

The Bee's Home Magazine Page



All Members of This Club.

Copyright, 1913, National News Asso.

Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



Steam and Sail

By WEX JONES.

(Representative Goodwin of Arkansas is preparing a bill ordering United States battleships to display samples of American manufactures.) It was a glorious spectacle to see our fleet depart, Equipped with lines of samples that would thrill a drummer's heart. The North Dakota led the van, the dry goods flagship she, Flinging this signal to the breeze, "SILK SHIRTWAISTS, 93." The dreadnought Arizona displayed along the rail The immortal words of Lawrence, "DON'T GIVE UP THE SALE," While, paraphrasing Perry, the Wisconsin warned the Powers, "WHEN WE MEET THE ENEMY'S CUSTOMERS THEY'LL EVERY ONE BE OURS.'

The seamen-no, no, salesmen-the salesmen were at drill, Learning store discipline, and means of filling up the till. The captain-please excuse us, the floorwalker, of course-Paced proudly down the center sisle as he watched his selling force. The great fleet's general manager-he'd been admiral before-Dictated red-hot ads about each mammoth floating store, And then, inspired, he wirelessed this message through the air, "AMERICA THIS DAY EXPECTS EACH MAN WILL SELL HIS SHARE."

Forget the Constitution, Essex and President; Never such glorious ships as these, which sailed on business bent. They out-advertised the British fleet; they undersold the Jap; They swept all their competitors clean off the retail map, And when the general manager took stock upon the cruise He'd sold ten tors of chewing gum and a thousand pairs of shoes. Oh, well, that general manager, as the stories of him tell, When asked if he surrendered said, "I HAVE JUST BEGUN TO SELL."

Twilight Souls and Star Folks

By ADA PATTERSON.

magic of a street corner into cool, green

place of peace, the small park that in as a back garden to the city's public It is one of the

pontrasts with which every great city overflows, and Is no greater than the contrast between the men we meet in its streets pr the women we meet in its houses, the world wide difference of character. Said the late master of finance,

J. Pierpont Morgan in what was practically the last time the great searching lens of the public eye ion. He expected it from some quarters. Perhaps from some quarters it was de-

Character is more important than brain, for brain is useless without force of will and strength of purpose and clearness ance and direct it. The drifting derelicts on life's high sens are not drifting because they are brainless, but because they are characterless. They lack the strength to stop when they should pause in a course, the energy to begin or to continue in the way that is best.

Fortunately character is self-built. We may have the wrong bent on the day of our birth. Down the long channel of our forebears sweeps a stream disposed to tose the boat of ourselves at its will, yes, overturn it, but every one of us is a stronged-armed rower. It is given to us to pull up stream. Or to change the figure character is a structure we ourseves build. The material with walch we build are our thoughts. When we

Wind Bring Out Ugly Spots, How to Bemove Basily.

Here's a chance, Miss Freckle-face, to try a remedy for freckles with the guar- stress. antee of a reliable dealer that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes the freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of othine-double strength from the Heaton Drug Co., also any of Sherman & McConnell Drug Co.'s any of Sherman & McConnell Drug Co.'s stores, and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the homely freckies and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength othine as this is the prescription sold under guarantee of money back if it falls to remove freckies.

most persons and are repelled or at-Out of the whirling dust and deafening tracted by them, it is not because the noise of New York's most strident thor- eyes of one are blue, the eyes of the cughfare, Sixth avenue, one turns by the other brown, not because one is alim and the other fat. It is because of the thoughts they think. Their habitual thoughts create an atmosphere in which we either thrive or languish. Either that atmosphere tones and stimulates us as a bracing wind after a sultry day, or it enervates as the poisonous air of an ill-ventilated room. We think we conceal our thoughts, but never was a greater error. Thoughts reveal themselves in the lines of our faces, in the motions of our bodies, in the brilliance of our eyes, in the very lustre or lack of lustre of our hair, and our clothes and our manner of wearing them about the secret of our innermost thoughts.

According to our thoughts do we sucneed or fail, receive affection or miss it, are we strong or weak in our contest for any of life's prizes. Thoughts make character and character is what we are. By their characters we classify them women. Women by the ordinary man was turned upon him, "Character is made category are of two classes, good everything." The genius of finance was or bad. Men by the common classificaaccustomed to a challenging of his opin- tion are "no account" or worthy. But we all have a system of classification of our own. This is mine. Those who inhabit served. But no one rose to dispute this the earth, and we know naught of others. are of three kinds, star folk, sunshine

folk and twilight souls. Star folk are dreamers and idealists. They are better single than married for of vision, which are character, to but, they expect a great deal of everyone and marriage is an acid test that brings the dross with the gold to the surface. Star folk don't like dross. They don't like to believe that there is any dross. Star folk trip and stumble, for their eyes are fixed upon the distant stars. They are a little trying to what we call our practical those who travel ever with their eyes bent upon the ground and who see only what is upon the ground. For these there is no sky and there are no stars, even as the mole complained, judging happy. earth by his own murky hole in it "the world is dark."

