

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Grind

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

It is not the patient labor of the man that tills the soil,
Though his muscles slowly stiffen after years of steady toil.
He must creep away to slumber ere the darkness shrouds the earth;
He must start anew his plodding when the birds first thrill their mirth;
But no blight is cast upon him at the moment of his birth.

It is not the rough endeavor of the men that sail the seas,
Though great Neptune's home is latticed with the bones of such as these.
God can blow them with his bellows from a long expected coast
Out to meet the Flying Dutchman, captained by a gibbering ghost.
But they are not doomed to failure, even they who suffer most.

No. The grind is in the city, where too many beings strive,
Where the weak, all unconsidered, drop like dead bees from a hive.
There the grind is grim and ghastly; there the herd must squirm and shove,
Trampling on the weaker mortals God intended they should love.
Yet the strongest swimmers linger, glad to keep their heads above.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

on Protecting the Birds—Boys Should Be Taught Not to Shoot Them, and Schools and Mothers Should Combine to This End

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

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Dear Friend: Please permit us to call your attention to a great and serious evil now menacing our insect-eating birds.

Millions of small birds in migration are destroyed yearly by the people of the southern states and used for food. This destruction, now increasing, is having serious effect on the numbers of song birds in the north. Negroes are armed with guns, and many are proficient in other means of destruction. In the north, also, large numbers of foreign laborers, coming from Europe kill small birds for food. It is only recently that little birds were sold in large quantities in New York City, and they are still sold by thousands in the south.



The Audubon societies, which have already checked the killing of native birds for millinery purposes, now propose to stop the slaughter of song birds for food in this country. This is a stupendous task. It must be done by educating the public through the schools, the press and the clergy, and by securing better laws and better enforcement of the laws now on the statute books. The scarcity of robins, bluebirds, and bobolinks is becoming noticeable over wide areas. Will you not help us to the best of your ability to stop the slaughter which is now depleting our fields and woods of feathered songsters? A word of encouragement will be appreciated. Yours sincerely,

T. GILBERT PEARSON, Secretary.

This letter ought to reach the heart and the brain of every man and woman of common sense and common sensibility in our land.

It ought to reach the hearts of mothers of young sons who have arrived at an age when they want to express their manly qualities by using a gun.

Alas, guns are only a degree less menacing in the hands of young lads than revolvers in the hands of gunmen.

Every year distressing accidents are reported in the daily press from the use of these "toys" by boys. Companions are blinded or crippled, and the precious lives of beautiful birds are sacrificed, while the killing instinct in growing children is cultivated and fostered.

All because women believe themselves to be "good mothers," and consider they are cultivating the manliness in their little boys by providing them with guns for amusement.

Meantime, if the mother began as soon as her little boy could talk, or understand, to awaken in his heart a love and sympathy for birds and beasts, and if she then stipulated that his gun practice should consist wholly in target shooting under proper guidance and instruction, her boy would grow up skilled as a good marksman and yet humane and kindly in his instincts.

Every man should know how to use a gun and revolver.

There are occasions when such knowledge is important. But there is no part of a youth's education which needs a more careful and wise preparation, and guidance, than this.

LIVE CHEAPER—CUT DOWN MEAT BILL DOWN

You can cut down your meat bill two-thirds and get more nutritious food by eating Faust Macaroni. A 10c package of Faust Macaroni contains as much nutrition as 4 lbs. of beef—ask your doctor.

Faust Macaroni is extremely rich in gluten, the bone, muscle and flesh builder. It is made from Durum Wheat, the high protein cereal.

Delicious, too. You can serve Faust Macaroni a hundred different ways to delight the palate. Write for free recipe-book showing how, in air-tight, moisture-proof packages, 5 and 10 cents.

MAULL BROS., St. Louis, Mo.

In a Gilded Cage

Copyright, 1913, by International News Service.

By Nell Brinkley



The man who keeps the woman he loves behind bars in a gilded cage keeps her hands idle, and her brain and body dull and listless.

The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

"I got a swell set of Mark Twain last week," said the Manicure Lady.

