The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Bringing Up Father

Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



Why Amateur Poetry is Not Wanted

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

(Copyright, 1913, by the Star Company, style. Great Britain Rights Reserved.) 1—Are publishers willing to accept or pay anything for amateur poetry? 2—Does the production have to reach a

Could you name any reputable pub-So much very good verse is being written by so many talented men and women

in all parts of the world today that amateur verse is not in demand. soured and sated critics state to the

contrary, there was never an era when so much really excellent poetry was written - as, today academic

(though we have that, too), but poetry which deals with present day with human emotions, and poetry which will bear the who demands liter-

ary standards and good technique. All that it is not generally appreciated.

quite falling to remark their brilliancy. Were there but one or two, we would accord them more praise.

how mistaken an educated man or woman possessed gifts of expression, and his can be on this subject:

I am a university graduate, with years have placed in the hands of one of the conversation with a friend, spoke of the tions. work submitted as 'original, of rare



I was Fat. Unconference, Looked Old, Pelt Miserable, suffered with Rheumatism, Asthma, Neuralgia When I worked or walked, I puffed like a Porpoise. I took every advertised medicine I could find. I Starved, Sweated, Exercised Doctored and changed climate, but I ruined my digestion, feit like an invaid, but steadily sailed and bade his digestion, feit like an invaid, but of acadily sailed and bade his heard or that I did not try. I failed to reduce my weight. There was not a single plan or drug that I heard or that I did not try. I failed to reduce my weight. I drupped society, as I did not care to be the butt of all the pokes. R was embarrase to be the butt of all the pokes. R was embarrase to be the have my friends tell ms I was getting to have my friends tell ms I was getting to have my friends tell ms I was getting to have my friends tell ms I was getting to have my friends tell ms I was getting to have my friends tell ms I was getting to have my friends tell ms I was getting to have my friends tell ms I was getting to courage, the men ting to have my friends tell me I was embarrane by his magnificent tend to have my friends tell me I was getting courage, the men Btout, as no one knew it better than myanf. SOMETHING HAD TO BE DONE and in a few min-I began to study the cause of FAT. When I discovered the cause I found the remedy. The French utes the victory Method gave me an insight I improved on that. Removed the objectionable features, added mixed the pleasant enes, and then I tried my plan on myself for a week. It worked like Magic. I could have was made. SCREAMED WITH JOY

SCREAMED WITH JOY
at the end of the first week when the ecaise told
me I had an journal by my nimple, easy,
harmined. Determined the pounds by my nimple, easy,
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low of mind. It is as certain that EATTY BIBL. Sie Barclay, Denver, Colo. cer of twenty years duration.

| Dower and most remarkable mastery of | will. There was a girl on a western

"Not unnaturally, I believe this work to be of sufficient maturity to publish. The two strongest MSS, were sent the round of the magazines, carefully wrapped, and in every case the were returned unread, with the usual polite for mula of rejection. Using the same trap, have sent out more than 200 MSS., with the same result-they were unread. With the 'far cry' ringing on the ear of my inner consciousness, I must write. But agains the wall of lazy MS, readers one stands helpicss. Can you tell me, s there a way through them or around them? As to closing my ear to the call f my pen, that is impossible."

Almost daily letters of similar import come to my hand and eye. Young, middle-aged and old aspirants for literary honors ask for the influence of one supposed to be near the throne of the august editors and assert their conviction that only by such influence can the most talented hope for admittance into the charmed circle of the "accepted." into the mind of mortal. It is absolutely

without foundation. Literary success, like all other success of any degree or kind, depends not only on talent, not only on industry, but this is now being sent out so voluminously | mainly on will and desire. I have known a man of unquestioned talent to work The literary firmament is ablaze with twelve hours a day for as many years,

poetical stars, and we bask in their light and yet to make but small progress toward success. I do not mean that he accumulated little material gain, for that is a small fac-No publishers can be suggested to the tor in success. But to reach an audience

writer of amateur yerse who would buy and hold the attention of people means his wares unless they possessed some to be able to entertain, help or benefit very vital quality of their own. If they humanity, and those are surely factors to did, he could find his publishers alone success. This talented man worked from by cutting prices; the boy said their and unaided. The following letter shows a sense of duty, because he knew he tastes led him in these lines. Yet he felt line. no ambition to be known or recognized, of specializing in English and a broad, and gloried in self-effacement, while he practical experience in writing. Now, I grieved that his hard work was not better regarded for the sake of the good he keenest critics in New England some of felt he might do were the world of my stories and satires. This critic, in editors more appreciative of his produc-

Men of less talent and less industry surpassed him, and he wondered why it

By REV. THOMAS GREGORY.

