



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Getting the Right Idea

By WINIFRED BLACK.

I had a bad time the other day. I wanted something in the second drawer of my typewriter desk. Push, pull, shake, rattle—no, it would not budge. Let's try the key, maybe that will do it. No, it won't go in the lock at all. Maybe what I want is in the other drawer, anyhow. No, not there! Perhaps I can do without it after all. No, no, I simply cannot remember that woman's name. Push, pull, tug, rattle, shake—I'll have to stop everything, I suppose, and send for a locksmith and have him loitering around an hour or so. There, that was a good thing for you, you stubborn thing, but each time I hurt my knuckle. Where's the odd coin? When I think a simple shining could smart so? What's that? You have to open the top drawer before the next one will open. Is that all? Well, of all things, shut open, shut open—so simple, isn't it, when you get started right? Thank you so much, so stupid of me. Shut open, shut open—it works like a charm. I've got the right idea, that's all. That's it, the right idea. I'm going to try that somewhere else.



The friend of mine who has been acting so "queer" of late, so kind of foolish and strange. Maybe I've been acting "queer" myself. I'll see.

I met that friend the very next day, and I did see. I forgot all about the "queer," and acted just as I did before. I thought there was something odd about her attitude and the frozen look went out of her eyes, and when she left me I had promised to meet soon for a long visit—like old times. I had forgotten the combination, that was all, and I thought it was all her fault.

The faulty woman who is doing that piece of work for me, and bungles it so badly—what in the world is the matter with her? She used to do so well. What is so irritable the other day, and she grew discouraged and nervous? Well, maybe I was. I'll try the other way this time and see what that will do.

I heard a man scolding a trusted employee, and the man was saying, "You are not getting results—what's the matter?" And the trusted employee was trying to tell what the matter was, but he didn't.

The matter was he had worked faithfully and competently a long, long time. He had pulled the man's business up out of the mire—had put his very life blood into it—and in all the years not a word from the chief. And now, at the first halt in the march of triumphant results, there was only criticism and fault-finding.

Some men there are who cannot stand success. Tell them they have done a thing well and they want to take a day off right then and there, so as to tell the neighbors what big fellows they are with the "boss." Never mind them—they'll be gone soon, any way. You can't save a fool from his folly. Praise, appreciation, recognition—that's more than half the battle to any one worth his salt.

Slam—rattle! What's the matter down in the kitchen? The grocer's boy bangs the door, the cook says: No wonder, with such a face to greet him. What's the trouble, cook? People late to luncheon, and this your day out? To be sure! What she came from the lagging country, where the men who worked in the rolling water at high mark knew just exactly how easy falling off a log really is—just as easy.

I suppose there must have been an easy way to stay on the log, too, if you only studied it out. Many did stay on them, and ride them triumphantly at that down the rushing river to the very sea.

How does the old lumber camp song go, "Roll out, roll on, roll down?" There now, I'm going to learn the secret if I can and stay on my log—by learning how I can my part first and best.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Are You Foolishly Jealous?
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 17 and am going with a young gentleman three years my senior. He hasn't talked to me of marriage, but of late I have seen him with a friend of mine to whom I introduced him. He is a doctor and I think a great deal of him. He has called as usual on regular evenings. GENE.

You do not say if you accepted him, if you did not, you lack the right to question his conduct. He calls as before and so far has done nothing wrong. Don't make the fatal mistake of being too exacting. HE IS SELFISH.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 17 and have been going with a young man for six months. I am greatly in love with him. He has been going with other girls lately and still wants to keep company with me. He has often said he loves me, and when I am with other friends he dislikes it and tells me about it. BEATRICE.

He retains for himself the privilege of going with other girls, and denies you the privilege of going with other boys. He is too selfish to be worth your love, and you are really too young to know what love is.

Old Oaken Bucket

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

Samuel Woodworth, author of "The Old Oaken Bucket," was born in Scituate, Mass., one hundred and twenty-eight years ago today—January 11, 1878.

Early in the young Woodworth manifested a leaning toward newspaperdom, and when about fourteen became an apprentice in the office of the local paper. After serving his time in Scituate he was made editor, when only twenty-two, by a paper in New Haven, Conn.

