

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Fool's Gold

By WINIFRED BLACK.

He arrived in western Colorado the other day—a real Get Rich Quick Wallingford.

He was big and prosperous looking, he wore the finest clothes they had ever seen on that side of the slope, and he spent money like a prince in a story.

He bought—on paper—a valuable ranch, signed contracts for the building of a fine house, contributed largely to the local woman's club projects, and amazed the discouraged minister of a struggling congregation with a generous check.

He tipped the bell boys in the little hotel till they wouldn't wait on any one but him. He hired the best automobile in town and kept it busy, had his shoes shined twice a day and tipped the man who shined them a quarter every time he saw him. He gave the drummers in the bar room big, black cigars—and so child ever got by him without a nickel, at least, to take home to show mamma—and then he wrote checks, got them cashed and—disappeared.

Quite in the regulation manner, but just there the story stopped being a story and became real facts. The country marshal followed his man, caught up with him, arrested him and—in just about a week's time—Get Rich Quick Wallingford will be in the penitentiary with his brothers, the rest of the crooks, and he won't get out till he's done his full stretch of time, either. They never do it in real life—the real Wallingfords.

And some day, some ten years or so from now, poor Get Rich Quick will go back to Broadway—dead broke. He'll look for some of his friends. Where will they be? In jail or in some penitentiary, or hiding from some country town sheriff somewhere—never on Broadway—the Get Rich Quick people don't stay where the lights are bright for long.

They can't—poor things, poor, warped, blinking, cross-eyed things—nobody will let them, and poor Get Rich Quick Wallingford will have to go down to the East Side and he'll borrow a dollar here and a half dollar there, and his shoes will get the worse for wear and his eyes will lose their bold stare and be furtive, and his fine clothes will all be gone and he'll be delighted to have some one call him "the makings" of a cheap cigarette.

Some night he'll turn up on Broadway again—outside one of the smart restaurants he liked so well—once. He'll be begging for a quarter or a dime or a nickel, anything he can get, and ten chances to one some "jay" he tried to fool will give him the price of a night's lodging and he'll sink away in a tremor of relief, for he's fallen on hard days, poor Wallingford—the hardest kind of days, the sort of days that he knew all the time, behind all his bluster and brag and spending, were waiting for him down there, when the road turned the wrong way for him, the crooked, cruel, crafty, stupid, inevitable road.

Every time he threw a five-dollar piece on the bar and told the barkeeper to "keep the change," he knew that road was turning somewhere out there in the dark for him. Every time he made some poor little, half-starved preacher in some poor little struggling church, think Wallingford had dropped from the skies, till the check came back from the bank, he knew it—and half wished the bank account was real so he wouldn't have to fool the preacher so badly. Every time he talked some poor school teacher into investing the money she had been years saving in one of his paper schemes, he saw the road, twisting there before him ahead and shuddered down to the depths of his coward's soul.

Poor, shifty, scheming, planning, bragging, lying, cheating Get Rich Wallingford—and all his tribe and brethren. I'd rather be the "jay" he has so much fun fooling. I'd rather be the man he "short-changed" when he was hard up for cash. I'd rather be the poor teacher crying herself to sleep when she found out that all her work and self-sacrifice, all her dreaming of a home somewhere in the country in modest plenty, were in vain. I'd rather be anybody than Wallingford—even if he did get rich quick for a while. Wouldn't you?

It's always for such a little while, isn't it? They never stay rich, somehow, those Get Rich Quick people. Every time I see one of them I wonder if there isn't something in the old superstition about money that is ill gotten—it turned to dust, they used to say, in your very hands.

Where did it all go, Mr. Wallingford, that fortune you and your smooth, smiling partner made in bogus mining stock? I saw you in a hotel corridor the other day; you were trying to look rich yet, but that lot of yours wasn't quite the latest cut and hadn't those very shiny shoes been half-sold a time or so? You didn't dine at the hotel, I noticed. You just registered there. Did you sit around the corner to the dairy restaurant and tip the waiter a nickel, just to save your face? And you walk now. Better for the health, didn't I hear you say?

Tan, Red or Freckled Skin Is Easily Shad

To free your summer-baked skin of its orange, mottled, or freckled patches, use the best thing to do so is to use your skin. This is easily accomplished by the use of ordinary hydrox, which can be had at any drug store. Use at night as you use cold cream, washing it off in the morning. Immediately the offending surface skin begins to come off in fine powder-like particles. Gradually the entire surface is renewed, without pain or inconvenience. The second layer of skin now in evidence presents a spotless whiteness and sparkling beauty obtainable in no other way. If the best thing to do is to use your skin, there's an effective and harmless remedy you can readily make at home. Just let an ounce of powdered salicylic acid dissolve in a half-pint of water and bathe your face in the liquid. This at once tightens the skin and smooths out the lines, making you look years younger. Emily Coulson in Popular Monthly—Advertisement.

