but surely grind-

found-that

the "clock" prob-

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

(Copyright, 1913, by Star Company.)

muinded: When is a woman capable of

ily incapable of forming a lifelong

If she does form one which lasts

through all the vicisaltudes of maturer

ears, it is merely a happy chance of

her ripened judgment, fine intuition or

One, however, might let-this statement

over all attachments-at whatever ago-

since marriage is so evidently a lottery.

An engagement of seven years, where

the lovers saw each other almost daily,

Novertheless, as a rule, a woman of

to better able to form a correct idea of a man's character than a girl of 18.

and she is capable of a deeper love and

man's affections are concerned they

a more practical expression of it. so far as the real intensity of

has been known to end in separation after

a year of married minery.

he deepest affection?

we can only generalize.

The old, old question is again pro- their families.

han merely attating—the girl under 20 comfort and pleasure.

When are her emotions at their ripest? or entertainments, and no impulse for

cated subject to analyse, and at the best table or sleepy, and think the wife un-

One fact is toe obvious to need more are giving all their energies for her

Woman is always a difficult and compile lover-like attentions to their wives.

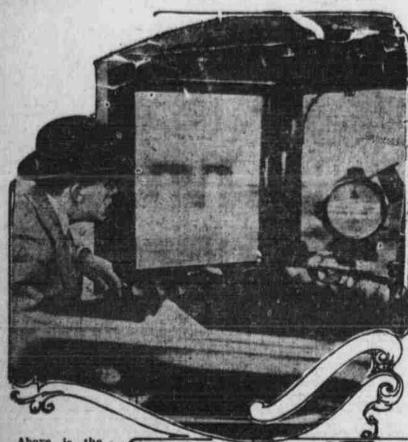
evitable toll.

The Bee's - Home - Magazine - Page)

The Taxicab Face

HAS IT EVER HAPPENED TO YOU?

GOING GONE!



Here you see the taxicab face in all of its convolutions. First you see the victim in the cab taking notice.

The "clock fascinates him He gets a little closer. He is also a little worried.

Having but a certain amount of loose change in his pocket e finds that as the clock rises ils temperature rises, too, until he is perspiring like the good old summer time.

And last of all-a pathetic picture truly-he comes to his destination and parts with all his wherewithal. Isn't that enough to give anybody a "taxicab face?"



Below we see a picture of Mr. Taxicab in the throes of a "cold weat." clock seems to go twice as fast as the wheels do on the taxicab. Each tick seems to say

ten cents more," and its a long way the end.

Above we come to the final, last dreadful straw. There is the clock beaming maliciously and victoriously at its victim. And the vic-

tim? Oh, he's just a shilling out and all he has and perhaps



GOING FAST.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox on "The Age of Woman's Greatest

|devoted of husbands because they are |

with the idea of bestowing luxuries upon

They have no hour for calling, no time

for recreation, no evening for social life

They return home tired, nervous, irri-

reasonable who complains, since they

Yet her comfort and pleasure would

be tenfold if the husband were to escort

her about occasionally with the same

lover-like attention of his days of woo-

other things than business and finance.

ing and if he were able to talk to her of

The middle-ased man may be satisfied

with his ambitious aims, but it is the

middle-aged woman who craves and feels

Portunately, this is the era of the mid-

dis-aged woman; it is her hour of action

THOTOLD INTERNATIONAL HERE GOING FASTER.

Tabloid Tales

What. Mother Dear, is a divorce? It the most important qualification in the is that form of marital separation, wife of a politician? A knowledge of The last decade has shown a marked Precious One, that a generation ago was statesmanship?

giving brain, mind and body to business progress for the woman of maturity to- a disgrace and now is a habit. child for carrying its ple from the for a living.

> You have so much to learn, My Daughdoors which lead to agreeable occupa- ter. The child that carries its pie from so much time looking for things at the tion, to earnest endeavor and to the the table so as not to miss anything grocer's which are the quickest to cook? going on in the games outside, will some happiness which comes from busy days day be a man and eat on the run in in order that later in the day she may order not to miss his share of business have more of it to waste. making her a better comrade for her life. And, believe me, my dear, what he husband and other men and lessening might miss when he is older is not much more important than what he might miss

> able position of a neglected wife as the as a child. Is there anything in the world, that it is never the same after she has Mother, that could take the conceit out slept under a crazy quilt.

ter and perhaps by this better understanding she will come to realize just Marriage is one remedy, Child. Anwherein she failed of old to keep his other effectual way would be to let him look back into a room two minutes after For when all is said and done, this he has made a call: Every woman in have time to make love. it yawning. No absolutely lovable woman ever goes

What, Mother, would you regard as

I regard as a more important qualification, Child, the ability to cook well Greeba.

Why, Mother, do you always scold the enough to be prepared to keep boarders

Why. Mother, does the woman spend She wishes to save time, Little One,

What, Mother, is meant by being "temperamental?"

Any woman, My Child, is temperamental whose mind is so lightly balanced

men marry? Because, Child, worthless men always

What, Mother, is a masterful man? It is a term used in fiction which in real iffe is expressed by the term "bossy."

