

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Value of Gray Hair

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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An occasional gray mood comes to the sunniest of natures; just as a gray day comes even in the tropics; and if we use this gray day wisely, we will be all the better for it.

When the bright sun of tropic lands is veiled by clouds one can see farther; and the landscape is more clearly discerned, because there is not the blinding dazzle of the sunlight.

So when our hearts are clouded with a mist of trouble or worry, we sometimes see life more clearly, and look forward, and about, and beyond with a larger vision.

I think it is a good thing now and then to grow utterly sick of ourselves, and to sit down and pull our minds and hearts and motives and actions and ambitions to pieces and dust them out as a watchmaker cleans a watch, and then put them together again with care and resolve to begin all over and do better—and then to do it.

It is never well to rest too long in regrets of the past; for that is over and gone, and can not be remedied.

But it is well to remember the past enough to make it act as a guide and warning for the future.

But moods of retrospection and regret and melancholy should be kept as luxuries, and must never become a habit. Indulged in rarely, they may serve as tonics, but regularly followed they become a poison.

When you are walking and carrying heavy burdens, and you grow utterly weary and fatigued, it is not well to keep staggering on. It is better to sit down and rest a bit, even if you feel as you pause that you can never go on again. After a little while you will feel more vigorous and will go on. But do not sit too long.

Are you weary with trying to do your best, and have you about decided that you will give up the battle?

Do you feel that nothing matters very much—that whether you succeed or fail is of small account to the world?

Do you begin to think that you are a very small unit in the universe, and that the best thing for you to do is just to take life as it comes, and to make no effort to attain any special goal, either intellectually, morally or financially? Are you sick of the eternal effort to be and do, and are you contemplating a renunciation of all ambition?

Well, stop and think a bit. Suppose Columbus had yielded to such a mood before he discovered America?

What if George Washington had made such a decision in his early youth, or Benjamin Franklin, or Shakespeare, or Milton?

What if Morse or Edison had given up the struggle to accomplish anything? And Cyrus Field had said he was weary of trying to gain his goal and so had let the ocean cable die a dream of imagination?

What losers we would all be by it!

It is not merely you, yourself, who is to be benefited or harmed by your success or failure in life. You are to leave an influence on all who know you, no matter how humble your position may be.

Throw a pebble into the sea—and watch the disturbance of the water; larger and larger grow the circles as they fade away invisible to the eye they are felt by the waves beyond our sight.

It is so with each one of us. You are affecting every life you encounter on life's journey to some degree. You will affect lives of beings yet unborn—in what way and through what sources it is impossible to tell; but, nevertheless, an invisible influence is at work connecting you with other destinies as by an unseen cord.

Think of this when you are discouraged and disheartened and push ahead.

If all the end of this continuous striving were simply to attain, what would it be? How poor would seem the planning and contriving.

The endless striving and hurried driving of body, heart and brain!

But ever in the wake of true achieving there shines this glowing trail—Some other soul will be spurred on, conceiving.

New strength and hope, in its own power believing, Because thou didst not fail.

Not thine alone the glory—nor the sorrow If thou didst miss the goal; Undreamed of lives in many a far tomorrow From their weakness or their force On, on ambitious soul!

Tragedies Told in Headlines.

"New Reporter, on His First Assignment, Meets Holdup Man; Is Writing His Story in Hospital."

"Affair Broken Off; Mother of the Young Woman Who Died of Typhoid, the Young Man Smoked."

"Angry Janitor, Smarting Under Complaints, Turns on 'Too Much Heat; Loss Estimated at \$600.'"

"Living Skeleton Takes Dose of Anti-Fat by Mistake; Appalling Result."

"Platoon Was Too Hot; New Gown Will Cost Laundryman \$60 and a Customer."

"Vice Not Thick Enough to Bear; Philomator Arrives Just in Time."—Chicago Tribune.

Sprains

Sloan's Liniment is excellent for sprains and bruises. It stops the pain at once and reduces the swelling very quickly.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

is penetrating and antiseptic.

Dr. E. S. Sloan - Boston, Mass.

"Oh, Wad Some Power the Giftie Gie Us To See Oursel's as Ithers See Us"--By Nell Brinkley

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"The Milady, who is outwardly perfection and dreams to herself, if the lookingglass would reflect her as the world sees her, would see a horned demon, while if the homely drab-colored maid could see herself as one, and perhaps many see her, she would see an angel with such wings as never were."

This picture isn't always so! You may break any rule—and you will. But the little quotation above is a good thing to wish for desperately.

No matter what a perfect blue stone you are, there is most always a bit of a scratch on one of your facets that it might do your soul good to see. A scratch that is plain and deep to the eye of your dearest neighbor.

