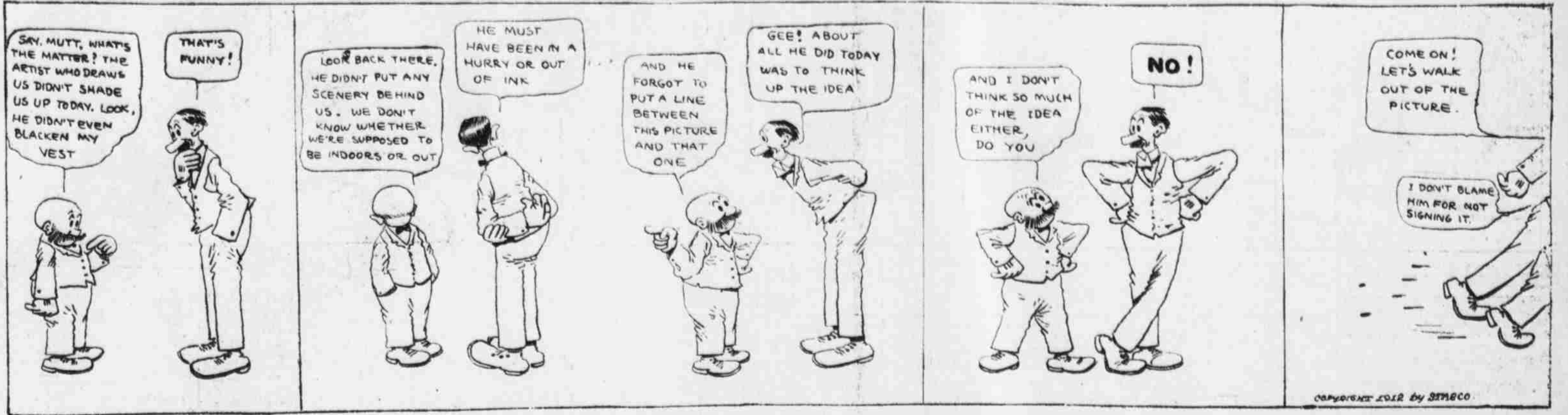


# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Gee, but Jeff is Particular About His Personal Appearance! Drawn for The Bee by "Bud" Fisher



## The No Santa Claus Crank

By WINIFRED BLACK.

The No-Santa Claus cranks are out again. I had my first letter this year from one of them this morning.

"Won't you join the chorus of protest against this foolish myth?" said my letter. "How can we expect truth from the children if we teach them such lies?"

"Will you join the No-Santa Claus league and help stamp out this old crank and ridiculous falsehood from the lives of our trusting children?"

No, my dear madame. I will not join in any such league. If you'd start an anti-crank league I'd join fast enough and the first thing I'd try to get that league to do would be to look up all the Anti-Santa Claus fiends where they couldn't possibly get out till all the lights on the tallest Christmas trees are out, and all the tired little hobby heads are laid quietly on all the little pillows from one end of the world to the other, and if you stop to think about it, that would mean a long, long time.

Foolish old myth, indeed. It's the people who talk against it that are foolish, and blind, and deaf and dumb into the bargain.

Santa Claus isn't a myth; he's alive and laughing, and crying, and working, and loving this very minute. If you don't believe it look into the eyes of the first fat man you see walking into a toy shop in the next few days and tell me if you ever saw a fat man look so happy any other time of the year except Santa Claus time?

What a skinny little dried-up woman that was opposite you in the car last night, but how her eyes shone. Did you notice how she kept looking into that flat parcel she carried, and smiling and smiling till you had to smile, too, in pure sympathy?

"Fish for dinner?" No, nor for breakfast either. That was a doll in that parcel, and if you weren't a perfect numskull you'd have known it just by the little woman's eyes when she peered into that parcel. Who ever looks like that when they just see a "fish for supper," or a peck of potatoes, or anything else that isn't a thing but "useful" and "practical"?

Oh, yes. She might have bought the doll some other time. She needn't have saved for the last six months to do it for this particular season, need she? And say, wouldn't the world be better off from your odd point of view if she never bought it at all?



## Winter Rashes Demand Use Of Cuticura Soap and Ointment

Frost bites, chappings, chafings, red, rough and tender faces and hands, eczemas, itchings and irritations incidental to winter sports are promptly relieved by warm baths with Cuticura Soap, followed by gentle applications of Cuticura Ointment.

What good is a doll? Can a doll add and subtract? Can a doll cook a dinner, or darn stockings, or hide savings away in the tea caddy to be used when somebody is out of a job?

No? Well, what use is she then, in mercy's name? And that other parcel, I suppose you didn't notice what was in that either?

