

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Lookout

By ADA PATTERSON.

High above the sand of the beach stands what resembles a cabin on stilts. Within this cabin open at every side for unobstructed view in every direction, a man sits cross-legged as a Turk during his smoking. Brown faced, stalwart, red legged, keened eyed in this man. You might think him a bather resting up aloft while he watches the antics of other bathers, unless you happen to note the tenseness of his bronze features and the strain of his eyes far out at sea.



The anxious eyes sweep the beach from end to end, note the crowded hundreds of bathers and rest longest on the dark spots farthest out at sea, bobbing as cork on the waves. At last a hoarse warning cry breaks from him. "The lifeboat!" he calls, and men slip the long white craft that has been resting on the beach into the water. One of the brooded men lounging in bathing costume on the beach springs into the water's place, and the man you have been watching is down with a bound. He leaps into the life boat and is off to the spot where a second before he has seen three spots appear where one had been. Two arms had been flung upward and they and the head had sunk.

It may be ten minutes. It may be a half hour before the man comes back. Water drips from his brown arms. There's a gash on his powerful red leg, where it had been brushed by the boat as he went down into the mystery of the green waves. But there's something resting in the bottom of the boat. It leans against his knee. It is very pale and its eyes are closed. He lifts it from the boat and carries it to the little hospital where a nurse waits to complete the work he has begun. You see the figure a little later, flushed now and frightened and a bit ashamed still wearing her bathing suit, she makes her way with a curious following, to the figure up aloft in the little cabin on stilts.

"I thank you," she called up to him, "for saving my life."

He looks down at her composedly and answers, "That's all right. Better not go out so far."

His eyes strain out again to sea. "The lookout," says the crowd and disappears again, breaking into little groups and quickly forgetting that it has witnessed a rescue, that a life has been saved.

While we rest and doze on our deck chairs on a transatlantic steamer a man stands as far as the front of the boat as he can go and he strains his eyes to sea. He is looking for derelicts, wreckage that drifting, aimlessly and valueless, can yet induce a vessel, plowing its determined way through the sea. If he is near the shore he looks for rocks.

The trained, straining eyes, may see the jagged edges of these rocks cutting the water, or they may see them beneath the surface where we see only the lapping, laughing waves. In a far he may see a far wreathlike shape that in a few minutes will resolve itself into a steamer or an iceberg, where he had discerned a gray smudge on the mist.

He, too, is a lookout. His face is tanned by the wind. His eyes are used to looking long distances and seeing what others untrained and careless do not, and the ship would not be safe for a sixtieth of an hour were it not for him and such as he.

How grave are their faces, how thoughtful the eyes, how warning the hands of the lookouts who sit at the edge of the sea, or who cross in with us. They are those who know and who would save us from dangers that impend and at which we, being ignorant, laugh.

There are lookouts sitting on the shore of humanity's sea, straining their eyes for the bobbing heads far out on the waves. We call them reformers and we are liable to smile at their earnestness. But there is a great deal for them to do and the man or woman with a great deal to do has little time for jest and sees tragedy where we, with careless vision, see only gaiety.

They see bathers creating the little small waves, laughing carefree, heedless, but the lookout sees what the bather does not, a great engulfing wave rearing its black head, towering mountainous above the swimmer. The little waves have been casual interests, passing faults, but that great towering, engulfing wave is a supreme emotion, a dominant passion, a purpose that will sweep us from our feet, will carry us far out to sea, will perhaps drown us in its black embrace. That is what the lookout sees. That is why his hoarse cry rings out—"The lifeboat, the lifeboat!"

Ladies! Secret to Darken Gray Hair

Bring back color, gloss and thickness with Grandma's recipe of Sage and Sulphur.

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea, with sulphur and alcohol added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautiful, dark and luxuriant; remove every bit of dandruff, stop scalp itching and falling hair. Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get the ready-to-use tonic, costing about 50 cents a large bottle, at drug stores, known as Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy, thus avoiding a lot of mess.

While wispy, gray, faded hair is not sinful, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness. By darkening your hair with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it does it so naturally and evenly. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hairs have disappeared. After another application or two your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and luxuriant and you appear years younger.