"Set of what?" asked the Head Barber.

"Mark Twain," said the Manicure Lady. "You poor sump, don't you know who Mark Twain is?"

"No," admitted the Head Barber. "You ought to be ashamed to admit it," said the Manicure Lady. "Why, George, I thought everybody knew about Mark Twain and Oliver Dickens and Marie Corelli and all them grand authorities. If I thought I would ever get as old as you and be as dumb, I would get sick and right away and stay there till the final summons had come. Mark Twain was a great writer, the greatest American funny man and sad man combined, it said in the circular. I haven't read none of his stories yet, because the set just came and I have been busy going to the new shows the last week, but as soon as I have saw a few more of the latest plays I am going to stay home nights and read this set right from one end to the other."

"What did he write about?" asked the Head Barber, not in the least ashamed of his ignorance.

"What didn't he write about?" retorted the Manicure Lady. "He wrote about a lot of things, George. As I just told you, I ain't had a chance to read any of it yet, but I am going to as soon as I get settled down. Then I will let you take any of the books you want, and maybe after you have read them you won't be so dense."

"I don't see that you've got anything on me," declared the Head Barber. "You can't tell me a single thing that the man wrote, and you nearly have a fit when you find out that I don't know any more than you do. What time did he live and in what country, if you are so acute?" "I believe he was an Englishman," said the Manicure Lady airily. "Nearly all of them great authorities was English. Like Oliver Dickens and Charles Goldsmith and this Mister Twain. He

wrote all these books that I have in this new set about the same time that Mister Shakespeare wrote his plays. I suppose the reason there was so many great writers then was because they all chummed together. Mister Twain would take lunch with Mister Shakespeare and tell him all he knows, and then Shakespeare would go somewhere with Twain and give him pointers. That way they could help one another. The reason Brother Wilford can't get no greater as a writer is because he is kind of alone in literature now and can't find no master minds to associate with."

"Mark Twain didn't live when Shakespeare did," said the barber at the second chair. "He wasn't an Englishman, either. He was an American. No Englishman could have written Twain's humorous stories. And he died within the last few years. Shakespeare has been dead two centuries or so."

"I don't know who asked you to horsie in," said the Manicure Lady, frecklingly. "Me and George was talking about something that you ain't supposed to know nothing about. All the literature you ever read is the form sheets and the tips to bettors after this when me and George is discussing art or literature. I don't want no flap-eared wop like you trying to disturb the chain of our thoughts. Let that fitter through your brain, Tony, and don't declare yourself in no more."

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Certainly.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 years old and have been keeping company with a young gentleman 2 1/2 years of age, for the last three months. As his birthday is near, I would like to know whether it is proper for me to give him a gift. If so, kindly give me a few suggestions.

ANKLOUR.

Your friendship warrants a remembrance, but you must make it simple and inexpensive. A book, a pen, or what is such as highly treasured, just a little note wishing him many happy returns.

The Price of Happiness; Only the Poor Have It

By DOROTHY DIX

Who get the most real pleasure out of life, rich people or poor people? Is happiness for sale over the counter, like a pack of potatoes or a diamond tiara, and can only those purchase it who have the price?

The other day two clerks, strong, healthy young fellows earning fairly good salaries and on the way to do better, were discussing the announcement that Mr. Vincent Astor proposed to fly down to town every morning in a hydroplane from his place up the Hudson. They were fair, shocked at the thought of a millionaire taking such risks with his precious life. It seemed almost sacrilegious to them for anybody with that much money to even take a chance at getting killed.

"Jee!" exclaimed one of the youths. "If I was as rich as he I'd be so afraid of getting hurt I would go about in a goat cart surrounded by a steel cage. You wouldn't catch me doing any death-defying leap in a hydroplane, or aeroplane, or even an automobile."

"You are right," agreed the other young man. "If I had as much to live for as he has I wouldn't even cross a street for fear of being run over by a perambulator until they had stopped traffic both ways."

Thereupon the two young men, feeling that there wasn't any particular purpose in exercising the lives of 20 a week clerks, proceeded to divert themselves by riding motorcycles and engaging in other dangerous amusements in which

they found the keenest enjoyment.

