

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Saturday in Loveland

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## Wash-Day

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By NELL BRINKLEY  
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### Reaching the Child Heart

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

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So much is said and written nowadays on the training of the young that it seems almost presumptuous for any one to attempt to add to the mass of advice to parents—in the suggestions as to how and when one should punish, if at all—to the counsel as to various models of restraining the child, of making an obedient creature of him or allowing him to "exercise his own individuality."

We all recall the paraphrase of Solomon's directions: "Chain up a child and away he will go." Though it is supposed to be only a humorous paraphrase, it sometimes proves sadly true.

The fact remains that parents have lived to little purpose if they are not more capable of guiding the youngsters than are the youngsters themselves. Still the unending and everburning question, is how to do it?

It is, of course, useless to attempt to make any one rule to fit every case. In one family the first child needed stern discipline, while the second was hard-headed admirably with her sister. To study the character of the little one, and to decide what course to pursue in each case, is the by no means easy task laid out for the parent.

And as the parent who is most with the little boy or girl and upon whom devolves most of the training is the mother, I would tell her of what one mother declares has been an invaluable aid in the management of her children.

It is simply this: "Take the child into your confidence."

To explain: One little girl had a violent temper which punishments of various kinds failed to subdue or control. The loving mother prayed about it, thought about it, asked advice of her family, co-operated with her husband in his efforts to find a way to teach the little one that she must not fly into a rage and kick and scream. Then, when almost discouraged, the mother hit upon the happy idea of asking the advice of the girl herself.

She waited until the little girl was in a sunny mood. Talking her over her lap, she began by explaining to her that God had placed upon every mother the duty of making the best of the character of the child entrusted to her care, of keeping the body and soul of this child in a condition as near perfection as possible. All this was told in short, easily comprehended words.

The mother called the little one's attention to the fact that she, the child, was very truthful, and that therefore the mother would not be blamed for producing a deceitful woman. She praised other good qualities, such as neatness, prompt obedience, etc. Lastly, she reminded her gently that there was one thing in which she, as a mother, had failed, and that was in teaching her little girl self-control. She warned her listener that this temper would grow with her growth and, at last it would become her master, not her servant.

"And now," the wise parent said, "I am going to ask you to help me get the best of this fault. When you were a baby you were not wise enough to help me in this work that God has given us to do. But now He wants you and me to see just how good a child we can make of you, just what we can do with that temper of yours. Will you help me, darling?"

The small girl promised and kept the promise. This compact was a little secret between the two. Of course there were times when anger would get the best of good resolutions, but a loving reminder from the mother would abate the storm of passion. The anger would cease suddenly as the words, "Please help me, darling," were spoken. And in a few years the victory was won, not that the temper was banished. One would not want to do away with it. But it was controlled.

The same plan proved successful in the case of a child who found it difficult to tell the truth. Punishments of various kinds availed nothing. At last, one day, when he was detected in a falsehood, his mother did not even scold him. He looked at her surprised.

"Aren't you going to punish me?" he asked.

"No, dear," she said, sadly. "You are old enough now to know that I cannot conquer this evil without your help. When you were little the blame for your untruthfulness rested with me. Now you have sense enough to know that it is a sin, and that it is a sin that injures your own soul. All the punishments in the world won't break you of the habit of untruthfulness unless you are willing to help God and me in our aim to make a good, honorable man of you."

