THE BEE: OMAHA, FRIDAY, MAY 28, 1915.

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Women Too Prone to Overlook Faults in Fight for Equality

Br ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Copyright, 1915, Star Company Rose Cecil O'Nelli, artist, poet and composer (as well as a very beautiful woman), has come forth in a strong in dictment against man and his treatment of women. She says: Woman

has yet to learn that she is far greater than man. For centuries she has borne the greatest insult of the world, but she is now to be emancipated." She declares that man has always shackled woman, first with chains, then with necklets, then later they shackled her with words. Miss O'Nelli says: "Man taught woman

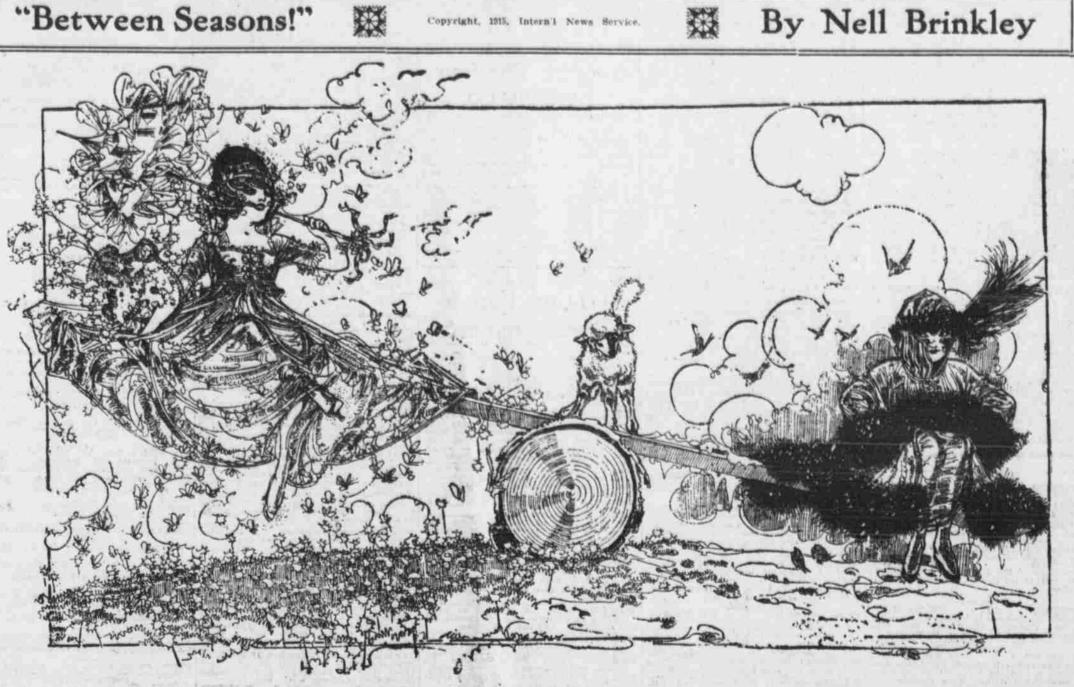
that chastity was woman's greatest virtue. Even now only one thing can 'ruin' a woman. That word should be non-existent, for it represents faise ideals. He taught her that prudence and obedience and all the gentler attributes were fine and womanly. This was convenient for the husband and it was convenient for the father before the husband. And women have believed the ally things."

Then Miss C'Neill proceeds and says: 'If the world were only shock proof to everything but ugliness we would have been far more advanced than we are Things should be considered for their intrinsic virtue and practicability. Moral shocks are abaurd. I have a thrilling hope that women are going to do something plorious in the arts." She "I am always indignant when 88781 women are dealed creative power in art. It is stupid to expect free things from a race of slaves.

'Man has damned as intuition woman's sreatest virtue, knowledge. What she knows man must figure out laboriously through logic. Men have been the speciulists, women have done all the rest. Women have been the carpenters, the doctors, the nurses, the cooks, the diplomats, the educators. Just think what she will do now when she gains her freedom.

The great trouble with woman is that she does not do well any one of the things which she has attempted to do in any of these lines in past centuries. Motherhood has been a complete failure. else today the world would not be sunk in wars. Mothers have given their children hirguns, toy pistols and toy soldiers as playthings.

