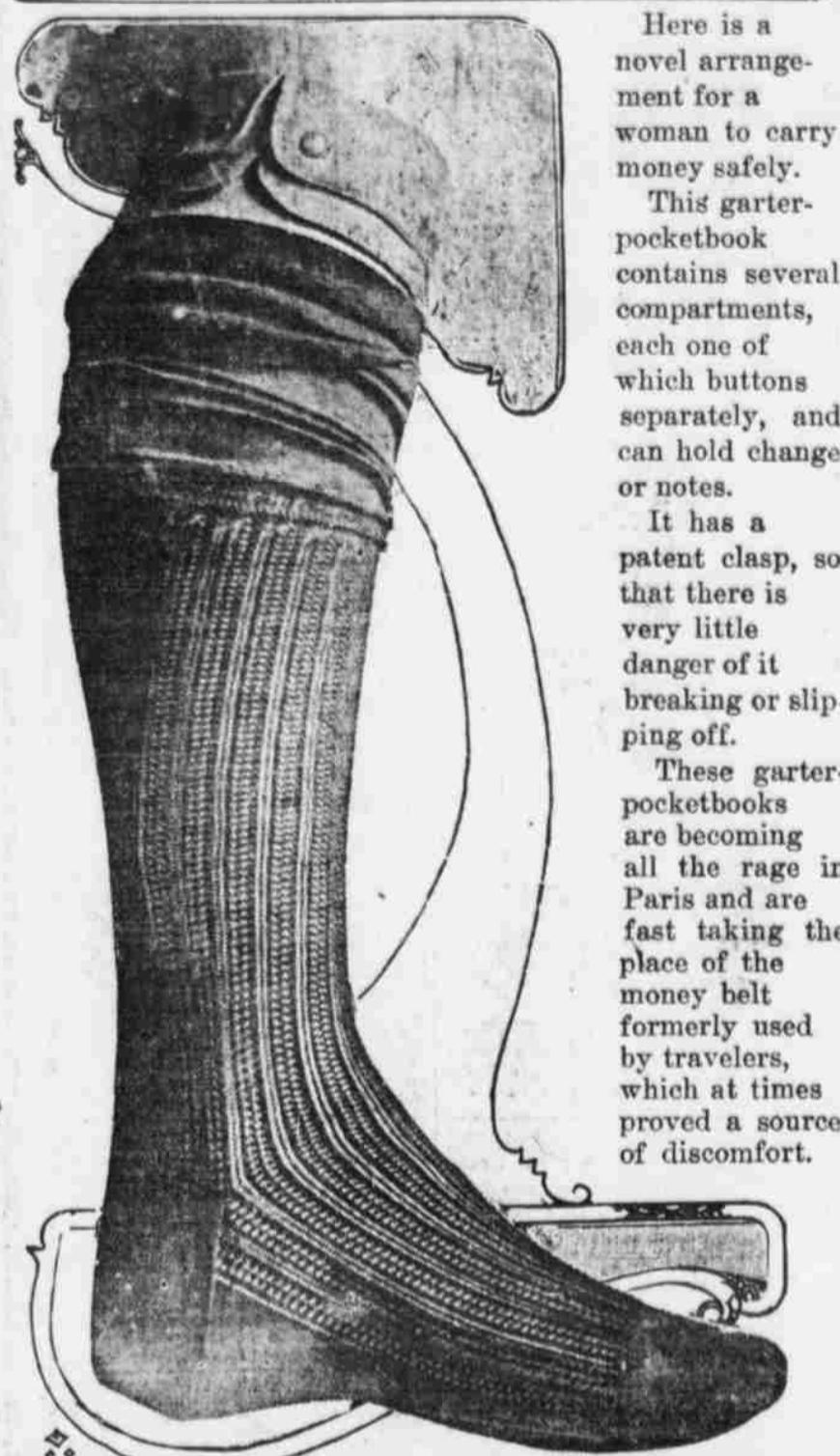


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

A New Pocketbook Style



Here is a novel arrangement for a woman to carry money safely.

This garter-pocketbook contains several compartments, each one of which buttons separately, and can hold change or notes.

It has a patent clasp, so that there is very little danger of it breaking or slipping off.

These garter-pocketbooks are becoming all the rage in Paris and are fast taking the place of the money belt formerly used by travelers, which at times proved a source of discomfort.

