



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



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Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



Life's Table d'Hote

By ADA PATTERSON.

We expect of life what we admire in a woman's figure. To give completeness of praise to each we say: "It is well rounded. It is symmetrical."

The genius is at his best, a lopsided person. He is warped, one sided, overdone. He is a human leaning tower of Pisa. We admire him, but find him trying as a neighbor or associate. He is so unexpected. For that comfortable state of mind we call peace we prefer the well-rounded, harmoniously developed character.

The genius is a steady diet of the unexpected. He is like eating meat only, or like striving to keep awake on black coffee when nature cries for beautiful sleep. Which brings me to our title, "Life's Table d'Hote."

In New York and other of the largest cities of this country the table d'hote dinners cooked by French and Italians are an institution. Persons who have formed the habit of doing everything with a reason say these dinners are so well assorted, so finely balanced, that they are extremely nourishing. They are firm pink radishes and thin slices of sausage and wee fish to stimulate the appetite, a far better stimulant than wine, be it said with truth. There follows a soup, into which marrow bones has instilled its strength. There is a dainty entree of a wee morsel of delicately cooked meat or fish garnished by a few green vegetables. There comes next a roast with a leaf or two of lettuce dressed with vinegar so sour that it gives a tang to usually insipid salad. There may or may not be a sweet, for French and Italian cooks cater to American taste with sweet desserts. They know they are essential to a well balanced, nutrient providing dinner. There are bits of cheese and a tiny cup of black coffee, and toppling all a sense of content. All that the body needs for repairing waste tissue and rebuilding itself, for energy and endurance are in that meal. The necessary is provided.

has not lived up to his abilities. His enemies are harsh enough to say he is lazy. Some you see who are of so social a nature that they have got too much time in sunning themselves and amusing themselves with their kind. It is a calamity for some natures to be alone. They are as those who let precious gold coin slip through their fingers, to roll into the gutter. A little social contact is necessary to the balance of life, a little, but not so much that chances for reflection and study are lost.

You will see as you glimpse at those who move in and out of the fabric of your life, men and women who seek pleasure before every other consideration. They are as foolish as those who would make a meal of salt or pepper or cinnamon. Pleasures are the condiments of life, but are only incidental to the fish they flavor. The trust so are not found by seeking, but come to us unexpectedly, or as incident in the performance of our work or the discharge of duty.

Friends, yes, but they come to us rather than that we go to them. We earn them by the manner of our lives. Friends, like happiness and pleasure, cannot be found in a long day's search, but pause beside us at our desk, our loom, or at our street stone breaking. Friends are a luxury, but we lack greatly in self-reliance if, facing our souls with unshrinking eyes we admit that they are a necessity.

Like the table d'hote dinner should be balanced. It should have variety of nutriment. We need love; we need work well done; we need friendship; we need standards approached, if not always followed; we need solitude and society. Not one, but many things unless we would be geniuses and crave but one.

In a Safe Place
By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.
"I called on a girl a number of times," a young man writes, "and I found her very agreeable, and I admit I made love to her. I had no intention of being serious, and now find that she is desperately in love with me. As I do not want to marry her, what can I do?"

But that is the very thing you must do. A man so fascinating as yourself, who calls on a girl a few times, and lo, the mischief is done, must be safely corralled within the bonds of matrimony that this needless slaughter of female hearts may cease. Safely married to a young woman who realizes what a dangerous man you are to be in large amount weak, fluttering female hearts, you will never again have opportunity for making a few passes at a girl with a wave of your hand and reduce her to a state of paralytic adoration in doing it. So long as your wife lives, no girl will again be desperately in love with you if she knows it.

A Descendant of the Mammoth

The London "Zoo" Has a Baby Elephant from Sumatra That Bears Traces of Descent From Extinct Monsters of Pre-Glacial Time



A Young Sumatran Elephant—Showing the Very Hairy Coat and Large Ear.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.
Suppose that some traveler in a remote land should come upon a living animal bearing unmistakable indication of being a lineal descendant of the famous "diplodocus," whose gigantic skeleton is seen in Mr. Carnegie's Pittsburgh museum. There would be a great stir in the scientific world over such an apparition from the abyss of time, and a corresponding arousal of popular interest in the wonders and mysteries of natural history.

Hardly less interesting is the news from London that a young Sumatran elephant in the "zoo" there has developed the long, coarse, red hair of the extinct mammoth. It has a mop hanging over its forehead that would suffice for twenty college sophomores; it wears trailing whiskers on its chin, and sports mammoth "mutton-chops" in front of its ears. Its whole body is more or less hairy, and it proclaims in many ways that it belongs to a different species from the ordinary Indian elephant, and approaches nearer than any other existing animal to those Broodingmagian beasts which, ages ago, roamed over Europe and Asia, occasionally frightening cave men and women, and leaving their huge hairy bodies, and mighty ivory tusks, embedded in the prehistoric swamps of Siberia and Alaska.

