

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

You Can Succeed if You Make Up Your Mind to Do It; Persistence is Bound to Win.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. Copyright, 1913, by Star Co. You will be what you will be. Let failure find its false content. In that poor word "environment." But spirit scorns it, and is free.

It matters time, it conquers space. It crows that boastful trickster Chance. And bids the tyrant Circumstance, Unknown and fill a servant's place.

The sooner you put aside the idea that your failures are the result of trusts and monopolies, and that a cruel fate has prevented you from achieving anything, the better for you.

There is a man who was deprived of both arms when a small boy. He has become expert with his toes, and makes an excellent living and has become independent.

A man thrown suddenly out of work, by a trust, set forth after a week of rest and relaxation to find a new occupation. He was 50 years old and had worked in one firm for twenty-five years.

He had been told that the world wanted only young men; that he would find nothing to do; and that his fate was that of thousands of other in these times.

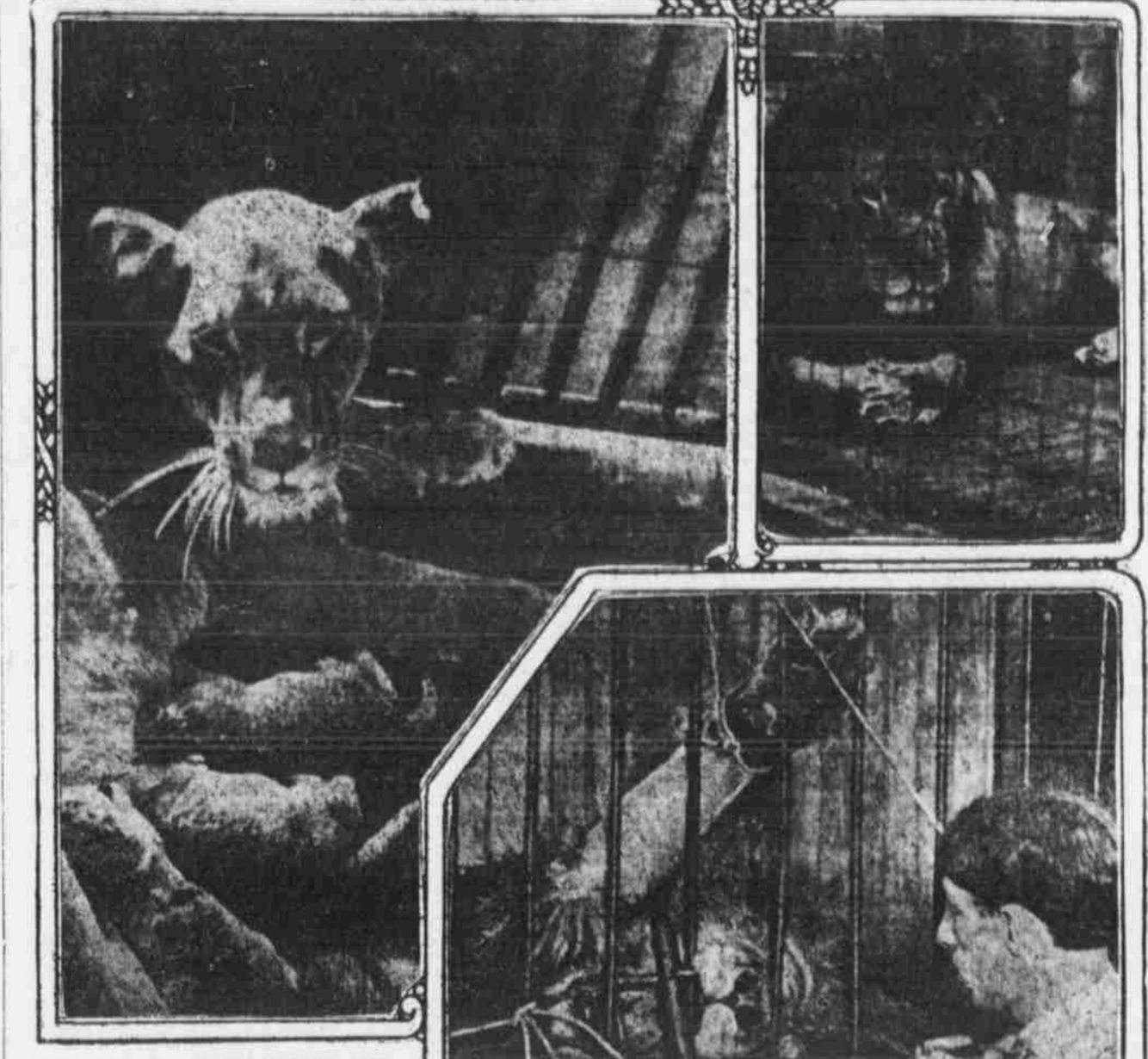
Justice is one of the pillars of character building. Make yourself everything that is honest, noble, just and deserving, as you climb the mountain of life, and be careful before you condemn your fellow men.