The Honor Prison

By DR. C. H. PARKHURST

The public has just been interestedly reading the experience of Miss Doty and Miss Watson in the Auburn State Prison for Women. It seems an apt time, therefore, to give another chapter of the character of the "honor prison" for men at Comstock, New York. When people's minds are alive to any question of public concern it is simply economy to make the most of the opportunity and to make whatever contribution one can to the solution of the particular problem in hand.

Some time ago brief mention was made in this column to the recently established prison at Comstock—known as "Great Meadows"—a place in the extreme eastern part of the state, about seven miles south of Lake Champlain. The men do not come directly from the courts, but from other state prisons—Auburn, Dannemora and Sing Sing—and what is known as first-termers, and not hardened in crime. Men arrive in shackles, a needless decoration which is at once dispensed with, for this is an "honor" institution, and fetters, handcuffs, clubs and revolvers form no part of the equipment of discipline. There are no walls around the prison and the cells are not locked, except during the night. Even night locking seems unnecessary, but it is, I believe, made obligatory upon the warden. If the inmates wanted to run away they have time enough for it between morning unlocking and night locking.

The "boys" go to the several parts of the farm wherever their particular employment may happen to be and return again. Their passage to and fro and their method of doing their work is so much like what one sees off prison grounds that no one would imagine the institution to be a penal one unless specially informed to that effect. The impression naturally formed would be that it is an industrial college. In fact, the hearty good nature and enthusiasm with which work is done is even greater than that ordinarily displayed by the common run of free workers.

When at work together the men talk among themselves like any other laborers. Even at their meals, as I had the opportunity to observe, they are allowed quiet conversation. I was never at a dinner, attended by half the number that I saw seated at mess, where there was anything like the orderliness and quiet maintained at the Great Meadow mess room.

Among the inmates there is a band, an orchestra—both under the direction of professional leaders who are serving their sentence—a mandolin club and several base ball clubs. National holidays are celebrated the same as in other civilized communities. An excellent oration on one such occasion was recently delivered before the entire body of the inmates by a lawyer of many years' practice who is now working off a ten years' sentence. To any one who is at all familiar with what goes on in the other penal institutions of the state the particulars which have just been cited will seem to be almost absurdly impossible, or, at any rate, ridiculously impracticable.

However, privileges, such as have been mentioned, are not abused. When Warden Homer took up the work, two years and a half ago, he found four men at work and 129 howling. During his rule only three or four convicts have attempted to escape. As to health, there is today but one man in the hospital and there have been no deaths.

Each cell contains but a single occupant and is furnished with a woven wire mattress, an ample supply of bed clothes and requisite sanitary fixtures. Many of the cells have been tastefully decorated by their inmates with pictures, and carry an attractive and homelike aspect far surpassing what one will often find in second-class hotels.

The effect of pine on the membranes is well known. Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of Norwegian white pine extract, and is rich in guaiacol and other natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this case.

The Pinex and Sugar Syrup remedy has often been imitated, though never successfully. It is now used in more homes than any other cough remedy.

A guaranty of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. Your druggist has Pinex, or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Conspirators

By NELL BRINKLEY

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The bachelor lies at his ease. He wriggles his toes in his slippers (which he can leave all night on the piano if he wants to) and swims in clouds of thick, blue smoke. He is free of the torment of love. He dreams of no misty luring face. His pipe does not go out or his dinner grow cold. His heart beats regularly and gently. Calm, perfect, unutterable content flows through all the channels of his blood. His eyes take in all women with a fine detached appreciation, and his pulse beats strong and slow. But his peace is doomed. Over his quiet, colorless sky of days will be drawn a veil of flame that will blind his

eyes and blaze through his once quiet nights. His heart will catch fire and hurt perhaps 'till he will wish to die. His pipe will go out many times and his carefully ordered dinner go uneaten. He will fly from his couch of ease and wander rapidly about like a tortured ghost. And out of the conflagration he will come with one wonder-face seared on his heart.

For there are two who plot against him! A fat baby, with soft, white wings and a pink chin, and a roguish girl with merciless eyes and a heart that glows and warms with the whispering of Love's breath upon her ear!

NELL BRINKLEY.

Lonely Girls of New York

By ADA PATTERSON

It was half past eleven and the girl and I were both hurrying, tired out to our homes. She was a slim girl of a little less than medium height. Her shoulders were too narrow.

