

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Bringing Up Mother

By Virginia Torhune Van de Water.

(Copyright, 1910, Star Company.)

"I wonder if, when I was young, I trained my mother as my daughter trains me now," mused my friend. She looked annoyed, and I was sorry for her even before I understood what was troubling her.

"What do you mean by 'training'?" I asked.

"Oh, telling me how I ought to look or behave, suggesting that I am in danger of becoming out-fashioned—in fact, setting me right in general," she explained. "Does Mary do all these things to you?" I asked. "She seems devoted to you."

"She is devoted to me," Mary's mother hastened to assure me. "But she does correct me and tell me of my mistakes. I suppose," with a sigh, "that it is good for us mothers to have our daughters train us."

It is one of the mysteries of life that so few of the things that are "good for us" are agreeable—from the time the parent says to the child who sucks her thumb—"take your thumb out of your mouth" to the time when that child, grown to young womanhood, suggests that the bonnet which her mother wears is "hopelessly old-fashioned."

I may advisedly "grown to young womanhood," for sons differ from daughters. If a father has peculiarities, the boys smile good-naturedly and let him alone. Is it that they do not care enough about how he appears to incur his displeasure by remarking that certain things he does are not strictly good form? Or is it that a boy's training is not along the lines that makes him notice petty failings and irritate him with details? We take it for granted that sons will not to over-critic of their mothers. A devoted son seldom is. There are several reasons for this. In the first place, he knows too little about "the latest thing" in woman's dress to fancy that his mother is old-fashioned.

In the second place, if he has been properly trained by his mother he feels for her a chivalry that casts a mantle of tender tolerance over her appearance and actions. She is always "dear little mother" to him—dearer, perhaps, than certain "quaint" ways that would annoy his sister. They may not interfere with his ideal of what his mother ought to be. She is "just mother," that's all. Suppose the dear creature does wear trains when other women are wearing short skirts? They are her trains, the son asserts, and if she feels more comfortable when her dainty feet are hidden in folds of drapery, whose business is it? He is glad his mother does not look like a fashion plate.

At least, all this is what he would say if his attention was drawn to her oddities of attire. He would not call to her attention his probable would not know of their existence.

In the third place, the difference in sex prevents feminine failings "getting on his nerves," as they might on the nerves of a woman or girl.

So, after all, it is the daughter who is guilty of the "trainings" to which the parent objects.

"I shall stop telling mother when her hat is crooked," a young girl declared. "She has a way of tossing her head when she is angry in conversation, and though animated in conversation, and though she may stare out with her hat in its proper place—and pinned there, too—by the time she has been chatting for a half hour it is over one ear. Yet when I say to her softly and gently: 'Mother, straighten your bonnet, dear,' she flushes and is wounded."

"Today she observed that it was strange that I was the only person who ever complained of her appearance. I had just called her attention to the fact that she had spilled something on her lace jabot, leaving a stain there."

"I am sorry my looks mortify you," she said stiffly. "Yet you are the only person who ever complains of my appearance."

"I did not say to her—what is true—that nobody else loves her so dearly, nobody else is so anxious to have others see her at her best. It actually hurts me when I think that anyone to whom she is talking may look at her critically and wonder why Mrs. G. will wear her hat over one ear or be surprised to see such a charming woman so untidy about her dress."

"I can imagine such a person thinking, 'Why, she has on a spotty neck-ribbon! Yet, much as I love mother, I must allow her to go about just as she happens to be and keep silent, but when she says to me, 'Dear, that collar you have on is soiled,' I am grateful to her."

"But," I ventured lamely, "she has always been in the habit of correcting your faults of manner and of dress."

"And she has done it because she loves me!" was the uncontradictable reply. "Yet she will not see that it is love for her and pride in her that make me suggest little changes in her attire."

"What would I say? I know she spoke the truth."

"I am very much vexed with my daughter," a mother told me "because she allowed me to repeat to a caller last night the very same story which I had told him at length upon the occasion of his last visit to us. It was not until I

had finished the tale and noticed his forced laugh that I recalled having related him with the same anecdote last week."

