

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Business Woman a Good Wife . . .

By **DOBOTHY DIX.**

The assertion is frequently made that women have killed the matrimonial goose that laid the golden egg by going into gainful occupations. Unthinking people claim that when women compete with men in business they lower wages, and thus make it impossible for men to earn enough to marry on, and that if every female could be shoehorned back out of factory, store and office into her own home there would be a perpetual peal of wedding bells upon the air.

This is rank nonsense. To begin with, wages were never so high as at present. Part of the altitudinal cost of living is because labor is so dear, and heaven knows that we should have to pay for things if there were no nimble-fingered women weaving silk and cotton and wool, or putting up peas and beans in the canneries. Every man would have to get the salary of a bank president in order to support a family if the woman working outside of the home was eliminated.

If he got more he would have to spend more, so the matter is as broad as it is long even on that basis. The fallacy of the contention, that women's competition with men in business keeps men from marrying, proves itself, however, by the fact that the only woman's ability to support herself that has been made free to marry is in just the cases where this problem arises.

The poor young man who says that women lower wages and because of that he cannot make enough to marry on does not stop to think that if women were not permitted to engage in pursuits by which they can earn money he would not only not be able to marry, but would be so burdened by a household of dependent female relatives that he would not have a penny to spend upon himself.

The opening up of the commercial world to women has meant the financial emancipation of man just as much as it has of women.

It is to the present generation there has been no more pitiful figure than that of the son and brother in an impotent family. The poor fellow who is driven to death, tolling like a slave to support a household of women who took his every dollar away from him, and, like the daughters of the horse leech, continually cried "More, more!"

He could not think of marrying; for there was barely enough bread to go around. He could not dream of establishing a home of his own, because it

was all he could do to stagger along under the burdens already laid upon him. He could not follow any ambition or fortune that lured him, because he was bound like a martyr on the family vessel.

Look at the old bachelors you know, grizzled, lonely, homeless, wifeless, childless, useless old men, ending their solitary lives in clubs or boarding houses, and you will find out that nine-tenths of them are men who are victims of the social system that kept women in the home and out of the working world. They were forced to sacrifice love and romance to the family butcher bill.

I know an old southern gentleman who has often told me that at the end of the civil war he was the only man of his blood left alive, and that there were thirteen helpless women dependent on him for their livelihood. He was encouraged to be married at the time, but, marriage being out of the question he preferred to let his lady love free. She refused and waited for him thirty-five years, until enough of his helpless women folk had died off to enable them to venture upon setting up another home.

It was a tragedy of weary and watchful waiting that could not happen now, because every one of the women who was able-bodied would decline to be dependent, and hustle out and get a job and support herself.

Brother has ceased to be offered up as a sacrificial ox on the family altar. Instead of sitting around and waiting for brother to feed and clothe them and take care of mother and father, the girls roll up their sleeves and go to work and not only earn their own bread and butter and cake, but contribute far more toward keeping up the house than brother does.

This not only makes the girls self-respecting and independent members of society, instead of forcing them to be parasites, but it leaves the men free to marry and to live their own lives, to marry and establish homes of their own, which they could not do if they had a lot of dependent women relatives hanging on their necks like old ladies of the sea.

## Man's First Artistry in Clay

Unique Figures Modelled by a Phidias of the Paleolithic Age



After Max Begouen in "L'Anthropologie." Representations in clay of male and female bison, found in the Tuc d'Audoubert cave, near Saint-Girons (Ariege), France. The figures are each about two feet long and are the only

known examples of clay-modeling dating from paleolithic times. Except for the cracks due to drying of the clay, the broken tail of the cow and the horns of the bull, the figures are in a perfect state of preservation.

Garrett P. Serviss, of making limestone in many caverns, where water is still dripping down, you hear in the gloom and stillness a musical tinkle, like the stroke of a little silver bell. It is a drop of water falling upon a stalagmite, which has been built up by similar drops. In that drop there is an almost infinitesimal quantity of carbonate of lime. The drop dries up and the carbonate of lime is deposited, adding an invisible layer to the stone. The drop must fall in slow succession, else they would run away and not evaporate on the spot, and no stalagmitic pillar would be built up.

