

The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Reading the Character by Telephone

By ADA PATTERSON

Experts claim to be able to read char acter by the face, by the head, by the walk, by dress, by handwriting and even by shoes, and no one has been able

willing to deny the claim. Not ustil this moment have. I met anyone who asserts that the telephone reveals character. I am

that one Telephone | manners are as true a test of character as is travel. At best the telephone is unreliable. It plays strange tricks with modulation. A wild buez causes one to lose a word or two and irritation is

likely to ensue. shun a quarrel would better avoid the telephone. It is a trying institution, and because it is trying, is an invaluable aid in reading the character of the person at the telephone.

the telephone is fairly sure to be irritable in any of the little crises of life and to "go to pieces" at the big ones. Such a man or woman lacks poise. He s short on self-control. He lacks that balance which enables him to weather the storms of life, and is likely to float to shore a wreck. A man who nearly fainted with rage and discomfort while be had to endure the heat and darkness of a telephone booth on an August day has brought up at the expected point He is a walking case of nervous exhausion, a dipsomaniac and a failure.

The natural voice asserts itself at the telephone. Voices are of two kinds, the born and the made, and under the stress of telephoning, especially when the person at the other end of the wire insists upon foolishly saying "Speak louder." helps matters to "speak louder." It does vastly help them to "speak more distinetly" or to "speak more slowly." The made voice fades and the natural voice is heard in its pristine quality. A voice that is naturally thin and knife-like and perfunctory polite, is a repellant voice at the telephone and the character of the person with the voice is correspondingly repellant. It bespeaks a state of strain and tension that is unhealthy in the speaker and unhealthful for the speaker's associate.

A young man hung up the telephone receiver with a thoughtful look and said "I should like to know the woman who answered that message." "Why?" asked. "Because her manner is composed and the voice is low and rich," Afterwards I came to know that woman. The young man's instinct was right. Her character was a mine of nidden treas-

phone tell its tale, but the manner livery confirms it. The cirsp, biting ut terance discloses the working of an acute

The halting message reveals shynesa The rambling message plainly tells that its author doesn't know what he wants and doesn't know how to say so.

The hurled petulant manner hints not only of a testy temper, but of a tumult of nerves. "Mollie is cross," the recipient of the message will probably say, as he hangs up the receiver, but he might better have said "Mollie's nerves are disordered," for crossness is always caused by disordered nerves and temper is merely a barometer showing the state of the little silver wires of the body. No

one is ever deliberately "cross." The person who conducts a lengthy conversation by telephone is as selfish as one who tells a long story. When we can see the face of the listener our telephone messages will be briefer and our self satisfaction will materially lessen. Whenever I hear his name announced I get a chair," one business man told me of a lesser one. When we steal time at a transmitter we are as guilty as though endear herself to him by so doing.

The telephone is an instrument to be used only in emergencies. The more we green waves of a vast plain, limited only regard it as a mere emergency machine, by the horizon-above him the mystery, the better will be our telephone manners.

Hooray! Baby To Rule the House

No Longer Do Women Fear The Greatest of All Human Blessings.

It is a joy and comfort to know that those much-talked of pains and other distresses that are said to precede child-benring may easily be avoided. No woman need fear the slightest discomfort if she will fortify berself with the well-known and time-honored remedy, "Mother's Friend."

This is a most grateful, penetrating, external application that at once softens and makes pliant the abdominal muscles and Hgaments. They naturally expand without slightest strain, and thus not only banish all tendency to nervous, twitching spells, but there is an entire freedom from nausea, discomfort, sleepiessness and dread that so often leave their impress upon the

The occasion is therefore one of unbounded, joyful anticipation, and too much atress can not be laid upon the remarkable influence which a mother's happy, pre-natal disposition has upon the health and fortume of the generation to come.

Mother's Friend is recommended only for the relief and comfort of expectant mothers. housands of whom have used and recommend it. You will find it on sale at all drug stores at \$1.00 a bottle. Write to-day to the Bradfield Regulator Co., 130 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., for a most instructive book on 'his greatest of all subjects, motherhood.