Advice to the Superstitious

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By Nell Brinkley



"Always look at the moon over your right shoulder."

Billy, whispering into Betty's ear under the September moon (and it's the last moon they'll see out of doors): "There are a few things that you really ought to watch—little superstitions, you know. Such as—see now—there's a new, thin moon, silvery as your hair was when you were a little fellow. Always look at it over your right shoulder. Turn your head—a little more—I don't need to look at it; I've

"Always make a wish at a shooting star."

seen it already. Tip your chin up—and you'll have good luck! Can you see the moon?"

"Always make a wish at a shooting star! You've got to be quick there, little chap! A shooting star falls like a bright hope. You never have time to make a noise. Just watch its flight—like a match flipped from the hand of a man with a cigarette. Watch it hard with your blue eyes, and wish if you can— Is that what you wished for?"

"See a pin and pick it up, all day you'll have good luck."

"See a pin pick it up—all the day you'll have good luck.' Even if it's on the steps of a trolley and we hold up the whole system, stop to pick up a pin, small person! Drop on your knees—so your hand and mine grope for the pin. It's a pretty small pin, isn't it? Look at me all the time—that's the right way to play it. Your eyes are close, little fellow, and they're awfully blue! Your lips are close, and they're red as a pomegranate blossom—oh, leave the pin, cheer!

"Oh, I say—none of these things are any good unless I'm around!"

Men Who Borrow From Women

By WINIFRED BLACK.

A young doctor killed himself out west the other day. He was a bright young man, and he wanted to graduate at the medical school, so he could go right to practice. So he borrowed money to pay for his education.

He borrowed the money from two girls—and each girl he promised to marry—when he was a full-fledged doctor.

He graduated, with a medium honor, found both girls waiting for him, and hadn't the courage to face the consequences of his own folly—and died—poor, foolish, young fellow!

How long it took him to learn that the man who had to borrow money from a woman to pay for his education wasn't really so very much worth educating after all!

They so seldom seem to be—these men who borrow money to go through college, especially when they can't find any one to have faith enough in them to lend them the money but some woman who is in love with them.

I've watched several such cases. There's the well-known writer, he was ill, ragged and hungry.

He learned—after a fashion—just enough to put a sign upon his door, and that was all, and he ran away with his office assistant before he had that sign up of a year. He never turned out much of a doctor. I saw him keeping the surgeon's place warm for him in a coast steamer not long ago. He wanted to ask after his wife that used to be, but he didn't quite dare.

His assistant was stewardess on the same boat. They say she made it rather unpleasant for him at times, first with her savage jealousy, and then with her almost equally savage flirtations. Somehow I couldn't feel so very sorry for him.

There was the man who wanted to study in Paris, "symbolic art," he fancied; but his father's just a grocer and not so very rich, and oh, so very unemphatic, so he went to visit a school friend and—married the school friend's sister—a kindly, elderly person, who was so grateful to him for making love to her that she lent him her allowance for five years and sent him to "study."

He studied—very hard—from life, poor

fool, and the lessons that life taught him were not pleasant ones. So he shot himself like the young doctor out west—and when his elderly wife came to get his body, she said the reason his pictures were never hung at the academy was because there was a clique against him. Jealous they were, all of the clique, and the symbolist's queer friends had so much that was decent about them that they agreed with her and hid the pictures of the girl he had gone mad about, and helped her get her husband's body home in decent peace.

Never much of a success—these men who borrow from women, are they? At least not for the women from whom they borrow.

What is it about a man that makes him dislike the woman who does too much for him? Have you ever seen a man

really in love with his rich wife—if he himself is poor? Did you ever know a man to be grateful to a woman who belittled him by helping him too much?

Self-respect, courage, pride—take these things away from a man, though you do it with a kiss—and he'll hate you for it, as if you offered him cold poison.

Who is the child the mother loves the best? The one most dependent upon her. Who is the woman a man loves most faithfully? The woman who demands the most from him—and what a glorious thing for humanity it is that it is so.

