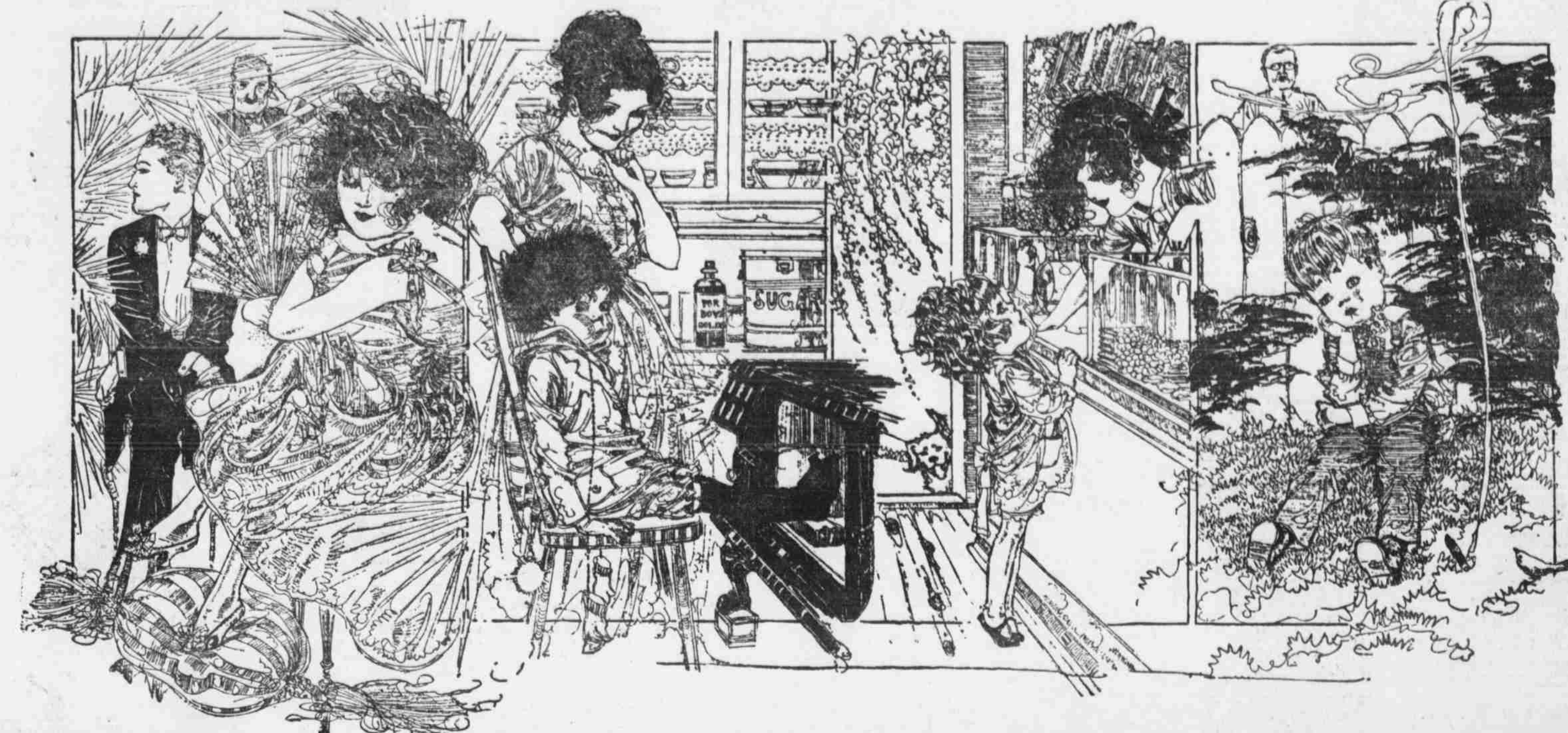


# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Love, a Cough, Money and Smoke--

Cannot Long Be Hidden

By Nell Brinkley  
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Love, like the stupid ostrich, shuts his eyes tight, dips his curled head into a hole in the sand, and then with all the rest of his round person exposed pinkly to view, dreams that not a soul can see him! Love sighs like the Winter Wind, and then fancies the world thinks him cheerful and heart-whole. Love casts a soft eye and writes the name of a girl when he should be doing his arithmetic, and smiles when he reflects that the world thinks him a woman-hater! Love turns his head away when the girl of his dreams steps by, turns a violent crimson like an autumn sky at sunset and sniffs a deprecatory sniff, and then thinks we think he hates the girl! Ah, Love, my fellow, you are a bit of clear seawater in the Tropics with the sun shining on you, and we can see right through you! Very deep—to the golden sands and the shells of lovely color lying there.

