



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Jeff is Too Sentimental for This Kind of a Job

Drawn for The Bee by "Bud" Fisher



What Wealth Cannot Win

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Hearbroken writes: "I am a young man 18 years of age and am in love with a girl six months my junior. I have known the girl about a month and we have always walked together. She promises to go steady with me. About a week ago I introduced her to a friend of mine and he stole her from me. I am a millionaire's son and a graduate of the high school and she is poor but pretty and respectable. This young man is a poor workingman's son. Can you tell me the reason why she doesn't want to go with me. I have done her no harm. How can I win back her love?"

Here is a girl only 17 1/2 who is wiser than most women twice her age. She knows that if the son of a poor man and the son of a millionaire are equal in all but the state of their fathers' finances the son of the poor man is the man who stands the greater chance of amounting to something. There may be the burden of work on his shoulders, but that is easier to carry than the burden of wealth.

He hasn't the handicap that all that wealth means these days in the temptations it brings. He may not be able to take her out in an automobile, but there is peace and happiness in a walk that does not attend a joy ride. He can't afford theaters and late suppers and the attendant high balls, and comes to her healthier in body and soul and mind because of his limited means. Too poor to spend money lavishly, he is too poor to attract the attention of the curled and perfumed vampire, and when he gives his love to a girl it is a love that is less apt to wander.

Many a man is true to one woman because of his poverty, and many a man who has been fidelity itself when every energy and thought were devoted to earning a living, becomes fickle and foolish when his wealth is assured.

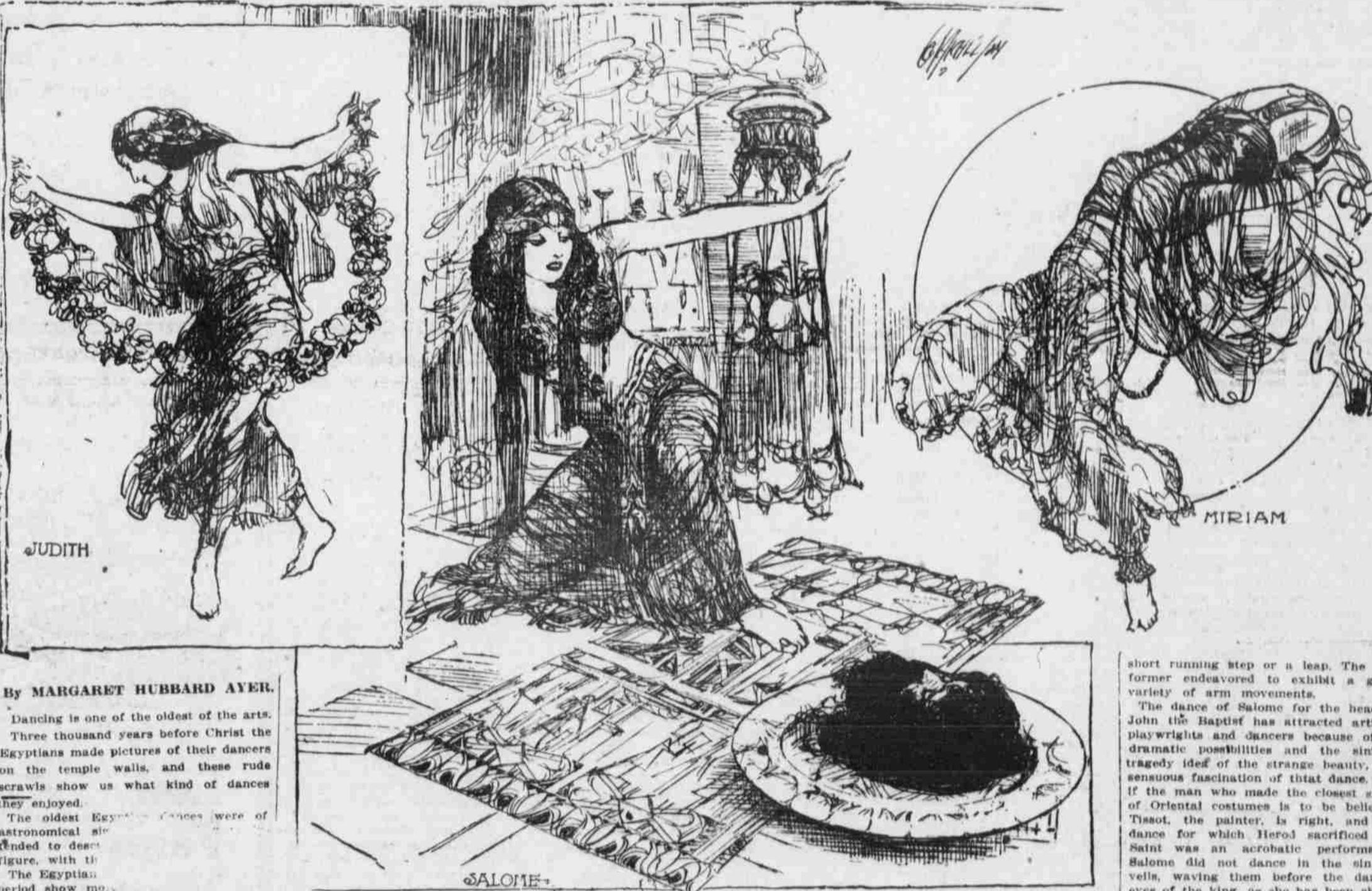
Women like all that wealth brings to them save this tendency to make their husbands stray. There is many a woman whose husband has made millions, who would give up all the luxury his wealth has brought her if she could go back to the days of their poverty and possess his undivided love.

