

The Bee's Home Magazine Page



No Rules for Proposals

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"I am 22 years of age, and in love with a young lady three years my junior." writes one who signs himself Ralph, "I would like to propose to her, but do not know how to begin.

Without doubt one could find somewhere, in books new or musty, a rule for every procedure under the sun except that of proposing marriage, Velumes are given to ways for making a pudding; there are great libraries devoted exclusively to a man's rights when his neighbor's cow gets in his corn, and many and varied are the books on etiquette touching on every social func tion from serving the soup to prope nduct as a pallbearer at a funeral.

But nowhere is there an accepted form for asking for a girl's hand in marriage. and at the most important moment of his life a man is left without a guide-

"A guide-book," mind you, but not without a guide! At such a moment the girl whose hand is sought becomes the guide. She may have had no previous experience; that is unnecessary. Woman's wit and woman's intuition lead her to safely pilot the man from his flounder ings in the pit of declaration to the high and dry standing of a declared suitor.

But if Raiph, the writer of this letter, man-like, does not want to depend on the leadership of the other sex, even in matters as tender as this, here are some suggestions gathered from the experiences of others, which may help him. Evening is the accepted time in poetry

and prose, real life fiction, though declarations have been made before breakfast and in the glare of the noonday sun. However, I would not recommend a proesal before breakfast. At that most scoming hour no man is in a tender ood, and if he were the appearance of his lady love might chill his arder.

Twilight is a pretty hour; the moon is always good for romance. Indeed, many prefer it, and there is something sacred and holy about a love declared under the stars that no brighter lighting effects offer. There is a secrecy about such a proposal that doesn't accompany one made in the light of the moon, where a man's arm around a girl's waist becomes a target for eyes and tongues six

You might begin, Ralph, by holding her hand. This will not be hard, for doubtless you have held it many times before. I hope you have, for this handholding is the time-honored prologue to a proposal. This time you will not let go, as before. You will hold fast, and you will find pouring into your haud such a current of inspiration and courage that after you have held her hand at least a minute, nothing short of the appearance of a mad bull, or the girl's enraged father, could keep back your dec-

Having held her hand till this psychical moment, you may say, "I love you." Of course she knows you do, but that makes no difference. They are only three words, all short and easy to say, and, having once said them, you must say them over and over for the balance

of your life. However, always say them to the same

Sometimes in the books and in actua experience the girl looks shyly down, and the man must lift her face for a kiss. If statistics were available, however, I am sure they would prove my contention that she has her face uffed up for a miss be-fore the last of the three words has be in institutions or in so-called 'homes' kept during the mother's absence are far crossed his lips. I hope, Ralph, you will or by nurses, are machine raised children. better schools of order and good manners

If you find you are still shy on words, uttered by a wohere are three more that are so short man opposed to and easy to remember they are eligible suffrage; a woman to a child's first reader. They are "Set who believes in the

You need not say what day it is you icned" methods of want her to set. She knows it is not a mothers, and in the day for going fishing or for having the tradition of the hay cut in the east meadow. She knows what day you mean, thus saving you which guides all any necessity for detail or verbosity. women to do the

Proposing. Ralph. is so easy and so right pleasant that many men become addicted thing for their chilto the habit and propose to a girl for the dren. passing enjoyment love-making affords. No more fallahope you will not get the habit. Proclous theory was pose to this girl because you love her, ever talked than and let it be a proposal that will ring this. stendfast and true.

She will accept you, I am sure, and the next think for you to do is to buy a ring, and I hope you will pay her the compliment of good sense by buying one that is comfortably within your means. tom, concentration and unselfish ideals. When Love looks at diamonds it has a way of forgetting the price of bread and beefsteak.

And no v. my dear young man, permit me to congratulate you!

JUST YOU Copyrighted, 1913, by Star Co.)

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. All the selfish joys of earth.

