



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Bringing Up Father

Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



Around the Bonfire

By WINIFRED BLACK

There they are out in the open, the youngsters.

It is Saturday, blessed one of the hurrying week, Saturday; no school today, no lessons, no regular tasks, no smart little frocks to keep clean, no stiff collar to wear just the right way.

Saturday, a and winter time, with stores of nuts and apples and popcorn, and the scurrying brown leaves, and, best of all, the bonfire.

They are building it now. Look out, little brother, don't get too close to that heap of crisp leaves. They whispered to you all last summer, don't you remember, as long as you stayed at home and listened, and when you had gone they peered into the window of your room and waved their brown hands at you when you were perhaps asleep and could not waken.

The friendly leaves of the old oak, what cheery things they were all summer, always dancing and singing and gossiping lovingly among themselves. How they loved the rain and how they were with the wind; what pals they were with the wind, and how they clapped their hands when they heard him coming toward the treacherous further toward the green woods!

What lovely wreaths they made for the May party, and what a deep, cool shade they cast for you and little sister to play in! Dear leaves, so brown now and withered. Don't you hate to see them burn?

Not you like the smoke, you little Paganini? Well, so then do I. What is it in most of us that loves the sharp tang of burning wood out of doors. It makes me lonesome every time I sniff it in the air.

See how blue it is, and how it curls and twists, like some careless, vagabond, shaking all his vagrant finery in a fantastic dance. Blue, blue as the early violets that smile to us in the early spring from deep, woody places, shadowy as the old memories stirred by the fragrance of a spray of apple blossom.

What's that she is bringing to the fire, the little girl with all her bright hair flying in the sunlight? Potatoes! I might have known, and bacon, too, a feast for the holiday. Dear me, how I wish I could join it, too, don't you?

There, she has a pan. What a battered old bit of iron, found in who knows what recess of the dark cellar! I wonder if she ever thought of washing it first! Now she puts the potatoes in the fire.

Not in the fire, little girl! In the ashes, they will be burned if you put them in the flame. And the bacon. Don't have it in the flame either or it will taste of smoke.

"What?"—the wind blows so it is hard

YOUNG MOTHERS

No young woman, in the joy of coming motherhood, should neglect to prepare her system for the physical ordeal she is to undergo. The health of both herself and the coming child depends largely upon the care she bestows upon herself during the waiting months. Mother's Friend prepares the expectant mother's system for the coming event, and its use makes her comfortable during all the term. It works with and for nature, and by gradually expanding all tissues, muscles and tendons, involved, and keeping the breasts in good condition, brings the woman to the crisis in splendid physical condition. The baby, too, is more apt to be perfect and strong where the mother has thus prepared herself for nature's supreme function. No better advice could be given a young expectant mother than that she use Mother's Friend; it is a medicine that has proven its value in thousands of cases. Mother's Friend is sold at drug stores. Write for free book for expectant mothers which contains much valuable information, and many suggestions of a helpful nature.

FRANKLIN REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Girls, Be Very Careful About Your Walk and Carriage

Don't Affect Vampire Type; It is Hideous, Says Gaby Deslys

By GABY DESLYS.

French, Italian and Spanish women are generally supposed to use cosmetics and to make up for the street more than the American woman does.

Frankly, I do not think this is true. While the European woman does use both powder and paint, the young girls are much freer from this affectation than girls of a corresponding age over here.

You seldom see even powder on the face of a young girl abroad, while here I have seen girls of good family, carefully chaperoned and well educated, who have everything that money can buy, appearing in public with almost as much paint and powder as any actress uses on the stage.

I have tried to find a reason for this, and think that I have discovered it. The young American girl has too much pocket money. Her foreign sister is glad to have 25 cents a week to spend foolishly, while the girl over here thinks nothing of wasting several dollars every week on toilet preparations, candy or flowers for her own adornment.

