

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

All Members of This Club.

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Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



Recrimination

(Copyright, 1913, by Star Company.)
By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

I. Said Life to Death, "Methinks if I were you I would not carry such an awesome face To terrify the helpless human race. And if, indeed, those wondrous tales be true Of happiness beyond, and if I knew About the boasted blessings of that place, I would not hide so miserably all trace Of my vast knowledge, Death, if I were you. But like a glorious angel I would lean Above the pathway of each sorrowing soul, Hope in my eyes, and comfort in my breath, And strong conviction in my radiant mien, The while I whispered of that beautiful goal. This would I do, if I were you, O Death!"

II. Said Death to Life, "If I were you, my friend, I would not lure confiding souls each day With fair false smiles, to enter on a way So filled with pain and troubles to the end. I would not tempt those whom I should defend, Nor stand unmoved and see them go astray. Nor would I force unwilling souls to stay Who longed for freedom, were I you, my friend. But like a tender mother I would take The weary world upon my sheltering breast And wipe away its tears, and soothe its strife. I would fulfill my promises, and make My children bless me as they sank to rest Where now they curse—if I were you, O Life!"

III. Life made no answer; and Death spoke again: "I would not woo from God's sweet nothingness A soul to being, if I could not bless And crown it with all joy. If unto men My face seems awesome, tell me, Life, why then Do they pursue me, mad for my caress, Believing in my silence lies redress For your loud falsehoods!" (So Death spoke again.)

"Oh, it is well for you I am not fair, Well that I hide behind a voiceless tomb The mighty secrets of that other place. Else would you stand in impotent despair While unfiled souls straight from the mother's womb Rushed to my arms, and spat upon your face."

The Head Waitress

She Admires the Handsome New Manager and Shows the Steady Customer the Value of Big Words : : : :

By HANK.

"What do you think of the manager?" asked the Head Waitress of the Steady Customer, as he toyed with a brace of fish cakes in the Cafe d'Enfant.

"He's a handsome brute," replied the Steady Customer, "I suppose you and

Marie think he's just right, eh?"

"Nothing like that," sniffed the Head Waitress. "Can't a girl admire a bloke without being thought to have lost her heart right away? You give me a pain."

"Sorry," said the Steady Customer, "but it made me a bit jealous to think that while I'm away working and thinking of you and Marie, the new handsome manager may be whispering sweet nothings into your two pair of shell-like appendages."

"I suppose you mean ears," answered the Head Waitress. "Well you needn't worry yourself any. He's a perfect gentleman and he don't take no advantage of his superior position. All he speaks of is orders and business."

"Then he's got more will power than I have," said the Steady Customer, "for I was here all day with you and Marie I just couldn't—"

"That's bull outside," she interrupted. "You know you don't mean a word of it. You go over to Marie and tell her the same things. The old proverb, 'constancy is the best policy' was never included in your category."

"What's-?" gasped the Steady Customer. "Where did you pick that word up?"

"Oh," snipped the Head Waitress, "you mustn't think that you know all their big words. I've got a friend who's a domineer in a night school, and I heard him say it the other day. He told me I held first place in his category of pretty girls. Some compliment that."

"Yes, Louise," said the Steady Customer, sadly, "that's out of my class. Gimme my check. That's clean taken away my appetite."

"Marie," he said to the cashier as he stepped to the desk, "Louise is getting too high-brow for me. Where did she get that word 'category'?"

"I guess the new manager taught her," said Marie. "I think he's a college bloke. Anyway he looks like one."

"I trust he doesn't admire you over-much," said the Steady Customer. "I'd feel horribly jealous, if I thought—"

"Aw, telly that to the chickens," said Marie.

Can't Help But Admire Babies

Every Woman Casts Loving Glance at the Nestling Cuddled in its Bonnet.

A woman's heart naturally responds to the charm and sweetness of a pretty child, and more so to-day than ever before since the advent of Mother's Friend.



This is a most wonderful external help to the muscles and tendons. It penetrates the tissues, makes them pliant to readily yield to nature's demand for expansion, so there is no longer a period of pain, discomfort, straining, nausea or other symptoms so often distressing during the anxious weeks of expectancy.

Mother's Friend prepares the system for the coming event, and its use brings comfort, rest and repose during the term. This has a most marked influence upon the baby, since it thus inherits a splendid growing system of nerves and digestive functions.

