

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Only Way

That a Man and a Miss Can Properly Meet Without Being Introduced

By Nell Brinkley

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EVERYBODY'S COOK BOOK

BY DOROTHY DIX



This dish is a great favorite with married men, and master of the house often likes to prepare it at the table when he has company, so as to exhibit his skill before his guests.

To properly can a wife begin by selecting your wife. Go yourself into the marriage market and pick out a young and tender girl and one who is of a timid and sensitive nature. If you can find one that weeps easily and is so gentle that a cross word can pierce her to the heart, so much the better. No canned wives have such a piquant flavor as the soft ones that a cruel look can bruise.

In getting a wife to can be very careful not to get a suffragist. Nobody can can a suffragist, and especially a man cannot can one.

Having chosen your wife, take it home and put it up on the shelf by its lonely, and go off about your own affairs, and don't worry about what is happening to the wife at home. This process, if faithfully persisted in, will soften down any little hard spots of character that may have naturally been in the wife's disposition. There's nothing that reduces anything, human or vegetable, to such a state of acquiescent mush, as neglect.

Whether it is better to skin a wife before canning, or to can her with the skin on, is entirely a matter of taste. Also of the liberality of the canner. Some men, who like all their household appointments to be showy, always deck their wives out in Paris gowns and diamonds before canning them. Other men, of a

lightward type, hold that it is mere waste of money to spend it on a wife, and they remove all good clothes ideas from their wives before they can them.

This is a painful process for the wife, and leaves it shrunken and unattractive in appearance, but it is efficacious, for no wives are so thoroughly canned as those who have been properly pared down by a parsimonious husband.

However, in any case it is always well to begin by carefully rubbing off the bloom of romance from the wife, and the more thoroughly this is done with a hard hand, the better.

Then plunge the wife first into the icy water of indifference, or taking any interest in what she is doing, or seeing that she has any diversions or amusements.

Vary this by popping her into the boiling water of temper.

Continue this process until you see a frightened look begin to come into the wife's eyes, and it begins to cringe before you like a dog that thinks it's going to be struck. This indicates that the wife is now ready for canning.

Now make a sauce, as follows: To one barrel of ridicule add one gallon of wit, the more undiluted the cruelty of it the better; a pint of the tabasco of caricature, a pint of brutality, throw in a bunch of all the mistakes that your wife has ever made and the foolish things she has done, stir all together, and let it come to a boil. Simmer the wife in this until it hasn't a thought nor an idea left in its system.

N. B.—It is not necessary to put any salt in this dish, as by the time a wife is ready for canning she is so soaked with the brine of her own tears that the plate is almost too highly seasoned for most tastes.

This is an infallible recipe for canning wives, and if faithfully followed never fails. No woman thus treated ever takes herself out of the kitchen or the pantry unless removed by her husband's orders.

As has been said, many married men are very expert in canning wives and like to show off by preparing the dish at their own dinner tables. The only difficulty about it is that canned wife is like home-made Welsh rabbit—nobody seems to relish it but the maker.

Also, it sort of takes the appetite for matrimony from such unmarried women as are present on the occasion.



The Great Path Finder

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

Mungo Park started out on his African expedition—the first serious attempt that was ever made to explore the "Dark Continent"—18 years ago, October 24, 1793.

The lion-hearted Scotchman, with two negro servants, set out from Gambia, on the west coast, and plunged fearlessly into the task which, before him, no white man had ever attempted.

It took a real man to plunge into the unknown interior, filled with tales of the monstrous and the terrible. Huge serpents, roaring lions, great black cannibals, scorching heat, deadly fevers—who would dare to challenge these things. And so Africa remained "dark" until yesterday.

As it were, while Moses was battling with his problem in the Arabian wilderness; while civilization was maturing in Egypt and Greece; while Roman republics and empires were rising and falling; while the modern nations were coming into being; while Crusaders were fighting and troubadours were singing; while Columbus was discovering the new world, and Washington was founding the United States of America.