The second class, the twilight souls, apart from the active joys of life. They are of the meditative temperament proferring to study life rather than enjoy it. Their's is the mental habit that would try to scrape the paint from the butterfly's wing to discover its constituents. Or they hide themselves behind so many barricades of reserve that no one ever suspects what longing for natural expression possesses them. However great the warmth behind the barricades it rarely reveals itself and only under Business life and habits have

chilled their surfaces. One whom I have named "Madam Sunshine" is an emplem of the third class, the sunshine folk. Neither very profound nor of great spiritual exaltation, they wring all the best from each day and forget the worst. They walk with their chins merrily tilted upward and a amile in their eyes. They order their lives as well as they can. They touch the lives of others for their cheer and betterment. They amile bravely when they cannot smile with mirth. They are good comrades for plod or gallep, the

A Picture of Happiness By Beatrice Fairfax A Lesson for Girls Who Fear to Delay Marrying



By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

The daily picture gallery offers much is devoted to fushion, to show, to pomp

and vanity and pride.

It gives pictures that amuse, and some they were intended to excite mirth, and not love. don't. It unfolds many canvases that leave an impression of wretchedness, of penury, of degradation and of woe.

But a picture telling nothing more than rarely that those who have sought sapproof that the happiness exists.

Or, if admitting it, they say cynically: "Children are happy because they are too young to think. Nd one who thinks is

And that is just what the picture aconly the young and thoughtless are

It proves that there is no happiness as perfect, as great or as satisfying as the hapiness that comes with mature years-the happiness of those who think Look at the picture. It was taken of Mr. and Mrs. Finley J. Shepard when they were unconscious that a picture was taken. There was no posing for the picture. No arranging of features and expression to simulate satisfaction with life. The expression of joy is the natural expression. It is the outward evidence

of inward contentment. It is a picture that should be specially interesting and enlightening to young girls-those of the fearful age, and by that I mean the period of their lives when fails to attain it.

So great a spectre do they make of knocked at their door, they go out and in delight. search the highways and byways and beat the tom-tom and make many and ming in the Hudson river. It was, a New York World

Mr. and Mrs. Finley J. Shepard (Helen Gould.)

fearful noises with the hope of driving birthdays with the panic that so often hlm in.

They become panic-stricken because for the entertainment of its patrons that they do not think, and since only a mancan save them from the fate they fear they seize the first man who comes along and accept as an escort through life a that are inexpressibly dreary because being whom they cannot respect and do

> "But at least," such a woman will say, when paying the price of her unhappiness, "I am not an old maid!"

The woman in this picture was not a story of happiness is rurely seen, so afraid of being an old maid. She thought more of the happiness of others than of sense, but they are more inspiring than pines and haven't found it claim it as her own. She concerned herself with others and let ber happiness be a con cern for tomorrow

She looked around her and thought she saw that those women who married simply that they might be married were the unhapplest creatures the earth holds. companying this article disproves: That She saw that there were many very, very happy spinsters-more happy spinsters than there were happy wives.

She saw that happiness is independent of one's years. She did not count her of the type that so many anxious girls

results in women becoming mismated. She left the years come and go, taking no account of them as they might affect her chance of becoming a wife.

She made no mistake by marrying the wrong man through fear of getting no man at all. Had Pinley J. Shepard falled to appear she would have remained a happy, contented, useful and lovable old maid.

As the wife of the man of her choice she is happy, contented, useful and lovable, but not more happy, not more contented, useful and not more lovable than she was in her unmarried days. She was willing to wait, she was con-

tented to wait, and had that waiting lasted as long as life itself, it could never have been said of Helen Gould that she was sour and dissatisfied and morbid and selfish because she was an old maid. She used her brains to think and she found that happiness is independent of years or man. When her lover appeared he found a happy, lovable, usefui

woman waiting for him. Had she been

Following the Game a Mile

Uniontown, Westchester county, New York, but he never suffered much through son river.

Haynes went to bed at his usual hour they regard marriage as all there is Sunday night. He floated off into th worth while, and the woman a failure who land of dreams and into the Polo grounds. "Big Chief" Meyers lifted the ball over the center-field fence, with the bases spirsterhood that when they reach the full, three men on, and four rns needed mature age of 29, and no lover has to win. Haynes leaped up and yowled

Then he awoke to find himself awim-

Several odd feats of somnambulism have | shocking change from the warm bleachbeen performed by Melville Haynes of ers, but the wetness of the water was unmistakable, and Haynes did not stop to ask "Where am I?" and "How did them until he got a ducking in the Hud- I get here?" No; like a man of comnon sense, he simply swam ashore.

