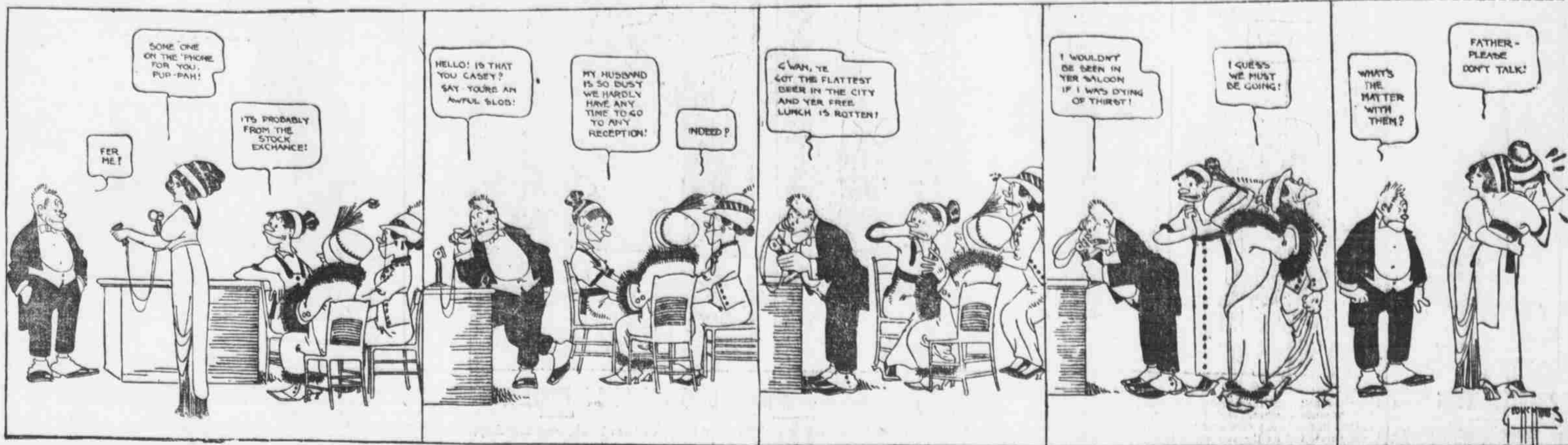


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Bringing Up Father

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Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



The Market Price

By WINIFRED BLACK.

For Sale—Sweet Sixteen, pretty, hopeful, eyes full of dreams, heart beating high with courage, for sale in the open market—whom'll buy, whom'll buy?

Bright eyes, wistful mouth, quick brain, nimble fingers, somebody's good little girl, somebody's cherished little daughter, for sale in the open market—whom'll buy, gentlemen, whom'll buy?

What you, Manufacturer—you want her blood and her brains, her willing hands and her nimble fingers all day in your service, tired or sick, or well, sorrowful or merry—what do you care so long as she will work for you? Well, what do you offer? It isn't easy work this you want to give her. Set your own growing daughter at it and she'd be in hysterics in an hour. Did you ever try standing in one place for two hours yourself—just two hours, bending, stooping, lifting, your feet aching, your back one misery? It's nine hours you want of this delicate girl. What do you offer?

Gentle, loving, obedient, modest, generous—somebody's good little girl for sale in the open market. What do you offer? Whom'll buy, whom'll buy?

And here's a customer. What a great man. That's his limousine at the door, lined with leather and satin; it cost a pretty penny that fur-lined coat. How many years of good living have helped to make that ruddy skin. Money, money, says every squeak of the man's shoes.

How polite he is. You can't say he isn't a gentleman. Soft-voiced, too, and suave, he wouldn't be cross for worlds. He wants Sweet Sixteen, but he's making quite a favor of taking her. See, she's afraid she won't do, he looks at her so sharply. That's just business, little girl; he mustn't let you know he really needs you—you might want money enough for car fare and luncheon, and then something.

At last he engages her—nine hours a day, lifting, stooping, standing, toiling, for \$4 a week and she must be neatly dressed and her hair must always look just so and no shabby shoes in his shop if you please. Sold Sweet Sixteen for \$4 a week. And we civilized human beings stand by and smile and try to get the great man to look at us so we can invite him to tea and bask in the effluence of his money.

