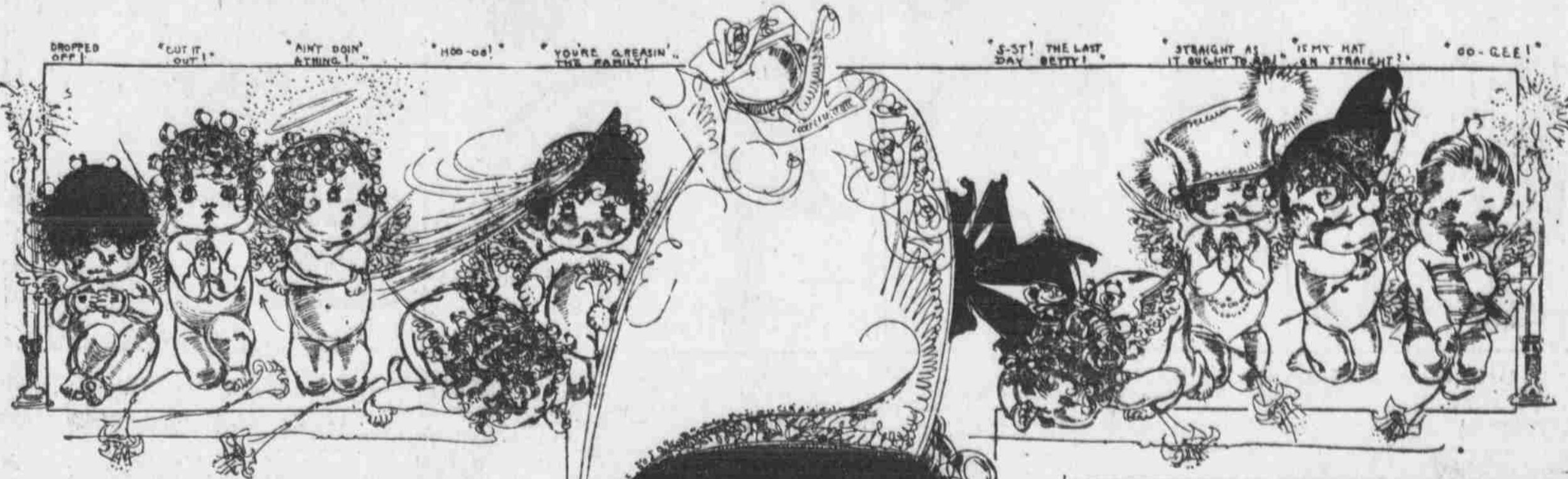


# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Easter in Loveland----The Princess Bettina and Her Dannys

By Nell Brinkley

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### Madame Isbell's Beauty Lesson

LESSON V.—PART III.  
The Eyes: Is Face Powder Indispensable. The eye, itself, needs daily care and an eye cup is as necessary as a tooth brush. Personally, I believe in pure, cold water, but some oculists do not agree with me and recommend that a weak solution of boric acid should be used. Ask your druggist for a saturated solution, half fill the eye cup with this and add lukewarm water to make a comfortable temperature. Put the eye cup against the eye and throw the head back with the eye open, letting the liquid flow over the entire eyeball. Wash out the eye cup before using on the other eye.

## A Garden of Roses Red

By LAUREL RHYMES.

I dream of a garden of roses red,  
A garden of roses rare;  
Of morning dew on a mossy bed,  
And glorious morning air.  
Oh, glorious mornings of childhood's day!  
Of days now dead to me.  
But the memory of them ever stays,  
Thank God for Memory!  
The morning's past, 'tis noontime now,  
But, oh! it seems to be  
The time of setting sun, somehow—  
The time of rest to me!  
But who would rest ere the work is done,  
Ere the Master's satisfied?  
So toil we must till the set of sun,  
Lest the hire be denied.  
And so till the set of sun-toll on,  
Oh, soul of mine, achieve!  
Till the grand reward and the glory's won,  
For Life's not make-believe.  
And then for a garden of roses red,  
A garden of roses rare;  
Of morning dew on a mossy bed,  
And glorious morning air!

