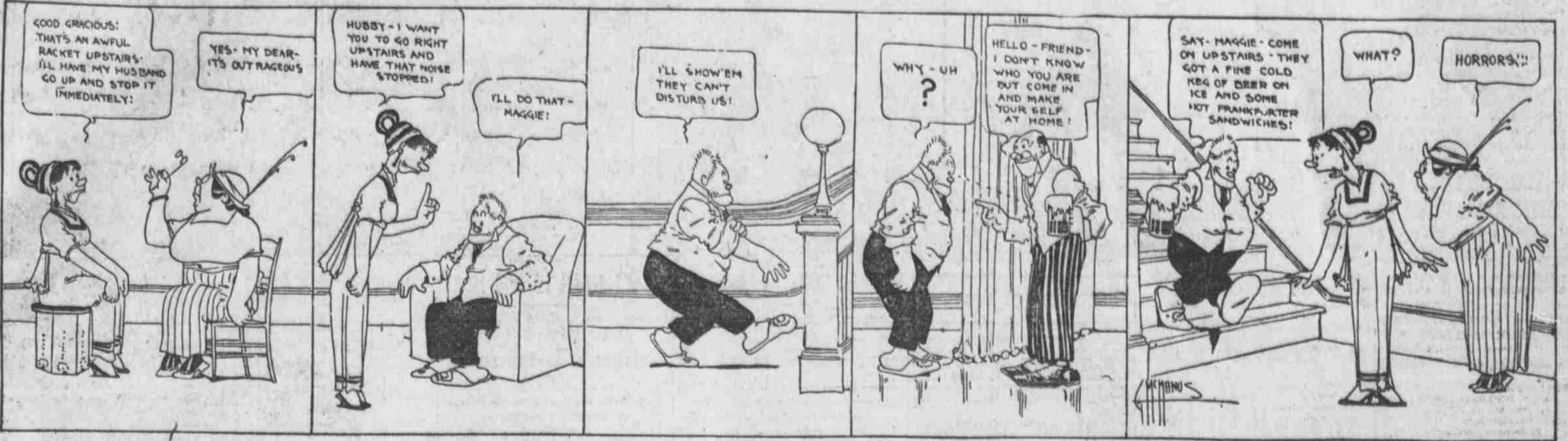


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Bringing Up Father

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Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



Some Grateful Lines

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

I love to read of heroes who were heroing long ago,
 For history lends it glamour to the mention of their deeds
 When men like Richard Coeur d' Lion went out to swat the foe;
 And makes us think that just such men are what the country needs.
 I love to think how Hector fought before the walls of Troy,
 And how the great Marc Antony became a woman's toy.
 I worship Julius Caesar, and I'm strong for old Ulysses,
 Who flirted with the Sirens when he should have joined his missus.
 But I'm very, very grateful,
 When my appetite I curb,
 That I needn't eat a plateful
 Of some rank Egyptian herb;
 And I'm glad I take a Pullman
 When I travel o'er the land,
 For the noble old Crusaders
 Had to hoof it through the sand.
 Our names will ne'er be written large for future folk to see,
 For carving warriors with a sword has somehow ceased to be.
 For us no bugle will resound, no war cry rend the air;
 We'll sit at no Round Table, save, perhaps, to fill two pair;
 But we've got cafes to eat in, and we've got electric fans;
 We do not drink from leaky gourds, we do not eat from pans.
 And so I often figure, as I crank my big red car,
 That all those good old ages can remain just where they are.

Modes of Today

Two Midsummer Offerings Posed Exclusively for This Page



By OLIVETTE.

The midsummer model in chapeau-land pays due observance to the importance of being shaded from the rays of the summer sun. Here is a most attractive leghorn, with shading facing of black satin. About the slightly rounded crown is wide, hlae kvetel tied in a great square bow tilting over the right eye. Drooping over the wide brim just back of the smart bow is a great plume of softly curled ostrich. This model can be carried out in any becoming color scheme—midnight blue to match your eyes; emerald green to accentuate your clear skin; rich wood-brown to bring out the lights in your hair; or the new reds so becoming to the brunette. But for simple elegance black will be found the best background for the filmy summer frocks.