There he remained for a couple of years, and in 1800 removed to New York, where for a time he eked out a somewhat precarious existence by doing such literary hack-work as he could get to come his way.

In the meantime the war clouds gathered, and soon we found ourselves in the midst of our second fight with Great Britain—the "War of 12." Woodworth's patriotism was rock-ribbed, and throughout the contest he did excellent work as editor of "The War," a weekly journal that lived till the signing of the Treaty of Ghent and the recognition of American rights.

The genius of Woodworth's paper may be gathered from a verse of one of his poems published therein for the benefit of the British:

"Taster not invade, recollect the spirit Which our dads displayed and their sons inherited. You may by advance friendly caution lightening. You may by chance get all you want of fighting. Pickaxe, shovel, spade, barrow, crowbar, hoe and barrow. Better not invade! Yankees have the matrow. Peace returning, Woodworth was editor for a while of a Swedenborgian magazine known as the "Halcyon Luminary." The Luminary did not shine very long, and Woodworth next appears as editor of the "Parthenon." How long the Parthenon lasted we do not know, but it is certain that its existence was brief.

In fact, everything that Woodworth undertook flashed in the pan, and his name would have gone down into eternal oblivion but for one little song that, in a moment of inspiration, he gave to the world—the immortal "Old Oaken Bucket." That song, defying nationality and language, latitude and longitude, and all creeds, political, religious and economic, has captured the whole world and will hold its heart to the end of time. It was in 1917 that Woodworth wrote the song that was to make his name immortal, and its composition came about in the following way. Meeting a friend one day and having a drink with him, Woodworth praised the excellent character of the beverage, whereupon his friend, setting his empty glass down upon the table, said: "No, Sam, this stuff doesn't compare for a moment with the clear, cool, sparkling water we used to drink when boys from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well." The two shook hands and parted. Woodworth went to his room, seized pencil and paper, and inside of forty minutes had composed the piece which was never to die.



"Woman Fits Herself to Surroundings" Dress and Conversation Reform by French Dandy

M. DE LEVIS MIREPOIX, ANDRE DE FOUQUIERES, COUNTESS DE LEVIS MIREPOIX.



COUNTESS DE CHABRILLON. MARQUISE DE ST. STYVIS.

Hostess and some of her titled guests at great Paris ball, like Arabian Nights entertainments, at which the Chevalier de Fouquieres dictated costumes of such splendor that the vivid Oriental colors and striking costumes became the present rage. The little turbans with the fuzzy stickers are a style set by this arbiter of fashions for women.

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

A great many persons lament the lost social art of conversation. Perhaps it is this art which Chevalier Andre de Fouquieres will succeed in teaching us before he returns to Paris. You see, it was M. de Fouquieres who brought what he calls the Oriental color scale into fashion. I could not begin to tell you how long he has lived in the East, or how many potatoes he calls his friends. Suffice it to say that forty-five maharajas called him goodbye when he sailed for these shores and he knows in which they live, continued the arbiter of elegance in Paris, and I regret that I cannot adequately render his very beautiful style.

When you wear a frock of vivid green or yellow made of some Oriental turban with a fuzzy sticker standing up on one side upon your head, you are quite unconsciously following in the fashion which M. de Fouquieres made popular in Paris at two great balls which were like the Arabian Nights entertainments—given by the Countess de Chabrilion and the other by the Countess de Clermont-Tonnere. At these ball all the guests were dressed in Oriental costumes of such beauty and magnificence that the vogue of Oriental splendor and the desire to wear the vivid Oriental colors made the present fashions the rage.

"Women always dress in the spirit of the time," M. de Fouquieres explained. "This is an age of individualism and what I call the Oriental color scale affords the modern woman a fit expression for her mind and personality. "Consciously or unconsciously, most women try to fit themselves to this frame, the homes and home surroundings in which they live," continued the arbiter of elegance in Paris, and I regret that I cannot adequately render his very beautiful style.

It is the nature of woman to fit herself to her surroundings and for that reason architecture has had an immense influence on the costumes of the period. Take, for instance, the first empire; you recall the architecture and furniture of that time. Are the women's gowns of the period, with their long classic lines, not appropriate to the empire frame?

