

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

* The Real Beautiful Adventure *

It's in Finding Yourself and Making the Most of Yourself, Says Ann Murdock.

By ANN LISLE.

"I've never wanted to be like anyone else. I've never wanted to imitate or copy anyone. I've just been glad to be my own self as fully as possible," said Ann Murdock.

She was perking up the wee roses and orange blossoms on a very original wedding gown of soft lace, in preparation to going out on the stage of the Lyceum theater and acting the part of the very individual bride of "The Beautiful Adventure."

"Sometimes I'm afraid I'm a very conceited young person when I see all the wonderful people I might use as patterns. But I don't believe in borrowing or imitating."

"My biggest ideals of beauty are proportion and balance. Everything must fit in with everything else. Now if you borrow a trick of speaking from one person and a fashion of dressing from another and a manner of walking copied from a fourth model, you'll be a bad assortment of misfits—not an individual."

"I believe in taking stock of yourself—"



Characteristic poses of the charming Ann Murdock, now appearing in "The Beautiful Adventurer."

finding out what you are like, what you can do—and then working straight ahead to express yourself.

"Every girl ought to have one main interest in life. That will keep her busy and happy and cheerful looking and well. But that main interest must be something she admires another girl for doing."

"I don't believe in facts. They are only the jerky imitations of other people's ideas that nervous women who aren't

wise enough to be themselves adopt. One big interest keeps you busy and demands minor branch interests to feed it. For instance, I study French, literature, fencing and singing as aids to my work, and add to these branches another branch of self-expression in the study of my own health and welfare."

"Don't take up Spanish because someone says it's a romantic language, or adopt Pomeranians because some women

look smart walking up the avenue with these fluffy little animals under their arms.

"Study what expresses you. Find the enjoyments you take to naturally. Dress in the type of clothes you look well in. Arrange your hair to bring out the shape of your head. Those are simple beauty rules. As a child I did not like 'copyists.' And I don't admire them now."

"Oh, it is a wonderful adventure to find yourself, and to be a harmonious individual instead of a 'strayquill' of other folk's qualities fitted in together just anyhow."

"Harmony spells beauty to you," I suggested.

"And melody," laughed Ann of the simply arranged red gold locks, eager blue eyes, slender upright figure and sympathetic voice, all of which fit so well together.

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hold, some day the big things of life will pass you by because in your absorption in trifles you won't see them.

In the matter of filling their existence with cheap substitutes for their white things, women are far greater offenders than men. "Gise seem to think that they must have beads, and attention and friends and good times. They can't serenely contemplate filling up the year—say, from 17 to 21 or 22—with work and useful occupations and reading and outdoor exercise. Girls have a desperate feeling that life and love and youth may all pass them by, so they fairly seize on all sorts of cheap substitutes for what they really want."

"There is nothing 'just as good' as true friendship or real love. Can you imagine anything taking the place of your mother's love? Is there anything that could satisfactorily be substituted for your eight hours of sleep a night? Is a cake of chocolate or an ice cream soda adequate to take the place of good, hot savory stew at noon on a cold winter's day? Can you be equally comfortable in a thin spring coat and in warm furs in a December snow storm?"

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And substitutes won't do when it comes to love or friendship. Better be lonely for a little while than accept the friendship of unworthy people who will not be loyal to you, and association with whom will hurt your reputation. Better go for long years without love than reconcile yourself to accepting a cheap and tawdry substitute. By reconciling yourself to an unworthy love you dim your perception so that the real thing will pass you by unknowing and unknown—or, worse still, you will starve your clamorous nature, and some day what it comes comes and then there are death and destruction and devastation to pay in a few hearts.

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Don't accept cheap substitutes for love and friendship. Wait until the real things come to you. There is nothing just as good as what the best in your nature sees, and which it may demand some day when you have exchanged it in a moment of unreasoning and tangled trifles.

Marked the Spot,
It was in the Burnet Woods park that this bird's nest was found. For almost the entire hour that the bird allowed to be observed on the little lake and then suddenly disappeared for the night.

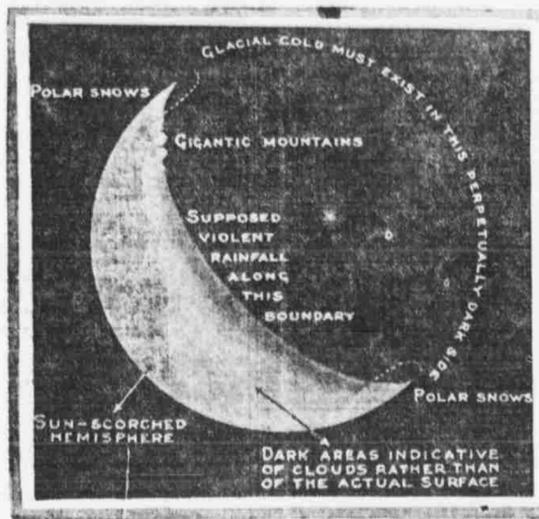
Get your watch overboard! he shouted, as he leaped the landing stage.