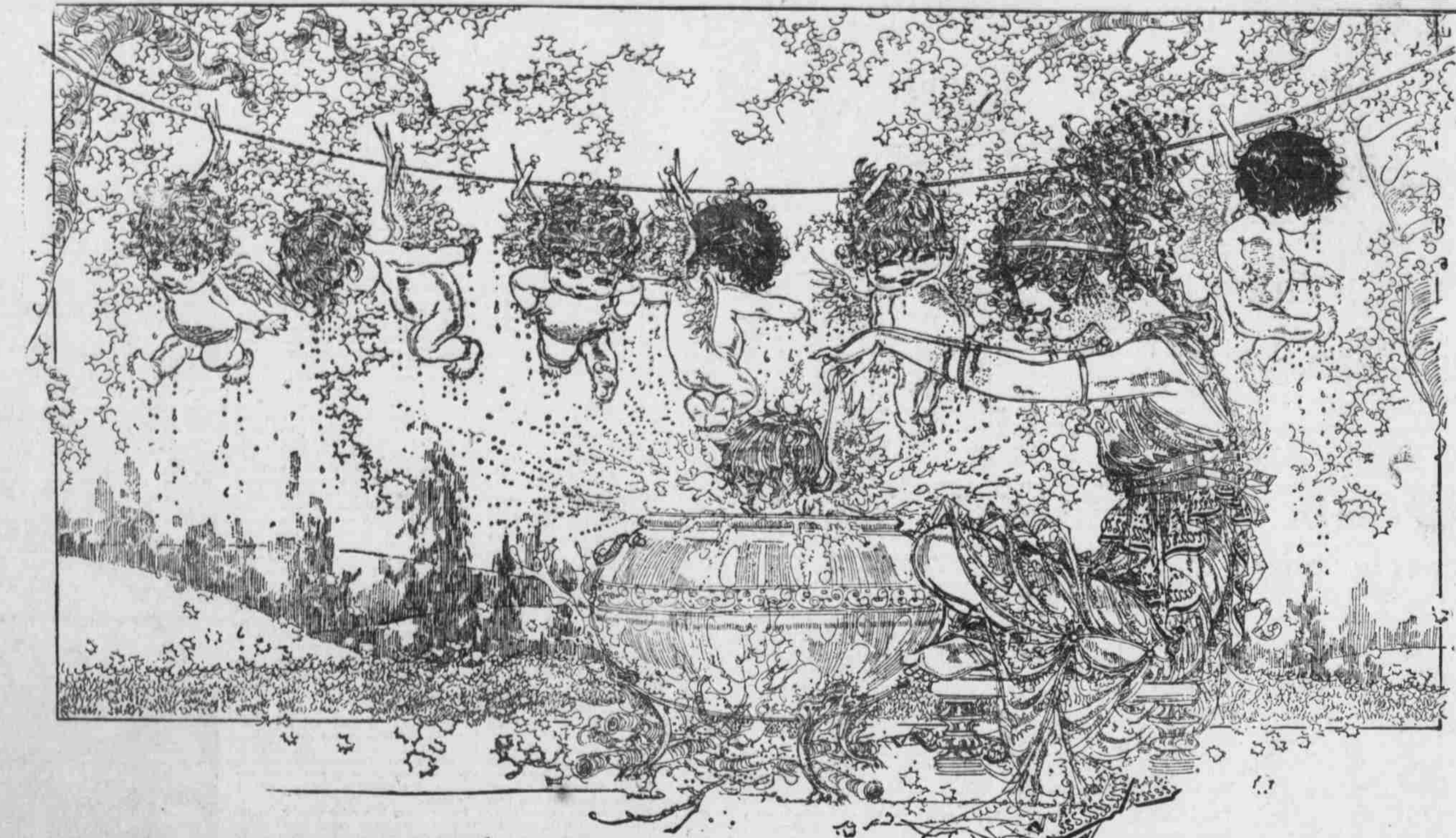
"I will help God and you, mother," the boy declared.

A new sense of responsibility for the formation of his own character had been born in the lad's mind. He appreciated, though only very dimly at first, that he was "thinking God's thoughts after Him," and he won his fight for truth.

After all, children are reasonable beings—although we do not always give them credit for it. And if treated honestly and squarely, they will usually reward us with honesty and squareness.

Of course such a plan as has been suggested must be considered confidential between mother and child while the little one is young. The knowledge that the parent has trusted him enough to confide in him the secret of the great work entrusted to her impresses the child and brings out all that is best in him.

