



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Father and the Girl

By WINIFRED BLACK

What on earth is getting into all of the fathers? I get letters from all over the country telling how mean their fathers are about company at the house, and now here is a letter from a mother who has the same story to tell.

"I have three pretty daughters in my house. My husband is a good man and takes care of us all. We have all the pretty clothes we want, and go everywhere we like—spend as much money as we choose—but let one of my girls have a man come to see her and her father turns into a perfect tiger for fury. He paces the floor and almost snarls every time the poor young fellow speaks. I don't want my girls to be old maids—but what shall I do with a man like that? What do you think is the matter with him? Is he crazy or what?"

"PUZZLED MOTHER." No, my dear mother, he isn't crazy; he is jealous, that's all. Just little, mean, suspicious, tyrannical, spying, suspecting, jealous—and he ought to be ashamed of himself. You ought to see that he is, too.

Don't be a coward about it—don't buy peace for yourself at the expense of your daughters' happiness—have a plain talk with your husband—don't wait till he has lashed himself into a fury over some harmless youth. Get him when he's reasonable and calm and talk the whole thing out with him.

Ask him what's the matter; see if he really wants his girls to be miserable at home; remind him of the time when he, too, was 20 years old and liked to laugh and—yes, even to flirt a little.

Doesn't he trust his girls? Doesn't he think that you know enough to keep proper track of them? What does he want them to do, shut themselves up in a convent?

Don't scold, don't cry; just ask questions—a few calm, well chosen questions—you want to know, you know. That's all; you just want to know what his plan is, and how he intends to carry it out, so that you can help—in your poor, simple, affectionate, trusting way.

You can't understand yet, but of course, he will explain, and then it will all be clear and reasonable. You know, of course, that there is nothing selfish or tyrannical about him at all—no, no. You realize that he is thinking of the girls and not of himself, or his own way, or his own prejudices at all. You don't just see, but when he tells you all about it you will be so relieved, and then see what he will say.

What can he say but the sane, reasonable thing? And you can get him on record—and act accordingly.

Oh, yes it will take courage, but not half the courage that you think you need to walk from your father's home with him.

Come! a woman who has brought up three girls must have suffered enough to learn self-control by this time. Forget yourself, forget everything but those girls and their happiness. Don't let their father make them hate him—for hate him they will, no matter how kind he has been, if he tries to make them over into wooden dummies, with no lives of their own and no friends except the friends of his choosing.

No, they can't do it, he can't do it, it's your affair. You'll have to manage it yourself. Have it out with him once and for all—and then stand by what you say and stand calmly and with dignity. Don't fib to him, don't help those girls to deceive him, it won't do, it won't do at all, they will deceive you, too, if you once begin that.

Invite the girl friends to the house and invite them often. If father begins to grumble about being overrun with a flat full of young fools, laugh and go right on inviting. Your house will be lonely enough soon enough. If father doesn't know how to get his joy out of the joy of others he'll have to learn, that's all—or go without joy most of the time.

There's little Mary all shy laughter and soft allurings. What are you going to do with little Mary? Have her meeting men at other people's houses and getting talked about? Not if you are the right sort of a mother. You'll have those men at your own home and you'll know them, too, and if father isn't crazy he'll want you to do it when you really talk it all over with him.

There's Kate, the athletic girl, the gay, the lively. What about Kate? Is she going to be ashamed of her own home and finally make her own home ashamed of her? Is that what you brought her into the world for? No, no! Not if you have to face a very tyrant to get Kate her rights.

And Margery, so quiet, so silent, she

blushes so easily, does Margery. Have a care for Margery. She never needed you when she was little and helpless half so much as she needs you now, poor girl. Her feet are set on the very edge of the swift stream that runs so close, so frightfully close, to our own very doors these days. Make Margery's home her haven and have Margery's friends there by the dozen, and when the young fellow comes to ask for Margery, be glad and make her father be glad, too.

It's your business, you can't escape it; you can't help the responsibility of it; you must bring father to his senses, and he'll love you the better for every time you win an honest battle for the plain human rights of your plain human daughters even against him.

Father isn't a brutal fiend, he's just a man, that's all, just a selfish, self-centered, tyrannical man. It's your business to show him the error of his ways and to do it with a heart full of love and gentle devotion, too, for the sake of the girls who are more than life to you and to him, too—when you come right down to it.

Kindly advise whether my folks are right and whether it is my place to ask the young man to do so, also is it my place to ask him to the house?"

"An Old Offender"

Copyright, 1913, by Journal-American-Examiner.

