

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Dorothy Dix

"Incivism"

Failure to Give Women the Ballot Responsible for Evil Conditions That Allow Politicians to Loot the Country.

By DOROTHY DIX

There is a great deal of talk just now about incivism. Incivism is a nice, big, mouth-filling word that refers in an insidious and uncomplimentary way to those men who neglect their civic duty, principally by failing to vote.

Incivism is at the root of all of our political troubles. It is why we have corruption in politics, why grafters loot the treasury, why men like Mr. Murphy pick out our governors and senators, and so on. Nobody doubts that there are plenty of good, honest men plenty of intelligent men—in the country to purify politics, and run things straight, and choose patriots for our public offices, but the trouble is that the thug, and the gunman, and the ward heeler vote early and often, and the decent, honest, intelligent men so often won't vote at all.

Hence the cause of incivism, and the problem of the cure for it—how to get the good citizens to take an interest in politics, and to tear them away from their office or store long enough to vote for the right man, instead of permitting the corner saloon man to elect the wrong candidate for office.

The highbrows profess themselves puzzled by the problem, yet the answer is simple enough. It is: Give women the ballot.

Not that they have any superior civic wisdom that is greater than their husbands' or fathers', or brothers'. Simply that they have more civic conscience, and that when women have a right to vote they will not only vote themselves, but they will see to it that the men of their households do.

Woman will do for the voting booth what she does for the church. She will keep it alive. If it were not for women there would be spider webs across the doors of ninety-nine churches out of 100. Not enough men, if left to their own volition in the matter, would go to church to keep one first class preacher or priest busy in a community.

Of course, there are a few exceptions—a few men who are really religious of themselves—but the vast majority of men are indifferent. And occupied by other interests, and they go to church or stay at home, or play golf, according to what their wives think about the matter.

If they are married to women who are devout, their Sunday breakfasts are served in time, their Sunday clothes are laid out, and they are duly marched to the sanctuary. Otherwise they don't go.

Exactly the same thing will happen when women have the ballot. They will not only vote themselves, but they will make their menfolk go with them to the polls, and that this is no mere theory has already been proved by the increased number of ballots that have been cast in the states where women have the franchise.

Also it is true that in most family circles the wife and not the husband furnishes the outside interest. She strikes the conversational note, and not only talks the most, but decides what the talk shall be about.

Think over the households in which you sit. Why do you always discuss philanthropy at the Smiths? Because Mrs. Smith is keenly interested in settlement work, and Smith is interested in it, too, because his wife is. Why do you talk about books at the Browns? Because Mrs. Brown is fond of literature, and she gathers about her literary people, and Brown is interested in literature because his wife is.

Why do you talk about bridge and what the Four Hundred are doing, and the smart restaurants, and the new plays at the Joneses? Because Mrs. Jones is a little butterfly and a social climber, and has no other fish in her head, and poor Jones is breaking his neck to supply Mrs. Jones with the money she needs to outdress and outshine her neighbors.

Isn't it logic, then, isn't it certain, that when women get interested in politics—when they have a real voice in an election—that every political question will be threshed out in the home and that men's interest will be quickened and stimulated in politics, just because of their wives' interests and the family debate?

The one person on earth who can be guaranteed to wake a man up on any subject and keep him awake is the wife of his bosom, and you may rely upon it, Mr. Reformer, that she will be a potent antidote for incivism if you will only give her the ballot.

It isn't because your merchant, and banker, and college professor doesn't know his political duty that politics has gotten into such a state. It's because he doesn't do what he knows he ought to do. As a matter of fact, he's always intending to take a real interest in



"Sweethearts, Wives and Good Fellows"

Drawn for The Bee by Hal Coffman



May the First Soon Become the Second and the Second Always Remain the First, but May Neither Ever Become the Third.

"Give Me Long Distance" By Nell Brinkley



Nell Brinkley Says:
"Hello, Danny—hello—hello! Give me long distance, please. What? Yes, this is the fellow who's making his pile—out here where the hills come down from the snow of the Sierra Madres to dip their feet in the sea. I'm boasting land, I am. It's a great country, Danny—just a little piece of heaven that got nicked off and fell and stuck here by the Pacific. Of a morning the far snow is a glow of rose. At noon the popples lie in the fields like yellow banners across the hills, and morning and noon and forever. And forever the mermaids

rinse out their lace petticoats on the coast—in Indian water and suds. It's a long line I want. York town! From the blue sea to the gray. My heart's a-crying for her so, she surely can hear it there. It's the prettiest girl in town I want. The sweetest little fellow in town. She's using new thought on my pile and keeping a warm heart for me."
Hello—Danny—hello—hello!
Give me long distance, please.
Is this the girl who's so just "plum-sweet"
That she's a snare for the honey-bees?

Mothers, Warn Your Girls of Life's Lures

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

(Copyright, 1913 by Star Company.)

It is more than probable that many parents of young girls will read this article and consider it an "improper" subject for discussion.

And it is more than probable that several of these daughters will read it and regard it as their own experience, and wonder how their secret became known.

This one young woman whose story is given here has arrived at a marriageable age and is betrothed to the man of her choice.

He is several years her senior, but says he will not be in a position to marry and establish a home for two years.

He has given the girl a ring, and declares he is most anxious to make her his wife.

Meantime he asks her to consider herself his wife in reality now, and to show her confidence in him by giving him all the privileges of that holy state.

He assures her that her refusal is a proof that she does not really love and trust him; that she doubts his honor and his word.