## Bobbie Burns

(Reprinted by Request.)  
By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

When the sky seems lower, somehow, closing down to shut me in,  
Closing down to roof a prison full of sorrow and of sin,  
There's a book I always cherish as a mother loves her own,  
And I can't page over when I have it all alone.  
For the heart that's full of sunshine or the stricken heart that yearns,  
What a mine of priceless nuggets are the songs of Bobbie Burns!  
Countless lips with grief have straightened, countless lips with mirth  
have curled.  
Since the coming and the going of the Plowboy of the World,  
Yet the lines he fashioned lightly hold a deep and deathless spell  
O'er the mortals who are groping through the world he knew so well.  
Just a bonnie boy who warbled of his Scottish hills and lakes,  
He was worshipped for his genius; he was loved for his mistakes.  
How hypocrisy was riddled by the shots he fired so well!  
How he sang his songs of Heaven while he laughed at threats of Hell!  
Little babies could command him, but no monarch had control  
Of his wondrous brain and manhood or his stormy, troubled soul.  
Sometimes strays my fickle fancy, but forever it returns  
To a little battered volume—just the songs of Bobbie Burns.

## Dr. Katherine B. Davis and the Bedford Girls

By REV. C. F. AKED, DD., LL. D.

The story of the Bedford reformatory in New York state is most instructive and inspiring. As told by the president of its board of managers, it affords a fine example of lofty principles sanely applied to the treatment of criminals. The facts ought to be more widely known. They supply a fresh incentive to prison reform—an incentive needed in view of the reaction and disgust created by the silly school of sentimentalists.  
When the hobo becomes a hero, the brutal murderer a blessed martyr, and every foul, filthy scoundrel who preys on women and girls is regarded as the unhappy victim of society's wrongdoing, serious persons begin to suspect the most sane and reasonable proposals which are labeled "prison reform."  
Here worshipfully is mentioned in a school-boy in his early teens. But the men and women of the Bedford reformatory are neither adolescents nor attitudinizers.  
Women and girls, upon the first conviction of crime, may be committed to the reformatory. Nobody but the superintendent and her first assistant may know the nature of the offense for which the girl is committed. The best and the worst are received on equal terms. They are given a chance to live down the past.  
For more than thirteen years Miss Katherine B. Davis, LL. D., Ph. D., a Vassar graduate, was at the head of the work. She is now the head of the Commission of Charities and Correction for New York City.  
Private industry administered Bedford has seen miracles accomplished, miracles of skill and science, miracles of redeeming love.  
The cottage plan has been followed in building, and each cottage has been made in word and in fact a home. With a normal population of 3,000, in all these years there have been only four escapes.  
Private philanthropy has come in to reinforce the action of the state. From the single incident of the insanity by a New York judge that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., should act as chairman of a grand jury called to investigate the activities of an alleged white slave trust, what consequences have flowed. We explain these things no better by calling them "accidents" than by naming them "providences." Mr. Rockefeller visited Bedford; and in pursuance of his careful policy had experts conduct an investigation of its methods and results.  
The Rockefeller circle has contributed generously to the enlargement of the work. Mr. Rockefeller sends each month his check for \$10,000, and has guaranteed to keep up the payments for ten years.  
Girls are trained for domestic service, for instance. They are trained as waitresses, and they become so skilful that they are in great demand in wealthy homes. There is today a waiting list of fifty or a hundred persons applying for the trained waitresses that Bedford supplies.  
A woman of social position, on any fair view the most influential in a certain western city, a power for good, an acknowledged leader, was a Bedford girl. The nature of the offense for which she was committed is not stated. She was a desperately bad girl in the home. She was the despair of Dr. Davis and her assistants.  
When she became so violent that the officers were called in, and she was handcuffed and shackled, Miss Davis burst into tears. The girl in amazement looked at the superintendent, and then declared that nobody had ever thought her worth crying for. She said: "You can take those things off. I won't give any more trouble."  
Miss Davis took her at her word. The handcuffs and fetters were removed. The girl developed great aptitude for embroidery. She had it in her to profit by the best training. Her skill with her needle was remarkable. A situation in the art department of a great store in a city of New York state was obtained for her. In process of time she was head of the department.  
Once a man fell in an epileptic fit, "Carrie" leaped the counter—did not wait to go around—had her handkerchief in the man's mouth and all the other simple precautions taken before the doctor could be brought. In amusement he demanded where she had learned these things. She answered frankly: "In Bedford Reformatory."  
Her secret was out! Nobody had known that she was "a reformatory girl." To the credit of the women of that city, let it be added, "Carrie" lost no friends. She was what she was! She was not what she had been. And she held her position for some little time.  
Then a western man visiting his old home in the eastern city met her. Soon he asked her to marry him.  
The end of the story was told at the beginning; she is an asset of incalculable value in the social and moral well-being of a thriving western city.  
At Bedford the demonstration is given to the world that if we go the right way about it the thief and the fallen girl may become an honest person among honest persons, adding to the economic and material wealth of the world.  
Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia and other countries have already been impressed by the results gained at Bedford. And no contempt for the mauling and slapping of the silly school should tempt us to ignore the demonstrated success of science and love. Herein our humanity is winning its greatest triumphs.