## How to Bathe For Real Beauty

By **LINA CAVALIERI.**

Let me direct the baths of the body and the complexion will take care of itself. The daily bath, in some instances the bath twice a day, is not, as persons advanced in some directions and pitifully behind in others tell us, a luxury. It is a necessity. It does not, as some ignorantly assume, destroy the oils of the skin. It causes them to circulate more freely through the medium of the skin.

My skin happens to be exceedingly thin and sensitive, amazingly so. If it were one of the harder, more durable sort, with a tendency to a coarsening and roughening, I should try this much more drastic method of removing scurf skin. I am so strong enough and my physician vouches for the fact that I were, I would try the daily cold plunge or the shower. This I would take in the morning, remaining in the icy tub or under the chilling shower not more than one minute.

Then I should have a brisk rub-down, not with the soft linen towel or cheesecloth, but with a big coarse Turkish towel. For this purpose I like best the big towels that swathe the body completely, which one may wrap around herself, and wrapped in them, sit upon a bathing stool and dry herself with immobility from chill.

Unless I were to dress at once I should briskly rub the body with alcohol to render less the possibility of taking cold. But if my room were sunny I would prefer to run about the room half a dozen times, or a rehearsal of dancing steps for five minutes or jumping the rope. One of the greatest authorities on hygiene in my country has advocated exercise—he called it a sun bath—directly after the bath.

But this would by no means suffice for my bathing. For everyone except an Englishman knows that the cold bath does not cleanse. It merely exhilarates. For keeping the skin clean there should be the warm bath. You observe that I did not say the hot bath, for it is my opinion that the hot bath enervates. For cleansing the water should be from 30 to 35 degrees Fahrenheit.

A quantity of soap or a quantity of it shaved be thrown into the water, so that the water becomes a milky color, or that a lather rise to the top of the water. No one should remain in the bath more than twenty minutes, and this time should include the rinsing off of the soapy water by a shower or spray of cooler, perhaps fifteen degrees cooler, not cold, water. A cold shower at night, when this cleansing bath is taken, would be overstimulative, and tend, as does strong soot, to certain persons, to keep them awake.

Between the two extremes of gentle and drastic bathing lie many intermediaries known as beauty baths. There is, for example, that simple and efficacious starch bath, taken by women whose skins are tormented and disfigured by pimples.

To an ordinary bath tub half filled with water add one pound of pure starch. Let it dissolve in water at 30 to 35 degrees Fahrenheit. To this many French women choose to add one wine glass of toilet ammonia for its whitening effect.

The oatmeal bag is an old and admirable remedy for rough or stained skin. The best is made in this way:

- Oatmeal . . . . . 1 pound
  - Pulverized orris root . . . . . 1/2 pound
  - Starch . . . . . 1/2 pound
  - Bicarbonate of soda . . . . . 5 ounces
  - Cream of tartar . . . . . 5 ounces
  - Starch . . . . . 1/2 ounce
  - Oil of lemon . . . . . 1 dram
  - Oil of bergamot . . . . . 10 drops
- If another scent is preferred to bergamot it can be substituted. For instance, oil of rose geranium in half that quantity.

For a person not strong enough to endure the cold bath, this tonic in tepid water is recommended by many European physicians:

- Aromatic vinegar . . . . . 1 pint.
  - Tincture of benzoin . . . . . 1 wineglass.
- A delicious bath used by our grandmothers, and that is as efficacious for their granddaughters, is made by boiling for three hours two pounds of bran. Strain the bran through a sieve. To the remaining liquor add some scent of your choice, let us say ten drops of bergamot, five of rose geranium, or five of oil of lavender.



## Advice to Lovelorn : By Beatrice Fairfax

**Suppose You Propose?**  
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 21 and am deeply in love with a girl of 18, with whom I have kept company for almost a year. Last Sunday evening she asked me if I knew it was almost a year that I had been keeping company with her. I said, yes, she said that at the end of the year she could tell whether I loved her or not. Now, how can she tell? Are there any presents to be given?  
ANSIOLUS.

**Do Not Go.**  
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 19 and dearly in love with a man five years my senior. He is going on a week-end trip shortly and has invited me to accompany him. Is it proper for me to go unchaperoned?  
I am not engaged. HONEY.  
Do not go on a week-end with this or any other young man unless you are properly chaperoned. You would subject yourself to criticism that might do you irreparable harm.

