



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Selfishness of Women

By WINIFRED BLACK.

American women are growing selfish, says Mrs. Rida Johnson Young.

Growing, Mrs. Johnson? I thought they hadn't far to go in that direction. The well-to-do American woman seems to live almost entirely for her own pleasure.

If she likes a bridge she plays it. If she fancies golf she buys a bag of sticks and spends every hour she can on the links. If she's fond of motoring, or if she wants to make as good a showing as her neighbor, she gets a car, somehow, anyhow, but she gets a car.

It may run her husband into debt; that car; it may paint wrinkles on his forehead and draw deep lines around his mouth; it may almost break up the home by the bickering it makes, but she gets that car and rides in it, too, every step of the way to everywhere.

Clothes! She'll have the best she can get, no matter if her old mother has to live in a cheap boarding house somewhere and do her own washing in the wash bowl when the landlady isn't looking—all to get clothes for herself—clothes which simply emphasize the fact that she isn't young enough or pretty enough to wear them with any sort of grace.

Beauty treatments! Half the women of the well-to-do class have gone absolutely crazy about the face massage, hair brush and manicure fad. They are wheedled and fooled out of incredible sums by the beauty doctors who fairly bristle in all the shopping streets.

Boarding houses are packed with women who spend the mornings combing out pet poodles and the afternoons at the matinee, and every penny they can lay hold of at the ice cream places when they begin, and at the cocktail places before they get through.

Idle, empty headed, selfish. If the whole tribe of them should suddenly take some virulent form of pestilence at some of their beauty parlors and die off in a day the world would never miss them.

The landladies would have to drum up new boarders somehow, and the poodles would have to comb their own hair, but the real world—the great big world, where men and women strive, and love, and suffer, and forgive, and work, and succeed, and fail, and hope, and despair—would never even know they were gone.

True for you, Mrs. Johnson, very, very true; but are not the men as bad?

I know a woman who started out to be a very good wife, an excellent mother, and a woman of some use in the world. She married a good fellow, too, a very good fellow, kind, affectionate, appreciative, devoted. Every one said they ought to be very happy.

But they are almost nothing to each other now. The man is just the person who pays the woman's bills, and the woman is just the person who keeps house for him in the box at the theater now and then when an out-of-town customer brings his wife to do the fall buying.

I happen to know a good deal about this pair of youngish people, and I'm sorry—for the wife, for it is the husband's fault entirely.

It happened this way: The first year all went merry as a silver wedding bell. They didn't go out much, and when they did they went together. The man talked over his business with the wife and the wife didn't have a thought that was not shared with the husband.

Then there came a partner, a partner who didn't believe in women. He told the young husband never to tell his wife anything that happened at the office, never to let her know how much money he was making, never to allow her to lose to his affairs, and the husband, being an agreeable gander, listened to the partner and kept his own counsel.

The wife was puzzled, hurt, unhappy. The partner got husband to join the country club; it brought business, he said, and every time the two men played golf—not one day in the week, not two, but every day. And at night the husband went home so tired no one could get a word out of him.

It was hard on the young wife. She couldn't get her husband to go out with her—too tired, he said, and so was too tired with the amusement he found entirely away from his wife and home.

He didn't want visitors; they bored him unless they talked golf or business. He didn't like music in the evening; it lasted too long, and he wanted to go to bed early. He grew brown and sunburned and well, and seemed very happy, but his wife grew thin and pale and seemed very lonely.

One day the wife's sister came to visit, and before she went away she had the wife interested in bridge, then in a reading club, then in a little private theatrical affair. Every night was engaged—and every afternoon, too.

And husband was delighted; he didn't have to hurry home from the links for his wife was probably not there till later than he. He was proud of her new

"Isn't it Odd?"

Or the Way it Most Always Happens When You Wear That Old Gown

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Isn't it odd that when you are perfectly groomed you never see a soul you know except a little bird.

Isn't it odd that when you are all fussed up, on one of your "pretty days," when you have your golden hair in curl, and when you've slept the night before from 10 till 7 (a regular beauty sleep); when your step is the lightest and your little heart is complacent under the velvet of a new gown; when your feet and your gloves are perfect and you've got the car waiting just around

By Nell Brinkley

the corner; when you feel like Helen of Troy from the last silken hair on your head to the glitter of the buckle above your toe— isn't it odd that you never meet a soul you know?