All the settish joys of I am getting through—
That which used to lure and lead Now I pass and give no heed;
Only one thing seems of worth—
Just you. some scientifically organized society had taken the children into its care for proper feeding. Over in France recently the wise law took a child away from the "guiding band" of a mother who was living such

Not for me the lonely height. And the larger view;
Lowlier ways seem fair and wide,
hile we wander side by slite.
One thing makes the whole world
bright—

Just you.

Not for distant goals I run. No great aim pursue: Most of earth's ambitions seem ike a shadow of a dream. All the world to me means one-

MORE NUTRITIOUS FOOD AT A LOWER PRICE

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> MAULL BROS. St. Louis, Ma

outh. And to use all the lung cells. But how many mothers do?

impossible to her.

Cupid in a Quandary By Nell Brinkley



Ella Wheeler Wilcox on

These words were

"good old fash-

"maternal Instinct"

Select fifty mothers of your acquaint-

ance at random, and you will not find

five who are gulding their children wisely

in the ways which lead to good physical

development, good behavior, order, sys-

The old fashioned "good mother" in

New England brought up a whole race

of dyspeptics by her New England food-

preserves and pies, and cakes, and

when they suffered from indigestion

rheumatism and "lung complaint," she

It would have been far better for the

descendants of these good mothers if

told them it was the "will of God."

unfit to have the care of her citild.

This was an extreme case, but there

are thousands of mothers who are unfit

to guide their children, because they are

either selfish, bysterical, ill-tempered,

disorderly, extravagant or ignorant of

the common laws of hygiene and health.

but weak lungs and a curved back.

aid to health; but how many do?

"Loving mothers" allow their children

alt with stooped shoulders and enved-

Only one mother is recalled by the

(An American woman, too')

pickles, and fried things galore. And

Scientific Training of Children

first simple lesson.

But few children are so taught. The

they do not know how to train them.

Good mothers talk gossip before their

children, and speak of the misdeeds of

eighbors, who afterward call, and the

children are frequently puzzled to under-

and welcome the people so warmly whose

This is an unconscious lesson in hypoc

The list of the failing of pardents.

nothers especially, to properly guide

Anything which science can do, and

from the wrong methods of their mothers,

It is far better to be a strongly "ma

chine made" human being than one who

That is what happens to many home-

omes to pieces at the first strain

faults have been so criticised.

will be a blessing to humanity.

children fill volumes.

Few Mothers Are Fitted to Train Their Offspring-Hy-

genic Care Only Solution Toward Healthier Children

"Children brought up by other than the the foundation of order,

UPID is in a quandary these days-with all the advice that has been given about Mistresses and Maids. Sometimes he is tempted-and does advise his clients -to take the little Maid in preference to the daughter of the house, who lords it over the shrinking girl who waits on her

Cupid knows the Maid is better natural than her Mistress and is every way more desirable for a life partner-and away down deep in his heart he often wonders why it is that more men, when they come a-woolng the spoiled little lady of the house, do not turn to the girl who watts so demurely-and carries and fetches, and serves and vanishes-just at her haughty, unthinking Mistress blds her.

And here's a little bit of advice Cupid gives to many who go a-courting the daughter of some proud house-"Observe the little Mald who waits on your lady love-and think to yourself if the Maid would not make a better Mistress of your



Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

His Remarks Signify Nothing.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 20 years old and am going out with a young man a few years my senior for the last six or seven weeks. I am learning to love him more and more daily, and as my folks him, and he doesn't seem to say any By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, chair neatly, ready for donning; this is thing, but occasionally he remarks that men are foolish when they marry, should I give him up or wait, as I have plenty

guiding hands of the mother, whether it day nurseries where the children are him? of other admirers, but care for none but MARY. If he says men are foolish to marry, it is evident the thought of marrying is in verify my contention the next time you Whoever heard of a genius so reared?" than the homes. Yet no mother is so his mind. It seems to me your anxiety is poor she could not give her child this premature. He has been calling on you only a few weeks, which is entirely too They love their children and want them soon for him to know his own mind. Give to be successful men and women; but some of your time to your other admirers It will be good for both of you.

