

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

His Honor Put Away a Horn Toter

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



People Could Have Pure Food if They Would Only Use Their Power

By GARRETT P. SERVINS.

As a general thing, I care little for Thomas Carlyle's writings, but he was a great man, and often he hit the nail on the head with magnificent precision and force. In reading Dr. Wiley's exposure of "glucose, the champion adulterant," in Good Housekeeping for December, I vividly recall some burning sentences in a letter of Carlyle's written more than forty years ago, but sounding like the cry of an honest soul tormented by the frauds of the present day.



When you use syrup you want the concentrated juice of the maple, or some other sugar-producing plant; you do not want a manufactured conglomeration which in some cases is not what it pretends to be, even when it adopts an apparently, outspoken name, and which is pushed upon the market because it is cheap to make and affords enormous profits.

"What a contrast," exclaims Carlyle, "between now and say, only 100 years ago! At that latter date, or still more conspicuously for ages before that, all England awoke to its work with an invocation to the Eternal Maker to bless them in their day's labor, and help them to do it well. Now all England—shopkeepers, workmen, all manner of competing laborers—awaken as if with an unspoken, but heartfelt prayer to Beelzebub, 'Oh, help us, thou great lord of shoddy, adulteration and malfeasance, to do our work with a maximum of slowness, swiftness, profit and mendacity, for the devil's sake, Amen!'"

When you give your children candy you want it to be made of genuine sugar, flavored with natural extracts; but, says Dr. Wiley, "the little child who buys a penny's worth of candy is not told that it contains glucose, an insipid substance with just enough sugar in it to make it taste a bit sweet, and plenty of dyestuffs to make it look yellow, pink or green."

"What would Carlyle say if he lived in our time and read Dr. Wiley's monthly contribution to the living history of adulteration? I am sure it is not a pleasure to Dr. Wiley to write those things, any more than it is, in the ordinary sense, a pleasure for anybody to read them, and yet one is both pleased and amused by the exposure; pleased, as every honest person must be, to see fraud uncovered, and amused at the exhibition of guileless innocence, not only on the part of the public, but that of public officials in permitting their eyes to be blinded by transparent deceptions.

And, finally, if you would know how politics plays a part in this war of greed, read the result of an appeal to the president of the United States in a battle for pure food! But politics, dear people, is your own field. You make presentments and other officials, and you can control them if you will. We could have only pure foods and pure drugs in this country tomorrow if the united people will do it!

But the thing has become too serious to be laughed at. When many of the staples of life have been so falsified by adulteration and substitution that it is almost impossible to procure them in a pure state, and when the stuff offered in their place is back up by misrepresentation, overt or concealed, lying and misleading labels, it is time to do something very decided about it.

The society may not be needed, but since it has been organized, it will fall short of the desired results unless its scope is broadened.

"The people themselves are partly to blame for the situation. When the laws that they have made for their protection are 'queered' by manufacturers of substitutes and adulterants, the remedy lies in upholding the hands of honest officers who, as Dr. Wiley did until he was forced out, try to enforce the laws in their true spirit. But back of this lies the need of education. Every head of a family owes it to himself and to those dependent upon him to learn the facts. There is no better way to do this than to read Dr. Wiley's articles.

Being temperamental, is very hard on other people when it isn't expensive, as was the case where the senator could not sleep one night and jumped into a taxicab and did \$10 worth of skidding before she had composed her nerves to go back to the hotel, using the sign language and a pair of eloquent eyes because she hasn't yet learned English.

You can protect yourself by avoiding the use of prepared foodstuffs. When you want honey you want what the bee makes.

When I saw her the senator was hunched up in a large American chair and sat shivering in a warm over-heated room.

Get one of those portly looking brown bottles of creamy

I Must Be Taking Cold

You say as you cough. The pesky germs have been multiplying in you long before you coughed or sniffled.

Get one of those portly looking brown bottles of creamy

OZO MULSION

(16 oz. or 8 oz.) at the drug-gist's now. Round up that cold before it gets the best of you.

We are liable to colds these sharp-edged Fall days. Get ahead of the enemy by taking OZOMULSION before you begin to cough.