Her face was too pale and the large dark eyes that looked out of it were wistful though brave. It is possible to mix those two different moods in one moment and in one girl. Her clothes were dark and neat, but distinctly of a twelve month ago.

She carried a paper bag in her slender, black gloved hand, holding the bag away from her so that its contents would not soil her coat nor the trim little skirt beneath. I knew her at a glance. She was typical of the business girl of New York.

She had come from a small town or the country to "look for work." She had found it in shop or office or telephone exchange, according to her fitness and preparation. When she had thought of coming to New York, her heart beat high at the pictures the name summoned.

Theaters, suppers, drives, a round of society, punctuated by just enough work

for pleasing contrast. She had seen herself in a blue evening gown cut to show her dazzling shoulders, and over this rose colored velvet cloak. A handsome romantic man was lifting his silk hat in one hand as he placed her in a carriage with the other. That was the vision. She passed me just then in her worn little business suit, a sandwich and two oranges she had bought at the delicatessen store in the paper bag, the reality.

I would have liked to snapshot her by flashlight and send her picture to every girl, the summit of whose ambition is to come to New York.

Not necessarily a forlorn figure, but without doubt a lonely one. New York is crowded with lonely girls. You meet them on their way to work in the subway in the morning and see them at night a little paler than in the morning, and lines in their faces cut by the day's anxieties and wearing physical fatigue.

You see them taking a lonely walk through the park on a lonely Sunday afternoon. You see them climbing resolutely to the top of a Fifth Avenue stage for a half hour's airing, trying to look as though they were enjoying themselves even though they are directly behind a "fellow" who sits quite shamelessly, his arm about the waist of a girl who looks proud of her possession, for "fellow" are scarce in the metropolis. You see them, the lonely girls, at the half boarding houses, half institutions, where they tell you they live because "it is cheap," and where if they voice complaints they will tell you the food is bad. You meet them going rather frightened to the box

office of a theater or concert hall to buy tickets for the play or concert, their pleasure in which will half disappear because they must go alone.

That is the real New York life for the average good girl who has come here to "make her way." After a few years she may make a few friends of tastes and circumstances like her own. Then they may go to the delicatessen in pairs and may have an occasional outing on the Palisades or in Westchester County, tramping all day to get the vigor back into their cheeks.

The lonely girl may join a church and go to the socials. I hope she won't return to her hall room wondering why church socials are so unsociable. But the chances are ninety-nine to one that she will make few friends and know but few people in New York. And the years will pass. That's the point. The years will pass.

At first the "new job" and the delicatessen bag luncheons and watching the edifying life of the city streets and the kaleidoscope of Central Park on a Sunday afternoon will have for her the zest of novelty. The moving picture shows will interest her. But after a time she will grow tired of merely looking on at that motion picture show and want to be part of it. She will want to be wood, as is the beautiful girl with the beautiful eyes, and be won, as she is—in the picture. And then she will remember that Jim always told her her eyes were as bright as the stars.

She laughed at Jim, for he seemed very big and uncouth besides the dapper man

who was to hand her into the carriage after the play. Jim couldn't follow her to the city. He had to stay in the home town and support his mother. The mother had died since and Jim is a prosperous druggist. And she remembers with a little stab in the heart that Jim is married and happily. There's another stab in her heart when she brushes her hair that night and sees how fast the grey hairs are coming. At first she jests about them. Now she tries to cover them. She wonders whether she loved Jim after all, whether it is possible that love may bury itself beneath a mound of foolish resolves and fancies and stir into life when it is too late. Why, Jim would laugh at such a thought now. For she is the girl who listened to the call of the city, and as soon as he could he had forgotten her. That was all.

Shall you come to New York? No girl, no, not unless you have genius or a talent that is indisputable and has already been tried and trained. And even then don't come if there is a big, awkward, good Jim, who is working for you and wants you to wait for him, and if your heart bids you wait. For the city is for most of the working women, a vast loneliness, and if you asked their advice about coming to New York, ninety-nine out of 100 would plead for the home town and family and friends. And they would all show you their Longfellow with this stanza heavily ringed in blunt lead pencils—for what lone woman ever really sharpened her lead pencil?

Stay at home my heart and rest. Homekeeping hearts are happiest."