"What?" asked the watchman.

"Right here," returned the one in the boat. "And pointing to a spot on the side of his craft. "I put a notch right where she served over."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

* Venus, the Earth's Mysterious Twin *

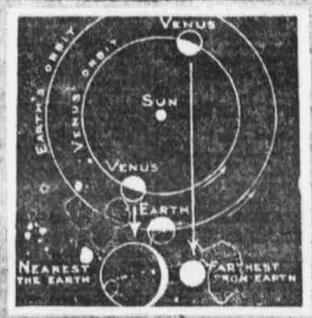
This Planet, Brilliant Now Just After Sunset, Knows No Interchange of Day and Night



A drawing showing the sunlit and frost-bound sections of Venus. We see only one, the lighted side.

A conception of the glacial cold that must prevail even at the equator in the sunless hemisphere of Venus.

The Venusian Alps, marked by the letter "A" on the picture, project above the clouds forty miles high.



The boundary between day and night is often distorted. This is explained in part by an uprush of heated air.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The planet Venus, very brilliant just now immediately after sunset, is a world of extraordinary interest for two reasons: first, because it is the earth's twin in size, and second, because it approaches nearer the earth than any other planet, when it arrives, as it will soon do, in that part of its orbit which lies between the earth and the sun.

At such times Venus is only about 26,000,000 miles away from us, or a little more than a hundred times the distance of the moon.

This is 10,000,000 miles nearer than Mars ever gets, and it were not for the fact that when Venus is nearest she turns her dark side toward the earth she would, at such times, blaze so splendidly to our eyes that her appearance would be absolutely alarming to the unprepared spectator.

Venus is a planet of mystery even more decidedly than Mars. There is something about her surface or her atmosphere which enables her to reflect the sun's light with the most blinding brilliance, the consequence being that one of the hardest tests of telescopic observation is furnished by the effort to determine just what the state of her surface is. Some astronomers think that we never do see the real surface of Venus, but only that of the shell of cloudy atmosphere supposed to envelop her.

On the other hand, the studies of Prof. Lowell and his assistants indicate that the surface of Venus is rather that of a suburban desert than of a moist, cloudy world, and that the unbearable brilliance of its light in the telescope is due to the blaze of reflected sunshine from bare sandy or rocky wastes.

A still more extraordinary fact (if it be a fact) which the investigations of Lowell and of Chapparril before him, have revealed is that Venus has lost nearly all its axial rotation, so that it now manages to turn only once on its axis in the course of its year, which is 225 of our days long. This means that on Venus there is no interchange of day and night as there is upon the earth, but that one-half of the planet lies in perpetual sunshine and the other half in unending night.

If this be the true state of affairs the condition of Venus, considered as an inhabited world, is in the highest degree amazing. If we suppose both of its hemispheres to be inhabited then it must contain two races of beings almost diametrically opposed to each other in their physical characteristics.

The inhabitants of the hemisphere where perpetual day reigns must be used to a degree of heat and light intolerable to us—unless, and this is physically quite possible, there be something in the composition of the atmosphere which reduces the effects of both the light and heat coming from the sun.

If there is no such reduction then they are, on the average, twice as intense as upon the earth. And not only that, but the glare and blaze are continual, since the sun, as we have seen, never sets on that half of the planet, from which it is visible. Moreover, tremendous storms and overwhelming floods may prevail there.

On the other, or night hemisphere, the

inhabitants, supposing any to exist, must be organized to resist a degree of cold greater than prevails anywhere upon the earth, and that, too, continual. But here again there may be an atmospheric adjustment which ameliorates conditions which seem to our experience altogether insupportable.

Another thing that the inhabitants of the unilluminated hemisphere must be organized to endure is the total absence of daylight. They are so situated, however, that their sky is probably always cloudless, so that their endless night is not a very dark one, since they have the full light of the stars. Our earth, too, must be an important source of illumination to them at such times of the year as it shines in their mid-heavens, for its light must be sufficient to cast a distinct shadow. We might guess that the night-side people of Venus were beings with huge eyes and covered with natural furry coats.

