

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Men has got lots of pet names for their wives, but lots of times they don't choose the names very good. I have heard some of the married men with cums to our house call their wives Little Pa & the wife was big & dark, or sum of the other men wud call their wives Grate big buttit doll & she wud be skinny & hoamly & little. But the funnest nam for a husband to use for a pet nam wen it don't fit is The Kid.

Mister Hemingway cam up to the house last nite with his wife. I didnt see her at first, becaus 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 talking to Ma.

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 buttitl hoam life, so he marries sum good little girl 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 each other perfectly, & she leans on me & relies on my strong arm for protection & support.

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

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

No, sed Pa, there isnt vary much of that clinging trustfulness about my wife. It is true that I used to sport around a lot wen I was a singel, Pa sed, but my wife never look 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 eloquens to make her believe that I was rite at the lodge rooms all of the time.

Oh, The Kid wud never think of telling me anything about my conduct, 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 thot she was going to be a littel woman, but wen I looked at her I was surprisid. She was big & fat & she looked as strong as Pa. Her chin was square, like a block, & her lips was thin & she had a hardy opened her jaws wen she talked. If she wud have been a man there wuddent be any culturd champaign.

Ware have you been? she asked Mister Hemingway.

Oh, Kid, that is all rite, sed Mister Hemingway. My friend & I were just in there having a cigar & I was sinning yure praise to him. I was telling him how nice a temper you had.

You mite have spared yourself the trubel, sed The Kid. I think my temper will speak 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 evening, & after she was gone Pa began to laff. She is sum purring kitten, isn't she? sed Pa. Who, sed Ma. The Kid, sed Pa.

Thoroughbreds--East and West

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By Nell Brinkley



The horsewoman of the west (you meet her on a bend of a high 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 alike 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

mouthful of bits, reins held taut but with fine feeling, and give to 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 dull-finished 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 wind-whipped. 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 surb—that, 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 cavalry-

man. She wears soft hat, with wide brim and three dimples in the crown; 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 tall 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 mountain and prairie land, wrapped pony legs, shaven foretop and tall, 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 chestnut hides.

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 of minds is about as valueless as gold and diamonds at the bottom of the sea.

The title of this book, which is written in French, is "La Préhistoire ou l'histoire de l'Homme," which, freely translated, means "Prehistory for Everybody." Its author is Maurice Eostens, a Belgian, who has himself delved in the drift of ancient rivers and under the floors of prehistoric caverns in search of the earliest relics of the race of man on this planet. His book is the first clear and complete summation up that I have seen of the entire subject of human beginnings.

"Prehistory" deals with men before they had begun to invent and record stories about themselves to amuse and astonish posterity. The records that they left were unrecorded by any means, and so they tell the exact truth, as far as they go. When writing was in-

Easy Way to Round Out a Thin, Scraggy Throat

(From Pilgrim Magazine.)

A thin, scraggy neck is due to shrinkage of the muscles and fatty tissues, owing to loss of proper circulation and nutrition. The thing to do is to supply the muscles and fatty tissues with a good supply of nourishing blood to the flabby tissues by applying paraffin-plastoid jelly (procureable at any drug store). Spread liberally 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 tissues. Keep this on at least fifteen minutes, then remove with plain water.

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

bony bulkheads in its stout horns, also appeared to keep company with Homo Primitivus. He had by this time made some progress in fashioning tools and weapons from flint, but they were still very crude—"scrappers," "smoothers" and rude spear and arrow heads.

The Aurignacian epoch showed further advance in the shaping of stone tools. Homo Primitivus was growing into Homo Sapiens (intellectual man). His brain was larger and better shaped, his face was less brutal, and he began to think about something else than his next dinner. Art now made its appearance and, having begun regularly to inhabit caverns, from which he could now drive the animals with his improved weapons, man began to adorn his home. He made rude engravings on ivory and reindeer's horns, and even attempted primitive statuary representing the Venuses of his time.

Then came the Solutrian epoch—a very wonderful age of relatively brief duration—when art, language and war and the chase came to the front. Solutrian man invented a new weapon, which seems to have delighted him that he could think of little else. He made tools and 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 been cutting edges and furnished with notched butt, which rendered it easy to attach the shaft of a spear or arrow.

