

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

"There was a very learned old gent up to the house last night, visiting with father, and it was sure a treat to hear him talk of his travels. I guess he has been almost everywhere in the world that it is safe to go, and he remembers about everything which he has ever saw," said the Manicure Lady.

"This old gent claims that the human race is about ready to give whiskey the rate. He says he bases his remarks on what he has seen and on the ideas of a lot of wise old licks that have spoke with him. He says whiskey is going to go, that the demon rum is due for a awful kick in the shins."

"I guess he is right," said the Head Barber. "I ain't no temperance preacher, but I feel it in my bones that the sale of whiskey is coming to an end before long. And I am glad of it."

"I thought you liked your little nip," said the Manicure Lady.

"I used to go to it a little," admitted the Head Barber, "but the last year or so I have let it alone. I never was no steady drinker of it anyway. I could take a drink or two when I thought I wanted it, or I got along without it for a week or two and never thought nothing of it. But since I quit it altogether I feel that much better."

"Father didn't warm up none to the prospect," said the Manicure Lady. "He knew in his heart that his old pal was telling the truth, but I guess that the outlook is kind of bleak and barren to father. Poor old gent, he is living mostly in the past these days. He was brought up and lived all the years of his life among men who liked their toddy. Some of them went to it harder than others, but they all nibbled, and I guess that for the last forty years father has never went a week without his morning's morning. He is one man in a million at it, I guess, because he never neglected his family none that I know of, and he was always as kind as a kitten to all of us, though at times a little more so."

"It would be pretty hard on an old boy like that not to have a nip when he thought he needed it," said the Head Barber.

"Yes," said the Manicure Lady, "but father looks at it philosophical. He says that he ain't far to go anyhow, and if he has to live his last few years as dry as a fish in the bottom of a boat, he won't complain none, thinking of all the good it will do the younger men to have whiskey where they can't get tempted by it. The old gent is a good old sport, and if the country goes dry before his time he will grin and bear it, though I have a hunch that he will kind of welcome the grim reaper."

"It wasn't so many years ago that a man could get a drink of good liquor," said the Head Barber, "but the stuff that they are filling bottles with now and putting whiskey labels on ain't fit to give to a mad dog. It's plain poison. I don't believe there is any such thing as pure whiskey left, and when you think that pure whiskey was bad enough, you can get some idea of the damage this new stuff is doing."

"The old gentleman at our house last night says that the only thing for this country to do is to switch off onto beer instead of booze," said the Manicure Lady.

"Maybe," said the head Barber, "and I guess it wouldn't hurt a fellow none to switch from that to mineral water."

Birds of a Feather

The Splendid and Talkative Parrot

By Nell Brinkley

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"You people," complained a "young thing" I know, with soft, waxy brown hair and eyes like leaf gold, and she pried in her big ringed hairpin tighter and patted the roll that ran lengthwise of her head from forehead to crown like the old-fashioned sausage ringlet they used to brush up on babies' heads—"you people," she went on wisely, "who make pictures and things, who make us prettier than we are and homelier than we ever could ever dream to be, who understand us, and make fun of us, and know even the color of the lining of our souls, and every bit of glass that goes to make up the fragile kaleidoscope of our hearts, sometimes you stub your toes and make blunders—same as other people!"

I patted my own crown and smoothed my two eyebrows with a moist finger (which proves I am not a man). "My lovely friend, since you rid

your busy little mind of that long and tangled sentence, now tell me what's it all about." "Why," quoth she, enthusiastically, "you always make women parrots when you picture that bird human at all. And let me tell you there are gentlemen—there are elegant and splendidly-colored chaps who are dead images of parrots—save that I like the parrot best!"

