

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Well-Born

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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So many people—people—in the world;
 So few great souls, love ordered, well begun,
 In answer to the fertile mother need!
 So few who seem
 The image of the Maker's mortal dream;
 So many born of mere propinquity—
 Of lustful habit, or of accident.
 Their mothers felt
 No mighty, all-compelling wish to see
 Their bonoms garden-places
 Abloom with flower faces;
 No tidal wave swept o'er them with its flood;
 No thrill of flesh or heart; no leap of blood;
 No glowing fire, flaming to white desire
 For mating and for motherhood,
 Yet they bore children.
 God! how mankind misuses Thy command
 To populate the earth!
 How low is brought high birth!
 How low the woman; when, inert as spawn
 Left on the sands to fertilize,
 She is the means through which the race goes on!
 Not so the first intent.
 Birth, as the Supreme Mind conceived it, meant
 The clear answer. Only thus and then
 Are fine, well-ordered and potential lives
 Brought into being. Not by church or state
 Can birth be made legitimate,
 Unless
 Love in its fulness bless.
 Creation so ordains its lofty laws
 That man, while greater in all other things,
 Is lesser in the generative cause.
 The father may be merely man, the male;
 Yet more than female must the mother be.
 The woman who would fashion
 Souls, for the use of earth and angels meet,
 Must entertain a high and holy passion.
 Not rank, or wealth, or influence of kings
 Can give a soul its dower,
 Of majesty and power,
 Great love to that great hour.

Helping Along the Game

By DOROTHY DIX

A great many parents wonder why their daughters do not marry. They see other girls, not half so pretty nor as attractive as their own, settling themselves comfortably in life with husbands and homes, while their own daughters are headed for the spinners' retreat, and they puzzle their brain why this is thus, and why one maiden is called to the altar and another left.



And it never occurs to them that they, themselves, try their daughters' matrimonial horoscope. They don't intend to be good gracious, no! Far from it! They are convinced that matrimony is the predestined career for a woman, and that the wedding bell is about the sweetest dinner bell that ever rings for a girl. If you would excuse them of trying to insure their Mamies and Stadies being old maids, they would indignantly deny the charge. Yet such is the case. They block the love game at every turn instead of pushing it along.

Takes the case, for instance, in which the family constitutes itself a committee of criticism, that sits in judgment upon every young man that comes to the house and tears him limb from limb. Is any youth going to subject himself to that ordeal if he knows it? Is any girl going to stand for having her men friends vivisectioned if she can help it?

Not much. We are all human and we've all got faults and foibles, but we don't care to have them discussed and ridiculed; nor do we enjoy having our friends made the target for the near-wit, wren of our own family.

I know a beautiful and charming young girl who is much admired of men, who are much puzzled as to why she never invites them to call upon her at her home, though she evidently enjoys their society elsewhere, and who wonders why, when they suggest coming to see her, that she always makes some excuse to prevent their doing so. The real reason is because her family consider every beau that she has as their game. Only let a man come to see her and they make merry over his every peculiarity. They imitate his walk and his mannerisms and turn him into such a figure of fun that it has made the girl have a perfect horror of having a man come to see her and thus offering him up as a fresh victim.

The family think all of this a merry jest, but about ten years from now, when Eddie's beauty begins to fade, and they realize that she is still hanging on the parent bough, the fact that they kept

her from marrying, by making her afraid to have a man come to see her, won't seem so funny. But that's just what they're doing. Family criticism explains why there's many an old maid.

Then there's the family that kills love's young dream by ridicule. A maiden's budding fancy is the most delicate and sensitive thing in the world, and it can be blighted almost by a breath. Heaven knows why, but a certain poetry and romance must surround a man before a girl can fall in love with him, and as you tear this away from him there is nothing doing in the sentimental line for her.

I once asked a particularly charming old maid why she had never married, and she said that the reason was that when she was a girl every time any man came courting her her family would make fun of him. They would point out that he had a nose like a hawk, or a jaw like a bulldog, or that he waddled when he walked, or that he sputtered when he talked, and, having been made to see him in this absurd light, she could never again behold him as the hero of her dream. The result was that she kept waiting for the one perfect man, beyond family criticism, to come along, and, as he never did, she drifted helplessly into spinsterhood.