Suitability is the keynote of the successful sporting costume. This "girl scout" costume is particularly adapted to use and service as a fishing costume, and, while affording its wearer ease and comfort, it is also very becoming. The girl who wears white linen on a fishing expedition comes home looking soiled and mussed and wrinkled, and feeling as unattractive as she looks. The plain khaki skirt and middie blouse pictured here are practically soil and wrinkle-proof. The soft tie arranged in a loose knot at the throat may be of any becoming contrasting shade or of a warm brown to tone in with the tan of the khaki and the creamy color of the plain rolling brimmed panama. Hats of this type range in price from 95 cents to \$10, and the dress may be copied for about \$3.

Just Brain Itch

Scientific Explanation of Nagging is That It is the Effort of the Brain to Relieve Itself Through the Tongue of a Cause of Irritation

By DOROTHY DIX.

The why of the nagger has just been scientifically ascertained.
 Most of us who suffer from this affliction have been of the opinion that it is just pure and unadorned madness that makes a nagger nag. A learned psychologist says that this is a mistake, and that nagging is brain itch, and that a person suffering from this complaint tries to relieve it by scratching with the tongue, and as it is impossible to scratch the brain itself, he or she tries to allay the irritation by scratching the nearest individual.
 "The brain," says this scientist, "can be irritated just the same as the skin by body poisons due to fatigue, worry and illness. Nagging is the effort to relieve the subconscious itching of brain nerves and cells. It more often occurs in women than in men. Not on account of an inferior nature or lesser control over temper, but because woman is more sensitive to brain irritation, has fewer opportunities to relieve her feelings, and impulses.
 "To return to the analogy of a nagging skin. If you continue to give way to it, to scratch it and tear it, a sore soon appears and finally ulcers. The skin nagging is fastened upon you and you are unfit for work or companionship. If instead of scratching and slapping back at the skin you discover the cause of the irritation and get rid of it, the nagging ceases and the skin returns to a healthy state.
 "So with the brain. You can nag until you make sore spots, psychologically speaking, in the brain stuff.
 "Then you become the chronic nagger. The remedy for this is to quit scratching the brain by means of saying hateful things to those about you and to find out what causes the brain irritation and relieve that. This can often be done by simple medical treatment, or by change of scene or some slight diversion, even a walk in the open air."
 This scientific theory of nagging each of us can conform from our own experience. Probably there is no one who does not have it known what it is to have flashed out, in some moment of physical exhaustion, a bitter speech that he or she would have given words to have recalled the next instant, or who does not experience the temptation it is to harp on old grievances when one is half sick and nervous and unstrung.
 Nagging is at the bottom of almost all domestic misery. It breaks up far more home than drink or infidelity. A woman can, and does, forgive the husband who looks too often upon the flowing bowl if he is pleasant and agreeable at home in the times between his spees. A wife is also conveniently blind to her husband's side-stepping from the straight and narrow path, if in his own domestic circle he is courteous, gallant and appreciative. Likewise a man will put up with a deal of bad housekeeping and pay extravagant bills without a murmur so long as his wife is amiable, and good humored, and doesn't try to henpeck him.
 But the woman who comes to hate her husband is she who is married to the man who is chief knacker in the Amalgamated Steamers' wharfmen's union, and mated to a woman who finds fault with everything that she does, or doesn't do. The woman who kills her husband's love, and brings him to the place where he feels that he is entering a prison when he puts his key in



his own front door, is the perpetual grouch, who frets and whines, and complains because she can't have this, and she can't do that, and her husband does do this, and she doesn't do that. Love will stand everything but nagging. When it encounters that it just turns up its toes and dies.

Henceforth there has seemed to be no cure for this most common and deadly enemy of domestic happiness, but the discovery of this scientist that nagging is really a symptom of a brain disorder that can be relieved brings a message of hope to those afflicted with a nagging husband or wife.

