

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Bringing Up Father

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Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



Misgivings of Middle Age

By ADA PATTERSON.

Last week in New York a man was tendered a banquet and received a gold medal a gold-headed cane and a gold watch and a diamond stick pin for having kept his job for fifty years. He is 62 years old, and expects to hold it for ten more years. This case of Alfred H. Gough should banish the misgivings of the middle-aged.

The misgivings of the middle-aged are monster doubts that assail them. Doubts of their own strength, of their adequacy to situations that may confront them, of their ability to inspire confidence in their employers or associates, that which has been termed "The great misgivings," the fear of some day being unable to provide a livelihood for themselves and those who depend upon them. Monsters that stalk in the darkness, fears that drive sleep from the eyelids and calm from the mind and peace from the heart.

Alfred H. Gough may have been visited by these misgivings, but the dinner and the medal, the gold-headed cane, the gold watch, the diamond stick pin and the resolve to work ten more years, would indicate that there had been no need of them. He arrived in New York, 13 years of age, and carrying a small hand satchel, that contained all his worldly effects. He obtained employment from a corporation and has remained in its employ, advancing from one post of trust to another for a full half century. At the banquet were three men who had remained with the firm more than forty-five years.

White hairs? Yes, indeed, and above Mr. Gough's strong-featured florid face there shone an expanse that was barren of hairs of any shade. Wrinkles? A few, but the eyes of these veterans were bright. Their mouths turned merrily up at the corners. Each pair of shoulders were sturdily squared to the world.

The great corporation had retained Mr. Gough for half a hundred years for good reason, the sufficient reason that he rendered a full return for the salary paid him. He was a man of absolute fidelity. In fifty years he had only staid away from the office five days, an average of one day in ten years.

He had never said, "I will work for myself. Corporations are heartless. The corporation may look out for itself." He believed that his interests and the firm's were one and indivisible, as a wife's interests are her husband's, and he was a loyal spouse to his firm. He never feared that the firm would tire of him. He remembered that he had not tired of the firm, and took heart.

Nomisgivings of middle age is the fear of "getting into a rut." Ruts are progress, barring ditches it is true, but we make them ourselves. No job can place us in a rut unless we think in a rut. A rut is only a habit of thought. If weariness and indifference to our work is creeping into the mind, they can



be banished by putting new thought, new interest into it. It is possible to do this by studying the work of experts in the same field. Enthusiasts are experts, every one of them. We can borrow a bit of their enthusiasm and begin anew. Whatever we do, some one is doing that work especially well, and we can learn of him. No one is so great that he may not sit at the feet of a master. There is a great deal of foolish dreamy talk about inspiration. Inspiration is only an intense interest and a deep enthusiasm in whatever we do. There are inspired golf players and inspired cake bakers. More study of the subject that engages us, more thought and more interest will always increase efficiency and efficiency is what the coldest blooded corporation and the least human employer are always seeking.

It isn't the outward badges of increasing years the employing and business world shuns. It isn't afraid of white hairs. It is the inner aging, the aging that believes that the old way of doing things is always best, the aging that hardens opinions until they are improvable. Perhaps that is why the inwardly aged persons are called fossils.

The sun of all middle-aged misgivings is the fear of growing useless and helpless. The middle-aged can prevent that state, for as the manner of our youth determines the manner of our middle age, so our kind of middle age is an index to our sort of old age. If from 25 to 50 we are eager for new ideas, we give all innovations greeting, weigh and consider them even though in the end we discard them, present to the years of open mind and a sunny heart. If we use as much intelligence in the problem of keeping ourselves well as we do in our family and business problems we need not fear old age, we need have no middle-aged misgivings.

Berthier's Treaty

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

Berthier's treaty, pronounced by Adams to be "one of the most interesting documents in the history of the United States," was concluded 113 years ago, October 2, 1800.

Napoleon won his great victory of Marengo June 14, 1800, and almost immediately thereafter he sent his agents through his agents at Madrid, to bring about the retrocession of the province of Louisiana to France, which had been ceded to Spain in 1763 by Louis XV. Berthier, Napoleon's minister at Madrid, succeeded in arranging the treaty by which France was to have Louisiana, in exchange for which it was to give to the duke of Parma, husband of the infant, daughter of Carlos IV, a kingdom carved out of the French conquests in the north of Italy.

This treaty was kept secret, and in the meantime the Spanish king had not signed it. Godoy, the king's astute minister, was opposed to the treaty and did all he could to bring it to naught. For two years he was able to checkmate Napoleon's agents, and it was not until October 15, 1802, that the king's signature was given, thus making the retrocession good.

The two years' delay (thanks to Godoy, to whom we Americans should ever be deeply grateful) is responsible for the fact that in 1803 the splendid province of Louisiana became the property of the United States.

Between the date of the negotiation of Berthier's treaty in October, 1800, and the final conclusion of the deal of 1803, Napoleon's circumstances had radically changed. The disastrous ending of the attempt upon Santo Domingo, and the impending rupture of the peace of American, which meant a life-and-death struggle with England, brought about the change in the first consul's feelings regarding Louisiana, which induced him to sell the vast territory to the United States.

