

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Harking Back

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

Young Juxtuzi was an Aztec, and a lad of nerve and mettle, who resided 'neath the shadow of Mount Popocatepetl.

King Canute, from whose top story rocks would harmlessly rebound, noticed how his subjects hustled when he ordered them around;

When Chief Bone-Dome, the Apache, saw a whizzing railroad train dashing like a desert dust storm over mesa, butte and plain,

THE CAREER OF MARRIAGE

Whether Marriage is a Blessing or a Crime Depends Entirely on The Kind of Marriage

By DOROTHY DIX

In speaking to 300 women graduates who had trained themselves for different professions, President Edward J. James of the University of Illinois said:

"The woman who chooses the career of marriage when the opportunity offers itself, or when she makes it for herself, as every woman can, is choosing a high-way to social service which is far ahead of all teaching, or legal or medical service she can possibly render to society."

That is as may be, Mr. College President. If you were a woman you would know that the opportunity to marry the kind of a man you would like to have for a husband and for the father of your children doesn't always present itself.

It is the custom to get maudlinly drunk on sentimentality when you talk to girls, and to advise them to marry, and to laud on about the beauty and the glory of wifehood and motherhood, but all of us in our sober senses know that whether wifehood or motherhood is beautiful and glorious depends altogether on how a woman is fitted for the job, and how she pulls it off.

Undoubtedly a good wife and mother is the noblest work of God, and such a one performs a great service to society. On the other hand, a mean wife and mother is the devil's first lieutenant, and the harm that such a one does to the world is incalculable.

If we had mothers who have given us a George Washington and an Abraham Lincoln, let us also reflect that we have mothers who have given us our Gyp the Bloods and Left Louises, so there's no use in raising any monuments to motherhood until we find out what sort of a product it has turned out. Certainly the mothers of the hundreds of grafters, blackmailers, thieves and white slavers in the world have done no service to society for which the balance of us need be granted to them.

As for there being anything particularly meritorious in a woman marrying, that also depends upon the spirit in which she does it, and the sort of a wife she makes. The woman who marries a man for love and because she feels that he is her real mate, and who bends her every energy of mind and body to loving service to him, and to making him happy, undoubtedly fills the highest and happiest career fate can allot to a woman. She makes a home that is to the sweetest and light of the world.

Our aspirations are crowded with the insane and the neurotic that never should have been born. Our penitentiaries are overflowing with criminals who are there because they had not the proper

Moths and Flames

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By Nell Brinkley

Too "Nintimate"

By WINIFRED BLACK.

They've quarreled, the two "intimate friends."

"No, I don't mean 'intimate' I mean 'nintimate'—that's what they call each other. One's ten and one's nine, and they've been playing dolls together for weeks."

I told Ten-year-old that she had better play with some one else for a while.

"You and Nine-year-old will quarrel as sure as fate," said I. Oh so wisely.

"Quarrel, my 'nintimate friend and I?" cried Ten-year-old in horror. "Oh, how could we ever do such a thing?"

"Why, she's the sweetest girl in the world. I wish my hair was the color of hers and my eyes, too, so we could wear the same colored ribbons, and, oh, can't we both have linen hats, the same shade anyhow?"

So they had linen hats the same shade, and the new kind of heelless shoes the same shape, and Brown Eyes tied on a pink ribbon and so Blue Eyes had to tie on a pink ribbon, too.

But now they've quarreled, quarreled badly. It began over the dolls. Nine-year-old wanted the dolls to go to school and say their seven times, and Ten-year-old wanted to send them to the mountains or to the seashore or somewhere.

"Isn't it bad enough to say our own old ten times and eight times over and over?" said Ten-year-old, "without making per-f-e-c-t slaves of the poor, darling dolls?"

"I'm not a slave," said Nine-year-old and I'd thank you not to call me one."

"Why, said Ten-year-old, 'I didn't, I said—'

"I know what you said," said Nine-year-old. "I can hear all right"—only she said "hyear."

