

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

"The Big Chief"

Home from His Summer Campaign

By Nell Brinkley



Up over the hills of the world comes the Big Chief Dan—lance at rest. Home from his Summer campaign! The fires of Autumn burnings are in the wind, the brown leaves skip 'round him with the dead rustle of a departing lady's silken skirts, his war-paint is smeared, and the memory of a few hard skirmishes "sets" hard on his soul. But his heart is big with conquest, the dreams of his Spring-time are ripened, and behind him string out the prisoners of war—two by two! Captured by the sea, on moonlit verandas, in rose-gardens, rounded up in the front seats of flat little roadsters, snatched on the links, at country dances where the girls' cheeks were like deeply-dyed Nova Scotia apples, from marble balustrades where wealth held golden sway, out of little country door-yards, from field fences where tall farm lads leaned lankly and looked under the pink sunbonnets of farm lassies and knew that the rose-glow east there was not the sun shining through the pink sunbonnet, but the shadow of the Big Chief Dan. Sure his heart is big, for he scoured the country bare, and on bridle and lance and blanket the loot of hearts tinkle-inkle-inkle-inkle-tink-tink in time with his lusty war-song. One funny thing—maybe you know why, cynic—the prisoners are a joy-drowned lot with nary a whimper.—NELL BRINKLEY.

## Meanest Man in the World

By ADA PATTERSON.

He has been found, the man of sorry celebrity, the meanest man in the world. A clergyman told me about him. This clergyman is a little, hard-working, under-paid preacher, but with a soul bigger than his body and ideals higher than his graying head. His expression is an equal mingling of nobility and pathos. He is lean and under-dered-looking, but he has a smile of infinite forgiveness. It was quite by accident that he revealed this skeleton in the closet of human nature.



He held his lead pencil balanced above his account book and stared at the line of figures that wouldn't balance in the month's account because the line of what had to be paid out was so much longer than that which had been paid in.

"If young Mr. Jones had paid his wedding fee we would have been even," he said to his wife, who is as patient and under-nourished and as much too good for this world as he.

"How long ago did you perform the ceremony, dear?" she asked.

"Five months," he said. "Then he won't pay. If they don't pay the first two weeks they never do," she said, with a half smile that she changed quickly to a smile when she sent a pathetic glance across the dining-room table that was also a study table, for there, because of their meagre quarters, he wrote his sermon.

"Do you mean to say that anyone fails to pay his wedding fee?" he asked. "How did this Mr. Jones conduct the wedding?" "He told me on the evening of the ceremony that he would write me. Of course I understood that to mean that he would send me a check. The participants do-

not always have cash about them. But has never written. He lives in another city and state."

"Perhaps he hadn't enough money to pay it."

"I understand that he is well-to-do. I'm quite sure he's comfortably off. He gave a fine wedding supper at the Brown-Smith hotel for twenty guests."

"He may have forgotten."

"It's hardly likely. It isn't the sort of debt one forgets."

"Why don't you send him a bill?" I asked.

"Because it isn't ethical, my child. I knew a preacher who, when the bridegroom handed him his fee in an envelope opened the envelope and took out the fee to see how much it was. I couldn't do that, and wouldn't. It must be left to the sense of justice and the generosity of the bridegroom."

"Is it possible that there is a human being, especially a man who has taken upon himself the honor of the marriage state, who has neither sense of justice nor generosity?" I supposed that young Mr. Jones

stood alone in the category of dishonor, but my clerical friend told me that there are several Mr. Joneses scattered through each of his clerical years.

"But funerals?" I asked. "Surely everyone who can pay for the burial service of his dead?"

"No," said the little clergyman. "A man over whose wife I read the burial service three years ago has never paid me, and last week he was married again."

"Of course," said the minister's wife, "death overtakes all, and there may be persons who are unable to bear the expense of the funeral service."

"But marriage is not inevitable. It isn't even a necessity. It is a luxury, and should be foregone if it can't be paid for," said I.

"I would have been glad to have Mr. Jones' fee," said the clergyman. "My dear, I think I shall have to ask your landlord for another extension."

And to think that there are other Mr. Joneses. Other meanest men in the world.

## Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

"Wilfred has went to the country for the summer," announced the Manicure Lady. "We shipped him away yesterday. The old gent, came to the core like he always is, told him that if he didn't manage to piece out the money he got from the royalties on his songs, he would kick in enough to keep the poor boy where he wants to live till he has wrote a new book of poems."

"What started him away from the city?" asked the Head Barber.

"He was reading a poem the other night that was wrote by John Boyle O'Reilly. I don't know who the gent was, but I think he was some great Swede poet. The first stanza of them-fine verses was the one that got Wilfred kind of loony for the country. It went like this:

I am tired of planning and tolling  
In the crowded hives of men;

Heart-weary of building and spoiling  
And spoiling and building again.  
And I long for the dear old river  
Where I dreamed my youth away,  
For a dreamer lives forever,  
And a toiler dies in a day.

"I remember that poem," said the Head Barber. "That man was an Irishman, that O'Reilly. The old man had his poems in the house. The old man was Irish, and the only poet he loved was John Boyle O'Reilly. All of us kids read the book. That piece you spoke the verses of was called 'The Cry of the Dreamer.'"

