

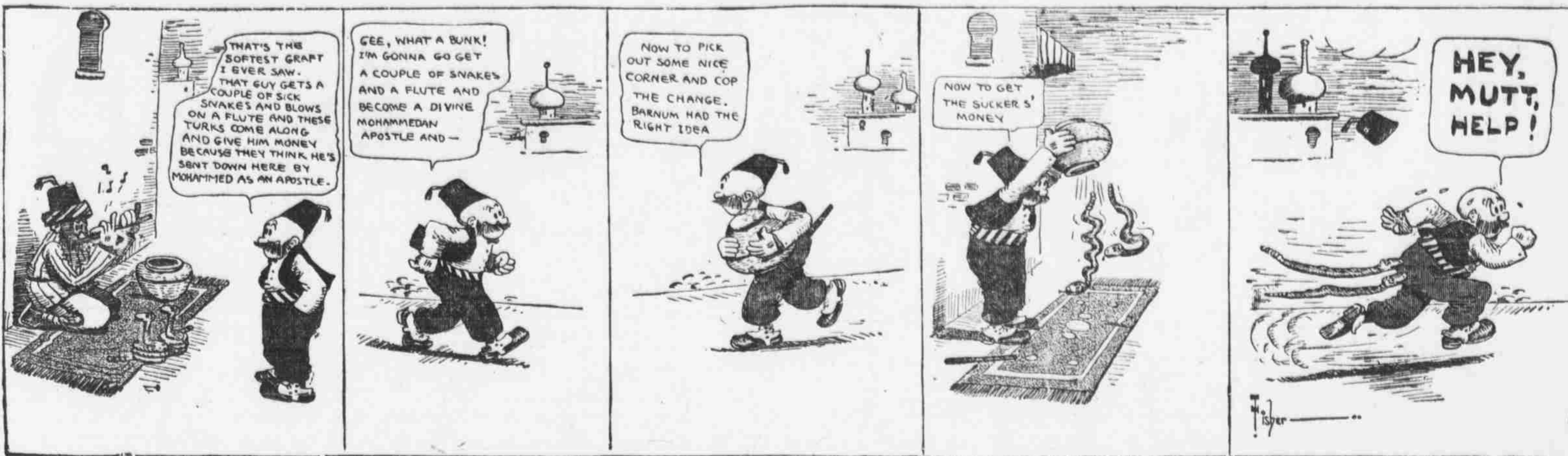


The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Jeff Made a Poor Profit

Drawn for The Bee by "Bud" Fisher



Elva Wheeler Wilcox Answers Elva D. Kellogg and Says: We Must Better the Mothers to Better the Race

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.
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A bright woman named Elva D. Kellogg takes me to task for some verses wherein woman as the mother is accused of falling in her duty.

Mrs. Kellogg quotes the final line of the poem and her criticisms follow:

"We must better the mothers to better the race."

"Granted, but it will do no good until the fathers have become human beings instead of creature-like animals. Why not preach at the men directly—why not speak to this generation instead of merely urging the mothers to make the next generation better?"

"Another side of the question. Why do men shirk fatherhood? Oh, I know most every man wants to have children. But after he gets them, then what? First, his is the sexual delirium. Then the pleasure of anticipation, later real plans and the joy of possession, minus the responsibility. For the mother, fear, dread, pain, agony, worry, and ever-present sense of responsibility—can this be offset by the pleasure of possession?"

"We mothers are working alone to bring up our little men and women. Ever since the time of Adam, man has shifted responsibility of everything except the bread and butter side of the question. All too often the mother has her half of this responsibility added to the other care."

"Yet your cry is for mothers to do their duty better. What in the world do you expect of the men? If men had the responsibility laid at their door, the whole world would undergo a revolution. Men are only big children—and they ought to be men. Then they read your pleas to women and they begin to see where their own wife, the struggling mother of a band of seven or eight tots, is deficient, and straightway she is belittled in their eyes and they pat themselves on the back for doing their duty. Dear knows, the male man is already an apical, already a spoiled child, without anything a noted woman can write to make him more so."

"We must better the fathers to better the race."

"I would like to see you plead with men."



Fat Fatal to Beauty; Gaby Deslys Tells How to Keep Thin



Avoid the company of those who eat and drink too much, so that you will not fall into their habit.

By GABY DESLYS.

Almost every woman I meet asks me how I keep my figure. Goodness knows I hope it is not yet a question of keeping it—that suggests a deadly conflict with fat and old age. So far, I haven't worried much about it, and I have no chance to get fat, working winter and summer as I do.

But when I see women and young girls of the leisure classes, over here in America, who have no work of any kind and whose sole occupation seems to be going from one eating place to another, I am not surprised that girls of 20 begin to think about the problem of keeping their figure.

In every hotel that I have been to in America I see these young women and I continue to marvel that they look as handsome as they do, when they seem to be going contrary to every law of hygiene.

Such an existence would be fatal to me, and if Gaby Deslys succumbed to the pastry and tea, the rich cooking and late suppers, on which she is supposed to feed, there would soon be no reason why she should write about her secret of beauty, for all beauty would have vanished.

Have you ever thought that it is an easy thing to get into the habit of over-eating? One goes about with other people, men and women, who like good eating, and who have nothing in the world to do but indulge their taste, so one soon finds that one eats much more than one really wants, merely to be in pleasant company.

