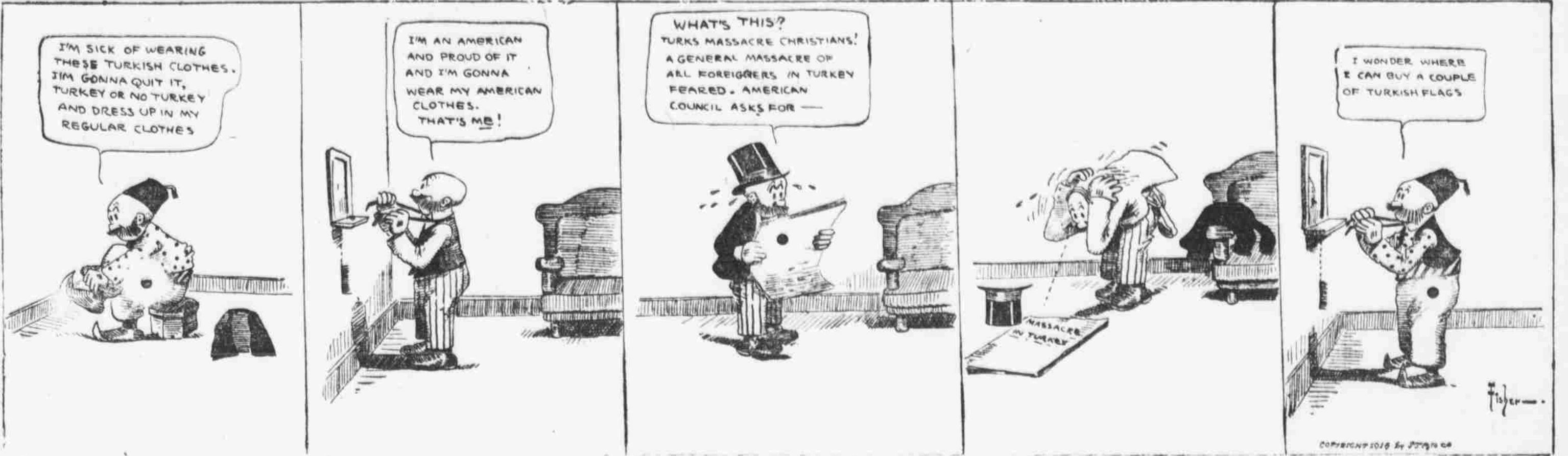


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Jeff's Bump of Caution is Highly Developed

Drawn for The Bee by "Bud" Fisher



Dorothy Dix's Article on The Home and Mother of Today—Domestic Misery is Due to Old Adam and Eve Causes and Not to the Woman's Rights Movement.

By DOROTHY DIX.

Congressman Stanley E. Bowle, of Cincinnati, who defeated Nicholas Longworth, ex-President Roosevelt's son-in-law, for congress, has been expressing himself on the woman question in this time:

"I am the apostle of the old man, tyrannical man, tyrannical man, of the old man who brings home the rent, who eats out of a kettle at noon, and fills it with kindling to carry home at night. Of the old man who wrestles with the payment of the insurance and struggles with the first, second or chattel mortgage. Of the old duffer who created a condition of refuge where woman and her private fortune are immune even from his creditors who have furnished her with the food she eats and the Paris clothes she wears.



"Oh, yes, the home is great, and women are great and our homes were greater in former days—the days of our mothers, when there was no clamor for the ballot. The home today is not so great as it was in former days. The deplorable state of our homes is the deplorable, sociological fact of the feverish question of the hour, the craze for suffrage."

"The 'apostle of the old man' seems to be also the apostle of the dodo, for the man who eats out of his bucket at noon, and brings it home full of kindling, is about as extinct as the mythological bird. Also, it may be remarked in passing, that the halcyon state of affairs, from a feminine standpoint, where men 'create' a condition of refuge where a woman and her private fortune were immune from even the creditors who had furnished her with food and Paris clothes, and eke from her husband, does not exist, as every woman will testify who has a little money of her own.

The one interesting thing, however, in Congressman Bowle's diatribe on women is his assertion that our homes were

greater in former days, the days of our mothers, and that the deplorable state of the home at present is the result of the answer to this assertion is that there's nothing the matter with the home of today, nor the mothers of today. The people who talk about how superior things were in the times of our grandparents belong to the has-been class who are forever telling us how much better the tallow candles and the stage coach were than electric lights and the automobile are.