Rounded 3 oz. brown sample bottle free on application by mail to OZOMulSION, 548 Pearl St., New York.

Daffydils

IN AN OLD MAN AND HAVE HAD LOTS OF TROUBLES BUT MOST OF THEM NEVER HAPPENED

MRS. JONES DRAGGED HER POOR HUSBAND DOWN TOWN TO DO SOME NEW YEARS SHOPPING WHEN THEY GOT IN THE STORE THE MRS. PULLED HIM OVER TO THE MILLINERY DEPARTMENT AND SOON WENT BUSS OVER A BIG BONNET. SHE ASKED HUSBY IF HE WOULD BUY IT FOR HER NEW YEARS PRESENT JONES SAID, SURE! THEN SHE SHOWED HIM THE PRICE TAG. IT READ: "IF A HORSE AND A MARE RUN A RACE AND THE HORSE LOSSES IS THE MAYOR GAYNOR?"

APPLE-HEADED JIMMY, THE SIX-DAY FAN WAS MAKING UP FOR THE SLEEPLESS WEEK HE HAD SPENT AT THE GARDEN. HE JUST GOT TO SLEEP WHEN THE DUMB-WAITER BELL RANG. JIMMY TUMPLED UP AND BEAT IT OUT TO SEE WHO RANG. "WELL," HE HOLLERED DOWN THE SHAFT. "SAY, CAME THE ANSWER. "IF THE EVANSTON DOCTORS WERE ON A STRIKE WOULD YOU SAY IT MADE CHICAGO ILL.?"

THE SUPRAGETTES WERE OFF ON THEIR LONG HIRE UP THE STATE. THEY WERE GIVEN A GREAT SEND-OFF AND WERE CHEERED LOUDLY AS THEY MARCHED BRAVELY ALONG. SUDDENLY A LARGE BANNER CAME ALONG. EVERY BODY TRIED TO MAKE OUT WHAT IT SAID ONE FAR-SIGHTED PERSON THEN MADE OUT: "IF YOU COULD GET INTO SOUVAS RESIDENCE WHEN HE WASNT HOME COULD YOU STEAL A MARCH ON HIM?"

MY EYES CANT STAND THE LIGHT I VOW, I HAVE TO WEAR AN EYE-SHADE NOW.

AN EYE-SHADE AIDS MY EYES A BIT, IN FACT, A LOT, I ADMIT.

I CANNOT DO WITHOUT A SHADE TO WEAR EYES, THEY ARE SURE AN AID.

LO! WHO LACKS YOU?

I'M THE BOOB THAT PUT THE AID IN THE SHADE.

Eloise Gabbi Tells How Argentine Belles Make Selves Beautiful

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

It's a brown-haired, brown-eyed Gabbi who has come all the way from Buenos Ayres to teach us the real Argentine tango, and she is not to be mistaken for a certain blue-eyed and blond lady who spells her name differently, though it sounds the same.



Senorita Eloise Gabbi is a very young person, who fell so desperately in love in the great city of New York, away from her sister, who is her dancing partner, and her mother, that she could neither eat nor sleep, and never felt warm, despite the raging steam heat, until she got out on the stage of the Moulin Rouge and began to dance the Tango, all of which shows that she is a very temperamental person.

She assured me personally that it was impossible for her to rehearse her dance in an empty house, so the manager had to corral the innocent theater ticket speculator, box office assistant and the ladies of the scrubbing brush and make them sit in the front rows of the theater so that Mile. Gabbi would not feel lonesome while she tried out the Argentine Tango on an American stage at the four-fifty early hour of 11 a. m.

The society may not be needed, but since it has been organized, it will fall short of the desired results unless its scope is broadened.

Being temperamental, is very hard on other people when it isn't expensive, as was the case where the senator could not sleep one night and jumped into a taxicab and did \$10 worth of skidding before she had composed her nerves to go back to the hotel, using the sign language and a pair of eloquent eyes because she hasn't yet learned English.

When I saw her the senator was hunched up in a large American chair and sat shivering in a warm over-heated room.

