

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



### Little Bobbie's :: Pa ::

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Men has got lots of pet naims for there wifes, but lots of times thay donnt choose the naims very good. I have herd sum of the married men wich cums to our house call there wifes Littel Pearl & the wife wud be big & dark, or sum of the other men wud call there wifes Grate big butiful doll & she wud be skinny & hoamly & little. But the funniest naim for a husband to use for a pet naim wen it doesn't fit is The Kid.

Mister Hemingway caim up to the house last nite with his wife. I dident see her at first, bekaus I was in the library wen Pa brought Mister Hemingway in he was talking to Pa & getting a cigar wile his wife was in the other room

Yes, sed Mister Hemingway, wen a man has traveled the pace & had all the variety there is, he decides that there is nothing like a butiful hoam life, so he marries sum good littel gurl that is his pal & comforter. Now, sed Mister Hemingway, wen I married The Kid she knew I was a man of the world. & she took me as such. The Kid & me understand eech other perfeckly, & she teens on me & reelies on my strong arm for proteckshun & suppoart.

I that to myself that The Kid must be awful littel & helpless, beckaus Mister Hemingway wasent vary strong looking. He only wayed about a hundred & ten pounds, & he was kind of oald & feeble

The Kid understands me, he sed to Pa, She knows that even the wildest of men malks the best husbands wen they git married & settel down. I supposs yure wife is the saim as The Kid.

No, sed Pa, there isent vary much of that clinging trustfulness about my wife. It is true that I used to sport around s lot wen I was singel. Pa sed, but my wife nevver took it for granted that I changed into another man the minnit I got married. To be perfectly candid about it. Pa sed, she watches me up a littel to this day, & every onst in a while, wen I have been out too lait, I have to use all my elloquens to malk her becleeve that I was rite at the lodge rooms all of the

Oh, The Kid wud nevver think of telling me anything about my conduck, sed Mister Hemingway. Now that we have finished our cigar, I want you to meet her. So we went in the other room to meet Mister Hemingway's wife.

I that she was going to be a littel woman, but wen I looked at her I was surprised. She was big & fat & she looked as strong as Pa. Her chin was square, like a block, & her lips was thin & she jest barely opened her jaws wen she talked. It she wud have been a man there wuddent be any culture champeen Ware have you been? she asked Mister Hemingway.

Oh, Kid, that is all right, sed Mister Hemingway. My frend & I were just in there having a cigar & I was singing how nice a temper you had.

You mite have spared yourself the trub. bel, sed The Kid. I think my temper will speek for itself.

All rite, Kid, sed Mister Hemingway, You bet it is all rite, sed The Kid. That is the way she acted all the even ing, & after she was gone Pa beegan to laff. She is sum purring kitten, isn't she? sed Pa. Who, sed Ma. The Kid, sed Pa.

# Thoroghbreds--East and West

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By Nell Brinkley



mountain road-you ask your way of her on the prairie trail in New Mexico and Arizona, across sage and pine, over mild farm land of the middle west, over the placid rivers and the mild, gentle hills of the far east-over all that lies between them) -the horsewoman of the west looks into the eyes of the horsewoman of the east. And they smile! For they are the pick of their kind and thoroughbreds. and can afford to be gracious, as beauty can afford to be sweet to beauty. In the east and the west slike the nondescript rider fills the bridle paths, rigged out more or less alike, though perhaps you will not believe that. You can scarcely tell one from the other save in their degree of bad riding. But the thoroughbreds, horse and rider, east and west, the crack players of the riding game, stand as wide apart in looks and manner as the poles. Only in these things are they "blood"-their perfect "form" of so different a kind, their oneness-the girl and the animal between her knees, the fear they never know and the hearts that beat beneath shirts and chestnut hides!

East has her short-backed pony with his three-quarter bobbed tail; her slippery little eggshell of a saddle, her short stirrup almost as delicate and clean-cut as an engagement ring, her thorough

her hand and the cruel curb a trifle more lax than the kinder snaffle. Over her shoulder she carries her mallet, pointing to the misty blue heaven of the east. She wears outing shirt, gloves, jockey-like cap with its bird beak, white breeches, a short, sleeveless coat and dullfinished boots. She is a perfect picture, shorn of useless ornament, a clean silhouette fitted to the bald, green lawns and white balustrades of the eastern country, whose coloring is quiet, rich and cultured. Her hair is close and sleek like the lawns and as the mane and foretop of her brainy pony are shaven.