Poor, foolish young man—you who did out west the other day—because you had borrowed money and faith and confidence and love and could not repay it—when the time came—you are just one of a type, I am afraid. Isn't it fortunate there are so few of you after all!

Women of the Future

By CLARICE VAINE.

The question, "Where are you going to?" which a popular novelist recently asked in the title of her new book, is being asked now of the female sex, not only by men—"quiet" or otherwise—but by a large proportion of women themselves. What are we tending to become, and what is the goal to which all this developing of their capabilities—a development which has been, perhaps, the most extraordinary feature of the last decade—is helping women to attain? The question is eminently perplexing, and there are perhaps as many different answers to it as there are different people in the world.

On one point, however, there seems to be comparative unanimity. Women unquestionably get a "better time" now than their mothers or grandmothers did; they have more opportunities of education; fewer restrictions; the possibility of leading healthier lives and widely increased opportunities of earning their own living. One result of this increase of liberty is an astonishing alteration in physique. While the men of the race tend to grow smaller and weaker, the women are growing taller and more powerful. This is a phenomenon which the most ardent feminist must view with some dismay, or at all events with mixed feelings. One practical result of it may be found in the fact that marriages are on the decrease. The stalwart, self-reliant wage-earning young women of the moment is at a disadvantage when applying for protective affection of a diminutive male. The male thinks he is better out of it. In any case, it is an outstanding fact which cannot be ignored in any estimate of the woman of tomorrow, that marriage as an institution has decreased in popularity proportionately with the increase of female "aggressiveness" and self-reliance. On national grounds this must be deplored; but no doubt there are many arguments which would be brought forward to show that "progress" in this respect has not really

been retrogression in disguise, as old-fashioned people might be led to suppose. In connection with this "progress," it must be added that there is certainly one point on which old-fashioned people will be inclined to stick to their guns, and that is on the power wielded by the sex today compared with yesterday and the day before. In these days when women are active on boards of guardians and have brought about a state of things which sooner or later—sooner, if wise counsels prevail—will necessitate their being enfranchised, there are many who feel that the influence of the gentler sex has never at any period in modern history been so negligible. This is a hard saying, and I merely quote it for what it may be worth, as a belief which is widely held today. Those who hold this view affirm that it is impossible to get round the fact that nature has ordained that in the human partnership man must be the executive. Consequently when women exercise a paramount influence over their men-folk they in the true sense of the word ruled the roost. To use the trite phrase, "the hand that rocked the cradle ruled the world." All this has certainly disappeared. It is the aim of the woman of today to attain her ends by an exercise of right rather than persuasion. The result of this (so many people hold) is that even though women get the vote and every other political privilege, their influence in the world will decrease because their moral influence over the opinions and conduct of men will have vanished altogether—the amenities of that law of compensations which says that one cannot have a thing both ways.

For myself, I cannot say that I am much alarmed by the horrid warnings of the conservative, nor greatly impressed by the glowing promises of the reformer. I believe that the time we live in will eventually produce the type best suited to them, and that the particular virtues and qualities which have distinguished women throughout the ages will continue, whatever happens, to be their glory and treasure.

Whatever Is--Is Best

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

(Copyright, 1913, by American-Journal-Examiner.)
I know as my life grows older,
And mine eyes have clearer sight—
That under each rank wrong, somewhere
There lies the root of Right;
That each sorrow has its purpose,
By the sorrowing oft unguessed,
But as sure as the sun brings morning,
Whatever is—is best.

I know that each sinful action,
As sure as the night brings shade,
Is somewhere, some time, punished,
The hour be long delayed,
I know that the soul is aided
Sometimes by the heart's unrest,
And to grow means often to suffer—
But whatever is—is best.

I know there are no errors
In the great eternal plan,
And all things work together
For the final good of man.
And I know when my soul speeds onward,
In its grand eternal quest,
I shall say, as I look back earthward,
Whatever is—is best.

Freedom of the Press

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

Milton's "Areopagitica" was given to the world two hundred and sixty-nine years ago, August 23, 1644.

