



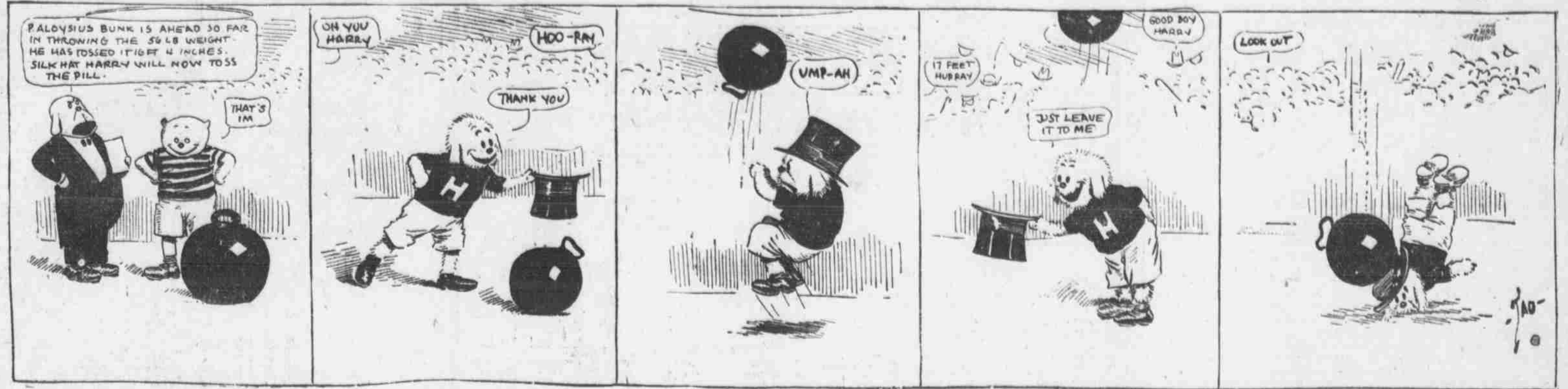
The Bee's Home Magazine Page



HARRY WILL TRY AGAIN TO-NIGHT AT THE GARDEN

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By Tad



The Wind's Party

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Last night the wind gave a party and invited the leaves, and oh, how they danced by the light of the moon!

And what a silvery light that was! The yellow of October, the red of November was gone, for one sweet night, and the whole world was flooded with molten silver.



The young trees were leafless and they were even more beautiful in the moonlight. The slim black branches cast a network on the ground, like the curious beaten filigree of an old necklace.

The young trees still held their leaves and oh! how the wild, soft wind, the wind that came up from the gulf, a thousand miles away, whistled and sang and laughed in the swirling joy of blowing.

Who was it abroad on the wind that night, I wonder? Some spirits of the old adventurers come ashore again dancing a saraband with the gipsy women they carried with them from land to land?

Harriet says there's a jingle of soft anklets I heard out there in the velvet of the shadows? Was that the flash of a dash of scarlet at a brown throat or a gleam of yellow in a dusky mop of hair?

"Tira-tira-la," sang the frolicsome wind—high boots, broad sarries, long knives, old pistols with bellmouths, a gleam of white teeth, the scarlet of soft lips.

"Tira-tira-la-la," how soft the wind though it was so wild.

Goodby, summer, sweet summer, goodby. This is your last dance in the moonlight; oh, laughing little brown leaves, tomorrow comes the snow.

What a lot we miss, we who snore through the silver hours from 10 to 7. Some day I'm going to start a night study class, and we'll sleep all the dull day through and be awake all night and know the wondrous pageant of the skies.

How we cheapen everything, we poor human beings—here's a world made with a succession of seasons calling to us as the wild wind calls the western sea, here's a necklace of jeweled nights set for our choosing.

June comes in sweet gentleness, July in splendor, August in burning glory, September in golden state, October—why, every month's a jewel and every night of all months is a separate beauty.

These strange nights that come in the Indian summer are the opals of the year, misty with the aureole of winter hiding deep down in their soft beauty, and we sleep, or we play bridge, or we pay out good money to sit in a crowded theater and watch a make-believe pageant that is no more like the real glory of the stars than a tallow candle is like the moon itself—and we call ourselves civilized.

Civilized!—We are just little, blind, vain, silly children who throw away the glory of living for the smell of gas and the mean, cold stare of an electric light.

Come, good reformer, you who are always leading us somewhere or somehow, tell us to stop a minute once in a while and take a night with the moon and with the sparkling stars. We'll be the better for it, even if we do miss the latest sensation in naked dancers or the last fad in judgment cones.

Tira-tira-la-la—who sang so loud in the moonlight last night—and who were they that danced?

Wasn't She the Foolish Girl

By Tad



The Finest Water Ever

By WINIFRED BLACK.

The Little Boy had his supper at 5 o'clock, just as usual, but when the family sat down to dinner at 6:30 the table looked so pretty and every one seemed so gay and happy that the Little Boy couldn't help standing in the doorway for a minute.

