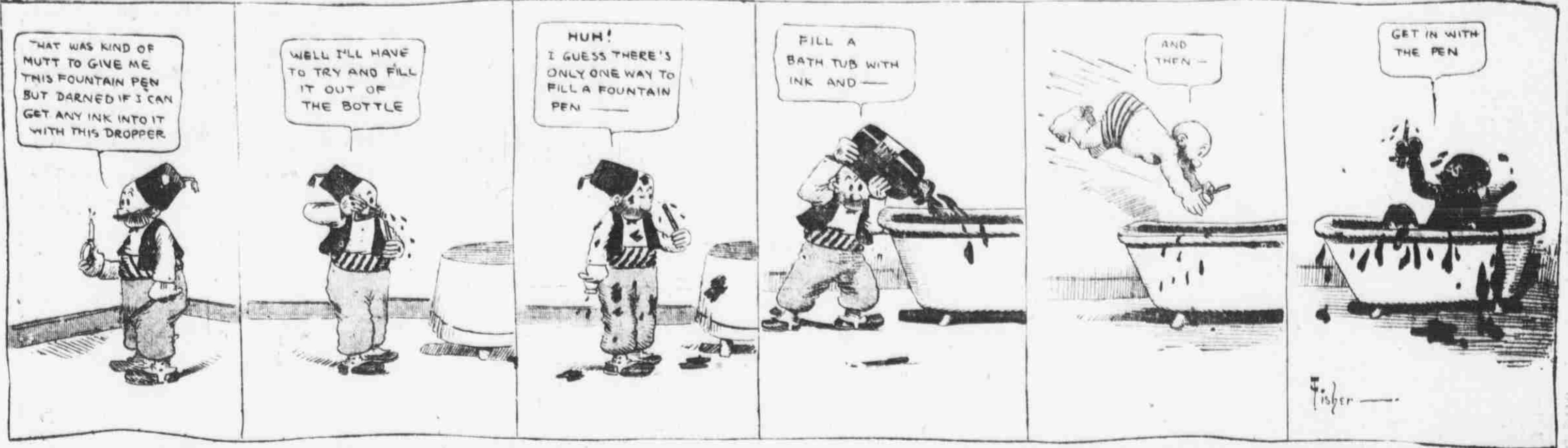


# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Jeff Has Such a Thorough Way of Doing Things

Drawn for The Bee by "Bud" Fisher



ELLA WHEELER WILCOX SAYS:

## To Really Live, Be a Factor in the World's Progress

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Begin your thankfulness this day by gratitude for being allowed to live in such an era as the present one.

I have before me a report of the Connecticut Society for Mental Hygiene. This society studies the cause and cure of mental troubles, hysteria, delusions, insanity, and provides aid for all such sufferers to such extent as is possible.

One hundred years ago insanity was regarded as a disgrace, and the poor victims of a mental malady were supposed to have brought on their trouble by hobnobbing with devils. They were thrust into dark dungeons, chained, starved and beaten in order to drive out the demons. Today all over the civilized world science is working with an earnest effort to help alleviate the sorrows of the insane.

With the added assistance of a social worker of wide experience, Miss Jessie J. Bolyea (formerly in charge of the bureau for the Charity Organization Society of New York City), the Connecticut Society for Mental Hygiene is now able to put into operation its plan for the prevention of nervous and mental disorders. This intensive social service work in mental hygiene will be done by the Field Secretary, Miss Bolyea, and the executive secretary, Clifford W. Beers, either of whom may be consulted.

In this they will cooperate with hospital physicians and other members of the medical profession who are interested in the development of the society's work. The great work being done by good men and women toward a broader and kinder system of treating prisoners, the growing success of the parole experiment, which allows men under sentence to work in the open air, in place of being herded behind bars, the associations formed for helping men who come out of prison to obtain a new hold on life and hope, all these things are comparatively new in the world.

A hundred years ago men were thrown into prison and forgotten by the world for a worse crime than debt. It was not until 1866 that Henry Bergh formed the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. He was ridiculed by the world at large, and respectable and intelligent periodicals indulged in lampoons and caricaturing cartoons of this great and good man and his marvellous idea.

Owners of animals could overload, beat and kill their faithful horse or donkey, or savage and torture dogs and cats, and there was no law to punish them, at that time.

Let us be thankful that we live in a better era. Let us be thankful that we are at liberty to worship God in our own way, and according to our own light, and that no religious monopoly exists which can make us martyrs because we differ with an established idea; or can brand us as heretics or witches and burn us to the stake for our beliefs.

Thank God for life in such an age as this, Rich with the promises of better things. Thank God for being part of this great nation's heart, Whose strong pulsations are not ruled by kings.

Our thanks for fearless and protesting speech. When cloven hoofs show 'neath the robes of state. For no servile song of "Kings can do no wrong"— Not royal birth, but worth, makes rulers great.

Thank God for peace within our border lands. And for the love of peace within each soul. Who thinks on peace has wrought mosaic-squares of thought In the foundation of our future goal.