Mothers have instilled into their cilidren not the ideal that they were to make the best pessible use of the time in school hat they might become noble men and



mas, and we wish it wasn't foolish-looking to put on furs is, and where our pet slouch-hat is wadded away. And all Nell Erinkley Says: May is a woolly famb that inhabits the changeable again. the Summer doings begin to march out in a row and crook

place on the teeter-board between Summer and Winter! And then May ambles toward the other end-and their fingers at you! He wabbles gently towards one end and Winter goes up Summer, laughing, little Summer, with her butterflies and Just now it's between seasons! One day the mirage of -and we get a spit of cold rain in the face that makes her wipsy parasol, and her bare-neck-and-arms, with the Summer shimmers before our spellbound even-and the our back dream it has snow down it, and the birds fluff up soft air blowing on them, up she goes! And we shut our next we are standing with first our heels and then our toes their mufflers round their necks and say, "Sweet-babee- eyes and go off camping! And we begin to count how many to the grate-fire, and the cross but pretty Winter-girl is ee-ee!" in a plaintive call that sends you back to Christ- white socks we have, and wonder where our fishing tackis up! May is a woolly lamb. And lambs are mighty whimsy.

Read It Here-See It at the Movies.

country which no other white man had smell of man. He was angry and dis- would not be very difficult. He took its gusted. And his feelings for the people bearings very carefully. It was directly ever visited. Presently the moon began to rise, and who had not only invaded his solitude. that always made Tommy, mournful and but had brought a caulifiower, more than barren cliffs which forced the first up. to its wearer, and fittingly worn at the sentimental. If he had been a dog he one possibly, into the northern woods, thrust of the mountain, and as he judged moment. ould have thrown back his head and were not fit to print. His only satisfac- about haif a mile this side of the cliff. howled. Being a young man he sighed, tion was that in the morning he would At the base of that cliff was a rattle- spectacle to any man-yet it is an adand began to imagine that he and she hunt them down and tell them what he make den, and Tommy was in the habit mitted fact that women in these days (a romantic edition of Mary Blackstone thought of them.

Dress to "Please the Men" By A CANDID WOMAN. Fashion is a fearful and a wonderful

No, Women Don't

(hing! As "the wind bloweth where it listeth," so Madame in Mode drives her blind victims before her, all heedless of what depths of ugliness she forces them through, only intent on turning everyone into a more or less caricatured likeness of her sister.

Then, having achieved her end, she immediately rushes to the opposite extreme-whereupon her slaves cast aside all the fripperies they have so hardly acquired, twist their fair locks into some freshly outrageous style, change even the shape of their gracious forms at her beheat-and the hearts of dressmakers, milliners and corsetleres rejoice greatly. One of the most curious things regarding a new fashion is that it is almost always originated by some fair one whose social position would certainly give her no power in this direction.

There is food purely for ironic laugh-ter in the sight of the great ones of the earth meekly transforming themselves into frights merely that a footlight favorite chanced to look charming in some weird costume, specially designed to draw attention to her own good points.

There are some women so well dowered by nature that no monstrosity of fashion can conceal their good looks-but such pearless perfection belongs to few indeed, and thousands of might-be pretty givis conceal their prottiness by the wearing of clothes that do not suit them, instead of taking to their hearts the example of the lovely and gracious woman who for many years has formed a charming object lesson for her femining subjects in the art of dreas,

Fashion should be adapted-not ulavtahly followed. Extremes are always ugly, and surely nothing in the world could persuade a woman to wear a color unbecoming to herself-merely that it is "fashionable"-once she frees herself sufficiently from the thrall of her tyrant to enable her to gaze seeingly into her mirror.

That women dress to excite the envious admiration of other women and not that of man, is surely conclusively proven by the fact that they so frequently wear garments and adopt styles that are ogly in themselves.

Man's eye for beauty and sense of fitness is infinitely stronger than that of woman.

He may not know that a dress or hat has survived from last season-but he between him and the smallest of three will know in an instant if it is becoming

The overdressed woman is a



INTRODUCING

EARLE WILLIAMS

ANITA STEWART

as The Goddess

Written by

Gouverneur Morris

(One of the Most Motable Fig-

ures in American Literature)

Dramatized Into a Photo-Play by ORABLES W. GODDARD. Author of

"The Ferils of Fauline" "The Exploits of Elaine"

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SECOND INSTALLMENT.

His wooden face showed no surprise at

"Who is it, Bentadge?"

noble women, but that they might surpass their fellow students. Always this idea of competition and struggling for supremacy has been the slogan breathing through the words of mothers, who urged their children toward attainment.

Mothers have not taught their children kindness; they have allowed them to misuse and maltreat dogs and cats as playthings, and if the cat scratches or the dog hites in retaliation the children receive no instructions in the causes that lead to this result, but are permitted to believe the animal vicious and deserving of further abuse or death as a punishment.