Not one in a thousand of the readers of this newspaper or of any other newspaper, has read the "Areopagitica," or even seen it—any more than he has seen the force of gravity, or the electrical energy that is working such miracles in this age of ours. But like the invincible powers of nature, the work of the great Latin secretary of the Old Protector has been serving the purpose for which it was written.

The Parliament of 1644, under the dominance of the champions of tyranny, had passed an ordinance against the liberty of printing, and with a sublime fearlessness Milton challenged them to battle. His challenge was this same "Areopagitica," which made them sit up and think, and which convinced them that there was at least one man in England who loved intellectual liberty and understood perfectly well how to defend it.

In sentences that are like the blasts of a trumpet Milton protested against the infamous attempt to throttle the freedom of the press. He would have no oppression of the printers, no gag put upon their desire to spread abroad among men the thoughts of the mind.

"Foreseeing the future, and exulting in

its happy deliverance from every form of mental tyranny—the era in which every one should be perfectly free to think and perfectly free, also, to put his thoughts into print—Milton did what he could to help the good time along.

Likening truth unto the eagle, which in its royal might scatters the "timorous birds that love the twilight," he exorated the unrighteous attempt at shackling the press and predicted the time when a free and enlightened press would be the salvation and glory of humanity.

All England was forced to listen to his glorious plea for free printing, and for two and a half centuries the echoes of his noble appeal have sounded and resounded in British ears and in the ears of all men.

Wherever floats the British flag today there, under its protecting folds is to be found the mental hospitality—the large freedom of thought and expression—whenever Milton's great plea which was given to the world on that 23rd day of August, 1644.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Certainly Not.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man 25 years old and am deeply in love with a young girl 17 years old, and I know my love is returned. I am earning a good salary and have no bad habits. I have asked this girl to marry me and she has accepted, but do you think the difference in our age is too great? S. W. M.

You are not a day too old for her. There is just enough difference to make you more considerate of her and to give her a greater respect for you.

The Head Waitress

By HANK.

"Where's Mr. Flakes?" asked The Steady Customer of the Head Waitress in the Cafe d'Enfant as he noticed the absence of the genial manager.

"He's on his vacation," she replied. "Pretty soft for some guy. You just come back from yours, didn't you?"

"Yes, Louise," said The Steady Customer. "For one beautiful week I traveled on the water in a motor boat with my friend Jimmy."

"Did it always mote?" asked the Head Waitress.

"Most always," replied The Steady Customer. "You see, we had a good engineer on board. You needn't ask who he was. Modesty would prevent my replying."

"Sure, you always did hate yours," said the Head Waitress. "I was in a motor boat once myself. The engine behaved as if it had chronic presumption, and hesitated every now and then like you do when you're figuring on whether you can afford creamed chicken on toast or browned hash. But say, all joking aside, you want to stop writing about Mr. Flakes in the paper. One of the bosses was speaking to him about it the other day, and said it looked as if he was getting too familiar with the customers."

"That's too bad," said The Steady Customer. "If they had more managers like Mr. Flakes they'd have to turn away the crowds. There's nothing that cheers anyone up like walking into a place like this and seeing somebody wearing a genial expression. Why I often take an extra piece of pie just to be able to exchange a few more cheerful words with him. Who's the new manager?"

"That's Mr. Governor," said the Head Waitress. "He's a very nice man, too. That's one thing I like about Mr. d'Enfant, she always picks out real gems for managers. That's what I call having perspicacity."

"That's too much for me," groaned The Steady Customer. "I suppose you mean perspicacity, but give me my check, I feel faint."

"Louise is getting too high brow for me," said The Steady Customer to Marie, the cashier. "She tried to say perspicacity just now and even the beans turned cold."

"Perspicacity in Indiana, where I come from, is a very ordinary word," replied Marie loftily. "Very ordinary. I'm surprised at you. This way out."

LIVE CHEAPER—CUT DOWN MEAT BILL DOWN

You can cut down your meat bill two-thirds and get more nutritious food by eating Faust Macaroni. A 10c package of Faust Macaroni contains as much nutrition as 4 lbs. of beef—ask your doctor.

Faust Macaroni is extremely rich in gluten, the bone, muscle and flesh builder. It is made from Durum Wheat, the high protein cereal.

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