The Alien

Wealth "Mocks Their Useful Toil-Their Homely Joys-and Destiny Obscure"

Copyright, 1918, International News Service

By Nell Brinkley



Not only does the voice at the tele- Nell Brinkley Says:

So are there atrays in this wide world—they who have strayed away from their heart's desire; those homely folks whose feet have been always out and replanted into alien soil-of these is the little faded, but still spry, lady whose hands lie idle under protest, whose eyes are a bit weary, as they never were under the woes and worries of her first simpler home.

She gazes with awe at the newly-dug up family 'scutcheon,' dusted with white on the napery.

The vast expanses of mirror-like floors sometimes scare her-for they are mighty lonely and then anyway she is, as she says "heavy on her feet."

the welfare of the cook-which is a shocking thing!

In a hard, marvelous carven, Jacobean chair she sits (her beautiful, spoon in the dark sweet batter of ginger-bread. hig, broad mind that has not much to love nowadays remembering a certain jewels, rampant on the door of the shopping limousine, broidered in silvery comfy rocker with a Turkey-red cushion that stood in the kitchen, the and the gilt that goes with it a comfortable thing, looks at her idle hands in

she sits-the buckled and braided footman at her elbow. She smiles at him-for it has been this busy, big-hearted woman's man's tray.

lovingly above her head in the pretty cottage that held her, her babies, and on hers. And she remembers that it isn't at all what he approves of. In Sometimes when there is the empty house-her boys and girls, who made. And before her broading eyes, in the center of the great drawing are taking daring wing into the social skies are out, and there is no one but room, rises a picture of what four-o'clock in the evening-time had been. nimble, who like best to work with their own hands, who cling to old the servants to see, she dresses in a plain black gown with the real "val." In it she sees herself, singing low, the summer breeze stirring the muslin surroundings, who have pet chairs and little ways of affection that do not lace that her husband bought her from a slender wallet long ago, at the curtains, and a sleepy robin hammering metallically in the weed-lot, a fresh change through years, who take deep root and suffer when they are torn wrists and throat, and raps at the door of her "long ago." But she has not chocolate cake and a delectable apple pie cooling on the sill, the beginnings dared to go back so far as to make pie again! She is really interested in of dinner ("supper," she whispers to herself,) singing joyfully on the stove. on her hip a yellow bowl, while round and round her capable hand stirs t

> But the dream fades, and the little woman who does not find wealts rocker that waited with open arms for her to shell peas and peel patotoes), her lap, and if such a "plum sweet" little woman could sniff or snort, she would do that same thing when she glimpses the little cakes on the foot

A Captive Lark

By MADGE LITTLETON.

I heard a lark sing the other morning we stole money from a purse. We know in the clear, cool space which follows not in what tangle or tumuit are the sunrise and precedes the triumphant day's affairs of the person at the other mounting of the summer sun to his mornend of the speaking wire nor how he may ing glory. I heard a lark sing, as I be inwardly cursing us for our inroads have heard many a one sing before—and upon his day's program. The woman who yet, on that day, it seemed to me that the calls up a man for a sentimental con- tiny black speck, soaring away into the versation during business hours does not illimitable blue, sang to me with the voices of a thousand sad little captives. Below him were spread the rolling. which we call the sky. Everywhere was liberty, freedom, wide spaces, the cool air of morning-and yet I read into that little singer's ecstatic song a passionate plaint, a note as of hopeless rebellion and

> And why? Maybe because a abort space before I had heard another lark sing. had heard his passionate trilling leave from a fittle box of a case, hauging on a plank wall in a dark city afreet.

was the one note of ecstasy in that drag little world-but it was, I thought, the ecstasy of exquisite pain. Who knows what the memory of a bird

His song spoke to me of exile, of memories of green fields, and of the sandy lunes of the seashore, where he had day investigating the conditions in the first tried his wings.

A line of sulight darted into the bird's freary prison, and it seemed to me that als song thrilled with a keener pain. Did remember the summer mornings when he had greeted the sun's uprising, had hathed in the liquid gold of the strength- Manteure Lady. ming beams, had soured to the very to ffave herself characd to a convict, or gates of Heaven, and then, appalled, handcuffed to him, to see how the things was arrested by mistake when he was He was so tickled when they printed it dure this much? maybe, by his own boldness, had dropped. worked. I suppose she thought that coming over from Jersey on a ferryboat, that he has siways said since that in a to the kindly bosom of mother earth her girl friends after she got back home, in jail before he could get to us. I guess This is how it went:

nce more? Who can say that he did not think of the poor convict's feelings. I think it is to be sticking around a little cell in the these things?