Therefore, madam, if you have a husband who begins finding fault before he has hung up his hat when he comes home of an evening, don't weep and look upon yourself as a martyr.
 Just reflect that he is suffering from brain itch, and that the best remedy for that is fresh air and exercise and amusement. Don't try to keep him at home. Urge him to go out to the base ball game of an afternoon, to play golf, or to go to the club as soon as dinner is over.

In that way his brain cells will get the stimulation they need, and he will take out in yelling bitter advice to the umpire, or awaiting a ball, or fighting with a fellow club member over the tariff, the irritation that would otherwise have vented upon you and the children, and the chances are that he will come home in a mild and pacific humor. Believe me, golf has been the salvation of many a home, and the club is a conservator, instead of a destroyer of family life.

And, sir, if you are one of the unlucky ones who draw a nagging wife in the marriage lottery, try making her over instead of hunting up an affinity to console you.

When your Maria starts in to remind you for the billionth time of all your faults, don't go out alone and slam the door behind you. Take her along with you.

Consider that her poor brain is itching until it is half mad with the monotony of the treadmill of housework, where she has spent the same deadly monotonous round of cooking and sewing, and mending, and baby tending, until she is so bored that she is ready to right just to get a little ginger interjected into life.

Give her something gay and pleasant to think about. Take her to see a jolly play, buy her a meal at a restaurant. If you can't do anything else go to see the moving pictures, or treat her to soda, water or walk her by the finest shops in town and tell her how you'd like to buy her a tiara, and an imported French dress, if you had the money.

In a word, scratch the nagger's brain cells with something pleasant to think about if you want to escape being clawed yourself. The suggestion is worth trying.

BABY'S AWFUL ECZEMA CURED

Face Just a Sore. Scratched Till It Bled. Resinol Stopped Itching. Almost Instantly. Soon Well.

May 20, 1913.—"My baby's face broke out with eczema. We tried many prescriptions, ointments and lotions, but the baby's face kept getting worse all the time. He would scratch it until it would bleed, and finally his face on both sides was just an awful sore. It bothered him so much that he could not sleep much at night.
 "I sent for samples of Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment and used them according to directions. The result was something wonderful. The itching stopped almost instantly, and from the first application we could see a marked improvement. I then bought a fifty-cent jar of Resinol Ointment and a cake of Resinol Soap, and by the time the jar of Ointment was used, the baby's face was almost entirely cured, so I bought another jar and used only half of it, and the cure was complete. My doctor recommends Resinol very highly, and I cannot say too much for Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment." (Signed) S. L. Carter, Salem, Va.

Physicians have prescribed Resinol for eighteen years and every doctor in the country sells Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment. For samples write to Dept. S-B, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

The Joy, Not Duty, of Children

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Are children a duty?
 Dear me, is it possible that there is still alive one who declares that children are duties, and that no woman who has children or not, as she thinks best, will call herself a "good woman?"
 Well, well! I suppose there's some one, somewhere, reading by candle-light and sewing by hand because a machine is a wicked invention of the evil one to encourage idleness.
 Children a duty! Why, bless their hearts, they are a comfort, blessing, privileges, joys forever! But duties? Who dares to say so in this day and age? I owe my duty to my mother not because she brought me into this world of woe, but because she was good to me after I got here.
 She could have let me starve, or freeze, or die of yawning, or just fade away, if she had thought of her own comfort instead of me—but she didn't!
 She took care of me, no matter whether she felt like doing it or not.
 She gave up the best of two years in the very best part of her life to getting

me started right—with the proper amount of teeth, and the right sort of nails, and the appetite that would make me grow. She stayed at home from church socials when I had whooping cough. She gave up a visit to her home folks back east when I had the croup. She never thought of leaving home for an hour when I had the measles, and whenever I didn't get as if I had just come back from the frozen north, with the hunger of an exiled sea captain, she said, "Tik! tik!" with a gentle clicking sound and went and had something special made for me in the kitchen.

She bought me a hat with her wings, when a cheaper one without the wings would have done, and she saw that I had bronze shoes when they cost a lot more than black ones, and I didn't notice her buying any fancy shoes for herself along about that time, either.
 She made me stay in after school and sew a seam, and snapped me on the head with her thimble when I didn't sew right, and she tried her best to teach me how to make buttonholes—not that she liked to do it, but because she thought some day I'd wish I knew. And she told me stories when she was tired, and when her head ached, and when she was worried about things I'd never even heard of.

