

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

A Song for Mothers to Study

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Copyright, 1915, The Star Publishing Co. A song is being sung on hundreds of stages all over the country entitled "Mother."

The lyric is by Howard Johnson and the melody of Theodore Morse. The song represents a young man who has been knocked about the world, with little opportunity for education, who says:

M-is for the million things she gave to me,
O-means only that she is growing old,
T-is for the tears were shed to save me,
H-is for her heart of purest gold,
E-shines for her eyes with love-light
R-means right and right she'll always be,
Put them together they spell M-O-T-H-E-R, word that means the world to me.

Then there is a second verse:
M-is for the mercy she possesses,
O-means that I owe her all I own,
T-is for her tender, sweet caresses,
H-is for her hands that made a home,
E-means everything she's done to help me,
R-means read and regular you see.

These verses have a sweet, homely meaning and, set to attractive music and sung by a famous young woman, must reach the public heart. They will mean a great deal to many mothers, but meantime, do not let every woman who is a mother in name too quickly accept the sentiments contained in these verses as applying to her by right.

Every mother who reads the song or hears it sung ought to take it line by line and ask herself just how much of it is true in her own particular case. What are the million things that you gave your son, madam?

Did you give him lessons in self-control from his cradle up to manhood, both by precept and example?

Did you teach him politeness toward older people, and mercy and sympathy and consideration for the poor and the unfortunate?

Did you give him a consciousness that he owed a great duty to "umb animals, to the crippled, the deaf, the dumb and the blind, and other unfortunates encountered along life's pathway?"

Did you give him the knowledge that it was a vulgar, and a criminal act as well, to take fruit from his neighbor's trees or flowers from his neighbor's garden, no matter how much fruit or many flowers that neighbor might possess?

Did you give him clean, high understanding, so that he would be able to protect other men's sisters and to feel sympathy and pity for erring women?

Did you give him a respect for language sufficient to keep his speech free from coarse, unclean or profane expressions?

Unless you have done all this, the million other things you may have given your boy are not of much value. Although "H" may stand for your hands that made a home, it does not stand for a heart of purest gold, unless you have thought of some or all of these things in the education of your boy.

Neither does "R" indicate that right you will always be, even though your boy may think you so unless you have brought him up with an understanding of the rights of others in the small as well as the large things of life, and unless you have done your utmost to eliminate jealousy, envy and greed from his nature.

These efforts must be begun very early. The child who is allowed to monopolize all the pleasures that he should cry and smother older people, the one who does not share his toys and gifts with others and who is not taught the beauty of such sharing, cannot be expected to suddenly acquire these moral precepts after he is grown.

The child who is allowed to be domineering and disagreeable to his companions, who is allowed to trespass upon the rights of his neighbors, who helps himself to their fruits and flowers, unrebuked, because he is a mere child, is not going to become a man who will respect his neighbors' rights or property.

Therefore, my dear madam, take this song and study it, line by line, and see how much of it applies to you. It describes every mother as she ought to be, but not every mother as she is.

An Old, Family Cough Remedy, Home-Made

Easily Prepared—Costs Very Little, but is Prompt, Sure and Effective

By making this pint of old-time cough syrup at home you not only save about 25¢ as compared with the ready-made kind, but you will also have a much more prompt and positive remedy in every way. It overcomes the usual coughs, throat and chest colds in 24 hours—relieves even whooping cough quickly—and is excellent, too, for bronchitis, bronchial asthma, hoarseness and spasmodic croup.

Get from any drug store 10 ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth), pour it into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Fall directions with Pinex. Keep perfectly and taste good.

You can feel this take hold of a cough or cold in a way that means business. It quickly loosens the dry, hoarse or painful cough and heals the inflamed membranes. It also has a remarkable effect in stopping the persistent loose cough by stopping the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchial tubes.

The effect of Pinex on the membranes is known by almost every one. Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract combined with guaiacol and other natural healing pine elements.

There are many worthless imitations of this famous mixture. To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "25¢ ounces of Pinex," and do not accept anything else.

A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

The Spirit of Christmas Giving

Copyright, 1915, Intern'l News Service.

By Nell Brinkley



"Gift day." A rosy girl in flannels and fur trudged up a snowy hill, dragging a red-cushioned sled. Her eyes were laughing and bright—her cheeks hard and red. Her heart sang in her throat because of the singing wind, and the snow that whitened her snug mackinaw, the blue sky above and the crackle of the snow underfoot, the company of her youthful kind that laughed over the fire of pine-wood, whizzed down the hill in a flurry, and circled about on the ice with a pleasant ring and clamor of steel.

The gentle Man who walked the world on a day long ago and spoke wisely in sermons to mankind was far away from the rosy girl's pump-

ing heart and excited brain. Half-way up the hill in the snow she came on a wistful mite, with cheeks like Nova Scotia apples—patched trousers; he was warm, but "skimp" looking; and the eyes in his little face longed out loud to be in the fun. But a fellow without any of the weapons of sport is an alien. The rosy girl stopped. A mist of tears swam over her bright eyes. She knelt in the snow and gave her sled away. She put the rope in his fingers—smiled into his darting glorified eyes—and said gayly: "Christmas gift!"

And kneeling so—she lifted her eyes through the soft-falling snow above the cold and happy little face of the child, and lo! against the

pine and the whirling sky and soft light glowed, holding in its glimmer a gentle shape she knew—crowned and strangely robed. The Great Good Man—the gentle Christ. And the eyes smiled and the lips moved in gratitude. And soft words spoke in her ear: "—unto the least of these unto Me!"