"Why did you not check your mother when she began the story?" I asked the daughter later when I was alone with her.

The girl of 30 looked at me with a sad smile.

"And suppose I had said gently: 'Mother, dear, you told Mr. Smith that tale before,' do you know what she would have done?" she asked. "Not well, she would have drawn herself up and said, 'I beg your pardon!' in a manner that would have sent a chill to my bones. I would rather let her tell the same story to the same listener one dozen times than get in wrong by reminding her that she was doing so."

Yet has not love some rights? I know that some daughters are unloving and impatient, but others do mean well. And, as the girl above quoted suggests, one does want one's beloved to appear at her best.

"When I see how uncomfortable well-meaning daughters make their mothers, I am glad I have only sons!" I heard one woman exclaim.

Which is a sentiment that many a mother of daughters arouses in the breast of many a mother of sons.

## A Fictionless Fable for the Fair

How a Platonic Friendship May Result in an Anti-Platonic Surrender.

By ANN LISLE.

There was once a girl who believed in platonic friendships. And she made a specialty of them.

"Why shouldn't men and women be friends?" she asked of all the women she knew. "I'm sure it's perfectly possible and much more interesting than merely having emotions all the time. It isn't a real compliment if some man raves over the nose which a line of dim ancestors have more responsibility than I. But if a chap says I have a keen knowledge of world politics or play a fine game of bridge he is talking about things over which I have been to some personal pains."

"More femininity—an accident of sex— isn't a thing on which any sane woman wants to base conquest of the crudely masculine. I like men's minds. I want them to admire mine, and my character, and my ability to be a pal—as good a pal as another fellow. Now, isn't that the best way?"

And the man to whom she spoke would look upon a pair of black-lashed gray eyes that from the local of any other girl's face would have been sending wireless messages straight to his heart. Then, as men are sane creatures, who seldom rave from infatuation, he would conclude that she was a cold little thing—but pretty and clever and presentable without—and that he might as well play the same her way; since it was her way, or not at all.

Most of the men who knew her liked her second best to their wives, or third best to the sweethearts between whom they were hesitating—and found themselves telling her so. And she liked it—and boasted about it.

"Tommy Jones and I are the best pals," she once told Rex Darwin. "He says there isn't another girl in the whole world he can see because he loves Clara so—but that doesn't interfere with his honest liking for me. I've got his liking. That is mine for all time. It's there—just there, like the Rocky mountains or the great lakes. It won't take an upheaval of nature to destroy it."

"And does Clara like friendship with her fiancé?" Rex asked.

"Oh, she understands—she knows I'm not dangerous, that I don't think of men as men at all, but as minds. It's companionship and understanding and liking I want. That's the big thing—the thing your personality gets—the other's only moonshine and silverdishes."

"How do you know?" Rex asked. "I might show you now—just a little love," he hummed ingratiatingly.

And then the girl laughed with a clear ripple of humor that made sentiment about as possible as does a searchlight turned on the particular park bench you have been making for.

"Oh, Reggie—imagine your getting sentimental over me—raving over my pink and white complexion for instance, when we both know I freckle worse than you do."

On a Thursday in May some one introduced her to Horace Elston. He took her out to dinner the following Monday night—for girls who believe in platonic friendship don't prudishly conventional—they don't have to produce an atmosphere of being unattainable since they aren't trying to be attained.

Horace was brilliant and entertaining and listened politely when she aired her theories on platonic—and as politely changed the subject to a discussion of his admiration for the beautiful Mrs. Thornley—and all beautiful women—and the type possessing gray eyes and clear brunette coloring. And on parting he kissed her hand—and little prickles wandered up her arm to her ear which tingled strangely against a hot cheek. And she wondered if her eyes were as gray as Mrs. Thornley's—and examined them carefully in her mirror that night.

On the following Monday Horace kissed her lips. In June, as much to his surprise as to hers, their engagement was announced. Horace had merely been out for conquest—but the girl who believed in platonic friendship was so lovable and loving that he couldn't let her get out of his life to be captured by any of that mass of fellows who liked her—and whom he thought ready to love her if she would let them.