Dear, dear, you'd never qualify for a Sherlock Holmes—never in a thousand years. Why, that was an engine—an engine with red wheels and a red smoke-stack.

And there's a car that goes with it—red and black with tin wheels.

Foot, too! Clear the truck for the Chicago Limited! Where's the engineer? Why, there ahead of the train, where he should be, to be sure. See his curly head there in the light of the Christmas candles. Toot, toot! Down brakes, we are coming to a bridge; rattle, rattle, we've crossed the river; ch-oo, ch-oo, ch-oo, hard getting up these grades.

Toot, toot! Here comes the westbound train. Stand by and let her pass. Toot, away, away, out of the dining room, away from the sordid flat. Who cares whether there's meat for dinner today or not?

Choo, choo! We're off to see fair lands and countries strange and far on the little 10-cent, train with the red tin wheels and the good stout string.

Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye, Marjorie Mae, your little mother is worried about you. Is it fever that makes those round cheeks so red? Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye; there, there, see, you are safe in little mother's arms. Nothing shall frighten you; not even the grim visage of a No-Santa Claus bogie.

Sh-h, my darling, I'll tell you the story of the little girl who didn't believe in Santa Claus and how unhappy she was till she found out the truth and was all smiles again.

Once upon a time—that's the way all stories begin, the stories of little girls and great castles and white swans and wicked stepmother queens. "Once upon a time."

Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye, the cold wind that sings to the window pane cannot reach us now, you and me. See, I wrap my little girl, Marjorie Mae. Santa Claus said so.

The harsh voice of the man who came yesterday for the money for what we had eaten will not frighten me now. I will not let my mother cry, for we have you now, my little Marjorie, and all is well.

If only father had lived to know you he would have loved you, too. Dear father, he always smiled at me when my hair was curled like yours. He has gone now, far away, mother says, far, far away, where it is never cold and where there are no hungry people, and where all the little girls have dolls like you, dear Marjorie. Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye.

Nonsense, nothing in it, all a foolish fiction. How can we ever make a woman of a child like that who acts so silly over a senseless doll?

Be up and doing, mother. Snatch the doll away from your little girl. Don't let her make believe like that. Tell her "It's just a thing made of rags and paper and gass. Don't waste your time on it."

Take the red and black engine away from that boy of yours. This world isn't meant to play in; it's meant for work, and sorrow, and worry, and death. Teach him the truth about it and begin today.

"There is no Santa Claus, my son." Yes, that is what you must say. "This little engine of yours is nothing but tin. Let's crush it. See, how could you think it was an engine? What, crying. Well, you are no longer fooled at any rate. That much have I in my wisdom done for you!"

What? You will not join the league for the abolition of Santa Claus, little mother? You believe in him yourself, you wouldn't give that one hour of joy on Christmas morning for all the days in the rest of the sordid year?

Well, well. There are two of us—you and I. Come, let's join hands and tell each other stories of the days when we wondered what made the voice of Santa Claus so familiar, somehow, and whisper, if any of the Anti-Santa Claus leagues come near us let's pick up our skirts, just as my old aunt used to do when she saw an unruly hen trying to get out into the road, and let's "shoo" them back into their little, narrow, practical coops again. Shall we—you and I?

Pointed Paragraphs. Your temper etc. improves with practice. Anyone may find fault, but few manage to lose it.

Let was zaid his wife turned to exit in clouds of vapor.

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## Daffydils

SOUP SHOULD BE SEEN, AND NOT HEARD.

THE MESSENGER BOY HIKE UP THE STAIRS WITH A MESSAGE FOR MISS OLDE MAYDE. HE RAPPED AT THE DOOR ON THE THIRD LANDING, AND WHEN IT WAS OPENED, HE WALKED IN, AND STARTED TO TEASE THE PARROT. THE OLD BIRD BECAME ENRAGED AND CROAKED—"HEY, BUB, CAN A CANDIED DATE RUN FOR OFFICE?" BING! BING! YOU RED DEVILS. NOW, BITE THE DUST!

A HORSEMAN RODE DOWN THE QUIET VILLAGE STREET, IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT. ALL WAS STYGIAN DARK, AND ALL THAT HERALDED HIS ADVENT, WAS THE RHYTHMIC CLATTER OF HIS HORSE'S HOOF. A WILD CRY RANG OUT FROM THE RIDER'S LIPS. IT WAS THIS—"IF A GIRL IS ILL, CAN CUTICURA?" TAKE YOUR CHOICE, TAKE THIS ONE.

A WOMAN CAME DASHING DOWN THE STREET, YELLING "POLICE! POLICE!" A BIG CROWD OF BOOBS WERE FOLLOWING HER. SUDDENLY, AS IF BY A MIRACLE, A COP WAS SIGHTED, AND THE WOMAN DASHED UP TO HIM, AND PAINTED—"IF A MAPLE TREE GIVES A GALLON OF SYRUP A DAY, IS IT A GALLANTRY?" AW! YUH READ THAT IN SOME BOOK, DID 'N' CHA?

