

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

How I Discovered Myself

Anna Goldthwaite, Artist, Tells How She Triumphed.

By ANNE GOLDTHWAITE.
(Whose Paintings Adorn the Congressional Library at Washington.)

I never really believed that I was cut out to be an artist. I really had no ambitions and dreamed no visions. I believed that the world was filled with talent and young people far more gifted than I was, and with all the reluctance of youth I refused to come to New York and study. My uncle proposed taking me to New York, and I went, lured by the prospect of a winter in the gay metropolis, rather than by any great urge toward artistic development.

I thought I would learn to do fashions and I began my work in a small class in the Gibson studios. After that I spent some time etching under Mielax and consider that experience the finest drill that I can remember. I really had no sudden awakening to what I wanted to do.

One thing logically followed another and I finally decided to go to Paris because it seemed to me the thing to do. That was after I had decided that I might do more with my art than illustrate.

I think that my real discovery of myself was through encouragement. I sent some pictures to the Salon with no great belief that they would be hung, and almost before I knew it they were recognized. I believe that the smallest piece of encouragement bulks large in the life of any woman, and I know that I struggled to be worthy of any notice the authorities took of my work. My little successes always helped toward larger ones.

My standard of work is one that any woman in any walk of life may easily follow. I worked hard, using my own opinion as a standard. I never worked for what the people wanted. I was sincere in my efforts and tried to express myself rather than to work for the public at large.

After all, how can a woman show specific talent in any one thing unless she is willing to be sincere and work from within, and not from without?

I have always believed that we never work hard if we love what we are doing, because then work becomes a relaxation and a pleasure. I believe that to a great extent my success has been fortunate. That is the time is propitious for the kind of work that I am doing. On account of this terrible war, the people in a body are turning to the lighter things that spell beauty and pleasure. And I am trying to express beauty in my own way.

I know that a woman may recognize her talent and follow it if she applies herself earnestly at the thing that happens to present an opening. That is, I know that I could do a certain thing better than I could anything else, even if I could not do it well, and so I worked along those lines.

I always refused to be blue about my failures. No one has ever reached success without many failures and comebacks. But I did cling to every small triumph as a stepping stone, and when things seemed darkest I always tried to remember that the rung in the ladder that I had reached through my latest piece of success I need not relinquish for a temporary failure. That is the only way to work up, and if one is really sincere it is impossible to fail.

My advice to all young artists is work, application, sincerity and personality. Never try to express what you cannot feel; never try to set up a false standard, but judge your work fairly through the eyes of your soul.

Follow the call that is in you—no matter how faint—it will develop as you develop and finally become the largest part of you. It has been so written in the stars, and the march of progress makes it impossible not to recognize.

Imag with out

Being a Woman Is Not Much Fun



In India, where they believe that human souls come back to earth a great many times to live, a favorite curse is, "May you be a woman in your next incarnation."

As civilization stands today, there could not be a very much worse curse.

Woman without wealth or protectors is to be pitied. Hers is

a hard life, a sad life, a lonely life, and nearly everywhere men thus far have been very careful to keep women as defenseless as possible—no share in making the laws, but every share in life's hardships. There are in the world millions of unhappy women like the one in this picture, with nothing in life worth while except sad memories of other days.

Great Riddle--Yourself

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"None but yourself shall you meet on the highway of fate."—Masterlinck.

At the root of every act you perform and every thought you entertain lies yourself. Circumstances may warp and twist you now and then, and necessity may compel you to acts that are not in real accord with your nature. But underneath such divergences lives the real you. No one else can suffer for your sins. No one else can enter into your triumphs. Your weakness and your power are your own. The understanding and sympathy you crave from others won't change you.

Suppose tragedy comes to you. Sympathy may help you bear it. But really endurable it becomes only when you meet it in your own soul and there fight the battle of conquering sorrow.

Suppose friends prove false. There are other friends to be found in the world. Suppose love fails you. There is still the chance of more lasting love. But when you fail yourself—when you fall from your own ideals, nothing else can take the place of the best self to which you have not been true. The only thing to do is to climb back to your real self.

Failure may curse your every effort. But you can still hope for success. No amount of help from others will give you that success and make it enduring. You have to win it for yourself—and then it is yours.