Which proves that it takes two to play at platonic friendship—and that it may be the only game a girl knows until some intrepid soul comes along and teaches her a better one.

Also it teaches that an audacious kiss on the hand has its value.

## Something New in Parasols

The parasol to the left is of the magpie combination, with bakelite handle. The hat is of silk, and worn with a white organdie and black moire neckpiece. To the right is a curious Adam and Eve parasol. It tops a wide white hat and accompanies a high neck-piece, with a lace jabot.



Republished by Special Arrangement with Harper's Bazar.

Read It Here—See It at the Movies.

# The Goddess

By Gouverneur Morris and Charles W. Goddard

Copyright, 1910, Star Company.

### Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

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 interests, kidnaps the beautiful 3-year-old baby 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 16 she is suddenly thrust into the world where agents of the interests are ready to pretend to find her. The one to find her was the little Amesbury girl, most after she had been spirited away by the interests, was Tommy Barclay.

Fifteen years later Tommy goes to the Adirondacks. The interests are responsible for the trip. By accident he is the first to meet the little Amesbury girl, as she comes from her paradise as Celestia, the girl from heaven. Neither Tommy nor Celestia recognizes each other. Tommy finds an easy way to rescue Celestia from Prof. Stilliter and they hate in the mountains; later they are pursued by Stilliter and escape to an island where they spend the night.

That night, Stilliter, following his Indian guide, reaches the island, found Celestia and Tommy, but did not disturb them. In the morning Tommy goes for a swim. During his absence Stilliter attempts to steal Celestia, who runs to Tommy for help, followed by Stilliter. The latter catches Tommy, but Tommy's discomfiture. He takes advantage of it by taking not only Celestia, but Tommy's clothes. Stilliter, who has a plan, escapes with Celestia in time to catch an express for New York, where he places Celestia in Bellevue hospital, where her sanity is proven by the authorities. Tommy reaches Bellevue just before Stilliter's departure.

Tommy's first aim was to get Celestia away from Stilliter. After they leave Bellevue Tommy is unable to get any hotel to take Celestia in owing to her father's fee. But later he persuades his father to keep her. When he goes out to the taxi he finds her gone. She falls into the hands of a white-slaver, but escapes and goes to live with a poor family by the name of Douzias. When their son Freddie returns home he finds right in his own house, Celestia, the girl for which the underworld has offered a reward that he hoped to get.

Celestia secures work in a large garment factory, where a great many girls are employed. Here she shows her peculiar power, and makes friends with all her girl companions. By her talks to the girls she is able to calm a threatened strike, and the "boss," overhearing her is moved to grant the relief the girls wished, and also to grant a great wrong he had done one of them. Just at this point the factory catches on fire, and the work room is soon a blazing furnace. Celestia refuses to escape with the other girls, and Tommy Barclay rushes in and carries her out, wrapped in a big roll of cloth.

After rescuing Celestia from the fire, Tommy is sought by Harker Barclay, who undertakes to persuade him to give up the girl. Tommy refuses, and Celestia wants him to wed her directly. He can not do this, as he has no funds. Stilliter and Barclay introduce Celestia to a circle of wealthy mining men, who agree to send Celestia to the collieries.

**EIGHTH EPISODE.**

"We'd about come to that conclusion ourselves," said Carson. "You looked like a last chance."

He was turning away petulantly when he thought better of it.

"What are you going to do, Mr. Barclay, if it's manners to ask?"

"I was going to ask your advice," said Tommy. "My wish is to start life as a day laborer."

"Sure? Then you'd better come out to Pennsylvania with us."

Well, many a leader of capital would have come no nearer the truth. For to the casual eye Tommy instead of Mary had been the pleader and the rejected.

In the mining town of Bitumen in western Pennsylvania, there was for the moment an armed truce between the strike breakers and the strikers. The latter, under the leadership of Gundorf, held the village; the former, under the personal supervision of Kehr, had built a strong palisade which commanded the railroad station and the approaches to the town by rail. Both belligerents maintained a system of sentries, and a genuine state of war existed. More than one striker had been given a public funeral; more than one strike-breaker had departed from Bitumen in a narrow boat.

