

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The East Side

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

It does not bask beneath the summer sun,
For things that writhe and suffer do not bask.
Its sickening streets, with babies o'errun,
Wind like the strings of some great, hideous mask:
White-cheeked and groping children seek for fun,
But seem to know how hopeless is their task.
Sunbeams and raindrops cannot heal the scars
That rot by day and underneath the stars.

Death has his bivouac here. His grisly form
Broods o'er the city's pestiferous tents,
Where microbes million-armed seethe and swarm
Through evil lanes and fetid tenements.
The minions fill the squalid foris they storm
With festering ills no mortal skill prevents.
And ever comes the wailing and the crying
Of babies born and other babies dying.

When the Working Girl Chooses to Marry

By DOROTHY DIX

There is no doubt that life grows more and more complex, especially for women, and the more doors of opportunity that stand ajar for them the more difficult it is to choose the particular one behind which they will find happiness.

Take the marriage problem, for instance. Heretofore that has been a simply been Hobson's choice of a girl, and the only trouble she had was in deciding which one of her suitors she would take.

Now, however, it isn't so much a question of the rival attractions of two men as it is of the man and his job, and when you see a pretty maiden plucking at the petals of a daisy she is not saying with the poetical heroine, "he loves me, he loves me not," but she is asking the fates whether she shall give up a good situation for a matrimonial husband.

Laugh not at her. Here is a very real dilemma that a man is spared. Marriage does not cut him off from the work he loves, the profession he has fitted himself for, the success he is beginning to attain, the money he is earning. He just adds a wife and the comforts of a home to all the other good things he has. A wife is plus with him.

But a husband is minus everything except affection to the business and professional woman. When she marries it's a case of all for love, and the balance of the things she cares for lost. She has to give up her business or profession, or else carry it on in the half-hearted style that means failure. She has to sacrifice her independence, her ambition, her joy in the work that she has prepared herself for, and that was the breath of her life to do.

More than that, she has to give up the line of work that she prefers, and do the sort of work that she probably doesn't like, for which she has no natural aptitude, and in which she is totally unskilled.

Of course it's the custom to ignore these plain and simple facts, and to rhapsodize over the joy of having your own little home. But the expert and highly paid stenographer or teacher, who exchanges a nice desk in office or school room, and a fat pay envelope for the frugality of a kitchen, and the soul harrowing experience of trying to get along on less than half of the money she has been accustomed to live on, may be pardoned if she casts a few regretful glances at her past state.

Nor is it to be wondered at that the

working girl debates within herself whether she shall exchange a perfectly good job for the doubtful happiness of matrimony. She visits around among the young married women who were her associates in store or office, and she knows that this one is shabby, that that one's hands are sodden with the water of the wash tub, and scarred with burns from the gas range; that another has to wheedle every cent she has out of her tightwad husband, and still another has grown nervous and peevish, and is a fretful mother of fretful babies. And it doesn't seem to little Miss Bookkeeper or little Miss Cashier that there is any particular allurements in the fate of these ladies to make anyone else yearn to follow in their footsteps.

Also there is the other side of the picture. Every normal woman wants a husband, and home, and children of her own, and the only way she can secure them is by marrying, and making the sacrifices that marriage demands. That is the price she has to pay, and it is for her to decide whether she is willing to give it.

Of course, in time, this problem will settle itself. In the process of evolution there will be developed a new man to be the fitting mate of the new woman, and he will look on all these domestic questions with wiser eyes than the man of the present day.

He will see that it is just as unfair to ask a woman to give up the work she has prepared herself to do, and to become financially dependent on him, as it would be for him to demand that she should change his profession because he married her, and become dependent on her.

Why should the man, for instance, who marries an actress insist upon her leaving the stage? Or why should the man who marries a business woman expect her to become a housekeeper of the first order, and be the poorest cook that ever made a pan of adamantine biscuits?

The rich man who can supply the financial equivalent of his wife's earnings has some sort of justification in requiring her to decide between a marriage ring and her job, but certainly the poor man has none. As long as his wife must work to help him it is no more than right that she should be permitted to do the work that is easiest and most agreeable to her.

But men don't look at the subject this way. The average man's vanity requires the sacrifice of his wife's public career. He wants her to work for him as hard as she can, but he wants it done behind closed doors where nobody can see it, so that he will have an opportunity to pose around and talk about "supporting her."

