

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Ideals

By Jane McLean

She chose a mate when life at eighteen seemed
A splendid chance, to leave or take; she dreamed
Of him as great and famed afar, and wise.
The light of battle gleaming in his eyes:
A king as he of towered Camelot
Is king, no beardless, bragging youth, and not
A dreamer, but a hero; one who can
Fulfill in every sense the term of man.

At twenty-five she smiled and knelt no more
In homage, and no longer did she pour
A life's devotion into idle dreams,
Nor did she view life wholly as it seems.
And so she chose a boy with eager eyes,
Found on his lips the glory of the skies,
Sought in his heart for dreams to match her own,
And, loving, knew that she had lived and known.

Mysterious Facts About Sound Waves

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

"I read that people on the coast of Holland hear the sounds of battles fought so far off at sea that nothing can be seen, no smoke, no signs of any kind, except the heavy noise. How far can sounds of guns be heard? Is there any known limit?"—A. C."

Even if every cannon had a voice of equal power it would not be possible to determine any fixed distance at which the sound would cease to be heard. There is hardly anything in nature more variable and uncertain than the transmission of sound. Changes and irregularities in the density of the air, variations in the quantity of moisture in the atmosphere, the presence or absence of rain, snow, fog, etc., the force and direction of winds and air currents, obstructions formed by hills, trees and other objects, and even the nature of the surface of the ground passed over, all have an important effect upon the range of sound waves.



steadier at night, and he discovered the explanation in the fact that between him and the falls lay a broad grassy plain, dotted over with protruding rocks. By day these rocks became hot, while the surrounding grass remained cool, the consequence being that currents of heated air rose from the rocks, producing great irregularities of density in the atmosphere above the plain.

The sound waves from the falls were deflected and broken up in passing through the agitated air, but at night, when the whole plain had sunk to a common temperature, this interruption ceased and the roar of the falling water was conveyed to a great distance very clearly and distinctly.

The loudness, or intensity, of a sound depends upon the density of the air in which it is produced. For this reason guns discharged from airships at a great elevation must make less noise than they would if discharged on the surface of the ground. Prof. Tyndall concluded from his experiments at Mont Blanc that if the same cannon whose report was heard on the summit of the mountain when fired in the valley of Chamouni below, were fired on the mountain top, no sound would be heard at Chamouni.

In the first case the sound waves were excited in dense air from which they could easily pass to the lighter air above, but in the second case they would be set going in rare air, and would consequently possess less power of penetration on encountering the heavy air of the valley.

A sound wave consists of an alternate compression and rarefaction of the air. A singular result of this was noted after a great powder explosion at Erith, England, in 1864. The leaded glass windows of a church several miles away were all strongly bent inward on all sides of the church. The explanation was given in these words: "The sound wave on reaching the church separated right and left, and, for a moment, the edifice was clasped by a girdle of intensely compressed air which forced all its windows inward." The subsequent dilation of the air was insufficient to force the bent panes back into shape.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Devote Yourself to Work.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 and recently renewed an acquaintance broken off by a quarrel three years ago. She is wealthy and I am not. I cannot afford to keep up with her former associates and have told her I would not like her to sacrifice herself for me.

Should I devote my time and affection to her now, or shall I strive to forget her? ANXIOUS.

You owe it to your parents and to yourself to work hard and try to get on in the world, rather than to spend your energies in giving a wealthy young girl who does not need your attention a good time.

The Marriage of Cousins.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am keeping company with a cousin of mine, who is quite a few years older than myself. We love each other very much and would like to get married. My parents object to this for two reasons—one because we are cousins and the other because he is much older. He is very well educated and has a good position with a large salary.

I have answered letters like yours again and again and wish this simple fact would sink into the minds of all my readers. Cousins should not marry. No people who are blood relations have a right to become husband and wife—this is for the good of the race and can be explained by any student of eugenics.

Old Flames

PHYLLIS-JONES

By Nell Brinkley

Copyright, 1915, Intern'l News Service.

Liberality is Too Limited, Both in Money and Love

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Copyright, 1915, Star Company.

Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good; that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life.—I. Timothy, vi, 17, 18, 19.

That is a good text for some of the pastors on our wealthy churches to talk from these days. But, in truth, nowhere in the world can be found greater liberality in the way of giving money to charity than right in our own land. Even those millionaires who are classed among the "stingy" and close-fisted give enormous sums to people and institutions through some liberal member of their households each year.

And, indeed, why should they not give even tenfold what they do—these multi-millionaires?

For once a man has a comfortable home and is assured independence in his old age for himself and his dear ones, why should he leave accumulating millions for idle, selfish descendants to wrangle over? There must be great joy in the heart of even half-awakened millionaires who realize that almost unlimited power lies in their hands at this time of year toward mitigating temporarily the suffering which falls under their notice.