Most Certainly Not.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been keep ing company with a gentleman for the last six months, in which time we have had two or three slight quarrels, not stand how the mother can be so cordial amounting to very much, and after the amounting to very much, and after they are all over we seem to love each other more than ever. He is very nice when we are alone, but as soon as we meet any of his friends or my friends (which is very, very seldom), he is very cold and indifferent to me and almost ignores me. Another thing is, I love him very, very much and would do most anything for risy and deceit which has been given the him, but at times I find myself criticising him, but at times I find myself criticising him, not his clothes, but his—well, leardly know what to say, it is perhaps because he seems so young to me. He is 22, (I am 16). Now, do you really think I could be happy if I married him. progress further, in the way of taking charge of children, and protecting them

If everything else were in his favor, his rudeness to you when others are present giorlously endowed person who has disis handbasted and never sewed and who is enough to condemn him. Let your covered the way to live without sleep? I is something wicked gnawing at your next quarrel be the last; you are too shan't remember it a minute for my young to marry, and too young to play part if I can help it. with love.

Folly of Trying to Do Without Sleep

By WINIFRED BLACK.

There, now, it's all settled. No more you? Why, I'd rather sleep than work problems, no more troubles, no more unit of time, wouldn't you? And as for debts, no more sorrow, no more crucities, worry, a good nap beats all the worry ne more the sins of forgetting, no more there is in the world, twice around the liness.

failure, life one uld long sweet song from the cradle to the grave. They've solved the riddle at last-no, I mean again.

This time it is to keep from sleep-No more ing: aleep, never, never again. No more alarm clocks, no more rush hours, nothing but one long, merry, joyous working day for joy! Oh, rapture! "Oh. /ain't It

Who was the man who had everything ettled another way not long ago? He right now! and it fixed for no more cooking, no more ooks, no more grocery bills, no more tiny pellet which was going to feed us

ill for next to nothing. I can't think of the inventor now, ingrate that I am. I wonder how long it meddlesome when you try to open his will take to remember the name of the eyez!

Get rid of sleep, forsooth. Who on

He Dedicates His Muse to the

Little Bobbie's Pa

Mexico.

Which is better than the rest?
Mexico.

Some grand nashuns had their day.
But they crumbled all away.
What's the country that will stay?

Chili-Con-Carny & Mexican beens.

What's the country
Maxico!
Mexico, Mexico,
Wonderful nashun.

Running you seems like A grand occupashun. Poor littel country

Greatness of Mexico

By WILLIAM F. KIRK. vords to me. Then Pa read: Nashun that we love the best,

Wife, sed Pa to Ma last nite, I know that you are a keen & thoughful student an immoral life that she was declared of music.

Thank you deerest luv, sed Ma. Why di you menshun it?

Beekaus you can help me out, sed Ps You can help me out very much indeed I cant help you out much, sed Ma. Thera is only six dollars left and I guess you ought to get along on a dollar of it till you git down to the offis tomorrow. To-

n chests to study, or sew, or read; and As you remember it. Ha Ha, sed Pa. so to contract not only ungraceful habits. that is indeed a merry jest. Did you evver forgit anything about a pay day Wes there ever a Saturday morning. Pa writer who was so unusual that she insisted upon her little girl carrying her acd, wen you dident kiss me goodby with books above a cane, held horizontally the love lite shining in your eyes and ask cross her shoulders, in order to produce me to be sure & cum hoam early? an erect carriage-a result which made. I see you do not anger, sed Pa. 1 se-

morrow is payday, as I remember it.

the chief charm of the young woman that my shot went heam. But seemaly sed Pa, I doant mean about munny or The girl stated that after a few weeks that you can help me that way. I meen of studying in this way an incorrect post- that you can help me by putting sum tion of her chest and shoulders became music to a new Nashunal anthem wich I have wrote the words to. It ought to Any mother could teach this simple make a dee-sided sensashun. Indeed, sed Ma, what nashun are you

Rarely does one meet a boy or a girl going to malk immortal now? of 15 who breathes correctly. Mothers Mexico, and Pa, the poor country that should begin as soon as the child can is torn up so much of the time with war inderstand to explain the necessity to & revoluehuns.

