

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

What Is a Good Woman?

Highest Type Is She Who Attends to Nearest Duty First, Relieves Distress, Bestows Sympathy and Fears Not Traditions

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By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

There are good women; there are better women; there are best women. There are comparatively good women, positively good women and superlatively good women; and all these definitions are modified by time, place, climate and temperament.



Good women appear in public places and before men here in America with uncovered faces and shoulders, but in Turkey no good woman could do this, because it is not the custom, and would offend.

The good woman does not offend purposely or wantonly. She submits to the inconveniences and discomforts of tradition until she can see some reasonable prospect of bettering the race by defying the conventions.

The comparatively good woman lives a harmless life, avoids wounding any one, and submits to all manner of injustice at the hands of society because she dislikes to make a fuss or attract attention or disturb existing orders.

The positively good woman lives an actively good life, under the same conditions, putting herself to great trouble to help others and trying to overcome the results of injustice without essaying to remove the cause.

The superlatively good woman does all this and more. She attends to the nearest duty first—relieves distress and bestows sympathy; but she is brave enough to attempt an attack on established traditions when they stand in the way of the progress of the human race, even though the attacks bring suffering and pain upon herself. Mary Lavermore, Julia Ward Howe, Victoria Woodhull, Coretta Mott, Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, were all superlatively good women.

Refined, sensitive and beautiful souls, they suffered from the brutality and ignorance of the world when they gave their lives to the destruction of moss-grown traditions which had become breeders of pestilence, and undertook the construction of the great, broad edifice where woman dwells today.

The merely good woman does no evil. She keeps the Commandments and is happy in being harmless.

The better woman does no evil and strives also to do good where it comes in her way.

The best woman does no evil, does much good and goes out of her way to inspire and encourage those who have been doing wrong to new aspirations and endeavors.

The good woman never speaks ill of the absent. She is silent when others condemn.

The better woman speaks well of the absent when it is possible to do so.

The best woman defends the absent, even at the risk of offending those persons who are prone to condemn.

The good woman is satisfied with being good.

The best woman is continually at work upon her character to make it better.

The really good woman is a good daughter, sister, wife, mother and friend. She may be simple, humble, uneducated and poor, yet if she fulfills her duty in all these relations she is the best of women, for they invariably call forth the highest qualities of human nature, and

often demand self-denial, self-sacrifice and self-control.

There are chaste scandal-mongers who were neighborhood assassins—slaying characters with their adder tongues. There are models of virtue who are reckless spendthrifts, wasting hard-earned money in needless ways.

The good woman knows how to curb her temper, how to be charitable in speech, how to economize her expenditures.

It requires courage, self-control and unselfishness for a woman to practise common sense economy when surrounded by extravagance and folly in the heart of fashionable society some such good women may be found.

It requires the same virtues and faith and trust in God's wisdom added for a woman to be cheerful, kind and patient while her heart is starved all her life for the refinements and pleasures of existence; yet many such women are to be found in homes of poverty—good women, who rejoice in the success and happiness of others while fated to live a life of hard work and loneliness from the cradle to the grave. In shops, factories and kitchens, there are good women doing distasteful work patiently, and cheerfully using their earnings for others dependent upon them.

There are good women who stand by bad husbands, because they believe it their duty, because they hope for ultimate reformation.

There are good women who leave bad husbands because they realize that self-respect, or the salvation of their children demand it.

Any woman who lives up to her highest understanding of duty is a good woman, no matter how others may differ in their ideas of what constitutes duty.

The girl who gives up her ambition for an education in order to remain at home and care for aging parents is a good girl, but another may prove a better girl who pushes ahead and secures her education in order that she can give her parents a more desirable home eventually.

The highest unselfishness must sometimes suffer from the misconception of the world, which regards it as selfishness.

We are all a little better or a little worse than we were last year this time; a little stronger or a little weaker; a little wiser or a little duller.

There is no such thing as remaining stationary. The world turns on its axis—the sun, stars, planets, all revolve. Even the rocks are composed of millions of ever-moving atoms. So the mind of the mortal is always doing its work, and making or unmaking the character.

It is for you to decide as you analyze your own life whether you are a good woman or not; whether you are as good as you know how to be, and whether you are better this year than you were last.

Snap Shots

By ANN LISLE.