Where's the shiny red machine of yours? Why, you could hear the foot of the horn a block away, only a little year ago, and where are they now, all the neat, prosperous, bright-eyed persons who flocked around you and laughed at your meanness joke, a little, little, year ago?

Gone—with your money—gone with the dream of prosperity. Gone, Wallingford, like the hopes of the poor fools who have laughed at you. Like the clear conscience you had—before you began this miserable Get Rich Quick business. Gone, gone—and you are going, Wallingford, going fast. Don't send your card up to me and tell me you met me once in some mining town—and try to get an introduction to some decent folk. You're past all that, Wallingford, long past—you're on the road, the swift, twisting, darting road.

It won't take you long to reach the turn of it now—poor Get Rich Quick man, poor dupe of the ones you've duped—what ever made you think you could beat the great game and keep beating it for long?

Fool's gold, that's what you had, fool's gold, and it's gone—as fool's gold always goes; and now you have nothing left nothing—was it worth the price, do you think?

Poor Law Amendment Act

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

The passage of the "Poor-Law Amendment Act" by the British Parliament, seventy-nine years ago, August 14, 1834, well deserves to rank among the red letter days of true human progress.

The poor have always been with us, and probably always will be, but it is only in very modern times that they have been treated as human beings, with solid human rights, and with inalienable claims upon the attention of their more fortunate fellow human beings. The condition of the poor in ancient times, and well down into the modern times, was simply deplorable. The men who built the Parthenon and Coliseum, and who flooded the world with the light and glory of their genius, had very hard hearts, and ears that were but indifferently attuned to the low and music of humanity. Nor was it much better, save in "spots," during the long period from the collapse of the Roman Empire to the advent of the French Revolution.

That great social and political earthquake, however, shook things up generally, created an "enthusiasm for humanity," and inspired the world with the sentiment which, in these days, but fairly beginning to bear its legitimate harvest of mingled compassion and justice.

The Poor-Law Amendment Act of 1834 was an attempt (and in modern times the very first attempt) at putting into practice the "principles of '89," principles that were born into the world with the fall of the Bastille. The "Poor-Law Amendment Act" declared, first, that no one should be suffered to perish through the want of what is necessary for sustaining life, and second (which was of far greater importance), that steps should be taken for the removal of the causes of poverty.

It is true, that those steps were quite superficial, but it was a move in the right direction, and from 1834 down to the present day, the trend of things in Great Britain has been upward and onward.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Write Him a Note. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young girl of 19 and have been keeping company with a young man a year and three months just because I sent a card to his friend thinking he is sure at me. I did not mean any harm. Kindly let me know what I should do to try to make up with him, as I love him dearly.

I do not like to suggest that a girl apologize when she has done no wrong, for the reason that once humbled, the man tries to keep her so. But you have been sweethearts so long, and love is too precious to risk for pride's sake, so write him a little note of explanation. I hope you will have me enough to love you all the more because of this proof of your affection.

You Must Decide. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am in love with a young man who lives in the same neighborhood and is of a very high standard. He has told me he loves me and would like me to become his wife, but as he is a Hebrew and I am a Christian would like your advice, for I cannot live without him.

This is a matter too serious for a third party to determine. Marriages of this nature are sometimes happy, but the risk is great. When it means an estrangement from one's family and friends, I would throw my influence against it.

Be Persistent. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 19 and deeply in love with a young lady one year my senior. One day I proposed to her and she said her parents would not permit the marriage because of the difference in nationality. Please let me know what to do, for I love her. HEARTBROKEN.

You are too young to marry even though you had their consent, so do not feel discouraged. Go on loving her; attend to your business duties faithfully; develop yourself mentally, and don't despair or worry. Make yourself such a desirable suitor their objections will vanish.

It Is Foolish. Dear Miss Fairfax: Do you think it's right for a young man while having his own sweetheart, who is the only one he loves, to address her trust lady friend (also friend) as "Dearest"? AN AMBITIOUS GIRL.

It is bad taste, and, as girls' hearts are impressionable, it may cause complications. Perhaps he did it to torment you. The girl who gives her heart to a man must accept many characteristics with his love of which she does not really approve. This, for instance, may be his idea of humor.

Lady Constance Stewart Richardson

On How to Acquire a Beautiful Figure Through Dancing



By LADY CONSTANCE STEWART RICHARDSON.

Copyright, 1913. International News Service.