By Nell Brinkley

Milk and Music

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

Copyright: International News Service. I am a very original individual. That is to say, wherever I find original ideas and thoughts I appropriate them and give them to the world.

Now, here is what I saw in Oklahoma City the other day. But wait a minute! as All Baba says, Some people in the effete and dreamy east think that Oklahoma City is away off in the Philippines, at least near Honolulu, which they think is not far from New Zealand, say up a round Seattle and Vancouver, cities which are in the vicinity of Halifax.

Oklahoma City is in the state of Oklahoma. And Oklahoma City is one of the most beautiful cities in the world. It is pretty nearly Spotless Town. It was built by engineers, architects and artists, right from the start. There was nothing to be ashamed of and little to tear down.

We have been told that a fire does a lot of good for the average town; that is to say, when a town gets a good scorching, it starts in and builds up better than it ever has before. This cannot be said of Oklahoma. It was built well from the start. Big business had a deal to do with building Oklahoma. Pavements, electric lights, sewerage, water, ample street facilities all sprang into being "hot off the bat," as Marquand, the great socialist, might say. When the people in Oklahoma do things, they do them well.

So here, then, is one of the things that I saw in Oklahoma. At the end of the street car line, five miles from the city, was a beautiful little park and playground, where the band plays Wednesdays and Saturdays.

The park was there with the depreciable intent of luring the people out from the city and thus getting the consequent nickel for carfare.

In many cities there are bean gardens out in the suburbs, but here at the end of this car line there is a model dairy farm—a beautiful structure of concrete, steel and glass. And in this dairy barn there are ninety cows.

These cows were milked in the morning and in the afternoon by young men in spotless white. Then the milk was strained, sterilized and bottled right before your eyes by beautiful Oklahoma girls, some of whom came from Germany, Ireland and Scandinavia. Anyway, they were beautiful, hearty, healthy girls.

Then there was a neat little dairy lunch room, where you bought sweet milk or buttermilk and crackers, pie and such. Everybody who goes to Oklahoma City is taken out to see the Model dairy. It is a trip you cannot afford to miss, and all of the milk of the ninety cows is used, sold and consumed right on the premises. It is a paying venture. Very little of the milk consumed in America is certified; that is to say, it is produced in very unsanitary surroundings. But here is a lesson in scientific dairymaking.

If one concerns in a medium size city can make a success of a model dairy, why can't the same thing be done everywhere in the east, west, north and south? I say, "Yes."

Milk is man's natural food, and every mother in Oklahoma has taken her children out to the model dairy. It is an education for the youngsters to see the cows and to know how they are cared for, and to see how milk is handled when it is handled in the right way.

By selling the milk out by the glass it averages a return of 22 cents a quart. And I noticed that many people bought bottles of milk and carried them home with them.

Here was a business lifted to the plane of a fine art and an incidental education for youngster and grown-up thrown in as a premium.

been responsible in part for the non-action of the commission; the contemplated changes could not be made in less than two or three months. Nevertheless, the inertia of the members contributed to the delay. Even now, when the increased membership of the new house has made an alteration of the seating arrangements imperative, the members have consented to the necessary change with reluctance. It is proposed to remove the desks and revolving chairs and substitute benches, as in the House of Commons; but the new arrangement is to be merely "temporary and experimental." The representatives are not quite sure that "the house could do business permanently without desks."

—Philadelphia Record.



"And since my Lady Judge has taken up suffrage will she be 'La Belle Dame Sans Merci' to this 'Old Offender'?—and will the jury be as kind to him now that they are so very clever?"

He's a little bit o' pink boy with an itch in his pink palm to be getting it about the free heart of some one all the time. And then he, meaning to be kind all the time, as kiddies do when they try to hug a baby chicken to death, presses it so tight between his hands that that heart is never quite the same again.

So every little while he's up afore the judge on the charge of "Cruelty." He's an old offender, and since my lady Judge has taken up suffrage and gone out into the world to broaden her mind will she be "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" to the "Old Offender"? Can he play upon her heart with piteous, dewy eyes, and wet, red mouth, and a crystal tear a-shaking on his

chin, as he has always upon the tender hearts of old-fashioned maids? Will the jury be as kind to him, now that they are so very clever? He certainly is always deep in crime, this little boy, this old man, this angel—but one's heart almost melts away like butter when he pleads his case!

NELL BRINKLEY.

SHOULD WOMEN EAT TO PLEASE MEN?

"American Wives Are Too Self-Centered"

By ADA PATTERSON.