Tommy, dear," she said, "I'm so wretched. We've made such a mess of things! Can't we begin all over again?"

Tommy answered with great gentleness: "We can't begin all over again," he said; "things can never be as they were. But we can be friends, Mary."

She shook her head and the corners of her mouth turned bitterly down.

"You and I, Tommy," she said, "might be almost anything in the world to each other—bros? Never. You may drive on, Rugby."

Tommy held out his hand, but she turned from it, as if in scorn, and the motor slipped quietly forward.

"H'm!" murmured Carson; "he has been disinherited. And he's just told her. And she's given him the mitten."

having much power over other men. Neither was altruistic. At the back of Gundorf's head lurked the idea that one day he, too, might be a capitalist who should employ labor. Kehr had every intention of one day employing more labor himself. Neither truly represented the cause for which he stood. Both were prepared to sacrifice any number of other people's lives for the betterment of their own. There was, however, this difference between them: men obeyed Gundorf because they believed him to be a strong man of the people with the interests of the people at heart; men obeyed Kehr because they had to.

So Tommy felt about Gundorf when he heard the thick-set, trembling, passionate assailant of privilege hold forth in the town hall, when he saw tears gush out of the man's eyes as he told of women and children who were going under because there was no longer any bread in the house, and when he pretended that he could hear their cries and clapped his hands to his ears.

Tommy had been introduced to the "brother" as a safe man, but when Gundorf began to advocate a midnight rush upon the stockade and massacre of all who might be found within, many eyes were turned upon the silk-stocking to see how he would take the suggestion.

"We will put them," thundered Gundorf, "where they shall never again no more hear the voices of women and children lifted in joy—or in sorrow. We will

show the world what it is to tread upon the poor and the unfortunate, so that little children die of hunger. What do we claim? Only a fair share of what belongs to us. What do we get? Crumbs and offal, chucked to us from the rich man's kitchen door."

There was a howl of rage, that must have been heard in the stockade and caused some of its defenders to tremble. When this had rumbled away and died to nothing like a peal of thunder, Gundorf rolled his little eyes upon Tommie.

"Let us hear from the new brother," he said, smacking his lips. "Come up on the platform, Brother Barclay, and let the brothers and sisters see you."

One of the sisters eyed Tommy very closely, as he slowly ascended the platform. She was Mrs. Gundorf, a young, dark, heavy woman with smoldering eyes, and a scarlet mouth. When he turned and she had a good look at his handsome, brown, clean-cut face, her deep bosom began to rise and fall rapidly.

Tommy was in an awkward position. In full sympathy with his audience, he was not at all in sympathy with dynamiting and murder. His education told him that though an attack upon the stockade might prove successful its ultimate effect upon the attackers would be retribution in an extreme degree.

"It seems to me," he began quietly, "that what we want is justice—not vengeance. Have we—"

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## The Rich and Poor Meet 'Round Shredded Whole Wheat

The rich cannot know the joys of the toiler unless they are willing to abstain from indigestible, non-nutritious foods that prevent clear thinking and quick acting. The richest man in the world cannot buy a food more nutritious than

# Shredded Wheat

It contains more real body-building nutriment than meat or eggs, is more easily digested and costs much less. The food for the man who does things with hand or brain. The ideal Summer diet for health and strength. Give your stomach a pleasant surprise after the heavy foods of Winter. Eat it for breakfast with milk or cream. Eat it for supper with ripe berries or other fresh fruits.

Made only by

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

### This is

the handiest thing you ever handled—Handy Oil Can full of 3-in-One Oil. Fits the pocket like a pocket-book. Goes in sewing machines, drawers, typewriter desk, workman's kit, hunter's knapsack. Olive-oil-squeezing. Never leaks. At all stores, 35¢ or 25¢. 3-in-One is also sold in bottles, 10¢-25¢. A Dictionary of 100 other uses with every bottle.

**Three-in-One Oil Co.**  
41 N. Broadway, New York