



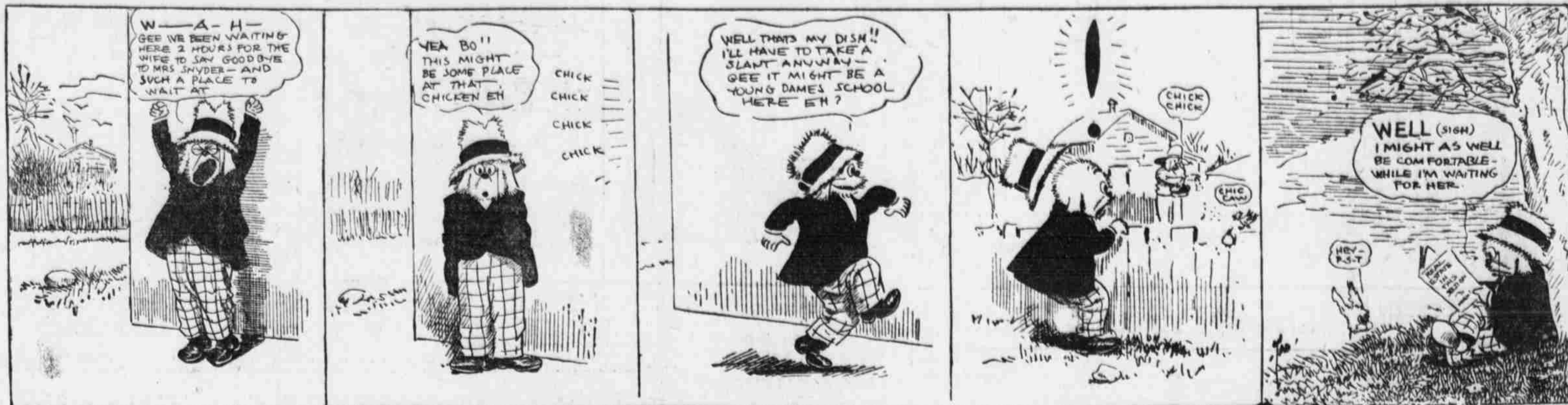
The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

There Are Two Kinds of Chickens

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Bettering the World

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

There was a pretty little story told on the last page of a metaphysical magazine recently and signed "Selected." Here is the story and it is full of meaning:



A tired woman with a big basket entered a car. She seemed very weary, and staggered down the car to an empty seat. Then she sat down and lifted the heavy basket to her lap. She moved it from one knee to the other to ease its weight. Finally a working man reached across the aisle and said to her: "Madam, if you will set the basket on the floor the car will carry you both." Take the story home. Are you not carrying your basket on your lap? Are you not feeling it very heavy and very hard to manage? Then let it down on the floor of God's car. There is power enough to carry you both. The basket may contain disagreeable labor, innumerable worries and all kinds of troubles. That is your basket, and you are given the work of getting it to your destination. But set it down on the floor of the car which is carrying you along. And take the journey as easily as you can. Forget about the weight of the basket while you may, and know it will be carried for you. The same magazine has a monthly motto. "I hold quietly and firmly to the integrity and power of the law of the spirit." That is a great and glorious thought to keep in mind. No matter what your faith may be or what your creed, hold to the consciousness of the power of the law of the divine spirit to bring things out for your best good. Do not be in a hurry to have it manifested. It will prove itself when you are ready. There was a young girl who longed and prayed for the influence of certain people in high position to be given to her. It seemed cruel and unkind of Providence to refuse this boon. Years afterward, when she had attained the things she desired by her own endeavors, she

thanked the invisible helpers that they had denied her early prayers. She was stronger and better for having distinguished and learned that the influence of those she had desired should befriend her would have been most unfortunate for her in her youth. Believe in the invisible helpers. They are real beings. They are part of the great divine government which has this earthly sphere of ours under supervision. No matter how it may seem to you that things are going very badly on earth every century the race is in reality advancing to a higher plane. Everything which is flagrantly evil is like the raging of fever in the veins of a sick man; and the fever will turn in the critical hour. Things grow worse in our politics, and in social and industrial matters that they may be cleaned of their impurities eventually; and that the race may see how useless it is to try and find happiness in any way but right ways. If you are carrying on your lap the heavy basket to worry over our politics and our social evils, put down the burden on the floor of the car. Let the power at the head of the invisible government carry it along for you. It will do no good to hold it on your lap. Busy your mind with high ideas of personal living. Keep straight in your own affairs; be practically unselfish; give thoughts of good will to your competitors and rivals in the field of endeavor. That is a more constructive work toward bettering the world than railing at the evils you see about you, and it is much harder. Make your home brighter and happier—for your presence in it. Many men and women believe they are doing their duty by their families through hard work and constant effort to enlarge the fortunes of those dear to them; yet they make home the most miserable place on earth for their ill-temper, their nervousness and their lack of social qualities. Home building is the first great work of each mortal. From the center of a happy, orderly, cheerful and peaceful home, no matter how small and humble it is, each of us may work out toward a large usefulness. But first we must make that center. And then keep in mind the power of the law to bring things out for the best and the power of the car to carry our basket.—Copyright, 1912, by American Journal-Examiner.