Life may bring you terrible draughts of sorrow to drink. You may live through searing hours which courage cannot console. But it remains for you to decide what your agony shall bring. It cannot be a destructive force unless you let it be.

Your inmost desire makes you. The ambition that leads you, guides you to the realization of yourself. You have it in yourself to decide whether your life shall be a success or a failure—gray and sad or merry and glad—a force for good or one for evil. No one else can enter into your existence and touch the real you. The responsibility for your life is yours. You must meet that responsibility and meet it well.

THOUGHT SHE COULD NOT LIVE

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Unionville, Mo.—"I suffered from a female trouble and I got so weak that I could hardly walk across the floor without holding on to something. I had nervous spells and my fingers would cramp and my face would draw, and I could not speak, nor sleep to do any good, had no appetite, and everyone thought I would not live.

"I have always recommended your medicine ever since I was so wonderfully benefitted by it and I hope this letter will be the means of saving some other poor woman from suffering."—Mrs. MARTHA SEAVEY, Box 1144, Unionville, Missouri.

The makers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have thousands of such letters as that above—they tell the truth, else they could not have been obtained for love or money. This medicine is no stranger—it has stood the test for years.

If there are any complications you do not understand write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.



A Paying Investment

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

(Copyright, 1915, Star Company.)

When a business man hears of a sure investment which will yield him 5 per cent, he does not hesitate long about putting his money into it.

Even a 3 per cent profit he does not scorn.

I can suggest an investment which will yield always 5 per cent and usually 5 1/2 if you go into it thoroughly. The stock is known as politeness. Others call it consideration. Suppose you invest in it for one week to begin with. If at the end of that time you have received no dividend, you can tell me I have advertised a worthless stock.

Vital importance in this world. Anything which casts unhappiness or gloom upon your home is a calamity too great to be lightly brought about.

If you keep on with your investment, something more than pleasure and happiness will be offered you as dividends. In the long run the returns will assume the form of material profits. Your employees will like to remain with you and will take a deeper interest in aiding you. Not all, but enough to save you the necessity of continual changes.

Your business associates will like you, and an endless chain of good feeling and good fellowship will be established. People will derive a sense of pleasure and benefit from merely meeting you in business. They will not reason it out, but they will enjoy an interview with you. Many of the worries and vexations which surround your life now will disappear.

And when they do make themselves apparent, you will find it much easier to dismiss them. Begin your new investment right away.

A Demi-tailleur for the Matinee



For the morning musicale or matinee there is a demi-tailleur of black satin, banded with skunk.

Designed for wear at the morning musicale, the restaurant luncheon or the matinee is a suit of black satin, simple in its lines and depending for charm and approbation on its beautiful fabric and rich trimming.

No attempt is made to decorate the skirt, which is a gore model, with swinging lines lifted five or more inches from the ground. At the top there is a shallow yoke, but this feature is not in evidence until the coat is removed.

The latter is much longer than early coat models. The bell flare, from waist to hem, is emphasized by the band of skunk. That popular felt likewise borders the closing flaps and contributes to the funnel collar.

By way of relieving the severity of the coat there is an inset panel in U shape crossed by fine satin cords and cord ornaments that serve as fastenings in lieu of the usual buttons.

The same model would look well developed in blackberry velvet, brown velour or white broadcloth, with a note of contrast introduced in the fur.

Why the Moon Often Looks Like a Giant Wheel of Fire on the Horizon

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

"What causes the visual size of the moon to seem larger when it is directly overhead?" A claim that refractions of the rays of light has something to do with it. I claim that the visual size is no larger when near the horizon than when overhead, but that we are deluded into thinking so because the moon, near the horizon, seems farther away and therefore should look smaller than when overhead and ostensibly nearer, so that when we see it as large as when overhead we are deluded into thinking it larger."—H. G. Benjamin, Bronx.

Ordinary refraction is not the cause of the illusion, for that really diminishes the apparent size of the moon on the horizon by decreasing the vertical diameter of its disk without affecting the horizontal diameter. Thus it is distorted into an oval of smaller area than a circle of equal (maximum) diameter.

There is another cause which also diminishes, slightly, the size of the moon seen on the horizon, and that is that the moon is then actually farther from the observer than when overhead. The increase in distance is about 4,000 miles (half the earth's diameter), and this is one-sixtieth of the moon's mean distance from the earth, sufficient to produce an easily measurable diminution of angular diameter.