One cannot expect any sudden change in the development of the normal boy or girl, and one must not despise the days of the small beginnings or be discouraged at many "lapses from grace." But if the desire is present to assist in the lofty purpose of forming a noble, self-controlled, honorable man or woman, the child will do his or her share in a way that will make the mother thank God and take courage.



They don't like their necks washed, or behind their ears, any more than other babies do. And all week long they're in deep, dark mischief, through the streets of the splendid, the streets of the weary, the streets of the drab-colored, the lanes of the lucky in the country—and so their mother puts it off until Saturday—"country style!" And then they

put the kettle on, 'till it simmers gently, and the lady who came out of the sea, the mother of all the little Loves that ever were, "who has so many children she doesn't know what to do," Venus of the white arms and the amber hair, she souses 'em in one by one with a sound like a shoe full of rain water—plopp! in. And sh-h-h? out again! And up

and down he goes, black hair and gold, until his eyes are tight shutten and his body glistens and the dust of the wayside is worn off, and he screams aloud that he is dying and has no more skin on 'im—and then she hangs them up to dry by their once more heavenly white wings. So goes Saturday in Love-Land!—NELL BRINKLEY.

### Read It Here—See It at the Movies



By Gouverneur Morris and Charles W. Goddard

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

After the tragic death of John Amesbury, his prostrated wife, one of America's greatest beauties, dies. At her death Prof. Stilliter, an agent of the interests of the beautiful 2-year-old baby girl and brings her up in a paradise where she sees no man, but thinks she is taught by angels who instruct her for her mission to reform the world. At the age of 15 she is suddenly thrust into the world where agents of the interests are ready to pretend to find her.

The one to feel the loss of the little Amesbury girl most, after she had been spirited away by the interests, was Tommy. Fifteen years later Tommy goes to the Klondike. The interests are responsible for the trip. By accident he is the first to meet the little Amesbury girl, as she comes from heaven. Neither Tommy nor Celestia recognizes each other. Tommy meets Fredrick, a man who looks like the girl from heaven. Celestia and they hide in the mountains, later they are pursued by Stilliter and escape to an island where they spend the night.

That night, Stilliter, following his Indian guide, reaches the island. Celestia and Tommy, but did not disturb them. In the morning Tommy goes for a walk. He sees a man who looks like Celestia, but does not recognize her. He takes advantage of it by taking her to his room. Celestia, with Celestia still in time to catch up with Celestia in New York, there he places Celestia in Bellevue hospital, where her sanity is proven by the authorities.

Tommy's first aim was to get Celestia away from Stilliter. After they leave Bellevue Tommy is unable to get any hold on Celestia in owing to her resistance. But later he persuades his father to keep her. When he goes out to the taxi he finds her gone. She falls into the hands of white slavers, but escapes and goes to live with a poor family by the name of Douglases. When their son Fredrick returns home he finds her in his own house. Celestia, the girl for whom the underworld has offered a reward that he has to get.

Celestia secures work in a large garment factory, where a great many girls who undertake to persuade him to give up the girl. Tommy refuses, and Celestia wants him to wed her directly. He can not do this, as he has no funds. Stilliter and Barclay introduce Celestia to a circle of wealthy mining men, who agree to send Celestia to the college.

men when they attack the stockade. This sets the mine owners busy to get rid of Tommy.

The wife of the miners' leader involves Tommy in an escapade that leads the miners to lynch him. Celestia saves him from the mob, but turns from him and goes to see Kehr.

TENTH EPISODE.

Although Kehr had been instructed to give Celestia every chance to settle the strike, and to hinder her in nothing, he was still determined to bring about his own kind of a settlement if possible. Close-fisted and narrow, he was nevertheless a man with beliefs and principles for which he was not only willing to sacrifice his fortune, but his life if necessary. To Kehr a man who agreed to work certain hours for certain wages and then went back on his agreement was no more to be considered or treated with than a mad dog. To his finger tips he was capitalistic and believed in property. At his finger tips he had innumerable examples of contented laborers who had become affluent and of discontented laborers who had finished up in jail.