Therefore, the working girl who marries does not have to choose between her job and her husband: One of these, a young woman who has built up by herself a profitable business that will make her independently rich in a few years, asks me if she should give it up to get married. It is a question she must answer for herself. Some men are worth more than all the money in the world, but their own pocketbook is more comfort, more stay, and a better prop than the great majority of husbands.

Hold on to the one in which you've got the most confidence.

Why shouldn't the poor woman live in a bigger house if her husband has the money to pay for it? Why should she "do her washing" when she can afford to hire somebody else to do it? Would you? Honest and true, now, would you?

Oh, if you would, then I think you would be a very silly woman, and one who didn't deserve the good fortune her husband is pouring into her lap. What's the use of a man's making a fortune if his wife won't help him spend it? "Feels above her neighbors." Does she? How do you know she does? And, while

How to Acquire a Beautiful Figure Through Dancing

By Lady Constance Stewart Richardson, the Famous English Beauty and Classical Dancer

By LADY CONSTANCE STEWART RICHARDSON.

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"That history repeats itself we all know, and, to my way of thinking, one of history's most beautiful repetitions is the revival of classical ballet dancing. The ancient Greeks knew the value of beauty in the upbringing of children. The boys and girls of that far-distant period sported and played and sang and danced in the magic beauty of Lesbian hills and Theban streams and valleys. Nature, aided and abetted by music and rhythm, gave the ancient Greeks strong, straight-limbed, beautiful bodies, which their great sculptor rendered forever immortal in gleaming marble. The Latins took their heritage from Greece, and they, too, have left for us beautiful figures in Parian marble that show us the sublime



"All dancing has great value. Classical dancing, however, does most to bring about the perfect harmony of a beautiful, pure soul in a beautiful, clean body."
"A child trained to classical dancing in the right way will, I feel sure, by the time it reaches full growth, dance as we were all meant to dance; every muscle in control, and the mind enveloped in the glory of expressing beauty by perfect rhythmical movements."
"If the child is taught to love beauty, if the simple loveliness and grace of the statuary of the ancients are pointed out to it, if the human body is represented as a temple, a shrine that must be kept clean and pure and must be decorated



This Picture Shows Lady Constance in an Artistic Pose, Revealing Her Flexibility and Gracefulness, Mostly Acquired Through the Right Kind of Dancing.

possibilities for beauty of the human figure.
"And we of today—how can we be contented to have ugly bodies distorted and warped by tight garments, by ill-use and by fads of form and figure, when nature, itself, molded us into such beautiful lines?"
"Of course, once a figure has been mis-trained into awkward and ugly shape, it takes years of patience and of work to restore its natural beauty. But patient effort will do the work of restoring beauty. However, I firmly advocate beginning with children in their formative years, and teaching them to grow and to grow in ways of beauty."
"Dancing affords one of the simplest possible methods of training face, mind and figure into ways of beauty and delight. Now to become a toe or ballet

dancer means years of arduous work. It means the exacting requirements of a profession, and demands as toll the best years of a life.
"To teach the child classical dancing means merely this—make all its education tend toward observation and love for the beautiful in line and in color; encourage it to copy artistic poses and to so love music that all music shall appeal to a sense of rhythm and finally express the very poetry of motion to that child."
"Classical dancing must, express feeling, emotion, mood—and the child who is trained to be a classical dancer must feel beauty in order to give expression to it. Lovely, simple poses will become a natural part of its life, and the muscles will fairly refuse to endure the strain of falling into ugly, sagging poses.

Here is one of Lady Constance's favorite photographs, in which her beauty of face is aptly shown. The little drawings of dancers are fully described in her in this article.
with the flowers of grace and intellectual appreciation of all that is best in life, beauty will become a part of him; he will express it because he loves it and feels it, and because evil and ugliness have been banished from his nature."
"Then the one criticism of classical dancing that has ever borne any weight will be banished, for if it is performed with lightness and spontaneous joy, if it is an expression of loveliness welling up from a soul steeped in beauty, classical dancing will not be a series of tedious repetitions that can be enjoyed only once, but rather graceful expressions of moods set to music that can never tire the eye."
"For real classical dancing the poses

The Corn Law

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY

Sixty-four years ago the plain people of Great Britain scored one of the greatest economic triumphs of the ages—the passage through Parliament of the act known as the "Corn Law."
This campaign leading up to this "famous victory" was one of the most wonderful in the history of the platform. Such meetings were never seen before and have never been seen since—meetings of 50,000, 75,000, 100,000 people, worked up to the highest pitch of interest, an interest that came home to men's business and bosoms in a most direct, practical and pathetic fashion. Such subscription—as much as \$50,000 being raised at a single meeting. The great fund of 1848, aggregating \$250,000 (\$1,500,000), was raised like lightning.

