

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Man from Montclair

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Drawn for The Bee by Winsor Mcay



Learning from a Puppy

By WINIFRED BLACK.

The old dog had gone out. I wonder where it is he takes to wandering of late?

Last night, when the moon was a silver half up there in the turquoise and silver skies, he ran down the little path to the gate, stopped a minute, looked back at us a trifle, as if he were conscience-stricken, flung up his grizzled old head and was gone—out into the shadows of the broad road that leads his soggy feet to what gray halls of canine revelry who can guess? Is there a particular but he wants to catch down there in the broad road? Can it be that he hears the coyote up on the brown hills barking, barking, like fretful puppies, every night just about moonrise?

I knew a good dog once, a staid, respectable family dog, who went west with the family and ran away and joined his wild brethren in the hills.

At first he played with them just at dusk, and ran out of the house at early dawn to follow them. And then he spent the whole night, then the day, and finally he went away with them altogether.

Only once in a while did he appear—sitting on a distant hill—to watch the children playing around the bonfire at night, but when they called him by his old name he threw up his head, sniffed the air an instant, turned tail and ran to the wild again.

Can it be that our old dog is going to go back to the caves? At any rate, he left the puppy alone in the house with one who sleeps early in the evening and rises, it seems to me, with the dawn.

Later in the evening I heard something in the garden—a cat most like.

"Come, boy," said I to the puppy, "come, go out and see what's coming so close to your house."

I opened the door, but the puppy looked wistfully up into my face. "Oh, I am so young, and what if it should be a lion or a bear?"

But I was inexorable, and all at once the puppy's good blood spoke; he raised his foolish head and sprang noiselessly toward the soft footsteps in the garden.

"Good boy," I said. "Good old Raffles," for his name is Raffles since the very day he came, when he tried to steal every knife and fork from the first table he had ever seen set.

"Good boy, Raffles," and Raffles heard, and he lifted up his puppy voice in a real bark. "Woof! woof!" dear me,

what a fierce voice; it quite terrifies me. "Woof! woof!" said Raffles, the puppy no more—a real dog, with a dog's responsibilities, now that the old dog has taken to wandering in his old age.

Foolish dog; he makes me think of some old man I know, old enough for a chimney corner and out following the footsteps of every beckoning hand. I do hope he won't teach the pup such bad ideas.

"Good boy, Raffles," said I again when the pup came in the house and oh, the pride, the joy of that pup! He knew what he had done; he knew that he had met his call of responsibility as a dog should, and he held his ragged head high and grinned, and showed every white tooth in his faithful, affectionate head.

"Wasn't I all right?" he said, with every muscle of his wriggling body, and I told him "Yes, he was quite right," and he knew what I said and grieved in it.

And afterward, when the old dog came home, he ran to him and pulled his ears and grabbed him by the legs and threw him down and mauled him to and fro, and barked and acted so strangely that the old dog watched him with suspicion in his eye.

Since then Raffles has taken charge of things in the house. Not a cricket chirps but his wary ear rises to heed, and not a shrub stirs in the fall wind but the hair on the pup's back ruffles; no one shall molest his household, not if that pup knows it.

Afraid? Not he. He was yesterday, but yesterday is past; it is today now. And it's his day at that, and bravely he's going to live it in his doggy way.

Good old pup, good old Raffles, I wonder if he who sleeps so early at night in the little bed yonder, and who rises at the first peep of dawn, will rise as gallantly to his first trial of courage?

I hope so; oh, how deeply I do hope so! Dear little brown thing that he is, tanned to the color of old mahogany with the long, long summer days in the sweet sunshine; brown and red he is, and sturdy and straight, and he has his trials, too, already. Didn't he stub his toe the other day and never let a tear fall? They gathered, oh, yes, they gathered, but they did not fall—not in the sight of mortal man or woman.

And when his little friend of the summer went away and took his marbles with him, did he not rush eagerly to the defense of the absent one's reputation when some one mentioned the missing marbles? "He forgot them, I know he did," said little four-year-old.

Witness—No, sir.

Witness—No, sir.