And it never occurred to either of them that in so doing they were disproving, in the most conclusive manner, their own theory that wealth brings happiness, and the more money people have the more fun they get out of living. For the mere fact that we are poor enough and inconspicuous enough to do as we please without its making a particle of difference to the balance of the world, or calling for a headline in a newspaper, means liberty, which is the very foundation-stone of happiness, and that is a luxury that the poor rich man never knows.

We are continually called upon to weep over the pathetic fate of poor children whose home is the gutter and whose playground is the gutter. We might as well shed other tears over the sad lot of the multi-millionaire baby whose cradle is guarded by armed detectives, whose food is requisited by a high-priced doctor, whose toys are sterilized, who has only a bowing acquaintance with his parents, and who never knows what it is to have one single hour of natural, untrammelled freedom.

Poor children are happier than rich children, and they have a better chance in life, for it is the curse of wealth that it kills ambition and numbs effort. Someone said to a very rich, self-made man once that he had given his son every advantage of education. "Yes," replied the wise old man sadly, "every advantage, but the greatest advantage of all—poverty. I couldn't give my son the chance in life I had myself."

Certainly, however, the vast majority of people believe that wealth brings happiness, and that a young man as rich as Vincent Astor, say, gets more real fun out of living than does the youth in moderate circumstances—the young man who, by his own efforts, is making a comfortable income.

Not in physical comfort. No matter how rich a man may be he cannot eat more than one good dinner at a time, and that has to be of plain food habitually, or else he acquires dyspepsia,

which is no respecter of pocketbooks. He cannot sleep in but one bed. He cannot wear but one suit of clothes at a time. He can enjoy no more heat in winter, nor more coolness in summer, use no more light, nor more bath tub, than any man of moderate means. After you reach a certain not very exalted point of wealth in these days of modern conveniences the purchasing power of money is still in bringing you any physical comfort.

How do they figure this out? Work! That's not a misfortune, but a blessing. Work is excitement, thrill, never-dying interest. It is the most absorbing game on earth, and the man who gets up every morning with the knowledge that there's going to be a fresh deal of cards, and that he's got to pit his skill and diplomacy and intelligence against the champions of his community, has got something to live for. Besides, no other people on earth work so hard and so cheerfully as those whose sole occupation is killing time.

Vanity? You think it must be delightful to be bowdlered because you are rich? Perhaps so. If you have been poor and made the money yourself, because that means that you've fought the fight and won out. But there's nothing to be cheery about—no thrill of gratified vanity in money that you have inherited. It takes luck, and not talent, to be born with a bank book in your mouth.

Friendship? That's the choicest pleasure in life, but it's reserved exclusively for the delight of the poor. No rich man has any friends, because experience of tondies and sycophants has taught him to be so suspicious of everybody that he trusts nobody and believes in the sincerity of no one.

Love? A paradise before which Cupid stands with a golden sword and turns the millionaire away. No rich man may ever even hope to be loved for himself alone. He is the prey of the adventures, of the avaricious, the scheming woman who is willing to sell her soul for money

and position. How little domestic happiness is found in the homes of the very rich the divorce court records prove.

The truth is that money doesn't buy happiness, and the man with a moderate income can get far more pleasure out of living than the millionaire can. Which is a comforting thought for the vast majority of us who are engaged in the exciting and pleasurable sport of chasing the wolf from the door.

Grandma Used Sage Tea to Darken Hair

She made up a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur to bring back color, gloss, thickness.

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea with sulphur and alcohol added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and luxuriant, remove every bit of dandruff, stop scalp itching and falling hair. Just a few applications will prove a revelation if your hair is fading, gray or dry, scraggly and thin. Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get the ready-to-use tonic, costing about 20 cents a large bottle at drug stores, known as "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," thus avoiding a lot of fuss.

While wispy, gray, faded hair is not sinful, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness. By darkening your hair with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it does it so naturally, so evenly. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hairs have disappeared, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and luxuriant.