

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Real Santa Claus



We always picture Santa Claus as ruddy, plump and jolly, snugly wrapped in fur-lined coat, gayly decked with holly; Whirling through the crisp night air, shot with bright star-twinkles. While beneath his reindeer's feet the snowflake scarcely crinkles. The Santa Claus we always dream, bears upon his back A bulky, bursting, bountiful, joy-creating pack; And if his Christmas largess should deplete his brimming store All he need do is turn his team and speed right back for more.

But, alas, the real Santa Claus is often thin and weak, And no tingle of the wintry air brings color to her cheek; And often on the Christmas eve, the Christmas spirit mocking, She sees beside her empty hand the tattered, empty stocking. But childish hope is long-lived and childish faith is strong.

And the stockings wait each Christmas lest Santa come along; So she skimps and starves and struggles to get the babes a toy, For what's her cold and hunger to her children's dream and joy.

So when you think of Santa Claus, the one who's plump and jolly, The one who's snug-in fur-lined coat and smiles through wreaths of holly, The one who, of his plenty, lavishes Christmas joys, Where joys abound already, on favored girls and boys— Oh, don't forget the others, the weary ones and worn, Who render of their scanty store to brighten Christmas morn; And in the pleasant bustle of this happy season, pause To lend a hand of helpfulness to the real Santa Claus.

WEX JONES.

Dr. Parkhurst's Article

Vivisection

The Arguments Against It Are Gaining Popular Favor Every Day—The Uselessness of Much of It Is a Fact—But Content and Ridicule Are No Arguments

By DR. C. H. PARKHURST

It is painful to witness the troubled state of mind into which vivisectionists have been precipitated by the welcome which the president has extended to their opponents gathered in council at Washington. Some of us are exceedingly gratified by the publicity given to the anti-vivisection protest by the fact of the conference being held in the home of an influential center, and especially by the report, if it be a true one, that Mr. Wilson regards it with a degree of sympathy.

There is no reason why there should be any sacrifice of courtesy or loss of temper over the matter.

Men who believe in vivisection are not necessarily wicked and those who believe otherwise may still be honest and intelligent. Conflicts of this kind are not settled by epithets. The question involves into a serious one and can only be solved in a spirit of candor.

There are two sides to it, and it is perfectly evident that the side which vivisectionists have been disposed to cover with reproaches is gaining in popular favor.

The writer of this article is, and always has been, an earnest disbeliever in vivisection maintained on the wholesale and indiscriminate scale now in vogue.

We are sensitive enough to our own pain, somewhat so to the pain suffered by other people; but even children, tender as their hearts are supposed to be, will not only witness with composure the suffering of animals, but even find fascination in causing it.

People of gentle refinement would oppose the establishment of the bull fight in New York state, but great numbers of them do frequent the bloody exhibitions when they get as far away as Spain and Mexico, and among people who do not know them.

A man, even though credited with qualities of tender-heartedness, will go as far from home as to Africa for the purpose of satisfying his passion for slaughter. The impulse is a brutal one and its gratification necessarily fosters brutality.

Vivisectionists have publicly testified to the delight they take in the excruciating performance. I would not knowingly have any friend of mine dealt with or operated upon by a surgeon whom I knew to be in the habit of sticking needles into rabbits' ears, boiling or roasting them alive. I should have the suspicion that during the operation he would get in some sly work with his knife in order to satisfy his curiosity.

Least of all would I allow a vivisectionist to practice in the poor wards of a hospital, occupied by people who had no friends and no money to protect them from the operator's passion to cut. No vivisectionist would inject boiling water into his own dog. It would have to be some one's else dog or nobody's dog.

It has to be remembered that there is no substantial agreement among surgeons as to whether, after all the slaughtering and torturing of hundreds of thousands of innocent animals, any results have been secured that are a practical contribution to the interests of humanity.

Now, so long as men of recognized authority put themselves on record with statements of such tenor, it is straining matters a little for vivisectionists and vivisectionist institutions to attempt silencing their opponents by an inexpensive application of ridicule.

There is no logical force in contemptuousness. It is not necessary for the anti to go to the extent of claiming that there is absolutely nothing to show for all the killing that has been done in all departments of research, but there is sufficient disagreement among the authorities to bring down the presumption of vivisectionists to a quieter and more modest tone, and to warrant the public in putting an intelligent restraint upon the indiscriminate and irresponsible cutting and torturing in which insensible knights of the knife are indulging and amusing themselves.