But at last the man and the hour met, and the son of the Selkirkshire farmer took his brave leap into the mystery. In the mystery he remained a year and a half, when he reappeared, returned to England and wrote "Travels in the Interior of Africa," a book which is still one of the most interesting in the libraries of the world.

How to Make Better Cough Syrup than You Can Buy

A Family Supply, Saving 50 and Fully Guaranteed.

A full pint of cough syrup—as much as you could buy for \$2.50—can easily be made at home. You will find nothing that takes hold of the ordinary cough more quickly, usually conquering it inside of 24 hours. Excellent, too, for spasmodic croup, whooping cough, bronchial asthma and bronchitis.

Mix one pint of granulated sugar with 1/2 pint of warm water, and stir for 2 minutes. Put 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (fifty cents worth) in a pint bottle, then add the Sugar Syrup. It keeps perfectly. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

This is just laxative enough to help relieve a cough. Also stimulates the appetite, which is usually upset by a cough. The taste is pleasant.

The effect of pine and sugar syrup on the inflamed membranes is well known. Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, rich in gualacol and other natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this combination.

This Pinex and Sugar Syrup remedy has often been imitated, but the old successful mixture has never been equaled. It is now used in more homes than any other cough remedy.

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.

Drawn For The Bee

The best newspaper artists of the country contribute their best work for Bee readers.



Nell Brinkley Says:
The other day a young fellow knocked the ashes from his pipe—and soberly inspecting the toes of his new "hikers," said woefully to me: "Isn't it a pity, Mam'selle, that there isn't some way for the decent, well-bred sort of fellows and girls to know the stranger whose personality reaches out to them across the curb or the subway aisle? Oh, of course, that wouldn't be a puzzle for one sort: 'getting acquainted' is the best thing they do! I don't mean them. I mean real people, the clean chap who goes about his business with his eyes cool and straight ahead when it comes to girl-folks he doesn't know—the fine-bred girl who favors the stranger she admires with the same unmeaning glance she gives the Metropolitan tower (unless he isn't looking!). That's the sort I mean. Don't you know, Mam'selle, that that variety of chap, in his travels around the city streets, sometimes holds the door open for a girl whom he would

give his new bull-pup to know? Every detail about her appeals to the best he's got—calls to him—reaches out invisible hands and cries, 'What friends we'd be!' And he's got to accept her gracious, vanishing smile for his courtesy, straighten his back and forget it! For, you see, he can't know her—if she was the kind he could—why then—why then—the woeful young fellow finished lamely, "why then she wouldn't be the kind she is! Isn't it the same with girls? Don't a real girl look up in a crowded street car into the eyes of a passing man and all of her capacity for comradeship or loving leap to him satisfied? And she goes on with her eyes cold—and he goes on not knowing—and they lose each other for all time! Gee, there ought to be a way out of that. I saw a girl in the gallery today—she had grey eyes and she carried herself like a slim birch tree—she liked the very pictures that I did. I watched her! She went out in front of my very eyes and dropped into New York—out of sight. I've lost her. Couldn't you think of a way—a way to get to the stranger girl one likes?"

"Only one way," quoth I. "And this is it: Don't you remember how the lover in Arabian tales fell in love with the passing princess—doubled himself up in a carved trunk—had himself carried on the porter's black back to her house and the trunk banged down before her—flung back the lid and stood up with his hand on his heart and his turban in his hand? And watched the love dawn in her eyes? Billy boy—that's the only way! Get yourself carried in a trunk, to the lucky house that holds her, and set down at her feet. Then on the arbor of your own tongue depends your comradeship with her. You can't speak to her on the street, but you can pop up out of a trunk at her."
Billy boy looked at me darkly and scornfully. "Magic! I know it took that. How do I know in this blasted town that's all littered up with so many people—where she even lives? I'd go in the trunk, all right. But it's a magic trunk I need—one that would find its way by itself."
But that is the only way!