He makes millions a year profit—makes

it out of Sweet Sixteen and her sisters—and seems to feel it a clever thing to have gotten the best of Sweet Sixteen's business inexperience and made her work for nothing or next to nothing.

Well, do you blame him? Why shouldn't he do these things? Who holds him to account for them? Does any preacher point his finger at him in the church and bid him be gone till he is washed clean of this taint of money-murder?

Does any woman hold her own lovely daughter from him if he happened to ask her to come and live in his palace with him and help spend the money the girls have helped him to put in the bank?

Is he blackballed at the club when it is known how he gained his wealth?

They went before the vice commission the other day, one after another, and told the whole story, and never once blushed to tell it. Fines, water, which must be bought by girls getting \$4 a week. Clever man the fellow who thought out the scheme of getting some of the money back again out of the poor little flat purse. Now, if there was only some way of hoarding up the air and making them pay so much a gulp for that.

Benevolent societies, supported by forced contributions from the girls, who have to belong to them or leave the shops. Good idea, that—sounds so well on paper. Clerks' Benevolent society from So and So and Sons; the girls pay, and the So and So and Sons get the advertising.

Three dollars, \$4, \$5 a week! A thousand girls in one establishment getting such wages as that, and manager after manager forced to admit after severe cross-examination that he could pay \$12 a week for the work and still make a handsome profit.

A handsome profit! Good, sir! But not enough—oh, not anywhere near enough. It won't do to make a few honest thousand a year these days. You must heap up millions—pile up more than you or yours can ever spend.

Throw it away on the profligate son; weigh down the cold-hearted daughter with jewels; dress the wife up in cloth of gold till she can hardly move for the weight of the money hung around her! More jewels, more clothes, more automobiles, a country house in Florida, one in California, one in Italy; a steam yacht, private cars, freak dinners with bejeweled favors; a place at Newport; a lodge in the woods; servants, governesses, valets, secretaries; strawberries in January; pheasants, in season or out; canvasback ducks, pompano, white bait from England, snails by special delivery from France!

More money, more money, more money! How can you get it out of the blood and the hearts of the underpaid girls.

For sale, Sweet Sixteen; pretty, gentle, loving, hopeful, somebody's good little girl; for sale in the open market—and bought for \$4 a week and fines!

For sale, somebody's little girl. How, if she were yours, Mr. Millionaire, do you think she would find it so easy to exist on what even you must smile to call a "living wage?"

Ella Wheeler Wilcox the Famous Poetess and Writer

—From Her Latest Photograph



Ella Wheeler Wilcox on Self-Denial

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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Every individual would be benefited by fasting one day out of each seven.

If we believed that the command to labor six days and rest the seventh was given to the digestive organs as well as to the limbs and brain, the world would contain fewer invalids.

If we understand the command, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," applied to the appetite, as well as to the religious ideas, much misery might be saved.

Scores of people place stimulants and foods so prominently in the foreground that God is hidden from view.

A woman who believed herself religious declared she would rather die at once than live on earth if she must give up what she liked to eat and drink and take a diet of any kind.

Coffee was her little god; and she found

no interest in a day if she was deprived of her beverage.

The moment we depend on any one thing to eat or drink, as an absolute necessity to our happiness and comfort, we are on the way to ill-health.

It is not a normal condition.

And it is not a dignified position for a sane, grown, educated, wholesome-minded man or woman.

To be the slave of anything is to prove we are not masters. And man was meant to be master of himself and of his environment.

We all need food and drink to sustain life, but the moment we need one article of food or one special drink in order to feel well or be happy, we are slaves of a habit, and should take ourselves in hand. Therefore, it is good to take a fast now and then, to prove to ourselves we are not such slaves, and to make ourselves masters of our own appetites.

A friend writes of his inability to enjoy life because of his digestive troubles. The friend has been always most self-indulgent; he has taken stimulants to give him an appetite, and spiced and savory dishes to satiate the appetite. And now he is paying the penalty.

Here is a recipe for a simple method of home cure; yet it is doubtful if this slave to his appetites will have the strength of character to out it to the test.

Fast wholly for two days; drinking a glass of hot water in the morning and a glass of moderately cold water (noticed) every hour.

The fast will not be difficult. Many people have pursued their usual avocations during longer fasts, and felt no weakness or other annoyance.

The third morning substitute a glass of half and half hot milk and water. And during the day drink three more glasses.

The fourth day take two raw eggs, and drink the hot milk and water at intervals.