It was 117 years ago, May 10, 1796, that

ing against the

young general,

colors and pressing

when, seizing the

prairie who had no education and no quaintance among editors. She possessed a certain crude talent, and ideas of her own, and immense ambition to be heard. Night or day the thought burned in her brain and heart that she had something to say to the world, and that the world

must hear. The fact that she was a mere child, and ignorant and uneducated, could not silence this overwhelming determination to compel the attention of humanity. She sent out her roughly written little thoughts to lordly editors in city offices. and with them she sent such a powerful intense demand for recognition, that in spite of all the seeming obstacles be tween her and success the editors had to heed her. It was not her talent, nor her "style," nor her industry that won their recognition, but it was what went with the manuscript.

No "power behind the throne" could have done for her what her own commanding wish and unflagging purpose

A middle-aged travelling man, in perfect health and vigor, yet with a blase mind and a bored air, and a boy with all the courage and eagerness of ignorant youth ,recently went forth from the same business house on the same errand -to solicit orders. The man sent home discouraged letters, saying trade was at a low ebb, and that he was not even allowed to open his samples in many places. The boy sent home orders which caused his employers to gasp with astonishment and smile with delight.

The man said that the country was going to the dogs; the boy said it was the greatest land on earth. The man said competitors had ruined the business house was the wonder of the world and was taking all the business along the

A few months after the man had passed over his route the boy followed, and doors and purses, which had been closed to the former, flew open to the latter. The eagerness, the earnestness, the burning desire and virile ambition of the

It is not the force of the leaden bullet which sends it to its mark, it is the The explanation lay in his own combustible power back of it. That is Are You lack of keen desire and unconquerable all there is of achievement of any dif-

"How do you win your victories?" was

asked of him one day. "Bless you," he

replied, "it is perfectly natural to me."

with him. Waving them said; he said:

"The commissioners directory have no

concern with my policy. I do what I

please." This is no conceit. It is simply

the perfect confidence of genius. "My

movements were as quick as my thoughts. Trouble me not with your suggestions." He knew what he was doing,

And so the little man won his Bridge of Lodi-and Milan lay at his feet. Dazed by the suddeness and completeness of the

young general's moves, delegation after

delegation came to implore his clem-

ency. All Lombardy submitted. The Au-

strian military office was ranted, con-

founded, paralyzed. Napoleon had sud-

dealy revolutionized the whole art of war.

glass serving dish

boy were the secrets of his success.

The Bridge of Lodi

the "Little Corporal" made his "terrible What confidence, even in the man of 28!

passage of the Bridge of Lodi. In the In the midst of his Italian victories, the

thick of the onset fate seemed to be go- Directory sent commissioners to consult

will compel the attention of that world. if he possesses this combustible force his manuscript forth to return unread. self-reliant and unswerving in purpose. they are accepted, but they will be read and they will be published eventually. No power behind the throne can give another human soul this intense quality.

ability with a message from the world think, be been in the temperament. Yet possibly it may be cultivated by proper understanding of the power on concenback of his talents. He will not send tration, and by a systematic effort to be

The literary man or woman who puts the quality of feeling into a story or poem will not find his or her thoughts unread by 200 editors, although the work

For the Afternoon



Tailor made costume for afternoon wear made of "mastic" woolen composed by a long coat which is worn unbuttoned.

The arm hole is cut square under the arm, according to the new fashion. The long straight sleeves are hung kimono at top and the lower part shows a rather wide cuff.

The original collar is of the Robespierre model and made of striped

eponge material with a plain edge.

The waistcoat of the same material as the coat is cut in a "V" in front, showing a small yoke of lace with a frill. It makes a blouse, and is trimmed by two bands of eponge materials, buttoned by three rows of steel buttons. This skirt is an ordinary plain round skirt, the fullness of feelings.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Several weeks ago I met a young lady who fell deeply in love with me. She has returned home and asked me if I would write to ner often. This I do not want to do, as the latest think that I love her. Tell me steel buttons. This skirt is an ordinary plain round skirt, the fullness of feelings. which is caught up at the waist by two large folds at each side.

The waistcoat and the front of the skirt are trimmed with soutache for you is not so deep that she will suffer

Husband Who Forgets Wife for Base Ball

So he's a base ball fan, is he, that husof yours? Goes crany when the toses—talks base ball, cats base ball,

thinks base ball, dreams base baltknows every player in the league by name: has every record by and would be sick in bed if he had to stay at home from a single game that home town. He neglects his work you think - he neglects you - he doesn't care for a thing on earth but "the game" - you think something must be wrong with his brain, and

what shall you do about it?

You've argued, you've begged, you've cried, you've stormed, you've raged. you've even prayed over it-and nothing makes the least impression on husband. What are you going to think? How shall you fight this obsession?

How can you care for a man with such a strange madness? You feel as if you were in love with a lunatic-or something. Well, well, child, so you are, so you are in love with a lunatic; most of us have been, some time or other, and will be again as long as we live. That's what we get for being human-and falling in love with human beings.