The accompanying pictures show some of the effects of the predicament that Venus is in since the loss of most of its rotation, and also the remarkable nature of its surface, which may contain mountains of almost unimaginable elevation, amounting in one case, it has been calculated, to no less than forty miles, or eight times the altitude of the loftiest mountain on our globe. But it is likely that something else has been mistaken for a mountain in this case—perhaps a great white cloud.

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Langley's Airship

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Samuel Pierpont Langley, of Pittsburgh, Pa., invented and made the first heavier-than-air flying machine. He worked out the scientific laws of aeroplanes. The machine was not successful in flight; the aged inventor could not handle it, and he became depressed during the remaining years of his life.

I was present and heard Langley deliver his address as president of the American Association for the advancement of science. John A. Brashear was present also, and he visited Los Angeles in February, 1914. He told me of his being with Langley in his last illness.

He scarcely left the room, wanting to be with his friend from their boyhood days. Brashear, on this visit, told me that he held the hand of Langley at the time of death, and that the great scientific genius really died of a broken heart.

Brashear is the most accurate scientific instrument maker in the world—the "millionth of an inch man."

Langley toiled during twenty years and so well discovered the laws of nature ruling heavier-than-air machines that no new law has been discovered since. Now, Glen Curtiss has made a successful flight in his very machine of Langley.

This is a historic event. The first machine is successful. Usually man fails at first and makes a new machine; but here the first has proven itself! Would that Langley could have lived to see this machine soaring!

It is said that congress would not appropriate sufficiently for Langley. Money was always forthcoming for instruments of death, but not for airships in their beginning. Had congress helped Langley and his workers beyond doubt the Atlantic ocean would have been crossed by aeroplanes before this.

But Langley, by this flight of Curtiss in the original machine, is at once included in the roll of fifty able, to add to the sum of human knowledge.

Do You Know That

In Jerusalem there are neither policemen, postmen, street lamps nor newspapers.

While the population of France increased in 1913 by 41,991; that of Germany by about 300,000.

The fishing industry in England and Wales employed 37,442 men and boys regularly in 1913.

A project has been started at Winnipeg, Canada, for the manufacture of starch from potatoes.

The risk of being struck by lightning is estimated to be five times greater in the country than in cities.

There are no trades or guilds in Iceland, every man being compelled to depend upon his own skill for his supplies. The natives make their own shoes, shoe their own horses and manufacture their saddles. A few artisans are found in the capital—for example, a bookbinder, a jeweler and others.

:: Love Worth Having ::

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

When a clerk offers us something just as good as a substitute for the thing we asked we generally decline, saying, "I want what I asked for." If that applies to a brand of preserves or a make of cloth, does it not apply with greater force by far to the big things of life?

But when it comes to love and friendship many of us are pathetically willing to put up with cheap substitutes for the things we asked for. We seem to proceed on the principle that something is better than nothing, even if the something is also something we do not really want or care for, and if nothing at least affords us a chance to fill our temporarily empty lives with worth-while things some day.

Don't litter up your lives with cheap substitutes for the things you really want. Don't fill every nook and cranny of your mind and heart with useless and unsatisfactory trifles. If you do, in and be-

hold, some day the big things of life will pass you by because in your absorption in trifles you won't see them.

In the matter of filling their existence with cheap substitutes for their white things, women are far greater offenders than men. "Gise seem to think that they must have beads, and attention and friends and good times. They can't serenely contemplate filling up the year—say, from 17 to 21 or 22—with work and useful occupations and reading and outdoor exercise. Girls have a desperate feeling that life and love and youth may all pass them by, so they fairly seize on all sorts of cheap substitutes for what they really want."

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For Dandruff, Falling Hair or Itchy Scalp—25 Cent Danderine.

If you care for heavy hair, that glistens with beauty and is radiant with life; has an incomparable softness and is fluffy and lustrous, try Danderine. Just one application doubles the beauty of your hair, besides it immediately dissolves every particle of dandruff; you can not have nice, heavy, healthy hair if you have dandruff. This destructive scurf robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life, and if not overcome it produces a feverishness and itching of the scalp; the hair roots fash, loosen and die; then the hair falls out fast.

If your hair has been neglected and is thin, faded, dry, scraggy or too oily, get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine at any drug store or toilet counter; apply a little as directed and ten minutes after you will say this was the best investment you ever made.

We sincerely believe, regardless of everything else advertised, that if you desire soft, lustrous beautiful hair and lots of it—no dandruff—no itching scalp and no more falling hair—you must use Knowlton's Danderine. If eventually—why not now?