"That's right, George," said the Manicure Lady. "Well, anyhow, that was the poem that started Wilfred on his new

hobby. He got a \$100 check from the music publishers, and he says to all of us that he is going to find some place where there is a river, and he is going to be a dreamer all summer if he can find a reasonable boarding place. It ain't going to be easy for him to make that \$100 last, because dreamers has to eat the same as toilers, and you wouldn't think Wilfred was much of a dreamer if you saw him parking away the corn beef and cabbage, but I hope he sticks it out."

"Maybe he will be able to write better out in the woods than living in town," said the Head Barber. "I had a friend once that wrote some swell poetry about

Jack Dempsey's grave, and he was in the woods when he wrote it."

"That may help Wilfred to be a dreamer, too," agreed the Manicure Lady. "He wrote a verse last night when the old gent told him that he could go if he wanted to, and I thought it was kind of good, too, although Mister O'Reilly's verse sounded smoother. It said:

"I, too, would be a dreamer,  
Like the great John Boyle O'Reilly,  
Where you never meet a schemer  
And the skies are bright and smily,  
I long for the dear old river,  
Covered in winter with ice;  
A dreamer would live forever,  
If he only had the price.

## Poor Man's Radium

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Radium costs \$90,000 per gram. It takes about thirty grams to make an ounce, so that an ounce of radium, if it were in man's power to get so much, would be worth not less than \$2,700,000. Radium is 125,000 times more valuable than gold, and millions of times more rare, for only a few grams of radium exist in all the laboratories of the world, and even that is not pure, unadulterated, unaltered radium.



New look at the other side of the picture. This almost incalculably rare and valuable substance is, there is reason to believe, one of the most powerful agents for the relief of human suffering that has ever been discovered. It has been applied with apparent success to the treatment of such a disease as cancer, for which no other cure exists. There is a long list of other maladies which undoubtedly yield to its curative influence. Yet it is so costly that in many cases its use is prohibited by that consideration alone.

The rich man can have radium—in case there is any for sale; the poor man cannot. It is not an example of an artificial price maintained for profits or dividends. The price of radium represents simply the cost of extracting it. No trust has as yet got control of radium; no corner has yet been formed in it. Nature herself fixes its price when she puts a smaller

proportion of radium in a ton of pitchblende (the mineral from which it is extracted) than she put of gold in a ton of sea water.

And yet, the good news is heard that, after all, the poor man can have radium.

Dr. Octave Claude, head of the clinic in the hospital of St. Louis, Paris, reports that the "actiniferous muds," or radium, left after the extraction of radium from the minerals in which it is found, afford a means of applying radioactivity to diseased surfaces which is, in some ways, superior in its results to the use of radium itself as originally employed.

Pure radium is too intense in its action for many local applications.

It is difficult to concentrate its effects upon any desired point without injuriously affecting surrounding tissues. But the actiniferous muds left after the long series of precipitations by means of which the chemist obtains radium, and which retain a certain degree of radioactivity are far more gentle in their action, and yet, if Dr. Claude is not mistaken, they are exceedingly effective in the treatment of disease.

These muds are applied in the form of plasters put directly upon the diseased.

The intensity of the action can be governed by varying the thickness of the surface treated, and there is no injury to surrounding tissues. The alpha rays, which consist of relatively large particles projected by the atomic explosions, and which are the chief source of danger in the employment of radium in condensed form, seem to be restrained, in some manner, by the liquid medium. Thus it becomes possible by spreading the preparation over sufficient surface, and

giving a considerable depth to it, to obtain a more effective application of the really useful rays than can be done by means of the apparatus with which pure radium is employed.

"Thanks to the fact that the local action of the applications remains gentle," says Dr. Claude, "we can continue them for a long time, from several hours to several days, without fear of accident." This, he adds, emphatically, "is no theoretical affirmation, but the result of many practical observations."

Prof. G. Pettit, of the National Veterinary school at Alfort, who has applied the actiniferous muds to the treatment of diseases of animals, obtains an increased effect by passing an electric current through them.

This seems to increase the penetrating power of the rays.

Another way in which "poor man's radium" is applied is in the form of baths of warm water, in which 200 or 300 grams of radioactive muds have been dissolved. These baths may be repeated every day for several weeks in succession.

Mm. Fabre and Dr. Bertolotti, of Turin, have confirmed the curative properties of radioactive muds.

Vienna's Present Favorite.

At present the most popular song in Vienna—clamored for by theater and music hall audiences every night—is "Prinz Eugen der edle Ritter," which tells how the "noble cavalier," Prince Eugene of Savoy, laid siege to and recaptured Belgrade from the Turks in 1717. The song, which like "Marching Through Georgia," bears clear internal evidence of a camp origin, was, in fact, written by a soldier serving at the siege under Prince Leopold of Dessau, the drill sergeant of the Prussian army—London Chronicle.

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For wrinkles and loose, saggy skin, a face bath made by dissolving 1 oz. powdered saxofite in 1/2 pint witch hazel, is the best thing that can be recommended. This has remarkable astringent and tonic properties.—Advertisement.