Abroad a young girl seldom gets hold of a well filled purse which she can spend according to her own sweet will until she marries. It is after marriage only that she investigates the rouge pot and the beautifying possibilities of the powder puff. Before marriage she hasn't the money to buy them with. Of course, I'm not talking now about professional people, for powder and paint belong to the actress' trade and are as necessary to her as the footlights are, the lights having made the strong paint necessary.

I am often appalled at the way the young American girls make up on the street. Women past 30 would hesitate to use so much cosmetic on their faces, not only because it is so bad for the skin, but because it makes the face look so old. But then women of 30 are wiser than girls of 15, who revel in whitewash and the reddest of carmine cheeks.

A little while ago some young girls waited for me at the stage door after the matinee. I was delayed a few moments by an accident to my car, and so had a chance to talk to them. They were all very young and each one had evidently just used her powder puff over her little face, leaving thick traces behind.

"Why do you girls spoil your complexion with powder and rouge when you don't have to?" I asked them, frankly.

"Oh, mademoiselle, it makes us look so much more interesting," one of the little girls piped up. "Anybody can have just a regular complexion."

A regular complexion that is disdained!

The pretty, healthy skin that nature gave them is not enough. I am sure what these girls would really like to see, were they not so vain, is the "vampire" type of face is the last word in artificiality, and it is resorted to generally.

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"As a rule, women are more to be trusted in affairs of the heart than men," Selected.

When a man falls in love he hasn't any more sense than a boy in a candy shop. The letters I receive from the men would prove this contention if proof outside of what one sees in real life every day were needed.

A man falls in love with the very wrong kind of woman so many, many times, that it is nothing short of a miracle that there are not more divorces. He looks at the wearing quality of the cover when he goes to buy an umbrella. In his love-choice he looks only at the beauty of the handle.

One who signs himself "Troubled," writes that he is good looking. So many men write this of themselves and think it is true! He says that he has always been popular with the ladies; that he doesn't try to make a bit with them, but they just take to him naturally.

The poor things see his charms and succumb. They can't help it, and neither can he.

He went on his vacation and met a woman whom he describes by those very objectionable adjectives "stunning" and "swell." Questionable because they so often denote two empty heads, one on the shoulders of the one who utters them, and one on the shoulders of the one they describe.

She was engaged, but when she saw him she promptly broke the engagement. She writes him on "swell" writing paper, which her former lover gave her, gave him a seal ring, which was the gift of



"IF YOU WANT TO LOOK YOUNGER THAN YOU ARE, DON'T USE POWDER, EXCEPT AT NIGHT."

ally by a woman who has passed the uncertain age and can no longer attract either by youth or charm, so that she has to call attention to herself by her startling and uncanny face.

The vampire face started on the stage, of course, in plays where the principal female character was as nearly like a venomous serpent as a stage character can be. The actresses who play those parts affected snakelike gowns, gray or ashy faces with red lips and very dark eyebrows over darkened eyelids.

The vampire makeup, as it is seen in society and sometimes on the street, consists in covering the face with a gray powder instead of a white or pink face powder; the eyelids are tinted a sort of brown, the eyebrows are painted very straight and dark and almost meet over the bridge of the nose. The lips are made very red and the entire effect is as gruesome as possible.

I am glad to say that blondes are never chosen to play vampire parts, and, unless I went completely out of my mind, I can't think of myself effecting this makeup even at one of your Halloween

ghost parties, for to me it is the last word in bad taste and ugliness, and a woman before everything should always be as pretty as she can be.

It is undoubtedly true that makeup of any kind, even the simplest sort of powder, gives the youthful face a hard expression. The skin is not intended to be entirely dried out and covered with a white substance. A beautiful skin should be like that of a child, which gleams under the soft, fine down. This delicate covering of hair or down is the skin's protection; powder coarsens and ruins it and makes the thicker hairs on the face visible and strengthens their growth.

If you want to look younger than you are, don't use powder except at night, and by strong electric light. Even then use it sparingly and be sure that you get the powder of the right color for your skin. The pure white should never be used at all except for theatrical purposes, for almost all complexions have some yellow in them, and the best kind of powder is a careful blending of white, pink and yellow.

