

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

"Now Goodbye Old Horsey"

Even the Poor, Underfed, Little Girl Has Heartfelt Sympathy for Overworked Dumb Beasts



She went out in the street with her little tin pail, on an errand for her overworked and underfed mother.

She herself was overworked and underfed; she had never in all her nine years known a satisfied appetite.

She had been thinking, as she walked along, how wonderful life must be to those people she saw driving about in great motor cars; wearing just such rich garments as she saw displayed in shop windows when she passed the big shops.

She had never known the comfort of really warm clothes and winter since she could remember.

It had seemed to her that morning that she and her mother and all the other children in the family were the most miserable creatures in the world.

Then she chanced to look right into the face of the tired old horse who stood beside the curb, while his driver refreshed himself in a nearby saloon. The horse had been dragging an enormous load from a nearby shops where, for nobody knows how many weary miles.

He stood with bowed and dejected head, breathing hard, while he rested for a few moments, before his driver returned to urge him on.

The heart of the little girl swelled with a sudden feeling of comradeship.

The heaven-born emotion of sympathy took possession of her and drove out self-pity.

She slipped her thin arm about the long nose of the old horse and pressed her cheek close to his.

"It's harder for you than it is for me or mother," she whispered to him. "We can take off our shoes and soak our feet in warm water when they ache too hard. But you can't. And we can go to the hospital when we get real sick; mother did. That was after she told the boss at the factory how her head and back ached, and about the chill. Then he knew she was sick.

And he told her to go to the hospital. But you can't tell anybody; and you just have to keep on till you are ready to drop.

"You can't tell about the hurt in your feet; and you can't ask for more to eat, or stand in the bread line, the way we children did when mother was in the hospital. My! but the coffee they gave us was good! You have to eat out of a nosebag that hasn't enough in it; and then they let the bag stay on, and almost choke you, long after you are all through eating.

"And you are so good, and so ready to do all you can, poor old horsey. I just want you to know that I understand all about it; and that I am sorry for you. And I am saying a little prayer for you; and I hope you won't have a bad man driving you today; and that you will get more to eat than ever before; and that you will somehow know that a tired little girl who never had quite enough to eat in her life wishes she could put you in a great big field such as she saw once when the Fresh Air Folks took her into the country; and that she could let you stay there forever and forever, and that she could stay there with you.

"Now, goodbye, old horsey."

Then she picked up her pail and passed on.

And the driver came out of the saloon and said, "Get up," and the old horse moved stiffly on.

But into the air of the street had gone a vibration of divine sympathy, making the whole better.

For just as the wireless message goes out upon the air waves, and vibrates on and on, until recorded at wireless stations, so every impulse and thought of human hearts goes on until received at some other heart station.

Unconsciously the little girl had made the world better, and increased the foundation of sympathy by her impulsive action.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

My Own Beauty Secrets || The Care of the Hair || By Anna Held

By ANNA HELD.
Star of John Coff's "All Star Variete Jubilee."

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Have you not often noticed how charming a plain woman manages to look if only she arranges her hair becomingly? Her hair lies a bit of very deep philosophy. To arrange your hair well, you must have soft, plentiful locks. To have soft, plentiful locks you must give them plentiful care.

Hair that is dank and greasy falls with a lifeless droop that is just as unbecoming as the words I have used to describe them. It arranges itself with unbecoming indifference to all your desires to arrange it. Give but half the effort that you waste on uncareful hair to caring for it scientifically and, even if you are a plain woman, you will soon grow from adorably plain to plainly adorable.

I have a little hair drill that I practice every day. Will you follow my example, madame?
On rising I wash my scalp with water.



Miss Anna Held.

Water bad for the hair? Mads no. That is not so. Water is good for all growing things. Of course, if your hair is wet and you dress it so, it will be harmed. If you fold wet garments and lay them away they will mildew, you know. But I wash the scalp, and so cleanse it from dust and foreign particles that might clog its pores. First, then, wash the scalp. Feed the roots of your hair with a wet drink of water.

Then, even if at first it pains you a bit, brush the hair with a stiff brush that will penetrate to the scalp. Brush thus for twenty minutes. Brush your hair continually, constantly. Always brush it for several minutes at a time. Comb as little as possible. Stimulate the scalp. Do not irritate it.

