

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Contrast

Between Work of Gorges and Work of Way

By DR. CHARLES H. PARKHURST.

In the going out of General Gorges and his associates to reclaim Serbia from the power of infectious diseases we have the chivalry of the middle ages come back to us, only in finer form. Even more than that, it is like the going out of the English Wesleyan missionaries to Fiji in 1855 to redeem the islands from the power of idolatrous cannibalism, for it is taking their lives in their hands and consecrating those lives to the service of humanity. It is offering to give life for the sake of saving life, and, as the scripture has it, "What can a man do more than lay down his life for his friends?"



A terrible contrast between the saving work undertaken by these surgeons and the destroying work that has been in progress in Serbia and elsewhere since last August! The very contrast between the beauty of the one and the damnableness of the other. It is a white spot on a black ground, which makes the white to look whiter and the black to look blacker. Here is an opportunity for parents to instruct their children on the difference between the two kinds of heroism—the physical heroism that dares to be brave in killing one's brother and the moral and Christian heroism that dares to be brave in making one's brother alive. One is the heroism of a dog that is not afraid to go into a dog fight, the other is the heroism of a man and a Christian, who is saved from cowardice by the fascination of being able to render beautiful human service.

Whatever the exposures to which these surgeons and physicians will be subject we have the feeling, and the justified feeling, that most of them will be spared to return to home and friends. There is an interesting fact, or what is said to be a fact, lying at the foundation of so hopeful an expectation, which is this, that there is something in the attitude of mind with which a physician approaches a dangerous or contagious disease that tends to make him immune, and to exempt him from susceptibility to the influence of that disease. Is there in the effort he puts forth in his patients' behalf some energy that meets and resists the energy of destruction emanating from the patient? Perhaps that is the secret of the idea so often expressed that one is in no danger so long as one is not afraid.

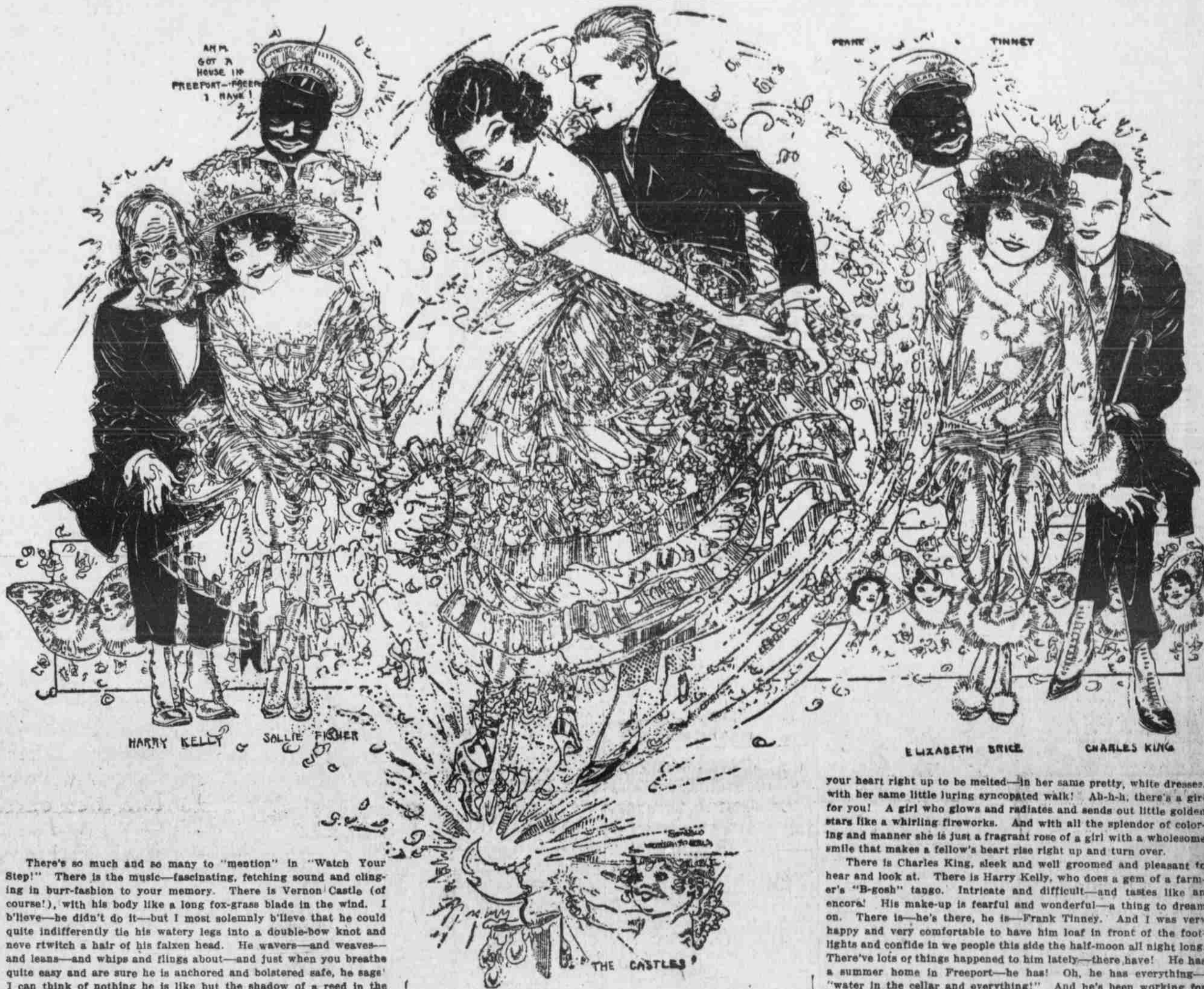
It might be illustrated by what we know of the Hudson river that the saltiness of the sea is able to creep only a little way up-stream because met, resisted and overcome by the current of fresh water continually coming down-stream. People of unsettled morals going among debased tribes are likely to become contaminated by the immorality with which they come in contact. That is not the case though with missionaries that go among them for the sake of regenerating them.

