

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Women Too Prone to Overlook Faults in Fight for Equality

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Copyright, 1915, Star Company.
Rose Cecil O'Neill, artist, poet and composer (as well as a very beautiful woman), has come forth in a strong indictment 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'Neill 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 false 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 silly things."

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

"Man has damned as intuition woman's greatest virtue, knowledge. What she knows man must figure out laboriously through logic. Men have been the specialists, 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. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure.

Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure.

Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure.

Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure.

Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure.

Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure.

Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure.

Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure.

Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure.

Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure. Motherhood has been a complete failure.

"Between Seasons!"

Copyright, 1915, International News Service.

By Nell Brinkley

No, Women Don't Dress to "Please the Men"

By A CANDID WOMAN.

Fashion is a fearful and a wonderful thing!

As "the wind bloweth where it listeth," so Madame la 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 hardy acquired, twist their fair locks into some freshly outrageous style, change even the shape of their gracious forms at her behest—and the hearts of dressmakers, milliners and corsetiers 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 laughter 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, especially designed to draw attention to her own good points.

There are some women so well favored by nature that no monotony of fashions can conceal their good looks—but such peerless perfection belongs to few indeed, and thousands of might-be pretty girls conceal their prettiness 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 feminine subjects in the art of dress.

Fashion should be adapted—not slavishly 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 faces herself sufficiently from the thrall of her tyrant to enable her to gaze sedately into her mirror.

That women dress to excite the envious admiration of other women and not that of men, is surely conclusively proven by the fact that they so frequently wear garments and adopt styles that are ugly 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 will know in an instant if it is becoming to its wearer, and fittingly worn at the moment. The overdressed woman is a horrid spectacle to any man—yet it is an admitted fact that women in these days habitually overdress, and for morning and business wear don garments that would better befit full dress occasions.

In-Shoots.

When rogues fall out lawyers begin to cut melons.

Adult acquaintance with a large wad is seldom forgot.

The man who intends to pay is never so anxious to borrow.

Sometimes the searchlight seems to scatter the subject with mud.

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



Nell Brinkley Says:
May is a woolly lamb that inhabits the changeable place on the teeter-board between Summer and Winter! He wabbles gently towards one end—and Winter goes up—and we get a split of cold rain in the face that makes our back dream it has snow down it, and the birds fluff up their mufflers round their necks and say, "Sweet-babe-ee-ee!" in a plaintive call that sends you back to Christ-

mas, and we wish it wasn't foolish-looking to put on furs again. And then May ambles toward the other end—and Summer, laughing, little Summer, with her butterflies and her wisp parasol, and her bare-neck-and-arms, with the soft air blowing on them, up she goes! And we shut our eyes and go off camping! And we begin to count how many white socks we have, and wonder where our fishing tackle

is, and where our pet slouch-hat is wadded away. And all the Summer doings begin to march out in a row and crook their fingers at you! Just now it's between seasons! One day the mirage of Summer shimmers before our spellbound eyes—and the next we are standing with first our heels and then our toes to the grate-fire, and the cross but pretty Winter-girl is up! May is a woolly lamb. And lambs are mighty whimsy.

The Goddess

INTRODUCING
EARLE WILLIAMS
as Tommy Barclay
ANITA STEWART
as The Goddess
Written by
Gouverneur Morris
(One of the Most Notable Figures in American Literature)
Dramatized into a Photo-Play by
CHARLES W. GOODRICH
Author of
"The Perils of Pauline"
"The Exploits of Elaine"

(Copyright, 1915, by Star Company.)

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTER.
After the tragic death of John Amesbury, his prostrated wife, one of America's greatest beauties, dies. At her death Prof. Stilliter, an agent of the inter-state kidnappers, the beautiful 3-year-old girl and brings her up in a paradise 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 12 she is suddenly thrust into the world, where agents of the inter-state are ready to find her. By an accident she sees her first and hides with her in the Adirondacks.

SECOND INSTALLMENT.
And so she sat staring into space. And for the first time in her life she found that ambition is stronger than the mere wish to exist and have a good time.