Our grandmothers and our mothers were good women and good mothers, and did the best they could for their homes and children according to the lights they had, but they didn't know the first thing about housekeeping, nor child-rearing, according to modern standards. Nor did they put in a tithe of the thought or intelligence on the proposition of making a home or bringing up their children that their granddaughters do.

We are forever hearing about how the women of the past devoted themselves to their children, and how the women of today neglect theirs. But did you ever go to some old country churchyard and look at the lines of little graves in every family plot? You will see four—five—six, sometimes more of these heartbreaking little mounds, showing how the babies died through their mothers' lack of care of them. You will not see anything like that in a modern cemetery, and the reason for it is the unceasing care, the attention of the milk, the work and watchfulness that the mother of today gives to her babies, and that enables her to rear even a delicate child.

The mothers of the past felt that they had done their full duty by their children if they fed them and clothed them, and kissed them, when they were good, and spanked them when they were bad. The mother of the present belongs to Mothers' clubs, and Child Study clubs, and brings every particle of intelligence she has got to bear on doing the best she can for her offspring. Instead of neglecting her duties as a mother, she overdoes it.

As for the housekeeping, not one of us but would be horrified at our grandmothers' slipshod way of doing things, at her lack of knowledge of food values, and sanitation, and her wasteful extravagance in throwing things away. Grandmother's housekeeping would bankrupt any man of today, and give him chronic dyspepsia to boot.

Taking things by and large, homes were never as well managed, nor children so intelligently and conscientiously cared for as they are today, and its about time to stop talking about the terrible conditions of domestic life, for there isn't a drop of truth in it.

People like this Rip Van Winkle congressman seem to hold it against the modern woman that she no longer spins and weaves, but buys ready-made cloth from the factory. With equal justice they might criticize the farmer because he no longer plows with a crooked stick, but uses a highly ingenious machine run by electricity. And anyway, it was men who invented the loom, and the spinning jenny, and started the spinning factory. Blame them, if you want to blame anybody for woman forsaking her ancient industries.

Nor are women responsible for the high cost of living. It was Mister Armour and Mister Swift, and not Mrs. who organized the Beef trust, and it was men politicians and not suffragists who made it possible to do so.

The contention that the "deplorable state of our homes is due to the deplorable sociological fact of the craze for suffrage" is too laughable to be seriously discussed.

Domestic misery there is in plenty, but it comes from the old Adam and Eve causes, not from the new woman's rights movement.

Indeed, the ratio of divorce is particularly low in the countries and states where women have the franchise, which shows that the right to vote has no more effect on a woman's affections than it has on a man's, and that love and not politics rules the hearthstone.

The women of Ohio came very near to getting the right to vote last fall. They will vote before Congressman Bowle's term of office is up. It will be interesting to notice whether he will then hold such rabid views upon the decadence of the home and the "deplorable sociological subject of woman suffrage."

Pulse of the Box Office is Actor's Best Indicator, Says Florence Nash

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

"The thing that has helped me the most in my stage success is that I have a father and a mother to turn to, and a home to go back to, and I can always write home for money if I should need it."

Miss Florence Nash sprung this surprising theory of her quick and triumphant advancement in her profession, and the remark is typical of the girl. Miss Nash, who plays the cleverest little blackmailer in Bayard Veiller's play "Within the Law," is a sincere and earnest young girl, with big, wide open eyes, a wide open mind to match, and a humorous curving mouth. Her perfect absence of pose marks her as of the new generation of actresses who take their work seriously and without feints. She never mentions that much-abused word "temperament" once, for which many thanks, though I'm sure she has it, and magnetism to burn.

Dressed in a simple white frock, and sitting straight up in her chair—no lounging for her in the morning—Miss Nash looked the natural, wholesome, clever girl she is, and it was with difficulty that I realized that this young person knew a good deal of stage life, partly from experience (for she has been on the stage since she was fourteen), but mostly from association with her family, all well-known in the theatrical world.