Any woman is likely to:
Be a prude if she knows too much.

Charity generally begins at home, even when the home doesn't need it.

Go in for the highbrow pose when she finds that the low-neck one is not becoming.

Wear herself out worrying because she has nothing to wear.

Prefer being a rich man's relic to a poor man's derelict.

Find herself thrown on her own resources at some time when they are not there.

Mighty few people can make trouble for others without including a little for themselves in the list.

The Evolution of the Horse

How Man's Favorite Animal Got Back to America

The nearest living example of the ancient British horse of the Neolithic age.



A Mongolian pony, known as Prejwalsky's horse, found on the Gobi desert.



The war horse as introduced into England by the Normans. A section of Bayeux tapestry, showing "Willelm" and Harold (on foot) and mail-clad horse-men of William the Conqueror.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The great war has demonstrated that the day of the horse is very far from being passed. Auto vehicles of every kind have been pressed into use by the armies on both sides, but the exportation during the last few months of thousands of horses to Europe for military purposes shows that cavalry is as important as ever in the development of a campaign or the conduct of a battle.

Of all the animals which have been domesticated the horse is the only one that has shown a really martial spirit in the service of man. It is literally true of him, and of no other, that "the goeth on to meet the armed men; he mocketh at fear and is not affrighted; he turneth not back from the sword."

In the story of evolution there is no animal which can exhibit so complete a record of progress as the horse. It is worth the while of every reader to pay a visit to the American Museum of Natural History in Central Park and look at Prof. Osborne's collection of fossil horses there, which, as Prof. Schumucker has said, "surpasses in completeness, and in excellence of mounting and of sympathetic restoration, any similar collection representing the oncentury of any other animal in the world."

The horse, there is reason to believe, is peculiarly an American animal, its origin having first appeared, though in a very different form, upon the continent of North America, where the great western plains now are. Other similar creatures developed in Europe and Africa, but

the American representative of the family seems to have become the most truly homelike in appearance and characteristics.

Finally, in the Tertiary epoch, something happened which drove the American horse into extinction on the continent of its birth. But before this occurred many American horses, it is believed, crossed over into eastern Asia by means of a bridge of land then existing in the neighborhood of Behring strait. From Asia they spread over Africa and Europe, and became the companions of early man. With him they developed, taking part in all his wars and all his labors, until the Spanish conquests and explorations brought the horse back again to its ancient homeland, the borders of the great western plains.

There, wandering horses, escaped from the Spanish encampments, or whose masters had been killed in battle, took to a wild life, developed peculiarities suited to their new life, and gradually gave origin to the bronco and many other types, which used to roam over the prairies and the plains, hunted and tamed by the red men, until the wave of white civilization swept them away.

Thus the horse entered the world. While the wild horse has practically disappeared from America, some are yet found in the center of Asia, about the Gobi desert, and a specimen of one of these, known as "Prejwalsky's horse," or the Mongolian pony, is shown in the accompanying photograph. The horse first became man's ally in war in the

Neolithic, or new stone age. In the bronze and iron ages he was still small, as is shown by the bronze bits and other trappings found in Switzerland.

These bits are only about three and a half inches long. The larger horses, which were used by the historic nations of ancient times, did not originate in Europe, but many of them came from northern Africa. Hannibal brought over many when he invaded Italy, and found them infinitely more valuable than his elephants.

In Germany the small horse, of European development, was exclusively used until Julius Caesar's time. The Gauls used a larger and stronger type. The nomad tribes of Russia early tamed the horse, and the use of cavalry in that country has been at a high stage of development. England did not become a "horse" country until the Normans introduced the art of riding, but the ancient Britons used horses very effectively in war, and Caesar's account of the manoeuvring of the chariots, or war cars, recalls some of the scenes witnessed in Belgium and France today, where, however, the horse-drawn chariot has been replaced by the fighting auto car.

Several Springs to Your Bow

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

How is it that it seems to be the privilege of girls who are not engaged to go around with different young men and not let themselves down to one? On the other hand, when these conditions are reversed and the young man associates with several young women he is called a trifler and a heart-breaker," writes Joseph J.