Senselessness of Men

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He went on his vacation and met a woman whom he describes by those very objectionable adjectives "stunning" and "swell." Questionable because they so often denote two empty heads, one on the shoulders of the one who utters them, and one on the shoulders of the one they describe.

She was engaged, but when she saw him she promptly broke the engagement. She writes him on "swell" writing paper, which her former lover gave her, gave him a seal ring, which was the gift of

her former lover, and gave him a photograph of herself, which her former lover paid for.

All this she regards as a joke on Lover No. One and proof of her surrender to the charms of the second man.

"Troubled" says he loves her; that it was love at first sight. He adds, however, that there is a girl waiting for him "who is not quite so swell." She had been waiting till he could command a salary sufficiently large to warrant their marrying, but now that he has a salary he feels that the girl who is "stunning and swell" is better suited to him.

He wants to know what he shall do.

Musings of a Sport

Life may be a warfare, but the only hand keeps a playing.

The big ones always pass up that game called "follow my leader."

Not so very long before the blossoms will be here again.

Prof the make-good point of view we're all ticket-of-leave men.

Frequently we're inclined to believe that a fellow is doing the best he can—until he says so.

Even when the old game was going the hardest against us we always felt that we had a chance until we began to feel sorry for ourselves.

The castaway who helms the chicken coop is clings to is an unshakable boss to the one who generally is picked up—New York World.

The Snail is a True Aristocrat

Has a Family Tree Fifty Million Years Old—Its Ancestors Have Stalked Majestically Down the Eons from the Silurian Era, Crossing Endless Space of Time.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

I read the other day a statement that a snail can safely walk on the edge of a razor. The statement may be true, yet I think I should rather be a fly than a snail in such a situation. But, however that may be, there are few animals that present more points of interest than a snail.

In the first place, he is, by descent, an aristocrat, with a family tree at least 50,000,000 years long. As some old families in England boast that they "came in with the Conqueror," meaning that their ancestors may have held the stirrup for William of Normandy when he set out to invade England, so the snail, with his house on his back and his eyes on the ends of his horns, might boast that he came in with the Gastropoda, meaning the "belly-footed" tribe of mollusks, who began to spread over the earth in that measureless expanse of prehistoric time called by the imposing name of the Silurian age.

Perhaps that is why the snail is so proverbially slow. A creature that has stalked majestically down the eons from the Silurian era, crossing the endless spaces of time that geologists grandiloquently refer to as Devonian, Carboniferous, Triassic, Jurassic, Cretaceous, Eocene, Miocene, Pliocene, may feel that he belongs to eternity, not to chronology, and may look with contempt upon our excessive regard for such petty things as minutes, hours, days and years.

When I consider how venerable beyond all comprehension is the family history of the snail I cannot take one of his tribe in my hand, see him shuffling into view, twisted shell and then behold his antics, stalks waving about to aim their little lenses upon me without feeling that I have fallen under the astonished gaze of the great Silurian age itself. And when I see that strange, endless sole on which he creeps and reflect that he has inherited it from ancestors who lived in the very morning of the world, I think again of the illustrious tract of time over which his kind have traveled.

The Gastropoda are a very large family, and the snail, as we know him, represents only a relatively recent branch of it. But he retains the main characteristics of his most remote ancestors. The family, moreover, has the distinction of living now in the enjoyment of its type. The Gastropoda have been increasing their first appearance in Silurian, or even pre-Silurian, times. They began as sea animals, although even then they had all the family characteristics, and many of them are sea animals still. Some of them have gotten rid of their shells, or nearly so, and among these are the "slugs," so dreaded by gardeners.

In many countries snails are a favorite article of food. In France, many are eaten and even cultivated for food, or at least encouraged to multiply, under the name of escargots. From this point of view it may be said in their favor that they are vegetable feeders.

The Gastropoda, as I have said, are a large family. Zoologists reckon that they have developed 25,000 species, of which 7,500 are extinct, and 18,000 now flourish.

ing. In some of their forms they have been very useful to man. Some make excellent bait for fish.