"Once," he would say, "labor did the most work possible for the least possible pay, but nowadays labor wishes to do the least amount of work possible (and the worst kind of work), and to receive therefore so much pay that there can be no return on the capital which employs labor. Where are we drifting to? If an eight-hour day with a raise, why not six with a raise? Why not four? Two! None! My men want to breakfast in bed and receive their pay envelopes at the same time. I wasn't like that. I want to work for wages that a dog could hardly have lived on. But I saved and waited, and I worked as hard as I could without complaining. And now look at me!"

"Any healthy-minded, able-bodied young American can get rich in less than ten times if he will work as hard as he can, save a portion of what he earns and keep his ears closed to the fools and devils who preach laziness and discontent."

Conditions at Bitumen had come to such a pass that Kehr could see no possibility of compromise. The country was suffering from what amounted to a coal famine, and the fault lay, so Kehr honestly felt, with a group of two-legged animals who didn't know enough to come in out of the rain.

All over the country, so Kehr honestly thought, labor was rearing its head like that of a venomous snake. Already it had bitten many innocent people, and some were dead and some were ruined for life. Now you don't argue with a venomous snake. You either kill it or you run from it. Kehr was not the kind of man who runs from anything. He had a big stick, and if he possibly could, he was going to bit labor one good crack over the head. Anyway, his plans were all in order. He had gossiped the strike leaders until they were ready to order an attack on his stockade, and he was grimly ready and even eager for that attack to begin. Tommy had thwarted

him once. Now they had sent Celestia to thwart him again.

Still he received her with politeness, and told her that he was glad she had come.

"I'm glad you've come, young lady, because I know your theories, and I'm glad to have the chance of showing you how impractical they are in the face of an actual condition. You want labor and capital to be friends and to work hand in hand. Can a gunman be friends with a blabber?"

"Why, yes," said Celestia, "when they get so they understand each other. But a day will come when there won't be any gun men."

"Nor any walking delegates, nor any fools who spend more than they can earn and then begin to holler murder and set off dynamite. Now, you just sit down in that chair, and I'll tell you in a nutshell, the history of the last few years that has led up to the present situation. To begin with I was a day laborer myself in these coal fields—"

Celestia raised her hand in protest. "Don't tell me your side of the quarrel," she said; "tell me theirs. When your heart is very hard against a man, the best way to soften it is to say all the favorable things you can think of about him. It's like you to tell me all the good things you can think of about Gundorf, and then I shall go to him and ask him to tell me all the good things he can think of about you."

"From neither of us," said Kehr grimly; "will you hear any good of the other."

"Thank," said Celestia, smiling gently; "I shall have to do the talking for you both."

"You can change me into a breakfast-food as easily as you can change Gundorf into a human being."

"Some day you and Gundorf will shake hands and you'll both admit that you were both wrong."

"You admit that he's wrong?" "Yes, Mr. Kehr, and you too."

"She rose and smiled upon him." "I am to come and go as I please?" "If you go among those devils over there in the town I won't be responsible for the consequences."

"But I've been among them already. They were going to hang a man, but they listened to reason."

"What man?" "A vision of Mrs. Gundorf's face floated through Celestia's mind, and caused her eyes to narrow a little, and look quite stony."

### Learning How to Talk

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Some folks think conversation comes by the grace of heaven—but nothing is further from the truth. One might as well say playing the violin comes by nature. No human being—no matter how musical—could play a simple lullaby on the violin without first learning. Of course a maestro might play by ear without lessons—but not without practice. And most mortals need all the aid good instruction can give them.

Well, by the same token of practical common sense, although a favored few talk glibly and even pleasantly by instinct, even they do not get far without study, without practice and without taking infinite pains.

Of course the obvious way to improve in conversation is to talk—provided one talks as well as one is able. But it would be hard to force any man or woman to take a tenth as much pains to learn the game of conversation as to master the latest fox trot step or to learn the game of golf. And yet conversation is a game that can never go out of style and that will be important as long as mortals have ears and tongues.