From the Hills

By CONSTANCE CLARK.

A tang of sharpness in the quickening life
Of sluggish air waves shivering free on tree,
The limpid blue where fronded branches drift
Their green across the sky and then—the sea.
Out of the calm and silence of the hills
The pine-locked secrets of their mystery
Unto the wider calm that never stills
Unto the wilder mystery of the sea.

Wonders of X-ray Photography

Photographs Now Reveal the Hidden Organs of Creatures Whose Entire Bodies Are as Minute as Pinheads.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The great value of radiography, or X-ray photography, consists in the fact that it enables us to see the inside of things. It virtually realizes the old paradox of "seeing through a stone wall." There is, perhaps, no achievement of man that smacks more of magic than this. We can look at our own bones and hearts and lungs and watch our blood coursing through the veins and arteries of the living body.

I have recently described the improvements by means of which instantaneous photographs are now made of the internal organs and motion pictures are produced which show them in action as if the bodies of men had suddenly become transparent. But there is another thing, hardly less surprising, to be added. Radiography is now being applied to microscopic objects.

M. Pierre Goby of Grasse, in France, has invented an apparatus by which magnified X-ray photographs of the interior of minute objects, and of the internal microscopic parts of larger objects, can be obtained. As M. Goby says, his process is, in effect, an "optical dissection."

Take, for instance, a leaf, with all its fine interior veins. These veins are invisible to the eye, but "micro-radiography" reveals them in all their complexity without the necessity of destroying the leaf. This is a great boon to the botanist who wishes to study the interior structure of plants.

M. Goby has produced magnified radiographs of the little creatures called foraminifera, which are mere pinpoints



Sage Tea Puts Life and Color in Hair

Don't stay gray! Sage Tea and Sulphur darkens hair so naturally that nobody can tell.

You can turn gray, faded hair beautifully dark and lustrous almost overnight if you'll get a 50 cent bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy" at any drug store. Millions of bottles of this old, famous Sage Tea Remedy are sold annually, says a well-known druggist here, because it darkens the hair so naturally and evenly that no one can tell it has been applied.

Those whose hair is turning gray, becoming faded, dry, straggly and thin have a surprise awaiting them, because after one or two applications the gray hair vanishes and your locks become luxuriantly dark and beautiful—all dandruff goes, scalp itching and falling hair stops.

This is the age of youth. Gray-haired, unattractive folks aren't wanted around, so get busy with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur tonight and you'll be delighted with your dark, handsome hair and your youthful appearance within a few days.

Advertisement

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Give Her Up.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 23 years old and have taken a very good liking for a girl of 18 years, and I feel that I am in love with her, and as I have very serious intentions and as all my friends ridicule me about her I am writing to you for advice, whether I should continue my courtship or not, because if you think it is not right to go with a girl of her age I shall discontinue at once.

IN DESPAIR.

I am glad your intentions are serious. This means that they will survive rejection from her, and that is what I advise. A girl of 18 years is three years too young to hear a story of love.

You Are Both Wrong.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 and have a fairly good education. I keep company with a man of very good character. I also have a very good friend who has a very mean disposition and a very bad character. Now this man's parents do not allow him to keep company with me because I am a friend of such a girl. He says he will not do what his parents say because he loves me very much.

ADELE.

If you are very intimate with a girl friend like the one you describe it will set to your discredit. Give her up. The attitude of the young man's parents shows how your association with such a girl is hurting you. If you can't give her up, the young man should see legs of you.

Some Confusion

Senator Thornton of Louisiana was talking about the tariff bill, which he opposed on account of the free sugar clause.

"This bill," he said, "will land the sugar industry, the cane sugar industry, in almost immediate confusion."

"The sugar industry will be as badly off, alas, as the government mule."

"This government mule was left at the Nola Chucky station in charge of Uncle