Many of the chairmen and speakers were what they called "common laborers," but they possessed uncommon ideas and uncommon ability in expressing those ideas, and they shook old England up as she had never been before.

The Corn Law league, organized in March, 1838, entered into the work with the purity of intent and fiery ardor of the old Crusaders, and never was a great and noble propaganda blessed with a more perfect victory. The "interests" fought the league tooth and nail, with fair means and foul, and the league fought back.

At last the great day came—June 25, 1846—when the lords read the bill for the third time and passed it—passed it because of the irresistible pressure that was brought to bear upon them by the plain people. By the provisions of the bill all grain was admitted into the country practically free, and the poor man's bread was no longer in jeopardy.

The mighty spirit of the league was, of course, Richard Cobden, the "international man," without whose genius, fire and perseverance the Corn Law bill would never have won out. For seven years, from the foundation of the league to the accomplishment of its purpose, he worked incessantly, now guiding the councils, now addressing the meetings, and everywhere storming men's hearts by his profound earnestness, and winning their reason by his cool, unanswerable logic.

As men's ideals get to be more elevated Cobden will become more and more of a "saint" in the great Pantheon of Humanity.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

His to Suggest.
Dear Miss Fairfax: If a young man calls to see a girl and the evening be very pleasant, is it the young man's place or the girl's to suggest taking a walk?
BEATRICE.

If she made the suggestion it would be inopportune, for the reason that he is a guest in her home. Let such a suggestion come from him.

No.
Dear Miss Fairfax: Last summer I became acquainted with a young man whom I liked very much. Shortly after I came home he went to college. He wrote to me and asked me to answer, which I did. It is nearly two months now and I have not heard from him. Should I write to him asking the reason of this?
DAPHNE.

He knows your address; if he cared to continue the acquaintance he would have answered your letter.

Give Him Up.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am going with a young man 23 years of age. I am 22, and have been going with him ever since I met him, two years ago. During this period of time he has claimed to love me with all his "heart and soul." This friend is fond of drink, and he is nearly perfect. Some time ago he told me he thought if we were married we would never be happy, and he didn't think he was good enough for me. I agreed that we stop going together, but he didn't stop. He has continued to call me up and continues to call.
DAPHNE.

His fondness for drink makes him most undesirable, though otherwise he may be nearly perfect.

He admits his unfitness for you. Agree with him, and give him up.

Ask Her.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 15 and in love with a girl of 21. She also loves me. Last night I told a friend about it. He laughed and said: "That girl is married."
Now, how shall I find out the truth?
CONSTANT READER.

Ask her. If you find you can't take her word, then cease your attentions. No happiness can ever be built on doubt or suspicion.

WHY RESINOL SOAP KEEPS COMPLEXIONS CLEAR AND HEALTHY

When you wash your face do you realize that it is not enough to remove the dirt—that your skin needs a soothing, healing influence to keep your complexion fresh and free from blemish?
Ordinary toilet soaps do not assert this influence. Many of them contain free alkali, which tends to dry the skin and destroy its delicate texture. Even the best of such soaps can only clean, they cannot heal and protect the skin. Resinol Soap, besides being an absolutely pure toilet soap, contains the same soothing, healing, antiseptic balsam as Resinol Ointment, the value of which in the treatment of skin affections is known throughout the medical profession. That is why Resinol Soap does for the skin what cosmetics are supposed to do—it insures not only a clean skin, but a healthy skin, and a fair, clear complexion. Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment are sold by all druggists. Trial free; Dept. 4-R, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Your Stomach Bad? JUST TRY ONE DOSE OF Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy and Be Convinced That You Can Be Restored To Health



You are not asked to take Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy for weeks and months before you receive any benefit—one dose is usually required to convince the most skeptical sufferer of Stomach Ailments that this great remedy should restore anyone suffering from any stomach ailment. Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy has been taken by many thousands of people throughout the land. It has brought health and happiness to sufferers who had despaired of ever being restored and who now proclaim it a Wonderful Remedy and are urging others who may be suffering with stomach, liver and intestinal ailments to try it. Mind you, Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy is so different than most remedies that are put on the market for the various stomach ailments—it is ready in a class by itself, and one dose will do more to convince the most skeptical sufferer than tons of other medicines. Results from one dose will amaze and the benefits are entirely natural as it acts on the source and foundation of these ailments, removing the poisonous catarrh and bile secretions, and allowing the suffering chronic inflammation in the alimentary and intestinal tract, rendering the same antiseptic. Just try one dose of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy—put it to a test today—you will be overjoyed with your quick recovery and will highly praise it as thousands of others are constantly doing. Send for booklet on Stomach Ailments to Geo. H. Mayr, Mfg. Chemist, 154-156 Whiting St., Chicago, Ill.