West has her long-headed, slim-legged pinto, with his hint of the Arab-Spanish horse who turned wild, bred in the far west when it was new. Foretop and mane are long as banners and windwhipped. The girl's hair whips in the wind to match. Her bridle is as simple a thing as the Indians, with a trace of the silver and jingle about it that the red man loved. She has one bit-a surbthat, under a hand fine in feeling, is a double one-tender snaffle and subduing curb. Sometimes you will find her with bridle hung to saddle horn, the pony's mouth free, traveling in halter and single rein. Her saddle is the "chair saddle" of knighthood. There is much leather and comfort about it and she hugs it like a cavalrycrown; soft skirt, gloves, broad belt of leather, skirt short and divided, and the tan of the desert, sturdy boots, heavy of sole and broad of foot. Her rope swings like a coiled snake against her knee and she doesn't like it new! Beside her the tall blossom of the Spanish bayonet points to the vivid blue of the western sky. Her tans and golds, flowing mane and tail of hair match the brilliant yet thinly lovely coloring of the West-the sage, the singing hills, the ethereal distances,

Far apart they look-both thoroughbreds, crack players, harmonious, in perfect form with the lands they are the flowers of. On the polo field, wild mane and tall, loose hair and soft gray hat and much saddle leather, would violate your eyes. In the vasty moun tain and prairie land, wrapped pony legs, shaven foretop and tail, ring stirrup and polo coat would smash the picture into bits. Each in the other's domain would seem flapping with useless trappings. In their own they are fit and trim.

Only in these things are they of one blood-their perfect "form" of so different a kind, their oneness—the girl and the animal between her knees, and the hearts that beat beneath shirts and chest-NELL BRINKLEY.

## Life Before History Began is a Great Study

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

I have just been reading a remarkable book written by one of those rare men of science, who, like Humboldt, recognize the fact that knowledge which is not communicated and made attractive to

a multitude minds is about as valueless as gold and diamonds at the bottom of the

The title of this book. which is written in French. is "La Prehistoire Portes de which. freely translated, "Prehistory means for Everybody." Its author is Maurice Exsteens, a Felgian, who has him-

saif delved in the drift of ancient rivers and under the floors of primordial caverns in search of the earlist relies of the race of man on this planet. His book Primirenius"-man in the earliest type is the first clear and complete summing up that I have seen of the entire subject

of human beginnings "Prehistory" dea's with men before they had begun to invent and record stories about themselves to amuse and astonish poster : y. The records that they lef: were uncons to sty made and sonacquently they tell the exact truth, as far as they go. When w.iting was in | curve!

#### Easy Way to Round Out a Thin, Scraggy Throat

(Fron. Pilgrim Magasine.)

A thin, scraggy neck is due to shrinkage of the muscles and fatty itssues, owing to loss of proper circulation and nutrition. The thing to do is to supply that which is lost. The best way to bring a good supply of nourishing blood to the flabby tissues is by applying parafined plastoid jelly (procurable at any drug store). Spread liberaily over the throat, in the hollows, behind the ears and back on both sides to where the hair begins. Also smear it under and well up over the chin, that the jelly when dry may form a better support for the loose flasues. Keep this on at least fifteen minutes, then remove with plain water (Fron. Pilgrim Magazine.)

The tightening and solidfying effect is remarkable, and the increased circulation, shown by the healthy pink flush, telle you the results are not entirely of a temporary nature. Use this harmless paraffed plastoid jelly three times a week and you'll be immensely pleased with the steady improvement.—Advertisement

vented truth retired behind a curtain and "history" began.

I can hardly imagine anything more of "Prehistory" that science has dug out of the alluvion of old valleys and brought to light from the darkness of think about something else than his next has a nation been abandoned caves in Europe, Asia and Africa.

These chapters are respectively

"The Chellian Epoch." The Epoch." "The Aurignacian Epoch." "The Epoch," all of these names coming from these of places in France where the first relics of the men who lived in those myster.cus ages were found.

The reader would do well to fix these names and the order of their succession. in his memory, for "Prehistory" is destined to play a great part in future education, when men have thoroughly got rid of absurd prejudices against facts of their own origin. In reading Mr. Essteens' book. I have had a day-dream

o' the cloudy m roing of humanity. I have seen passing before me "Home of his kind-stooping like an ape, with his spine inclined forward and his lagu back and, in the terrible attitude of the marche en flexion "walking with bent tack." So walked the Chellian man, and the Acheulian man, and the Mousterlan man, for hundreds of centuries. So many ages were required to straighten the human spine and give it a backward

Yet this crook-backed Homo Primigenius had a glimmer of light in his flat brain. In the Chellian epoch he began to pound flints and shape them into rude tools and weapons, some of them ac crude that it is doubtful whether nature or man did the most in forming them In Chellian times he lived in a tem perate climate, out in the open, seldom venturing into caverns, as his successors habitually did.