And particularly to young mothers is this famous remedy of inestimable value. It enables her to preserve her health and strength, and she remains a pretty mother by having avoided all the suffering and danger that would otherwise accompany her on an occasion. Mother's Friend thoroughly lubricates every nerve, tendon and muscle involved and is a sure preventive for caking of the breasts.

You will find this splendid remedy on sale at all drug stores at \$1.00 a bottle, and is highly recommended for the purpose. Write Bradford Regulator Co., 134 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., and they will mail you a most instructive book for expectant mothers.

Extremes of Fashion from Paris



The Ultra Extreme of Evening Dress.

The picture on the left shows a rich and effective model for theater or semi-evening wear. The original gown was of sulphur-colored brocaded satin over a foundation of sulphur chiffon.

The under part of the bodice is formed by a very high draped belt which rises in two points from the under arm to the chest. Shadow lace edged with beads starts from a beaded ornament at the center front and comes over the shoulder, falling in the back in long angel sleeves, which end in a beaded tassel.

The skirt is made in two pieces, draped one over the other, and is held at the

right by a buckle of beads, from which starts a small round train.

The model on the right cannot be recommended to the woman who wishes to be modest. The consideration of what not to wear is almost as important as what clothes to select; and together with the extremes of the overworked Balkan blouse fashion, the wise woman will avoid the sleeveless corage and the skirt slit to the knees. It will be easily seen how the modifications that good taste suggests to every woman will change these dresses from extremes of freakishness into really graceful dresses.

This model shows an evening gown of Persian blue and gold over a foundation of black chiffon; the bodice is plain in corselet style, and the top consists of a fichu of black chiffon which drapes over the shoulder to form small sleeves.

The waist is girdled by a belt of Persian blue satin, with a huge flower of the same split at the knee to show the foundation of pleated chiffon. On one side of this cut it curves up about three inches from the floor, and on the left it lengthens into a train with rounding corners.

Advice to Lovelorn

Remember! It takes time for wounds like this to heal.

Don't Go to Extremes.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been so cold toward a young man who has been paying me attention that he no longer calls. I am pretty sure he has many gentleman admirers, but refuse all attention because I do not like going with young men, and prefer spending the evening with my mother and father. Am I right? S.A.L.

You are very unusual, but I am afraid you are carrying this reserve to extremes. Either that, or the right man has not come along.

You owe it to yourself to go with those of your own age, and must do it.

There is a happy medium by which a girl may enjoy both her parents and her friends, and you have not reached it.

Neither is the One.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young girl of 21, and have met a young man of the same age, who pays a great deal of attention to me. I, however, am deeply

in love with another young man of 21, but who is not as good as the first. He is inclined to gamble and does not act as well as the other, but he promises to change. Should I marry him?

TROUBLED.

The good young man is not the man for you, for the reason that you don't love him.

You must not marry the second man on his promise of reformation. A man in his courtship days will promise anything, as many a wife has found to her sorrow.

You are young. Refuse both, and let time solve your problems.

Quaker Quips.

Ever notice that a middle-aged widow never loses an opportunity of telling how young she was when she first married?

When a fellow makes a fool of himself he goes on the principle that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well—Philadelphia Record.

Trout Fishing

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

When good old Isak Walton used to angle after trout, He always journeyed homeward with a dozen fish, about. All of these fish were beauties, very long and broad of back, For when he caught a one-pound fish he always threw it back. The birds were always singing and the sky was always blue; The brooklet rippled dreamily, the buds were wet with dew. The music of the whirring line mixed with the slim rod's awish When good old Isak Walton used to hypnotize the fish.

When I go out to catch a trout—and that is very rarely—I always reason with the fish and try to treat them fairly. I always use the choicest worms to give the trout a treat, But trout all drink so nowadays they do not care to eat. I lose my hooks on hidden snags, my reel gets out of whack, Mosquitoes sting my features and the gnats swarm down my back. I scratch my fins and bark my shins, my neck I nearly break; I guess my name is Isak, with the accent on the "ak."

At 12 o'clock I want to eat, and find, to my dismay, That I forgot my luncheon when I started for the day. The water isn't good to drink; a cold rain soaks my thatch; And when I try to take a smoke I cannot find a match. In sheer disgust, I give it up, vowing that I'm a frog. And when the shades of night steal on I find that I am lost. I totter home at midnight, like some poor old broken trout. And I dream how Isak Walton used to angle after trout.