Now perform the rest of your toilet with your hair hanging loosely, open to the air. If you can, sit at a sunny window for ten minutes each morning. Water, air, sunshine—all in moderation—is the best, because the most natural, tonic for the hair.

If your hair is very dry, buy some simple oil—olive oil, oil of coccoanut, crude oil, or even vasoline will do. Part the hair carefully when you apply oil, so that the scalp may be fed, but the hair shall

not be made an oily dust collector. Never apply oil more than once a week. The hair cells are tiny and can take up but a small amount. If this is carefully applied and rubbed in once a week, and the shampoo indulged in but once a month, dry hair should soon have a natural gloss and luster and new life, too.

If you are a victim of dandruff, apply this simple tonic three times a week: First ounce imported bay rum, ten grains of quinine and one tablespoonful of witch hazel. Apply with a medicine dropper and rub well into the scalp. One night a week wipe off the scalp with absorbent cotton dipped in warm witch hazel. If the dandruff persists consult a reliable hair specialist. If your scalp is diseased you must have the germ of sickness killed.

For healthy hair I recommend a fortnightly shampoo. And be sure that occasionally just before your shampoo you have the split and broken ends of your hair singed or cut. It makes little difference which—for I am trusting that you are above the superstition of our bourgeoisie.

Now train your hair to fall in a constant curve. In hair as in dress the unbroken line is always prettiest.

Of course you will not dye your hair. Nature sends snow in winter—it is just as pretty as are the green trees of summer. If you have snow on your head leave it. If your hair is red or brown or golden or black each shade has its admirers—be sure of that. Let nature, who is the true artist, attend to your color scheme. And the rest of the arranging is fit to take all your energy.

Here are two of my pet coiffures. Perhaps one of them will suit your face. The one on the right shows hair parted in the center, pulled softly over the temples, and again arranged in softening line over ear. With the comb you may pull the hair into shape, and it will soon fall in the line of your training. Now catch the hair in a great, soft coil across the back of the head, and add great pins of bone or shell for the day time and of brilliants for evening.

In choosing hair ornaments match the hair as nearly as possible for the day, and at night have the brilliancy of contrast. To obtain the effect of figure 2 (on the left) part the hair over the left eye, or catch it back in a low pompadour and pull out softening locks over temples and ears with your comb. If you are tall, a coil at the base of your neck will be simple and pretty. If you need height, pile the hair high on your head. If your face is neither unduly flat, yet guilty of some prominent feature, you will find a Psyche or a great bun at the crown of your head most effective.

Soft bandings across the hair are universally becoming, and a high upstanding ornament will give both a piquant charm and a sense of impressiveness.

Train your hair, madame, and arrange it after due study of your face. For so shall you attain charm of appearance and the reputation for beauty under your sparkling natural crown.

Famous For Her Hair

Actress Tells How She Grew It.

Madame Rose, the well-known actress who played on one of the leading vaudeville circuits the past winter and who is especially noted for her long, beautiful hair, in a recent interview in Chicago, made the following statement: "Any lady or gentleman can promote the growth of their hair and make it soft and glossy with this simple recipe which they can mix at home. To a half pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and 1/4 oz. of glycerine. Apply to the scalp two or three times a week with the finger tips. This is not only the finest hair grower I have ever known, but it prevents the hair from falling out, removes dandruff and scalp humors, darkens streaked, faded gray hair and makes it soft and glossy. The ingredients can be purchased at any drug store at very little cost."—Advertisement.

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

Thanksgiving

By LILIAN LAUFERTY.

The spirit of Thy heart, oh God, is Liberty.
Today, as evermore, we thank Thee for this glory;
And from the souls where her winged feet have trod
Surges our story
In frosted breath beneath November's sky,
Like incense hoary.

Today our thanks to Heaven above ascend through Winter's chill-tonched air,
Divided millions join today—there rises all our nation's prayer;
For all we are and long to be—for failure linked with hope to rise,
To Thee, oh God, we send today Thanksgiving past November's skies.

We thank Thee, God, because the day must ever follow darksome night;
We thank Thee that our bleeding feet still bear us onward to the fight;
Because we e'er may try again, because of hope that does not die,
Because of joy the sunshine gives—our thanks today rise to the sky.