## Press on to Higher Planes

Don't Be Afraid of Leaving Your Friends Behind in Life's Journey. That Isn't Disloyalty, but Loyalty to One's Self

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

If you set forth on a journey with a company of friends and the goal is distant and difficult of attainment you must not set your face to accommodate that of every other traveler beside you.  
You must press on according to your own strength, and you must not allow every passing distraction to delay you.  
If one of your comrades is ill, or meets with an accident, stop and render such service as lies in your power. That will not delay you.  
But if your comrades want you to lag back and amuse yourself with them in needless diversions, do not heed them. And if one is interested in making notes of every kind of poison plant and vine that grows by the wayside, and urges you to study this phase of botany with him, flee away and let him alone. There is no disloyalty in your departure from such companionship.  
Many men and women encounter these experiences in life's journey. Many endeavor to cling to the old friends and to regulate their pace to that of others, fearing to be thought fickle or disloyal if they pass onward and leave others behind.  
But there is a loyalty to one's best self, to one's own highest purpose, which is paramount to all other duties.  
Two women who had been close companions in early youth met after a decade of separation. The one had grown and developed from immature girlhood into womanhood. The other, a woman in years, had remained crude and frivolous in mind. She talked of the trivial things which had interested both ten years previous. The woman listened distrustful and without interest.  
"How you have changed!" cried the other. "Once you found these topics so fascinating; now you are bored. I never believed you would so forget your old friends."  
But she had not forgotten her old friends; she had simply grown with years, and, ceasing to be a child, she had given up playing with toys.  
Another pair of friends set forth in

life's journey, both enjoying the intellectual things of the world and admiring the beautiful. But gradually one of them placed all her emphasis upon the painful and sorrowful and disagreeable events of life, upon the flaws in people and the spots of blight upon the rose leaves.  
The other refused to talk of these things, refused to think about them, and she turned more and more each year to look at what was beautiful, what was lovable, what was admirable and noble in human nature.  
She dwelt long upon her own blessings, and touched lightly upon her troubles, and she found life growing more and more interesting as the years passed. But she found her friend less and less companionable. By and by, at a fork in the road, the two separated, one seeking shade, the other sunlight.  
They had ceased to have things in common. It would have been folly for the one who saw the road leading out into sunshine to have remained with the other, who desired only shadow.  
And she felt only relief as she passed out of the depressing atmosphere which the other had created for herself and for all who came into her presence. Then she paused and asked herself: "How is it that I can let one I have known so long and loved well in the past go out of my life with no regret?" And her best self answered:  
"Because there is no vestige of the friend you once loved remaining in this one you have left behind you."  
"She has daubed the canvas of her soul with ugly blotches of mixed colors and spoiled the work of God. Now that you have put her out of your life you can think of her as she was. And you can help her restore the original picture by your thought."  
"But keep out of her presence, because to remain in it you must retard your own growth. She will waste your energies in useless arguments, endeavoring to make you see shadow where you see sun, and faults where you see virtues."  
"Pass on and leave her. She must read life's riddle in her own way. Eventually all souls come into the light."  
"Give good, wholesome, kindly thoughts to all your fellow travelers."  
"Ask the invisible Helpers to guide them."  
"But do not forget your own soul's right of way, to tread the path you have carved out."  
"Pass onward, even if the passing means being alone."  
"There is no loneliness so painful as companionship with the un congenial."