There is a fixed attitude of the missionary's part, and a regenerating force emanating from him that meets and stands resistingly in the way of the counter force impinging upon him. It is the phenomenon of the Hudson river acted over in personal life. Over and above, then, all the special preventives that physicians know so well how to use when dealing with contagious diseases, we may well believe that there is in their favor a certain sanitary energy working out from them resistingly, a certain outflow of determined sanitary purpose co-operating with other and superficial agencies which operates in an exceptional way to render them immune.

"Watch Your Step!"

Copyright, 1915, Intern'l News Service.

By Nell Brinkley



There's so much and so many to "mention" in "Watch Your Step!" There is the music—fascinating, fetching sound and clinging in burr-fashion to your memory. There is Vernon Castle (of course!), with his body like a long fox-grass blade in the wind. I b'lieve—he didn't do it—but I most solemnly b'lieve that he could quite indifferently tie his waxy legs into a double-bow knot and nudge twitche a hair of his falcon head. He wavers—and waves—and leans—and whips and flings about—and just when you breathe quite easy and are sure he is anchored and bolstered safe, he says "I can think of nothing he is like but the shadow of a reed in the water when the water is wavering in the wind!"

There is Mrs. Vernon Castle—slim and long—with her cropped, boyish head of bronzy-brown hair smoothed back from her round, fine forehead—her graceful feet—her almsy arms and hands—her graceful back which she holds bent in an old-fashioned manner that is sedate and stately and oddly fairy-like. Her clothes are built for that odd, slender back. There its citron-yellow that sways seductively with its barrel-like baby-blue bands of satin. There is tender violet-gray, and this she dances in like a blowing wreath or soft

smoke. For it swirls and writhes and cruls and files about her in changing drifts of endless chiffon—and under it her astin feet advance and retreat like dim, gray mice. She is chagling and dainty and no end clever—with a delightful, subtle look about her of what waike to call "the gentewoman."

Well, and then there's that girl—that to me always marvel-girl—and I'd go "for to see her" many a long and foot-sore mile—Elizabeth Brice! And she sings in her same sweet way—with her calling sweet eyes all ashine like amber—her same sweet, big smile, calling

your heart right up to be melted—in her same pretty, white dresses, with her same little luring syncopated walk! Ah-h-h, there's a girl for you! A girl who glows and radiates and sends out little golden stars like a whirling fireworks. And with all the splendor of coloring and manner she is just a fragrant rose of a girl with a wholesome smile that makes a fellow's heart rise right up and turn over.

There is Charles King, sleek and well groomed and pleasant to hear and look at. There is Harry Kelly, who does a gem of a farmer's "B-gosh" tango. Intricate and difficult—and tastes like an encore! His make-up is fearful and wonderful—a thing to dream on. There is—there is, he is—Frank Tinney. And I was very happy and very comfortable to have him loaf in front of the footlights and confide in we people this side the half-moon all night long. There've lots of things happened to him lately—there have! He has a summer home in Freeport—he has! Oh, he has everything—"water in the cellar and everything!" And he's been working for an automobile company—"ask him the name of the automobile!" Frank Tinney is as delectable and alive and beaming as ever he was. He reminds me—with his gentle voice and his smile—of the phrase in "Alice in Wonderland," "Beamish Boy." Beamish is the word for him.

"Watch Your Step" is a colorful, clever, melodious dance-show that never once trips up in beauty and fun and music.

It is a bright yellow casing that holds a brilliant cluster of rock-ets!—NELL BRINKLEY.

THIS WOMAN'S SICKNESS

Quickly Yielded To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Bridgeton, N.J.—"I want to thank you a thousand times for the wonderful good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered very much from a female trouble. I had bearing down pains, was irregular and at times could hardly walk across the room. I was unable to do my housework or attend to my baby I was so weak. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did me a world of good, and now I am strong and healthy, can do my work and tend my baby. I advise all suffering women to take it and get well as I did."—Mrs. FANNIE COOPER, R.F.D., Bridgeton, N.J.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record of being the most successful remedy for female ills we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., seem to prove this fact.

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has restored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, etc.

If you want special advice 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.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Pa & Ma & me went over to visit our new neighbors last nite. There naim is Cummings & Missus Cummings was over to the house with her dauter two days ago so we went to see them. Pa dident want to go, but Ma looked at him & sed We start at 8, so Pa was the first one ruddy.

