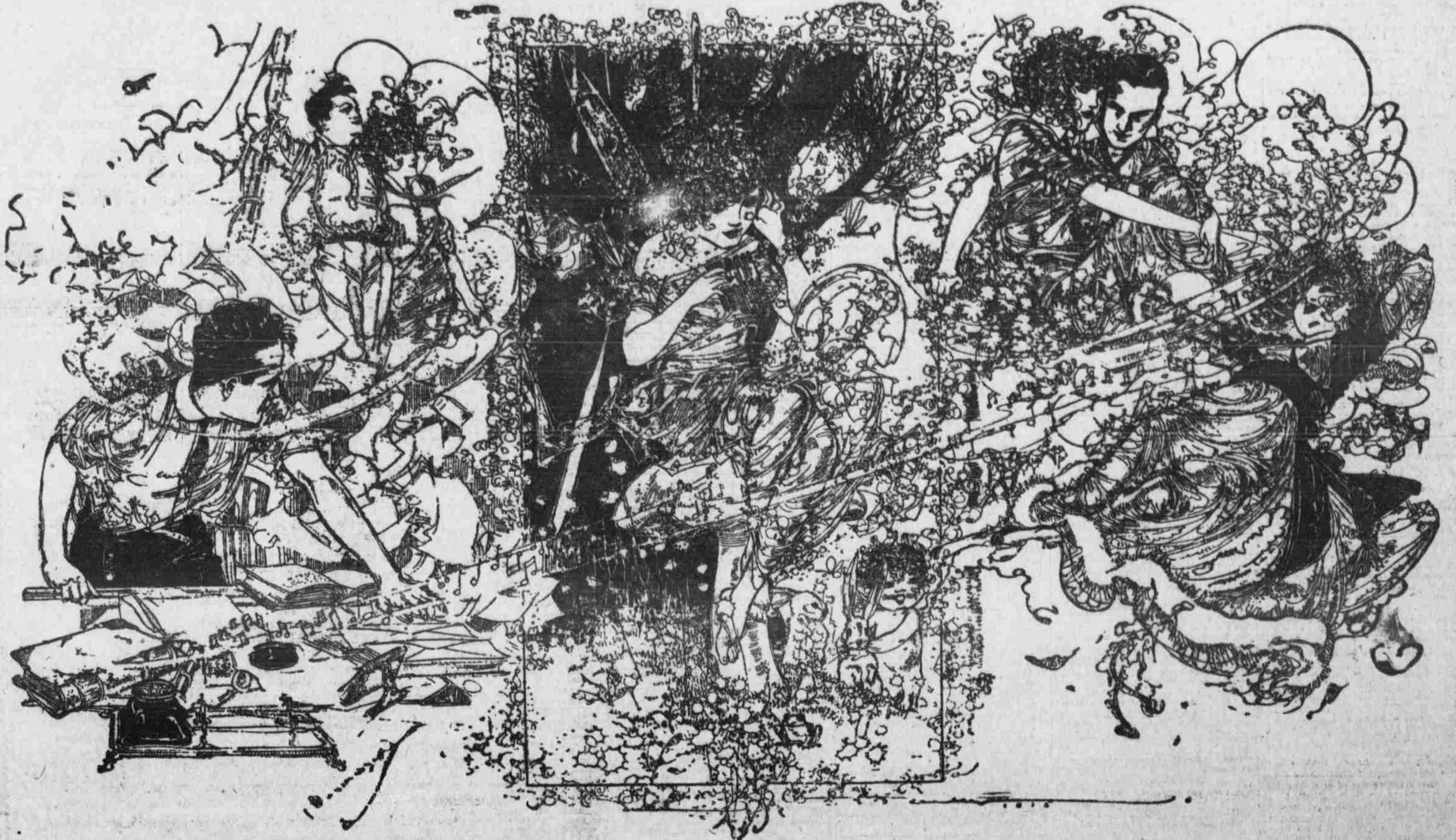


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Spring Calls!

