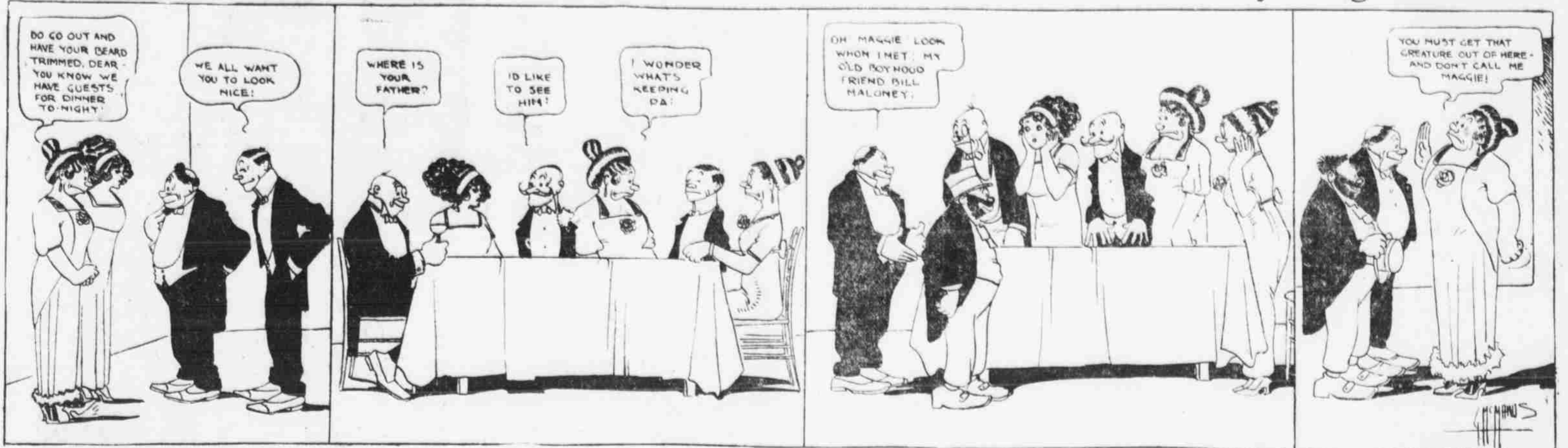


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Bringing Up Father

Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



GIRLS, SHUN STRANGERS

Trained Nurse Warns Fun-Loving Sisters
"Good times lead only to difficulties."
"Girls who crave attention gamble with fate."



MISS EDNA COLLIER.

Pretty nurse who was misled by a gentlemanly burglar and lands in jail because love of pleasure ends in arrest as accomplice.

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.
"Girls who like attention and a good time, and accept both from men they don't know well, are likely to get into the same mess I am in."
That is how Miss Edna Collier, the

young trained nurse, explains the series of unfortunate coincidences, which encompassed her, an innocent woman, in Chicago's latest murder mystery, the slaying of Joseph H. Logan, the diamond broker. There was much to explain, and Miss Collier has done it to the complete satisfaction even of the Chicago police. But, as she says herself, her love of a good time has cast the shadow of disgrace upon her, and it will take her long to live it down despite her excellent record as nurse.

In their search for the murderers of Joseph H. Logan, whose mutilated body was found in his Chicago office on December 20, the police were led to the flat where Miss Collier was boarding with her half-sister, Mrs. Langton. Both women and the other inhabitants of the flat were arrested.

The flat presented a stage setting of high carnival, but on closer examination the police found a human skeleton, dynamite, nitroglycerin, \$5,000 worth of stamps, all kinds of clothing, gems, trinkets, burglar's tools and quantities of loot.

The two men boarders, Williams and Stratton, were accomplished burglars, and one can believe that they were clever enough to hide their occupation from the nurse and her sister.

"They were good looking and they dressed well," says Miss Collier. "We met at the table, as they took their meals at home."

That is all that was necessary. The good looking, well dressed burglars, undoubtedly had neat and ingratiating manners, and it was easy for them to make friends with the foolish and misguided women, who were lonesome, and accepted their proffered hospitality without question.

Loneliness and a natural love of pleasure land many a woman in a worse plight than that in which the Chicago

One Week Ended!

How Our Own Ella Wheeler Wilcox Walks With Father Time



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By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

ONE resolution only have I made:
I will walk with the New Year, unafraid.
Nor spoil my heritage of health and strength
With fear that Pain may master me at length.
I will not waste one vitalizing breath
On sigh, or sob, at thought of coming death;

Nor let the dread of poverty destroy
One wholesome pleasure that I might enjoy.
Whatever comes, I know divinely sent;
Nothing is changed by doubt or discontent;
And on the paths of sunshine or of shade
I will walk with the New Year, unafraid.

trained nurse finds herself today, with her reputation for honesty doubted by many and her chosen career ended, at least, as far as Chicago goes.