So do lovers blush and frown and turn away and scoff and tremble and go white and scorn the voice they listen for—yet fancy their love hidden 'way. So the little chap in at twilight at the sound of his mother's bell-like call, his "arctics" off, his wet mittens dangling, his wet, numb feet coming to agonizing life in the warm oven on a block of stove wood, the red flare from the stove door flickering through the warm dusk in the kitchen where his mother moves, humming, sits with his small face in a puffed turmoil with the agony of smothering a cough! Wet feet from playing fox-and-geese in the twilight snow, and blue hands from kneading snow balls for the fort—and a bottle of something for boys' colds eyeing him through the dim light from the pantry shelf! Oh, if mother will only not connect the three when she hears his strangled woe!

Little "Oh My" in a blue pinafore grows wealthy suddenly one day, on a reddish, round, bright penny. And dreams that she'll hoard and hide it. But up it comes over the counter of the store down the road, held fast and perispy in a fat fist, and a lamby little voice lisps, "Uh-all-day-sucker, please!" And the fact of her wealth is abroad! The small chap in blue overalls with a thirst for age and the privileges that go with it sits behind his very own white fence in the low cedars, with one of his father's fat, brown cigars. And up in the still blue Autumn air, lighted by the sun, the smoke wreath curls! For he makes much smoke! That's why he smoked, you see. The Indian he read about in that wild-life book used smoke to signal across the vasty miles of hills and prairie country—but he never remembers that while the smoke curls high and wide, And down upon him bears the fighting vessel that is his father.

But like Love, who digs his curls out of sight and forg the rest of him, the small thing under the cedars, with a strange, queer sense of foreboding, as though he had eaten hugely of onions and vinegar, within him, believes himself burrowed away. We are Love—the pair who love and dissemble, the little chap with the numb feet and the cough, little "Oh My" with the itching wealth, poor Billy-boy with the future woe within him! We dream that we move in darkness, that neither the folk around us nor the blue sky above us can see what we do or think. We hide our loving and our hating, our cheer and our glooms, our poverty and our winnings—but in a little while we can no longer strangle our cough, the signal smoke curls up—and the blue sky and all the world knows. We are dear dissemblers and Heaven loves us! Just the same.

## Use Common Sense When You Meet Strangers

By DOROTHY DIX

It is most unfortunate that in order to warn young, ignorant and unsophisticated girls against certain perils that beset them it is necessary to overestimate the danger and lay unnecessary emphasis upon it. They have not judgment enough to discriminate in different cases, and so to protect them you must warn them against the hazard entirely, as you would keep a child from falling out of the window by telling it to stay in the middle of the room.



For instance, it is a well known fact that there are gentle, gray-haired, thirty-looking old women, apparently the very essence of respectability, who travel about on boats and trains for the sole purpose of

scrapping acquaintance with pretty young country girls going to the cities to seek employment. It is the horrible business of these girls, and to benevolently offer them shelter until they can find something to do, and thus to lure the poor innocents into places of infamy, from which many of them never escape.

For this reason the welfare societies for young girls, the Travelers Aid society and every mother who is wise to the dark ways of the world, impress on the minds of the girls the danger of making chance acquaintance when they are travelling with any woman, no matter how much like a mother she appears. Hence, when a benevolent old lady speaks to a young girl she is apt to be severely snubbed, and should she artlessly offer the girl some peppermint drops the girl would decline, because she would be suspicious of being drugged. Nor, if the old lady should faint, would the girl rush to her rescue, because she has been told that that is a favorite trick.

Now, obviously, most of the garrulous old ladies who are travelling about, and who would like to fall into conversation with the girls they meet, and who remind them of their own granddaughters, are ruleless and harmless as babes. But how is the girl to know which old lady is a leader in the church in Bird Center and which is a white slaver? She can't tell and so in the interest of her own safety she has to be taught to be suspicious of all strange women.

Precisely the same thing is to be said about the girl's dealings with men. The great majority of men are chivalrous toward women, and a girl would be as safe with them as she would with her own brothers. But there is that terrible minority who are wolves in sheep's clothing, and who ruthlessly prey on innocence, and to protect herself against them the girl has to be taught to "ware every strange man."

She has to be taught the danger of what seems an innocent flirtation; not to pick up acquaintances who have not been properly introduced and vouched for; not to enter into conversation with men she accidentally meets; not to eat or drink with or accept courtesies from men she doesn't know. This strenuous rule often brings about idiotic and ridiculous results, as in the case of a kind-hearted and polite gentleman I knew, who seeing a young woman having a \$50 hat about to be melted down into a soup in a sudden shower, and mindful of how his own wife would feel about such a catastrophe, gallantly proffered his umbrella to the lady. "Sir," she exclaimed, haughtily, "I will call the police if you speak to me again."

trust of all wolves in her confiding breast.