I'M BUILDING ME A BUNGALOW THAT'S COSTING ME A WAD OF DOUGH.

THERE'S BILLS FOR BRICKS AND BILLS FOR LUMBER AND BILLS OF ALL KINDS WITHOUT NUMBER.

BEFORE I'M THROUGH, I'LL BET, MY COT, WILL COST ME EVERY BUCK I'VE GOT.

HOW DYE DO, WHO ARE YUH?

I'M THE BOOB THAT PUT THE BILL IN BUILDING.



## When is Business Woman's Hour of Beauty? Says Success in Work Brings Perfection

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

When is woman's hour of beauty?

When women first began working outside the home, no one would admit that the business woman could be anything but mannish in appearance, badly dressed and ungainly. In fact, she was portrayed exactly as the anti-suffrage papers of today depict the women who are working to establish equal rights for their own sex.

Mrs. Harriet E. Gifford is a very striking brunette, with wavy black hair, vivid color, and the slim fashionable figure.

"Do you want to know when the business woman's hour of beauty is?" Mrs. Gifford asked me.

"That's very simple; providing she is good looking at all, her supreme hour of beauty is when she has successfully put through a big business deal. That refers to the woman who is wrapped up in her business, and there are a good many such women nowadays, you know, despite the fact that they are always supposed to be half-hearted in business, and more interested in the possibilities of matrimony."

"The interest and enthusiasm which the young and pretty business woman puts into her work shows in the sparkle and animation of her face, and in the morning before she has grown too tired, when her business is going well, and she has achieved success through her own efforts, you will find beauty in business at its most perfect hour."

"And, of course, beauty is an asset to the business woman, as it is an asset to woman in any other sphere. She cannot make a business success because of her good looks, but it is preposterous to believe that they don't help her considerably."

"Now," continued Mrs. Gifford, speaking of women in general, "I think that young motherhood is the most beautiful time of a woman's life. A woman reaches the zenith of her beauty when she becomes a mother, and if we are to judge by the famous paintings of the world, the world artist has always seen this, for the Madonna is the supreme type of feminine beauty. Each artist has taken a different kind of woman and painted her in the first wonderful glow of maternity."

"Whether she was a peasant girl, as the model for the wonderful Statue of Madonna of Raphael is supposed to have been, or a woman of the highest social rank who was glad to pose with her baby, maternity has always cast its beautifying radiance upon her."

"Quicker Quips. A vein of sentiment is sometimes all in vain."

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MRS. HARRIET E. GIFFORD.

except in the case of the dead broke. Please his wife is by pretending to be jealous of her. Some men are kept so busy maintaining their credit that they never have time to be anything else.—Philadelphia Record.

## The Manicure Lady

By DOROTHY DIX.

A few days ago in this column I told a story of an old woman who had spent her life toiling, and slaving, and sacrificing for her children in order to educate them and give them better advantages than she had.

and whose reward was to be snubbed by her sons and daughters, and to see that they were ashamed of her.

Referring to this article a man writes: "I am the father of five children and I am doing practically the same thing that the woman in your story did. And my reward is the same as hers. My children are just as ungrateful and unappreciative as hers. Why should not my love beget love for me in my children? Why should they not at least understand the sacrifices I make for them? To me the attitude of my children toward the parents who have shown them such devotion is the greatest psychological problem in the world."

That young people should take their parents' sacrifices without gratitude is certainly one of the saddest things on earth, but it is no particular puzzle. It is simply the relentless working out of one of the most brutal and unlovely laws in human nature, and that is that we treat those about us just exactly as they permit us to treat them, we give to them just what they demand of us.

The inborn instinct in every breast seems to be to trample upon the meek and humble, and to kow-tow before the haughty and great. You can see this illustrated in every family you know. The wife who makes a doormat of herself gets trodden upon and kicked aside, whereas the woman who sets herself up in her home as a parlor ornament has her husband burning incense before her.

Many a woman thinks that she can win her husband's love by being patient, and uncomplaining, and frugal, and industrious. She cherishes the belief that he will appreciate all that she does for him and be grateful to her. Never was there a more mistaken idea. He never notices, or if he does, he thinks it is no more than he deserves, and he has a contempt for her because she hasn't got enough spunk and independence to demand something for herself. The wives that men cherish are the women that the men have to serve, never the slave wives who kiss the feet of their lords and masters.

Precisely the same rule holds good in the relationship between parents and children. If the parents give the best of everything to the children, the children will take it without thanks. If the parents take the back seats, the children will occupy the front ones as a matter of course.