reathe through the nostrils, with closed Well, sed Ma, if I am going to put the music to it. I want to know that the words is good. Show me the words Every child should be taught to fold Many a brite yang musishus has wasted its garments when disrobing at night, her talents on a lot of words that ment and to place the morning clothes on a that much poppycock, Ma sed. Read the Did I understand you to say, Ma asked

Oh. I thought you mite, sed Pa. Of course, it may not come to you rite off the reel, but I guess it will later If it ever comes to me, the verses, meen, sed Ma, it will go from me so quick that yure hed will swim. Let sum You give me enuff songs wen gou cum even passable at 40 years. I

hos m lait at nite.

What's Deep Within My Heart

stuff?

By LILLIAN LAUFERTY.

No one but God and I know what is in my heart." What's deep within my heart is known to God and me;

He only knows how I can feel and what my thoughts must be. Though men may hear my voice and tear each word apart, Still only God and I know what's in my heart.

Perhaps I fail-perhaps success shall be my meed, Or it may chance that I attain but to my greatest need; I still must win the fight within the world's great mart If I am true to what I know lies deep within my heart,

Mhat's fast within my heart I shall not tell to men. But should you come and look and never question-then I'd dare to feel that you were of my life a part, If you could share the dream that's deep within my heart.

Though only the Great Mind that gave me my ideal Can know what thoughts I think-can know what love I feel, Still, if I have your love, I'll strive with my love's art To make you happy, dear, with what lies in my heart.

earth wants to get rid of it? I don't, do

of mad men in six months. It isn't the body that needs all that sleep. It's the nind, the tireless, indefatigable, wearyos, worrying, grinding, mulling mind that won't let the body rest, or the soul ther, unless you take it by the throat. wonder if minds do have throats, by the way, and fairly strangle it into stillness

and subjection. No sleep! Dear me, what flend ever onceived such a plan?

No sleep-and the butcher to meet and no money in the bank and none comng till next week. No sleep, and the boy going wrong and

won't listen to a word you say, and you've got to stand by and watch him tear his perfectly good life into tatters, and get ready to help him piece it together again when he finds out what ac's done and what you are trying to tell him

No sleep, and daughter in love with icw-browed, shifty-eyed person with a reeting the butcher face to face on a tenor voice and a knack of singing love due Monday morning, all on account of ballads, and doing all the new dances with a kind of diabolical grace! No sleep, and brother letting his part-

ner make a fool of him and calling you No sleep, and the doctors tell you there

very vitals-something that will give no quarter and take none. No sleep, and one you love loves you no longer, and tries to cover the coldness

of the heart under an excess outward ndearment! No sleep, and the other fellow is get

ting ahead of you in business by trickery, and you won't stoop to compete with him on his own ground!

No sleep, and the wind sobs in the himney and tells you of days long, long Pa, that I was to put music to that gone when you were gay and believed in people and laughed at nothing and sang

just for the pure loy of living! No sleep, and the woman who bores you to madness coming for a two hours' visit tomorrow.

No sleep, and Lillian Russell telling women how to be beautiful at 100 years Mexican rite his own anthem, sed Mn of age, and you can't think how to be No sleep, and every time you look in

the glass you see that you've gained a No sleep, and the bright stars fade to

dawn and the gray broadens into rose. and the tall poplars at the foot of the garden whisper and whisper in their dry branches. No sleep, and the roosters begin to cry

that day is coming, day is coming. No steep, and from the house next door comes the stir of new life, some one shakes down the furnace, and milkman is heard. Chirp, chirp, the sparrows twitter

to each other about the fine nars they had when the wind went down fast night scrape, scrape, some one is early with the snow shovel. Mfph, mfph, bacon and eggs next door on one side, ham on the other, chops

across the street, sausage and cakes downstales. Hurrah. The house is up at last. No sleep, why that's the way they punish the worst criminals of all in China.