"Leaving out all sentimental reasons, the girl who goes on the stage should always have her family's consent, because stage work is so exceedingly precarious, and for the first few years at least a girl must have a home to go back to. Then she should have money enough to keep her for the first year, just as she would if she were studying in Europe, for during that time she is learning her trade, or beginning to anyhow," were some of Miss Nash's ideals about the stage struck girl.

"How about the natural born actress? Does she not succeed at once, just walk on and do the thing right?" I inquired. "I've been in the company with many of the best representatives of the natural school of acting—Frank McIntyre, for instance, and E. H. Dobson and others—and I've noticed that there is more technique in their work than in any other kind, but their work is so skillfully covered over that every one thinks it is merely natural."

"After all, to my mind, acting isn't an art; it's a profession into which art enters very greatly, of course."

"Then you would look upon it as a more or less commercial proposition, Miss Nash?"

"Why not? After all, it's the so-called commercial actor who gives the public what it wants, and who succeeds because he is constantly working and studying to find out what the public does want, and he has the pulse of the box office to go by."

"Did you ever realize how hard it is for a person who is on the stage to do any studying? There is no great school where I, for instance, who have been associated with modern plays mostly, could go and study Shakespeare in a class under some eminent exponent of the classic drama. If I take up fencing it is real fencing, not stage fencing. I learn, which is entirely different."

"I have a scheme, and my sister and I are going to carry it out in the spring, I hope. We want to give a series of plays in which the players shall play the parts they want to play, often an entirely different line from what they are generally associated with. For instance, Miss Zaida Iears, who is known as a comedy star, would play Mrs. Alompin in Bayard's 'Ghost.' She could do it. People would come to laugh, but they would stay to applaud."

"Many other well known actresses and actors are interested in the idea. I suppose we shall lose money at it, but we will learn a lot and be able to play parts that seem to be entirely out of our line." She was full of enthusiasm.

"How would you educate the audiences to the change?"

"Oh, the audience. I wonder if they realize their effect on the players. An audience can put a damper on an entire performance, especially in musical comedy and vaudeville. After the first number the singers will come back and say, 'It's a hard audience.' That's enough. From then on the actors work to throw out the audience, and half their efforts go for nothing. They work against tremendous odds and they can't give a good performance."

"I went to a matinee at the opera the other day and heard Caruso. The man I



FLORENCE NASH IN "WITHIN THE LAW."

was with kept saying, 'Isn't that beautiful?' Then, why don't you applaud and let him know you think so?" said I. "For he hadn't thought to do that, and even Caruso needs the encouragement of applause."

"The worst fault one can find with the audience, however, is that they will come in late and insist on talking. A whole theater party comes in after the curtain is up, settles itself with much laughter and bustle. They call for programs, and then they find that they have missed a good deal of the piece, and the actors hear bits of conversation like this: "What's it about?" "Why, no, I thought it was 8:30."

ADVICE

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

I suppose our old friend Adam was the only man on earth who never, in his sadder moods, or in his hours of mirth, was given good advice.

When he chawed that raw old apple and the world began to hum, When he hoofed it from the Garden and the outlook looked glum, Vice was launched upon the planet, but advice was yet to come— Vice's neighbor, good advice.

Now our deep sea friend, old Noah, when he tinkered with his ark, Was given good advice.

A lot of wise ones said, "Beware of sailing in the dark!" It seemed like good advice.

But Noah heard the good advice and finished up his boat, And over to Mount Ararat he took a little float; He heard them out with patience, but he didn't give a groat For all their good advice.

Advice comes often from the heart—from some good friend and true, Who hates to give advice; Some friend who gently chides because he thinks a lot of you, And hands you real advice.

But after all is done and said, and when his song is sung, No matter how you love him or how slyly is his tongue, You'll simply smile and walk away—and keep on getting stung. What good is good advice?

Do We Sleep Too Much as Well as Eat Too Much?

GARRETT P. SERVISS SAYS: "Thomas A. Edison Thinks We Do, and the Great Inventor, Who Does Not Sleep Over Two Hours a Day for Weeks at a Time, Has Accumulated Some Exceedingly Interesting Evidence on the Subject."

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Eat little and sleep little—that is Edison's prescription for the attainment of long life.