Everyone agrees that for the art of sculpture we cannot exceed the ancients. To me it seems that the Greeks had beautiful sculptured figures because they had wonderful models, and had wonderful models because they had a deep veneration for the almost divine beauty of the human form. And so out of this circle of perfection they chiseled glorious figures that we of today may use as models for the beautification of our own bodies.

Today I am showing you three figures, and I shall dwell at length on them and what we may hope to acquire from a practice of the poses they portray. Let us make a slight study of the expression of mood in plastic expression of countenance and body. For unless the face and body are attuned in the expression of a mood, there will be ungraceful uncertainty as a result.

The first figure on top might stand for a number of ideas—innocence is the most dramatic idea that it suggests. To me it simply is a harmoniously simple pose, in which body and face express quiet dignity. Try it yourself—it looks very easy to take a pose like this. But to stand poised firmly and gracefully on one foot, with the whole body balanced, ready to spring into motion and life and still at rest, is quite a feat. The ability to stand gracefully and balance on one foot, with the heels or toes, or sag awkwardly on one hip.

Let me suggest an exercise for the acquisition of ability to stand gracefully. Balance the weight on the ball of the right foot, let the right arm hang easily at the side. Sway the body slightly to the left and raise the left arm to the chest at the same time rising on the toes of the left foot until the weight is all balanced on the right foot. Then sway the weight gradually to the left foot, rising on the right toe and lifting the right arm to the chest. Simply sway from foot to foot in exactly the posture that figure one shows you.

Figure two is surely shown in one step of an old dance of triumph. It gives the most marvelous control of thigh, knee, ankle and instep, and will serve to bring down an accumulation of weight about the hips and thighs. Furthermore it insures a graceful control of arms and shoulders.

The practice of this seemingly complicated exercise is simple when once you carefully analyze the picture I have posed for you. Beginning with the left foot, rise slowly to the toes, at the same time raising the other leg with the knee bent and the instep so flexed that the toes point almost perpendicularly to the floor.

The rising on the toes of one foot and the lifting of the other limb until the knee is far above the waist line must be simultaneous.

Practice this first, alternating from one foot to the other, with the arms hanging at the sides.

Poise, balance, and reduction of superfluous hip-flesh—is this not a vast deal to gain from one dancing exercise?

The last figure illustrates a little fanciful movement, that is splendid for back, throat and instep, as well as for flexibility of wrist. Walk forward on tip-toes, with the uplifted hands crossing first to the right and then to the left as the body's weight is thrown first on the right and then on the left foot. When the weight is coming on the right foot and the right wrist is foremost, throw the head to the right and give the body (which must be bent slightly back throughout the exercise) a slight turn to the left.

Ten Commandments of the Summer Widower

By DOROTHY DIX.



DAY 1. DISSEMBLE THY GLADNESS.

1. Dissemble thy gladness, put ashes upon thine head and rend thy garments with sorrow when thy wife saith unto thee, "Lo, it breaketh my heart to go away and leave thee alone in the hot city, but for the sake of the health of our children I must offer myself up as a sacrifice and go to a summer resort."

2. Say unto her, "Behold I shall be desolate without thee, but who am I that I should stand between thee and thy duty as a mother? Therefore, go hence, even as thou has said, but wherewithal shall I be comforted when the light of my life hath fled?"

3. Give orders to thy stenographer that she shall write words of sorrow and grief each day to thy wife, telling her how empty the city is without her and how thou spendest the evenings thinking of her and mourning because she is not, but that thou rejoice because she is not in the town that scorseth even as an oven. For it addeth to the pleasure of a wife if she believeth that her husband suffereth while she is away.

4. When thou assemblest thy friends and sayest to them, "Come, and we will play poker and drink beer and look upon the highball when it balleteh, for my wife is in the country, hurrah, hurrah," go slow, ye go, even as the tortoise does, for behold thou art not in training to trim with the bunch, and they shall despise thee and rob thee of thy self, and thy head the next morning shall ache with a great and exceeding ache.

5. Invite not the peach whom thou meetest on the roof garden to spin forth with thee in thy automobile, and dine with thee, for in thou shalt meet up with the friend of thy wife, and she will say to thee, "I shall write to thy wife and tell her that I met thee and thy lady friend, and she will be so pleased that thou art not moping over thy desk all day, for she saith that thou workest too hard."

6. When thou takest the cool of an evening on an excursion boat, or when thou goest forth to a summer garden

hold thine eyes steadily before thee, and look not to the right nor to the left, lest thou be ensnared by the maidens who garner in the summer widowers, for, behold, there is no other thing so easy as the man hath just slipped his wife's leading string.

7. Boast not thyself that thou lookest like a bachelor, for lo, matrimony doth put its seal upon a man. Yea, he is branded as though he wore a ring through his nose, and his estate proclaimeth itself from afar.

