

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Are We Coming TO THE Bee Idea of Life?

By WINNIFRED BLACK
Have you ever read Materlinck's marvelous story of the bees?
No?
Go to the library and get it this very day. You can't afford to live another twenty-four hours without knowing that book. Every time you see a bee in the garden afterward you'll feel like standing, hat in hand, and watching him fly by.

Talk about "man the reasoning animal," the bee reasons so much better and so much more closely than man that he makes us all seem like little blind, blundering beetles booming around in the sunshine, not knowing where we are going or what we are trying to do.

The bee—the wonderful bee—no wonder Napoleon chose him for his emblem. Is that what we are all coming to—some day I wonder—the bee system of living?

Every once in a while I see something in the news that makes me think so. It is a great thing to watch—the daily news of this great, strange, simple complex world of ours.

The sailors on the ship that Columbus brought across the wide waters spent days standing at the rail watching for the drift of waters, and now and then they found hope of land in the broken branch that floated on the silent sea and now and then some strange bright feather that rose and fell on the waves told their hopeful hearts of bright lands beyond, where the bird that wore the feather waited singing in a spreading tree to welcome their coming.

Driftwood tells strange tales sometimes. That's what the news is—driftwood—telling stories, old stories, new stories, strange stories, stories that sometimes makes the human hair rise and that turn the blood cold in the veins of the one who watches by the rail to see the drift come by.

Now, there's that little item in the paper this morning—the one about the judge who told the man that he could not make his wife follow him to a farm, and he could not divorce her because she did not follow.

"She hates country life," said the judge. "You cannot force her to live it. She has the same right to decide where she wants to live as you have." Drift, drift from strange shores, is that decision.

I wonder how they would think of it down in North Carolina, where a man can have you arrested and fined if you give shelter, food, employment or even a word of encouragement to a wife who has left his bed and board without his permission, no matter what it was he did that made her go.

A great artist went with his wife to see her off on a long trip the other day. "Yes," said the artist to the reporters, "I hate to see her go, but she has chosen the stage for her vocation. Who am I, to stand in her way? She is a woman besides my wife. She's a human being first of all, you know, and no one was particularly surprised to hear him say it.

A clever writer married a clever business woman a week or so ago, and he told his friends and hers that he did not expect her to give up her business to stay at home for him.

"She likes to work," he said. "Why should I take upon myself to deny her own life? Women are something more than the echo of men."

In a high school out west they find that the average height of the high school graduate is lowering for the boys and heightening for the girls.

The boy babies born at the great public hospital in Boston today are one inch shorter on the average than they were ten years ago. The girl babies are nearly an inch taller than they were ten years ago and weigh, on an average, almost a pound more.