If a girl is permitted to sit in the parlor and read a novel, and keep her hands white, while her mother does all of the cooking and housework, she will naturally come to look upon her mother as her servant. If a boy sees his father as a shabby and shifty that he may have forty new suits to wear to college, he will have no compunction in making use of the old man's clothes and be ashamed to introduce him to his swell acquaintances.

The parents have prostrated themselves before their children, and the children walk over them. The parents have taught their children that they are not to be considered, and the children are

learned the lesson. The parents have fostered selfishness in their children, and they reap as they have sowed.

It's the parents' fault, not the children's. They have not taught their children to honor their fathers and mothers, and the children don't do it.

We talk a great deal about natural affection, and every father and mother pin their faith to the theory that their children will be dutiful and devoted, stupidly because of the tie of blood between them. As a matter of fact there is no natural affection except the affection that parents have for their offspring. If children love and honor their parents, this sentiment has to be cultivated and developed in them.

For this reason, if you have your children's confidence you have to win it by being considerate. If you have their respect you have to teach them to defer to your opinion and judgment. If they honor you, you have to exact their respect. If you have their love, you have to win their hearts by showing them a never-failing tenderness and sympathy.

Otherwise you get nothing from your children. Spoiled children, who have dominated their parents all their lives, are not suddenly going to turn about and become deferential when they are grown. The boy who has been permitted to talk back to his mother in his youth will curse her when she crosses his will when he is a man. The girl who has run rough shod over her mother ever since she was a baby isn't going to consider mother's feelings at any time during life.

And, conversely, the children who have been brought up to be obedient and respectful to their parents will not depart from this line of conduct when they are old.

For my part I do not believe in the parents making too many sacrifices for their children. I think that the children should share in the sacrifices, and help bear the burden, and that the character they thus form is worth more to them than anything that the schools and colleges can teach.

At any rate, one thing parents may be sure, and that is that if they make themselves slaves to their children, their children will treat them like slaves. We write our own price tags. Even for our own children's eyes.

Exhaustive Oratory. William T. Evans of Cincinnati is what might be termed exhaustive in his oratory. If he undertook to tell of an adventure with a taxicab chauffeur he would begin with Adams and finally reach No. 4144 1/2th bl. m.

Mr. Evans was one of the principal speakers of the program of the Woman's Press club at the Waldorf one afternoon. One of the other gentlemen on the program was William A. Chase, the dean of American painters. Mr. Chase occupied a seat upon the platform, somewhat to Mr. Evans' left.

"And so," said Mr. Evans, "I believe that my conclusions are justified. I am sure that our dear friend, Mr. Chase, will support me in this, is not that so, Mr. Chase?"

Mr. Evans turned to gaze benignly upon Mr. Chase. The feminine audience rustled expectantly and craned its several rounded necks to behold Mr. Chase.

Mr. Chase, head slightly upon one side and eyes closed, slept sweetly on. "Ah-poo," Mr. Chase breathed softly through his parted lips.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Tragedies Told in Headlines. Wedding indefinitely postponed. Girl No. 1 having refused to return engagement ring.

Prominent society young man, making all inadvertently sent in pawn check instead of visiting card.

Wife going through husband's clothes while he is asleep, finds live mouse in drawers.

## Nature's Way Is The Best.

Buried deep in our American forest we find bloodroot, queen's root, mandrake and stone root, golden seal, Oregon grape root and cherrubark. Of these Dr. R. V. Pierce made a pure glyceric extract which has been favorably known for over forty years. He called it "Golden Medical Discovery."

This "Discovery" purifies the blood and tones up the stomach and the entire system in Nature's own way. It's just the tissue builder and tonic you require when recovering from a hard cold, grip, or pneumonia. No matter how strong the constitution the stomach is apt to be "out of kilter" at times; in consequence the blood is disordered, for the stomach is the laboratory for the constant manufacture of blood. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery strengthens the stomach—puts it in shape to make pure, rich blood—helps the liver and kidneys to expel the poisons from the body. The weak, nervous, run-down, debilitated condition which so many people experience at this time of the year is usually the effect of poisons in the blood; if it often indicated by pimples or boils appearing on the skin, the face becomes thin—you feel "blue."

"More than a week ago I was suffering with an awful cold in my head, throat, breast, and body," writes Mr. JAMES G. KENT, of 710 L. Street, S. E., Washington, D. C. "Some called it La Grippe, some pneumonia. I was advised by a friend to try a bottle of your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I tried a bottle and it did me so much good that I feel safe in saying it is the greatest and best medicine that I ever took for my health. It is much better than I was before using your medicine. It does all you claim for it and is satisfactory."



J. G. Kent, D. C.