If an ante-mortem dissection of a monkey has proved a certain fact, it is neither necessary nor human to prove over again the same fact by the ante-mortem dissection of a hundred or a thousand other monkeys.

In the book entitled "The World of Life," written by the distinguished English scientist, Alfred Russel Wallace, recently deceased, occurs the following paragraph: "The moral argument against vivisection remains, whether the animals suffer as much as we do or only half as much."

The bad effect on the operator and on the students and spectators remains; the undoubted fact that the practice tends to produce a callousness and a passion for experiment which lead to unauthorized experiments in hospitals on unprotected patients remains; the horrible callousness of binding the sufferers in the operating trough so they cannot express their pain by sound or motion remains; their treatment after experiment by careless attendants, brutalized by custom, remains; the argument of the uselessness of a large proportion of the experiments repeated again and again on scores and hundreds of animals to confirm or refute the work of other vivisectionists remains, and, finally, the inquiry of its use to demonstrate already established facts to physiological students in hundreds of colleges and schools all over the world remains.

Nothing can rest trained ability backed by health and determination.

An Evening Gown

FULLY DESCRIBED BY OLIVETTE.



The evening gown that combines originality and smartness is not easy to find—but the one we illustrate fills both requirements beyond cavil. It is of soft supple Jouquille satin and very simply made. One side of the bodice is composed of a point of the satin draped over the shoulder from which falls an angel sleeve of black tulle edged with strass. The left side is of embroidered tulle, with iridescent beading forming a small strap. The skirt is of beaded tulle, fastened at the right by monster poppies of black tulle edged in strass.

The left side of the skirt is shadowed by a tunic of the beaded tulle. The main body of the skirt is of the satin cut on the bias to fall in lines of drapery that suggest a one-sided tunic. This will be found becoming to almost any type of figure. The bottom of the skirt is self-piped and cut in points over the feet and in a round train at the right of the back.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

There was a man calm up to our house the other nite that had made a study of words all his life. He used to go to college with Pa & Ma met him on the street & asked him to cum up to the house to spend the evening befoar he went back west.

The name of the man was Mister Street. Pa sed after he hed went hoam that he never knew a street cud grow so different, & he sed that wen the two was boys together Mister Street was a fine fellow to have for a chum. But we didnt any of us like him last nite, he knew too much & he knew he knew too much.

"My littel man, he sed to me wen he got set in a chair & was smoking one of Pa's cigars, my littel man, how many words of our wonderful langwidge do you know?"

I know quite a lot of words, I told him, enuff to tell what I want to say.

I dare say you do not know one-tenth of the words that you ought to know, he sed to me. Do you know that there are nearly 300,000 words in the newest dictionary? & do you realize that you are now talking to the man that knows nearly all of them words?"

I aint talking to you, I sed. You are talking to me, & I dont care how many words you know. You are like the man my Pa toid about, I sed, the man who cud speak seven different langwidges perfectly & didnt know how to order a drink in any langwidge.

Bobbie, Bobbie, said ma, you mustnt talk back to Mister Street. Then ma made me apologise to Mister Street, but I didnt mean it wen I sed I was sorry &

I was laying for a good chance to sit even with him for making out that I was a kind of a dummy.

Pa tried to talk to Mister Street about thare school days, but Mister Street used so many big words that ma & me got kind of tired listening to him, so we began to talk to each other & use the worst words on purpose.

Bobbie, said ma, I will be so glad wen we go on our trip down around the equinox. I always wanted to see the torrid zone, ma sed.

Pardon me, madam, sed Mister Street, I suppose you mean your trip down around the equator & you shud have sed torrid zone instad of torpid zone.

Pardon me, str, sed ma, wen I am talking to my son I do not wish to be interested. It is very unconcerting, ma sed, to be spoke to in a harsh manner wen one is talking confidently to one's own child. I wish you wud kindly define yureself to my husband and let us continue our conversation, sed ma.

You have no idee sed Mister Street, how yure wrong choice of words grates on my ears. It is terribel for a educated man to be thrown in contact with illiterate people & not be abel to set them right without hurting thare feelings.

If you know so many words, I sed to Mister Street, do you know the meaning of the word dewdad, wich cum from the Greek?

