

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Moths and Flames Copyright, 1918, International News Service. By Nell Brinkley



Harking Back

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

Young Juxtuxi was an Astec, and a lad of nerve and mettle, Who resided 'neath the shadow of Mount Popocatapetl, And one day when the volcano, which was prone to be abrupt. Rumbled sullen indications of its purpose to crupt, Young Juxtuxi cried, "I'll stop it!" and a half an hour later Folks observed him, scowling grimly, as he sat upon the crater, Fragments of him now are floating down the shining milky way, For this early Astec hero was the Murphy of his day.

King Canute, from whose top story rocks would harmlessly rebound, Noticed how his subjects hustled when he ordered them around; Till at last he grew to fancy that so powerful was he His commands would be respected by the sun and winds and sea. So he stood beside the ocean on a sultry summer day, And in stern and awful accents told the tide to run away. When the tide came in they fished him out, and left him there to rage, For the ivory-headed monarch was the Murphy of his age.

When Chief Bone-Dome, the Apache, saw a whizzing railroad train Dashing like a desert dust storm over mesa, butte and plain, He decided he would stop it, and his warriors, scowling black, Helped him draw a four-ply cow-rope taut across the iron track. When the engine hit that cow-rope, sundry braves, by leaps and bounds, Took an unexpected journey to the Happy Hunting Grounds. They were gifted, were those redskins, with an ignorance sublime, Which was quite to be expected of the Murphys of their time.

THE CAREER OF MARRIAGE

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

ercised over them.

cared for?

frearing. Our streets are full of hood-

lum boys and wayward girl who have

had no restraining home influence ex-

What we need is not more mothers

but better mothers, mothers who won't

but who feel their sacred responsibility

No one is more filled with reverence for

a good mother than I am, but I see too

many women bringing up their children

to be curses to the world to shed any

tears over flub-dub sentiments over ab-

expenses in Rene to look upon wifehood

as a grand career unless a woman makes

who are at the head and front of every

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

distorted notion of the valuation of

friend whose woe is of the same texture

In this matter she describes her plight:

Remain as you are, Perplayed, and

The man worth while, my dear, may

"We do not allow man to hug and their feathers to attract the men.

and stay single.

no man comes wooing.

think it is enough just to bear children.

to rear them into good citizens.

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 the makes it for herself, as every woman can, is choosing a highway 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 apportunity to

to have for a husband and for the father of your children doesn't always present itself. Likewise that there are tens of thousands of women who have not been although they have done their level best. Also, if you are honest, you must admit that there are many, many women married who had no business to get married, and whose marriages are a crime against

It is the custom to get maudinly drunk the nieces and nephewa? It is not the on sentimentality when you talk to girls, unmarried women in every community and to advise them to marry, and to maunder on about the beauty and the good work? Who can judge of the rela glory of wifehood and motherhood, but tive value of their service and that of all of us in our sober senses know that the shiftless mother of commonplace whether wifehood or motherhood is beau- children? tiful and glorious depends altogether on | The truth is that whether marriage how a woman is fitted for the job, and a blessing or a crime depends altogether how she pulls it off. upon the sort of a marriage it is, and

Undoubtedly a good wife and mother whether a girl renders a social service is the noblest work of God, and such a to her day and generation by wifehood one performs a great service to society, and motherhood depends altogether on On the other hand, a mean wife and how she acquits herself in those two difmother is the devil's first lieutenant, and ficult roles. 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 Leyt Louies, so there's no use in raising any monuments to motherhood until we find out wont sort of a product it has turned out. Certainly the others 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 man's love, wishes to know if she and a

As for there being anything particularly shall change their dispositions and win tood has been prolonged.

To talk of changing your disposition out women unless some male excert atmeritorious 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 Both girls are good looking, they are and because she feels that he is her real agreeable, as well educated as other natural and sane. It is a joy to know in the remembrance that many to whom mate, and who bends her every energy of mind and body to loving service to girls, and dress better than many, yet of two girls who do not strut and ogle a lover has come would change places and to making him happy, undoubtedly fills the highest and happlest career fate can allot to a woman. She makes a home that adds to the sweet-know they hug and kiss other girls and

But what of the young girl who marries and old man for his money, who sells herself for the finery he can give her? What of the woman who marries because it is of the woman who marries because it is run after the men, and act crasy about easier to work a husband than to work a them, we are left severely alone. We typewriter? What of the woman who typewriter? What of the woman who would like to go to dances parties and marries to escape being an old maid? theaters with the boys, but they don't theaters with the boys, but they don't What of the woman who marries a man seem to care to take us. Should we to curse him with her extravagance, her change our dispositions, or remain the temper, her nagging tongue?