The famous Tyrian purple, the royal color of antiquity, which no modern dye can equal in beauty, was obtained from two species of Gastropoda, marine relatives of the snail, the Murex and the Purpura. The water-inhabiting animals called limpets, ear-shells, periwinkles, cowries and many others are members of the family. Their shells are often exceedingly delicate, graceful and beautiful in color. One of the fresh water snails, called the Limnaea, often turns itself belly upward and glides with its long sole along the underside of the water surface.

This sole, or endless foot, of the snail is a very curious organ. One can readily believe that nature contrived it when it was making its first experiments in locomotive machinery. The snail advances by contracting the muscles of its foot, which is almost as long as its body.

The eyes on their two long flexible stalks are equally curious. They are furnished with retinal cells to receive the light, with a vitreous substance that resembles a lens and with a cornea, or transparent eye-covering, which may be likened to the similar membrane in our eyes. How much they can see we do not know, but they certainly do see, and their eyes are connected by nerves to a brain. So we may infer that snails must do some kind of thinking, though it is probably extremely primitive.

They have the advantage over us that they can grow new eyes when the original ones are destroyed. One naturalist says that they can renew their eyes twenty times. Man would probably be satisfied if he could renew his once.

The snail lays its eggs in the ground in the spring time, and during the winter he buries himself, cementing the opening of his hiding place and falls into a long inactivity, which, in particular circumstances, has been known to be prolonged for years—during which, perhaps, ancestral dreams come to him of that infinitely remote epoch, ages before the appearance of man, when his predecessors first opened their strange eyes in the waters of the primeval ocean.

MERRIMENT ON WATER CART

The Manhattan cocktail and dry Martini are being laced by St. Louis socialites as luncheon and dinner drinks.

—News Item.

We may drink Kentucky toddies; we may congregate in lodges, and imbibe our modest modicum of beer; we may even "rock and rye it," but—and who will deny it?—we must draw a line of cleavage sharp and clear. We may drink our ale and whisky (though the latter may be risky); to the forces that oppose us, we're a foe; but our business men have said it, and we've very gladly read it, that the dry Martini cocktail is de trop.

Let the east, with slavish fashions, stir its fancies and its passions with a drink that is insidious and sweet; let them have the soft Manhattan from their vesper to their morn; let them guzzle all they cannot keep their feet. But a trace of old St. Louis to the potions that undi us, for our labor after lunch has got to show. After dinner we may revel; we may drink to beat the devil; but at noon the dry Martini is de trop—what, not the dry Martini cocktail is de trop—St. Louis Times.

Wonderful Cures Reported in Germany.

The use of simple herbs as remedies instead of the more concentrated and usually more dangerous inorganic substances, has been revived very widely of late. In Germany a new school of physicians has arisen which throws out almost a whole of the pharmacopoeia and relies on an adaptation of the method of wild animals in curing themselves. . . . N. Y. World.

It was Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y., who first advocated the extended use of some of our native roots, such as: Golden seal and Oregon grape root, mandrake and queen's root, black cherrybark. These are the chief ingredients in Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which has been so well and favorably known for nearly half a century. A harmless cleanser and stomach tonic that nature has provided.

J. DONALD MATTHEWSON of Ossining, N. Y., says: "I suffered for over five years with what the doctors told me was dilated condition of the stomach, associated with a catarrhal condition of same, and nervous heart. I had tried enough nut, bismuth, gentian, rhubarb, etc., to float a ship and naturally thought there was no cure for me, but after reading what eminent doctors said of the curative qualities of the ingredients of 'Golden Medical Discovery' I gave it a fair trial. Took the 'Discovery' and also the 'Pleasant Pellets' and can truthfully say I am feeling better now than I have in years. I cheerfully give permission to print this testimonial, and if any 'doubting Thomases' write me I will 'put him wise' to the best all-around medicine in the country to-day."

J. D. MATTHEWSON, Oss.