And who, realizing the possibility of around getting hundouffed to an unfree the rest tickpocket. I know when we got this pain of memory, can take upon him- criminal. The poor fellow must have folt him home he was nearly prestrated, and self the responsibility of one of these like a awful Joe when she was stand- got so luny in the night that he raved

You say that the bird sings happily and ride away in her auto, and he had had to get up and get him a shot of these warm summer days, that his song to go back and keep on being a con- high-proof stuff off the sideboard, to Because I hate them prison bars rings through the morning hours, and vict." only dies away with the setting of the "I don't suppose prison conditions are smong friends."

quisite poesy which has welled straight from the broken heart of some sad prisoner in an allen land?

We chant these songs in our hearts, knowing that the pain of men went to the making of their loveliness. But we think of the captivity with sympathy for the singers. We do not count that the pain and travail have been wiped out by the Do not think that we can assume an

absolute dominion over the lives of our friends of the animal world and not have to render some sort of account of our otions. Do not think if for a moment, less action, every refusal to grant justice. to a dependent creature, leaves a brutalising mark on your own character. You cannot get way from this. And do not tell me this is of no importance to you. For the measure of your feeling in this must have assumed.

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

"I see where a suffragist named Inex

somebody was up to Sing Sing the other

prison," said the Head Burber. "I sup-

pose so many of them ladies has been

guests in the English jails that she

"I was reading about it, too," said the

"I seen where she asked

wanted to pick her out a nice apart-

ment."

The Manicure Lady

matter is the measure of the depths to which you have sunk or the heights to which you have risen. You will never find a great mind blunted in this way as to our responsibility towards the creatures who depend so much and so

I have taken the birds as an illustraton-an illustration which happened to e in front of my own eyes.

But you must all realize your particular position in this matter for yourselves. All I insist upon is that you think of these things, and do not let custom, laziness, or the sense of your apparently inlimited power blind you to your very definite responsibility. For there is no neglect so shameful, no tyranny so despicable as those which she exercised on the helpless and the trusting. Think well, in the first place, if you have any right to some of your pets, if your affection is Every little tyranny, every thought- not but cruelty taking another direc-

And, with regard to the others, think no thoughtfulness too great which will help you to carry through with a clear nce the heavy responsibility you

Without the Test of Time

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

New hope may bloom, and days may come of milder, calmer beam; But there's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream -THOMAS MOORE.

Junior writes: "I am 17 years of age, and about five months ago I met a girl of the same age. I love this girl so that would do anything for her. I have taken her out several times and have often told her I love her. Now, she is the first girl I ever did really love, and she is the only one I will ever love. Please tell me how I can find if she

And you love her so that you would do anything for her! What a whift of fragrant memory that statement brings from the past! We have all loved and been loved in that way, If we haven't,

She Nearly Agrees With George

During One of Their Debates

much out of life. You would do anything for her! You drag on, offering no precipices to scale. you could carry her unconscious form,

front of a tobacco store. Not a get-famous-quick opportunity in sight! It is enough to discourage any man, wait! There are ways of showing

and the only Indian in sight stands in

any you dream of. after week, reserving only enough for river was ever so cold, so deep, nor so are wide open. rapid, that swimming it required as sublime courage as this.

Are you strong enough to look at the same face at every meal for the rest of your life, and make no complaint nonotony?

