

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Bringing Up Father

Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



Washington Preacher Fears Women Are Becoming Amazons and Will Cease to Charm Men.

Dorothy Dix Says:

Don't Worry; Women Can Attain No State of Evolution Where They Will Cease to Attract Men.

By DOROTHY DIX.

A Washington preacher is greatly concerned over the future of the American woman, because he thinks that she is to become a dusky Amazon, who will have no charms for man. He says: "American women insist on playing tennis, running, riding, walking and swimming. These things are giving them an undue physical development. They are going to have chests that will stand out like a college athlete, and their necks will no longer be graceful and pretty, but thick and full of hard muscles. They will be healthy specimens, but where will their tender, womanly grace be? They will be robbed of the soft feminine beauty that appeals to man."



ism was an elegant accomplishment, and all the old novels have moving chapters in which the hero is described as sitting by the heroine's couch and holding her wasted hand in his, while he urged her to marry him, and told her how he would always be her devoted slave.

Can you imagine a man of today falling in love with that kind of a woman? You cannot. Nobody can. The girl that attracts him is not the feeble creature who has to lean on somebody's arm in order to walk a quarter of a mile. It is the athletic maiden who can tramp across country half a day and be fresh as a daisy at the end, or who can take her oar in a boat, or beat him out at golf.

Nor would a swoon, however artistically pulled off, make a hit with a modern young man. "Weak heart, high-priced specialist, different climate and altitude - not for me!" is the way he would diagnose the case to himself and render his verdict. Still less would the invalid appeal to him, for he would not let himself in for a lifetime of nursing a sickly and fretful wife and paying doctor's bills if he knew it.

In other days it was esteemed gross for a woman to admit to having such a thing as an appetite concealed about her person, and it was thought that it would shatter a man's romantic ideal of her if he saw her partake of a square meal.

I know of one authenticated case of a lady who carried this theory so far that, desiring to always be a poetic figure in her husband's mind, she never permitted him to see her eat a single time during the forty years of their marriage. Tradition says that the husband rewarded this heroic self-sacrifice, as he should, by always remaining the perfect lover.

But fancy a man now with a wife who wouldn't eat with him! Why, he'd call in the alienists to examine her mind before the day was over. Nor would any girl who didn't take the proper interest in food and good cooking. He'd surmise that she would be a little short in the housekeeping line.

Men's ideals as to what is attractive in a woman mentally have changed just as much as their ideas as to what was physically attractive in women. The chief argument that used to be advanced against educating girls was that no man would want to marry a young woman who knew as much as he did. Ignorance was thought to be the most potent feminine charm, and the bigger goose a girl acted the better chance she had to get a husband.

Today the silly fool doesn't charm man. She bores him stiff. Men want their sweethearts and their wives to be companions, able to understand the things they are interested in, to discuss intelligently the big books and problems of the hour.

The truth is that men change, and women change with them, or women change and men change with them, and each sex meets the demands that the other makes upon it. However, nobody need lose any sleep over fearing that if women ever get to be big and strong, and husky they will cease to attract men. According to the legends that have come down to us from the past, even the Amazons weren't all old maids.

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A little Danderine will immediately double the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, tak-

ing one small strand at a time. The effect is amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable luster, softness and luxuriance, the beauty and shimmer of true hair health.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter, and prove to yourself tonight—now—that your hair is as pretty and soft as any that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that, all you surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine.—Advertisement

Santa Claus a Myth to This Child

Old-Fashioned Mother Has Latter Day Ideas

By ADA PATTERSON.

George Washington's great-great-grandniece argued with soft-toned conviction as an old-fashioned mother for the old-fashioned bringing up of daughters. Yet, despite her claim that she was essentially an old-fashioned mother, there developed several new strong notes in the plan for the education of Mary Washington Morosini, tenth of the name of Mary Washington, for she was named after the mother of the Father of His Country.

"I have never allowed my little girl to believe in Santa Claus," said the tall, slender blonde, whose portrait is in the late Peter Marie's collection of miniatures of the greatest American beauties.

"Why?"

"Because I want my little daughter to have absolute confidence in me. I want her to know that I have never deceived her, and the Santa Claus tale is a myth, nothing more or less."