Is anything noble in such marriages? same as we are and stay single?" Anything worthy? Isn't the honest little don't get the notion into your fooils; working girl who earns her own bread little head that that necessarily means and butter a million times higher type you will remain single. The girl who of woman than the one who marries just has many lovers seldom marries. for a living? Isn't a home that is a girl who goes with this boy today and place of discord a plague spot in the world another boy tomorrow, proving by that infects every life that touches it?

As a matter of fact there are no two other things on earth that need reforming so much as wifehood and motherhood, and instead of handing out wholesale advice to girls to get married we neek a magple for an evening's amuseshould be counselling them to go slow ment, but he will look elsewhere when about it, to consider whether they are seeking a partner for life. He never fit to be wives and mothers, and if they marries a girt who gives him a kiss

By EDEN E. GREVILLE, Poor silly moth, you flutter to your

He does not seek your love, he does not care;

He but allows you, during evening's To hold his hand, or else to stroke

his hair.

The lake, the night, the beauty of the scene.

The tenderness with which you play your part, Leave him quite calm, untroubled

and serene; His vanity is touched, but not his heart.

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

free: A maiden's duty and a maiden's pride

Should ever guard her heart and liberty.

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

You'll have no part in all the daily strife. No place within his home or on his hearth.

Then rouse yourself before it is too

Others may sympathize, but you must bleed

battle to escape your deadly fate: Do not forget that you yourself must lead.

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

The man with a surplus of wealth and idle time, and the too-often attending stract motherhood. Also I have seen too poverty of heart, brain and soul, awakens many men thankfully paying their wives' to manhood with the discovery that he bolds in one hand a candle and in the other hand matches, called pride, van-In the meentime, while we conceed the worth to society of the good wife and mother, why irrors to the good wife and the day! It concerns the day!

mother, why ignore the service that has ment, and never partial. The young man been done by unmarried women? Has with the unlighted candle looks around any woman done more for her fellow and sees that many other men are similcreatures than Jane Addams, who has mothered a city instead of a brood of her own? Are not Miss Helen Gould's philanthropies apt to be lessened instead of increased by her marriage? 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. They shout with triumph as moth after of increased by her marriage?

oth circles too near the flame, is burne and drops to the floor. And the man with Had Dorothea Dix and Florence Nightingale and Clars Barton and their many the greatest number of moths around his old maid associates married and stayed candle shouts the loudest, for is he not ir their own homes, might not the inthe greatest hero among mankind?

Some day, perhaps, these candles will sone still be chained to the floors and the sick and wounded be not properly burn to their sockets, and before they expire a tiny flame will shoot forth from every candle, burning the hand of the And in private life is it not almost man who holds it. But that is a long always the unmarried daughter who takes time away, and many men are never care of the old parents and helps educate burned, so why fret the merry present with thoughts of a troubled future?

noths flutter-soft and white and grace ful. A snowflake falling from heaven seemed never sweeter.

And the snowflake after it has fallen to the ground and become a part of the mire is as a symbol of what happens to the moth.

These silly moths see many things in careeses, case, juxury and fine raiment, and all of these little alluring, blinding, dazzling lights shot out from the flames

Stay the Same

spinster, and when you are 28 you will great display of very inferior wares.

on less slarmed both at your years and My dears, be just as you are! Go to your pending fate. He theaters with your mothers. It will

a "doom," as you do now, finding more know you are giving pleasure to her.

reason every day you live that you did There are dances to which you can go

not make a choice when too young to and have a good time. though only

In the hope of attracting a lover is tends.
idlocy. You are as the Lord and your Don't mope because your lover is long

and flirt and paint and powder and preen with you if they could.

mother made you, and I am giad that the on the way, and don't shed any tears

It is pleasant to learn there exists remain single, because the right man

two young women who do not walk out falled to appear than to know the plight

choose wisely and that your happy girl- girls attend. There are no bars to any

Neither will you call that pending fate increase your pleasure in the play to



the light that promises fine raiment. ter of their wings that brings them nearer whose wrath her vanity has invoked. the flames tell of his intention.

enough, but this world has a way of re- that a happy, contented heart beats unand they sell more than their souls. They sell their peace and happiness in this life as well as all hope for the next.