Is there anything, Mother, a woman may do, which a man can't do? There are two, My Child: No one but a woman can look at a woman without seeing her, and no one but a woman

What. Mother Mine, is meant by "the orce of habit?"

can see a woman without looking at her.

I can tell you best. Little One, by giving an illustration: If a man marries a woman who has taught school a great many years, when the school bells ring she will act up like the horse at the fire department when the fire whistle bows.

What, Mother, is meant by the Dear, It is any period, My Child, that antedates the azathetic time when our rat-

ternal ancestors put a piece of red fiannet in the bowl of a coal oil lamp for What, Mother, is Canscience Money?

It is something. Child, which newspapers tell about, but which no wife ever sees.

Why, Mother Dear, does every one make so light of those who do a great deal of visiting? Has hospitality become a lost art?

I am afraid it has, My Child, Ot recent years visiting has become like gambling-a sport in which everyone claims to get the worst of it.

Do you know, Mother, of any reliable confidant in time of trouble? Just one, My Child; Your pillow, And

always take care to look under the bed before you confide in that. PRANCIS L. GARSIDE.

"The Woman Thou Gavest Me"

Great Novel by Hall Caine to be Published by The Bee.



Hall Caine.

Bee will publish serially what has been cessful novels, among them being "The admitted to be the most startling book of Bondsman," "The Scapegoate," the year, "The Woman Thou Gavest Manxman," "The Chr.stian," Me," by Hall Caine. No work of this Eternal City," "The Prodigal Son," "My cussion that has followed on the appearance of this novel, and it is still the The last named he first wrote as a play.

subject of intense and intelligent criticism and debate.

will be appropriately illustrated. novel by Hall Caine, best known of all popular.

contemporary English novelists.

his writings, in his beautiful home, Castle stage. eminent success, but in 1887 at the age of hig time is spent with them, as he

Beginning on Monday. January 5, The Since then he has published many suc-"The Scapegoate," has ever aroused the dis- Story," "The White Prophet,

Of his novels, "The Deemster" was the first to be dramatized. It met with The installments will appear from day such success that it has been followed to day on the Home Magazine page, and on the stage by "The Manxman," "The Christian, "The Eternal City." "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" is not "The Bishops's Son" and "The Eternal only the latest, but also the greatest Question," all successful plays and still

Arrangements have been made for the Hall Caine was born on the Isle of dramatization of "The Woman Thou Min in 1853. He stills lives on the little Gavest Me" and it will soon be seen island, which he has made famous in on both the English and the American

Hall Caine has two sons who are now His earliest writings did not bring him growing into early manhood and much of 34, his novel. "The Decemster," created has his own ideas about training of a great sensation in the literary world children. His wife is noted for her and placed him in the front rank of fic- charity among the people of the island, who look upon her as a patron saint.

My good man, he sed to Pa, you have

within yure grasp a wunderful eppor-

Lound as you can see, in mocca & java

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK Thare was a man here this afternoon

selling a fine book, sed Ma. I tould him tunity to delve into the ded muster to cum back tonite wen you were here, minds of the ded past. Thay are all in so you cud see it. Misses Jenkins bought yure reech, to borrow from or disagree one & all the other nabors. The naim with, these wunderful minds. You can of the book is Beekun Lites of Literatur, chat with Shakespeer, Milton, Byron, I hoap he doesnt cum back, sed Pa. I Dickens, Thackery-a thousand noabet am sick & tired of these book agents men. You will be enchanted to read with there chop whiskers & there nerve. nitely the peris of buty and wisdom that have a noshun to give him the gate are contained in this marvelus volume.

beefoar he gits a chanst to show the Beekun Lites of Literatur. It is butifully book at all. Jest then the book agent caim. He binding with a page marked in the upwas a tall, fat man with rosy cheeks & per rite hand of every leef. The book

a nice fur overcoat. He looked like a opens cessly, & is printed in English man in a show wich I seen onst, Git Rich maiking it eesy for you to reed it. This Quick Sombody. Most of the book agents marvelus volume I am offering on this wich cums to our house looks as if they trip only for the ridiculusly low figger was jest working at it long enuff to git of fifteen dollars. Beekun Lites of Litsumthing to cet & then git a better job, eratur, the moast compre-hensive work but this man looked vary prosper-us. He dident wait for Pa to ask him to day. Fifteen dollars buys it-the works set down, he sat down in the biggest of the masters. chare & started in.

Monkey Shines.

Monkey Shines.

An elderly and very dignified clergyman arrived at a hotel one evening and
said to the clerk in a voice loud enough
to be heard out on the plazzas that it
was late and he wished a quiet room.

He was told that the new addition to
the house had just been finished, but
that none of the suests had been put
into it, and that they would give him
a room at the extreme end and high up,
where he would be assured of quiet.

With a warning that he did not wish
to be called in the inorning, but to sleep
as long as nature desired, he went to
his room.