Yet these fierce Solutrian warriors and hunters also showed their ingenuity by inventing bone needles with beads 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 occupied 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 attempts at this in the Aurignacian epoch. But the large paintings in several colors that have been found in ancient caverns occupied by Magdalenian man are often of genuine artistic merit, showing that at least the human race had begun to appreciate and use the sacred gift of the imagination.

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 that have been described occupied altogether probably several hundred thousand years. This long period in man's growth cannot yet be dated in centuries, and probably never will be, but the proof of its immense antiquity is too overwhelming to be questioned.

Why People Don't Marry

By DOROTHY DIX

New York Conservation Commissioner E. E. Rittenhouse asks, "Why are there more than seventeen million unmarried men and women in the United States?" "Never," he says, "has a nation been so prosperous, or so within reach of the comforts and luxuries of life. Yet people do not marry. There is something wrong. What is it?"

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

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

In former times men and women married simply because they were attracted to some member of the opposite sex, or they could feed or clothe a family, or whether they were likely to begeth 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 children or children that they will have to sell into child slavery because of poverty.

Also men and women are becoming afraid to marry. They see that nine-tenths of the marriages in the world 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 induce him to marry. He recognized that the ideal marriage was the happiest lot on earth, but the chances against it were too great. He



decent living for the girl and himself, both, and the children that they may 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 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 back to follow dips after electric light, or ride on a stage coach after we are used to steam cars. It's unromantic, but true, that it's easier to do without a husband or wife than it is to do without the comforts to which we are accustomed.

All of which makes it rough for Cupid, but it explains the ever increasing number 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 Colonies, which had just declared their independence of Great Britain, should be represented in France by Dr. Franklin, and about a month later that remarkable man set sail for the gay capital to make for himself a fame unparalleled in the annals of diplomacy.

The plain demagogue from Penn's woods took Paris by storm. It was something to eclipse the popularity of such men as Leibnitz, Newton, Frederick the Great and Voltaire, but that was just what was done by the brown-coated printer-diplomat from Philadelphia.

It was said by John Adams that if a collection could be made of all the caecities of Europe for the latter half of the eighteenth century a greater number of complimentary paragraphs upon "the grand Franklin" would appear than upon any other man that ever lived.

Symbolizing the liberty for which all France was yearning, says Fiske, Franklin was greeted with a popular enthusiasm, such as no one, except Voltaire, has ever called forth.

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 heightened by the republican simplicity of his plain brown homespun coat, over



the shoulders of which his long brown hair fell carelessly, innocent of queue or powder. His portrait was hung in the shop windows and painted in miniature on the covers of snuff boxes. Gentlemen wore "Franklin" hats, ladies' kid gloves were saturated 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 back to follow dips after electric light, or ride on a stage coach after we are used to steam cars. It's unromantic, but true, that it's easier to do without a husband or wife than it is to do without the comforts to which we are accustomed.

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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.

Mother's Friend in Every Home

Comfort and Safety Assured Before the Arrival of the Storm.

The old saying—what is home without a mother—should add "Mother's Friend." In thousands of American homes there is a bottle of the splendid and famous remedy that has aided many a woman through the trying ordeal, saved her from suffering and pain, kept her in health of mind and body in advance of baby's coming and had a most wonderful influence in developing a healthy, lovely disposition in the child.

There is no other remedy so truly a help to nature as Mother's Friend. It relieves the pain and discomfort caused by the strain on the ligaments, makes pliant those fibres and muscles which nature is expanding and soothes the inflammation of breast glands.

Mother's Friend is an external remedy, acts quickly and not only banishes all distress in advance, but assures a speedy and complete recovery for the mother. Thus she becomes a healthy woman with all her strength preserved to thoroughly enjoy the rearing of her child. Mother's Friend can be had at any drug store at \$1.00 a bottle, and is really one of the greatest blessings ever discovered for expectant mothers. Write to Bradford E. Regulator Co., 129 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., for their free book. Write to-day, it is most instructive.