"The dictionary says that a parrot is a gorgeous bird—sometimes very green—with gay colors about him; nothing in his mind so far as we know; with a marvelous power of repeating things that other people say! Oh, a wondrously clever and brilliant bird! With his tongue busy on mimicry. There's the chap; haven't you ever been bored by him? And he swings in the golden ring of his own complete vanity and never sees the absent-minded girl, and the one with a delicate yawn behind her white hand-back, the gloomy one drowned in despair of his ever going away for-

ever, and the outraged one who looks him in the face and wanders in her soul with men who draw out the silken thread of their own minds in their speech, and doesn't hear a thing of what he says but the last word!

"Oh, parrot man—when you die the angel at the gate will put his hand on your chest and shake his head: 'Not here, until, he will say, 'you explain the long rows of fallen maidens behind you, living the paths where you have lingered, maidens bored to death, their pitiful high heels and little toes turned up to the sky! I have let the parrot in—for he is likable and has long fits of silence—but you!"

"And then I will sit up in my grave of boredom and laugh and laugh, and shake my hands, and jiggle my feet with delight! Make a picture of a parrot man!" So look upon it. But there are women.....!—NELL BRINKLEY.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Talk to Him with Dignity.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young lady of 22, and am employed as a bookkeeper in a large house. I have been employed there for the last six years and my employer has always been in a hurry to get away. Lately, however, when speaking to me he embraces me, and when I tell him not to do it he just laughs. When somebody happens to come in the office he puts on a serious face as if he never did anything. This has happened a great number of times and I do not know what to do. Being so long there and getting a fair salary, I do not like the idea of losing my position, as I have to support a mother and six children.

M. R. Tell your employer with quiet dignity that your self-respect will not permit you to allow his embraces. Add, too, that you are the sole support of a mother and six children and ask him if he wants it on his conscience to have you go out and search—probably vainly—for a position these times when offices are dismissing employes rather than taking on new ones.

Quickest, Surest Cough Remedy is Home-Made

Easily Prepared in a Few Minutes. Cheap but Unequaled.

Some people are constantly annoyed from one year's end to the other with a persistent bronchial cough, which is wholly unnecessary. Here is a home-made remedy that gets right at the cause and will make you wonder what became of it.

Get 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth) from any druggist, pour into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Start taking it at once. Gradually it will surely you will notice the inflammation in a painful cough with remarkable rapidity. Ordinary coughs are conquered by it in 24 hours or less. Nothing better for bronchitis, winter coughs and bronchial asthma.

This Pinex and Sugar Syrup mixture makes a full pint—enough to last a family a long time—at a cost of only 54 cents. Keeps perfectly and tastes pleasant. Easily prepared. Full directions with Pinex.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, rich in guaiacol, and is famous the world over for its ease, certainty and promptness in overcoming bad coughs, chest and throat colds.

Get the genuine. Ask your druggist for "2½ ounces Pinex," and do not accept anything else. Guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

When a Girl's in Love

By DOROTHY DIX.

An anxious youth asks me how a man can tell whether a girl is really in love with him, or is just flirting.

Why, bless you, son, it is as easy as falling off a log. A woman in love is the most give-away proposition on earth. She couldn't deceive a blind baby if he didn't want to be deceived.

She begins to prefer the lamp turned low in her own home to the foot-lights, and her idea of a perfectly thrilling and exciting evening is one spent alone with you. So when Mabel begins to show symptoms of staying-at-home-itis you may rest assured that you have made a very considerable dent in her little heart.

The next way to test a maiden's real affection for you is to try her on a monologue about your early youth. This is, indeed, an acid test of undying affection, but it is one whose virtue can be relied upon. No other human being except a man's mother and his wife will ever stand for the reminiscences of when he and his cat under the bed.

Therefore, if Maud does not yawn in your face when you spout along about your youthful adventures, and if she eats up the stories of your schoolboy days, you may stop the question with the certainty that she is yours for the asking.