He talks about it very entertainingly in *Heart's Magazine* for February, giving his reasons and his proofs, derived from the experiences of his own family. I do not repeat them here, but it must be said that a man whose grandfather lived to the age of 104, and then died, not from any disease at all, but simply because he felt that he had had enough of life, and because the cells of his body were anxious to get away, whose father lived and died "the same way," and who, himself, at the age of 67, has just "waged a forty-day campaign for the perfection of the phonograph, during which he never slept more than two hours a day," is certainly justified in thinking that he had discovered a secret worth making known to the world.

The doctors have long been telling us that we eat too much—that are very few who take the opposite view—but as to sleep they have generally gratified our own propensities by assuring us that eight hours out of every twenty-four are not too much.

Mr. Edison stoutly combats this, and he backs up his assertion that we sleep about twice too long, by additional examples from his own family, who, it seems, have come around to his opinion.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

His Love Is Cooling.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been going with a gentleman for the last four months and he has not returned my love. He has my photo and will not return it. How can I get the same returned? I have written him several letters and have not received an answer to one of them. Is it for the reason he does not care for me, or what is the cause?

HEART BROKEN.

Unless you have the assistance of a father or a brother you cannot enforce your demand for your photograph. I am sorry you gave it to him, but since you have done so, waste no time in regrets. Let both him and the matter drop. You only strengthen his conviction that you care for him by writing him.

They Are Right.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a country girl who is staying in the city during the winter to go to school. I met during the first part of the year a young man who loves me and whom I love, but when I wrote to my parents of our engagement they made inquiries as to his habits and found out that he smoked a great many cigarettes. Now, my folks are very much opposed to cigarettes and have forbidden me to have anything to do with him.

ELAINE.

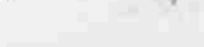
A man who smokes a great many cigarettes may have some good qualities, but the odds are all against it. Obey your parents; they are right.

THE SECRET OF LONG LIFE.

Do not sap the springs of life by neglect of the human mechanism, by allowing the accumulation of poisons in the system. An imitation of Nature's method of restoring waste of tissue and impoverishment of the blood and nervous strength is to take an alternative glyceric extract (without alcohol) of Golden Seal and Oregon grape root, Bloodroot, Stone and Mandrake root with Cherrubark. Over 40 years ago Dr. Pierce gave to the public this remedy, which he called Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. He found it would help the blood in taking up the proper elements from food, help the liver into activity, thereby throwing out the poisons from the blood and vitalizing the whole system as well as allaying and soothing a cough.

No one ever takes cold unless overexposed, or exhausted, and having what we call mal-nutrition, which is attended with impoverished blood and exhaustion of nerve force. The "Discovery" is an all-around tonic which restores tone to the blood, nerves and heart by imitating Nature's methods of restoring waste of tissue, and feeding the nerves, heart and lungs on rich red blood.

"I suffered from pain under my right shoulder blade also a very severe cough," writes Mrs. W. DORR, of New Brunswick, N. C., to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. "I had four different doctors and they did me no good. Some said I had consumption, others said I would have to leave an operation. I was bedridden, unable to sit up six months, and was nothing but a live skeleton. You advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. When I had taken one bottle of the 'Discovery' I could sit up for an hour at a time, and when I had taken three bottles I could do so for a week and tend to the children. I took four more bottles in all and am then in good health. My weight is over 135 pounds."



Mrs. Dorr.

Happy, Laughing Child Shortly

If Cross, Feverish, Bilious and Sick Let "Syrup of Figs" Clean Its Little Waste-Clogged Bowels.

No matter what ails your child, a gentle, through laxative physic should always be the first treatment given.

If your child isn't feeling well; resting nicely; eating regularly and acting naturally it is a sure sign that its little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with food and sour bile will gently move on and out of its little bowels without nausea, griping or weakness, and you will surely have a well, happy and smiling child again shortly.

With Syrup of Figs you are not drugging your children, being composed entirely of licentious figs, senna and aromatics it cannot be harmful, besides they dearly love its delicious fig taste.

Mothers should always keep Syrup of Figs handy. It is the only stomach, liver and bowel cleanser and regulator needed—a little given today will save a sick child tomorrow.

Full directions for children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the package.

Ask your druggists for the full name, "Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna," prepared by the California Fig Syrup Co. This is the delicious, reliable, genuine old reliable. Refuse anything else offered—Advertisement.