If you want to be beautiful, if you want to keep your figure young and slim, give up that kind of society. Avoid the people who eat too much, for you will surely be seduced to overeat with them. Just as a man who frequents the society of men who drink a good deal eventually drinks with them just to be a "good fellow."

The afternoon tea habit is the foe of the slim woman, for the 5 o'clock tea is getting to be a regular meal, and the appetite has to be stimulated with all kinds of appetizers for dinner, which becomes an unnecessary meal to the woman who has been eating steadily since luncheon.

The other day I saw in a newspaper that a clergyman—I think it was in Philadelphia—warned wives not to get too fat if they would keep their husbands' affections. A commandment like this always makes a French woman laugh. Fancy having to be told by a clergyman not to get fat! We would certainly feel indignant; for while, of course, there are many French women of large proportions, they generally don't let go of their figures until they have a firm grip on the affections of husband and family, and probably on the family pocketbook besides.

As a rule French women aren't as

Demon of Discontent

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Dear Miss Black: All my life I have regarded home life as the most wonderful and best thing that could come to a woman. I have now been married five years to a man I loved or I should not have married him, but there is no home life. I am working for my daily bread and he is working too, for a very small salary. You may say why not make the best of what he makes and have a home, and let me tell you I do not crave for luxuries, but I must have sanitary conditions and on what he makes it would not be safe to try to live in a large city. It would mean actual privation and living from hand to mouth. In his work my husband has to dress neatly and make a good appearance.

With my nature it seems almost impossible to live without something to look forward to. I have nothing. I am a bookkeeper and find it hard nowadays to keep my mind on my work.

I wish I were a more modern woman, but right down in my heart of hearts I long for the good old days when men provided and women made the home.

J. W. H.

Well, well, J. W. H., what a dreadful time you are having—all by yourself, and yet I know many people who are much worse off than you.

You are not ill, starving, helpless, deserted. There is no little child begging you for food you can not give. Neither are you in deep disgrace and no one that you love better than your own life is in desperate trouble.

None of these things ails you, then you need not be too desperate, for thousands and thousands of women stagger along with all of these troubles at once, and live through them, and make others happy at that.

It never pays to worry about trouble. Either get out of the condition that ails you, or stop thinking about it immediately.

Are you ready to do that, or do you just want to sit down somewhere with a good, clean apron over your head and have a nice comfy cry over it all? That isn't such a bad idea, either—if you'll get the crying over and done with all at once. But are you willing to do anything besides cry?

You want a home life. How badly do you want it? What do you call "sanitary conditions"? How "efficient" is your husband? How do you know that he is "inefficient" at all? Maybe you are the one who is that.

How much does he get a week anyhow? Less than anybody else on earth, or do the men in the same office with your husband get the same salary he does? How do their families live on it and bear the life?

I know people who are poor with \$75 a week to spend; others feel rich when they have \$15; which class do you belong to?

How do you know you'd love home life? Have you ever tried it? It sounds romantic, but did you ever wash dishes and clean out the sink, and feed the cat, and dress the baby, and sweep the kitchen.

Where? Oh, just around the corner if you can't do any better. Go downtown into the foreign part of things and board with some Italian a while and see how little Mother Italy manages with her husband's scanty wages. Find a place to live with some frugal German family, go out of yourself, get away from husband, do it all in the friendliest fashion, and let time see what time can do. Time and absence, and rest and quiet.



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

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

It promptly relieves the most miserable headache, dizziness, hoarseness and stuffed up nose, feverishness, sneezing, sore throat, influenza, neuritic discharges, paining 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 Papa's Cold Compound, which any drugist can supply—accept no substitute—contains no quinine—belongs in every home. Tastes nice.—Advertisement.

THIS WILL INTEREST MOTHERS

Mother Gray's Special Powders for Children, a special relief for Scourches, Headaches, Red Stomach, Teething Disorders, more and regulate the bowels and destroy worms. They break up colds in 24 hours. They are so pleasant to the taste children like them. Over 10,000 testimonials sent by mothers for 25 years. They are sold by all druggists. No. Sample mailed FREE. Address: Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The Grape and the Corn

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

"Don't look my way, nor bow to me, pray!"
Said the Grape to the ear of Corn.
"I know no dearth of breeding or birth—
You are common and humbly born:
I grace this room with my purple bloom
And after my death I am Wine:
Since Babylon's howls I have cheered men's souls,
Can you boast of a gift like mine?"

With a scornful leer and a bitter sneer
Said the Corn to the boasting Grape:
"I can kill more souls than your Wine can cheer—
I can turn a man to an ape!
For after my death I am Whisky—see?
Not the Wine that sparkles and cheers,
And for every bubble you show to me,
I will show you a thousand tears!"

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Refuse His Invitation.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am sixteen and considered very pretty. Recently I met a man of 18 through flirtation, and he has asked me to go to a ball where all my friends are to be. I know nothing of his character.

You must not go, of course, and I am disappointed, because you made his acquaintance through a flirtation. You did not know his character then any more than you know it now. Please, I beg of you, let this be the last acquaintance made in this doubtful way.

Certainly Not.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 17 years old and deeply in love with a young man two years my senior. I have been keeping company with him for the last six months. During this time he has confessed his love for me, but of late he has been acting very coolly toward me and it is breaking my heart. Would you advise me to speak to him? P. R. T.

If his love is cooling, reproaches will not warm it.

I am sure that if you show an indifference to him he will take a greater interest in you. But don't reproach him. It will make him too sure of you.

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