However poor you are, try at least to be just and fair in your estimate of others. Justice is one of the pillars of character building.

There are men who become the possessors of large fortunes through honest industry and perseverance, and who are bowed to the earth by the cares and responsibilities of life, and who lie awake nights while poorer men sleep, trying to decide just what is the kindest, wisest and most unselfish course of action to pursue.

There are men who become the possessors of large fortunes through honest industry and perseverance, and who are bowed to the earth by the cares and responsibilities of life, and who lie awake nights while poorer men sleep, trying to decide just what is the kindest, wisest and most unselfish course of action to pursue.

Beautiful Wife of Exiled King Bemoans Loss of Offspring Mrs. Leo Tells How Her Son Died



HER MAJESTY, QUEEN HELEN, AND THE THREE PRINCES, ONE OF WHOM (POMPEY) DIED RECENTLY UNDER THE SURGEON'S KNIFE.

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER. "They thought it was meningitis, but decided it was appendicitis, and operated anyhow. You know what happens when doctors disagree. Poor, dear Pompey!"

The handsome wife of the only king now in exile in New York, wiped her large hazel eyes. Sitting in her stylish apartment in the house especially built for the royal family in Central Park, I had a long talk with their majesties and got considerable inside information into the troubles of Fella Leo and his wife, Helen, king and queen of the animal kingdom.

Poor Pompey, one of three cubs, I mean princes, born ten months ago to the august couple, has succumbed to a variety of diseases.

William Snyder, first lord of the bedchamber and high keeper of the inner seal, told me that possibly Pompey had had appendicitis, or even meningitis, but anyhow it began with his teeth, as it so often does with princes of the jungle who have to live in their town houses owing to circumstances over which they have no control.

The picture at the top is of King Fella Leo, father of the little princess, while underneath is another son of King Leo, named Ackhart, about to have his nails manicured in the latest style of humans.

thing, only 2 years old, and simply perfect, a real example of the law of eugenics that the Homos have copied from us," interrupted Helen.

"Then I take, sir, that your family have all the ailments of the human family?" I asked.

"We have, only we have them harder and we had them first."

Returning to the chambers of the king and queen I was arrested by the sob of her majesty as she complained to the king:

"There, I told you so. She has a brand new palace. There is a perfectly grand landscape painted in the back of her boudoir, a landscape with a lighthouse that has a real light in it and a moon that really shines. Why should she have that when I have to stay in this old place where I have lived for years and years and she only a mean, crawly python and a real queen. If you were any kind of a man you wouldn't stand for your wife not to have as good a home as any other woman."

"My dear, my dear," pleaded the lion in his most soothing tones, "don't let the family troubles before a reporter. Wait until I'm through with the interview, she might print it."

"Then turning to me: "Most you really go? Well, charmed, I'm sure. Say anything you like; of course, I rely on you. Be sure and say that I think the American woman the most beautiful in the world. And how does your paper stand on the suffrage question? For it? Oh, then, say I'm a hearty advocate of votes for women. Good morning!"

Contemplating Matrimony

Dorothy Dix Writes an Open Letter to the Man Who is Thinking of Marrying an Invalid.