After she and her half-sister were released by the police, Miss Collier told her story:

"My half-sister, Mrs. Langton, never before took men roomers," she explained, "but two of her rooms were empty a week before this arrest, and those two were wanted to room here, so she took them. The other roomers were a girl, who works downtown, and a girl medical student."

"We all ate our meals together and, naturally got acquainted. Why, it might happen just this way to any one—any other decent woman. We liked the men. They dressed well and were good looking. I had a cold, and so didn't go on a pneumonia case I was asked to take, or I wouldn't ever have seen the originals."

"One evening at dinner Williams and Stratton asked us to go to the Wilson theater. We were lonesome and we went."

"Another night they took us to Bismarck garden in their old wheezy automobile that was accused of speeding and couldn't if it wanted to. Coming home the chauffeur didn't stop ten feet from the car as he should have done, and we grazed the elbow of a man passing. The policeman jumped on the step and told us to drive to the walk. We did and he arrested the chauffeur and we went home."

"I never saw a gun in the house, never saw any dynamite, and didn't know of burglar tools. We saw the men go down into the basement with a suitcase, but we kept trunks and things down there and we didn't question their going."

"All of this happened in one week, the time the men boarded at the house. We shouldn't have gone out with them. That's where we made our mistake. Any

girl who likes attention and a good time now and then is likely to get into the same mess. I hope such girls will read this and take warning."

When she was questioned as to the noise made in her sister's flat and about which the other flat dwellers complained she replied:

"The other people in the building did complain of the noise in our flat. This is why. This girl medical student who lives here, is a great joker. She comes home at night, tired from studying, and she will play jokes and laugh, and her laugh is rather boisterous. She put this skeleton that was found at the flat on a chair in her room, set it up and put her coat and hat on it. Then she called us to see. She pretended she was a patient and very sick and moaned and called 'nurse, nurse.' It's a sort of hysteria, I take it, and I attributed it to relaxation after her hard day's work."

"The night I was arrested I was lying in bed reading. I had dropped my hair, and while it was drying I sat reading. My sister had gone out. I thought as I heard the door close, but I paid no attention to it. I didn't know or care where any of the roomers were. I heard a knock on the door. I thought it was my sister and I went to the door. I opened it slightly, as I had on my night clothes. There stood several men who said they were officers."

"Open the door," they yelled at me. "I said, 'Wait till I get some clothes on.'"

"At that they shoved the door in, saying, 'Open this door or we will kick it in.' I ran and got into bed and they came into my room and began going through the trunks. I had some silk that I hadn't had time to make up, and a remnant of satin a patient on the South side had given me."

"They said I must have been a shop-

lifter and stole them. They accused me of having stolen my furs, which are very cheap and not worth stealing."

"It all goes to show that once you are in wrong you can't help yourself."

Miss Collier wept disconsolately. "No wonder women go wrong," she sobbed. "What else can they do when they get into this kind of trouble and are as innocent as I am?"

But that is the wrong attitude of mind. Now is the time to strive that an innocent love of fun got her into her present predicament, and not the weakness of character which the last remark reveals. Many of her sister roomers are sending her cheering and encouraging messages, telling her of their perfect belief in her honesty.

She herself is the only one who can prove it conclusively by her future life. But her story points a moral for the girl who loves fun and is willing to take it anywhere she can get it, at any price and from anybody, no matter who he may be.

Musings of a Cynic

Second thoughts are best, when they are less extensive.
Many a man's head is overruled either by his heart or his stomach.
It isn't the girl with the most cheeks who does the most blushing.
The average small boy hasn't much use for a thing that won't make a noise.
The unpleasant word "gent" is short for gentleman, but the average gentleman prefers not to be short.
The reason there is plenty of room at the top is because most of the people who get there fall off.
Perhaps the man who is looking for trouble is better prepared to dodge it when it comes.
Most of our disappointments are due to our belief in that hoary old bit of philosophy about a bad beginning making a good ending.—New York Times.

The Automobile Will Probably Prove to be the Greatest Step in Locomotion—One Million Cars Registered in the United States, or Nearly One for Every Ninety Human Beings

By GARRETT P. SELVINS.