In all probability, had the secret treaty negotiated by Berthier gone into immediate effect, Napoleon would have occupied Louisiana in force (as he, in fact, made preparations to do when it was too late), and our country might never have got hold of the territory, or, at any rate, would not have been able to secure it except by a long and bloody war.



Beauty

How Proper Environment and Home Influence Preserve the Freshness of Youth

By LILIAN LAUFERTY.

"Then you have to be well to be pretty. My ideal for a girl is the sweet expression of joy and contentment in home life, and the eager, intense expression that comes from being vital."

Wouldn't you like to be so sweet and pretty that every mother who saw you would long to have her Molly or Mary just such a little dear as you are?

Wouldn't you like to be so altogether adorable that Molly and Mary would be willing to have you held up as a model, instead of hating you for being a paragon?

Wouldn't you like to be a dear little human flower of a girl such as Sweet and Eighteen was meant to be? Well, of course, you would. So now I am going to introduce you to Marie Flynn, who is all the things you want to be (or want your little daughter to be), and let her



Pretty Marie Flynn.

give you an idea of the air and sunshine and storms that have made her glow into ideal girlhood.

Miss Marie is "The Girl of My Dreams" in the musical comedy of youth at the Lyric theater. And that is just what we all want to be some day—the girl of someone's dreams. Pretty? Yes. Clever? Yes. But above all, lovable—lovable by pretty and lovely clever. Let me see if Miss Marie cannot speak to you as she did to me, and make it all very clear.

"If you want to be anyone's ideal, I think the place to begin is right at home. Be a happy, loving, understanding daughter first, and you will probably be a number of other things in life with equal success."

"Harmony is one of the best aids to beauty I know. Now, of course, a girl with wonderful parents like mine finds it easy to talk about being happy in your home life, but I am sure of this: Any girl who sincerely tries to bring sunshine into her home will find that sunshine is just following her about wherever she goes. Why, there is no one who will advise you as honestly and fairly about all your affairs, from beaux to clothes and from ambitions to troubles, as your mother. Girls honestly neglect a kind miss of help and sympathy and kindly advice when they don't make friends and confidants of their parents."

"Now, I started by saying that harmony was one of the best aids to beauty that I knew. So be happy at home, and you will have a cheerful, rested feeling to bring with you when you do your work in the world."

"If you are ambitious try to have your parents' sympathy in your work. That is an added incentive to doing it well. Whenever you go or whatever you do, the interest and sympathy of your parents will make you happy, eager and sensible."

Righteousness

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

I met a wise old fisherman, who sat out in a boat and argued with me thusly as he calmly watched his float: "Old Deacon Flint was telling me, 'twas jest the other day. That fishing on the Sabbath wasn't good and wouldn't pay. He said it wasn't righteous; that I orter be ashamed; That when the Judgement Day came 'round us sinners would be blamed. I never done no man no harm, ner posed to be a saint, And I guess that I ain't righteous if the Deacon says I ain't."

"The Deacon, he is righteous, but he does some funny things; Leastwise, his acts seems funny to us fellers without wings. He turned the Haskins out o' doors last winter when 'twas cold. And trimmed old Widow Jenkins, when her property was sold. Me and the Missus took her in; it sure was nasty weather; So I keep fishing Sundays jest to keep both ends together. The more I size up Deacon Flint, the more I sorter guess If folks would just do right we wouldn't need no righteousness."

Art of Check Raising

By ELBERT HUBBARD

Came along a book-loving guest. He was an intellectual looking little man, a sure enough highbrow. He had ginger-colored whiskers and a pious smile, and he did something to me that I will never forget.

I thought for a while I was up against it. He pretty nearly got my Angora. But do you know when I saw that fellow afterward in the Buffalo jail I could not positively identify him.

What a simple proposition this was! He used my stationery, perhaps wanting to encourage the institution and show his good will and admiration for us. He wrote a letter to a bank in Buffalo, and a Burns detective brought that letter to me. The letter is written in a trembling hand, the hand of an old man. He writes uphill, and he says:

Gentlemen, I have sold my farm. I got \$1,000 for my farm. My son, you know, has an account with you, and he said I had better send you the money because you pay the legal rate of interest. I hand you the draft. Place it to my credit, and I will be in and talk to you personally about the interest in a day or two. Yours, J. F. HUBBARD.

The bank folks said, "Oh, Hubbard, he is all right, and his father ought to be all right with a lalalalalooos son like that!"

And so they gleefully placed the money to the old gentleman's credit, and wrote back acknowledging it. The letter from the bank comes back directed to "J. F. Hubbard, East Aurora."

The girl who handles the mail thinks J. F. Hubbard is a visitor, to be along in a day or so, and she lays the letter aside waiting for coming.

My father's name, by the way, is Silas



Hubbard, and being a country doctor he never saw \$1,000 or \$200 at one time in his life. A week passes and another girl says: "Perhaps that letter is for us; the initials may be wrong. It may be a mistake in directing."