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Over the Hills to the Eu house -- By Pe'e

Daffydils
IT'S A POOR ARTIST WHO CANNOT DRAW
A GOOD HAND AT POKER

WHILE DELIVERING THE CLASS DAY ADDRESS PROF. BROOCH CAUGHT SIGHT OF A STUDENT CRAWLING ON HIS KNEES. "PETER MUSH," HE SHOUTED, "YOU ARE EXPELLED. PETER GRABBED HIS GREEK READER, FLUNG IT AT BROOCH AND WITH HIS EYES GLUED ON THE BLACK BOARD READ ALOUD, "IF MISTER D COULDN'T SOLVE THE PROBLEM, COULD MYSTERY?"

ACH! NOW VILL I ENCHOY A GOOT SHMOKE.

UND A GOOT STEIN UFF BEER GOMES IN HANDY, I BETCHA.

VOT ARE YOU DOINK HERE, DU SHMALZ-KOPF?

YOU AIN'T ACQUAINTED VIT ME, AIN'T IT, GOOK?

NEIN, VOT ARE YOU, LITTLE HANSEN-PFEFFER?

I'M THE BOOB THAT PUT U IN DUTCH.

EASY WITH THE WHIP PHIL! IT'S A HIRED HORSE

PETE

Maids—Wise and Foolish

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

This is the season of the year when every glance Little Miss Maid gets of the calendar causes her to scream. She looks to see if this is the 12th or the 23rd of November, and is reminded that it is only a few weeks till Christmas.

"And I haven't prepared a single gift," she says, started into a panic by the few days that intervene. "I must begin at once. I will start right in tomorrow."

Little Miss Maid's days are full of activities. Perhaps none of weight or importance, but, be she a working bee or an idle butterfly, she will tell you at night that she has been whirling all day just like a mad Dervish. And sometimes, in a spirit of frankness, she will add that her whirling has been to as little purpose.

Another day slips by, and her resolution to begin on her Christmas list slips with it. She screams a little louder when she catches a glimpse of the calendar; she thinks of the long list of friends and relatives with greater consternation. And she continues to put off her buying till another day!

Little Miss Maid has a chance to be wise, and she lets procrastination make her foolish.

With every intention to be thoughtful and considerate, she is preparing to assist in the greatest and most unnecessary selfishness the shopping world knows.

She has the opportunity to go into a department store's today or tomorrow and receive the undivided attention of a dozen clerks.

She turns down this opportunity, and six weeks later will find herself one of twenty irritated, irritating, inconsiderate, hurried and harassed women, all trying to get the attention of one tired, overworked, bothered, distressed and almost crazed clerk.

If she buys now she can turn and twist and inspect her purchase, she can

calculate to an inch just how much she wants, and knows to a fraction of a cent just how much she can afford.

She can remember, when buying for a friend, what are that friend's tastes and desires. Her gift shows personal thought, and no gift without personal thought is worth the receiving.

In six weeks from now, wide-eyed, a nervous wreck, and with her brain going around like that of the Mad Dervish, she buys a safety razor for a two-year old cousin and a rattle for her grandfather, and a music roll for a friend who doesn't play, and a travelling case for a friend who is hopelessly bedfast.

She had a chance to be Little Miss Maid Wise, and refused it to become Little Miss Maid Foolish.

She wrongs three persons: The girl behind the counter, herself and the recipient of her Christmas gift.

It is for the sake of the girl behind the counter that this is written. She is a being of flesh and blood. She has the physical strength to endure just so much, and her patience has its limits. Christmas, which should be a season of rejoicing for every one in this big world, is a nightmare to her. She is made to feel every night for three weeks before it comes as if a lot of women had been stamping high heels on her nerves all day.

When the great day comes it finds her a complete physical and nervous wreck. And all because Little Miss Maid and her worthy mother, Big Mrs. Lady, are thoughtlessly selfish.

Will you not, for the sake of the girl behind the counter set pencil and paper and make our your Christmas list right now?

And will you not begin your buying now?

What is the Ideal Wife?

Stenographers Have the Best Training for Matrimony, Says Mrs. E. G. Ryser.

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE.

Cupid tapped three times with his bow on the hollow trunk of a tree. It was a signal for the next division of working girls to show proof why their calling developed the best wives, and before the sound had died away thousands upon thousands of stenographers were marching in line.