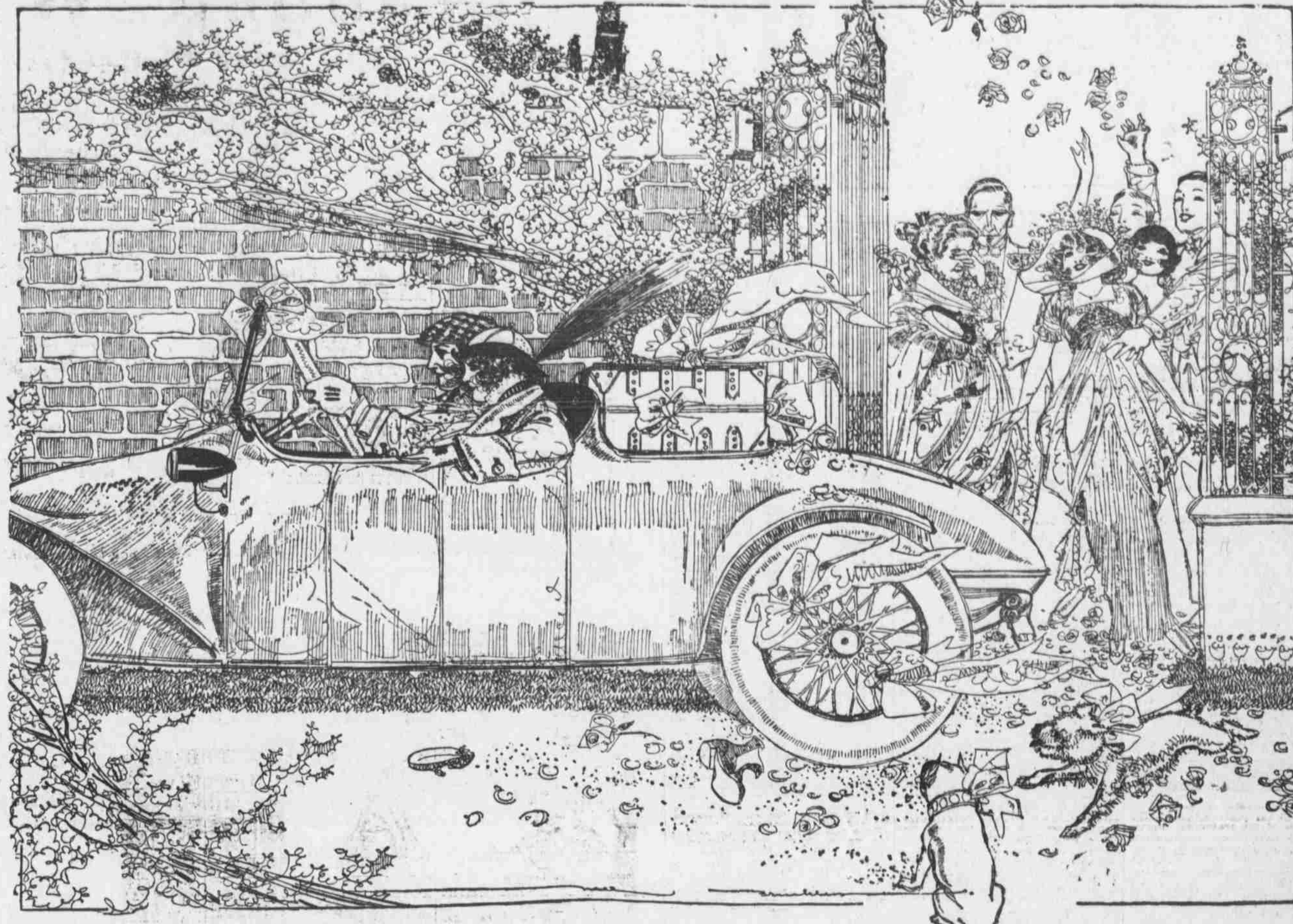
A newspaper in the middle west interviewed the members of a graduating class of girls in a great school yesterday, and out of thirty girls, twenty-four said that they hoped they would not have to marry. Marriage was narrowing and cramping, they said.

Driftwood, driftwood! From what strange ideas does it come these days! The bees—oh, yes—that's what I mean. The bees have arranged all this affair of the feminine uprising—arranged it years and years ago.

The queen bee rules. She breeds the young, divides the hive into workers and drones. There is no mingling of the two classes at all. One bee is to gather honey, one is selected to found the future of the hive. When his work is done, out he goes. Is that what we are coming to, we humans, some day?

Will there be home women and work women, home men and work men, divided quite definitely into classes like the bees—each having his own special mission. The drift, the drift! How pleasant it is to stand in the sunshine at the ship's rail and watch it slipping by, and speculate, and dream, and hope, and wonder.

The Cetaway :: (Or, "Everybody's Marrying in June") :: By Nell Brinkley



Nell Brinkley says

My chum and I sat on the floor. I was searching the sky, my memory, my vacation in California, my own head—which contains some astonishing things, but is sometimes woefully blank—for ideas. My chum's brown—golden-brown—head was banded over a gown of her own manufacture that billowed and puffed like cream over her lap and on to the floor. For, let me tell you, she has a marvellous pair of fingers that make a reality, a thing that can be worn, out of the frock fancies that I can draw on paper and can never wear. I reckon you would call that "making dreams come true."

"What," quoth I, "do they do in June?" I meant what sport do the Bettys and Billys chase hardest in the month-of-the-first-warm-sun?
My chum dreamily put a "chicken's head" on the end of her thread.
"Why, they get married," ventured she, softly, putting her tapered finger squarely on the truth of the matter—as an outsider who isn't used to getting up ideas most always does when you let them in on story and picture-making!
I crowded!—so here they are; they neither golf nor tennis; they

neither swim nor drive the slender green canoe through still waters; they neither polo nor motor boat—none of these things do they play the hardest in June—but they do go in for one form of strenuous athletics—a long race—a race with a tears-and-laughter getaway—a flower-and-old-shoe-and-ride getaway! And the race is run in pairs—and each one falls or stands by the work of the other. For you win no prize for success in the race if one of the pair is weak-kneed and falls by the wayside—no matter how game and splendid the other running mate is.
What do they do in June? "Why, they marry!"