Of course the primary reason for this condition is the old "Object-Matrimony" attitude toward life. Man is the one who proposes. And since woman is supposed to be long to be "married and settled down" she has fallen into a bad habit of considering any man who shows her a great deal of attention as a possible husband. Consequently, when a man honors three or four young women with his attentions, if they all are considering him from the point of view of matrimony, two or three of them must suffer disappointment. On the other hand, a girl who has several attentive suitors is likely to land one of them before the license bureau in the city hall.

The whole thing is wrong. The whole thing is bound to adjust itself and correct itself now that women have found out that they can honorably support themselves and must not sit waiting for some other man to assume the burden of financing them in their father's stead.

Marriage is, I think, the finest career for a woman, but since financial conditions and the distribution of possible husbands makes it impossible for every

woman to marry, it is a splendid, as well as a fortunate thing, that women have found out that life offers them other things besides chances of matrimony. Since women have discovered that they can support themselves they take a far more pleasing attitude toward men and masculine companionship. And since men have begun to adjust themselves to this same condition they have gotten over their common attitude of being "gay Lathmars" if they associate with women just for companionship and with no idea of matrimony.

There is no reason on earth why any man should not have several women friends. As long as he is not slyly making love first to one and then another he is no "heart-breaker" or trifler merely because he enjoys the pleasant mental companionship of more than one feminine person.

I have a feeling that a girl who permits apituous love-making from a man who wants to amuse himself with her in passing—gets about what she deserves when he passes on.

The young woman who has several men friends and permits all of them to kiss and caress her is a silly young flirt or worse.

In the relations between men and women I really think that since for the gander ought to be sauce for the goose—not merely vice versa. Women have a right to simple, honest friendships. So have men. Men have no right to carry on several love affairs at a time. Neither have women.

Woman's Economic Independence

By REV. MAUREL M. IRWIN.

"If any would not work, neither should he eat."

In the laws that govern human labor, and life dependent upon labor, there is no discrimination of sex. To live off the labor of another—giving no exchange value—is to live off another's life. This is that constitutes parasitism, and applies to the rich as well as the poor, to the woman as well as the man.

There appears to be a concerted effort on the part of ultra-feminists of today to make both the unmarried girl and the married wife feel that to be dependent for support upon father or husband is to play the part of a parasite. Their present position in the home is assailed as being unworthy of the enlightened, "new" woman. Specious arguments are used to convince them that failure to do productive work in the economic world, similar to that done by father and husband, is to fall to be self-supporting, which failure places woman in the position of a social parasite.

The modern wife, therefore, is exhorted to go with her husband into productive work, leaving her home, if need be, to do this, and her children, if need be, to the care of professional mothers, who, she is told, are better fitted to care for them than she is.

In this plan the husband and wife are to share and share alike the household expenses, including the care of the children, the remaining moneys earned by each to be used for individual and personal needs.

They plead that the wife, realizing the dignity that comes to the wage earner, will then command from her husband that respect which is accorded an economic equal, and which she fails to receive under present conditions.

They urge that in this way woman, by a single step, might leave the ranks of the parasitic class and become—for the first time—a self-supporting human being.

It is beginning to be very clear to the thoughtful mind that the wife and mother should cease to be regarded as a pensioner upon the bounty of her husband, or as a child unable to earn her right to live. That the remedy for such conditions can only be found by the destruction of the family as an economic unit is not so clear. Many are seeing that a deeper solution than the one indicated must be found.

If it is the family, and not the individual, that is the true social unit, then in matters economic there must be found a solution making for mutual interdependence rather than of independence before the question will be satisfactorily answered.

If as we are told, "the man is not without the woman or the woman without the man," in dealings spiritual and moral, then the same rule must hold good in the material and economic relation of a man to woman in the family life.

Ruskin has said that "home is wherever a good woman lays her head." This is true, and more. Woman not only makes the home; she is the home itself—the literal home of the unborn race. Before any of the sons of men come to the waiting arms of mother-love she has been to them food and shelter and clothing for days and weeks and months—a home of living, breathing flesh and blood and bone—a "tabernacle not made with hands."

Because woman is the home in a very literal sense, the supreme place for her highest self-expression must always be in the home. And this, too, whether it be the individual home where, as mother, she tends and guides her little brood, or in the larger home, where, as counselor and comrade, she shares with man the burdens of a nation or of a state. She is yet in her sphere, the interior sphere we designate as home. It is here, therefore, if anywhere, that she must find her true economic independence.