## Militarism and What It Means to America

By **CHARLES H. PARKHURST.**

There are some things of which we become persuaded by the course of events that we might never have learned in the school, nor even perhaps in the church, and which we certainly should never have reasoned out by our own thinking. There are certain ideas which we resent so long as they are ideas only, but which we can say nothing against so soon as they become concrete facts and stand visible before our own eyes.

Some years ago, while such a thing as a bicycle was still the rarest of curiosities, two men stood together debating the possibility of such a machine. One of them had seen and ridden one. The other declared that the existence and operation of such a thing was precluded by the very nature of mechanical laws. While they were discussing it a cyclist went by on his wheel. Demonstrated facts are the most inconvertible of arguments.

One of the things taught us by the war in Europe, and that never could have been otherwise taught us so thoroughly and convincingly, is that the human race is not nearly so far advanced as we had supposed it to be; that our civilization, so far from being Christian, is to a considerable extent a veneer.

Men had been talking so amiably and with such apparent conviction about the brotherhood of man that we had come to feel that everybody inside of Christendom, along with a good many outside, felt himself to be actually a brother to everybody else, and that division among nations was rather a mere serious and fiction than anything more serious and essential. The result of a year's war has rather rudely shaken us out of that dream and encouraging illusion.

Christian civilization is already 2000 years old, but is an infant still and only approaching to the stage of self-consciousness. The shock that shakes us out of this delusion impels us also to a conviction that some of us have been hitherto very slow and reluctant to entertain—namely, that the situation thus disclosed to us is one to which the doctrine of turning the other cheek is not altogether applicable.

If any of us have been accustomed hitherto to regard as human are wolves in disguise, and any of us have been delighted to look upon as brothers are such only by virtue of the mask which they wear, then some of the pruning hooks into which we had converted our

swords will have to be reconverted back into swords; in other words, that we as a nation are living in a world where Christianity is so much more a fashion of words than it is a fact of life that a state of militant preparedness is our only security, and that if we want to keep by our Americanism in its spirit and institutions it is simple prudence to be in condition to fight in its defense.

This does not mean militarism in the technical sense of the word any more than putting up a fence around our lot

means militarism, or locking our doors at night or keeping a watch-dog. It is simply national equipment in the interests of self-preservation, which is the first law of nature.

It is obligatory upon us, according as we respect the legacy bequeathed to us by the founders of the nation, to encourage our coastline with a ring of submarines, and to enlist a considerable army organ.

I had it remarked to me the other day by an elderly person with a severe countenance, that modern girlhood was far, far naughtier than it used to be. I immediately accepted his title. I certainly don't agree with the statement. The only difference I can see between the maiden of today and her of the last generation is that the former gets more opportunity, though I will allow she has a slightly better capacity for using it.

I own I prefer the word "naughtiness" to "vicefulness." There is a delicate air of trill refinement about the first that is entirely lacking in the second. That is why we invariably use the former when we are referring to ourselves, and the latter when dealing with someone else.

The accumulation of experience and reaching what the time of leaving school and the prime of life should certainly stand one in good stead. Besides, have you ever met a man of 40 who will allow for a minute that he is getting on the shelf?

I have met, in the course of my varied life, girls of 27 who, so far as general knowledge went, could be depended on to score a "possible" every time. But this, like humanity in a German soldier, is somewhat rare.

If I had to make a general age mark for women kind, I should say that the period round about 25 was the naughtiest, allowing a few years on either side. You see, the perfect appreciation of naughtiness is, in a girl, bound to depend largely on youth.

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## The Naughtiest Age

By **ADA PATTERSON.**

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## Do You Know That

**DOES your cooking make the family hungry for more?**  
Do your left-overs taste as good as when the food was first served?  
Can you vary your menus so that no one complains of monotony?  
If you can't answer these questions satisfactorily, it's probably the fault of the seasoning.

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give a surprising zest to the ordinary dishes. They preserve their original pungency and are guaranteed for purity. Any cooking is better cooking with their use. Sold by your grocer at 10 cents a package.

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