The Traffic Squad

By ELBERT HUBBARD

The traffic squad comes in with the benzine buggy.

Before that, there were wranglers, tanglers, tie-ups, terrible talking matches, swear feasts, and occasionally killings at the crossings.

The word "police" is derived from the Latin *polis*, a city. Caesar set apart certain soldiers to serve the people in peaceful ways. These soldiers were chosen on account of their intelligence, swiftness and sense of honor. They were called *polites*.

The gendarme—a gentleman of arms—is Caesar's polite without a single patentable improvement.

A few years ago, in America, any ignorant, lazy boor was good enough for a policeman. We had cops who couldn't speak the English language so a white man could understand them. If you asked them a question the second time, you ran the risk of getting stung with a nightstick.

This cop was always out after his personal enemies. His social status was ever at stake, and his business was largely to chase bad boys who used his bulky form as a target for *écrive tomatoes*.

But the modern cop is different. He asks for no bouquets, no tips, no thanks—he is always right there when you need him. His task is to make the wheels go round, and in such a way that collisions never occur.

If he has a temper, you never know it; if he is a grouch, he forgets it; if a heartache, it is his own.

The crossing "peeler" in London was inaugurated by Sir Robert Peel. London at that time was the most congested city in the world. Two lines of buses followed each other in solid mass through the Strand. The idea of having intelligent men to direct this traffic was the idea of Sir Robert.

Before this time the patrol system was in order. Watchmen went through the streets, and at regular intervals called ou the hour, with "All's well," whether it was or not.

Sir Robert devised the plan of stationing men at the crossings, and one of the arguments he put forth was that the cabs and bus drivers had got into the habit of using such atrociously bad language that they asphyxiated people in the vicinity. Then the drivers had a way of cracking their whips at anybody that didn't move fast enough for them. And at these things the nightwatch laughed.

These men had to know the city of London, the principal buildings, the many thoroughfares. That is, they had to be able to answer intelligently most of the questions that the average visitor might ask. Their business was to aid the public, not to terrify it.

Sir Robert devised a new uniform for his men. Instead of a flashy, dusky, gilded, gaudy uniform, he dressed his men in plain blue, with a minimum of buttons. They wore white gloves and a smile.

Sir Robert Peel said, "Behind the uplifted white glove of every one of my policemen stands the power of the British nation."

The policeman at the crossing wins with the power that he never uses. He may be ambidextrous, and probably is; and can strike a quick, sudden, short-armed jolt. But you never see him apply the sedative.

Here comes a stream of traffic from four directions; that is, twelve streams of traffic cross his path where two streets meet. People come from both sides of the street, and teams and autos in the middle. Here they come. Men running to meet trains, women with baby carriages, market women with big baskets, children with bundles, girls going to school, half-drunk men reeling home with depleted pockets, clerks, salesmen, laborers, millionaires, automobiles, carriages, trucks, pushcarts, motorcycles—here they come.

And it is the business of this one man to stand where the ways of the multitude cross, and prevent collisions, to speed the crowd on its way, to prevent altercations, bad language.

Hour after hour he works. His attitude is one of vigilance. He sees everything and nothing. He plays no favorites.

The strain on an average person in such a position is terrific. Few men can do the work. It requires superb physical health, good cheer, right intent, a level brain.

Let's give credit to Sir Robert Peel. We have improved on his ideas, bettered them, but the original thought was his.

And to this highminded, intelligent, kindly athletic man our traffic squad traces its proud pedigree.

Sage and Sulphur Darkens Gray Hair

Brush this through faded, lifeless locks and they become dark, glossy, youthful.

Half that loses its color and lustre, or when it fades, turns gray, dull and lifeless, is caused by a lack of sulphur in the hair. Our grandmother made up a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur to keep her locks dark and beautiful, and thousands of women and men who value that even color, that beautiful dark shade of hair which is so attractive, use only this old-time recipe.

Nowadays we get this famous mixture by asking at any drug store for a 50 per cent Hair Remedy, which darkens the hair so naturally, so evenly, that nobody can possibly tell it has been applied. Besides, it takes off dandruff, stops scalp itching and falling hair. 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 the gray hair disappears; but what delights the ladies with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur is that, besides beautifully darkening the hair after a few applications, it also brings back the gloss and lustre and gives it an appearance of abundance—Advertisement.