That when you have on last winter's top coat and the slouch hat with the battered leather on it; your nose is shiny and you have no powder puff along; your hair is just washed and the damp air

has whipped the curl out of it and strung it across your face and both your hands are too full to push it away; when you have on your ancient-est and ugliest frock and you wouldn't swear that your Dutch collar is absolutely fresh; when you've lost one glove and can't get to the other and your shoes are scuffed; when your arms are full of enormous bundles; when you are carrying a caramel cake from your mother to her dear-

est friend; when it's going to rain and you (your own little "ella" in hiding) had to take your grandfather's aged green one; when the car is "out of business" and so you can't have it to hide your shame in— isn't it odd that you meet everybody you know, and they see you, too, all the girls whose opinions you care about, and all the beaux you ever had or hope to have— isn't it odd?

The Albigenes

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

The story of the crusade against the Albigenes, which began 74 years ago— January 4, 1208—is not without its comforting lessons. Fearful as it is that story makes us feel profoundly grateful for the fact that we are living in the twentieth century, rather than in the thirteenth century, and that it would be impossible for any one to do unto us what Simon de Montfort did unto the people of southern France.

Dear in mind the striking contrast in the conditions prevailing in northern and southern France at the beginning of the thirteenth century. In the north there was little but barbarism and ignorance. In the south, on the other hand, were all manner of institutions, traditions, beliefs and disbeliefs, Greek, Roman, Oriental, Pagan and Mussulman.

The frequent invasions had mingled Arab blood with the Gallic, Roman, Asiatic and Visigothic, and this mixture of so many different races, tongues, creeds and ideas had resulted in a civilization more developed, more elegant and more humane than was to be found anywhere else in Europe.

Poetry, art, science, eloquence, refinement, culture were everywhere in evidence, while the north was a soggy mass of ignorance, brutality and superstition. The result was inevitable—the oasis of light along the Rhone and the Garonne was sure sooner or later to come into conflict with the barbarism along the Rhine, the Scheldt and the Loire. What fellowship hath light with darkness, intelligence with superstition, progress with owl-eyed conservatism?

The Albigenes were dangerous from the point of view of the enthroned powers of the time, and something had to be done about it, so the powers argued. Messenger after messenger was sent to the leading nobles of the heretical provinces to know why they did not exterminate the people, and each time they got the answer: "With them. We have brought up with them; we have among them those who are near and dear to us, and we see them living clean and gentle lives."

"All right," said the powers, "we will look after them ourselves." And they kept their word.

A crusade was ordered. A mighty army of three or four hundred thousand barbarians under De Montfort was turned loose upon the Albigenes, and all that was horrible and hellish was the order of the day for seventeen years.

Even if printable, no pen, however gifted could describe the half of what was done in southern France during those miserable years. Men, women and innocent children were slaughtered like cattle in the stables. Houses were burned, fields were devastated, landmarks were wiped out, beautiful works of art were destroyed in a word, the finest civilization in Europe was obliterated. When the crusade was over, Languedoc and Provence, by nature the fairest portions of France, were one unbroken stretch of charred ruins, desolation and death.

The inhabitants had ceased to exist. They had been exterminated—for no other reason than the fact that they were intelligent and free, and as such dangerous to the conservatism which wanted only ignorance and submission.

Advice to Lovelorn
By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

You Are Right.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young girl of past 12 years and have been chummy with a chap of nearly 20 years. Now, he'd like to kiss me good night when he sees me home, and I don't care to of course, as it is only kiddish affection that exists between us, he thinks there is no harm in it. Is a perfect gentleman in every respect, and he feels very sore.

MATILDA.

Insist that he wait a few years and earn the right to kiss you. The girl who kisses all her boy friends has no mark of favor left to show for the man she really loves.

Wait Till You Are of Age.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man, twenty years old. I earn \$2 a week, am very much in love with a young lady eighteen years old. Would you advise me to get married, or are we too young?

L. M.

Marriage is such a serious proposition I hope you will decide to wait at least a year.

If you and the girl are sincerely in love, I am sure that the time of waiting will be spent with pleasure and profit to both.

She Was Right.
Dear Miss Fairfax: A friend of mine met a young man through proper introduction. He called on her unexpectedly while she was out, and she had to see him. She said it was proper to write him a letter explaining matters because he thought she did not care to see him. I said no, that she should not write to him, as she had never corresponded with him, and therefore should not be the first to start the same. Was she right?

L. E.

He is a friend, and she owes him an explanation of what appears to be a slight. But such a note does not by any means imply that a correspondence will follow.

Wonderful Properties of Atmosphere Drawn Into the Lungs of Londoners

By ADA PATTERSON.

Mrs. Marie Hemstreet is a poet and the best housekeeper in her block. No, I am not mistaken about either fact. I can show you her verses. "The Charles of Courage," which inspired Cyrus Townsend Brundage to write a book of the same title, and I can produce a round dozen of persons who have eaten dinners of her cooking and who say that New York has no better fashioner of a nourishing and appetizing meal. While she was Lyman Abbott's private secretary she married, but with mighty misgivings.