Lent ends in Loveland! And all the weary, restless Dannys are glad—glad—glad! The last day—the pious long, Lily-day, with its two rivers of color swimming up and down Fifth a'v'nuh, its song-filled churches, its organ-voices, everywhere like the deep hum of the wind in the pines; its Easter bonnets (and they are bonnets this year!), its little girls with long legs and stiff white dresses and "crimpy" hair, its rolling motors in the city and shiny buggies with spinning wheels in the country, its candy-and-ice cream Sunday school cards of little girls, and a box of sweet, white flowers with a man's card on top of their dew for big girls—this last day all the Dannys are going to church!  
Princess Bettina and her slaves! For it's their last good day. And so they're goin'—in their Easter liddies and their kid gloves. And some will fall asleep, and some will faithfully kneel, and some will, mad with sitting still, look absentminded and tickle the other fellow with a fat forefinger in his round tummy; some will whisper to the princess trying to wake a twinkle in her grave and saintly eyes; some will pull this same one back to order by a lock of his tightly-curled hair; some will look straight to heaven under the brim of spanking new coachman's hat and wonder if the real pearls are setting right on his proud front; some will whisper in a penetrating hiss, "Is my hat on straight?" and a weary Danny at her elbow in a Roman sash and his hair licked flat will yawn out, "'s straight as it ought to be!"  
NELLY BRINKLEY.

## De Carvalho, Mighty Portuguese Statesman

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

It was 127 years ago, March 11, 1887, that Portugal's "Grand Old Man," Sebastian Joseph de Carvalho, marquis of Fomhal, closed his eyes in death. Carvalho's name is by all odds the greatest in the annals of the Portuguese nation. He was not only the most illustrious statesman that had ever been produced by his own country, but was head and shoulders above all the statesmen of his time.  
The son of a wealthy country gentleman, Carvalho, after graduating with high honors at the University of Coimbra, received, in 1838, his first public appointment and was sent as minister to London. With an intellect of the highest order, and along with it a whole lot of

common sense, it did not take him very long to discover that English thought and Portuguese thought were radically different, with the advantage largely in favor of England; and when he returned to his native land, thoroughly indoctrinated with English rationalism, he shook up the dry bones as they had never been shaken before.  
The king, Joseph I., gave him a free hand, and with the aid of the old crusader and the courage of a lion, he began the house-cleaning that astonished the nation and the whole continent. He brushed aside the nonsense of ages, and set himself to the task of revolutionizing the whole social, civic, intellectual and economic life of his country.  
He created a new agriculture, a new system of internal administration, a new method of education and a new foreign policy. Arrayed against him were the mightiest forces of the world, but his clear brain and brave resolve were proof against all wiles and threats, and he kept on his way like the sun through the heavens. He himself was the state, and as for the church, he said to her, in quiet but firm tone, "Hands off."

## Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Wait Three Years.  
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18, and have been keeping company with a man four years my senior. My folks like him, but refuse to allow me to be engaged to him. He is the only man I ever loved, or ever will love, and also the only one I ever went out with. I get many invitations, but do not accept any, for I love only him.  
My folks are wealthy and are noted people where I live, whereas his folks are not wealthy. He has a nice position, with a chance of advancement. He could not yet support me, but I am not ready to be married. This is the only objection my people have.  
A CONSTANT READER.  
He cannot support you, and since marriage is out of the question, why desire an engagement which would only distress your parents? In consideration for them wait a few years.

## WATCH FOR



THE PROFESSOR'S MYSTERY  
BY WELLS HASTINGS AND BRIAN HOOKER  
STARTS MONDAY APRIL 13th  
THE BEE'S MAGAZINE PAGE