And she runs her knife through the letter and finds the acknowledgment to J. F. Hubbard for \$1,000. Immediately she sends the letter back to the bank, saying: "Perhaps you have misdirected the letter. We don't know any J. F. Hubbard."

And the bank bookkeeper turns to the account of J. F. Hubbard and finds that the account was credited with \$1,000 a week before, and that now \$1,500 has been drawn out of it. Immediately the cashier threw a fit.

He telegraphs New York, and New York telegraphs up to Hudson, and they find that the original check was issued for \$1. The man washed out the name, and washed out the amount. He was an artist.

He then wrote the whole thing in one-colored ink, and the signature, which was genuine, he left, and that was in another ink.

Perfectly easy! But how did this man get the money out of the bank? Dead easy, too. He goes into a furniture store in Buffalo and buys furniture to the extent of \$100, and says, "I am from Spodunk," and he presents a business card, "John D. Hurt, dealer in furniture."

Then he presents a check for \$150, signed by J. F. Hubbard. He says, "You had better telephone up to the bank and find out whether this check is all right or not."

The man at the desk was a wiselheimer. He says, "If you will wait here we will send it up and get it certified." "Sure!" And the man sits down and lights a corn-cob pipe. In ten minutes the boy comes back with the check, certified, and they pay him \$500 in good cash.

And so he works all around over Buffalo, each place with a different name and never looking alike in any two instances.

And the weeks go by and the months go by, and the police have to do something, so they pinch a certain man because the man has done things similar to this, and when they have him in jail they send for me to come and see him.

I go and see him and I cannot connect him up with the highbrow with the ginger whiskers and the pious smile—about the same size. They send for each of the men who cashed a J. F. Hubbard check and not a man can identify him.

Who got the money has never been discovered. But whom the loss falls on has been decided by the courts. The loss fell on the bank that had originally drawn the draft.

The bank in Buffalo was held to be innocent in the matter. They recognized the signature on the draft, and this is as far as they were supposed to go.

What's the moral? Simply this: That an individual who draws a check or a draft would do well to protect himself against the fine art of check-raising. Safety First!

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Better Not.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 17 years old, and am in love with a boy 18 years of age. I see him nearly every night. Although we don't know each other he always speaks to me (calling me by my name). I have no girl friends and no men friends whom I know who would give me an introduction. I know he is anxious to meet me very time he speaks to me. I feel like answering him back, but I never do. Do you think it would be improper for me to speak to him so very anxious to get acquainted with him? E. D.

You are both so young that I think you had better not. You do not say where you see him, leaving the inference that it is on the street, and that is reason in itself why you should not include him among your friends with no one to stand sponsor for him. Wait, my dear. If he is the right one, the opportunity will be given you for knowing him.

Wait Five Years.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 21, and am very much in love with a girl of 30. She loves me very much, and we would gladly marry, the only objection being a clause of her father's will, which states that she will lose a legacy of \$1,000 if she marries before the age of 25. She is willing to lose the legacy, but I can hardly bring myself to the point of letting her make his sacrifice. ANXIOUS.

Her father's last wish was that she should not marry under the age of 25, and she must consider that, though no legacy attached.

The five years of waiting will not be long if you sincerely love each other, and I trust you love her so much you will insist after marriage that her little fortune remain personally hers, and not be dribbled away on rent and bacon.

He Owes You an Explanation.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of 18 years and have been keeping company with a gentleman about my age and dearly love him. He returned my love, and for the last two weeks he has stopped speaking to me, for reasons I do not know.

Kindly advise me what to do, as I am heartbroken. FLORENCE.

I do not like his manner of treating you. As a husband he is likely to be even more extreme in his disagreeable moods.

You might write a note asking if you have offended. Do this for love's sake; for your own sake try to forget him if he makes no reply. You have done no wrong. Don't be too humble.

The Joy Of Coming Motherhood

A Wonderful Remedy That is a Natural Aid and Relieves the Tension.

Mother's Friend, a famous external remedy, is the only one known that is able to reach all the different parts involved. It



is a penetrating application after the formula of a noted family doctor, and lubricates every muscle, nerve, tissue or tendon affected. It goes directly to the strained portions and gently but surely relieves all tendency to spasms or twinges.

By its daily use there will be no pain, no distress, no nausea, no danger of laceration or other accident, and the period will be one of supreme comfort and joyful anticipation.

Mother's Friend is a most cherished remedy in thousands of homes, and is of such peculiar merit and value as to make it essentially one to be recommended by all women.

You will find it on sale at all drug stores at \$1.00 a bottle, or the druggist will gladly get it for you if you insist upon it. Mother's Friend is prepared only by the Bradford Regulator Co., 157 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., who will send you by mail, sealed, a very instructive book to expectant mothers. Write for it to-day.

Takes Off Dandruff Hair Stops Falling

Girls! Try this! Makes hair thick, glossy, fluffy beautiful—No more itching scalp.

Within ten minutes after an application of Dandertine you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes, but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Dandertine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Dandertine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable luster, softness and luxuriance.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Dandertine from any drug store or toilet counter, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that all—yes, you surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Dandertine.