none had as great power to attract as worth the price paid for it in the moth- ment out of the flames of a candle held sulked. I could see his shadow on the less things. So brainless they would sell dishonored, the soft, satiny raiment with their souls for fine clothes and think they which the moth has attired herself makes plead, "to know I was doing wrong." got the best of the bargain. Every flut- poor protection against the elements

CADIMINE ALL

The satisfaction of vanity is the short- know better." Poor little things! If they sold only est lived of all sentiments; the moth soon

not won honestly that the world did not letter burns.

the light that promises fine raiment. and-candle market. Stormtossed, drag-out to her by a young man that the world. The moths are soft pretty, silly, brain-gled, beaten, oppressed, abandoned and did not know it. "I was too young," a poor girl will

so young that she is not old enough to

It saw no soft, alluring lights in the their souls the price would not be dear finds that attire can be never so fine flames; it saw only dishonor and degrethe flames that were never there. They fusing to leave all punishment to the next, der the scarlet letter of shame pinned on the girl. It may condemn the man, but see love, warmth of heart and soul, and they sell more than their souls. They the breast. No girl ever enjoyed a luxury that was the breast of a woman that the scarlet

There is no garment so fine that it is find it out. No girl ever picked fine rai- It is always the woman who pays.

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

Brother Wilfred got the first real place from his writings," said the Manicure Lady. "He used to come home with a five-dollar check once in a while that he got from the editor of the Flour and Feed Gazette or the Bronx Monitor, but yesterday he came home and flashed a hundred-dollar note that he had just got for a song of which he wrote the words good, wholesome amusement to keep boy when he seen the yellow C in Wilfred's trembling mitt, and you can bet the old gent wasn't in no mood to warm up until the money got in front of his product of their efforts is something if he never comes, finding consolation

Head Barber. "It must be, though. That's the only kind or songe that are getting the dough now."

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

The Manicure Lady | slae. I wish he hadn't made it quite so sconer they begin they have been sooner they begin they have been sooner they be happy. Still. I suppose what the public wants nowadays is extreme in songs, either Young husband's brow clouds.

something so comic that it would make After all, must be be watched like a a snall snicker or something sad and criminal? "Oh, then I came home," he pensive like dreary rain falling on weep-Wilfred has wrote, George, and I'll you that when it is sang with slides the This is the way it goes. I wish I could remember the tune, but it sounds some-

thing like this: " GONE BEYOND RECALL

"GONE BEYOND RECALL."

"A handsome married couple in a city far away."

"It must be though."

"Head Barber. "It must be though. That's the only kind of songs that are cetting the dough now."

"No, it ain't a ragtime song." replied the Manicure Lady. "It's a ead balled. Borge. I was sure that it was going to be liked the minute Wilfred showed it to anybody

"GONE BEYOND RECALL.

"A handsome married couple in a city far away."

"A handsome married couple in a city far away.

"The close of one sad day.

The close of one sad day.

T

" 'CHORUS: "The dish is gone beyond recall; we ne'er shall see it more.
We cannot get one like it at the five and ten cent store.

I little dreamed of such coarse work when vewing I'd be true.
The dish is gone beyond recall—so is my love for you!"

hope you will not enter into one. But you said the Manicure Lady. "I don't know good taste in showing that you love him owe it to the man you love to give him a just how it goes, but it tells how the husband went crasy from the blow on his head and was all the time wanting to play spin the platter with the keepers

> "It seems kind of improbable, though, the initiative. Don't put yourself in a declared the Manicure Lady. "No lady position where you can be accused of ought to bean a gent with a platter when the spot over once or twice with a platter when of fishnel dampened with alcohol.

Too "Nintimate"

By WINIFRED BLACK.

They've quarreled, the two "intimate

No. I don't mean "Intimate" I mean "nintimate"-that's what they call each other. One's ten and they've been playing dolls together for

I told Ten-year-old that she had better play with some one else for a while. "You and Nineyear-old will quarrel as sure as fate," said L oh so wisely. "Quarrel, my 'nin-

weeks.

timate friend and IT' cried Ten-yearold in horror. "Oh, how could we ever do such a thing?