In the Acheulian epoch the climate had turned cold and damp, and he took more frequently to caves for shelter, although still preferring the valleys of rivers for his dwelling places. Among the animals he knew and feared were the huge elephas antiquus (ancient elephant), the hippopotamus major, far greater than the hippopotamus of today; the big cave bear, larger than the grizzly, and the cave hyena, another monster of primeval

With the dawn of the Mouterian epoc damp, came another form of elephantplace of his predecessor, while the rhinoccrous tichorinus, with mane-like hair and overwhelming to be questioned.

bony bulkheads in its stout horns, also at peared to keep company with Home some progress in fashioning tools and weapons from flint, but they were still 'ery crude-"scrapers," "smoothers" and rude spear and arrow heads.

The Aurignacian epoch showed further advance in the shaping of stone tools brain was larger and better shaped, his men and women in the United States? iace was less brutal, and he began to dinner. Art now made its appearance and, having begun regularly to inhabit within reach of caverns, from which he could now drive the animal; with his improved weapons Acheullan Epoch," "The Mousterian man began to adorn his home. He made rude engravings on ivory and reindeers' Solutrian Epoch" and "The Mardalenian horns, and even attempted primitive something wrong. statuary representing the Venusca of his What is it?"

> Then came the Solutrian epoch—a very conderful age of relatively brief duration-when art languished and war and the chase came to the front. Solutrian man invented a new weapon, which seems to have do delighted him that he could think of little else. He made tools ard weapons of flint that are often exquisite in their shapes and workmanship but especially he devised the "pointe a cran"-a flint spear head with a sharp point and keen cutting edges, and furmisted with notched butt, which rendered it easy to attach the shaft of a spear or

Yet these flerce Solutrian warriors and nunters also showed their ingenuity by inventing bone needles with heads pierced for the thread. With their 'pointe a cran," the forerunner of the bayonet and the pointed projectile, and their 'eyed needles," the predecessors of the modern sewing machine, they made their short age one of the most interesting in the whole career of humankind

The last chapter of "Prehistory" is oc ripled by the Magdalenian epoch, when the art spirit once more asserted itself. although progress in tool and weapon making continued. To engraving and sculpture, painting was now added, although there had been rude atttempts at this in the Aurignacian spoch. But the large paintings in several colors that have been found in ancient caverns ocsenuine artistic merit, showing that at last the human race had begun to apimag nation.

In running over this brief story of primeval man it is essential to remember that all these things, all this slow and painful progress, took place long before there was any history. The six epochs have been described occupied alto rether probably several hundred thouswhen the climate was still cold and and years. This long period in man's growth cannot yet be dated in centuries the elephas primigenius-to take the and probably never will be, but the proof of its immense antiquity is too

## Why People Don't Marry

By DOROTHY DIX

New York Conservation Commissioner Homo Primigenus was growing into E. E. Rittenhouse asks, "Why are there fascinating than the six great chapters | Homo Sapiens (intellectual man). His more than seventeen million unmarried other day a large manufacturer sent me

"Never," he says, the comforts and luxuries of life. Yet people do not There is

There are many reasons why people do not marry. One is the high cost of living, for while doubtedly prosperout. the golden doesn't stream wash man's door to an extent that enables him to support a family in any decen

The main reason, however, that there has been what Mr. Wegg called a decline and fall off in matrimony is because people have begun to use their instead of their hearts, in deciding the matter. Cold logic has superseded the matting instinct in dealing

In former times men and women married simply because they were attracted to some member of the opposite sex Whether they could feed or clothe a family, or whether they were likely to bequeath some terrible inheritance to their offspring did not enter into their calculation. They went it blind, without regard to consequences to themselves or any one else. Now intelligent men and women consider before marriage whether they have a right to marry and bring into the world deformed and diseased ch'ldren, or children that they will have to sell into child slavery because of pov

Also men and women are becoming afraid to marry. They see that ninepreclate and use the sacred gift of the tenths of the marriages in the world are are failures, so far as bringing any happiness to either husband or wife, and so they decide that single blessedness is better than doubled wretchedness.