By DOROTHY DIX. My Dear Billy: And so you are in love with Annette and you are thinking of asking her to marry you. I don't blame you for being bewitched by her, non.

I don't blame you for wanting her. You want her on the eternal human principle that makes us all prefer the luxuries to the necessities of life; but if you get her, what are you going to do with her, non?

The kind of a wife you need is one that will be a help and not a hindrance to you; that will be a booster and not a millstone about your neck. What you need is not an ethereal being to whom you can quote poetry, but a husky helpmate who can wrestle with the pots and pans and butcher's bills and teething babies without bothering you about them.

Consider Annette and the way she has been brought up. I am not saying a word against the girl. She has my earnest pity, for she is the victim of the fool American custom that makes fond parents cultivate champagne tastes and habits in their daughters, on beer incomes. She is a dollar princess without even a dollar. She will go to the man

she marries empty-handed, but as helpless, as useless, as extravagant as any pampered daughter of a millionaire. She can't cook. She can't sew. She can't clean up a house. She can't do one useful thing on earth, if you put her where your wife belongs, in a little flat, where it's her business to make you a comfortable home, she will give you dyspepsia with the cooking; she will bring nervous prostration on you with her tears, and she will break your heart with her complaints. You will stand it for a little while, hoping that she will learn the things about housework that you thought all women were born knowing, trusting that she will comprehend that your whole future success in life depends upon your having a comfortable and sane home, and upon your working and saving when you're young.

But she will never learn. Things will go from bad to worse, and then in desperation, beaten, you will give up the right to kick about the sort of husband she gets, because she had to take what was offered her. A man's wife is of his own picking. She represents his tastes and his judgment, and if he deliberately selects a fashion plate, or a parlor ornament, he hasn't any right to complain that she isn't a washing machine, or a gas range, when he gets her home.

Marriage works no miracles in a woman's character, my boy. What she was before the wedding ceremony was more or her she is after marriage. Only road so. For marriage is like a mandarin. It sets the dye of a woman's nature.

If a girl is pretty and stilly and frivolous before marriage, she will be stilly and frivolous and not pretty after marriage. If, before marriage, she spends her days reclining on a couch reading novels while her mother does the cooking, after marriage she'll still recline on a couch while her husband goes out to the delicatessen store and buys a pick-up dinner after he comes home from work.

And, by the same token, the girl who is sensible and helpful and practical and competent, who is a good daughter, and a good sister before marriage, will make a wife whose price is beyond rubies.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX. You Might Try. Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been keeping company with a man 45 years old for four years. I am 25 years old. We are engaged. He is a poor man and has been indifferent recently. Would you advise me to forgive him? P. P. D.

There are these facts in the scales against him: At 45 years he is still a financial failure, and he is growing indifferent to you. Happiness is independence of wealth, but you should know that the chances are against him retrieving himself after he has reached that age. It seems to me his indifference gives you a good opportunity for ending the affair.

Furnish Your Home Without Cost

You can furnish your home without adding one cent to your present living expenses, simply by buying from Larkin Co. the teas, soaps, spices, foodstuffs and other household supplies that you are now getting—not so fresh—at the store.

We deal direct from factory to family, thus saving you the necessity of paying a profit to the retailer, to the middleman, and to all others who come between the manufacturer and the consumer in the usual method of dealing. The saving is fully one-half. This we return to you in the form of Premiums of which there are

Over 1700 Articles To Select From Two million customers are already using our Products and like them very much. You will like them too. We're so sure of this that we're willing to send you \$10 worth of your own selection together with any Premium offered in our Catalog with that quantity of Products.

You may keep them in your home for thirty days, trying them, and testing them. At the end of that time you may either pay us for them or we will remove them at our expense, making no charge whatever for a reasonable quantity of the Products used in trial.

Form with fields for Name, Address, and a request to send a catalog.

Advertisement for Armour's Bouillon Cubes, featuring an illustration of a man and a woman and the product packaging.

Advertisement for a song by William F. Kirk, titled 'Song', with lyrics and a chorus.

Advertisement for 'Experts in Literature', featuring a list of authors and a description of the service.