A scholar is among us taking notes. A man, young and appealingly pretty, she received the degree of bachelor of arts from the Sorbonne in Paris and from the master of arts from Columbia university, winning the first when she was 18 years old.

She is Catherine D. Grath, a protegee of Maurice Matterlinck and his wife, Georgette Le Blanc. Of a distinguished Norwegian family she was educated in Paris and pays us occasional visits. She is a convincing example of the charm of cosmopolitanism.

Love, she believes is the most interesting theme in the world and granting that, we talked of the attitude of the women of America and those of Europe toward the most interesting theme in the world.

"Women don't look at men in the same way in the two continents," remarked the gifted young Norwegian, who can speak six languages. "There is no adoration in the glance of the American woman. I have heard many European men speak of this. They don't look at us in the same way the women of Europe do," they complain. "They look at us in the same way a man does."



MISS CATHERINE D. GRATH

Advice to Lovelorn.

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Mothers Are Usually Right. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young girl and have been going out for some time with a young man. I have never had him up to my house although I go out with him almost every Sunday.

It is a good rule for a young girl to always let her mother decide. Sitting at the same table after a dance is not important, but this is: that you go out with a young man who has never been to your house. I do not like that. Certainly ask him to call. And if he refuses don't go out with him till he does. Your company should be worth the going after.

It Would Not. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am in love with a lady, two years my senior. We are both very young my parents do not think it right for us to keep company. The girl says she loves me and says she will wait for me. I want to do what is fair and square, so I would like to know if it would be right for me to expect her to give up the pleasures an older person would be able to give her now? T. F.

Breathe Booth's Hyomei

Kill the Loathsome Germs of Catarrh and Banish all Disgusting Symptoms

Just as long as you have catarrh your nose will itch, your breath will be foul, you will hawk and spit, and you will do other disgusting things because you can't help yourself. The germs of catarrh have you in their power; they are continually and persistently digging into and irritating the mucous membrane of your nose and throat. They are now making your life miserable; in time they will invade the membrane and prove a fertile field for the germs of Consumption and other microbes.

FROM DESKS TO BENCHES

Projected Change in Seating Arrangement in House of Representatives.

It is taking the house of representatives a long while to provide itself with a shell that will fit it more comfortably than the present chamber. Several years ago a commission was appointed to rearrange and reconstruct the hall. The changes desired were a reduction of size and better ventilation—the hall is big enough to house a national convention, making debate possible only to orators with leather lungs. The difficulty is increased by the constant slamming of desk lids and the bad air the members are compelled to breathe. As each member has an office where he and his clerk can do all their writing and other office work, he does not need a desk and revolving chair in the hall. This furniture would have had to be removed if the chamber had been made smaller; but the members are conservative in their habits. Every city council room and every state assembly chamber has desks, and congressmen seem to imagine that the business of legislation cannot proceed without them.

The commission to rearrange and reconstruct has dilly-dallied with its job. It is true that since its appointment there have been two special sessions, and the sittings of congress have been almost continuous for two years; and the interval between the adjournment of the present congress and the assembling of the new one will probably be only a few days. These conditions have

SLEEP DISTURBING BLADDER WEAKNESS BACKACHE-RHEUMATISM, QUICKLY VANISH

Even Most Chronic Sufferers Find Relief After a Few Doses Are Taken.

Backache, urinary disorders, and rheumatism, are caused from weak, inactive kidneys, which fail to filter out the impurities and keep the blood pure, and the only way on earth to permanently and positively cure such troubles, is to remove the cause. The new discovery, Croxone, cures such conditions because it reaches the very roots of the disease. It works right into the stopped up, inactive kidneys, through the walls and linings; cleans out the little filtering cells and glands; neutralizes and dissolves the poisonous uric acid substances that lodge in the joints and nucleus to scratch and irritate and cause rheumatism; it neutralizes the urine so it no longer irritates the tender membranes of the bladder and cleans out and strengthens the stopped up, lifeless kidneys so they filter and sift all the poi-

sons from the blood, and drive it out of the system. So sure, so positive, so quick and lasting are the results obtained from the use of Croxone, that three doses a day for a few days are often all that is required to cure the worst case of backache, regulate the most annoying bladder disorders, and overcome the numerous other similar conditions. It is the most wonderful preparation ever made for the purpose. It is entirely different from all other remedies. There is nothing else on earth to compare with it. It is so prepared that it is practically impossible to take into the human system without results. You can obtain an original package of Croxone at trifling cost from any first-class drug store. All druggists are authorized to personally return the purchase price if Croxone fails to give desired results regarding, or what else has failed to cure you.—Advertisement.