Feeling Above One's Neighbors

By WINIFRED BLACK.

She was poor once herself—and now, her husband having made money, she feels above her old neighbors.
"He was a stone mason and she used to do her own work—and never dreamed of having company for supper unless it was some old aunt or some one just over from the old country. She went to church on Sunday and to church societies meetings on week days, and she helped get the supper at the annual bazaar—and with that social life she was perfectly satisfied—but now—"

"Well, what 'but now'?"
Why shouldn't the poor woman live in a bigger house if her husband has the money to pay for it? Why should she "do her washing" when she can afford to hire somebody else to do it? Would you? Honest and true, now, would you?
Oh, if you would, then I think you would be a very silly woman, and one who didn't deserve the good fortune her husband is pouring into her lap. What's the use of a man's making a fortune if his wife won't help him spend it? "Feels above her neighbors." Does she? How do you know she does? And, while

I heard one of them talking the other day. It was in a little old-fashioned village—down in the Ozark mountains. "Hill" had gone away from the village and made a name for herself as a singer—she had married a man with money and she had made for herself a good solid niche in the world—and then she went back to the village to visit. She thought she might find some young girl there who needed the same chance she'd had and was worth helping to get it. She asked a lot of questions, took pains to meet all the young people—was the laughing stock of the village for her pains.
Why?
She said plus instead of "haves" and never used a double negative once all the time she was there.
Did they admire their old friend for her good sense and cleverness in adopting the new ways of the new world she lives in when she is at home? Not

they. They nudged each other and giggled every time she spoke and called her "stuck up" behind her back.
Everything she had worked so hard to learn didn't mean one thing to them. They just said she was "putting on" and let it go at that—and the woman packed her modish suit case and put on her pretty new hat—and went away a little sad—not because she felt "above" her old neighbors, but because she was above them and couldn't help feeling it every time she went to see them again.
They lived shut off in their little back water eddy—charming the old mistakes, the old delusions, the old follies.
John Smith may go to town and make his way in the great world of men—make it honestly, fearlessly, fairly—fight his fight like a man and the son of a man. What is he when he goes "back home"? "Queer" Jack Smith, whose father drank too much, and whose

mother was the worst housekeeper in town."
It isn't Jack Smith's fault. It's the fault of his old neighbors. They stayed in the rut, and he got out of it—and nothing that he could do or think or say or dream or accomplish, will make them see that that very fact shows that he really does amount to a little something even if his "mother's bread always did sour and her cake fall on the very day of the Ladies' Aid picnic.
Come, come, old neighbor—don't keep your eyes shut so tight—open them and you'll see something interesting.
You used to lend her your gloves to go to town with and her brother always had to borrow a bit from your brother when he wanted to play ball—and now she has three hats to your one and has a laundress and a cook—well what of it? Be proud of her, rejoice with her in her good luck and the good sense to know how to use it.

No one life has joy enough in it to go around—borrow a little from the old neighbor—get her to tell you how she lives, what she does, how she likes it all.
Put your eye to the crack in the fence of circumstance and look through. It will do you good to get a new view of things—don't try to tear the fence down just because you happen to be on the wrong side of it.
"Feel above you," does she? Well, then, she's learned very little with all her good fortune—unless, as I said before, she really is above you—and in that case—you know you can hardly blame her, can you?

What Every Girl Should Know

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

That no man may be trusted to speak respectfully of a girl who has shown she hasn't a great deal of respect for herself.
That selfishness is the predominant element in every man's love, and unless she is prepared to accept the selfishness uncomplainingly, she should not accept his love.
That the man who is out of work at least one-third of his time has himself more than the people or the times to blame.

That the man who isn't attentive to his mother will make a heartless husband.
That the man whose ambition it is to shine in society, will never shine in business.
That the man who is out of work at least one-third of his time has himself more than the people or the times to blame.
That the ecstatic excitement of the