The Parent and the Undutiful Child

By VIRGINIA T. VAN DE WATER

The girl's eyes flashed with temper. The parent of an undutiful child, but how often do we stop to consider who is to blame for the state of affairs?

"Poor Mrs. Smith!" a woman sighed. "I am very sorry for her. She is one of the sweetest and gentlest of women, and her son is all she has in the world. Yet he speaks to her roughly, and has a royal disregard for all her wishes. He repays her poorly for all her care of him."

Had the partisan of the abused parent been of an analytical turn of mind she might have changed her sympathy to criticism of the mother herself. We hear—and say—much of the responsibility of children, of the duty of the parents to train the child properly, but, when parents neglect to do this, we condemn the grown son or daughter rather than the person who trained him or her. One of the most over-indulgent mothers of sons—all of whom are up-to-date examples of ingratitude and selfishness—says, with tears in her eyes: "I never considered my own comfort compared with that of my boys, and I always set aside my own wishes to make them happy."

The result has been just what might have been expected.

A young child, when left to his own devices is little better than a small savage. He has the selfish and brutal impulses of the primitive human. It rests with the parents to curb his natural desires and passions, and to guide and direct these so that they may become the strength of the child instead of his weakness. If they neglect this duty, and the boy develops into a man of ungovernable passions and of evil life, the father and mother are pitted and the son condemned.

I acknowledge that there are cases in which parents have done their best. But unless there has been a very evil strain of blood back of the child or his associates have, in spite of parental care, been a very bad lot, one seldom sees a properly trained lad go completely wrong.

I was moved to amusement, yet strongly impressed, by a conversation that I heard between a mother and her 16-year-old daughter. The mother was reproving the child for disobedience.

"The trouble with you Mary," said the parent, "is that you were not punished enough when you were a child."

The girl's eyes flashed with temper. "Well, if not, who was to blame for it?" was the impudent retort. "Surely you need not lay that omission to my account!"

Impudent? Yes. Unkind and rude? Undoubtedly. Yet the insolent speech contained a poignant truth. And the mother recognized this fact too late.

"When did you train your boy to obey you so promptly?" asked one mother of another. "My son is just the age of yours, and I cannot make him obey. When did you start the implicit obedience plan?"

"As soon as he was born," was the grave reply. "He has never been allowed to feel that he can disobey."

I know there are parents who will declare that such obedience is slavery. It is not—if properly obtained. The mother has lived to little purpose if she does not know better than to give the tiny child that he does. Gentleness and firmness will, with the day sooner and more surely than threats and temper.

Some people take it for granted that because a mother has endured anguish to bring a human being into the world, that being will intuitively accord her loyalty and love throughout their life. One might as well say that because a seed is planted in the ground it will grow and bear fruit without any care.

The mother who supports her own individuality, who ignores her own rights for the sake of the temporary happiness of her child, is not the mother who is most loved in childhood, or who is, in later years, most honored and respected. It is just that she is not thus regarded, for she has not been a good mother in the deepest sense of the word. It takes far more resolution and strength of character to deny a harmful thing to one we love than it does to yield to him and comply with all his desires.

"He is the best son a woman ever had," I heard an elderly woman say in the presence of her first-born—a prosperous lawyer and exemplary citizen.

I respected her and her stalwart offspring the more when he said, with a tender smile:

"I wish I deserved that praise—but if I did, you would have yourself to thank for it!"

WOMEN TAKE NOTICE!

A man cannot understand the torture and suffering many women endure unnecessarily. If the majority of men suffered as much pain and endured with patience the weakening sickness that most women do, they would ask for immediate sympathy and look for a quick cure.

Many women have been saved from a life of misery and suffering by turning to the right remedy—Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—a remedy which is safe to take because containing no narcotics, alcohol or injurious ingredients. It is an extract of roots, made with pure glycerin, and first given to the public by that famous specialist in the diseases of women—Dr. R. V. Pierce, of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. LIZZIE M. HENNINGSON, of Lincoln, Neb., 200-C 9th St., says: "I read a testimonial with much pleasure so that such suffering women may know the true worth of your remedy. I was a great sufferer from female weakness but after taking one bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which a friend advised me to take, I found myself very much improved. After taking three more bottles, and using two boxes of Dr. Pierce's Lotion Tablets, I found myself on the road to recovery. I was in poor health for five years but now I am cured."

I hope all women suffering from female weakness will give Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription a fair trial.

Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules.