There was never a precipice so steep that the climbing of it required greater patience than is required of the man who hears the same petty complaints, the same unreasonable whines and the same

There are no flames hotter than those life kindles for the man who marries the choice of his 17-year-old wisdom and is compelled to love, honor and cherish that choice when he has grown older and the said the Manicure Lady. "The poor boy Feed Courier up on Washington Heights years have changed him. Could you en-

You would do great things for her, propped, dropped, swift as a falling stone, would be something funny for her to tell and he had to spend a day and a night way he was glad he had the experience. Junior, but would you do the many things of which the Carpegie hero commission takes no note, but which are braver deads than those for which it makes

ewards? It is easy to be a hero when colors are flying, the band is playing and the even of the world are turned one's way, ing there grinning. She could go out about the horrors of a prison until pa Now roam I free beneath the stars, but could you be a hero when your And with pure joy my beart does swell, bravery must go unnoticed, and when the

> You say she is the only girl you have a tender one. All men have loved in that

way. All girls have been loved in that

At one time we were all members of the One-Love-for-Live club, and some of us held membership so long as three months. You have just been sworn in then heaven help us, for we have missed and are taking oath that you will hold membership so long as life lasts. It is a joy to hear you. It is a delight to see think this hour after hour, and the days one who has such faith in himself that though the mountains may change, ever no cliffs to jump from, no rivers to the sun, moon and stars, he knows that swim, no devouring flames from which he alone is unchangeable.

You wish to know if she loves your Ask her. And know, if she says "yes," that she loves you in the same undying, unchanging fashion as you love her. And for at least six weeks this will be over of 17 years. But, my dear young true. Enjoy every minute of that time

while it lasts. It will be something to your love which time will unfold, and brighten your twilight when you have which will require greater heroism than grown old. It will make you charitable to the young. It will give you an under-You get (I am presming this) about \$12 standing of youth that should be help a week. Would you give all to her, week fut, and it will keep your heart mellow It is a pretty dream, Junior. Go on your carfare, and make no demand that dreaming, my boy, but don't marry beshe account for the spending of it? No fore you have awakened and your eyet

New Way to Fight Fat Gains Many Adherents

(From Weekly Graphic.)
When baths, exercises and starvation fail, the over-fleshy are now advised to rail a boranium jujube after each meal it's the newest way to fight fat. From all reports, it appears to be a successful as well as safe and easy method. The jujube, which is quite palatable, is used to convey the extract of a certain alganous growing on rocks in the ocean. This extract is said to have the effect of removing fatty obstructions and clear removing fatty obstructions and clear. This extract is said to have the effect of removing farty obstructions and clearing the natural ducts of oily secretions. Already the demand for these boran lum jujubes is something remarkable according to one of the leading druggists. If the new far reducer will do all that it claimed for it, whoever discovered it is likely to become wealthy as to be a menace to the financial situation. Certain it is that many thousands have been erying for something which would really take off fiesh, and do this without a follow work and worry on their part.—Advertisement.

PHOTOGRAPHS EVERY KIND

YMAN COMMERCIAL PROTOGRAPHER

TWENTIETH CENTURY FARMER

as the most trifling of duties?

ever very pleasing," said the Head Bar- "Did they treat him mean when he was Head Barber. "When that came out in over loved, or ever will love. That may So. And have you never heard of the ber. "Prison's ain't built to be pleasant in there?" asked the Head Barber. of she are known. If they was a lot of city folist "No," said the Manicure Lady, "I guess right back."

anyhow.

but I wonder if she had any regard for it was awful for one of his proud spirit

| could break their leases and move there | they didn't pay no attention to him at But I think there is a lot of good fel- all. He said when he got home that lows in charge of the prisons, that tries the worst thing about a jail was the to make it as easy as a hard life can be. environments one is placed in. Wilfred inane attempts at wit, day after day, and And them jail investigations don't do was always kind of particular about his climbs above himself in a determination much good anyhow. The investigators surroundings, and even if a prison cell to let them neither diagust nor annoy. go away, and if the warden is a devil is nice and clean you must simit, George, Are you brave enough for that? he will be a devil again the minute their that the surroundings is kind of minor backs is turned, only worse. It's too league.

much of a problem for girls to solve. "When Wilfred got rested up from his awful experience he wrote a poem called "Brother Wiffred was in jail once," 'My Prison,' and sent it to the Flour &

"My prison cell was small and dingy. With here a fles and there a jigger. kind of bum comedy for a free girl to go cooler, trying to explain that he wasn't The architect must have been quite

stingy Or I think he would have planned it bigger.

That kept me in that awful cell!"

prove to him that he was at home and "Ain't that the limit?" excisinged the the paper they ought to have sent him make your elders smile, but the smile is