By Nell Brinkley



Nell Brinkley Says:

Spring sits in the deep woody places with her dear comrades, Love and furry rabbits, and the "toad-frog," newly out of his earthen sleep, and the little field-mouse with the little ears like periwinkle shells and the dainty paws! And she calls! You know she calls! For her song floats out of the far-place where she wakes and creeps to a fairy-stool in the

whispering grass among the tender flowers that nod there, and it rises and comes, strong and sweet into the city through the writhing smoke and the clatter and banging—and it sifts penetratingly sweet and insistent through the office of the chap who's been digging away all winter. And content to dig! But when he hears the first soft note of Spring's song—calling—calling—calling, "Sneak away, Winter's dead, sneak away, there's delightful things to be doing—calling and camping—where's your white shoes and your moose-hides and your old

flannel shirts—listen—listen—the sea calls, and the trails call, and I call—and in my song is the call of all these things and the call of Love—the call of Love!" His Winter-wound spirit aches—black hatred of the office-shall comes in a blind cloud over his heart; he swirrs his papers into the air (when he can he flies out of his cocoon and follows)—and after that folks say, "He has the Spring fever!" The Winter-wrapped girl who's been at peace in her furs—without green places and lazy days—stretches her arms in dim-awakening when the soft, lazy,

repeating notes—reach her ears in town. And under its spell she sees wind-washed slopes—anywhere—anywhere—ablow with flowers—herself in her middie jacket and flat white shoes—blue sky and white-clouds and sailing yellow butterflies—and a man! Spring calls and listens—and chuckles, I reckon, when she hears the stir in the city places that her music makes—when she hears the fever of her magic in the turmoil in myriad spirits behind the desks!

Lesson for All Women in Grandmother-Wife Who Eloped at Age of Sixty

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

"The dangerous age for women does not seem to limit its bounds to middle life. A woman of 60 has recently eloped with a man of her own age. After having lived with her husband since 1877 and being a mother and a grandmother she discovered her real affinity and eloped with him.

It would seem that a man and a woman who had reached the age of 60 might possess the self-control and the reasoning power which would enable them to avoid a course of action that must bring sorrow and humiliation upon their families. But it is impossible to judge of one's fellow beings without knowing their temperament, their temptations and their trials.

We have all quoted frequently the adage, "There's no fool like an old fool," but few of us have stopped to analyze the causes which produce old fools. A starved youth frequently produces a voracious maturity. Men and women who

marry young, and are engrossed through all the years of youth and maturity with family cares, find life dull and commonplace when those cares drop away and leave them once more with time to think of other things than material necessities.

The romantic side of life again presents itself, and if there is a strongly temperamental tendency, with a corresponding lack of balance, trouble is certain to ensue. That is, trouble is certain to ensue if, as is usually the case, this late Indian summer comes to only one of the mated pair.

It is more frequently the man to whom it comes. A man who, having filled all the duties of father and grandfather for many years, finds himself with leisure and means to enjoy life, awakens to a consciousness of heart hunger, and is surprised to discover all the romantic impulses of youth fully alive in his nature. Meanwhile the wife, who is also mother and grandmother, has "settled down," satisfied to seek her distractions in her physical ailments, and her recital to her friends of experiences with surgeons and operating tables, or in the pursuance of duties and pleasures which appertain wholly to the grandmother period of her existence. It is so long ago since she walked in the wonderfulness of romance that it is all like a forgotten dream, and if her husband should attempt to renew the old dream and to make it seem a reality she would probably call him an "old fool" and ask him if he were losing his reason.

Only a few years ago a situation of this kind developed into a great tragedy. A woman in Brooklyn of 60 odd years died suddenly and her death revealed the fact that she had been making frequent trips to New York to meet an admirer of her own age.

The woman had been for twenty years the wife of a hopeless invalid, and the role of nurse and mental comforter and companion for this husband failed to satisfy the longings of her heart; hence a revelation which brought shame and sorrow upon two families.

and heart and the development of her best possibilities through knowledge of spiritual laws. The woman who devotes an hour or two every day to such occupations and interests will not be liable at 60 to lose her mental balance or to make herself the sorrow of her friends and the laughing stock of her enemies.