Women and the Cigarette

The long suffering men now learn that women have gone to such lengths in cigarette holders that man is likely to have an eye single for their charms. What, with the new devices, which are anywhere from five to seven inches on the horizontal, and the tobacco roll which is stepped into them, there is a beam with a fiery end which is likely to put some persons out of sight. These cigarette holders are among the latest importations from London. They are made of bone carved into the semblance of a quill and ornamented on the end with a silver knob. If women smoked much in public or walked around with cigarettes between their lips, as the martinet does, there would be no man who could have eyes for them. Mankind would be raked by projecting hatpins or branded in passing by the fires of nicotine. This matter of cigarette holders will have to be taken up as seriously by the board of aldermen as it did the ordinance with regard to the sharp points which project from the military top hammer. Cigarette holders for feminine use are becoming more extensive and expensive every day. In one of the well known hotels of this city where women are permitted to smoke there appeared yesterday a contrivance for holding cigarettes which towered above the fair hand to which it was attached. It looked in the distance like a smoldering log. The holder consisted of two pieces of silver wire, which formed the legs of a pair of tongs, which firmly grasped the puffing cylinder. The hold was made the more secure by a ring which was run up the required distance. Many of the London novelties were in the cases of a Fifth avenue firm of tobacconists, and in the windows of other establishments could be seen new importations. They are in different colors. Amber is one of the latest hues which fashion has decreed, and with a fine holder seven and a half inches long and costing about \$6, in a correct tint, no woman need feel at a disadvantage.

Wafflyails



"Men Are Greater Flirts Than Women" Feminine Sex's Right to Compel Fascination



MRS. FRANK FARNUM. "Men are greater flirts than women, and the older they get, the worse they are." There is a challenge to the sex from Mrs. Frank Farnum, wife of ex-Senator Farnum of Illinois. Mrs. Farnum was asked to give her opinion on the poor little American flirt, who has been recently roasted to a neat crisp in the public prints, no less a person than Prof. Briggs of Radcliffe college having called her useless and even worse. "The natural woman might be called a flirt," said Mrs. Farnum, "because she's perfectly unconscious of how she is affecting people in her natural desire to please." And Mrs. Farnum turned a pair of very large fine brown eyes upon the writer, and her animated face sparkled with high spirit.

"And then, too, the girl who has traveled abroad knows that she must keep her eyes in front" when she is on the street; foreigners do not understand the unconsciousness of the young American girl's gaze, and they do not realize that her admiring glance is directed much to the landscape and not wholly to themselves. Sometimes, especially if she does not know their language, a man becomes merely part of the view to the unsophisticated tourist. "Another reason why girls do not flirt as much as they used to, is because the modern young woman is not afraid of men any more, for she is mentally equal to them. To fascinate a man she now uses her intelligence, where some years ago she had to resort to the art of coquetry alone. "Then there is another thing. Flirting is largely a matter of a girl's appearance. The little brown wren-like girl, who seldom lifts her eyes and is an adumure as any little mouse may be, is an arch flirt, 'an out-and-outer,' the kind that President Briggs mentions. But she can get away with it; nobody notices her. "But take the girl with the great big eyes, with a great deal of animation, who is full of the joy of living and exuberantly enthusiastic over man, woman and beast—she will be marked down as a flirt in no time. "A girl like that has only to open her big eyes and look from a shop window to a male passerby, and he at once succumbs and puts her down for something that she has no idea of being. "It's part of the American girl's rights to flirt when she is young, but the great trouble is that no one grows old any more. Why, I was walking down the street today with a friend of mine, a woman much past 40. Fifteen years or so ago a woman of that age would have worn a black dress and a bonnet. Today she had on a smart tailored suit, a cunning tailored hat, her hair was done in a most becoming fashion, and while she hadn't the slightest intention of attracting any one's notice, every man who passed looked at her. "Years ago this woman would probably not have been physically equal to a long walk at her age, and she would certainly have evoked no masculine admiration at all. "Women dress so skillfully nowadays; they walk so well, and there is attraction in everything they do." I don't care what people say about the present fashions, I think they are charming. The little tall-made girl of today isn't half as "fluffy" looking as the "come-into-the-garden-Maud" kind of a girl, who was all undress ruffles and streamers, put on to attract the attention of men by the girl who was young in the nineties. "The fact that women dress so much alike and in so practical a way shows that they dress for themselves and not for men. And the girl of today is so independent and so self-possessed that the attention and admiration she evokes is of a higher order and of an entirely different kind from what it used to be. "Men may say they don't admire the independent airs of the modern girl, but just look at them! Why, of course, they do," concluded the charming Chicagoan.