He looked so wistful that some one the Little Boy loved very dearly called to him from the table and she said:

"Little Boy, you've had your supper, haven't you? But just because it is your birthday you shall sit at the table and help out the cake."

The Little Boy's face fairly shone with surprised delight, and he climbed into the chair some one placed for him, right next to the one the Little Boy loved very dearly, as fast as he could.

He sat very quiet and was very well behaved all the time the grown-ups were talking and laughing. How much they did laugh and how fast they did talk!

The Little Boy could not keep up the chatter at all, and when the great roast came on the table the Little Boy almost laughed out loud to think how much it looked like the great roast in the picture when Old King Cole ordered up his fiddlers three to play for him after dinner.

The grown-ups talked and talked, and they laughed and laughed, and they ate and they ate, and the Little Boy never asked for a crumb. Only he gazed thirstily at the water in the tall glass at his place.

"Bip, sip, sip"—he looked up and caught the eyes of the birthday Papa fixed kindly upon him. "Oh, Papa," cried the Little Boy in uncontrollable good fellowship, "Oh, Papa, isn't this the finest water?"

And the Birthday Papa laughed and his eyes shone, and he leaned over and patted the Little Boy's hand and said: "Yes, son, the finest water I ever drank or saw anyone else drink." And then the Birthday Papa rose to his feet and held his own glass very high in the air, almost above his head. "A toast," he cried, "a toast to the beginning of a good fellow!"

And every one at the table laughed, and every one drank, and only the one the Little Boy loved very dearly looked as if she wanted to cry, just a little.

"Dear Little Boy," she said, "we'll have to name you Colonel Sellers, you and your 'finest water,'" and every one laughed again and the Little Boy laughed, too, louder than anyone.

And then the cake came, and the Little Boy helped the Birthday Papa to cut it, and he had a fine piece of it himself, with some frosting, too, only not very much, for frosting makes little boys dream of giants and bears and things, and the Little Boy never had such a good time in his life.

"The finest water that ever was," Little Boy if you will just keep that spirit you'll never want for joy in all the world, or for good fellowship, or for long hours of jolly companionship, or for gay, good friendship, or for a light heart to keep you company.

Never mind if others are eating what looks very good indeed to you; never mind if you would like a taste of the roast, too, or another piece of the frosting, that they all say is so good; just hold up that glass of yours and look through the clear water at the sunshine that smiles for us all and say to your brave heart, "Oh, isn't this the best water that ever was?"

And envy and hate and greed and cruel avarice and biting self-pity will never come close enough to your bright life to cast one shadow across the happy path you tread.

Good Circulation Aid to Beauty

A young girl of 20 writes me anxiously for advice about her complexion. For years it has been her custom to apply cold cream and rice powder to her face before going out and at night to put on more cream and then wash her face with tepid water and soap. Now her skin is rough and the pores are very large, she says.

I should think they would be. With such treatment her skin has not been really clean at any time. You cannot dissolve greases with tepid water nor cleanse the pores clogged with powder and cream unless you go at it in an entirely different manner from that referred to by my young correspondent.

A good complexion is founded on two things, good circulation and absolute cleanliness. The person whose circulation is perfect throws off the impurities of the system through the pores and the pores need no extra help, since they have the powerful drama of a healthy circulation and vigorous skin action to do the work. This is the reason so many peasants and people who pay no attention to their complexion still preserve a good skin.

But when from one cause or another the circulation is impaired, the skin ceases to function properly and the pores become inactive and cannot throw off the impurities, and the solid matter with which they are filled each day. Unless these accumulations are removed daily by the aid of friction, not water and soap the channels become choked, distended and often inflamed, and we have what we call blackheads or the pores clogged with dust and oily secretions. The empty pores which have been distended because they were left in a clogged condition for a long time are known as enlarged pores and are almost equally disfiguring. Both conditions require daily friction and a perfect cleansing of the skin.

This can only be done satisfactorily by means of a scrubbing brush, good soap and hot water—not tepid—but really hot water.

Face scrubbing brushes are becoming very popular and are sold everywhere. The face brush should not be too hard and should be soaked in hot water before using. Don't be too vigorous in using it at first, and never use a brush over the face when there is an open sore or an eruption of the skin. Use a pure soap and plenty of it.

Many of the inexpensive soaps on the market are excellent. Make a good lather on the brush and scrub away. It is the friction as well as the soap and water which is so beneficial to the skin. Afterwards rinse off the face carefully in several warm waters, then in cold water and dry it thoroughly. When the face is sensitive apply a good cream after washing it. But once a day, and preferably at night, the pores must be cleaned thoroughly. As few of us have a good natural action of the skin, we have to resort to first aid methods like the scrubbing brush.