I dare say these enormously wealthy people are no less tender-hearted than the rest of us; and each one of us knows what peculiar pleasure is derived from helping some less fortunate fellow creature over a hard place in the journey of life—a pleasure wholly unlike that of any purely personal enjoyment.

At No. 315 East Fifteenth street, New York, there is a house where the work of God is going on every hour of the twenty-four and every day of the year.

It is the headquarters for that locality of the Salvation Army; and any one who questions the sincerity and purpose of that wonderful organization needs only to visit this house to be convinced of the philanthropic, sane, wholesome and helpful work which is being done for unfortunate humanity by these good people. It is the cheapest house in the metropolis (surely there cannot be two houses so spotless and shining with freshly washed and dusted white enamel), and it is a large house; indeed, it is two houses, and there is an outlook on a park; and it is here, where at the door smiling faces of good women greet the seekers after peace, that the doors are ever open, and the night or day the sin-sick, the poverty-pursued, the unfortunate, the wayfarers along life's road are welcomed and given help and strength and courage to start anew.

There are little children in that house, little children of frail mothers deserted by their fathers, and these children are receiving Christian love and care from the angelic women who by tremendous industry, unflinching faith and steady purpose have established this great way station between earth and heaven for lost and wandering souls.

It requires much money to maintain this home; do not begrudge a contribution to the Salvation Army people when they ask it of you. If you want to convince yourself of the good use made of money by this organization ask to be shown through the house.

But if we cannot all buy coal and pay rent and give food to needy thousands, there are lesser acts of benevolence and brotherly love within our power.

Money is not the best gift to humanity; indeed it is the worst possible gift, save in cases of absolute suffering and times of dire need; but to give a weak soul strength, a cowardly soul courage, a lonely soul love and an erring soul hope—that is the real benevolence, because it is the gift which lasts and helps both the giver and the receiver.

Perhaps while you are wishing you had millions to bestow upon worthy charities you have neglected to see the downcast look and troubled face of some member of your own household; a husband, a wife, a child, a parent, a brother or sister, who may be experiencing trials and worries unknown to you.

It is a sad fact that many a soul passes through the garden of Gethsemane and those under the same roof and united by the nearest of blood that never suspect its sorrow. The eyes of sympathy are oft-times too far-sighted and overlook the duty which lies nearest.

Perhaps your neighbor or your friend has made a mistake, committed an error or wronged you in some small matter. A word of forgiveness and a look of forgiveness would be the best gift you could bestow today.

Were you to pay all the rents for a whole parish of poor people, it might not serve as good a purpose in the ultimate plan.

"Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded." That means you as much as it means your millionaire neighbor, for if you have health and work and faith in God and your own soul, then indeed you are rich, and you have much to bestow upon humanity.



The man blew a ring into the shadows and, smiling at it, swept it into nothing with a flirt of his hand.

"My next love I met, without an introduction, in the middle of the street! She came down a gravel-walk, carrying a great, black-faced cat in a bundle against her little chest. He had run away—I could see that. Her yellow hair swung like two little banners—pennants—from under her round fur hat. Her eyes were gray, like two bright lakes. Her mouth was a patrician little affair, deeply curved, glossy and tricky. Her little cloth coat stretched tight across her round little body, so that the buttons in front clung gallantly onto the buttonholes with all their might.

"Have you a little girl?" she asked, when her little tan shoes lagged close to my great ones. A pair of gray eyes searched mine, and below the gray ones the golden ones from a black face gazed, too.

"And I, out of college, in the swim of the world current, at the serious business of 'digging' myself into a niche in the world, shook my head.

"If you haven't I will be your little girl. And if you haven't a boy I will be your boy, too. My name is Phyllis John. After my mother and my father. So I can be Johnny, too!"

"I accepted my new flame on the spot. How can I tell you the dreams, the play-times, the walks, the confidences, that went to make up my love affair with Phyllis Johnny? Can I show you the stuff that a young man's love for a tiny little maid is made of? All

the best I had I gave her. There was never anything like it—nothing so delicate, so tender, so gigantic, so merry in life—until my own tiny girl came to me years after, and Phyllis Johnny was a story that I told to her!

"Phyllis John held my young man's heart in her two snowy little hands, knew my dreams and breathed the smoke of battle along with me. Phyllis John ticed me over a rip-tide, where I whirled in the current, fighting and poor, lonesome, where I hungered for feminine sympathy, and yet needed all the strength of my heart and the entirety of my brain to succeed!