"The Mares of Diomedes"

By ELBERT HUBBARD

The place of honor in the New York Metropolitan museum is given to "The Mares of Diomedes."

This is a bronze piece of statuary modeled by Gutzon Borglum. Borglum spent his boyhood days in the far west, and he cannot remember a time when he did not ride horses.

Only a horseman, familiar with all kinds of horses, including wild, running, terrified, frenzied animals, could ever have worked out this wonderful piece of modelling. Beyond the marvelous technique lies a story, the myth of Diomedes.

Diomedes was a fabbed character of Greece. Perhaps all fabbed characters were once men. But let that pass. Diomedes was a soldier who rode horseback, and, not content with one horse, he trained a whole herd of mares so they followed him and did his bidding. These mares would rush, headed by their master on the back of a horse, upon the enemy and with teeth and hoofs would bite, strike, kick and destroy. For a time this novel plan of Diomedes was a great success. But, alas and alack! there came a day when the enemy captured Diomedes and corralled his herd of horses. And behold, the horses then did the bidding of their captors and they fought the forces of Diomedes with the same fury that he had taught them to exercise on his own enemies. And then one day the enemy took



By IRENE WESTON.

"I sometimes think," said the head mistress of a large girls' school to me the other day, "that the children who are brought up in a nervy atmosphere are quite as much handicapped in life as those coming from thoroughly bad homes."

The speaker's vast experience, not only with children of all classes, made her

Diomedes, the captive, and put him on one of his own horses and turned the herd upon him—this is the incident so vividly portrayed by sculptor Borglum.

Diomedes is represented by a man of magnificent physique. Lean, bony, sinewy, strong, he clings to the back of the mare. One arm circles to her neck, the other arm is free and is waving off the teeth of the oncoming horse that is about to seize him.

Diomedes is just a little in the lead, but behind him troop the herd of horses—mad, frenzied, fighting horses intent on the destruction of their master.

Death in horribly tragic form for him, you are sure, is just ahead.

The average person, if asked, after looking at this piece of statuary, how many horses there are in the group, would say there are at least twenty-five. The fact is there are exactly seven.

The movement, the motion, the onrush is terrific.

Of course the idea is poetic. The actual fact is the horse is a tamed animal, and when he strikes, bites or kicks, it is only for his immediate protection, all of which Borglum knows quite as well as we.

Borglum points no moral. He leaves that for us, and the conclusion is that any man who uses horses, or engines of destruction, or men, for the purpose of dissolution and death and visiting vengeance on other men is going to be eventually destroyed by the very means that he has employed to destroy others.

"The villainy you have taught me I will execute. It shall go hard, but I will better the instruction."

Let It Go at "Amper." She (with newspaper)—Here's a funny mistake in the report of that affair last night. It says that Mrs. Swellman appeared in a handsome "ampere" gown. It's "ampere" isn't very far off; her gown was a bit shocking—Boston Transcript.

The Nervy Home

opinion of extreme value to me.

"That sounds pretty serious," I said. "For I suppose the greater number of homes are nervy, as the result of the worry and overwork on the part of parents and older boys and girls."

"You are quite correct," was her reply. "And though such homes are never thought of as other than good, their influence upon the children is deplorable in the extreme. There are numbers of dutiful, capable housewives who, as a result of their work and nerve-strain and monetary worries, are wrecked in health and temper, and who, whilst filled with indignation at the thought of children of the poorest classes being sent out to school unfed, yet allow their own little ones to start out for the day's duties depressed by the mental pictures of a harassed, anxious, frowning mother, and incapable often of experiencing the joy of living which is the birthright of every child."

I realized the truth of all that my friend said, and though she presently made the somewhat drastic statement that the elementary school children with rough or drunken parents are no more to be pitied than some of the better class children from nervy homes, I know that she did not err very far.

For whilst the slum child, who does not know a mother's love, is generally able to accept her fate in quite a matter-of-fact way, and thoroughly enjoy the hours spent out of her home, the sensitive little one from a better environment, whose breakfast is eaten in the company, or irritability parents, and quarrelsome brothers and sisters, is often quite unable all day to throw off the depressing influence of the early morning hours.