"Oh, they told me it will be summer," said Mile. Gabbi, "and here I freeze, I freeze," and she waved her arms about in a hopeless and pathetic manner while her large eyes rolled and she threatened to become temperamental at any moment.

Fearing an emotional explosion, which always wrecks an interview, I finally got the pretty little Argentine dancer on the safe and sound subject of feminine beauty, of which she has a very notable share.

"You want to know what we do for the complexion? Oh, that is most simple," said Mile. Gabbi, in pigeon French. "Our ideal is quite different from the American. We like the pale beauty the best, and very red cheeks or rouge are not used in Buenos Ayres. To be beautiful, you must be quite pale, and thickly powdered, with very red lips and very dark eyes.

"Another thing: It is not considered proper for a woman to go out without something on her head. It may be only a ribbon or a bit of lace, but the girl who goes bareheaded ranks as a social outcast.

"Of course, there is a great deal of rivalry in inventing pretty headresses, and while the Spanish scarf is used by many people, bands or ribbon or little caps are the latest things."

"What does the Argentine beauty do to make herself beautiful?"

"Oh, a great many foolish things I think. Just now this treatment is very popular, and it will make the skin very fine, and the texture of the skin very fine.

"You begin by having very hot water perfumed with rose or any scent that you like; apply to the face great wads of cotton dipped in the water, and lay it over the face until the skin is just as hot as you can bear it. Next cracked ice applied; the ice being put in small boxes of soft cloth, and passed rapidly over the face; this stings, of course, and that is the effect desired, for that will bring all the blood to the surface.

"Without drying the face, a quantity of face cream is then put on and left on all night. This face cream is made in every household, and consists of nut-tion fat and a little olive oil, melted together and mixed and scented with a very strong perfume. It is made fresh every few days, so it becomes rancid very quickly. The cream is left on the face all night and then rubbed off the following morning with cotton dipped in rosewater; the face is then powdered thickly and the beauty is ready to appear in public.

"The thick coating of powder is applied to the face to protect it from the sun. In this northern climate, heaven knows, it is not necessary, but even so, I prefer it to the rouge which one sees so much on the cheeks of New York women and which shows so conspicuously in cold weather.

"I would rather look too white than have a blue face," concluded Mile. Gabbi, and there's considerable in what she says.

Strange and Startling.

"Anything strange or startling happened?" inquired the hardware drummer as he registered.

"Was an unusual episode last week?" responded the landlord of the Plunkville house. "An old trapper came down out of the hills and offered to trade 4,000 opossums for an automobile."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Voices

By LILLIAN LAUFERTY.

The Voice of the World is calling:
"Come out to strive and to do!
There is work for men
And the men are few.
There are laurels waiting
For you—for you:
There is fame to win, there is praise to gain,
And a man must strive through toll and pain
To reach the goal that is reached by few,
Come out and strive—there is work to do."

The voice of Life is calling:
"Come out to taste and to see!
There is knowledge for men,
And the men are few.
There is harvest waiting for you—for you:
There is much to see, there is much to try,
And the man must live, though he question why,
Come, learn the truth—it is known by few,
Come out and live—there is much to do."

The voice of my Heart is calling:
"Go out to learn your soul!
There is Life for men,
And the men are few.
There is suffering waiting for you—for you:
There is some of sweet, there is some of pain,
And a man must bear both loss and gain,
Strive for the soul that is reached by few,
Go! Life is short—and there's much to do!"

Getting Down to the Facts

"Did you know that Mrs. Chromo is dangerously ill?" inquired Mrs. Quigway. "No; that's news to me," replied Quigway. "What ails her?"

"Oh, she's been ailing all summer. She had as good health as any woman until last spring. She went to see the first base ball game of the season and sat for two hours in a cold grandstand, and when she went home she was all covered with goosebush and full of influenza. I could hear her sneezing three blocks away as she was going home. Mrs. Brimstone was spending the afternoon with me that day, and I said to her at the time: 'You mark my words, Mrs. Brimstone, that poor woman will be in the hands of the doctors tomorrow.' And, sure enough, she was I advised her against going to the game, feeling sure that she was taking her life in her hands, for we had sad experiences in our own family, which showed that there's nothing more dangerous than a spring cold.