The woman who Richard Hall, the artist, said was the most beautiful woman in America, excepting possibly Mrs. Ava Willing Astor, is positive without aggression. She is simply, genuinely sure of herself and her opinions, the reason being apparent in her next sentence.

"Most persons are guided by what they want to do. I teach my little girl, as I have trained myself, to ask herself two questions about everything she wants.

"If she wants to know a little girl who is a bit rude and a dubious friend and playfellow I say, 'Well, settle it yourself. Do you want to know her?' Generally the answer is a most unmitigated 'yes, mamma,' for she, like most of us, has the courage of her wishes. Then I say, 'Do you think it is the best thing to do?' That's a rather comprehensive question, when you think it over. Is it best means what is right, and what is wise. When I tell Mary to ask herself that question she knows that she is to go away by herself and think it over. When she comes back to me her answer is always what I should like it to be. She has not been governed wholly by her heart. She has allowed her brain to speak. In other words heart and brain have gone into executive session. Once that executive session has been achieved most persons act wisely. When my little girl seeks to shift the responsibility of a decision on me my first thought is always to decide for her, but wanting her to grow up strong and self-reliant and well poised, I refrain. Sometimes I go into executive session with her by talking it over, helping her to understand what feeling—that is, heart—and what reason dictate.

The two questions, 'What do you want to do?' and 'Is it best?' will solve most of the problems of children of any growth.

"I have already let Mary Washington know that she will some time marry, and that she should prepare herself to be a good wife. While she never hears any arbitrary 'Don'ts,' I have talked with her about marriage, and have said: 'When the time to choose a husband comes mother wishes from the bottom of her heart that you will marry a gentleman and a man who has raised himself, or is capable of raising himself to a place of honor. Mother would be grieved if you married for money.' She listens with such profound attention, and she is such a devoted little daughter that I haven't the slightest fear that she will ever make a mad or foolish marriage.

"I am endeavoring to set her the best possible example. If I am hurried and want to leave the contents of my bureau drawer tossed about, I remember the bright, soft eyes that follow every movement of mine, and which nothing escapes, and I keep them in absolute order. The result is that her wardrobe is perfectly arranged, and by herself. When I held her in my arms and was dreaming about her future, as young mothers do, I had an inspiration. 'Be a copybook to your daughter,' I said to myself. 'It is easy and yet hard. Be yourself everything that you want your daughter to be.'"

"Though she is now 11 I have always dressed her in white. I thought that being used to this color would accustom her to habits of neatness, and like the symbolism of white for children. I think it turns their thoughts to the best and most beautiful things of life as no vivid colors ever do.

"Being anxious that she should grow up with refined tastes and good diction, I am her chief associate. I never turn



MARY WASHINGTON MOROSINI AND BABY.

Although the mother of the tenth Mary in lineal descent from George Washington's mother declares that she is essentially an old-fashioned parent, she introduces several new notes in the child rearing propaganda. Chief among these is the dispelling of the Santa Claus illusion, because, as Mrs. Morosini puts it, "I do not want her to learn in later years that I have deceived her."

her over to any proxy mothers. Her god-and-I can see that she applies that measuring rod of taste to every costume she sees. We have talked about dress, she and I, and concluded that good taste, reasonable economy and suiting one's personality, should be the governing rules for dressing well.

"I don't believe my little daughter will become a suffragette, at least not a militant, because a daughter is liable to become what her mother is.

"Nor will she ever become a money worshipper. The only aristocracy is that of the mind. Already I can see her mind reaching toward that truth."

"Mary Washington, tenth," is the only grandchild of the late millionaire banker Giovanni Morosini, who came to this country as one of the band of ragged patriots who followed their red-shirted leader, Garibaldi, from Italy. In her blood flows the patriotism of two countries, and that its course shall be guided by a gentle heart and a well-poised mind is her beautiful mother's life aim.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Respect Her Mother's Wishes.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am dearly in love with a girl aged 18 years. Her mother objected to us going together. We correspond. We would like to continue, as we have been acquainted for a good many years, but we are afraid, as her mother has strictly ordered her not to speak to me.

"As you are only 18, your love which has lasted for a good many years," is still too young to be reckoned with seriously. Go back to your work, or your studies and forget the girl till you are older. You can amount to something: Make up your mind that you will. And then win her!