Not one child in one thousand has been taught by its mother to be sympathetic, kind and friendly to the unfortunate classes and to show a special con--ideration to poor children when they are encountered in school or in play. The spirit of universal motherhood is almost an unknown quantity in the hearts of mothers. It is the she-wolf instinct of fighting for and protecting her own, not the divine spirit of motherhood which

would protect and help all children. Mothers have not succeeded as cooks; they have not properly fed their children or their men folk or themselves; they have not applied themselves to a study of what means nutritious food, well prepared, and inexpensively provided. The heat cooks in the world have always been

Women have not included order in their religious ideals yet. Arder la heaven's first law. The vast preponderance of untidy, disorderly and badly managed homos is appalling. There is no possible that ambition is stronger than the mere excuse for a woman who allows her huswish to exist and have a good time. hand and her children to enter a disorderly and chaotic home. The most beau- caught up a great plece of gorgeous antiful occupation in life, the most interesting and uplifting is the creating of a the back of a sofa, and dropped it skillhome where neatness, order, system, fully so that it hung from her shoulders comfort and heauty make themselves to her feet like some royal robe; still

apparent to even the casual eye. There are ten disorderly and uncom- topped tables in which things curious and fortable, homes to one disorderly business rare are often kept. From this she took office. If women want the world to be a golden crown that she had been taken proof, as Miss O'Neill says, to from the grave of some old Egyptian begin to illustrate their ideas in their tails twisted together. And she put this omes? Ancient Greece carried out Miss upon her head and went and stood in O'Nell's beauty theory in this respect. front of a long mirror. Then she began of we have yet to learn that it lifted to play-act-to look very haughty and the status of woman to a high altitude. dignified or very gracious and conde-The writer of this article believes scending, to extend her hand and to be

woman should have equal franchise. She kissed by imaginary courtiers; she was believes in woman's freedom from finan- half in earnest, half laughing. (ia) dependence upon man; she believes in liberty and usefulness for woman; but no time to hiscard the crown and the she does not believe woman has proven robe. Blushing crimson, and feeling very herself to be man's superior nor that ridiculous, she turned and saw one of the the removal of all moral restrictions-the footmen. absence of all moral shocks-would help

to produce a greater race. There has been altogether too much appear to see it. He carried a small siltalk of that kind during the last ten very tray on which was a white card. years. There have been too many women

parading through the world, talking about "Mr. Barclay, madam. the necessity for woman to "develop Her impulse was to run to the great herself" along the lines of least resist- hall stair and call down to Tommy. But hanging over into space gaming and ance, and to "express her own individual- she hesitated. Then her eye roved once ity." no matter if it necessitated her more, and she caught a glimpse of herflinging to the winds all domestic, social self in the long mirror. and moral obligations.

But the world and the race is never at home." to be bettered by the type of woman who Tommy, sure of his welcome, had been come out. What he enjoyed most war displays ner ideals with a perpetual told that Miss Blackstone was at home, the sense of solitude; civilization, of and had leisurely followed the footman course, was within reasonable reach in Woman will never do anything slorious upstairs to the door of the little sitting any direction, but Tommy did not feel

in art until she illustrates in her own life room the art of glorious womanhood. She will never show herself man's superior by coldly. "Tell him that I am not at home." of miles. There were men at the main adopting his vices and his licenses and he felt as if he had been struck between camp, only fifteen miles away, but he alling them "liberty" and emancipation the eyes. And then anger seized him protested that there weren't, and that For she had promised that she would be he was in the heart of a vast unexplored from moral shocks."

wasn't.

he did these things. When he was in the open air he drew a anybody else to bother them. long breath.

"I'll get out of this damned city," he that's not at home."

owned a hunting preserve in the Adior- sisted. five granite mountains surrounded by dense forests thickly sprinkled with lakes was one of Tommy's favorite stamping grounds. It wasn't so much that he enjoyed killing animals or seeing how many fish he could catch as that once in a Cepyright, 1915, by The Star Co. All For-eign Rights Reserved. while he liked to be alone, and to keep alive and comfortable by his own exer-SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTER.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTER. After the tragic death of John Ames-bury, his prostrated wife, one of Amer-ica's greatest beauties, dies. At her death Prof. Stilliter, an agent of the in-teresta, kidnaps the beautiful 3-year-old haby girl and brings her up in a para-dise where she sees no man, but thinks she is taught by angels, who instruct her for her mission to reform the world. At the age of 15 she is suddenly thrust into the world, where agents of the interests are ready to find her. By an accident the hero sees her first and hides with her in the Adirondacks. The preserve was real wilderness. One dirt road led from the railroad station at four corners to the main camp at the head of the biggest lake, but otherwise at the head of the biggest lake, but otherwise the region boasted only a few narrow trails. And you had to make your way from one landmark to another as best you could. And either you had to take plenty of condensed food in tins or trust to your skill with rod and rifle to keep you from going hungry.