Many girls with good, natural complexions notice as they grow older that first one then another blackhead appears upon the surface of the skin. Take this as a signal that the skin is no longer functioning properly. You may be anemic or you may have indigestion, perhaps. Those troubles impair the circulation and show at once in the condition of the skin. While you are curing the cause of the trouble take your complexion brush in hand and remove the effects.

When Morgan Stubs His Toe

By JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.

When Pat McGinnis or Michael McFlynn call From the top of a skyscraper fall, The ambulance surgeon just rushes them in.

And that is the end of it all. But Wall street gets in a hectic flush And stocks all downward go And the market harbors a horrible hush When Morgan stubs his toe.

"It's a terrible thing," "He's getting old!" "He's getting weak in the knees!" In various forms the tale is told; It's a tragedy, if you please, "Today he stumbles," "Tomorrow he'll fall."

And they weep and wail with woe, There's ruin and wreck in the put and

When Morgan stubs his toe.

"He dropped the plate," so the market drops; "He scattered some checks and bills," The pulse of the congregation stops, An apprehension thrills, Oh! Mr. Morgan, thou king of wealth! Our solicitude ye know; Don't pass any platters, Take care of your health, And please don't stub your toe.

At one time in Syria a tract of land ten square miles in extent was exclusively devoted to the production of incense trees

Sherlocko the Monk

The Adventure of the Lost Employer

By GUS MAGER



Daysey Mayme on the Unobserving Men

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE.

When Lysander John Appleton is combed and dressed and dragged out by the heels for a social affair in the evening, his daughter, Daysey Mayme, knows that if she bombards him with questions, assails him with suggestions, and torments him with hints she will never get out of him any knowledge of what he did, or saw, or heard while there.

As for her mother, well, she's different. Before her daughter has had a chance to use the question mark, the mother has told all.

"My father," said Daysey Mayme in one of those outbursts of attack on the men in which women so very, very, rarely indulge, "attended a banquet one night that lasted from 10 to 2 o'clock. There was a menu half a yard long, and speeches by distinguished men that were two yards long, and when he got home all I could get out of him was 'Pretty good.' He doesn't show if he had oysters or seaweed, wine or cold tea, who sat on either side of him, nor a thing that was said.

"The next day my mother attended a reception. She walked in the parlor door, pushed her way rapidly to the dining room and pushed her way out again, accomplishing her entrance and exit in a minimum of time, as befits one of her bargain-counter experience. She wasn't in the house ten minutes, and that was three months ago and she is still talking of what she heard and saw.

"She noticed the new Madonna on the wall; found they are making a collection of Madonnas having three of teapots; she described how Mrs. A's new skirt was trimmed, told how many ornaments Miss B wore in her hair, that Mrs. C had trimmed her gray silk with lace to hide the wear, that one corner of the parlor carpet was moth eaten, that the ices were pale green, and there were seven kinds of cake, and who made them, and just what was in the filling, and the lamp shades were homemade and those in the parlor were darker than those in the library, and the pillow shams were ironed on the wrong side.

"That's the difference between men and women. Men go through life absorbed in looking inward. They have every grievance and ache inside of them defined and catalogued. A woman is looking outward, she is feeding her brain, and acquiring information while a man is wondering if it isn't time to go home."

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Well, sed Pa, ven he calm hoam the other nite, I see that Mister Rock-fellow has got in kind of Dutch. It seems that he put the bee to a gent named Merritt, or something of that sort. Pa sed, I always like to hear about a man named Rock-fellow kitting so say that every time the crowd looks at him the crowd looks like twelve honest men & true.

I am not interested in the doing of Mister Rock-fellow, sed Ma, all I want to know is why you was not here to attend the meeting with we had all fixed up for the Dignified Dames. One of the Dignified Dames was a girl that cul recite the most beautiful poetry, sed Ma, & she is right abreast of the times, too, sed Ma. Jest to show that she is right abreast of the times, she recited a poem called "Mister Rock-fellow."

My first name it is Johnnie, My middle name begins with D, & Stansard Oil is Honey, When early falls the dew, It was then that L. P. Morgan Gave us his Frothing Fair.

Well, sed Pa, that sounds like a kind of a swell song. I wud like to sing a song of my own, sed Pa, called "Dear John D." If you vuddent mind liscensing, sed Pa, the professor will oblige. A little soft music professor.

There wasn't any professor, but Pa hecarn't see to sing anyhow, & this is the song that Pa sang:

Dear John D. How I remember thee, You grabbed up when I was full of smit, And you my brother on the frist, Smashing our bankrolls into bits— Dear John D.

Second Verse. Dear John D. You've got us up a tree, Your interest in the world's affairs Is changing bulls back into bears And making tramps of millionaires— Dear John D.

Well, sed Ma, I think it is time that we talked about something else besides music. Did you pay your life insurance today? Yes, sed Pa, heer is the reced. The day I am ded you are \$10,000 better off. I hope that day will never come, sed Ma, then she took the reced and put it in her pocketbook.