Now if we could only find a little godling somewhere-off a valentine-and fall in love with him-but we can't, we simply can't; we wouldn't like the godling so awfully well after all, I'm afraid. I heard three men talking about the tobacco habit last night; one was a young man of 30 years, one was a middle-aged man of 40 years and one was a boy of 20

The boy of 20 years was smoking a pipe. He did it, he said, to keep away from cigarettes.

"You'll never do it that way," said the man of 49 years. "You'll have to take up

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Be Leas Attentive. Dear Miss Pairfax: I have been calling on a girl for three months steady. I have known the girl for three years, but she does not pay very much attention to me. I love the girl very much, but she flirts with other men and does not hother with me. I am really heartbroken.—Fred.

Perhaps she has been too sure of you The only way to cure a flirt is to imitate her. Perhaps if she saw you interested in other girls, she would grow more in

It is Not Hopeless. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 20 years old, and met in a place of business a young lady 18 years of age. I started to keep company with her, and seemed to love

terested in you.

The other night she told me that I am The other night she told me that I am not for her and she is not for me; but she said we can continue keeping company.

Shall I continue the friendship or not?

I told her "Maybe you'll learn to love me later," but got no answer from her.

J. P.

You are right in assuming that she may learn to love you, and I am of the opinion that your prospects are favorable. If she did not care something for you she would not go with you at all. Persistence usually wins, so don't tamely

give her up, if you really want to win-Dear Miss Fairfax: I am in love with a girl and her brother objects to me going with her. I am invited to take her to a surprise party. Do you think it would be best for me to take her without saying anything to her brother, or ask him if he'd mind if I take her? Her mother has no objections to me going with her.—Thomas.

The girl is willing, and her mother ap-

proves. If you hope to win the approval of every relative a girl has before you make love to her, you will never wed

Don't Write.

Let the matter end in your disregard of

"Yes," said the man of 30 years, they say-well. I've never had the courage ball season opens and stays crasy till it to begin the fight at all;" and three women in the room gazed dumbly at each, other, and one raised her delicate brows ever so little and said aweetly: "I don't ise tobacco at all, and I don't seem

"Ah," said the other woman, "but you don't belong to the stronger sex"-and then I laughed-I really had to, for ne of the woman there had a single "habit" that she couldn't break or that here was the least reason for her trying o break, and yet every single one of wed each of us our own particular r just because he was a man-and had all the masculine-dare to call them weaknesses of the sex? I'm afraid I'll have to. Your husband isn't any worse than any ne else's husband, honey, he's a manthat's all-and I never saw a man in my life who was quite what a woman would really 'well-balanced''-honestly, now, did you?

If it isn't tobacco, it's whisky and a isn't whisky it's horses, and if it lan't horses it's dogs or it's base ball or fishing or something else faddy and more, or less "queer." But observe the male of the species, sisters, he's younger than he's more generous that you and he's happier than you-a whole lot, taken bye and large; so if that's what his "habits" and "fads" do for him, why, I for one am glad he has them.

You aren't responsible for husband's follies-you are responsible for your own, No one is going to call you to account if husband loses his job because he's adding" scores when he ought to be keeping books. You'll have to stand the misery of poverty with him, though. Of course, that's what you said when you married him, "for better or worse," don't you remember, "for richer for poorer." How beautiful it all sounded to you then. You'ld didn't stop the preacher to cry out.

"I mean, if it ian't his own fault when it he's poor." You'd have died to evental think of such a thing. Why do you thinker of it now? Stop worrying, take a leaf out of himile

book; I'll warrant he looks ten years" younger than you do right now-just for that-get up a far of your own-something. harmless and healthful. You want him to be a man-well then,

you be a woman—that may attract his " attention for a minute-and that some? times helps-a little.

Superfluous Hair Truths

Stop Experimenting

If you use a simple tollet propara-tion and it proves to be worthless, you only lose money. When you use a questionable depilatory, however, it is a very serious matter because you not only lose money, but you take the grave risk of permanent disfigure-

If You Value Your Face use De Miracle, the one safe, perfect.

ed hair remover of proven merit. Remember, the injury caused by the use
of doubtful hair removers will either
result in permanent disfigurement or
cost you many dollars because it willtake menths or possibly years to gain take months or possibly years to gain control of hair growths which have been stimulated by the use of such

must eventually use it to retard and gain control of growths which have been caused by the unwiss use of questionable depliatories. Is it not safer and wiser to begin using De Miracle now, before the growth gots beyond control?

Leaves No Tell-Tale Smell Leaves No Tell-Tale Smell

If you use De Miracle it will be impossible for any curious person to know that you have used a hair remever because De Miracle svaporates immediately after necomplishing its work, therefore leaves no odor whatever. On the other hand, if you use any depliatory with a distinctive eder, an offensive tell-tale smell will cling to your skin for hours. If your dealer will not supply you with De Miracle, send \$1.00 direct.

New truths in next advt.

De Miracle Chemical Co., New York

FOAVE PHARMACK, HYBAVED DHYEMYCA OWL DRUG COMPANY Self and recommended by