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 heeliess 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. Nineyear-old wanted the dolls to go to school and say their seven times, and Ten-yearold 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 "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

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

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

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

What mattered how gayly the sun shone, what mattered how sweetly the flowering bush at the back gate beckened -who cared what the robin tried to say. Gone-to smithereens-one 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

The young couple next door-how dead in love they are; she walks to the corner 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

She didn't want a soul around but him. And Sunday, when her sister came over after church, he went upstairs and

any gulf at all, oh, no, They're one, you

know; didn't they say so before the pur-"No girl," replies the world, "is ever son and all the church full of smiling friends. One-which 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 an echo of the man; each must live his and her own separate life, and the

"And then where did you go?" says making up new songs with sobs in them. the young wife when husband is a few minutes late to dinner.

sooner they begin to do it the sooner

save, and doesn't tell the young wife ng willows. That's the kind of a song 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 folks will take on something terrible. Yale and he 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, ::too nintimate," that actually all that's the mat-

Your husband's heart is yours, not his brain and his soul, too. Your wife is uttered cut faithful, loving, devoted, that's enough for you to know, young man. Don't be too "alatimate" 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 an and sunburn is to apply cold cream, excess cream and to rub the powder into

the skin smoothly, it will not show, A good, cheap, tooth-paste may be supful of soot, half a cupful of carbolle soap, half a cupful of blearbonate of soda mixed with sait. Melt the soap in an enameled saucepan, and when boiling stirin the soot and salts. When thoroughly

To clean old straw hats, procure from china platter, and just before she died the chemist's a small quantity of peroxdream, lde of hydrogen. Dip a toothbrush into saying them sad words that I told you this and scrub the hat, then place in the "It ought to be a good seller if they and make it beautifully while, and is far better than salts of lemon or oxalle acid, Half an ounce of paroxide will be suffi-

cient for an ordinary hat.

Advice to the Lovelorn

It is finer and better, my dears, to

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 her 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. E. A. P. You must, first of all, refuse to support

You owe that much to them and to If your wife continues to be dissatisfied have a fair understanding with her about the terms, and then separate. But

hose of her family who are able-bodied.

him in every way, but never has hereturned 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 for me.
Do you think it would be proper for me
to tell him of my love for him straight
up and down.

If you love the man you can afford to
walt a year or two, long enough to find
if he is trying to make good. Long ento tell him of my love for him straight
up and down.

If you love the man you can afford to
"A ballad ought to have two verses and
tell some kind of a story. That's what
if he is trying to make good. Long ento tell him of my love for him straight
up and down.

There is a second verse?" asked

"And there a second verse?" asked
the Head Barber after a brief pause.

Charley Harris always said, anyhow."

There is a second verse, all right." You have transgressed the borders of

Don't add to your humiliation by teiling "straight up and down."

fit to be wives and mothers, and if they are going to be better wives and mothers for the mere asking, and who, he knows, than the present generation of women are.

Our asytums are crowded with the insume mark of affection on every letter in the alphabet.

You are Not 80 old.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 30, end mat a everal years my zenior, and we love each other dearly. At present this young man are crowded with the insume and the neurotic that never should have been born. Our penitentiaries are every much against this for there because they had not the Broper At 15 you consider yourself a hopeless.

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.

Dear Miss Pairfax: A few menths age I was taken ill and the treatment of a doctor was necessary. This man is single and only has greeted me with friendly smiles the few times we have met. Do you think it is proper to send this doctor was necessary. The proper to send this doctor was necessary. The proper to send this doctor was necessary. The proper to send this doctor was necessary to be a good seller if they want sad songs now," said the Head better than salts of lemon this young man has no trade upon which he can depend, but he is promised some better acquainted?

Dear Miss Pairfax: A few menths age at the insane asylum. The wife dies of a broken heart, just like she broke the china platter, and just before she died the chemist's a small quant she heard her husband, in a dream, in the chorus."

To clean old straw hats, then saying them sad words that I told you in the chorus."

"It ought to be a good seller if they want sad songs now," said the Head better than salts of lemon this promised some better acquainted?

The series of the insane asylum. The wife dies of a broken heart, just like she broke the china platter, and just before she died the chemist's a small quant she heard her husband, in a dream, in the chorus."

To clean old straw hats, the china platter, and just before she died the chemist's a small quant she heard her husband, in a dream, in the chorus."

To clean old straw hats, the china platter, and just before she died the chemist's a small quant she heard her husband, in a dream, in the chorus."

To clean old straw hats, the china platter, and just before she died the chemist's a small quant she heard her husband, in a dream, in the chorus."

To clean old straw hats, the china platter, and just before she died the chemist's a small quant she heard her husband, in a dream, in the chorus."

To clean old straw hats, the china platter, and just before she died the china pl sionsi? If he cares for you he will take "running after" him.