Suddenly, with an excited laugh, she caught up a great piece of gorgeous ancient church embroidery that lay across the back of a sofa, and dropped it skillfully so that it hung from her shoulders to her feet like some royal robe; still laughing she darted to one of those glass-topped tables in which things curious and rare are often kept. From this she took a golden crown that she had been taken from the grave of some old Egyptian queen—two gold snakes, their heads and tails twisted together. And she put this upon her head and went and stood in front of a long mirror. Then she began to play-act—to look very haughty and dignified or very gracious and condescending, to extend her hand and to be kissed by imaginary courtiers; she was half in earnest, half laughing.

She heard a soft footstep; there was no time to discard the crown and the robe. Blushing crimson, and feeling very ridiculous, she turned and saw one of the footmen.
His wooden face showed no surprise at her eccentric costume; he did not even appear to see it. He carried a small silver tray on which was a white card.
"Who is it, Bentadge?"
"Mr. Barclay, madam."
Her impulse was to run to the great hall stair and call down to Tommy. But she hesitated. Then her eye roved once more, and she caught a glimpse of herself in the long mirror.
"Tell him," she said, "that I am not at home."
Tommy, sure of his welcome, had been told that Miss Blackstone was at home, and had leisurely followed the footman upstairs to the door of the little sitting room.
When he heard her say coolly, even coldly, "Tell him that I am not at home," he felt as if he had been struck between the eyes. And then anger seized him. For she had promised that she would be

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

Of course there was nothing that he could do but turn and go. And, of course, he did these things.

"When he was in the open air he drew a long breath.
"I'll get out of this damned city," he said, "and if she happens to want me for anything she'll find that I'm the one that's not at home."

Like many other rich men, Barclay owned a hunting preserve in the Adirondacks, and seldom went near it. But the 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 while he liked to be alone, and to keep alive and comfortable by his own exertions.

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 Corners, hire a team, and get himself put down somewhere along the road leading to the main camp. He would then choose a direction almost at random, walk until he was tired, build a low lean-to shelter, have supper or not, according to luck, 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 known 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 of underclothes, a very light twenty-two-caliber 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.

Just back of his shelter of balsam 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 granite, traced roughly by the five mountains, and afforded glorious 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 hanging over into space gazing and dreaming.

On the particular night in question he climbed the hub after a fine supper of trout and ruffed grouse, filled a pipe and watched the day fade and the stars come out. What he enjoyed most was the sense of solitude; civilization, of course, was within reasonable reach in any direction, but Tommy did not feel as if it was. He felt as if there wasn't another human being within hundreds of miles. There were men at the main camp, only fifteen miles away, but he protested that there weren't, and that he was in the heart of a vast unexplored

smell of man. He was angry and disgusted. And his feelings for the people who had not only invaded his solitude, but had brought a cauliflower, more than one possibly, into the northern woods, were not fit to print. His only satisfaction was that in the morning he would hunt them down and tell them what he thought of them.

But he had a bad night, and when at last he did get to sleep he slept so heavily that daybreak didn't wake him. By the time he had washed and breakfasted, it was 7:30, which is a shocking hour in the woods.

He climbed to the top of the hub, field glasses in hand he began to search the whole landscape far and near for traces of human beings. But the woods were so dense that it was like looking for a needle in a haystack. When he hoped to see, and what he did presently see, was smoke, a pale smoky column of it rising near the base of one of the mountains. To find the fire, or the remains of it, from which that smoke was rising

would not be very difficult. He took his bearings very carefully. It was directly between him and the smallest of three barren cliffs which forced the first up-thrust of the mountain, and as he judged about half a mile this side of the cliff.

At the base of that cliff was a rattlesnake den, and Tommy was in the habit of giving it a pretty wide berth, for the snakes sometimes wandered long distances from their favorite ledges in search of food and water, and a good woodsman like Tommy preferred that they should do their hunting in peace.

"Just like a man who would bring cauliflower into the woods to camp in snake country," he thought; "wonder if I can pick one up with these glasses."

He focused his glasses on the base of the cliff and amused himself for some either the distance was too great or there was none in evidence, and he was about to give up when suddenly a man walked casually into the field of his vision—and out of it.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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 bake-oven during the Summer months by serving

Shredded Wheat

the life-giving, muscle-building "meat" of the wheat. It is ready-cooked, ready-to-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.

The Shredded Wheat Company, Niagara Falls, N. Y.