Should a Woman Tell Her Husband Everything? The Worst of Criminals

By VIRGINIA T. VAN DE WATER
"I tell my husband everything," said a woman to me. "In marriage each party to the contract should have a perfect right to know all that the other knows. In fact, it would hurt my conscience if I kept anything from my husband."
I felt a thrill of compassion for the husband and something approaching doubt of the wife. How could the husband take time to listen to all she had to say and how could she bring herself to tell him everything?
For I do not believe that, just because people are married, they should have no knowledge which they do not impart to each other. The man is not the keeper of the wife's soul and conscience. If she is such a weak creature that she must go to him with every problem that comes into her life she is surely too weak to be a helpmeet for him and a proper guide and guardian of his children.
I mentioned that confidential matter you told me to nobody except to Tom. Of course I told him."
I was present when a wife said this to her unmarried sister. I was not surprised at the indignant flash that came into the younger woman's eyes, nor at the resentment with which she exclaimed: "You told my secret to Tom! What right had you to do that? It was my secret—not yours. Why should Tom know it?"
Of course the wife thought her sister unjust and unreasonable. I felt that the girl was entirely right.
"Be careful what you tell a married woman," warned a man. "What she knows her husband will know."
We may pass that statement to consider that the same statement could seldom be made to the husband. What he knows his wife doesn't. People call men secretive; at all events a man who is worthy of the name can keep a secret. Of course, there are masculine exceptions—but I am talking now about men, not about cats. A man can keep his friend's confidence—even though they are married. I am thankful this is so, otherwise some of us would be driven to depending upon the sterner sex for our friendships.
In this day there are many wives who claim the right to reserve from their

husbands, yet one occasionally meets those who still cling to the old notion that a woman should talk as freely to her husband as to her own soul. I insist that this contention is wrong.
For there are things that a woman should not tell her husband. It goes without saying—for it has been said so often—that one of these things is her friend's secret. The mere accident of marriage does not confer upon any one a right to part with that which has been given to her as a sacred charge. It ought not to be necessary to preface or follow such a confidence with the warning, "Please do not mention this, even to your husband." Some of us like to think that in our own cases such a warning would be superfluous. I wonder what the husband must think of the wife who tells him that which she is not justified in imparting to any one. I know one man who, under such conditions, reminded his wife gently, "My dear, I hardly think you ought to mention that matter even to me. It was not meant for my ears, but for yours only."
Such men may be rare, but I think that they are not as rare as some persons fancy. Of course, the wife was wounded, but it may have taught her how an honorable man regards a secret.
Another of the things that a woman should not tell her husband is the rude or presumptuous remark made to her by another man. I know that this assertion may call forth some protest, but I believe that many people will agree with it. Remember, I am not dealing with the young girl to whom a man is impertinent or insulting, nor with the ingenue who may not know how to take care of her-

self. But I am referring to the woman of the world—the woman who knows men and women and who is certainly quite able to resent any discourtesy or unwarrantable liberty of speech or manner.
"What is one to do," asked a woman of 40, "when a man tells one vulgar stories and considers them funny? Should not one complain to one's husband?"
The first vulgar story a man tells a woman may be his fault; the second one is her fault. That is a rule that generally holds good. If a woman shows a man that she is displeased with the so-called "funny story" he will not tell her another. If he does, she is quite able to express her displeasure and to avoid him in the future. What good would it do to "complain to one's husband?" It would only make a bad matter worse and bring about a quarrel—possibly one that might lead to publicity—between the two men.
The men that deceive women meet in decent society will only go as far as women will permit. The woman who respects herself receives respect from the average men. A young girl may be annoyed by a man's attentions and not understand how to dismiss him—perhaps. Not so an older woman. She, surely, has enough sense and enough dignity to look after herself under ordinary conditions. Therefore, I say that it is a sign of weakness and of a lack of consideration on the part of the wife if she tell her husband that a man has not shown her the respect due a good woman. If such a man be a frequent guest at her husband's home there may be a reason for her to suggest to her husband that his guest is not quite a gentleman, but if the offender be a casual acquaintance, why complain of him? One word from her will be enough to show the man his place.
Another of the things that a woman should not tell her husband are the faults of the members of her family. She will forget them; he will not, but will remember them when she wishes them to be regarded as bygones. For should she call her husband's attention to the neglect or unkindness of members of his own family, if she can let him feel that she loves his mother and is fond of his sisters, so much the better.
Surely there are reserves that are as great virtues as are certain so-called truths that lead only to embarrassment and unhappiness for all.