"Well, then," cried Ten-year-old, "why don't you talk all right?" For it—the trouble began right then—dolls were home—ribbons came off—hats were thrown in the closet—out of the hated sight. "I'll never play with her again," sobbed Ten-year-old.

"I hate the sight of her," quavered Nine-year-old, and so the day was clouded.

What mattered how gayly the sun shone, what mattered how sweetly the flowering bush at the back gate beckoned—who cared what the robin tried to say. Gone—so smothered—was long, happy, happy day. Gone never to come back again—alas, alas, what a sinful waste, and all because the "nintimate" friends were just a shade too "nintimate," that's all.

The young couple next door—how dead in love they are; she walks to the corner every night to meet him, and he turns around three or four times to wave her good-bye in the mornings. And the other night, when one of his friends dropped in for a pleasant evening, she pouted; I could see it by the very turn of her shoulders.

She didn't want a soul around but him. And Sunday, when her sister came over after church, he went upstairs and snaked. I could see his shadow on the blind.

They won't admit now that there is any girl at all, oh, no. They're one, you know; didn't they say so before the parson and all the church full of smiling friends. One—whichever one, I wonder? Will she give up her individuality—the one thing that called him to her—or will he be just an echo of her?

One! Which one? I always wonder. How much better it is when you get to understand that two human beings mean two every time, and not one at all; the man is a man, and not a copy of a woman, and the woman is a woman, not an echo of the man; each must live his and her own separate life, and the sooner they begin to do it the sooner they'll be happy.

"And then where did you go?" says the young wife when husband is a few minutes late to dinner.

Young husband's brow clouds.

After all, must he be watched like a criminal? "Oh, then I came home," he says, and doesn't tell the young wife that he stopped to chat with old Billie from Yale a minute or so, and the next day the young wife meets old Billie from Yale and she says: "Had a fine talk with Jimmy yesterday," and there's trouble in store for husband when he gets home that night.

"Too nintimate," that's all, 'ttoo nintimate,' that actually all that's the matter!

Your husband's heart is yours, not his brain and his soul, too. Your wife is faithful, loving, devoted, that's enough for you to know, young man. Don't be too "nintimate" either of you, or you won't speak" before six months is gone. Oh, yes, it's a pretty fiction, "two hearts that beat as one, two souls with but a single thought," etc.—a pretty fiction—thank goodness, it isn't a bit true. What a bore it would be to live with a twin, wouldn't it?

THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW

The best way to protect the face from tan and sunburn is to apply cold cream, over which is put a generous coating of powder. If one is careful to wipe off the excess cream and to rub the powder into the skin smoothly, it will not show.



By EDEN E. GREVILLE.

Poor silly moth, you flutter to your doom; He does not seek your love, he does not care;

You seek to bind him closely to your side With benefits and favors given free;

When he returns to business and to life, You'll be but one who lightly crossed his path;

Then rouse yourself before it is too late; Others may sympathize, but you must bleed

The man with a surplus of wealth and idle time, and the too-often attending poverty of heart, brain and soul, awakens to manhood with the discovery that he holds in one hand a candle and in the other hand matches, called pride, vanity, passion, power and self, with which to light it.

The devil is generous with his equipment, and never partial. The young man with the unlighted candle looks around and sees that many other men are similarly equipped. They have lighted their candles and are making merry with the moths that are attracted by the flame.

So all light their candles and more moths flutter—soft and white and graceful. A snowflake falling from heaven seemed never sweeter.

These silly moths see many things in the flames that were never there. They see love, warmth of heart and soul, carelessness, ease, luxury and fine raiment, and all of these little alluring, blinding, dazzling lights shot out from the flames

worth the price paid for it in the moth-and-candle market. Stortossed, dragged, beaten, oppressed, abandoned and dishonored, the soft, silly raiment with which the moth has attired herself makes poor protection against the elements whose wrath her vanity has invoked.