"How can I make my husband happy when I don't know how to cook, nor make a bed, nor propel a vacuum cleaner?" she queried, tearfully, at the wedding.

"Judge!" replied her best friend. "Aren't you intelligent?"

"I don't know," was the tremulous answer. "I believe some people think so."

Then use your intelligence. An intelligent woman can solve any problem that's solvable.

Mrs. Hemstreet learned to cook and is proud of her self-taught accomplishment. "I am more proud of a good dinner than of any verses I ever wrote," she said, the ring of conviction in her voice. Like all other women who think rationally, Mrs. Hemstreet has a message to other women. It is this practical one.

"A woman needn't stay single because she has never learned to keep house. If she uses her intelligence she can learn to do the work well. She may even be better prepared for it than the girl who has been pottering around a kitchen all her life. She will have no bad habits to unlearn. For the girl who is untrained it holds interest and novelty. That will furnish a certain zest and excitement. She will be interested in it. She won't be so liable to think of it as a drudgery, as will the girl who has been at it all her life.

"Every woman should start a home, be it ever so small, when she marries. It is the only place in the world where she can be independent. There's no other place, restaurant, store, office, factory or friends' home, where we are not under orders.

"I think I can best help girls who want to marry, but are frightened at the prospect of keeping house, by telling them of my own experience. I was the daughter of an army officer, and was born in a western garrison.

"My mother had never kept house, nor had my grandmother. So I inherited no equipment for home making, married a man whose work kept him away from 5 o'clock in the afternoon until 2 o'clock in the morning. Those ghastly hours I spent in learning how to cook.

"There was no one to give me cooking lessons. With my cook book on my knees or at my elbow, I sat and studied the strange pages. When I thought I had absorbed enough theory I started on the practice, and by the time my husband returned I had our breakfast or supper ready. I kept up this cook book study and practice for two years. At the end of that time our friends began to praise my cooking. I got a reputation of which I am proud, for I learned it literally by midnight study of the cook book.

"And it was well worth while. Cooking is not drudgery. It is a vastly interesting branch of household duty. It is the backbone of the household.

"I would advise every young wife to learn cooking by cooking, and I would advise her to be her own cook."

Brides, Keep House and You'll Be Happy

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Are You Blue and Worried?

Nervous? Some of the time really ill? Catch cold easily and frequently suffer from biliousness or headache? The reason is that your system does not rid itself of the poisons in the blood; just as impossible as it is for the grate of a stove to rid itself of cinders. The waste does not go to exactly what the cinders do to the stove; make the fires burn low until enough cinders have accumulated and then prevent its burning at all. Your liver is sluggish—you are dull and heavy—sleep does not rest, nor is food appetizing. In this condition illness develops. Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery eradicates the poisons from the body—a glyceric alternative extract made from bloodroot, golden seal and manrake root, stone and queen's root, without the use of alcohol. No matter how strong the constitution the stomach is apt to be "out of kilter" at times; in consequence the blood is disordered, for the stomach is the laboratory for the constant manufacture of blood.

Mrs. BRUCE BLAKE, of Port Dover, Ont., Box 35, writes: "I have been a great sufferer for years from throat trouble, catarrh, indigestion, female troubles, bloating, constipation and nervousness—at times I would be in bed, then able to be up again. Was under many different doctors' care, and would get better for a little while, then I would get worse with chronic inflammation all through me. For sixteen years I had this poison in my blood. After trying nearly everything I got worse. I read in The Family Doctor of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. I have taken the Golden Medical Discovery and Pierce's Pellets, and have used five bottles of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. I am now able to do my work and walk with pleasure. I feel like a new woman. I enjoy everything around me and thank God for letting me live long enough to do something that made me well again."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate liver and bowels.

One Dose Relieves A Cold--No Quinine

Pape's Cold Compound Cures Colds and Grippe in Few Hours—Tastes Nice—Acts Gently.

You can surely end Grippe and break up the most severe cold either in head, chest, back, stomach or limbs by taking a dose of Pape's Cold Compound every two hours until three consecutive doses are taken.

It promptly relieves the most miserable headache, dullness, head and nose stuffed up, feverishness, sneezing, sore throat, mucous catarrhal discharges, running of the nose, soreness, stiffness and rheumatic twinges.

Take this wonderful Compound as directed, without interference with your usual duties and with the knowledge that there is nothing else in the world which will cure your cold or end Grippe misery as promptly and without any other assistance or bad after-effects as a 25-cent package of Pape's Cold Compound, which any druggist can supply—accept no substitute—contains no quinine—belongs in every home. Tastes nice.—Advertisement.

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