He also assures her that all engaged people regard the matter from his standpoint, and that her conduct is prudish and silly.

All over the world such men are to be found. It is their method of testing the weaker sex.

In many small country towns, where American girls are unchaperoned and unprotected by foolish parents, and allowed to go about freely with their admirers, a Lothario of this order is not infrequently able to engage several trusting girls at one time, under strict vows of secrecy and on the plea that financial or family circumstances are such that marriage is out of the question for years to come.

This type of man almost invariably demands the full confidence and proof of "love and trust," as he terms it, of each of his secret fiancées.

And, as a rule, he never marries any one of them. He disappears from the town after a time and establishes himself in pastures new.

The Rev. Richeson was a man of this type, but he paid for his amusement in the electric chair. It seems a sad commentary on the mothers of the land that any girl could grow to the marriageable age and not know the truths of life and the facts of the relations of the sexes sufficiently to warn her from listening to men of this type. No girl whose mother talks to her familiarly, sweetly, tenderly and purely on these themes could believe such a man was honest or to be trusted.

She would know from the moment he made such a proposal to her that he was unworthy of her confidence, and that he would in all probability desert her as soon as he had gained the favors he sought.

The sexual fascination is a powerful one, but that alone never kept a man and a woman happy comrades and constant lovers for life.

There must be other attractions; other interests; other ties.

Most important of all, there must be mutual respect and absolute confidence.

There must be a strong and beautiful foundation of friendship in every marriage which proves happy and lastingly sympathetic.

About this foundation passion flowers will grow and twine; but when autumn winds blow, and frosts come, and the vines perish, the strong, beautiful foundation remains.

This man is seeking to twine vines and flowers about the fragile trellis of youth, and the first wind will cast it all to earth and there will be nothing left.

And the vines he seeks to train about this trellis are poison ivy. Let the girl beware of such a lover. He is not her friend. He is her worst enemy. He does not love her. He loves only his own appetites and passions. The man who really loves a girl guards her, not only from all men, but from himself.

He does not despoil what is his own. He does not strip the flowers from his own beautiful plants. Better die of loneliness and sorrow than to yield to such a selfish and unworthy lover.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

No Improperity.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am invited to an automobile outing, and we are to be a party of twelve (six couples). The arrangement was that the young ladies are to meet their partners at a certain place. Now I do not approve of this arrangement.

Do you think it right of me to tell the young man I am to go with what I think and ask him to call for me? The other girls did not seem to have any objections.

A CONSTANT READER.
If you object to the plans, you certainly have the right to say so. But, on the other hand, have you considered that it would be most inconvenient and cause a loss of time for every man to call for his own partner? There would be no impropriety in six girls waiting at the same place for their escorts.

No.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man of 20 and am deeply in love with a girl one year my junior. She seems the same toward me. But my parents object to her for obvious reasons. Do you or would you, advise me to marry her?

"Obvious reasons" indicates reasons that are plain to every one. It causes unpleasant. You are very young. That would be sufficient reason for heeding your parents, if there were no other.

He Certainly Will.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am deeply in love with a young man with whom I have been keeping company for over a year. I saw him every night coming from business for some time. He has changed his position and I haven't been here for some time. Do you think if this young man cares for me he will write?

L. S. S.
If he cares for you he will not lose sight of you. I am a little afraid that his silence indicates a growing coolness.

Comb Sage Tea In Lifeless, Gray Hair

Look young! Common garden Sage and Sulphur darkens so naturally nobody can tell.

Grandmother kept her hair beautifully darkened, glossy and abundant with a brew of Sage Tea and Sulphur. When ever her hair fell out or took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect. By asking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," you will get a large bottle of this old-time recipe, ready to use for about 50 cents. This simple mixture can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair and is splendid for dandruff, dry, itchy scalp and falling hair.

A well known down town druggist says everybody uses Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur, because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied—it's so easy to use, too. You simply dampen a comb or soft brush and draw it through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, it is restored to its natural color and looks glossy, soft and abundant.

HOW ARE YOU FEEDING YOUR CHILDREN?

Are you giving them nourishing food—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-third 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.

MAULI BROS.
St. Louis, Mo.

Redcoats in Boston

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

When, 145 years ago, October 2, 1768, the two regiments of British regulars landed at Boston it was written down in the book of fate that the War of the Revolution was on. To be sure, the meeting of the Continental congress was full six years in the future, and Lexington battle was not to be for nearly seven years; but the coming of the red coats was King George's challenge to the colonists, which they were sure to pick up, and a new era in the king's argument in kind, giving him bullet for bullet and sword thrust for sword thrust.



The affairs of men, no less than the phenomena of the material world, are determined by law. Something happens—and then, in consequence of that something, something else happens. It is quite possible that but for the sending of the red coats the cross of St. George would today be waving over the whole of the North American continent.

It is not as extensively known as it might be that the sentiment for the crown was strong in the colonies, and that down to the actual clash of arms at Lexington this sentiment was powerful enough to have prevented a separation from England provided the king had been ready to listen to wise counsels—the dictates of reason rather than passion.

It was the king's attempt to answer the reasonable arguments of the colonists with cannon and muskets, that made the breach permanent and the separation inevitable.

As Americans, the proud citizens of the world's greatest and noblest nation, we are very glad that the regulars came to Boston, for it has turned out that the separation from the mother country was the best thing that could have happened for America, for England and for the whole human race. Nevertheless we cannot help thinking of what might have been but for the tramping of the red coats through Boston streets.