Next, observe a girl's demeanor to you when you take her out if you would ascertain whether she is in love with you or merely stringing you along until the right man appears on the scene. If she is always urging you to spend money, if she is constantly handing out hints about flowers and candy, and if, when you take her to a restaurant, she orders the most expensive dishes on the bill of fare, there's nothing doing so far as you are concerned. She's grafting what she can get in the present because she does not expect to be interested in your future.

On the other hand, if a girl is in love with you she's always wanting you to save. She'll suggest the movies as a substitute for the theater, and thinks ice cream plenty good refreshment on a festive occasion. She has mercy on your pocketbook, because she is hoping that some day it will be her own, and that the more economical you are in the present, the sooner you will be able to marry.

Take heed also to a maiden's conversation on domestic topics. As long as she bally scoffs at the kitchen and scorns the sewing machine, and calls babies brats, she isn't in love with you, or any other man. But the minute a girl falls

in love she is converted to domesticity, and she begins to take an interest in housekeeping and to try to learn how to sew. You'll find no better test of a maiden's sentiments toward you than to take her up a good cook book instead of the latest novel the next time you go to see her.

If she distastefully casts it aside, it's a tip to you to hold your tongue; but if she immediately become absorbed in reading the recipes, go ahead without fear and tell her about that little flat with exposed plumbing and a papier-mache wainscoted dining room that you've been looking at, and that would make the coziest sort of a nest for two.

And here's also another sign that never fails. Observe if the girl is worried about your health. It doesn't make any difference whether you are husky as an ox and never had an ache or pain in your life. Every woman who loves a man will ever be a frail infant, incapable of taking care of himself, and who can only be kept alive by her tender solicitude. And she is firmly convinced that he is liable to be run over by a street car or lost in a crowd unless she worries over him.

So, take heed as to whether Gladys or Geraldine insists on your wearing rubbers and muffing up your throat and keeping out of a draught and giving up smoking. If she lets you go out into the rain without an umbrella, and doesn't make you telegraph if you arrive safely as soon as you get to Philadelphia, she's not in love with you. But if she telephones to know if you got home without being kidnapped, she's beginning to get wedding rings, for she's made up her mind to take care of you through life, and the first thing you know you will be giving her a legal right to do it.

By these signs and tokens may the temperament of a maiden's affection be accurately gauged.

Household Hints

When making apricot jam add a little lemon juice. It gives an excellent flavor.

When whipping cream beat slowly for the first two minutes and then very rapidly.

If bacon is soaked in water for a few minutes before frying it will prevent the fat from running.

Save the vinegar left over from pickles. It is better than ordinary vinegar for salad dressing.

Little Reddy Ringlets

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

Her name is Reddy Ringlets.

At least she said so, and no one so far has ever been found to say otherwise.

When asked her name she answered: "Why, don't you know? My name is Reddy Ringlets."

She must have been 4 years old. She was only half dressed. She wore stockings and one shoe.

When they found her there in Golden Gate park the third day of the fire she was carrying an old wax doll with a broken nose. She walked around, looking and looking, and looking.

A soldier asked her: "Who are you trying to find, little girl?"

"I'm looking for my Daddy and my Precious. And this is my Dolly Dimple. She's awful hungry. Have you seen my Daddy and my Precious?"

And the soldier, busy with other things, hadn't seen them.

When asked her daddy's other name she answered: "Just Daddy." Then she said: "My Precious calls his Groszer Reddy."

She spoke as plainly as a full grown woman. Where her parents were, or where they had lived, or how she had gotten to Golden Gate park no one knew.

In the park were many tents. Bedding, furniture, boxes, strewed the ground. Soldiers here and there were on guard. Many of the women wore men's clothing—suits of overalls and jumpers. Some laughed and sang; others wept and refused to be consoled. There were mothers looking for their children and children looking for their mothers. And over to the east, over what three days before had been a glorious city, now hung a black, angry pall of smoke. It was a scene of dire confusion. The sick, the dying, the laughing, rumping folk, who regarded it all as a big picnic, mingled in a common camaraderie.