What have we done in this year of grace that we should be tortured so? Steep, blessed, balm-giving, wholeson sorrow-drowning sleep. Out upon the man who dures to invent any way what-

soever to do away with it, say I.

Saint Patrick

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

St. Patrick was born, according to the most reliable account that we have, in the year 2%, at Banovem, Toberms, Scotland: in all probability Banovern corresponds with the modern Dum-

barton. When about 16 years old Patrick was captured by a and taken to Irefand, where he was sold as a siave to a noted porth of Ireland chieftain named Miliur. For five or six years Pat-

rick remained with Miline, looking after his master's cattle and doing such other work as was required of him

But the bigh-spirited youth naturally did not relish slavery, and at the first opportunity he ran away. Reaching the coast, he happened to strike a vessel that was salling for France, upon which he secured passage. After some four cears in France, spent we know not how, he returned to his native Scotland. In Scotland, however, Patrick was not

destined to remain. "Voices" began appealing to him to return to the green sland to which he had been Miliuc's eattle tender. "The voice of the Irish, he says, oried out: 'We pray thee ome and henceforth walk among us." Patrick was about 30 years old at the time, and, changing his name from Eucat, or Succeath, to Patrick, he proceeded forthwith to obey the voice that called film to Erin.

From all accounts the Irishmen of that distant day were the worst pagans to be found anywhere on earth. The Irishman never does anything by halves. Like the "old horse that lived in clover, when he died he died all over." the Irishman, when he goes into a thing goes in "all over." No halfhearted measures for the Irishman. He votes the straight ticket or none at all. So, when the Irish were pagans, they were real pagans and none of your adulterated variety.

But Saint Patrick was not a man to be intimidated by anything. His original name, Succeath, signified "valor in war." He was a born fighter, fearless, of apirit inconquerable, and because he loved the irish and was determined to make Christians of them, he permitted nothing to daunt him, but went right on with his work as fearless as though he had been gathering flowers in a meadow full of skylarka

And great was the victory that he won. With unbounded love for the Irish people, with a perfect knowledge of the irish language, and with unlimited grace and grit, Saint Patrick won the victory of which it is said: "He found no Christians and left no heathen.

For forty-four years Patrick lived and labored among his Irishmen, dying at Armagh in 469, in his seventy-fourth year, beloved as but few men have been since

the world began. And it is no wonder, for in addition to his saintly virtues, about which there No sleep! Why, we would be a world has never been so much as the shadow of a suspicion, we are told, upon unquestionable authority, that St. Patrick was a gentleman. Now, the first great prerequisites to gentlemanliness are kindliuss and consideration. The man who is invariably thoughtful of others' feelings. and in his own feelings always warmly sympathetic with the misfortunes of his fellows, is a gentleman. And such, from all accounts, was the patron saint of

> Ireland. It would probably be not very wide of the mark should we venture the conclusion that St. Patrick never staggered under a great burden of prudery. Could he, by anticipation, have known of the Frenchman who refused to save a drowning man because he had never been introduced to him, St. Patrick would undoubtedly have hotly condemned the business. A thoroughly good man, he was at the same time solidly human, and invariably natural. A man among men, he made them love him as a man-as a

> fellow human being. Hence the wide human interest that is found in his story even at this distant day. Hence the explanation of the very hearty, whole-souled fashion in which after the lapse of almost fifteen centuries, the millions of Irishmen scattered about the earth hall the thought of "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning."

Musiugs of a Cynic.

The fellow who blows his own horn is always a soloist. Charity begins at home, even when the home doesn't need it. Many a woman regards a husband simnecessary audience Even the continual changing of one's nind is apt to wear it out.

If to the pure all things are pure, how can we have any reformers? Travel will broaden some fellows al-most as much as a padded coat will. Success is always due to our own ef-orts; failure we can blame on someone

A woman hates to feel that she is old mough to be justified in lying about her it isn't ignorance of the law that de-

the country for plays might try ring a few of those plays they al-The theatrical managers who are soourready have.

The girl who thinks no man is good enough for her is quite surprised to find that the men are satisfied to have per think so.—New York Times.

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