Only a few days ago a brilliant young physician, who has already achieved success, said to me that nothing on earth. after what he had seen of matrimonial misery through the practice of his profession, could ever teduce him to marry He recognized that the ideal marriage was the happiest lot on earth, but the

happiness.

And the same theory hold good at the other end of the social line. The a letter that was as curious and interesting a human document as were the or ride on a stage coach after we are letters of Grace Brown. This letter had been written by a little untaught mili girl, who was only 17, but who, in some way, had fathomed the depth of the philosophy of modern life. It was written to her sweetheart, breaking off her enmanufacturer's hands through one of his stenographers having written it for the girl on the typewriter, and a carbon copy of it having been left lying

The letter, in part, is as follows: "I have wanted to tell you that cannot marry you, and you know the reason. I hope you will not think hard of me, and will understand why, under the circumstances. I must refuse. both have our living to make, and you know we could not get along on what you make now, the way living expenses are. It was different when our fathers and mothers married; people then were satisfied with less, and there were not so many things to see, and go to, and to

"I know you think you could do without some things, and I believe you would try, but, after a little while you would begin to wonder if you are getting for the gay capital mough to make up for what you had given up. You know our friends are not all married, and they would still be able to go and do things when we could not You and I would still be young folks although we were married, and I think we would both feel bad when we saw the good times our single friends were having, and which we used to have, and we still be good friends and sweethearts and wait until you can get into some little business where I could help, and we would have more to work on? "I am writing this to you so you can not interrupt me until I am through I know you love me, and it is nice to

you, but we cannot marry now. It would make us both miserable." In this letter you have the reason why most of the 17,000,000 men and women in this country who are unmarried don't marry. They love. They would like to marry, but they have faced the fact that it takes bread and butter as well as sentiment to keep n

be loved, and I think you know I love

house going. The girl at work can make a decent living for herself. The man at work ran chances against it were too great. He the man doesn't make enough to make a of his plain brown homespun coat, over

have. So they stay single.

Also the standard of living has been raised. As the little mill girl says, "When our fathers and mothers married people was playing no hundred-to-one shot at were satisfied with less, and there were not so many things to see and go to and to buy." It's folly to ignore this. and to talk about going back to the simple life. We can't do it. We can't go lack to tallow dips after electric light used to steam cars. It's unromantic, but husband or wife than it is to do without the comforts to which we are ac

> All of which makes it rough for Cupid but it explains the ever increasing num ber of old maids and old bachelors.

## Franklin in France

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

One hundred and thirty-seven years ago September 17, 1776-it was decided by the American congress that the United Colmies, which had just declared their :: dependence of

Great Britmin. should be represented in France by Dr. Franklin, and about a month later that remarkable man set sail to make for himself a fame unparalled in the annals The plain demo-

erat from Penn's. by storm. It was something to eclips the popularity of such men as Liebnitz, Newton, Frederick the Great and Vol-

taire, but that was just what was done by the brown-coated printer-diplomat from Philadelphia It was said by John Adams that if a ollection could be made of all the sazettes of Europe for the latter half of

the eighteenth century a greater num ber of complimentary paragraphs upor the grand Franklin" would appear than pon any other man that ever ulved Symbolizing the liberty for which all France was yearning, says Fiske, Franklin was greeted with a popular enthus-

lasm, such as no one, except Voltaire

As he passed along the streets, the shopkeepers rushed to their doors to catch a glimpse of him, while throngs crowded the sidewalks. The charm of his majestic and venerable figure seemed make a decent living for himself, but heightened by the republican simplicity

decent living for the girl and himself, the shoulders of which his long brown both, and the children that they may hair fell carelessly, innocent of queue or powder. His portrait was huns in the shop windows and painted in miniature on the covers of snuff boxes. Gentlemen wore "Franklin" hats, ladies' kid gloves were dyed of a "Franklin" hue, and dishes "a la Franklin" were served at fashionable dinners.

And yet all this glory failed to turn the great man's head. He kept right on about his business, undistracted by the plaudits that were showered upon him like the summer rain. Ballasted by his true, that it's easier to do without a great common sense, he sailed through the waters of his unprecelented popularity with an even keel, and safely weathered all the dangers that beset him. Refusing to be intoxicated by the glamour of his environment, he kept his head level and cool, and from the master diplomats of the old world won the substantial victories for which his countrymen had sent him across the seas.

Wonderful Dr. Franklin. It is no wonder that his fame grows with the advancing years. It is no wonder that his story is still an inspiration to the youth not only of America but of all the civilized lands of the earth.

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