The fifth day drink two quarts of the milk, and take the raw eggs if there is a desire for more nourishment.

The sixth day repeat the diet, and on the seventh all physical ills will be memories, unless there is a more serious condition which needs a milk diet. In that case it is well to go into a milk sanitarium.

Simple as this experiment is, not an ailing individual in a score has the will-power or self-control sufficiently developed to carry it out.

To live entirely for a few days on any plain food, and to drink a quantity of water at intervals, will act as a cure to numerous maladies. But the slave of his appetite must first become master.

Aristides the Just

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

The ostracism of Aristides took place, as near as can be reckoned, about April 4, 483, B. C., four years after the glorious victory of the Athenians over the Persians at Marathon.

In that immortal action Aristides bore a conspicuous part, and it may be said that but for his enthusiastic support of Aristides there would, in all probability, have been no battle at that time and place.

After Marathon (Miltiades having died under a cloud), Aristides and Themistocles were the two great men of the Athenian state—and the hottest of political rivals. Of the two men Themistocles was probably the greater intellectually, while Aristides stood much higher in the esteem of his countrymen on account of his rock-ribbed integrity of life and purpose.

The bone of contention between these two famous politicians and their respective adherents was this: "Shall Athens be converted from a land power into a sea power?" Themistocles said "Yes," Aristides "No." In a pure democracy like Athens the inevitable result was political storm and confusion.

But fortunately there had been provided a way out of the difficulty. When two or more party leaders, each powerful in influence, had embarked on the prolonged and bitter opposition which threatened to become a menace to the state, the danger might be warded off by the "ostracism," so-called.

A number of citizens—never less than 6,000—were asked to vote secretly upon the question: "Is there any man whom you think vitally dangerous to the state; if so, whom?" Upon the counting of the ballots, the man against whom the largest number of votes appeared was banished for ten years.

The vote was taken, and the shadow fell upon Aristides the Just, who immediately went into exile. Every one remem-

bers the story of the Athenian voter who, unable to write, took his shell to Aristides with the request that he write the name of Aristides upon it. "What harm has Aristides done you?" asked the great man. "None at all," answered the man, "but I am sick and tired of hearing him called the Just."

It was a fortunate day for humanity when it was decided that the polity of Athens should be decided by Themistocles rather than by Aristides. Morally speaking, Themistocles was not fit to be Aristides' shoe-leather, but the event showed that Themistocles was right and Aristides wrong.

When the mighty invasion under Xerxes came it was the Athenian navy that saved the day. If there had been no Athenian battleships, it is as certain as can be that the Persians would have overrun Greece and blotted out its glorious civilization.

When Aristides, obedient to the voice of the people, went into banishment, he expressed the hope that his countrymen might never regret their action. But they did. After some six years of exile the grand old man was recalled, its got back in time to take part in the battle of Salamis and to share in the glory of Plataeae.

His nature was not aured, and, whether at home or in exile, he was a simple pure patriot.

Old Xerxes being disposed of, Aristides played an important part in the affairs of his country, and by his wise counsels did much toward securing to his native city its proud pre-eminence among the neighboring republics.

In the meantime the Athenians were thinking of another appeal to the ostracism. Themistocles was looming rather large, and in not just the way that looked good, and once more the citizens were asked: "Is there any man whom you consider dangerous to the state? If so, whom?"—and this time the shadow fell on Aristides' old political adversary.

Aristides died three years after the ostracism of Themistocles, full of years and honors, but so poor that his friends had to pay his funeral expenses—the best evidence in the world of the fact that he belonged to the small but noble company of honest politicians.

GOLD DUST should be in every home

Thoroughness and speed are the two essentials in cleaning house. Gold Dust cleans better, does more work and more kinds of work than any other cleanser—so much for thoroughness.

When it comes to speed, Gold Dust does any sort of cleaning in half the ordinary time. Moreover, it does all the hard part of the work with little effort on your part.

Every home in this broad land should use Gold Dust—not only for washing clothes and dishes, scrubbing floors, cleaning woodwork, oilcloth, silverware and tinware, polishing brass-work, cleaning bath-rooms, refrigerators, etc., but for every cleansing purpose about the home from cellar to dome.

Gold Dust is sold in 50 size and large packages. The large package means greater economy.

"Let the GOLD DUST TWINS do your work!"