Our thanks for love, and knowledge of love's science. Love is a greater power than vested might. Love is the central source of all enduring force. Love is the law that sets the whole world right.

Our thanks for that increasing torch of light The tireless hand of science holds abroad. And may its growing blaze shine on all hidden ways Till man beholds the silhouette of God!

Let us thank God for all the marvellous inventions which have come into the world during our lifetime, knowing they mean emancipation from drudgery for the race in time, and more leisure for study, pleasure and growth.

Do not imagine that everything which means progression for the many will prove an evil to you, unless you permit it by refusing to progress with the times. A man had carried the mail once a day to a suburban town for twenty years with his horse and cart. Now the trolley brings it three times a day, and the man is bitter with resentment toward the people who sent the petition to Washington for the new method.

He feels that "a poor man's bread has been taken from his mouth." That is what the old stage drivers thought when the railroads first came through the land. But the hundreds of thousands of poor men employed by the railroads thought differently.

The weary stage horses, no doubt, thought differently. Each new invention means new avenues and industries to the progressive and up-to-date man and woman.

Be ready, therefore, to fit yourself to new conditions. Be active, alert, expectant and alive to the spirit of change and invention which is in the air.

Your present business may become obsolete, but you cannot be obsolete unless you choose to turn into a fossil. If you become a fossil, with no thought beyond your present condition and employment, do not suppose you can stop the progress

of the whole world to suit your notion. It will roll its wheels over you and grind you to powder unless you see fit to move along with it.

Machinery never yet pauperized the best workman in any business. He always finds a situation in something else when his own especial line of work ceases to be in demand.

There have always existed men who were determined to hinder and oppose any new ideas.

The men who carried messages by relays of equestrians were not quick to welcome the telegraph.

The sailing vessel was the enemy of the steamship and the gas company did not enthusiasm over the introduction of the electric light.

Yet who would return to the days of stage coaches and horse messengers and steam oil and lamp?

Let us welcome the new inventions and believe the world will find employment for all of us, no matter what labor-saving machine comes into use.

There are wonderful realms of beauty in and about our work-a-day world, if only we had time to explore them.

I believe that in 100 years to come the world's drudgery will all be done by machinery, and that men and women will travel through the air on the wings of the wind, and have time to enjoy the wonders of their own minds and soul which are sealed books to the majority now because of the eternal grind of daily life.

Think what the bicycle did for humanity; think of the opportunity it gave men and women to enjoy God's air and the beauty of nature, and the economy of time it meant and still means to them.

The trolley car and the automobile are doing the same blessed work and saving untold suffering to animals and giving employment to thousands of men and women.

What ever today is evolving from the mind of man in the way of new labor-saving inventions means employment-giving to the intelligent and progressive and adaptable minded.

Keep yourself ready to fit into new conditions, and do not worry about the passing of the old.

And thank God that you live today. Copyright, 1913, by American-Journal-Examiner.

## Old-Fashioned Novel

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Oh, joy! I've been reading a novel, a real novel like mother used to read, not a problem in it, not a single "woman with a past," from cover to cover; not a nasty hint from preface to finish; not a morbid word in the whole book—a novel, real, living, decent, human, full of human love and hopes and fears.

An old-fashioned novel it is, just written, too. I could go miles to clasp the writer to my heart of hearts. What's the use of living in a pretty decent world if we've got to keep reading about how horrid it all is underneath.

I like my house that I live in. It's a nice, cherry, sunny, pleasant, unassuming, homely sort of house. There are sunny windows in it, and plants and growing things, and the rug is soft and of dull colors like those nature loves best for backgrounds. And there are a few pleasant pictures on the walls, and photographs of old friends smile down at me when I am tired. And there are books scattered about, and there is laughter in the house, and there are children, and a faithful dog lies on the hearthstone. Yes, I love more than like the house where I live, I love it.

And yet, what a lot of sordid, ugly things there are, too, if I do but begin to think of them.

There's the basement, always full of heaped masses of dirty coal. There's the laundry, always steaming with unpleasant smoke; there are the drains under the house—why, it's really a horror when you come to think of those things. How can I ever be happy in it again?

That's how some books make the world, many of the books we read nowadays. Nobody's decent, nobody's honest, nobody's unselfish, everything goes in to a kind of hideous chant of the Dance of Death.

Grandma didn't do much novel reading, if you'll remember. She had too many stockings to darn to spend her time that way. Daughter was the only one who read in those days; now it's mother who does the reading for the family. Poor mother! I wonder her hair can stay down at all with the horrors that are her daily companions in the books she reads.

Sometimes I vow I'll never read another thing any more recent than "Vanity Fair." Oh, yes, there was a woman with a past in there, too. We used to think her really quite—er—admirable, you know.

Poor Becky! What a saint she is beside most of the up-to-date heroines. Why, they'd laugh at her for a poor innocent, I'm afraid. But there was a decent man or so in the book, everybody would be decent, every one wasn't a subject for a neurotic ward.