"Over here today you have towering skyscrapers, with their seething life of activity, and corresponding to them you have the slim silhouettes of the woman on the avenue, without one unnecessary jet of material in her frock, as severe in outline as the tall structures that tower above her, and as uncompromising.

Many of those beautiful women who first made the Oriental fashions prominent by wearing them at the dazzling Oriental ball and M. de Fouquieres's collection of wonderful photographs includes colored pictures of Pishan chateau interiors and people and places never taken before.

Just before I left I asked about the fifteen suits of clothes which he was supposed to have brought over. And earned him the name of Beau Brummel. "Someone asked me on shipboard how many suits of clothes I had. It seemed a ludicrous question that I answered 'fifteen.' It was the first number that came into my head."

Thus do some people have (some thrust upon them.

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Dorothy Dix, Quoting Helen Gould's Finance, Says:

Chickens Always Come Home to Roost

By DOROTHY DIX.

Mr. Shepard, the man to whom Helen Gould is to be married, says that when he started forth to seek his fortune in life his father gave him this homely counsel:

"Remember, son, that chickens always come home to roost."

And Mr. Shepard says that in many a crisis in his life he has remembered the old adage, and that it has been a stay and prop, and a red lantern of warning, and a beacon of hope all combined into one.

If you've ever lived on a farm you know just how much wisdom is packed into

this old proverb. You remember how, when it begins to fall, the deserted chicken yard commences to fill up, and from tree and bush, and garden and distant field, no matter how far they have roamed during the day, the chickens come straggling back home to roost.

"Chickens come home to roost." It is a good motto for us all. It is a good motto to give to every girl and boy starting out in life. It might not look as elegant as do the Latin words engraved under an imitation coat of arms, but it would mean a lot more, and be a better watchword in times of stress and trouble.

For it means that the one thing that we can't get away from in life is the consequences of what we do. For a time we may seem to escape from our bad deeds, or appear to receive no reward for our good ones, but in the end they all come back to us. Our chickens come home to roost, or as the Bible grandly expresses it: "As a man sows, so shall he reap."

Do you ever stop to drop a penny in the dirty, shaking hand of a beary old man who is begging on the street? He is a hideous spectacle of a human wreck and failure. His clothes are shabby and filthy; his body knotted with rheumatism, his eyes lined with age and drink. He is homeless, friendless, shelterless, foodless, without the honor and respect that belong to his years.

His chickens are coming home to roost. In his youth he was strong and healthy, with intelligence, with every chance to make for himself a decent and respectable place in society, but he loved whiskey, and he loved idleness, he loved to spend. He indulged all of his vices, and in his old age the evil brood has come home to roost.

When you stop to bestow your aid on the old mendicant, another man rolls by in his limousine, a silver-haired old man with a pink face who is swathed in furs and at whose nod of recognition men raise their hats. These two men, the rich and respected man and the poor old

Plenty of Room on This Planet for 10,000 Years to Come Without Being Over-Peoped

By GARIETT P. SEVINS.

Present-day persons who see only the worst side of everything—often talk of the overpopulation of the earth. They think that it is getting crowded, and look upon wars, famines and decreasing birth rates as providential devices for preventing men and women from becoming too numerous and making things uncomfortable for the chosen few who like to own 10,000 acres apiece, to be left out in private parks and preserves. They are like the Scotch laird who discouraged large families among his tenants because he feared that too many human beings would interfere with his game and spoil his shooting. According to these persons there is a growing danger that before long millions of human beings will be literally crowded off the earth because it will be inconvenient to make room for them.

In truth, however, there is plenty of room on the earth, and the great mother could easily maintain ten times as many children as she now possesses. No doubt the world is getting a little crowded in small spots, but if we look at it as a whole we see that the centers of population are only like a few ant-hills scattered over a vast field, most of which is unoccupied.

It would be a disgrace to mankind if 10,000 years from now a single human being should perish from lack of sufficient sustenance furnished by the earth to support its inhabitants.

