experience. Yet the time will be short indeed before the younger boy will move from the dark rear of the room to the sunny front, and the older one will be fortunate indeed if his plain neighbor does not shoulder him out of the office.

The plain, quiet junior did not seem to be so. It is his nature to do things well and it is his habit to do thoroughly whatever he undertakes. He looks about him and sees and acts according to what he sees.

As I left the express office I heard the older lad grumble, "We're not paid to wrap packages," and although it raked one minute of 5 he was slipping into his street coat.

What he said was true. He wasn't paid for wrapping packages. No one asked him to stay after 5, but had anyone done so he would not have been anyone to stay.

But the boy who was willing to do more than he was required to do, who an hour or two after 5 without grumbling, will become the president of that company or another, and the other, if not "fired," which is probable, will remain a clerk, or slip back into the obscurity of being a gray-haired messenger.

## In-Shoots

Politics also produce kicking bedfellows.

Auto speeders never abuse horses, anyhow.

When a fellow feels blue things usually look yellow.

The silk hat is frequently found above the cotton brain.

As a rule the saloon keeper takes more pride in the bar fixtures than in his patrons.



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