There! I've found the novel again, some one had mislaid it. I'm going to read it again from cover to cover.

Where are those apples? I'm going to cut up in a corner of the couch and go back to Arady in the old-fashioned novel. Don't any one speak to me. I'm busy in the garden with the sweet hearts.

I do hope he'll give her a robe. What's that he's going to sing now? "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes." What a change from "Bon Bon Buddy!" That was the favorite air of the hero in the last modern novel I was unfortunate enough to read.

"Drink to me only with thine eyes. Good-bye, cold world, we're together in the garden, the two sweethearts, the summer moon and I." DAIRY.

## American Women Dress to Please Themselves, Says Gaby Deslys



GABY DESLYS, WHO IS NOW PLAYING AT THE WINTER GARDEN.

By GABY DESLYS.

From the letters I have received I find that I was wrong in thinking that the average American woman who is so smartly gowned, and whose dress allowance is always overdrawn, adorns herself to shine in the eyes of the masculine sex.

I admit frankly that the French woman does. But it is quite different over here. In this land, where woman rules despite her ballotless condition, the opinion of other women is of more importance to her than the views of mere man.

The best dressed audience are the matinee audiences, where the men are few and far between. Women wear their most becoming and their newest frocks at bridge and other women's clubs. The American woman's afternoon frocks are, as a rule, more numerous and more gorgeous than her evening gowns, especially among a certain class, and everybody knows that the American man does not appear with his women (folk until the evening, being too busy during the daytime earning the wherewithal to pay for the frocks.

Even the white-haired grandmother, who has no thought of attracting the other sex, is beautifully gowned for a lunch and box party with other women, and I have heard on very good authority that this rivalry in extravagance in dress is encouraged by the husbands, who do not get the benefit of the pretty sight, but look upon it as a very good advertisement of their own financial success in the community.

Here is one of several letters I have received, written evidently by a woman who has considered the subject carefully.

"Dear Madam—I have read what you wrote about woman's clothes, and perhaps the opinion of a saleswoman would be interesting to you. I have been employed in the dress and suit departments of a big store for the last fifteen years, and during that time I have seen the women become more extravagant and you may say reckless in their buying from year to year.

"The rapid changes in fashions are in part, to blame, and for the rest on details which only last one season and which were unknown to the older generation help make the bills large. But first and foremost I find that all my women customers are more or less in the public eye. Some are in society, some in busi-

ness, but most of them are prominent in club life and say they have to have more clothes as they are constantly with other women who notice everything they have on. But these are not the worst. The woman who has nothing to do will buy almost anything she sees, and we who have to serve her often know that she is doing it merely to show off and spend money, and sometimes just to impress.

"THE SALESPERSON."

Here is another woman's opinion: "Dear Miss Deslys: Women would not wear such unbecoming clothes if they dressed for themselves or for men.

"THE AVERAGE MAN."

Very few women can wear pure white, by the way. It is most unbecoming and I advise all of you who admit that you dress to excite the envy of women rather than the admiration of men to flee from pure white.

Pink is wonderfully attractive. It makes the young face look younger and throws youthful reflections on the skin that is no longer fresh.

A hat faced with pink attracts five years from some faces. As to blue, it is not always becoming, but men adore it. I wonder why?

Favorite Dances. Military men—the sword dance. Carpenters—the square dance. Miners—the sun dance. Hoosiers—the snake dance. Moving picture men—the reel. Printers—the quad-rille. Motorists—the breakdown. Milliners—the skirt dance. Safe proprietors—the man-of-war. Foultry keepers—the turkey trot.—Boston Transcript.



## Let Resinol give baby a clear skin

A LITTLE itching, tender patch of eczema, rash or chafing on baby's skin may easily develop into a stubborn, widespread eruption and even become a source of lifelong suffering and embarrassment. Why run the risk? Start using Resinol Ointment and Soap today and you will be surprised how quickly itching stops and the trouble disappears.

Because it is full of the soothing, healing Resinol medication, Resinol Soap keeps baby's skin and scalp healthy.

## Advice to the Lovelorn

Not in Best Form.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Is it proper for a young lady to accept an invitation from a young man who is giving a surprise party in honor of his sister? She has known the young man for a year, but was never introduced to his sister. She, however, desires to go with a lady friend of hers who is also invited. ETHEL.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 and in love with a young lady of my age. She lives in the same street as I do, still I do not know her, although every time she sees me she smiles at me and I always smile back. I would like very much to get acquainted with her and would be obliged

if you would advise me how to go about it.

An acquaintance that begins with a street flirtation has a flimsy foundation. If you have no mutual friends coax your mother or sister to call. That should be easy when living in the same street.

If Your Mother Approves. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 and met a young man who is two years my senior. He has met me several times and proves in many ways that he loves me. I also love him. Is it proper for me to invite this young man to call at my home, as I have an older sister who is very jealous of me?

The jealousy of an older sister should not be considered. You love him; you believe he loves you. If your mother approves, ask him to call. It certainly is better that he see you in your home than on the streets.