Tommy would leave the train at Four And so she sat staring into space. And Corpers, hire a team, and get himself put for the first time in her life she found down somewhere along the road leading to the main camp. He would then choose a direction almost at random, walk until Suddenly, with an excited laugh, she He was tired, build a low lean-to shelter, have supper or not, according to luck, cient church embroidery that lay across make a workmanlike fire to keep his feet warm, curl up in his blanket and pass a luxurious night. Waking at daylight, bruised, sore, cold and for some reason laughing she darted to one of those glassknown only to those who love the woods, perfectly happy and contented.

His kit on these trips consisted of a blanket, a frying pan, a kettle, a change everything but ugliness, why do they not queen-two gold snakes, their heads and of underclothes, a very light twenty-twocaliber rifle, a four-ounce fly rod, a compass, a pipe, tobacco and a few other odds and ends, such as matches and salt and a pair of field glasses, and an Oxford book of verse.

One night a few days after Mary Blackstone had treated him so cavalierly. Tommy camped on high ground by the headwaters of a brook. She heard a soft footstep; there was

Just back of his shelter of balaam boughs a knob of granite stood up clear above the surrounding forest. Tommy always called it the hub, because it was almost the exact center of the great ring. her eccentric costume; he did not even traced roughly by the five mountains. and afforded giorious views of them and of the low country, lakes, forest and swamp that intervened. It was Tommy's favorite camping ground. He would sit for hours on top of the hub, his legs

dreaming On the particular night in question he climbed the hub after a fine supper of "Tell him," she said, "that I am not trout and ruffled grouse, filled a pipe and watched the day fade and the stars

as if it was. He felt as if there wasn't When he heard her says coolly, even another human being within hundreds

at home on that particular afternoon, and now here she was saying that she wasn't.

could do but turn and go. And, of course, and comfortable. How easy it would be hour in the woods.

Just then his head fell forward on his whole landscape far and near for traces plok one up with these glasses." breast, and he dreamed that he smelt of human beings. But the woods were so He focused his glasses on the base of

which he particularly hated. He waked

dacks and seldom went near it. But the | His offended nostrils quivered as the tains. To find the fire, or the remains of out of it nostrils of a wild animal quiver at the it, from which that smoke was rising

make their home. What fun it would be. By the time he had washed and break- woodsman like Tommy preferred that Of course there was nothing that he How he would work to make her happy fasted, it was 7:30, which is a shocking they should do their hunting in peace.

"Just like a man who would bring caulifor them to get along forever without He climbed to the top of the hub. Field flower into the woods to camp in snake glasses in hand he began to search the country," he thought: "wonder if I can

said, "and if she happens to want me boiling cauliflower. It was a smell to dense that it was like looking for a the cliff and amused himself for some for anything she'll find that I'm the one which he was particularly sensitive, and needle in a haystack. When he hoped to either the distance was too great or there

see, and what he did presently see, was was none in evidence, and he was about Like many other rich men, Barciay with an angry start, and the smell per- smoke, a pale amethystine column of it to give up when suddenly a man walked rising near the base of one of the moun- casually into the field of his vision-and

(To Be Coninued Tomorrow.)

In-Shoots.

When rogues fall out lawyers begin to cut melons.

Auld acquaintance with a large seldom forgot.

The man who intends to pay is so anxious to borrow.

Sometimes the searchlight see spatter the subject with mud.

When a small man gets on a perch he looks smaller than ever.

The Closed Season for the Bake-Oven

We have built a two-million dollar bakery with which to supply you with a perfect whole wheat bread. Make our bake-oven your bakeoven during the Summer months by serving

Shredded Wheat

the life-giving, muscle-building "meat" of the wheat. It is ready-cooked, readyto-eat. Close the bake-oven for awhile and serve Shredded Wheat in many dainty, delicious combinations with ripe, luscious berries and all sorts of fruits and green vegetables. Two biscuits, with milk or cream, or fresh fruits, make a complete, nourishing meal.

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