But while these sweeping rules apply to young girls, women of mature age are not bound by them, and they should have enough intelligence and knowledge of the world to know when and where to make exceptions, and to be able to discriminate between men who are deep, dark-eyed villains and men who are companionable, and who look upon women, not from the point of sex, but as fellow human beings.

This point of view is emphasized by the experience of a young woman of my acquaintance, a woman of 22 and a level-headed business woman, who spent a recent Sunday afternoon in the park. A middle-aged man occupied the other end of the bench on which she sat, and after a while made some casual remark about the passing throng. She answered in the same spirit, and they drifted into a most interesting conversation that they both enjoyed and they parted without the man making the slightest attempt to find out who the young woman was.

It was all as innocent and friendly and impersonal as two ships that hail each other as they pass at sea, but the young woman's family gave her a terrific scolding when they heard of it, and considered that she had committed a grave indiscretion. This is utter nonsense. A woman of 22 had enough sense to take care of herself unless she is an imbecile, and should not be allowed to do at all. Also a business woman learns mighty quickly to size a man up and tell what his intentions are, even before he knows himself. Whatever the society woman and the home-keeping woman may think about it, the woman who works with men soon finds out that every man isn't trying to flirt with every woman, and that no woman has sufficient attractions to make men pursue her after she shows them that she doesn't wish to be pursued.

After all, the best chaperon in the world is good, hard, horse sense. The woman who uses this can size up any situation, and tread the safe path between prudence and prudery.

### In-Shoots

The man who attempts to settle a row between two women is in for punishment worse than anything ever inflicted on the innocent bystander at a riot.

As a rule interesting talkers are rather chary in the matter of conversation. Some of these army recruiting station handbills have the real estate promoters beat a mile. When man's stomach works harder than his hands, everything will become a bore to him sooner or later. Of course, one-half of the world believes the other half is bluffing. Do not imagine that many persons are lying awake nights worrying over your troubles.

## Mother and Daughter

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

What a lovely sight is a young mother with her baby daughter! How charming are the love and tenderness expressed in the mother's face as she watches her little girl toddling about the room when she first begins to walk!

How sweet is her sympathy for every childish trouble. Then how interested and anxious she is that her daughter should enjoy the best advantages possible, and how proud she becomes when the young girl receives credit marks at school.

But as this child develops into womanhood how rarely does the mother keep the same close sympathy, the same tender understanding, the same sweet patience, in the association with her.

When a woman fails to win the first place in her daughter's heart as friend, counsellor and sympathizer, it is no one's fault but her own. I make this assertion without reservation or exception. Of course, there will be a clamor of protest from "devoted mothers," but I know what the average idea of devotion on a mother's part is, and I call it by other names.

To make a slave of yourself for your child, to try to save your daughter from mental labor, to try to dress her better than other girls and to tax your strength and purse in order to give her luxuries, is not devotion. It is unwise ambition and folly on your part. It is sowing the seeds of selfishness and intolerance in a receptive young mind, that has come into being through no wish of its own.

Having brought the girl into the world, it is your duty to study her as you would some plant were you a horticulturist, and to be patient, loving and gentle with her faults and sympathetic with her requirements.

It is your life work to make a noble and worthy woman of her and to lead her by the power of unflinching love and cheerfulness to be your pride and comfort and joy.

You can only do this by controlling yourself in her presence, by setting her an example of dignity and patience and all-embracing love; by eliminating all bitterness, all gloom, all carping criticism from your heart, and by bestowing upon her nine words of appreciation for every one of fault-finding. You must win her respect before she can be asked to respect you. You must be lovable before you can expect her to give you more than the duty regard which so many children are obliged to make serve for filial affection. You must be sweet and responsive and sympathetic before she can confide in you, and you must be tactful and merry

and wise in your methods of teaching her to be industrious and unselfish and thoughtful of you and others.

The girl who is reminded of her disagreeable inheritance from ancestors, naturally does not feel herself responsible for her faults. Yet she is—for the divine inheritance is there, and if she is taught to cultivate that, no earthly traits can dominate or control her.

It is this truth, madame, which you should impress upon your daughter's mind from the cradle to womanhood.

You should say to her: "You are God's creation, sent to earth to beautify and bless it with your sweetness. I know you will be all that I want you to be."

The child used to love and praise feels the force of a merited reproof, while it falls dead upon the ears of one accustomed to continual fault-finding and nagging and ill-temper.

If you have let your child slip too far away from you to bring her back, and if you have cultivated weeds instead of flowers in her heart, at least take the

blame upon yourself and do not assume the air of a martyr before the world.

You were the architect of your daughter's character—before her birth and afterward. You could have made her anything you wished her to be had love and patience been your tool. God and a wise mother can overcome heredity and environment and defy the devil and fate in educating a girl's heart. God always does His part by implanting the divine nature, but it is the mother's work to develop it.

## An Old, Family Cough Remedy, Home-Made

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