You and I know women lovely of skin and eye and hair, whose heart-cores are as sweet and lovely in texture as their flawless surface. They are what they seem to be. The faithful image of the creature that their amorous mirrors give them back is the self-same one the world about them knows.

You and I know mediocre people—colorless in soul as they are in form and face. They, too, are what they seem to be. As their mirror gives them back, so they are to the passerby.

But you and I, too, know the Milady who is outwardly perfection, and dreams to herself that it goes all the way through, but who, if her dressing glass could by some sorcery reflect her as her world thinks her, would see a horned demon, envious of eye, unkind and selfish, bitter of heart! If by some magic she could see herself as others see her!

And the homely drab-colored maid at her back, patiently drawing a jeweled brush through a cloud of hair

—and I have known her, too. If she could turn and find the mirror magic for her, too—and see herself as someone—maybe everyone—sees her—a snow-white angel with such wings as never were, radiant of hair, lovely of face!

Maybe if you will slip up on your mirror some day, little maid, when it doesn't know, you may find the face of yourself, that other folks know, a-gazing back at you!

Maybe you are a plain little mouse who yearns for looks and love, and you will see the girl that you are to your friends—a glorious tearing beauty.

Maybe you are a delicious-seeming bit of femininity—and the girl you will see will need a lot of making over!

DON'T TAKE CHANCES AND GET MARRIED ON IMPULSE

DOROTHY DIX SAYS:

"A young girl is apt to mistake infatuation for love, and by an early engagement cheat herself out of the happiest years of her life. Men and women are more apt to run straight after marriage if they've had their share of society before marriage."

By DOROTHY DIX.

The one subject on which a girl and her parents will never agree, is, when is the love time of life. In the girl's opinion the psychological moment arrives whenever some good-looking youth, with a winking put in an appearance on the scene.

On the other hand the parents contend that a maiden should not think of love and marriage until she has prepared herself for the responsibilities they entail, and that there is no hurry about getting married, anyway, because when you are married you generally married a very long time.

A father who is arguing with his daughter this eternal problem that comes up between every girl and her parents asks this question: "Don't you think that the average girl of 19 or 20 is very apt to mistake infatuation for love, and that to become engaged at that age would be cheating herself out of the happiest years of her life? Do you not think that her judgment in choosing a husband would be much

better chance of being happy when married if she waits until she is 24 or 25 years old before she weds, because she is then mature, with settled taste, and knows the kind of a husband she really needs and wants. Also because she is ready to settle down and make a home, instead of wanting to be forever rattling about in places of amusement, and feeling herself ill-used because she is tied down to husband, home and children.

Certainly, too, the girl who rushes from the school room into matrimony cuts herself out of her playtime for life. No matter how well a woman marries, nor how kind and good her husband is, marriage is no picnic. It is a state of serious responsibilities, and grave duties, and no married woman can ever be carefree as a girl is.

Those who favor early marriages talk beautiful poetic nonsense about a young couple growing up and developing together, but this is foolish talk. It is an accident, a miracle, when it happens, just as much as if you should plant an oak and a rose together and they should both attain the same size and strength.

As a matter of fact, very young people are always selfish, always intent on their own way, always opinionated, and they quarrel because they lack the experience, the knowledge of life, and the self-control to get along together. It takes age to teach us tact in handling other people, and patience and forbearance toward them, and that is another reason why people who marry later in life stand a better chance for peace and happiness.

Undoubtedly, a girl of 19 would be more apt to mistake infatuation for love than a woman of 24, but, alas, neither age nor wisdom enables us to solve this problem, which is the crux of the whole domestic question. If we could distinguish infatuation from love there would be no more unhappy marriages, for misery only comes in at the door when infatuation flies out of the window, but love always stays close to the fireside.

A girl, then, in my opinion, has a much

Text and Sermon.

"I had a little lesson several weeks ago," remarked the man with the gray mustache, "and it called me in good shape."

"Go ahead," said the stout man.

"I was in the garage where I keep my car and happened to overhear a conversation among the boys. A certain man had been injured while traveling abroad—very badly injured, it was reported—and one of the boys was telling the others about it. The story in the paper says he can't get well, the youngster went on. 'Did you know him, Peter?' And the boy addressed promptly replied, 'Sure, I knew the old grouch. Say, that hit me pretty hard. Here was a leading citizen dying and all the boys could remember about him was that he was a grouch. Yes, I'd like to be remembered for something different.'"

"That's worth considering," said the other man.