The spirit of Thy heart, oh God, great Liberty
Has taught us how to write a nation-honored story;
Freedom we knew to rise from hampering clod.
For all this glory
Thanksgiving surges from our hearts today
Like incense hoary.

Edison Quits Night Work

Thomas A. Edison is obeying his physician, who recently warned him to give up night work entirely. Mr. Edison does not leave his home, in Llewellyn park, in the early hours of the morning after snatching a few hours' sleep, as has been his wont in former years. He sleeps longer than usual, eats breakfast with his family and is driven to the laboratory by Mrs. Edison in an electric runabout between 8 and 9 o'clock. Promptly at 12 o'clock Mrs. Edison is at the laboratory door, waiting for her husband in the same machine. They drive to their home and have lunch. Shortly before 6 o'clock she comes for him, but this is when she meets with greatest difficulty. According to a laboratory employe, Mrs. Edison appeared for her husband a few nights ago, and he told her he was very busy and thought he would work through the night on an experiment. "You know what the doctor told you," warned Mrs. Edison. "That's right; I think I will go home with you," he answered as he grabbed his coat and hat and jumped into the waiting automobile to be driven home—New York Times.

Every properly constructed mother thinks children were a lot more obedient when she was a girl.

Thanksgiving Day

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

The great social and religious festival known as "Thanksgiving" dates back to the Pilgrims and Puritans of New England. The sentiment of gratitude for favors granted is as old as humanity, and as age before the Massachusetts settlers were born mankind was in the habit of expressing its thankfulness by some form of public celebration. But the institution of Thanksgiving as an annual festival of thanks and praise for blessing received at the hands of the Great Author of our being had its origin among the founders of New England. For reasons which were "good and sufficient" unto themselves, the Puritans abolished Christmas, and feeling the need of some other day to replace it, they instituted Thanksgiving day. After the first harvest of the New England colonies Governor Bradford ordered a public rejoicing with prayer and praise. This was in October, or November, 1621. On July 30, 1623, was held the second Thank-

sgiving, the first ever appointed by a governor in an authoritative way. On February 22, 1681, there occurred in Boston the first Thanksgiving celebration of which any written account remains among the colonial archives. The first regular Thanksgiving proclamation was printed in Massachusetts in 1677.

The first Thanksgiving proclamation ever issued by a president of the United States was by George Washington, in 1789. From Massachusetts the custom spread to the other colonies. In 1820 the governor of New York appointed a day for public thanksgiving, and other northern states quickly followed.

In the south Thanksgiving day was practically unknown till about 1856, when Governor John of Virginia urged the observance of the day in a letter to the legislature; but the idea met with hot opposition, on the ground that it was a "New England superstition," and the wiped out by the civil war. In 1864 President Lincoln issued a Thanksgiving proclamation, which was followed by the governors of most of the states; and we may say that since that year Thanksgiving has been an annual holiday throughout the entire country.

About the institution as it exists today there is nothing sectarian or sectional, but over the entire union the day is observed by all Americans alike as the time for family reunion, good cheer and general rejoicing and gratitude.

Coming of The Sunbeam

How to Avoid Those Pains and Distress Which so Many Mothers Have Suffered.



It is a pity more women do not know of Mother's Friend. How is a remedy that relieves the sufferer, enables them to expand without any strain upon the ligaments and enables women to go through maternity without pain, nausea, morning sickness or any of the dreaded symptoms so familiar to many mothers. There is no foolish diet to harass the mind. The thoughts do not dwell upon pain and suffering, for all such are avoided. Thousands of women, so long weary themselves to the thought that sickness and distress are natural. They have better, for in Mother's Friend they have found a wonderful, penetrating remedy to banish all those dreaded experiences. It is a subject every woman should be familiar with, and even though she may not require such a remedy, she will now and then meet some prospective mother to whom a word in time about Mother's Friend will come as a wonderful blessing. This famous remedy is sold by all druggists, and is only \$1.00 a bottle. It is for external use only, and it really works its weight in gold. Write to-day to the Standard Regulator Co., 127 Lumber Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.—for a most valuable book.