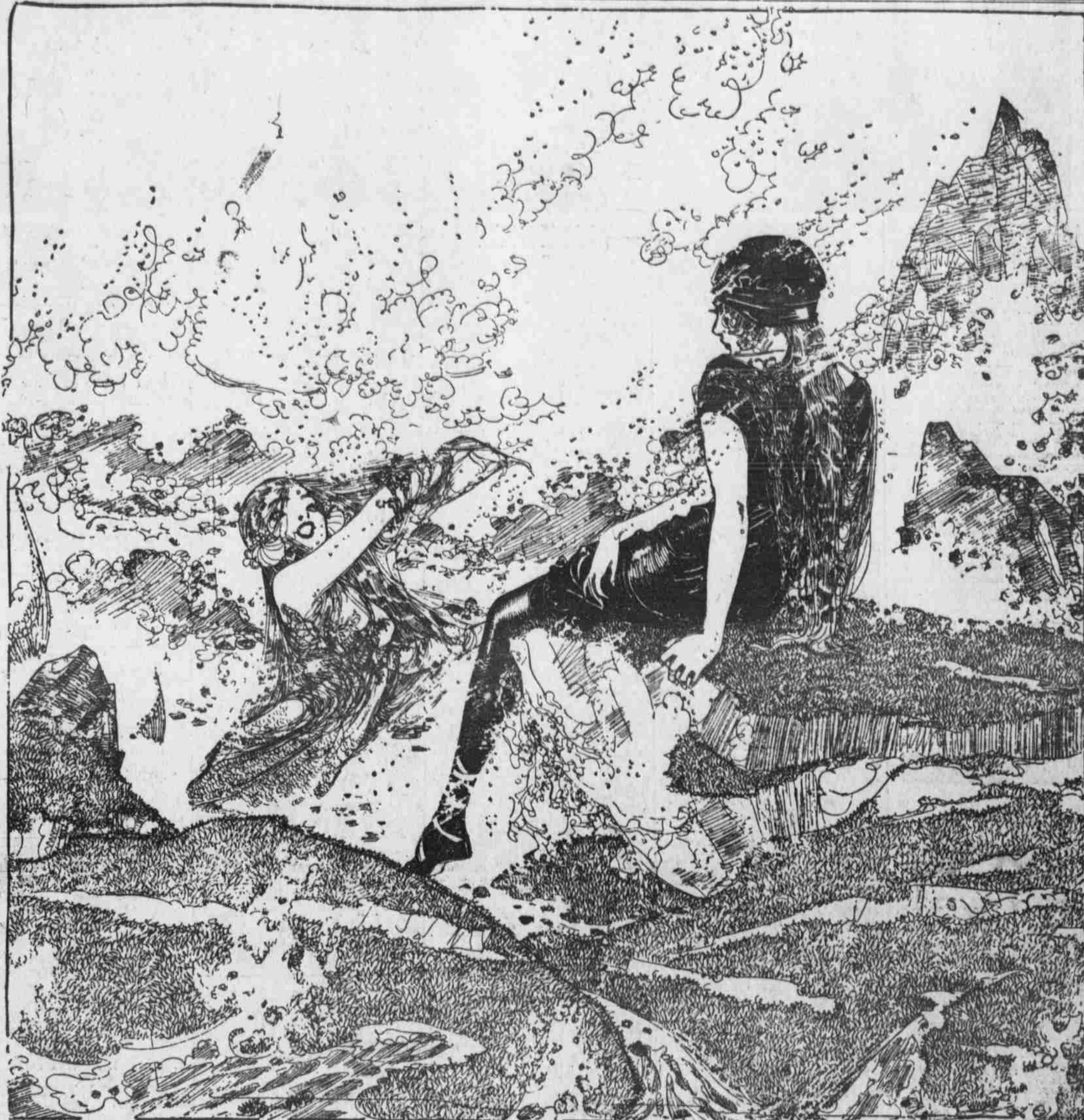
Another reason why girls don't marry is because they have the misfortune to have parents who are hindrances instead of helps. Before you can pull off a success at anything you've got to have a good chance to do it, and this is as true of matrimony as of business. A girl can't marry unless she has the opportunity, and it is up to her parents to provide that opportunity.