The land surface of the globe covers over 30,000,000 square miles. According to the census and estimates made in 1910 it contains nearly 2,000,000,000 inhabitants, an average of forty to the square mile. Leaving out of account the mountains, the deserts and the ice-covered land about the poles, there must be at least 20,000,000 square miles capable of supporting a dense population, especially with the aid of modern scientific methods and modern machinery for the cultivation of the soil. If the whole 30,000,000 square miles could be made to sustain a population as dense as that of Belgium, only 300 to the square mile, the total population would be 6,000,000,000.

A glance at a population chart shows that simple children we have been in our so-called conquest of the earth. Like children we have only taken what we could get without effort. On the chart you will see a few elongated dark spots, following the great river valleys, which indicate where men have gathered like hanging clusters of bees in swarming time. The biggest clusters are in the valleys of China's two great rivers, the Hoang-Ho and the Yangtze-Kiang. In

the valley of the Ganges in India, and in the valley of the Nile in Egypt. Our immense American river valleys have not yet turned black on the population chart. The other notable clusters of human beings are scattered in little spots over Europe. The soil of the river valleys is rich and ready to pour out its vegetable treasures, and therefore men have crowded into them. But look at what has been done in the last few years in some of the so-called desert regions of our great Western country, and you will need no farther demonstration of the fact that it only requires the application of brains in order to make the earth almost anywhere bloom with life.

Our population in 1910 was about 2,000,000,000 living on an area of 3,500,000 square miles, an average of between 25 and 30 human beings to the square mile. There cannot be the slightest doubt that this could be increased to an average of 30 to the square mile, making a population for the United States of more than 200,000,000. Very likely this could be increased to a thousand millions with the aid of modern science.

The vast continent of Africa, with an area of more than 12,000,000 square miles, certainly does not contain more than 50,000,000 inhabitants, an average of less than thirteen to the square mile. Yet at least half of Africa is very fertile, and even the Sahara Desert possesses the potential elements of fertility, only waiting development. It is probable that Africa could maintain more than a thousand million of people. If it were thoroughly civilized, China, with 227,000 square miles, supports 40,000,000 people, and India, with 1,773,000 square miles has 215,000,000 inhabitants.

South America covers 7,000,000 square miles and contains 45,000,000 people, an average not much above six to the square mile. It is rich enough to have at least 50,000,000.

No, the earth is not being overpopulated. But some people are grabbing too much. One of the remedies for this state of things is indicated by the negro educator, Booker T. Washington, who on his recent trip through Europe, as shown in Hearst's Magazine for January, noted that in Denmark the peasant farmers now own three-fourths of the farms, while the number of small farms in the United States, steadily increasing. In the United States, in 1910, there were 5,500,502 farms, only 3,34,887 of which were entirely owned by the men who worked them. The people of Denmark are setting an example that we might well follow.

though was-wills—no matter how badly it hurt another; she is the woman who has ridden roughshod over other people's rights and pleasures; she is the woman who has been so selfish and so determined to have the best for herself that she has never sacrificed her own comfort for anybody else. Scarcely a word of greed and jealousy and envy; and hard-heartedness; and as age darkens around her they all flutter up to their roost pots in her heart.

But the woman who has been loving and tender and kind; who has thought of other people before herself; who has been the first to go with a helping hand to every one in distress about pinned on the wedding veil, and cuddled the babies wherever there was need of a woman's sympathy in joy or sorrow, never complains that her old age is lonely, or that people don't like to have old women around them.

Her birthdays are smothered in remembrances. Her old friends cleave to her as David did to Jonathan. Young people come to her with their confidences. Her chickens come home to roost, and they are called love and tenderness and honor. Character isn't made in a day. It isn't made up of one act. Not is success or failure determined by one single spectacular deed, for in the end, whether we do the thing or not, depends on whether we've done the myriads of little things right. The man who can be trusted at the top of the business is the man who was faithful at the least of it. It is the man who saved his pennies when he was young who has the thousands when he is old.

As we have sowed, so must we reap. The law never changes. Our chickens always come home to roost.

Tightwaddo the Monk

The Idea Was Good, BUT—

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Drawn for The Bee by Gus Mager