And through it all wandered little Reddy Ringlets, timid and unafraid, looking for her daddy and her precious head, golden with ringlets. The policeman, big and brave, just stood there eating. Little Reddy Ringlets approached. "Dolly Dimple is awful hungry," she said.

"Bless her dear heart," said a kind woman. "You mean you are hungry? And so the little girl was warmed and fed.

A curious and strange old woman stood by the bonfire and watched little Reddy Ringlets as she ate and now and then offered her doll some of the crackers and cheese.

"That's my grandchild," cried the old woman, with a chuckle. "I'll take her to her mother. Come with granny, little one, and we'll find your ma."

The old woman had a sharp chin and a sharp nose. She had no teeth and her voice was high and cracked. Confidently the little girl allowed herself to be led away.

"That isn't her child or any kin of hers," said the woman who was doing the cooking.

"Never mind," said her husband as he drank coffee out of a tin cup; "never mind. What difference is it? Haven't we a few troubles of our own?"

The great fire was in April. The months went by as the months do. It was Christmas morning.

Down beyond Chinatown stood a rickety old tenement, one of the kind that fire and death had scorned to touch.

The Italian who kept the fruit stand on the corner was talking to the policeman on the beat.

"You had better go and see about it—she's a lovely little girl. No one knows where that crazy old rumpicker got her. The old woman went out at daylight, with her bag on her back, and she's locked the child in. It's the gable room, back, next to the roof. I'll go with you."

They climbed the shaky stairs, up and up and up.

They reached the top floor. The hall was dark. They felt for the door-latch. The door was locked. The policeman threw his shoulder against it and it gave away.

They entered. The room was almost bare of furniture, cold, dirty, unkempt. To the left was a little bedroom about as big as a dry goods box. This policeman was about to enter, when he heard a child's voice. He paused and peered in. He saw an empty stocking pinned to the wall at the foot of the bed.

Kneeling at the bedside in an attitude of prayer was a little girl. The morning sun sent a luminous ray of light on her head, golden with ringlets. The policeman, big and brave, just stood there. He listened, and these were the words he heard: "Oh, God! You forgot me and Dolly

Dimple this time, and there ain't no woman. Santa Claus, for my stocking is empty. And I am cold and hungry. Hurry up, please, Mister God, and find my daddy and my precious, and I'll be a good girl and never cry any more, even when the old woman whips me!"

And as he listened the tears began to run down the big policeman's nose.

He wrapped little Reddy Ringlet in an old blanket and carried her gently down the stairs, and all the time she held fast to a very dirty wax doll.

The old Italian down on the street gave the little girl an orange, and at the station house the matron gave her a bag of candy.

Little Reddy Ringlets never found her daddy, nor her precious. Were they caught in the fire, crushed by falling walls? No one can say. But now little Reddy Ringlets has a home with a rancher and his good wife out beyond the hills of Sausalito. And when Christmas comes and she hangs up her stocking it is never empty.

End Indigestion Or Stomach Pain In Five Minutes

Time it! In five minutes all stomach distress will go. No indigestion, heartburn, sourness or belching of gas, acid, or eruptions of undigested food, no distension, bloating, foul breath or headache.

Pape's Diapesin is noted for its speed in regulating upset stomachs. It is the surest, quickest and most certain indigestion remedy in the whole world, and besides it is harmless.

Millions of men and women bow out their favorite foods without fear—they know Pape's Diapesin will save them from any stomach misery.

Please, for your sake, get a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapesin from any drug store and put your stomach right. Don't keep on being miserable—life is too short—you are not here long, so make your stay agreeable. Eat what you like and digest it; enjoy it, without dread of rebellion in the stomach.

Pape's Diapesin belongs in your home anyway. Should one of the family eat something which don't agree with them, or in case of an attack of indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis or stomach derangement at daytime or during the night, it is handy to give the quickest, surest relief known.—Advertisement