Yet, in spite of these two causes tending to diminish the apparent size of the moon on the horizon, it looks notably larger when in that position than when overhead. The most probable explanation is that when we see an object on the horizon we instinctively compare its size with the length of as much of the horizon as the eye takes in at once view. This length does not, on the average, exceed one-twelfth of the entire circle of the horizon—or, say, thirty degrees of angular measure. The angular diameter of the moon is about half a degree, so that it spans one-sixtieth of the part of the horizon clearly perceived by the eye.

But when the moon is overhead we no longer compare it with a length, but

rather with an area (the area of the surrounding sky), and as the eye again takes in a space thirty degrees across, the area of that space is more than 700 square degrees, while the area of the moon's disk is only about one-fifth of one square degree, or one 3,000th of the area of the circle of sky which the eye perceives round it. If we give a larger estimate to the breadth of the eye-view we shall have a similar relative result. Of course, the apparent increase of the moon's size on the horizon is not in the ratio of 3,500 to 60 (the eye is not deceived to that extent), but may be in the ratio of five or six to one.

In fact, the apparent size of the moon on the horizon varies greatly at different times, and probably as seen by different persons. Some of these variations may be subjective—i. e., caused by differences of impression on the mind.

Occasionally the setting moon, or sun for the sun is affected in the same way—appears gigantic, a monstrous circle of red fire, causing real alarm in the minds of ignorant onlookers as well as more or less perplexity to those who understand the general rationale of the phenomenon. There have been instances in which such occurrences have led to false fire alarms, and others in which panicky feelings of dread and superstition have been spread through a community. In these abnormal cases refraction may play a part which cannot be ascribed to it under ordinary circumstances.

Ordinary refraction, as already said,

does not increase the horizontal diameter of objects near the horizon. But it is well known that portions of the atmosphere sometimes experience changes of refractive index, due to unusual contrasts of temperature and barometrical pressure, whereby they are virtually transformed into enormous lenses or magnifying mirrors, which produce the most extraordinary optical effects and illusions.

I have recently described some of these in writing of wonderful mirages. In such phenomena there is not only an apparent displacement of objects which brings things into sight that would otherwise be concealed behind hills or below

the sea-horizon, but often, also, a magnification, making really distant objects loom as if they had suddenly been brought nearer to the observer.

It is no wonder that before scientific investigation had discovered the causes of these marvelous appearances they were everywhere the source of superstitious beliefs in demonic powers inhabiting the air, the earth and the sky, and playing at their will with the forces and facts of nature. Even yet the explanation of many of them is not clear, but enough is known to assure us that there is none which do not obey some discoverable law of nature.

Among the trophies captured from Napoleon at the battle of Waterloo were two living Eagles.

The Siberian railway is the longest in the world. Its total length is 4,750 miles.

"Curfew" comes from two French words, "couvre feu," which mean "cover fire."

Icebergs sometimes last as long as 30 years before they melt.

Caligula made the Romans worship his horse.

Men over 40 are practically proof against enteric fever.

Do You Know That

Birds of prey generally seek their prey in the daytime, while beasts of prey seek theirs at night.

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A Simple, Home-Made Remedy, Inexpensive but Required.

The prompt and positive results given by this pleasant-tasting, home-made cough syrup has caused it to be used in more homes than any other remedy. It gives almost instant relief and will usually overcome the average cough in 24 hours.

Get 2 1/2 ounces Pinex (50 cents worth) from any drug store, pour it into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. This makes a full pint—a family supply—of the most effective cough remedy at a cost of only 54 cents or less. You couldn't buy as much ready-made cough medicine for \$2.50. Easily prepared and never spoils. Full directions with Pinex.

The promptness, certainty and ease with which this Pinex Syrup overcomes a bad cough, chest or throat cold is truly remarkable. It quickly loosens a dry, hoarse or tight cough, and heals and soothes a painful cough in a hurry. With a persistent hoarse cough, it stops the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchial tubes, thus ending the annoying hacking.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, rich in guaiacol and is famous the world over for its splendid effect in bronchitis, whooping cough, bronchial asthma and winter coughs.

To avoid disappointment in making this ask your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex," and don't accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.



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