So when you give to the smallest and humblest with all your heart, when you smile in their eyes and say: "Christmas gift"—see—you have given to the Son of God and made rejoice His great and gentle heart.

and privation in his occupation and most of the money he had saved went into the purses of doctors and the coffers of hospitals. But the home has been kept comfortable. The children have had some of the little graces as well as the necessities of life. But when the man comes home tired from work, his wife is not there. She has usually been detained in the boudoir of some woman whose hair she is brushing or whose gray spots she is removing. She has placed a maid in the little home to try to keep it as clean and shining as she used to do.

Why Not Train Girls in Self-Defence?

By Woods Hutchinson, A. M., M. D.

One of the most interesting and radical suggestions made by Prof. Emily Putnam in her Vassar anniversary address was that deliberate attempt be made to emancipate woman in girlhood from her age-long physical disabilities.

This emancipation of girlhood means two things, as she clearly points out. First, and not least important, the relegation to the ash barrel and the museum, where it belongs, of the ridiculous crippling and health-destroying present feminine costume.

A woman's brain needs emancipation, but her feet need it more. The only thing that ever has been said or could be said in its favor is that it is customary, becoming and modest; though why under heaven it should be considered modest for a man's clothing to reveal the damning fact that he is a biped and immodest for a woman's to do the same is one of those things that, as Lord Dunsany said, "No fellow can ever find out."

Skirts are as ungraceful and unbecoming, from not merely the point of view of the artist, but of the expert costumer, as they are hampering and unhealthful. But still they cling, to paraphrase Galileo's immortal "e pur si muove" and erriple.

The other thing is the total abolition of that senseless term "unladylike," as applied to anything and anybody under the age of 15. We wouldn't lose by it in point of ultimate conduct and character, and we would gain enormously in vigor, in happiness and in courage. To insist upon a girl, a mere child, being ladylike years and even decades before she has attained the mature dignity of ladyhood, is of a piece with its kindred absurdity of trying to chain down and drill a boy into being a grown man, a "perfect little gentleman," years before the appointed time.

The same fallacy underlies both tendencies, that because both of these achievements are supposed to be so high and difficult, therefore, we must make our unfortunate youngsters begin rehearsing years and years in advance, for fear when the time comes they will not be fitted for them.

The best way to train a boy or girl for life is to let him or her live, right here and now. To be just as thorough, harmonious and adventurous as a boy, and as rumping, fearless, happy a girl as possible is the very best imaginable preparation for the serious business and responsibilities of later life.

A very large percentage, if not a majority of girls would like to roam the fields and romp and scramble and play just like the boys do, not perhaps at precisely the same games, but something equivalent, if they were only permitted by Dame Fashion and Mrs. Grundy.

Ah, but, say some one at once, think of the awful dangers that die in wait, the terrible risk of femininity, the ever present terror of personal assault! There is little question that this vital consid-

Two Views

By ADA PATTERSON.

This is a story about a man and woman for both men and women.

She is a little woman with big, bright eyes, a warm heart and it seems every day is a big bluff fellow ready, as all the neighbors say, "to work until he drops." When they were married all their friends at the wedding said: "There is a pair that will get on." And so they have, but by what different ways this story is concerned.

He worked at his mechanic's trade. She kept their two rooms in a crowded part of New York so clean and shining that all the other women in the block were a little envious and inclined to say spiteful things instead of setting to work with scrubbing brush to improve their own family habitations.

Children came and the man worked harder at his trade and the woman worked harder in the little home that had grown to three, then to four rooms. He was what the neighborhood called a "steady" man. He drank nothing more stimulating than coffee and spent his evenings at home. All were content until the week before Christmas. The little woman said to the man: "The children have been looking in the shop windows and they've got them just crazy about Christmas. Give me some money to buy a tree and some gifts for them." The man from his place beside the fire, where he was warming his rheumatism, answered: "As are hard times. Let them do without Christmas." The woman protested. The man held firm.

"And with all that money in the bank, too!" she cried.

"One must look ahead at the old y day," he responded. "It's for you and the children that I am saving it."

The woman said no more. No more words wasted she. But she threw a shawl over her head and two coats over her arm and paid a visit to a second-hand clothes dealer. With what she extracted from the button-eyed, hook-nosed man behind the counter for these garments, she bought her children's Christmas.

When her husband saw the little green tree and the pay paper, the transparent bags of peanuts and candy and the small nickel whistles, he enjoyed the sight and his children's glee and said nothing. Like his wife, he consumed neither tin nor brass in useless talk, but the next day that he made ready for church and when he joined him with the old faded shawl across her slim shoulders he found speech.

"Where is that velvet jacket I bought you?" "I sold it to the second-hand clothes dealer."

"And that long blue cloak from last winter. You looked good in that." "I sold that to the second-hand dealer." The red lips came into his eyes. That they meant danger, she knew. "Why did you sell them?" "Because I wanted the children to have

In-Shoots

A clear conscience is the best kind of a brace.

In this age a man can display the courage of his convictions by sporting chin whiskers.

The more worthless the cuss the more faithful the half-starved dog that follows him.

It is better to kick yourself occasionally than have some one else perform the service.

The man continually on the run is liable to dash past a good thing now and then.

If you have been played for a sucker it is better to laugh than cry over the matter.

When it comes to criticism, the boiled cabbage intellect rushes where angels fear to look.

Place not too much confidence in the "silver threads." A gray fox is a fox just the same.

Remember All Your Friends and Loved Ones

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Ladies' Diamond Ring

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LADIES' DIAMOND-SET WATCH

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LADIES' DIAMOND-SET WATCH

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