The satisfaction of vanity is the shortest lived of all sentiments; the moth soon finds that attire can be never so fine that a happy, contented heart beats under the scarlet letter of shame pinned on the breast.

No girl ever enjoyed a luxury that was not won honestly that the world did not find it out. No girl ever picked fine raiment out of the flames of a candle held out to her by a young man that the world did not know it.

"I was too young," a poor girl will plead, "to know I was doing wrong."

"No girl," replies the world, "is ever so young that she is not old enough to know better."

It saw no soft, alluring lights in the flames; it saw only dishonor and degradation. It neither forgives nor forgets the girl. It may condemn the man, but it never punishes him. It is always on the breast of a woman that the scarlet letter burns.

It is always the woman who pays.

Stay the Same

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"Perplexed," who seems to have a distorted notion of the valuation of a man's love, wishes to know if she and a friend whose woe is of the same texture shall change their dispositions and win the love of a man, or remain as they are and stay single.

In this matter she describes her plight: Both girls are good looking, they are agreeable, as well educated as any girl, and dress better than many, yet no man comes wooing.

"We do not allow man to hug and kiss us," Perplexed writes, "because we know they hug and kiss other girls and talk viliy about them afterward, and we don't want to be talked about in that way. For the reason that we are reserved and do not chatter senselessly, run after the men, and get crazy about them, we are left severely alone. We would like to go to dances, parties and theaters with the boys, but they don't seem to care to take us. Should we change our dispositions, or remain the same as we are and stay single?"

Dear Miss Fairfax: Before marriage my wife said I must give up my profession and all my friends. In doing this I was forced to leave my people. I have been the main support of my brother, mother and self for nearly two years. Now she is growing very cold and seems dissatisfied. Do you think it advisable for me to go away? She does not care for me in any way, but that I am a useful article.

The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

"Brother Wilfred got the first real place of choice yesterday that he ever got from his writings," said the Manicure Lady.

"Was it a ragtime song?" asked the Head Barber. "It must be, though. That's the only kind of songs that are getting the dough now."

"No, it ain't a ragtime song," replied the Manicure Lady. "It's a sad ballad, George. I was sure that it was going to be liked the minute Wilfred showed it to me, before he showed it to anybody else."

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 30, and met a young man several years my senior, and we love each other dearly. At present this young man has no trade upon which he can depend, but he is promised something better. I have told him I would wait until he is in a position to marry. Do you think it advisable to wait? My parents are very much against this, for they say at my present age I cannot af-

Advice to the Lovelorn

Assert Yourself.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Before marriage my wife said I must give up my profession and all my friends. In doing this I was forced to leave my people. I have been the main support of my brother, mother and self for nearly two years. Now she is growing very cold and seems dissatisfied. Do you think it advisable for me to go away? She does not care for me in any way, but that I am a useful article.

You must, first of all, refuse to support those of her family who are able-bodied. You owe that much to them and to yourself.

If your wife continues to be dissatisfied have a fair understanding with her about the terms, and then separate. But you must attempt no concealment or evasion of responsibility. Her unfairness will never excuse yours.

Certainly Not. Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been keeping company with a young man one year my senior for the last four years. Ever since I met him I have shown that I love

him in every way, but never has he returned any affection for me. Although we are on good terms he never more than greets me when he sees me. I am much taller than he and believe that may be the reason he does not care to whom he do you think it would be proper for me to tell him of my love for him straight up and down.

You have transgressed the borders of good taste in showing that you love him. Don't add to your humiliation by telling it "straight up and down."

Your height has nothing to do with it. He makes no effort to win your love because you have foolishly thrown it at his feet.

You Are Not So Old. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 30, and met a young man several years my senior, and we love each other dearly. At present this young man has no trade upon which he can depend, but he is promised something better. I have told him I would wait until he is in a position to marry. Do you think it advisable to wait? My parents are very much against this, for they say at my present age I cannot af-

ford to waste my time in waiting, for I can't tell how long it will take.

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