Mars' greatest invention is the wheel. It solved the problem of swift and easy locomotion for him and rendered all his engines possible. In the wheel human ingenuity has departed furthest from nature's models.

The wheel is a circular leg with an endless foot. It was one of the earliest products of our brain work.

We may imagine that on a flat-surfaced planet, such as Mars appears to be, nature may possibly have furnished animals with wheels. But here man had to think of that improvement for himself. Nature gave him only spoked; he added the rim, and locomotion was revolutionized. When you walk you bring the ends of the spokes one after the other upon the ground with a great loss of time, effort and speed. The endless foot only becomes effective on an even surface, and man, almost at the beginning of his career, had the good sense to provide himself, first with smooth roads, and then with rimmed legs, or wheels.

His progress at first was slow, but it has now become rapid. He had the bullock cart for thousands of years before he invented the locomotive engine and the railroad car.

But after that, a few generations sufficed to bring in the automobile, which needs no rails to run on. This will probably prove to be the greatest step in locomotion that has been taken since the invention of the wheel—greater in many ways than the locomotive engine itself. It has certainly had the swiftest progress for half a generation has seen its almost complete development.

Gleaning over the colored photographs in the current number of the monthly magazine called M-Toll is a quaint specimen of typography which is full of symbolism, one obtains an astonishing sense of the mastery that is in the motor car. It must be a revelation to many who use such cars in a half-timid way, not really comprehending the power that they possess.

Look at the picture of a powerful automobile easily plowing its way through a snow-choked road, in which a horse-drawn vehicle would be hopelessly mired fast. And then turn to the photograph of automobiles winding round mountain roads, skirting profound chasms, and without loss of breath, carrying their passengers to elevations and viewpoints that could not otherwise be attained without great exertions on the part of horse and man, and at the cost of immense loss of time. The huge

diagon eyes of the auto stare at you from the mouths of ravines, and its broad, padded wheels take safe hold on the edges of precipices, where even the sure-footed broncho would not inspire confidence.

The statistics of the automobile are amazingly interesting reading. If you neglect to inform yourself about them you miss one of the most significant things of our era. At the last census we had about 90,000,000 inhabitants in this country. On October 1 last there were almost 1,000,000 motor cars registered in the United States—nearly one for every ninety human beings.

California has one to every twenty-eight of its inhabitants; New York one for every seventy-five.

Of course, many of these cars are used for business purposes and for public conveyance, and think how vastly they have promoted efficiency and rapidity in the carrying of goods and passengers. The possession of private cars is still a prerogative of comparative wealth. But the cost will inevitably come down. The time is surely coming when any man who could formerly afford to own a horse and buggy can have an automobile for his family and for the transaction of his affairs. At present many manufacturers cater only to the rich, but in a little while they will all cater to the whole people.

The time when the sight of an automobile awakens feelings of envy and prejudice is fast passing. The world cannot afford to stand in its own light. To do so is to hold back the era of progress. All these things are the product of brain, and man's only hope for the future on this planet is in his brain. Every invention has met with opposition at the outset. They stoned railway cars when they were first introduced in England. Footish workmen have smashed, or tried to smash, at the beginning, almost every new machine designed to do better and more quickly the work of human hands, but in the end they have always found that those same machines were the means of their own emancipation.

The automobile has quickened the pulses of the planet. It has given us a clearer idea of the value of time. It has freed the horse from slavery and us from dependence upon enslaved muscles. It is showing us how far behind we have been lingering in the development of speed and comfort, and it foretells a yet brighter era when the world will move still faster, and in moving faster, will live more.

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.
Let It Take Its Course.

Dear Miss Fairfax: A short while ago I attended a dance, where I met a young gentleman four years my senior. He accompanied me home that evening and other evenings. Of late he never asks me to dance with him. I like him very much, and would like to secure his friendship.

If he likes you he will give evidence all the sooner if you make no attempt to force his friendship.

Be friendly, but no more than with others, and do not, by word or sign, show that you care for him.

Certainly Not.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man, 25 years old and deeply in love with a girl five years my senior. Do you consider the difference in our ages too great to marry?

The difference in your ages is too trifling to consider. It is on the side that is unfair to the girl, and if she is willing you should not object.

By No Means.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 and deeply in love with a man 28 years old. I know that my love is reciprocated. However, all of my friends say that he is too old for me and are trying to talk me out of marrying him. I do not expect to get married until I am about 25.

Do you think the difference in our ages is too great for our happiness? My parents think a great deal of him.

He is not a day too old for you. You love each other, and your parents approve. Under the circumstances your friends are zealous to the extent of meddling.

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