WON'T IT SOON BE SPRING?

By LILLIAN LAUFERTY.

Dear Mother Earth, won't it soon be spring?

Was that a robin I heard him sing? Sweetly it came to me through the ground.

So that I woke from my slumber sound. There was a murmur as 'soft and sweet As patter and tips of fairy feet; Each grassblade is trembling in tiny sprout.

O Mother Earth, may I please come out?

Dear Mother Earth, in your heart of heart Here I have lain in my sleeping gown— Now I would cast it away and thrill Up to a message I long to bring. Now I would push through the ground that lies Over my head and below the skies; There is a message I long to bring. Dear Mother Earth, is it almost spring? Dear Mother Earth, won't the springs come soon?

Can't we set life to its gentle tune— Ripple and murmur and sob and flow Tinkle and whisper of life a-glow? Here I have lain in my slumber fast. Now I'm awake, is the winter past? I want to see skies and the birds a-wing. Kind Mother Earth, won't it soon be spring?

Dear Mother Earth, I shall have to go; Maybe it's cold, and the frost and snow Will wither my leaves and blacken my gold. But I can't stay in your dark, brown mould— I'm here! Oh, I had to see— That the brooklet would murmur to welcome me. Up to that's the robin—I hear him sing; 'Darfodil, dear, you have brought the spring!"

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Never Too Late.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man of 18 and have a fair education. I worked in a drug store until now, but I hate the business. Do you think it is too late to try some other trade?

W. S.

If you dislike your occupation change, even if you are older than 18 and a change means the bottom of the ladder. No man makes a success of the calling he dislikes. If he does, it is at a sacrifice greater than any rewards. Know your own mind before you adopt another calling, and don't change your mind so often that you become a tramp workman.

Ask Him, of Course.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I met a young man who called on me several times and has taken me out. I learned he was a married man, and later heard he was divorced. Would it be proper for me to meet him, and make him explain his conduct, or let it pass and not notice it?

B. SMITH.

If he is married you must not do it, of course, and accept no more of his attentions. If he has been divorced, that may not be altogether to his discredit, but at least he owes you an explanation, if his attentions are at all serious.

Don't Be So Sure of Yourself.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I was very friendly with a girl until a year ago, when she spoke to her sister. I know I am in no way responsible for her act. How can I make up with her?

C. C. B.

In the first place, don't say you know you are not responsible for the trouble. Assume that you are, even if you are not. An attitude of humiliation is always becoming to a man, and most appealing to a woman.

Go to her in this attitude, and ask to be forgiven.

Most Certainly Not.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young lady of 19 years and considered good looking. Last month at a dance I met a young man who has a very good position. Nightly he assures me of his affection, and has asked me to be his wife. Would you advise me to accept him after keeping company such a short time?

DOUBTFUL.

You know nothing about him, and must not enter in an engagement with him until you do.

If his love is worth while it will last six months or a year, till you know him bet

My Corns Don't Hurt a Bit

Tired, Smelly, Sweaty Feet, Corns, Callouses and Bunions Cured by TIZ.

Send at Once for Free Trial Package.



Say good-bye to your corns the very first time you use TIZ. You will never know how you have a corn, swollen, sore, or sweaty foot, swollen, aching feet any more. It's just wonderful the way the corns vanish. But the corn—hammer it with your flat if you wish—no more pain after TIZ. Doesn't that sound good to you? Doesn't it? Then read this:

"The corns on either of my toes were as large as the table you make to cure them. Today there is no sign of corns on either foot and no soreness. It's an up-to-date Godsend."—Sam A. Moore, Fresno, W. C.

Just try TIZ. It's not like anything else for the purpose you ever had or it's the only foot remedy ever made which acts on the principles of drawing out all the poisonous exudations which cause sore feet. Powders and other remedies merely clog up the pores. TIZ cleans them out and keeps them clean. It works right off. You will feel better the very first time it's used. Use it a week and you can forget you ever had sore feet. There are a good many counterfeits of TIZ now being made by manufacturers who think they can make a little money by fooling the people once. Don't fall a victim. You'll have to get TIZ afterwards and they know it, and you might as well get it the first time and save the money on counterfeits. TIZ is for sale at all drug stores, at 25 cents per box, or direct, if you wish. Money back if TIZ doesn't do all we say. For free trial package, write today to Walter Luther Dodge & Co., Chicago, Ill.