A Ring Gives the Right.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Do you think it proper for a young man to kiss his lady friend when leaving her in the evening if they have known each other for about two years, and having kept steadily company for about eight months? BTJLAKA.

If the young man is as sincere and serious as his attentions indicate and wants to kiss the girl, an engagement ring on her finger carries with it that privilege.

Visibility of Color to Human Eye Depends on Rapidity of Vibration

This Explains Why Red and Yellow Lights on Trains May Be Seen at a Greater Distance Than Green or Blue.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

An observant friend of mine has been noticing the lights displayed by approaching trains on the elevated railroad, and he has remarked that the red and yellow are visible sooner, or at a greater distance, than the green or blue, although the intensity of the illumination behind the various colored glasses is the same.



This observation touches upon some very interesting facts concerning the visibility of colors to the human eye. Light, like sound, is a vibration, and colors, like tones, depend upon the wave lengths, or the rapidity of the vibrations. The slowest vibrations of sound that are audible to the human ear occur at the rate of sixteen to the second; the slowest vibrations of light that are visible to the human eye occur at the rate of about 43,000,000 per second, and they show the color red.

The most rapid vibrations of sound that our ears can detect have a rate of 35,000 per second; the most rapid vibrations of light that our eyes can perceive have a rate of 782 million million per second, and the color that they present is violet.

The vibrations of sound occur in the air, or in solid or liquid bodies; those of light occur in what scientific men have named the ether, which is a supposititious medium pervading all space, and which according to some authorities, is 1,000 million million times less dense than air, although the phenomena of light would seem to indicate that the elasticity of the ether resembles that which would be possessed by an absolutely incompressible solid; the ether is too mysterious a thing to be discussed here, but there is no doubt that it does convey the vibrations that produce light.

There is no doubt, too, that there might be eyes, differently constructed from ours, which could perceive vibrations both slower and swifter than those which affect us just as there may be ears (among insects, for instance), which perceive sounds that are too shrill for our organs of hearing. There are vibrations of the ether, too rapid to affect the eye, which are perceived and recorded on photographic plates. We may suppose that there are insects, or other beings, that can actually see these ultra-violet light waves, as they are called, but it is impossible to imagine what color they

present. It may be something far more exquisite than any color that we ever see.

To return to the colored lights on the elevated railroad trains, we may remark that the red and yellow rays consist of comparatively long ether waves, vibrating relatively slowly, and these long, slow waves seem to possess more penetrating power than the shorter and swifter waves that cause the sensation of green, blue, or violet. If a white light shines through a fog it assumes a reddish color, because the short waves that it contains are intercepted, while the longer, and, in a sense, stronger red rays get through and show themselves.

This is the reason why the sun when at the point of setting appears of an orange or reddish color. When it is overhead its light has to traverse a thickness of atmosphere and vapor about thirty times less than that which it must traverse at sunset; the consequence is that the sun at noon appears blindingly white, all the colors getting through more or less completely and mingling together; while at sunset little more than the red rays are able to penetrate the great mass of interposed air and vapor, and so the sun looks red and comparatively faint.

The blueness of the sky is due to the fact that while the long red and yellow rays pass readily through the atmosphere, many of the short blue and violet rays are scattered by the minute particles of the air, or the particles floating in it, and from them are reflected to our eyes. Near sunset the sky turns orange, or red, because then the blue rays are largely cut off before they reach the layers of atmosphere directly over us, and the water drops in the clouds, and the vapors about them, reflect only the orange and red rays, thus giving these tints to the sky.

Sometimes at sunset the whole atmosphere resembles an immense screen of prismatic colors, beginning overhead with blue, then turning green lower down, down, then still lower, and finally red near the horizon. The one common source of all this magnificent display of colors is the white light of the sun, whose waves, of various lengths and various rapidities of vibration, are transmitted and reflected in varying degrees by the atmosphere and the vapors floating in it.

If we lived upon a world revolving round one of the red or blue suns which we know to exist in space we should enjoy no such spectacles, for there light could be of only one color, consisting of one single wave length, which could not be divided, and everything about us—flowers, trees, grass—would appear either black or of the prevailing hue of the monochromatic (single-colored) sun which lighted us.

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