There he was at 2 a. m., standing or pler at Hastings, clad only in drenched pajamas, and Uniontown one long mile away. A kind policeman lent him a suit of clothes.

Haynes and his family are still trying to figure out how he walked the mile from the house to the river, fast asleep, and in pajamas, without being seen.-

Natural History Lessons-

| No. 4--The Clam

By DOROTHY DIX.



its perfect poice and a also justly celebrated for its repression in all matters affecting the emotions-its only living rival in this respect Dean Howells.

The Clam is found in many places, but its favorite habitat appears to be the

banquet room, where it may be observed disporting itself on the half shell on los, or sitting selemnly in a chair before the table, gorging itself on the many courses of lukewarm and inedible food universally tion; but, as each one claims that her served on such occasions. The first particular Clam is variety of these clams are called Little Necks, and differ greatly in appearance from the second variety, which have large, red necks, and are popularly known to hostesses by the title of "Stiffs."

These latter often attain great size, some of them weighing as much as 250 pounds. Of the habits of the Clam little is known beyond the fact that it is not of an excitable disposition nor of a loquaicus temperament. It appears, however

to have certain moral weaknesses, as it exhibits a tendency to get into the soup and is frequently atewed, while its too intimate association with cocktails at wummer resorts along the seashore is something that every person of taste must deplore. The name of the discoverer of the great original Clam is lost in the mists



of antiquity, but many married women claim that honor. threaten to become the man on the way to her would have turned aside. There is a lover on his way to girl in the world. The Divine Providence

most natural longing. Sometimes the right man is delayed on the road. Sometimes, and oh, the tragedy of it, he finds when he arrives that Little Miss Maid became impatinent and married the wrong man because the wrong man came first. But somewhere, sometime, he will appear. That is as sure as that the sun will rise tomorrow.

hearts that yearn for a mate and a nest

of one's own, never overlooked that

Will not the dear little girls do as Helen others?

In that way, and in that way alone. will they grow more lovable with the

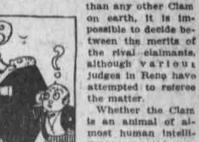
Nor are their contentions without merit They claim:

(a) That the men to whom they are self-control and its married never pay them a compliment, or freedom from (hys. show them any gallant attentions, or terical tendencies. It give them a klas that isn't a peck on the cheek, or exhibit any token of affection whatever, or any signs of having a drop of red blood in their corpuscies;

(b) That their husbands sit up beside them at the theater, or spend an evening at home without uttering a single word or being Mr. William giving them anything more than a grunt to show that they are still alive when they are spoken to.

> (c) That it is almost impossible to get their husbands to loosen up on the money question, and that they have to use a sleight-of-hand performance to pry open their pocketbooks.

> The reports of these distinguished naturalists are entitled to great considerabigger and clammie



is an animal of almost human intelligence or not is another subject, concerning which students of natural history have found it impossible to agree.

Some cantend that the beast is marvelously clever, and in proof of their position in the matter they point to the fact that the Clam never makes an ass of itself by foolish boasting, and that you never see a Clam defending a breach of promise suit and squirming all over the court room as its sizzing love letters are read aloud before an unfeeling world.

On the other hand, those who contend that the Clam is lacking in gray matter affirm that the reason it does not say anything is because it has nothing to say, and that that put hearts in women's breasts, the only wisdom it ever displays is in shutting up so that nobody will find out how little is in it. Although the Clam is short on conver-



own peculiar virtues. It agrees with almost every one and seldom makes trouble in our midst. It stands by us, and not Gould did? Wait for the right man and infrequently supplies a chorus girl with spend the time of waiting in serving a pearl necklace to protect her from the cold winds of winter; and for these and other reasons, although it is of lowly and humble origin, the Clam is a welcome guest in our best society.



The easy Resinol way to get rid of pimples

DIMPLES and blackheads disappear. unsightly complexions become clean, clear, and velvety, and hair health and beauty are promoted by the regular use of Resinol Soap and an occasional application of Resinol Ointment. These soothing, healing preparations do their work easily, quickly and at little cost, when even the most expensive cosmetics and complicated beauty treatments" fail.

for sesems, ring-worm, rashes and other skin sruptions dandruff, burns seres, etc. Stops Stehing Instantly Resinol Oletment (15) soap (15c) are sold by all droggists. For sample of each, write to Dupt. 21-S, E