And when at the end of the afternoon she re-enters the home, it is often to find the comfort of fire, cosy room and tea absolutely marred by the mother's preoccupation with the things and the labors of the household and consequent impatience with the little one's chatter, or else her very energetic annoyance at having found during the day that the playbox had been turned upside down.

The spirit which animates the home is of supreme importance; it is of far more consequence—though few mothers realize the fact—that even the good management of the material things which constitute that home. There are houses where everything is in the best of order, the rooms always clean and neat, the food excellent and the clothes laundered and mended, and put away as regularly as clockwork every week; and yet the inmates are not healthy or happy or at peace with the world and one another. Then there are other homes, none so well organized—perhaps not even scrupulously clean—where parents and children enjoy

one another's companionship and affection to an almost ideal extent.

Of course, this does not imply for a moment that in order to assure the happiness of the home a housewife must ever upon the side of mismanagement. It does suggest, however, that if a wife and mother is not strong enough to keep her home apace and span, give her children all the attention they may require, and at the same time maintain a serene mind, cheery face, well-governed nerves, and the ability to win the confidence of all under her roof, she must have sufficient will power to shut her eyes to trifles and determine to "let things go."

Comparatively few women are sensible enough to take a timely rest when nervous are in a bad condition. If they did so they would save themselves and every other inmate of the house a vast amount of irritation, worry, and unhappiness. There is probably no husband or child in existence who would prefer a polished hall to an unpolished one at the expense of a fatigued housekeeper, and yet how few women realize that their duty lies quite as much in keeping well and cheerful as in the good management of the home. A woman is slow to learn that excellent housekeeping alone cannot produce an atmosphere in which family happiness thrives and to which people naturally gravitate.

Of course, an irritable, bad-tempered father is often a factor in the making of a nervy home, but as a general rule it is the mother to whom children come for understanding and sympathy, and many of the little joys of home life; and though too much is invariably expected of her in the way of making an effort and keeping her nerves—which usually have to bear a strain so much greater than that imposed upon a man's—under good control, it is worth while when it means the health and happiness of her children.

For the atmosphere of the home is something for which the woman is chiefly responsible, her life mate playing the role of either helpmate or hindrance—whichever he may choose.

Do You Know That

You can bathe without water. A thick robe is entwined with wires and when put on a current of electricity is passed through the wires. The wearer of the robe soon finds his body getting warmer, until in a little while he perceives as freely as if he were in a Turkish bath.

Figures compiled by the Austro-Hungarian and German consulates in New York show that 500,000 reservists of their

countries who registered themselves for service are unable to obtain transportation.

It is stated that hundreds of thousands of gallons of choice nut oil are being lost every year in British Honduras because no practical means has been found for its recovery.

The salary of a general in the Russian army is not extravagant, and varies from \$1,600 to \$2,500 a year.

WOMAN IN BAD CONDITION

Restored To Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Montpelier, Vt. — "We have great faith in your remedies. I was very ir-

regular and was tired and sleepy all the time, would have cold chills, and my hands and feet would blot. My stomach bothered me, I had pain in my side and a bad headache most of the time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me lots of good and I now feel fine. I am regular, my stomach is better and my pains have all left me. You can use my name if you like. I am proud of what your remedies have done for me." — Mrs. MARY GAUTHIER, 21 Ridge St., Montpelier, Vt.

An Honest Dependable Medicine It must be admitted by every fair-minded, intelligent person, that a medicine could not live and grow in popularity for nearly forty years, and to-day hold a record for thousands upon thousands of actual cures, as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, without possessing great virtue and actual worth. Such medicines must be looked upon and termed both standard and dependable by every thinking person.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

TAKE A BIT

of cloth with a few drops of 3-in-One Oil. Wipe drills, saws, chisels, iron planes, all tools, to prevent rust. Oil automatic tools with 3-in-One. Also use on oil stone for quick edging—it works fine. A Dictionary of 100 other uses with every bottle. 10c, 25c, 50c—all stores.

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