

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Bang! Goes Resolution No. 1

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
Now to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting, extravagant queen,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass;
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,
Now to the damsel with none, sir;
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
And now to the nymph with but one, sir.
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass;
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
Now to her that's as brown as a berry;
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And now to the damsel that's merry.
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass;
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

For let her be clumsy or let her be slim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
So fill up a bumper, nay, fill to the brim,
And let us 'em toast 'em together.
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass;
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass!

—By—
Nell Brinkley

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So love found him singing even the first day after New Year—his first and soberest resolution all gone to pot! For the biggest one he made, the one he pounded the table on, the one he confided to his dog and crossed his heart on, and signed his name to—was: "This year I am companion with dog and man. Girls are taboo! Not a feminine creature, with her cooing ways, her soft eyes, will I have about me, or will I even

turn my head to look on. Not even the one who makes pleas like a dream (and I love pie); not even the one who listens to all the clever things I have to say; not one—may the kobolds get her! For this year past she's scratched and nicked the gloss of my heart something shameful.
"So hear me, Love, you rascal, and Time, you white old man; and you, you baby-Year-nineteen-fourteen, girls are ta-

loo!" And Billy sighed. "Safe, old man, on your wisest New Year's Resolution."
But resolutions are precious vessels that break if you soap your finger at 'em. And now, so soon—Love finds Billy so—singing this song—at the top of the picture—in praise of womankind; planted among the girls!
Love tip-toed along with this most precious Resolution; he

slid carefully, eyes ahead, over the slippery ice of human Perseverance.
"Salute save us!" he whispered—and then he flipped his pink feet into the air and broke it!
"His first Resolution gone!" he remarked over the pieces.
"But it was a most delicate one, anyhow—I couldn't get far with it!"
NELLY BRINKLEY.

THE DIAMONDS BY LOUIS TRACY

A THRILLING STORY OF A MODERN CRISTO

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When the fourth bag was disposed of in the dark recess of the scullery he paused for an instant to listen. There was not a sound. Through the window, he could dimly discern the roof of the deserted stables opposite. He bent again to the task of packing the fifth portmanteau, and was placing in it the last parcel of ore and diamonds, when some of the heavy contents fell through one end where the druggat wrapping had been hastily folded.

Shaking the package on the floor as a grocery, he picked up the fallen specimens and put them in, one by one. A large lump of ore had fallen apart when it dropped, inside there was a huge kernel, a rough diamond quite as large as a hen's egg.

Philip smiled as he recalled his boast to Isaacstein. He examined the stone critically and realized that if it were flawless it must be one of the marvels of creation. Without experience any positive motive he slipped this unique specimen into his pocket, and went on with the reconstruction of the damaged parcel.

At last he finished. The portmanteau was lying on the floor, when the thought occurred to him that he might have avoided the flurry and trouble of carrying these articles into the scullery if he had nailed a couple of yards of his druggat across the window.

It was not too late even now to rectify this defect. He glanced at the window to ascertain how much material he should cut off, and saw a face—an evil, suspicious face—peering at him over the top of the curtain.

La-Grippe and Colds
In La-Grippe and Colds, and Kamaia (A-K) Tablets are unexcelled, as they stop the pain, soothe the nerves, and bring the rest so greatly needed by nature to restore the system to health. Physicians have used these tablets for twenty years, in the treatment of colds, fevers and la-grippe, and have found no other remedy more useful in these conditions. Anti-kamaia Tablets are so inexpensive, so pleasant to take, so satisfactory in their results, and so useful in all conditions where there is pain, that A-K Tablets should always be kept in the house for the time of need. Many of our ablest physicians obtain perfect results in la-grippe and colds, by cleansing the system with Epson salts or "Aetoids", a very good cathartic, putting the patient on a limited diet, and administering one A-K tablet every two or three hours. This treatment will usually break up the worst case in a day or two, while in milder cases, ease and comfort follow almost immediately. These tablets are also unexcelled for Neuralgia, Rheumatic Pains, The Pains of Women, Indigestion and Insomnia. All druggists have them.
Genuine A-K Tablets bear the M. mark. P. S.—A-K Saline For Sores.

annoyed that he had not thought sooner of the potentialities of the window when the interior of the house was illuminated by a candle and a ruddy fire. How long had the man stood there watching him? He had certainly seen some portion of the contents of the last portmanteau. Had he also witnessed the removal of the others to the pantry?
Philip's experience as a newspaper vendor told him that all London was now familiar with his own personal appearance, as well as with the semblance and value of his meteoric diamonds. The white stones, the clumps of iron ore, had been described minutely by clever journalists, who supplemented Isaacstein's clear statement by fatal facts gleaned from encyclopedias and interviews with geologists.
Most probably this man had read long articles about him, for the story was such as to bring warty curses to the lips of every penitent vagrant in the kingdom. Indeed, the careful scrutiny bestowed in his face and clothes bore out this suspicion. Had he not changed his garments the stranger would have known his identity beyond all question. As it was, the man was puzzled and disturbed at the very moment he was about to say something. What had happened to cause him to run away? What had he seen or heard? Above all, how much did he know of Philip's affairs?
Well, the door was locked, and it would be folly to go out again that night. The house was absolutely unapproachable save by the front. Philip resolved to remain awake until daybreak. O'Brien's spade stood against the fireplace. It was a formidable weapon, and he would not hesitate to use it if forcible entry was attempted. He must sit quietly in the dark, listening for each sound, and threatening boldly when he heard any one endeavoring to open door or window.
He sighed, for he was very tired, but the vigil was imperative.
He dropped the druggat and scissors and bent again over the portmanteau. The packing operations might as well be finished now, and, indeed, when the light was extinguished, it would be better to keep away from the window, through which a sudden thrust with an implement might do him an injury.
He took his discarded clothes and arranged them on top of the last parcel of ore and diamonds. Then he reached out for a small bundle of documents resting on the chair behind him, intending to place them in a little pocket in the flap which already covered one-half of

the bag.