A Kitchen for Courting

By WINIFRED BLACK. The housemaids of Cleveland, O., have formed a union, and they are greatly exercised over the question, "Shall we or shall we not consent to receive our good friend in the kitchen?" Good for the Housemaids' union—I believe in it. Better hours, better pay and better sleeping rooms—I hope the housemaids will get all these things. Why not? But about this kitchen business. Pause a moment. Dear madame president of the Housemaids' union, what is the matter with the kitchen? Is there something disgraceful about it? Fray tell! And if so, when did its disgraceful dishonor begin? Ugly! A good, wholesome, clean, bright, cheerful kitchen? Why, to my mind it's the prettiest room in the house. What's ugly about a shining floor, and clean curtains, and a bright range and rows of good cooking dishes? I've seen dozens of little reception rooms, with stiff little girl chairs in them, and a stiff, hermetic carpet on the floor, and a stiff girl mirror on the ceiling walls that weren't half so pretty as a kitchen to my eyes. "What's wrong with the kitchen? Why should any girl be ashamed to see her best young man in the place it is her pride to keep spotless and shining? Sniff, sniff! I simply know that a kitchen smells good. No, not "snaps." Don't you know the difference between "snaps" and cookies? "Whiff, that must be apple pie—no, not apple tart, apple pie—with a rich crust and a brown cast of complexion. I could tell a kitchen where they baked

The Manicure Lady

"I was reading a funny thing the other day about Mister Sir Walter Scott," said the Manicure Lady. "It told how he met Mister Byron when Byron called him Mister Scott, he said, 'Call me, Walt, kid; call me Walt.' " "Ain't interested much in them poets," said the Manicure Lady, "because I hear so much about the stuff that your brother is all the time writing. I as so used to listening to poetry that I am beginning to look any sentence that begins with a capital letter and ends with a rhyme. "The only reason I mentioned it, kiddo," said the Manicure Lady, "was to show that even the poets know how to be as democratic as Mister Wilson. You know a lot of people think that because a man can make up verses he is going around all the time with his head up in the air making a noise like an earthquake. Nothing could be so far from the truth than that. George, Wilfred is one of the most democratic fellows that you ever seen. Of course, I don't mean to say that he is as great a poet as a man like Mister Sir Walter Scott, but I will say that the poor kid has some means of making up rhymes, like I was strolling in the park and it almost broke my heart when from her I had to go, for it left her all alone. That's the kind of a poet that Wilfred is, George, but just the same he's my brother, and if anybody around here is going to knock his poetry I guess it will have to be me. He wouldn't rest easy if he thought one of you barbers was picking any flaws in his verses. "I don't care one way or the other,"

MAN AND THE SOIL

Dr. R. V. Pierce of Buffalo, author of the Common Sense Medical Adviser, says "why does not the farmer treat his own body as he treats the land he cultivates. He puts back in plow what he takes out in crops, or the land would grow poor. The farmer should put back into his body the vital elements exhausted by labor, or by ill-health induced by some chronic disease." Further, he says, "the great value of my Discoverer's Golden Medical Discovery is in its vitalizing power. It gives strength to the stomach and purity to the blood. It is like the phosphates which supply nature with the substances that build up the crops. The far-reaching action of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is due to its effect on the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. Diseases that begin in the stomach are cured through the stomach. A bilious spell is simply the result of an effort made by the liver to catch up with over-worked and exhausted. I have found the 'Discovery' to be unsurpassed as a liver regulator and rich blood-maker." MISS LOYDE KIRKLEY of Perth, Kansas, says: "I will here add my testimony of the effectiveness of your remedy upon myself. I was troubled with indigestion for two years or more. Doctored with three different doctors besides taking numerous kinds of so-called 'stomach cures' but received no permanent relief. I was run down, could not sleep at night with the pain in my chest, caused by gas on the stomach. Was weak, could eat scarcely anything although I was hungry nearly all the time. About one year and a half ago I began taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and after having taken several bottles am nearly cured of stomach trouble. Can now eat without distress and have gained fifteen pounds in weight. I thank you for your remedy and wish you all success in your good work."

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