"Good sermon," said the other—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Go Into Training First.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 20 and deeply in love with a young man who is the sunshine of my life. But I am doubtful about the wisdom of my choice. He tells me he will be my friend, but won't come between me and mine. What shall I do? I can't hardly give up my new found happiness, but I am not accustomed to economizing. I am an only child and have good parents at home.

You certainly could not be happy on such a salary. It would mean bare existence if you were trained in ways of economy, and, as you are not, marriage on such a pittance is suicidal.

Go into training in economy for the next five years, and in the meanwhile he may get more.

Will Pape's Diapepsin Really Cure My Stomach Trouble? Yes!

If your stomach is sick, sour, gassy and upset now you can surely get relief in five minutes.

Sour, sick, upset stomach, indigestion, heartburn, dyspepsia; when the food you eat ferments into gases and stubborn lumps; your head aches and you feel sick and miserable, that's when you realize the magic in Pape's Diapepsin. It makes stomach distress go in five minutes.

If your stomach is in a continuous revolt—if you can't get it regulated, please, for your sake, try Diapepsin. It's so needless to have a bad stomach, make your next meal a favorite food meal, then take a little Diapepsin. There will not be any distress—eat without fear. It's because Pape's Diapepsin "really does" regulate it's millions of stomachs that it's the most famous of all medicines.

Get a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any drug store. It's the quickest, surest stomach relief and cure known. It acts almost like magic—it is a scientific, harmless and delightful preparation which truly belongs in every home.—Advertisement.

Annexation of Algeria

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

The annexation of Algeria to France, proclaimed seventy-one years ago today—February 8, 1834—was, with the exception of the British rule in the extreme south at Cape Town, the beginning of the "White Man's Burden" in Africa.



A burden Algeria has unquestionably been to its French conquerors. Hundreds of millions of dollars were spent and hundreds of thousands of lives were lost before the "pacification" was brought about.

It was in 1830 that the trouble between France and Algeria had its start, and behind it was the "almighty dollar." The French government owed two Jewish merchants of Algiers a considerable sum of money, and the dey of Algiers, having a personal interest in the matter, had made repeated applications for payment, but without success. Annoyed at this and at what he considered insulting language on the part of the French consul, he slapped that official's face in public. Of course, French honor had to be vindicated, and the result was war. After two or three battles and a fierce bombardment from the French fleet, Algeria was surrounded, and the dey took himself off to Naples.

Once in Algiers, the French, of course, remained. Their honor had been amply vindicated, but they remained.

And then came Abd-el-Kader, one of the purest patriots and bravest fighters that appear upon the stage of history. Noted far and wide for his modesty, gentleness, learning and piety, this extraordinary man left the retirement in which he had voluntarily kept himself, and swore that he would do what lay within his power to drive the invaders from the soil of his native land.

Inspiring his fellow Arabs with his own courage, he took the field and fought the French for twelve years, from 1830 to 1842. Proof alike against threat and bribery, unafraid of French legions and uncorrupted by French money, Abd-el-Kader hurled his naked, ill-armed Arabs time and again against the serried lines of the invaders and beat them oftener than he was beaten, displaying a courage that was sublime and a generalship that was worthy of the greatest of military geniuses.

Worn out at last in the unequal struggle, Abd-el-Kader surrendered, and the French mastery of Algeria was practically complete. With Abd-el-Kader crushed, the proclamation of annexation of 1848 was made good.

Notwithstanding our admiration for Abd-el-Kader and for the brave and unselfish fight he put up, it was well that the French prevailed. For generations the Algerians had been a pack of robbers and pirates. Every nation about the Mediterranean had felt the scimitars of their "sea wolves" and every dunce in Algiers was full of Europeans held for ransom. As a rule they had but little respect for the rights of individuals, or nations, and were a menace rather than a help to the progress and prosperity of the world.

Algiers, noted in old Roman times for its surpassing fertility and beauty, had become under their fatalistic and slipshod rule but little better than a desert, while there can be no shadow of doubt about the fact that, since the advent of the French rule, the country has in every way improved. The rights which had been taken from the Arabs were largely restored, with the establishment of civil government in 1871, and there is much to justify us in the belief that Algeria, with its 150,000,000 square miles of territory, beautiful climate and immense natural resources, has before it a bright future.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Don't Play with Fire.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young girl and deeply infatuated with a young man who is the sunshine of my life. But I am doubtful about the wisdom of my choice. He tells me he will be my friend, but won't come between me and mine. What shall I do? I can't hardly give up my new found happiness, but I am not accustomed to economizing. I am an only child and have good parents at home.

It must be one man or neither. You are playing with fire if you try to keep both.

If by "duty bound" you mean you are engaged, break the engagement; you must not marry a man you do not love. If you mean that you are married, then you should be ashamed for straying even in thought from your marriage vow.

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