What a Man Demands of Woman He Loves

By DOROTHY DIX.

A man demands:
That a girl shall be perfectly unselfish and as ignorant as a babe of all the evils of the world, yet be able to take care of herself amidst all of its perils.
That she shall be a gay little butterfly, yet possess a noble soul concealed under her frivolity.
That she shall be a true and loyal nature, but perfectly willing to give up even the mother who bore her if he doesn't happen to fancy his mother-in-law.
That she will be a model of all the cardinal virtues, but possess enough deviltry to always keep a man interested, and guessing.
That she will listen with rapt interest to anything he chooses to tell her about his affairs, but that she will never have curiosity enough to ask him any questions.
That she will be as well dressed as other men's wives, but spend no money on clothes.
That she will set a good table, but run up no grocery or butcher's bill.
That she will be a good cook, but never smell of the kitchen.
That she shall have enough sense of humor to laugh when he makes fun of her peculiarities, but not enough to perceive his eccentricities.
In a word, men demand that woman should be a fool, a sage, a lover, a prude, a fashion plate, an economist, a cook, a lady, a parlor ornament and a kitchen utensil. That is the reason so few men are satisfied with their wives.



Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Joe Drum calm to see us yesterday. He is a friend of Pa & he is a bachelor & he says he always gets lonesome Sunday so he calls on sum of his married friends, especially if they have children. He is a awful funny man, he told me about a hundred stories & related me sum poetry.
I suppose you see a grate many interesting things in yure travels up & down the country, sed Ma.
Sum interesting things, sed Joe Drum, & a lot of things that are not interesting at all. I get pretty tired of traveling around the world. So much of it is the same thing oaver, & nothing is so tiresome as to see the same sites oaver & oaver aggen.
I want to be a traveling man wen I grow up, I toald him.
No doubt you do, sed Mister Drum. Wen I was yure age I wanted to be a railroad fireman wen I grew up. I thought if I could ever git that far I wud be happy indeed. & I used to think I wud like to be a elevator man, too, rapping an elevator up & down in a tall building all day long. But we change our ideas as we grow oalder.
I always thought that wen I grew up I wud like to be a poetess like Ella Wheeler Wilcox, sed Ma.
I dont blame you, sed Mister Drum. There a lot of ladies that wud like to be in her place. I thought once that I was going to be a poet too, sed Mister Drum. I rote two or three poems & took them to a friend of mine that makes his munny riting poetry. He red them oaver & oaver & then looked at me & shook his hed. That is all he did. He never sed a word, jest shook his hed. So I toar them up & never tried aggen.
They shite have had reel merit at that, sed Pa. I have ritten sum reel good poems myself & had them criticed unjustly.
Ma looked at Mister Drum & laffed.

I understand, sed Mr. Drum. I am afraid that neether of us wud ever have made a reel poet. I did think that one of the peeces I showed to my friend possessed reel literary merit. I called it 'A Fragment' & I honestly believe it is the shortest poem that was ever rote. This is how it went:
I seen
A queen.
That was certainly short enuff, sed Ma. But the grammar is not rite.
Certainly not, sed Pa. He asked have sed I have saw
A queen.
& then the rhyme wudden be there. After all, Pa sed, there are very few who have any idee how hard it is to rite a good poem. Lots of peepul think they can rite them, but they git so sadly disappointed wen they show them to their friends that they keep rite on selling pianos or practicing law, or whatever it is they were meant to do for a living.
Well, perhaps it is best that there are so few poets, sed Joe Drum. Even the good ones, rite a lot of tripe now & then, & the world is crammed with bad poetry, much moar of it had than good. I shall always think that my one effort of merit shud have been printed, however. Which one? sed Ma.
The one I mentioned, sed Joe Drum.
I seen
A queen.

The Call

By CONSTANCE CLARKE.

Time was when we were friends, the wind and I, when down the street, Whirling in measures mystical, he dogged my hurrying feet. He breathed his love songs in my ear, and in his quickening breath, That woke my soul to music, was the easeful call of death.

But now he thunders in a voice that reeks of naught but pain. He clamors for admittance and his breath is choked with rain. And I, a coward, draw back afraid to battle with the strife. Because the wind would woo me with the harsher call of life.

Comb Sage Tea In Lifeless, Gray Hair

Look young! Common garden Sage and Sulphur darkens so naturally nobody can tell.

Grandmother kept her hair beautifully darkened, glossy and abundant with a brew of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Whenever her hair fell out or took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect. By asking at any drug store for "Weyth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," you will get a large bottle of this old-time recipe, ready to use, for about 50 cents. This simple mixture can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair and is splendid for dandruff, dry, itchy scalp and falling hair.

A well known downtown druggist says everybody uses Weyth's Sage and Sulphur, because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied—it's so easy to use, too. You simply dampen a comb or soft brush and draw it through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, it is restored to its natural color and looks glossy, soft and abundant.—Advertisement.