That's why I ought to be good to her—and why I would be good to any one on earth who had done those things for me, even if they were red Indians and I was as white as Snowdrop, the queen of the fairies, herself.

I ought to be good to my mother, because I love her. I couldn't help loving her to save my life. She's the same blood as I am, for that matter, and we shall never be "civilized and scientific" enough to cease to feel the tie of that blood bond. I ought to be good to her because she's a good woman and I'm the one she likes best in the world. But the mere fact that she brought me here is not the least sort of a reason for me to "love her" a thing on earth, so far as I can see.

She didn't bring me here to oblige me, or to give me a chance to live. I do not bring my children here for any such reason, either—and I don't expect them to believe that I did. I love my children because they are mine and because they are the greatest joy in the world to me. Where does the duty business come in there, pray tell?

Is it my "duty" to laugh, my "duty" to breathe, my "duty" to see the glory and the joy of living as no one but a mother even can faintly hope to see it? Is it my privilege to do these things—yes. My duty? I cannot see it that way.

Are children a duty? Come here, chubby cheeks. Look straight at me. What clear depths your eyes are! How they mirror the truth!
 How long will they stay so, I wonder? Throw back your curly head! Where did you get those cherry lips! How came you by that smile that lightens the gloomy world for me? What's this in your pocket? Tell me. A string! What

a treasure! You intend to make an air-ship for the frog. What frog! The one who crows in the pond there o' nights! He is tired of the pond, you know, because you shouted down to him through the weeds, and asked him and he said: "Tir-r-ed! Tir-r-ed!" just as plain. And who is it the hoot owl calls? And why does he want to know their names so often? "Who! who!" he cries. And do I think you might be able to fly like the birds if you made the wings very carefully and watched to see how they balance themselves? And when will tea

be ready and will there be strawberries? Hither, little girl with the touselled mass of red-brown hair. You have made a new frock for dolly—Rose Marie, you call her—and her dress is rose-colored, too—and she is so sweet—and her new shoes shall be rose—and she is to wear a crown of lilacs, braided in little chains, at the dolls' wedding—
 "Duties," are you? "Duties!" Little friends—little comrades—dear companions—sweet links that hold me close to the joyous heart of youth. Never saw I, then, such sweet duties since this world has

been my dwelling place.
 Shall we ever discuss which "owes" each other most—you and I—little boy, with the clear eyes? Will you weigh what I am to you and what you should be to me, and dole out my reward as it seems just to you then? Will you ever chide me for hoping that you will love me for myself, little girl, just because I left my work today, for instance, and helped you make the lilac chains for Rose Marie's head?
 "Duties!" When children become that, then may I cease to breathe.

OLD AGE AND DIABETES

Youth is supposed to favor the patient in disease but this does not appear to be true in Diabetes. In young people the results under Fulton's Diabetic Compound are small and the recoveries rare, but in people of middle age and over we begin to look for decrease in the specific gravity and sugar by the twentieth day.
 An important case was the vice-president of a California insurance company. He was about seventy-eight when he turned to Fulton's Diabetic Compound for relief. It soon controlled the symptoms and he was living in comfort when the fire and quake of 1906 broke his spirit and he succumbed about his eighty-sixth year.
 A recent death in Sacramento, Cal., terminated another case that the Diabetic Compound had prolonged into the seventies. He was in a hospital and was sent home as incurable and there was a sad time on his arrival. He was put on Fulton's Diabetic Compound. In six months he was so improved that he returned to his employment. This was in 1908. Patient was strong and hearty till 1911 when he passed away at a ripe age thirteen years after the critical period that it was believed would terminate his existence.
 If you have Diabetes you owe it to yourself and family to try Fulton's Diabetic Compound before giving up. It can be had at Sherman & McConnell Drug Co., 16th and Dodge, 15th and Harney, 14th and Farnam, 10-12 No. 15th St. Ask for pamphlet or write John J. Fulton Company, San Francisco.