"I could afford to go about with a girl like Phyllis John! Popcorn and the circus thrilled her—and we saw all these wonders together while this, my child-flame, lasted.

"Phyllis John's black-satin cat with the golden eyes has gone long since to join his shadowy Egyptian fathers—and Phyllis John is a slim, pretty woman, with the same bands of bannery hair. Phyllis John's husband is somewhere at the front, and she is not far behind the firing line, driving a motor ambulance, I think!

"Over Phyllis John's gallant breast is buttoned the earth-colored uniform of her husband's country—and, thinking of that, I see her small, soft arms holding tight across her childish shape. I wonder if he knows how sweet a little maid she was!

"But that was long ago that was—and see how the snow's fallen on my hair since then!" —NELL BRINKLEY.

The Most Contemptible Man

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

There is probably no more contemptible masculine creature than the man who forces his attention on unwilling, indifferent and even frightened women who have the hard luck to ride in public conveyances. Street car flirtations in which a foolish girl coyly encourages an admiring man are bad enough and all too sadly frequent. But one of the most disgusting phases of life in any city is the fact that it develops conceited beasts who consider all women fair—and fairly willing—game.

Recently a girl friend of mine was facing a very absorbing problem. On it her entire attention was focused: she had a limited time in which to figure out a

matter of grave importance, and she went about thinking deeply of her problem. That problem happened to have to do with a man for whom she cared intensely, and so all men other than he were temporarily eliminated from her generally alert consciousness.

One morning the girl was compelled to take a long ride in a crowded car. Throughout the ride she was vaguely conscious of the fact that some one across the aisle was focusing attention on her. But she was never interested enough to lift her eyes and examine her observer after the first glance had told her it was no one she knew.

She reached her destination still intent on her problem, and as she walked

through the station she was both surprised and annoyed to hear some one at her side inquiring, "Down for a day's shopping?" It hardly seemed that the address was directed to her, so she continued to think about what was absorbing her.

On went the voice, "I wish you'd take lunch with me." Still she ignored her persecutor. Suddenly insistent fingers gripped her arm and she found herself gripped by an emotional stranger who began protesting at her indifference.

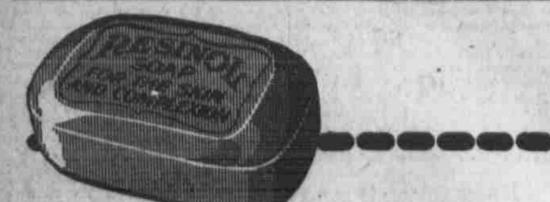
There were a number of courses the girl might have pursued. She might have found a policeman to whom to complain, and then have taken with what grace she could the probable necessity of appearing in court to make a complaint against the unpleasant annoyance that had befallen her; she might have stopped and delivered a lecture to the impudent creature on his unwarranted presumption.

She might have made any sort of fuss

—but, instead, she shook the detaining hand on her arm and managed, by continued and elaborate indifference, to force her annoyance to a recognition of the fact that he might as well give her up as hopeless. In the end the man slunk away exactly like the beaten cur he was!

So utterly unworthy of manhood is such an affair as this that I hate to believe any decent, normal man would be capable of it. And yet I've seen similar affairs being enacted all too often. There are men who absolutely without the excuse of any feminine encouragement attempt to force their own stupid, unwelcome and contemptible attentions on some women who would never stoop to scraping acquaintance with them.

There is nothing clever or amusing or in any way admirable in such an adventure. It simply marks a man who attempts to pursue it as utterly contemptible and not at all worthy of any of the things in manhood.



Try this easy way to clear your skin with Resinol Soap

Bathe your face for several minutes with Resinol Soap and warm water, working the creamy lather into the skin gently with the finger-tips. Then wash off with more Resinol Soap and warm water, finishing with a dash of clear cold water to close the pores.

Do this once or twice a day, and you will be astonished how quickly the healing, antiseptic Resinol medication soothes and cleanses the pores, removes pimples and blackheads, and leaves the complexion clear, fresh and velvety.

If the skin is in bad condition through neglect or an unwise use of cosmetics, apply a little Resinol Ointment* and let it remain on ten minutes before the final washing with Resinol Soap.

Resinol Soap is not artificially colored, its rich brown being entirely due to the Resinol balsam it contains. Sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods. For free sample cake and trial of Resinol Ointment, write Dept. 1-7, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

* Physicians have prescribed Resinol Ointment for over twenty years in the treatment of skin and scalp affections.

THE VANDERBILT HOTEL
THIRTY FOURTH STREET
AT PARK AVENUE
NEW YORK

The most conveniently situated hotel in New York

At the Thirty-third Street Subway

WALTON H. MARSHALL
Manager