Here are a few rules of practice for learning the gentle art of conversation: Talk as well as possible to all sorts of people. Adapt yourself to moods, to character and to varying ages.

Make it your business to say what you want to convey so you shall be thoroughly understood by the individual you address. Be clear and simple.

When you are thrown with an unutterably dull person who seems almost dumb pride yourself on finding out something about which he can talk. Any one can talk about something. Even an utter fool can tell you about himself. Get into the habit of drawing out the silent and taciturn. As they expand into conversation you will get a sort of perspective on your own lesser difficulties in finding conversational material.

The very best school for conversation is, of course, good reading. The classical novels will accustom you to English used with charm and certainty and exactness.

### Advice to Lovelorn: By Beatrice Fairfax

You Did Wrong.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Last week I met a young boy by flirtation. He was going by on a buggy and asked me to go for a ride, and I accepted. I have met him a few times since then and he asked me to go to the theater with him. I F. E.

To accept such an invitation was worse than silliness; it was dangerous. You must discontinue an association begun in such circumstances.

No.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Would it be proper for a young girl to go traveling with a young man with whom she is very well acquainted—I mean going away for a few weeks at a time? Z. F. E.

The right word in the right place will come, through good reading, to have a meaning all its own to you. Don't read to quote—don't read to talk with "highfalutin'" and literary elegance. Read to see how words can be molded into a living mass to express just the meaning in the modeler's mind.

After you have read a bit don't get to thinking you are all wise—the field of classic lore in just the English language is wide indeed. Don't be pedantic about what you know—don't try to make it seem overwhelming. Be overwhelmed yourself by all there is left for you to read.

Shakespeare and Goethe will prove interesting after you have accustomed yourself to school of reading in which, "said she languidly" and "he exclaimed with flashing eyes" do not make up for niceness—for exactness in modeling words into a breathing expression of thought.

It is obvious that all knowledge will help you in conversation. A little anecdote about your washerwoman's boy may lighten a dull moment. It is well to keep up with the times. The editorial pages of the newspapers in themselves offer a training for interesting talk, whether you agree or intelligently differ with what you have read. If you have read good book reviews and criticisms of popular plays you can talk about the originals with those who have first-hand knowledge.

There are two classics about boredom which you must avoid if you want to be known as a good conversationalist. A bore has been defined as "a person who talks about himself." Don't let yourself be so defined. Talk about the other chap; let him fall into the category of bores, but avoid that slough of despond, for your own social reputation.

Then a bore has been called "a person who, when you ask him how he feels—tells you!" Don't, don't, as you value your friendly place in the minds of men, tell them all about your last headache, nor how you can't sleep in hot weather, nor how you have all the symptoms of appendicitis. Rather than that, use even the stupid old expression,

"He is probably selfish."

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 21 years of age and have known a young man five years my senior for the last four years. He never takes me to any place of amusement, but whenever he meets me on the street he takes me home. My sister laughs at me because he doesn't take me out. Do you think I should allow him to take me home if he doesn't take me out? I love him very much. EVELYN R.

In these days of moving pictures and inexpensive means of amusement, there is no reason why the man for whom you care should not show you some slight attention. He is probably selfish and prefers to spend his money on his own entertainments and to escort you home as an inexpensive means of showing his interest.

"Fine and dandy!" when asked how you feel. But don't go into a clinical and medical mass of detail. Save your symptoms for the doctor. You will pay him to listen to the story thereof.

And finally—to talk well, broaden your horizon. Everything in the world about you—be it a crying baby in the subway or the latest war bulletin—has possibilities of interest and interesting possibilities. Observe—consider—comment. Don't turn your mind in on yourself, but expansively offer it to the world, for impressions. And then exchange opinions with the people you meet.

Soon giggling and idle chatter will be as unnatural as dumbness. You will have acquired for yourself the supreme gift of charm—that of being a pleasant and interesting conversationalist.

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