The next forenoon one of the chambermaids reported in great alarm that there

The next forenoon one of the chamber-maids reported in great alarm that there was a crazy man in the room. A bat-tallon of porters was sent to that part of the building and one of them knocked cautiously at the door. "Is this a den of thieves?" roared the inmate. "Every stitch of my clothing has been stolen!"

After a little investigation the mystery was cleared up. A pet monkey had escaped, and climbing one of the trees in front of the hotel, had walked along the gutter, entered the minister's room through the open window and taking his clothes, piece by piece, had hung them on the branches of the tree and the iron pinnacles of the roof.

Bellhops reacted the garments, and the preacher hastily shook the dust of that ungodly hostelry from his feet.—National Monthly.

Husband, sed Ma, sumtimes you seem

it? sed Pa. There is a grate descripshun of the

battle of Waterloo in it, sed the agent. & allushuns to Caesar & other grate fiters, yes, sir.

of that title wich is in the market to-

Has it got the records of the fiters in

Has it got Packy McFarland's record? sed Pa, & Battling Nelson's career?

I do not understand, sed the agent. Has it got 'Ty Cobb's batting average for 1912? sed Pa, & how many bases he stole? I bet it hasent. I bet it hasent eeven got the life of Kid Broad in it. I am afrade not, sed the agent. Ho

was looking at Pa kind of funny. Then I doant want it, sed Pa. book that doant have the records of the grate prize fiters and ball players in it is no Beekon Lite for me

I supposed that I was calling upon a gentleman of intelligence and reefinement, sed the agent. I see I was mistaken & I will bid you goodnite.

Goodnite, sed Pa. After the agent was gone Pa began to laff That is the way to git rid of them, he sed. I bet I know moar about the reel Beckun Lites of literatur than that mutt, but I wuddent let

The Fate of Crassus

ward a broader, higher plane of useful-

ness than she has ever before occupied.

Every day new doors are flung open

ing and whose hearts are unsatisfied;

And this larger outlook for woman is

the chances of her occupying the unenvi-

It is belping her understand men bet-

affection.

fact remains-

unloved through life.

men whose homes are disappoint-

are rerely at their strongest before 30 or A woman of that age is to all On this day of the month of December. artier ages what August is to April. B. C. St. in wha is now Asiatic Turkey. May or June. She craves affection was fought one of the decisive battles of sade, and she is better able to appreciate a Roman pro-cob-

sul, annihilated a This is why so many seemingly happy Roman army and marriages result in a climax of disaster precipitated the riin middle life. This is why so many valry between the an of 25 or # figure in the scandals two Roman citizens which was to end Men who delight in assuring us that in the overthrow of they are our mental superiors in all the the republic and bes and arts, men who have devel- the establishment oped their brains and grown great and of the empire. and wonderful in every direction And all this was me, have yet to learn that a wife of brought about by a odie age which is the very zenith of lot of semi-barbar-

the deepest love.

ute-is no more ready to "settle down" ous nemads, who, into the cull commonplace of "under- as the Romans

stood" affection than is the sun at mid- thought, had no military ability, whatday ready to set behind the western hills, ever and were not even worthy of serious Every day we meet bright, intelligent, consideration.

tual men, whose fives are filled Crassus, who, with Caesar and Pompey, with worldly aims and ambitions, and formed the "first triumvirate," being amwho are supremely unconscious of or in- hitious of renown and desirous of inent to the fact that their wives are creasing his store of worldly goods, set out with an army of 50,000 men We have all heard mon laughingly re- quer the Parthians. He thought the job for to sentiment as a thing outlived or would be an easy one. The legions were compared in the sea of reality, and use invincible, and while they had never as the plural indicating that they believed yet met the sons of the desert, no fear

tion was mutual, when we knew was full as to the outcome of the exstriking boldly into the desert, Crassus of included in this plural reference.

Consends of Apprican men today he-sastward of the Euphrates and there have they are the most unselfish and began at once one of the most remark

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY, vable fights of history. The Parthian but they might as well have charged the

force, composed entirely of cavalry, wind or the flying clouds of heaven. formed about the Romans in a circle, Closer and closer drew the death circle which was slowly drawn tighter and and thinner and thinner grew the legions. than she craved it in her adoles- history. At Carrhae the Parthians killed lighter as the struggle were on. Riding On the one side there was no surrender close up to the legionaries, the Parthians and on the other no mercy. Slowly, but would rain their deadly arrows upon them remoraelessly the work of destruction and then suddenly ride away. The went on, and presently Crassus was dead Romans charged with splendid courage, and his army annihilated.

Antiques BY CONSTANCE CLARKE.

Up in the attic under the caves Pattering rain drops rustling leaves, Tell where the little old trunk stands, Hidden away by ghostly hands. Treasures dear neath the lid closed down. Gloves and a brocade evening gown: Slippers small and a cap of lace, A miniature of a dimpled face, And underneath all, a cameo Cracked down its length of rose and snow

Dreams of the past come floating wide, Hiding the misty world outside: Hushing the rush of whispering leaves, Dulling the rain on the attic eaves. Dear little maid of long ago. Did you break your heart with your cameo. And hide it away that some might know, Up where the attic eaves hang low?