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By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

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SECOND EPISODE.

In Pursuit of the Runaway Bride.

CHAPTER II—(Continued.) "We have only a minute to stay," began Iris, starting to talk as they went into the library. "I heard from June." Iris rattled on. Father Moore, in the parlor, came straight over.

"She missed her purse," glibly went on Iris, while Bobbie eyed her with admiration. "She's afraid she lost it. Did she leave it here?"

"Right on that table." And Mrs. Moore's eyes sparkled. She took it from a drawer in a desk.

"That girl always was careless about money," laughed Mr. Moore as if it were a virtue.

Bobbie glanced at Iris. She was as serene as a plate of ice cream.

"I'll send it to her," offered Iris, and Mrs. Moore smilingly put it in her hand.

"Why didn't June wire us?" puzzled Father, his flat bulging in the pockets of his gay smoking jacket.

"Yes, why didn't she?" Mother's voice was full of anxiety, but as she saw the untroubled expression of Iris's blushing face she began to bridle. If June could wire her friend, why couldn't she wire her mother?

"You have such slow delivery out here," promptly explained Iris.

"Just what did she say?" "Phone mother I can't find my purse. Did I forget it? Extremely happy. Bushels of love to all June."

in the taxi, and he was out and up on the porch before the machine had come to a full stop. John Moore answered the bell, and he stood as if petrified when he saw his son-in-law's expression.

"Have you heard from June?" husked Ned.

"Isn't she with you?" The voice of Moore was strained and tense.

"Mrs. Moore came hurrying out, 'her face sahen."

"Just!" she cried. She ran down to the taxi and peered in through the open window. She came running back and caught Ned by the arm. "Where is my girl?"

"Then she isn't here?" grasped Ned.

"Come inside." John Moore's voice had lost all its color. He led the way into the library. "Now, what is all this about? Why are you here alone?"

"I don't know. June is somewhere in New York. I was in hopes you had heard from her."

"We did! She telegraphed to Iris that she had lost her purse. Iris left here with it to mail it to June."

"Then that's where she is!" There was relief in Ned voice.

"Sit down," said Moore. "Why are you not with her?"

"I don't know." There was a croke in Ned's voice. "She left men on the train—slipped away at Farnville."

"She wouldn't do such a thing without good cause!" declared Mrs. Moore with firm conviction.

"What happened?" This sharply from Moore.

"I don't understand. She told me she lost her purse. I gave her some money, and she went to sleep with her head on my shoulder. I pilloved her more comfortably on the seat by and by and went into the smoker. I dropped in to look at her about every five minutes, and when I came back after we had left Farnville she was gone. She left the money on the seat. Here it is." And he showed them the three crumpled bills, one partly torn.

"How do you know she returned to New York?" demanded Moore.

"I saw her. I got off at the next station and telephoned. The station master at Farnville reported that he saw her getting on a down train. I took an express and overhauled her as we came into the Grand Central station. I saw her leave the station and get into a taxi."

"You are holding something back!" Moore charged. "I want to know the truth."

"You have all I can tell you," declared Ned. He would not tell them about the black Vandyked man, and June was Mrs. Warner now.

"Will you get your wraps, please, Charlotte?" June's father finally said, and rose. "We are going to Iris. I'll order the car."

They were grim and silent as they sped away.

While they rode the black Vandyked man, in Sherry's, sat at the end of a long table between a jovial host with a gray mustache and a ponderous man with heavily lidded eyes and short hair.

There were a dozen placed at the table, and wine hissed at every plate, but the others of the party, which included a half dozen vivacious and gaily govted young women, were dancing. The three men talked in low tones, their heads bent together, and the black Vandyked man was the most silent. Finally he began to talk and grow enthusiastic, and presently he drew forth June's little gold watch.

Then he flashed open the lid. All three men bent eagerly over it. They gazed upon the lovely features of the runaway bride, their faces bent close together. They clapped the black Vandyked man on the shoulder.

It was during this time that June Warner, sitting quietly in a corner of the library with Bobbie and Iris and with her mother's purse still in her hand, heard a familiar voice in the vestibule.

"Daddy!" she dashed from her chair in a flash and went upstairs to her room.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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