Certingly I do, sed Mister Street. How can you ask such a foolish question? I just wanted to see if you wud tell the truth, I sed to Mister Street. You dont know the meaning of the word dewdad becausa thare aint no such word. The nicest words Mister Street sed was good nite.

The Girl, the World and the Devil

No. 3—Getting Ahead

By ADA PATTERSON.

It is not enough that you get a "job," not enough that you are keeping it. It is most desirable that you have a satisfying sense of progress, of "getting ahead."

Don't reckon this too effictly on the basis of dollars. It is quite possible to render service worth more than the wage you receive for it, but that is not a tragic state, unless it lasts too long. The important point is to be worth more, and there is a certainty practically as great as the fact that despite mist and rain the sun will shine some time next week, that sooner or later you will receive all that your service is worth. The law of supply and demand is almost as unfailing as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Every new letter you "take," every seam you sew, every sale you make, is a chance for advancement. Do it not with the indifferent. "I must get through this somehow" spirit or manner, but resolutely see it as another step in the climb toward success. Do everything you do as well as you can so that you can say as Robert Louis Stevenson said: "I am happy because I have done good work."

Every "position" you fill is a training school that fits you for a better one.

If you feel that you are not getting ahead, and if this is really true, it may be for one of these reasons. Perhaps you are trying to be both a bee and a butterfly. Any naturalist will tell you that can't be done. Every employer will say that you cannot bleed those characters.

If you go out to dances every night you can not so fresh and fit to your work in the morning. You are tired before you begin. Employers recognize the "I've-been-to-a-dance" air, and are impatient if they have often to recognize it. The

bee is a very attractive creature on its own account, and it has a chance of living through the winter which the butterfly hasn't.

I don't ask you never to go to a dance, but I ask you to go only occasionally, once or twice a week at most, and take your other pleasures in the more wholesome surroundings of the out-of-doors. Make long tramps on Sundays, briak walks in the mornings and evenings.

Sleep with the windows in your rooms wide open. Make a few turns around the flat roof of the house you live in every day. You will be repaid by rosy cheeks, a cheerful outlook and doubled efficiency. You can not "get ahead" unless you keep your energy at par, and energy droops when the health is weakened by late hours.

Perhaps you are not getting ahead because you are wasting your vital force in fretting against conditions of your work.

No work is, in the respect to surroundings, wholly congenial. Wherever more than two or more persons are met together there is sure to be a conflict of wills. Don't allow yourself to be handicapped by likes or dislikes for the persons about you. This one's voice may grate upon your sensibilities. That one's brand of jokes may seem silly and that other's stories repellent. But, after all, that is no concern of yours. Keep at work. So insulate yourself by your interest in your work that these details pass unnoticed. Don't join cliques, and be sure to ignore factions. Every office, store or shop has its foolish little cabals. "Kitchen politicians" spring up in every industry, and it is not these petty tricksters, but the worthy independents who survive.

Arnold Bennett says the triumph is not not to find conditions that suit you, for conditions seldom or never do, but to succeed within restrictions. No work, shop, mental or mechanical or menial, is a bed of down on which to slumber. Keep on training. Gain ground in skill and experience and knowledge every day. If the work you have taken up is not your work lay it down and try another sort. But be very sure it isn't your work. Don't join the great army of drifters, or incompetents, who are known in some of the Park row offices as "pripatises." This is a polite name for tramps. Generally, it is a certificate of character to



How to Make the Best Cough Remedy at Home

A Family Supply at Small Cost, and Fully Guaranteed.

Make a plain syrup by mixing one pint of granulated sugar and 1/2 pint of warm water and stir for 2 minutes. Put 2 1/2 ounces of pure Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a pint bottle, and fill it up with the Sugar Syrup. This gives you a family supply of the best cough syrup at a saving of \$2. It never spoils. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

The effectiveness of this simple remedy is surprising. It seems to take hold almost instantly, and will usually conquer an ordinary cough in 24 hours. It tones up the jaded appetite and is just laxative enough to be helpful in a cough, and has a pleasing taste. Also excellent for bronchial trouble, bronchial asthma, whooping cough and spasmodic croup.

This method of making cough remedy with Pinex and Sugar Syrup (or strained honey) is now used in more homes than any other cough syrup. This explains why it is often imitated, though never successfully. If you try it, use only genuine Pinex, which is a most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, and is rich in gualic and other natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this combination.

A guaranty of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. Your druggist has Pinex, or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.