Mister and Missus Cummings was nice peopl, but thare dauter was awful swelled up. She had jest cam from sun gurl college & her father & mother thought that she was the brightest gurl in the world. The only reason I liked her was because she is vary pretty, & Pa always toid me that thare was sum good in everybody & you look for it longer in a pretty girl than in a tramp. Her name was Sara.

This mornin we got in the house Mister & Missus Cummings sed Sara jest wot an essay con-test in her skool. She rote the best essay on the influens of the mind over the earthly part of mankind. She is going to rite novels after she has grown up.

How interesting, sed Ma, that is what we are going to make out of Little Bobbie, a author. He has the long, slim fingers of a geeopus, & I feel sure that sum day he will make his mark.

You can't always go by long, slim fingers, sed Mister Cummings. Lots of pickpockets has them. Did yure son ever rite anything that has won a prize? & how much literature has he read? & how much literature has he wrot? & how much literature has he read? & how much literature has he wrot? & how much literature has he read? & how much literature has he wrot?

Bobbie is too yung to have red much literature, sed Pa. By the time he is as old as yure dauter he will be pritty well posted on literature. What have you read, Miss Sara? Pa asked the girl wich had jest won the prize.

Oh, sed Miss Cummings, I have red nothing lite. All I read is the works of the masters, like E. P. Roe & Elinor Gilson. I love thare pulsing, throbbing novels, sed Pa. It make one feel so much in touch with the infinite, don't you think?

I don't think, sed Pa.

& I think the Chambers novels are so intense, sed Ma. All the time you are reading one of them you feel the vi-reel,

The Spice of Life

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"Variety is the spice of life." How- ever often you have heard it, that is a truth well worth pondering. "Variety is the spice of life." And it is a little talk with parents who never realized the philosophy of that simple statement, or have forgotten it.

M. B. writes me a sad little letter which ought to preach a sermon of as deep meaning as any you hear from the pulpit on a Sunday morning. She says: "I am a hard working girl of 18 and my parents do not allow me to go out even on a Sunday night. My brother is going to marry a girl of only 12 shortly and he isn't interfered with. I pay as much for my board as he does and yet he can come in and stay out as he pleases. I worked hard overtime for my Easter outfit, but I wasn't given any chance to go out and wear it. I am in a factory all week and I would so like to have a little pleasure evening. I'd be willing to be home by 10 o'clock. I am thinking I shall have to leave home. What shall I do?"

N. E. L. is in an equally difficult position. She writes me this letter: "I am 19 and only in my junior year at high school. My parents will not let me have any company or go out with any boys. Now, I am in love with a young business man who wants me to marry him. He meets me each day and walks to our corner, with me. I wouldn't dare let him take me home, as father says I must not have anything to do with men until I finish school. I am very unhappy, as I do not want to elope and fear that is the only way I can marry the man I love. And I can't do my work at school for unhappiness, so goodness knows when I would be able to finish my high school course."

It is just such parents as those of M. B. and N. E. L. who drive their daughters into the gravest dangers of our modern life. Have they forgotten the days

DARKENS GRAY HAIR

Harmless—Not a Dye—Acts on Hair Roots—Makes Gray Hair Healthy—Dark.

If your hair is gray, streaked with gray, prematurely gray, thin or falling apart, for a few times, Q-Ban Hair Color Restorer on your hair and scalp, with the guarantee of a reliable dealer that it won't coat you one cent unless it beautifully darkens your gray hair and promotes its growth. It acts on the hair roots making the hair healthy so the gray hair is beautifully and quickly darkened so evenly, naturally and thoroughly that no one can tell it has been used. In addition Q-Ban stops itching scalp, dandruff and falling hair, and makes the hair thick, fluffy, soft, lustrous, beautifully dark and abundant. Q-Ban is not sticky or messy, harmless and makes scalp and hair clean and feel pleasant. Darkens hair when all else fails.

Only 50c for a big 7-oz. bottle at Sherman & McConnell Drug Co., Owl Drug Co., Harvard or Loyal Pharmacy, Omaha, Neb. Out of town folks supplied by mail.

you can't get in quietly, oil the lock with 3-in-One. Makes key turn easily—bolt move softly. Prevents grinding—creaking. Keeps rust away. Lengthens life of springs. A Dictionary of 100 other uses with every bottle. 25¢, 50¢—all stores. Three-in-One Oil Company, 211 Broadway, N.Y.

100% efficiency that's what you want when you place an order for engraved plates. We put snap in our work, we have workmen that we can rely upon.

In-Shoots

Speaking of charity, a concrete doughnut given with a friendly smile is better than lobster salad grudgingly dispensed.

For success in business enterprise it is necessary to have as wise a man on the end that distributes the cash as on the one that accumulates it.

It is to be regretted that the mirror never shows us what everybody else can see.

Occasionally we speak well of the dead when there is really no excuse for it.

It is better for a man to hide his ignorance under a bushel than his good deeds.

Sometimes distance seems to lend enchantment to sweet charity.