This can be done in many ways; by letting a girl go to places where she will meet eligible men, by giving her the best clothes that can be afforded, because her youth is the sunshine in which a girl must make her matrimonial hay, and chiefly by making the home such a pleasant place that men will like to come to it.

Envy

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By Nell Brinkley



The best little swimmer in the seaside colony drags herself out on a wet rock and sits happy and salty, swinging her silken-clad feet in the flying spray. Her hair hangs wet and cling together in little starry points; her hair hugs her back in sprays of wet gold, close as ivy to a young tree; her brown arms glisten; salt drops bead her cheeks. Every wave that shivers into suds on the rocks sends its reaching spume against her face and knees. Her feet are sometimes, as the sea draws back, high above the water—then they are hidden in the welter of white and green. Over and around the rocks it pours and foams, waving the long beards of seaweed on their grim gray sides. The best little swimmer lifts her chin and smiles. For the sea and she are in close allegiance. She is not afraid of him. Her strong, brown shoulders and her deep breast never fall—they carry her far, and when she clambers

out of the sea's green arms she is as little tired as when she slipped into them. She stretches her hard little arm and inspects it proudly; she is also very proud when she remembers the stunts she can do. She swings her feet in the froth and exults! Suddenly out of the swirling deep water below her a sleek head lifts and iridescent, fish-like, lovely eyes regard her mockingly. The hair of its head is green as jade—and big, pink shells lie against its ears. She lifts one arm from the water and the wet hand is webbed. Far behind her—to the amazed eyes of the wet girl on the rock—a finned tail lifts from the surf. She rears her body far out and the scales that dimly begin at the pale flesh of her waist are as red gold as the Japanese fish in a lily pond. And then and there the creature of the sea begins, with mocking laughter, a string of marvelous exhibitions. She does all the wonderful

stunts that the land-girl can do—and all of those she could do if she had gills instead of lungs in her deep chest. The land-girl's pride falls. When she has done, the mermaid circles seal-like below her, leaping high as she faces her, like a wet jewel in green and gold—triumphant—and speaks.

"Ho, land-maiden! I saw you showing off this day—showing your little valor in the sea. What can you do that stands beside all this? In your chest you have lungs that must breathe air or you die. The seals and I are blood-brothers. You are an alien—a pitiful swimmer and the sea is your enemy!" The sea creature laughs and dives deep. The flicker of her gold scales—the jade of her writhing hair are vanished.

The land-girl's cheeks were hot with envy. "I wish I were a lung-fish!" she declares.

Who Has the Right Way?

By WINNIFRED BLACK.

Six people were killed by automobiles in a little western city within ten days just a week or so ago.

All of the people killed were sober, all of them were normally active, and every one of them was walking along on the public street where every citizen and every alien is entitled to walk.

And when the six different automobiles drivers were brought on different days to different courts they all said the same thing—in a little different words.

The first chauffeur was distressed, he hated to think of killing the gentle minded aged woman who lay dead in the morgue uptown.

"I saw her all right," said the chauffeur, "and I blew and blew. My whistle was in good order, but she never even turned her head. I don't see how I was to blame."

The second man, who had killed a woman that week, was not quite so worried. He seemed rather annoyed that anything else. "Why, the woman saw me coming," said the second driver, "and she never even tried to get out of my way."

The third driver was the owner of the car, which had killed an inoffensive old man. "He was walking right across

the street," said the third driver, "and I saw him plainly. I tooted my horn as loud as I could, and when I saw he wasn't going to get out of the way I tried to stop, but it was too late."

The other three drivers were all professionals and they seemed rather amused than otherwise by the fact that they had killed people. One said the man he killed was plainly a "jay" and didn't know how to get out of the way or probably didn't know what the signal meant; and one said the woman he killed looked as if she'd never heard an automobile horn before—it was all very interesting.

And four families were left motherless and two harmless old men were killed just because the drivers of those cars didn't know and didn't want to know the very first principles of American law and American ideas.

"I tooted as loud as I could, but he wouldn't get out of the way." When the man, who had killed this man, said that not one person in that courtroom smiled or looked at all surprised. The judge just listened as one hears to a perfectly just and reasonable excuse for strange and puzzling conduct. And the courtroom loungers glanced at one another as who should say, "Well, after all, a man can't be blamed for everything."