They had chosen for their spokesman Mrs. E. G. Ryser, assistant principal in one of New York's best known schools for teaching shorthand, and their choice did them great credit.

With the click, click, click of thousands of typewriters furnishing a harmonious accompaniment, Mrs. Ryser set forth the claims for matrimony of the girls she represented.

"Business," she said, "develops a girl along practical lines. And no calling is better qualified to bring out the qualities that make a good wife than that of the stenographer."

"The work of a stenographer teaches her the value of accuracy, efficiency and attention to details, which will all be of the greatest assistance to her in the economic side of home life."

"She has daily opportunity to study human nature. She learns what man is in his own element—business; and she begins to understand life from a man's viewpoint, which will enable her to sympathize more intelligently with her husband in all his problems."

"She must learn also, if she would be successful, to be patient, self-controlled and self-reliant; tolerant of others who have not acquired these things, and diplomatic and tactful with all. The advantage of such a training is obvious. A woman is not only a better equipped wife, but a more agreeable social companion by reason of it."

The stenographer learns the value of personal neatness and of making herself at all times as attractive as possible. Husbands, as well as employers, are pleased by reasonable attention to such matters.

"Stenographers, as a class, are sometimes criticized, but always unjustly. Statistics prove that the good and bad are divided in that profession as they are in any walk of life; in business or in the home. I have known many girls when they entered the A, B, C's of shorthand, and have followed them till they had reached positions of prominence in business life, or were happily married, and I can say that stenographers may justly claim to a larger percentage of personal morality than women in many other lines of business."

"The special attainments every woman must have who makes good as a stenographer, together with the appreciation of



MRS. E. G. RYSER.

Mrs. Ryser, who is assistant principal in a shorthand school, says that business develops a girl along practical lines and trains her for wifedom.

RASH ALMOST COVERED FACE

And Arms, Terrible Itching, Blistery Sores on Arm and Limbs, Could not Sleep. Used Cuticura Remedies, Entirely Rid of All Skin Eruptions.

Warrenville, O.—"I have felt the effects of blood poisoning for eighteen years. I was never without some eruptions on my body. The terrible itching caused me much suffering and discomfort, while the rubbing and scratching made it worse."

"Last spring I had a terrible breaking out of blistery sores on my arms and limbs. My face and arms were almost covered with rash. I could not sleep. My face was terribly red and sore, and felt as if my skin was on fire. At last I tried a sample of Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment and I found them so cool, soothing and healing that I got some Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Resolvent. I bathed with hot water and Cuticura Soap, then I applied the Cuticura Ointment every night for two months, and I am entirely cured of all skin eruptions." (Signed) Mrs. Kathryn Kraft, Nov. 28, 1911.

Cuticura Soap is best for skin and hair because of its extreme purity, delicate yet effective medication, and refreshing fragrance. It costs but little more than ordinary soaps, waters to a wafar and gives comfort and satisfaction every moment of its use, for toilet, bath and surgery. Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold every where. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-page Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

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Easy to Get Rid of Dandruff And Stop Hair From Falling

Parisian Sage Hair Tonic Will Make Any Person's Hair Luxuriant and Fascinating.

LOOK OUT FOR IMITATIONS

Give Parisian Sage a chance to drive every particle of disgusting dandruff from your hair.

Give it a chance to soak into the hair roots and stop the hair from falling out.

You won't be sorry if you do—you'll be dandruff dirty all your life if you don't.

And when you get a bottle of Parisian Sage you are not throwing any money away, because it is guaranteed to eradicate dandruff, to stop falling hair and itching scalp in two weeks or

money back.

It is not a dye and does not contain poisonous lead; if you think lead colors the hair is safe to use ask your doctor or druggist.

Parisian Sage kills the dandruff germ because of its peculiar power to get to the roots of the hair; right where the germs thrive and multiply.

But besides killing the germs it supplies nourishment to the hair; stops it from falling out, and causes it to grow thick and luxuriant.

Parisian Sage is a most delightful hair dressing, not sticky or greasy. A large bottle for only 50 cents at drug stores, department stores and toilet goods counters everywhere—Advertisement.