

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

At Sunset

By LILLIAN LAUFERTY.

Glowing the sun in its golden declining,
Hushed is the world at the twilight's sweet voice;
Gentle the murmur of dusk as it lingers,
Soft is the rhythm as night winds rejoice.

Fading the sun in its wondrous reclining
Deep in the arms of the far western skies;
Endless the chorus when dark brings its music—
Afterglow song in the hush when light dies.

Low is the whisper of night in the grasses;
Endless new worlds here at evening rejoice.
So age and time grow more kind for the knowing,
Darkness still pulses with music's sweet voice.

Willful Waste Makes Want

By ADA PATTERSON.

"Goodby, I'm going away—going to a home. I feel bad, of course, but then, it was my fault."

A white-haired woman, with trembling hands and shriveled face, said this with a weak little smile. Have you noticed how very sad are some smiles? How far sadder than tears? The yellowish skin about her tired, red-rimmed eyes were damp from recent tears. She was bidding her neighbors farewell before going to a poor house.



Everyone of the silent sorrowful neighbors knew her story. They talked about it after the almshouse van rattled up and had taken her and her little bundle of belongings away. She was the widow of a builder who "had made good money in his time," but who "drank and went to pieces at the last." That had been heard whenever her name was mentioned for five years. Her old friends were dead, her few remaining relatives were distant, both in charity and relationship. And the almshouse wagon was creaking and rattling her away to the inevitable.

The neighbors stood about and talked for a few minutes about the widow's passing from Grimes' alley.

"She told me herself 'twas her own fault. She wasted it while she had it," said the baker's wife.

"It's hard, whoever's the fault for a woman of 72 to go to the poor house," said the butcher's wife.

"He should have left her an insurance," said the baker.

"He did, but only enough to bury him," said the butcher. "He had taken out a big insurance, but they let it lapse when hard times struck him."

"He drank toward the last when things were going against them," said the baker's wife, who was pitiful.

"But she told me she had wasted when they had plenty," said the butcher's wife, who was so just that the neighbors thought her hard.

"She said they always had the best of food and the best of clothes and lived as near as they could to Fifth avenue, and that she never put anything by."

"She never thought it would be different," sighed the baker's wife, and the denizens of Grimes' alley went back to their tasks. The oldest woman in the alley was gone and it seemed she was already forgotten. Only that evening when her "man" handed her their allowance the baker's wife put an extra dollar in the rusty tea can she used for a bank and the butcher's wife decided to use last winter's plume on her hat instead of getting a new one. The moral of the old woman's ride to the poor house had sunk deep into their minds. "She never thought that it would sometimes be different."

Another woman in the evening of her

life has bidden a different farewell to the neighborhood in which she had lived for twenty-five years. In those twenty-five years she had reared two children. She had buried her husband and become a grandmother. The two children had died. The grandchild had passed on. Like her contemporary of Grimes' alley she was alone.

But one of this little woman's bright eyes was always on the future, while the other was wide open to the opportunities of the present, realizing vividly that she would not always be young and strong; that the world would not always spread before her, but that there would come a time when she must have a glimpse of it over her shoulder because it would be behind her, she began providing in a small way for that future.

A widow who has two little children and only a janitress' work and pay, would be justified in thinking that she could not save. But she did save. At first it was only 10 cents a week. Then it became a quarter.

When she worked in Turkish baths at \$7 a week it became a dollar. And when the little sum of coins became \$5 she hastened to a savings bank with it and in six months had a pleasant little thrill at seeing a tiny sum written after it in red ink. She remembered that the president of that same savings bank had said, "When anyone is out of debt and has a dollar in the bank he is a capitalist." Besides she knew that poor as she was she had a servant. The five-dollar bill was working for her.

When she did her Saturday evening marketing she walked three blocks farther, to stores where the provisions were as good but cheaper, because the grocer and butcher paid less rent. In an evening's marketing she saved but 9 cents, but in a year she had saved more than \$1.

She bought her clothing late in the season at a sale. She always walked unless the distance was more than ten blocks. She owed that to her health, she said, as well as her pocketbook. She wasn't ashamed to wear last year's styles and she always patronized those drug stores that would take back the bottles and allow her 5 cents on them. Once she carried back eight bottles and saved enough money for next day's roast and the lunch for her family of three. She bought those parts of the meat that had been most exercised, because it was more nourishing and cheaper. She placed her savings in several banks, because she believed that it is safer to keep your savings in different banks. When she took funds from the banks it was to place them on small mortgages at good interest.

So after twenty-five years of hard work and hard saving she had realized that which is a justifiable ambition and should be a universal one. She owns her home and has sufficient to live upon in her years of enforced inactivity. It is a plain little home, but there are flowers growing about it, and there is a flower of content growing in her heart, planted there by the hand of prudence.

The difference between the women is the difference of far and short vision, far vision which is thrift, and short vision which is folly.

and is waking up every one in the house to prove it. That is characteristic of the men.

What makes all the neighbors so indignant at the Smith family? I can see nothing they have done wrong.

You are not observing, little one, or you would have noticed that their automobile stands idle before their door an hour at a time.

Does a woman, mother dear, ever have a chance during all her married life to get even with her husband for his meanness to her?

Never, child, except when he is sick. Every time he has a cold she makes mustard plasters and soaks his feet in hot water with a seal that proves she is remembering every wrong he ever inflicted upon her.

Why do so many apparently healthy women, mother dear, go so often to a doctor?