And yet, if a man would start running down Broadway at the top of his speed, how many blocks would he go before he'd be arrested? What would happen if he shouted to every one in his path "Get out of my way, I'm in a hurry"? How many people would let him push them out of the way and go by—just because he happened to want to get somewhere in a hurry or because he liked to run and needed the exercise?

That's just what the automobile fiend does—exactly what he does. He runs his machine out into the middle of the street and shouts to all who can hear him: "Get out of my way, let me pass—don't stop me." And if you won't listen to him and do as he says—crunch—somebody is going to watch a long time at the window for you that night when dinner time comes.

Who gives these people the right to do this sort of thing? Do they purchase immunity from common courtesy, common decency and common regard for the rights of others when they buy the car? Who says so? How do they get such an idea?

I've sat in a machine and passed a kindergarten at the closing hour, and no power on earth could make the man driving it slow down—with little, laughing children playing almost under the very wheels.

Six in a week, or ten days! I wonder that the toll isn't ten times as great. It would be as if we weren't all possessed with the terror of the machine, so possessed that we will leap aside at the sound of an automobile horn as if it were the trumpet of doom sounding in our fated ears.

Isn't there any way to get some kind of justice, some kind of common sense about this sort of thing?

Can't some one open a school for chauffeurs and make every man who runs a machine graduate, or give up his machine? Can't we teach them there that the fact that a man is driving a big engine right down the middle of the road is no reason why he should imagine that the road belongs to him? It does not. It belongs first and foremost to the man who walks and to the woman who walks,

so the law says and says expressly.

The automobile is the intruder, the interloper, the one to give concessions and make allowances, not the man who walks. Isn't there some way of getting this simple little fact into the brains of the persons who drive us madly from hither to yon in something that seems very like a demonic obsession?

I don't want to run down the middle of the road yelling, waving my arms and telling all who dare to walk abroad to get out of my way at the peril of their lives. But it's the hardest thing in the world not to do it if I venture into a machine these days.

New York traffic is pretty well controlled. But I wish some one would get a list of the automobile murders from one end of this country to the other day after day. I believe it would prove interesting reading, and in the meantime—what are we going to do about it?

Advice to the Lovelorn
 By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

In a Difficult Place.

Dear Miss Fairfax: My girl friend and her friend and my friend and I have been in the habit of going out together. Her friend seems to pay more attention to me than he does to her. She noticed this and mentioned it to me, and I said it was not my fault. We have worn each other's rings for years and have been dear friends. She asked me for her ring and gave me mine. As she is a dear friend to me, and as I do not wish to win her gentleman friend, will you kindly advise me how I should act toward him?

H. L. T.

Avoid future plans that include all four

of you, and if this is not always avoidable devote yourself to your own escort and treat her escort coolly.

Do not, I urge, lose this girl's friendship if you can help it. She is jealous, naturally, and may not behave normally, but I trust you will be broad enough and kind enough to remember this, and cherish no resentment.

SAGE TEA PUTS LIFE AND COLOR IN HAIR

Don't stay gray! Sage Tea and Sulphur darkens hair so naturally that nobody can tell.

You can turn gray, faded hair beautifully dark and lustrous almost overnight if you'll get a 50 cent bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy" at any drug store. Millions of bottles of this old, famous Sage Tea Recipe are sold annually, says a well known druggist here, because it darkens the hair so naturally and evenly that no one can tell it has been applied.

Those whose hair is turning gray, becoming faded, dry, scraggly and thin have a surprise awaiting them, because after one or two applications the gray hair vanishes and your locks become luxuriantly dark and beautiful—all dandruff goes, scalp itching and falling hair stops. This is the age of youth. Gray-haired, unattractive folks aren't wanted around, so get busy with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur tonight and you'll be delighted with your dark, handsome hair and your youthful appearance within a few days.

FRECKLE-FACE

Tip and Wind Bring Out Ugly Spots, How to Remove Freckles. Here's a chance, Miss Freckle-face, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable dealer that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes the freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of othine—double strength from The Boston Drug Co., also any of Sherman & McConnell Drug Co.'s stores, and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the homely freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength othine as this is the prescription sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.