This elephantine baby, with its earmarks of mammoth descent, is only eighteen months old, and it is believed, as it grows older and bigger, the traces to be rapidly going even there as he finds less use for it. Our race has advanced so far, aided by the influence of its highly developed brain, that it is only very rarely that a striking likeness to our simian ancestors is seen after the early formative stages of life are passed, but the Sumatran elephants appear to retain their ancestral marks during their babyhood, or beyond, and this may be taken as an indication that, comparatively speaking, but a short time has elapsed since they were a race of real mammoths.

Natural History Lessons—

No. 3--The Hog

By DOROTHY DIX.
The most numerous animal in the world is the Hog, which may be daily observed in large numbers rushing hither and yon, and vice versa, filling the timid spectator with dread apprehension, for it is the custom of this relentless beast to trample all under foot who are so unfortunate as to get in its way.

Whether the hog is larger than the elephant has never been accurately determined. Certainly it takes up twice as much space as the biggest Jumbo, and this has led to the belief that it is the bulkiest and heftiest of all known animals. Also the opinion is held by those who have studied this unpleasant creature that it has as many feet as a centipede, and that it has the faculty of elongating its legs to any extent that is necessary to trip people up. It can, with a quail facility, spread them across a car aisle or half-way over a drawing-room floor, whichever is handiest to catch an unwary victim.

Little is known, as no one has ever been sufficiently brave to voluntarily get close enough to one to study its ways. Its most obvious characteristic appears to be a voracious appetite, which it satisfies by means of shoveling food down its throat with a knife, and its ability to get both forefeet in the dough trough and keep them there.

The male Hog invariably has a circular protuberance, resembling a hat, on its head, which it never takes off in the presence of ladies, and it carries a half-lighted cigar, preferably of the smallest brand, in its snout when entering public places. It also sits on the back of its neck, thus saving the price of shoe shines by wiping its muddy feet on the dresses of the women who pass by.

Another notable characteristic of a male Hog is its loud and strident voice, which it uses with great effect in theaters and restaurants, thereby calling attention to itself and spoiling the pleasure of every one within earshot.

Concerning the habits of the Hog very little is known, as no one has ever been sufficiently brave to voluntarily get close enough to one to study its ways.

Other choice varieties of swine are known as the Drummer Hog, the Hotel Hog, the Public Library Hog and the Lunch Room Hog. These all have merits peculiar to their breed, and are worthy rivals of the Subway Hog.

There are a great many Lady Hogs, who are even more to be feared than the Men Hogs. Indeed, it was concerning the Lady Hog that Kipling penned his famous line, "The female of the species is more deadly than the male." This is because the Lady Hog is equipped with long hatpins that stick out like daggers about her head and carries knobby bundles that she places beside her on the seat of the cars and trains she infests.

The Lady Hog in her most savage state is found at the boarding house table and the bargain counter, though another favorite haunt of hers is the theater aisle, which she blocks up by stopping to hold a long conversation with a chance-met friend, while the commuters behind her howl with baffled rage as they miss their last train home.

There are a great many successful breeders of Hogs in this country, the largest of them being the Interborough. The Hog serves a most useful purpose, teaching us patience and humility. Thus we see that nothing was created in vain.

The Superior Sex

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE
A man is proud to refer to the temptations he resisted, but gets mad if reminded of those to which he succumbed. No man is strictly truthful when with a sympathetic woman, adding two feet to the stature of the giant that attacked him every time he tells the story.

Some men never wait on themselves except when they are mad at their wives. When a man suffers from insomnia he wakes up everybody else in the house to prove it. When a married man has a good time he has to deny it. Men say they are not themselves when tempted by anger into betraying what they really are.

True Charity

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX
I gave a beggar from my little store
Of well-earned gold. He spent the shining ore
And came again, and yet again, till cold
And hungry, as before.
I gave a thought, and through that thought of mine
He found himself the man, supreme, divine!
Fed, clothed, and crowned with blessings manifold,
And now he begs no more.

FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.
There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription ointment—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Simply get a ounce of ointment—double strength—from Benson Drug Co., also any of Sherman & McConnell Drug Co.'s stores, and apply a little of it at night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion. Be sure to ask for the double strength ointment as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Advertisement.

Tojay's Beauty Recipes

By Mrs. D. Mills.
One shampoo sold by druggists is entitled to all the praise showered upon it. That is Mother's Shampoo. It is so different from other shampoos that you must try it yourself to know how truly good it is. It leaves the scalp clean, refreshed and free from dandruff, and makes the hair glossy, wavy and beautifully lustrous.