8. Nor shalt thou boast thyself of thy freedom, for the time cometh when thou canst not find a clean shirt, nor a collar, though thou sought for one with a search warrant. Neither canst thou track down thy sock to the lair where they have hidden themselves. Furthermore, thy stomach shall rise against the cooking of a fowl, and that hour thou wilt arise and haste to the telegraph office and summon back thy keeper. Yea, and thou shalt rejoice in thy fetters.

9. If thy wife tarreth overlong at the summer resort, and if she holdeth thee up for much money and thou desirest her to return to thine abode, and to perform again upon the gas range, write not to her demanding her money.

10. Before thy wife returneth hither one to set thy house in order, yea to pick up the poker chips, and to bear away the bottles, and remove the cigar stubs from the best furniture, lest thy wife, finding the house like a pig sty, shall say unto thee, "Lo, I will never leave thee again, for all of my near-antique mahogany furniture is ruined," and so thou shalt miss the life of the summer widower, which is short and fleeting, but full of glister.

Behold.



NO SHIRTS LEFT.

A Sunny Temper

By MRS. FRANK LEARNED.

Author of "The Etiquette of New York Today."

A secret in life worth discovering is how to achieve a sunny temper. Many persons will say that a sunny temper is a gift, a temperament, a natural endowment. There are persons who are born with it. Strange to say they have not always the influence of those who have achieved it by the conquest of irritability, selfishness, egotism, or by a determination to see the sunshine or the clear blue of the sky in spite of clouds casting shadows.

We know that sunshine is an excellent tonic and that we are able to do better work in less time when invigorated by fresh air and sunshine. We are apt to forget that there is a sunshine that is independent of the weather, and we can cultivate living in it for our own joy and the happiness of others. It is the sunshine of a cheerful spirit. Everything is made easier by it and everyone who comes under its influence is helped. Sunshine gives color and beauty to the world, health and joy to all living things, and it kills disease germs. The sulen, morose, pessimistic person is truly to be pitied in suffering from the disease germ of bad temper, selfishness, moods, grievances, depressed spirits and a habit of carrying worries into social life.

Very many instances might be given of those who have been of greatest use and influence through achieving a sunny temper. St. Paul was naturally irritable and sharp of speech, but he learned to feel the deepest joy and to give joy. Constantly in his writings we find the word "joy." St. Francis of Assisi charmed a rude age by his brightness and kindness of his character. The saintly poet, George Herbert, had an impatient temper to begin with, but conquered it so completely that no one suspected his early fault.

devoted to service on heathen ground. Some of the best teachers that we have in this country are working for the negroes at Hampton and Tuskegee. Their salary is altogether inadequate, but the joy which they have in their work makes up to them for the insufficiency of their pay.

And that kind of spirit can no more be dispensed with in teaching white American children than in teaching southern negroes or foreign pagans. The mind and heart of the teacher must touch the mind and heart of the pupil, or there will be none of that direct personal interchange which is the secret of all genuine instruction—instruction that not only informs the intellect, but that also works at the inner springs of life and character. Teachers that work only for pay and that retail facts of arithmetic, history and geography like so much commodity dealt out over the counter are not worth their salary, however small that salary may be.

People may say that these examples are too high for everyday following, but do we not all know from personal experience of some one among our own friends or dear ones who has achieved a sunny heart by conquest, in spite of fiery ordeals, vexations and sorrows; some one whose smile and cheerful words and voice made "sunshine in a shady place?" It may be claimed that this achievement comes only to mature persons. Young persons say "it isn't easy to look at life that way. We have too many worries. We want things and can't have them. Well, what is gained by being discontented, selfish and growing hard and cold? What is gained in even doing kindnesses grudgingly instead of lovingly?"

A young girl is in my mind whose delicate health, vicissitudes of fortune, discouragements and disappointments never daunted her brave, wholesome spirit. Some one said of her: "When she entered a room her coming was a ray of sunshine."—Something in her winning manner, her voice, her presence, her loving heart, diffused a happy influence and won for her the affection of everyone. This bright, warm sunshine of the heart is within the reach of all. This element of joyfulness is well worth cultivating.

Jean Ingelow writes of it: Take joy home And make a place in thy great heart for her. And give her time to grow and cherish her. Than will she come and often sing to thee.

As necessary in the home as food itself!

HYDROX
PEROXIDE OF HYDROGEN

COMPLEXION
help of the safest kind is found in Hydrox. Pimples or eruptions quickly healed. Teach beauty pre-erred and the throat refreshed and safeguarded by its daily use.

Booklet telling of many uses with every bottle. At all Drug Stores 10, 15, 25c sizes. Hydrox is sold by the Wholesale Distributors, Omaha, Neb.