A Fine Old Heathen

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY
Wonderful in a far more useful way than we find it described in the "Arabian Nights," was the fine old heathen known as Haroun Al Raschid, who died 1304 years ago June 8, 808.
In a time of intense bigotry and cruelty he was tolerant and merciful. In an age of blackest ignorance and brutal indifference to every form of enlightenment, he was deeply interested in learning, and employed every aid at his command for the elimination of the superstition that was sitting like an incubus upon the breast of humanity. While Christian Europe lay in the shadow of its seemingly irredeemable ignorance, Bagdad was cultivating the sciences out of which was to come the

world's mental resurrection. While the Christian teachers were asserting the fitness of the earth the Mohammedan doctors of Bagdad and Cordova, Servia and Alexandria were teaching geography in the common schools from globes. While in London and Paris they were practicing the old theological medicine and professing to cure men's ills through the agency of charms, trinkets and incantations, in the great Mesopotamian capital they were treating the sick upon the principles of science and common sense.
So famous was Al Raschid's medical school at Bagdad that the great and mighty Charlemagne issued a decree that no man should practice medicine in his dominions without first having passed a satisfactory examination before the Bagdad faculty. And the old Mohammedan's heart was as sound as his mind, for he remembered that the time Charlemagne was using fire and sword against all who would not, or could not, accept the theological beliefs he had sworn to champion, Haroun Al Raschid was doing all he could to protect Charlemagne's subjects in the full exercise of their religion.



serts her, not "if" for desertion is always the fate of the love won so dishonorably.
He does not ask, "Is there any danger of the girl being punished?" It is "me" whose fate concerns him more, and the question gives the character of the man. I wish I knew the name of the girl that I might tell her that which all girls should know—the man who makes love on street corners and in secret places, not daring to appear openly at the girl's home, is not the man any girl should marry. If her parents oppose him, he owes it to himself and the girl to break down that opposition by behaving decently and honorably.
RESINOL CURED AWFUL ERUPTION ALL OVER FACE
Brooklyn, N. Y., May 2, 1918—"About eighteen months ago I noticed a lot of little sores spreading all over my face and neck. It itched me something awful, and I felt like I would want to tear my face apart. At night it would pain me and start swelling—then it would itch all the more—so I got very little sleep. "I tried many treatments, such as—, etc., but none of them did me any good. I suffered for fourteen months until I sent for samples of Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment. I applied them to a little part of my face and it showed good results. So I at once bought a bar of Resinol Soap and a cake of Resinol Ointment and kept on using them for about three months, when I was completely cured. If you would see my face now you would never think anything was ever the matter with it." (Signed) Louis Boloch, 25 Morrell St.
For eighteen years Resinol has been a favorite doctor's prescription and household remedy for skin eruptions, pimples, blackheads, sunburn, insect bites, dandruff, sores, piles, etc. Stops itching instantly. Every druggist sells Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment; but you can try them without cost—just write for samples to Dept. 44-S, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

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Are you giving them nourishing food that will develop their muscles, bones and flesh—food that is easily digested and cheap?
Ever thought about Spaghetti—Faust Spaghetti? Do you know that a 10c package of Faust Spaghetti contains as much nutrition as 4 lbs. of beef? Your doctor will tell you it does. And Faust Spaghetti costs one-tenth the price of meat. Doesn't that solve a big item in the high cost of living?
You probably haven't served Faust Spaghetti as often as you should because you don't know how many different ways it can be cooked—write for free recipe book today—and you'll be surprised at the big variety of dishes you can make from this nutritious food. In 5c and 10c packages.
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