"My father was always a great man for being outdoors, and it was almost impossible to keep him in the house if the sun happened to be shining. One Sunday he staved home from church, and when the rest of us returned from the services we found him seated on the front porch in his shirt sleeves, and mother fairly wrung her hands and wept. 'That foolish man!' says she, 'will be down with pink eye or optic or something before tomorrow morning, as sure as we are his human beings.' So she made him go into the house and then she made several quarts of ginger tea and filled a tub with hot water, and he had to soak his feet in the tub and drink the hot ginger tea all afternoon, and the language he used was a sight to be seen. Mother was the best woman in the world, but when she made up her mind that somebody needed doctoring, that somebody had to be doctored, no matter how he screamed.

"One evening a stranger came to our house and asked if he couldn't stay all night. Father was very hospitable and never turned anybody from his door, and so the stranger, who was a very melancholy looking man, was shown into the spare room, and he went to bed at once. After a while we heard him groaning, and mother listened for a time and then said:

"That poor man is getting pneumonia. I can tell by his wheezy groans, and something will have to be done at once. I wouldn't have a stranger die in this house for anything," said she. The neighbors would be sure to say we murdered him for his money, and I don't propose to be classed with Kate Bender or Belle Guinness.' Mother was the most determined woman you ever saw, and when she made up her mind to do a thing it was as good as done.

"So she went to the cupboard and poured out a big spoonful of cod liver oil. She always had great faith in cod liver oil, probably because it tasted like a coroner's inquest in China, as father used to say. Then she stepped up to the stranger's bedside and told him to drink it. He started to say something, but she had no patience with people who protested against taking medicine when they were ill, so she seized his nose and poured the oil down his throat. The shriek that poor man gave rinks in the air even now. Father and the boys all had to rush in and hold him down or there's no saying what he would have done. It turned out that the poor man had an attack of toothache, which made him groan, and he looked upon that dose of cod liver oil as adding insult to injury.

"Mother was always happy when Aunt Sarah came to our house, for Aunt Sarah had at least a dozen diseases and really enjoyed taking medicine. While she was visiting us the house smelled like a drug store, and mother was so busy making dog fennel tea and hordeek broth and such things that she hadn't time to cook our meals. One evening she brewed a quart of some kind of tea and went to sprinkle some cinnamon in it to give it a good flavor, but by mistake she used cayenne pepper. Aunt Sarah drank a pint of it before she realized that some one had blundered. The poor woman jumped over four chairs and then through the window, taking the sash with her, and then took a header into the cistern, and father had an awful time getting her out. She never would come to our place again."

"I'm much obliged to you for all this interesting information about Mrs. Chromo," said Quigway, with some sarcasm.—Walt Mason in Chicago News.

Why Have "Nerves"?

This is the reason why women have "nerves." When thoughts begin to grow cloudy and uncertain, impulses and the warnings of pain and distress are sent like flying messages throughout limbs and frame, straightaway, nine times in ten, a woman will lay the cause of the trouble to some defect at the point where she first felt it. It is a headache, a backache, a sensation of irritability or twitching and uncontrollable nervousness, something must be wrong with the head or back, a woman naturally says, but all the time the real trouble very often centers in the womanly organs. In nine cases out of ten the seat of the difficulty is here, and the woman should take rational treatment for its cure. The local disorder and inflammation of the delicate special organs of the sex should be treated steadily and systematically.

Dr. Pierce, during a long period of practice, found that a prescription made from medicinal extracts of native roots, without the use of alcohol, relieved 90 per cent. of such cases. After using this remedy for many years in his private practice he put it up in form of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, that would make it easily procurable, and it can be had at any store where medicines are handled.

Mrs. LILA B. HAWKINS, of Zeas, Va., writes: "I had been failing in health for two years—most of the time was not able to attend to my household duties. Female weakness was my trouble and I was getting very bad, thanks to Doctor Pierce's medicines, I am well and strong again. I took only three bottles of Favorite Prescription, and used the 'Lotion Tablets.' I have nothing but praise for Doctor Pierce's wonderful medicines."

TAKE DR. PIERCE'S PLEASANT PELLETS FOR LIVER ILLS.