For sympathy, inquisitive one. A husband is so busy scratching for a living that he doesn't have time to give his wife sympathy for the ails she has, or thinks she has. Her children never give it, since it is the mission of childhood to demand rather than to give. The neighbors never give it, for they see she has a good husband and a fine home, and don't realize that she wants it. She goes to see a doctor. "You poor, dear little thing," he says, sympathy fairly pouring out from him. "Does a mean old plan make your poor little head ache?" Then he pats her poor hands and strokes the poor head, and next day she calls for more sympathy, all of which her husband pays for. It would be cheaper, child, if husbands occasionally made time to be a little sympathetic.

Two Castles---One Fate for Both



CHARACTER IS THE ONE THING WORTH CULTIVATING

Man builds his towers of stone, his modern cliff dwellings of iron and glass—the child builds a fort of sand on the seashore. It is all only a day in the eyes of time.

The stone castle crumbles, the city sinks below the ground and is forgotten. Man can build only one thing that endures in the individual or in the race, and that is CHARACTER.

The Accession of Elizabeth

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

Three hundred and fifty-five years ago, November 17, 1558, Bloody Mary went to her reward, and the Princess Elizabeth went to Westminster Abbey to be crowned queen of England.

Elizabeth was 25 years of age when she ascended the throne, and for forty-five years she was to preside over the fortunes of the "light little island," guarding it against its enemies at home and abroad, and laying the foundations for the vast and mighty dominion which today girdles the globe with possessions and its powers.

A greater sovereign than Elizabeth never sat upon a throne. Clear-headed, courageous, abounding in patience and hope, and patriotic to the core, she was always adequate to the occasion, and fell in not a single one of the many great responsibilities that she was called upon to face. Often tried, she was never denied, and at the apex of her splendid work she stood ready to be tried again.

It is no wonder that Englishmen are proud of Elizabeth; for Englishmen are well aware of the fact that but for what Elizabeth did there would be no England today. When Elizabeth mounted the throne the very life of the nation was in peril. The mightiest powers and most subtle forces on the planet were in league for its destruction. The word had gone forth that "England must be destroyed," and already preparations were being made for making the word good. But the conspirators did not reckon upon the wonderful woman who was to confront them in their plot against England and the human race.

Firm as a rock stood the great queen, and against her resolute patriotism the plans of the enemy were broken to pieces. Ever alert and always true as steel, Elizabeth bent down, the foes of England as often as they showed themselves. It took thirty years for these foes to develop what they hoped and believed would be the master-stroke, but the great queen beat back the "Invincible Armada"—and the worst was over—England was safe, liberty was safe, the future of humanity was safe, and the English queen had won the deepest gratitude of all the ages.

For had Philip succeeded in crushing Elizabeth, the hands on the clock would have been set back thousands of years. The holiest interests of humanity were at stake—freedom, the right to think and speak, the right to be one's self, the right to strive for progress in science, and in all the other things that make for the true, good and glory of humanity—and it was Elizabeth and her brave and devoted Englishmen who saved the day for England and for the world.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

You Must Decide.

Dear Miss Fairfax: My case is a sad one. I am in love with a girl three years younger than myself. I have always been treated nicely by her parents and brothers till two months ago. I am a detective and found out that my girl's brother was dishonest. I had to do my duty and I did. He was to be imprisoned for one year, I, having a pill, had his sentence reduced to five months. Now her folks won't have me near the house. But the girl and I are still meeting. She tells me to change occupation or look for another girl.

A DISAPPOINTED INVESTIGATOR.
That is a question you must decide for yourself, and your decision will depend solely upon how much you love the girl. If you change occupations to please her, be manly enough to express no regrets. Be satisfied that she is worth the sacrifice.

Don't Try It.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man of 17 and deeply in love with a girl of 22, who, I have every reason to believe, returns my affection. Although I have never spoken to her, I am sure from her actions that she loves me.

How do you think I should go about gaining her acquaintance? A READER.
Five years' difference is of no account when a man and woman are of mature age, but you are only 17! If I tell you that you are only a boy and too young to know what love means, you will be offended, but the day is not far off when you will agree with me. Postpone love-making a few years.

If Hair Is Turning Gray, Use Sage Tea

Don't look old! Try Grandmother's recipe to darken and beautify faded, lifeless hair.

That beautiful, even shade of dark, glossy hair can only be had by brewing a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray, streaked and looks dry, wispy and scraggly, just an application or two of Sage and Sulphur restores its appearance a hundredfold.

Don't bother to prepare the tonic; you can get from any drug store a 50 cent bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Restorer," ready to use. This can always be depended upon to bring back the natural color, thickness and lustre of your hair and remove dandruff, stop scalp itching and falling hair.

Everybody uses "Wyeth's" Sage and Sulphur because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair has disappeared, and after another application it becomes beautifully dark and appears glossy, lustrous and abundant.—Advertisement.

Tabloid Tales

By FRANCIS L. GARSDIE.

Why is it, mother dear, that so much furniture is being taken from the home of the Browns next door? Are they moving away?

No, child; their oldest daughter has married; the piano always goes with the oldest girl and she is claiming that almost everything else in the house is hers, and is taking it with her. A mother and father always have to start housekeeping over again when the oldest girl marries.

What does that light late in the night at the Jenks' house mean? Is some one sick, mother dear?

It means that Mr. Jenks has insomnia.

MORE NUTRITIOUS FOOD AT A LOWER PRICE

Most people eat too much meat. It is the one big item in our high cost of living. We go to this meat excess under the mistaken belief that it is necessary to nourish our bodies.

You can get food more nutritious at one-tenth the cost by buying Faust Macaroni.

Faust Macaroni is made from Durum Wheat, the cereal extremely rich in gluten, the bone, muscle and flesh builder. A 10c package of Faust Macaroni contains as much nutrition as 4 lbs. of beef—ask your doctor.

Write today for free recipe book. In 5c and 10c packages.

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