This girl has learned from the experience of others what a serious handicap the son of a millionaire carries. He has nothing to offer her but an attention that will be both expensive and fleeting. He is only 18, too young to marry without his father's consent, and being handicapped by wealth, is unable to support a wife without his father's aid. He says he has done her no harm. She is showing herself to be the rarely sensible sort, whom men like him could not do harm if they would.

He wants to win her. He must forget he is a millionaire's son, and with the forgetting he must put away all a millionaire's son's bad habits. He may say he hasn't them. That he must prove to the girl by hard work and good morals. The love that is the right sort reckons nothing of wealth. This girl's is of the right sort, and is well worth the winning

Dancing One of the Oldest of the Arts

Practice Reaches Back Beyond Recorded History—Ancient Egyptians Had Dances as Part of Religious Ceremonies, but Later Forbade Indulgence—How the Israelites Borrowed the Art and How the Greeks Improved Upon the Movements Handed On to Them.



By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

Dancing is one of the oldest of the arts. Three thousand years before Christ the Egyptians made pictures of their dancers on the temple walls, and these rude scrawls show us what kind of dances they enjoyed.

The oldest Egyptian dances were of astronomical significance, and the Egyptian priests forbade the upper classes to dance, because they were already suf-

ficiently pleasure loving and frivolous. But everybody did it just the same, and Cleopatra was a fine dancer and used her art to charm Julius Caesar himself. The Children of Israel learned to dance from the Egyptians, and the first time dancing is mentioned in the Bible is after the crossing of the Red sea, when Miriam, the Prophetess and the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand and sang and danced in triumph with the other women.

The people also danced about the golden calf, and after that there is frequent mention of dancing in the Old Testament. Acrobatic dances had also appeared in Egypt before the Israelites left, and they probably carried the knowledge of this art back with them. These

acrobatic dancers were contortionists and walked on their hands with their bodies bent far back.

The ordinary dance of religious significance generally expressed joy and thanksgiving and was performed to the accompaniment of cymbals or timbrels, and later of trumpets and harps. It was slow or quick according to its significance, and the steps were a walk,

in there on their way from work, or at noon, for a cup of tea and some sprightly good humored talk. They can make it as personal as they like. Personality is the flavor of conversation. I'm afraid I haven't quite converted you to gossip.

"I'll beg your pardon for suggesting it, but isn't the southern woman a little more chatty than the women of other sections?" I queried.

"She has that reputation. She does, I think, strike a little more intimate note of conversation. But we like that. We believe in it. We think it helpful, not harmful. And by their deeds, rather than their talk, you know them. There is no more gracious nor charming woman anywhere in the world than a typical southern woman. Proof of this lies in the fact that there is no servant problem there. The southern women's lives overflow with helpful deeds."

"With which, of course, I heartily agreed, as will you, if you know them."

A New Record. A lady had just approached the attendant at the music department.

"What new records have you?" she asked. The attendant looked her over as he handed her the latest list. What she saw was a somewhat stout and volatile person of the late thirties, who glanced at the freshest offerings with an expression that might be regarded as a combination of disdain and indifference.

"I really don't see anything here I care for," she airily explained. "We got most all the records now. My, there's such a stack of them! All the best Caruso and Melba and Tetrazzini's and all the other, I like Caruso best myself, but my husband does on Human-Beans! When did you say you'd have a newer list?" The clerk told her and she airily said away—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Really "Good" Gossip is Good for Women

By ADA PATTERSON.

"You ought to have club houses, or at least halls for working girls, where they can learn to pour tea and to gossip."

"To what?" I asked Miss Harris Fugate, who has come from Atlanta, where she was a belle in exclusive society, to give drawing room entertainments to the corresponding set in New York.

"Isn't the tea at which you exclaim, 'I see,' she retorted. 'It is the gossip. Yes, I mean just that. I should like to see every girl learn to gossip prettily and sweetly.'"

"Is there anything sweet or pretty about gossip?" I asked.

"I assure you, there is, and it is necessary. It serves the purpose of mental rest. The tired woman likes it. So does the tired man. Why does the tired woman pick up a light novel or a chatty story in a magazine after a hard day's work? It is because her brain is too weary to attack science or history or philosophy. We can't digest heavy food when we are weary. Conversation is of as many grades as reading. Gossip corresponds to the novel. It is the lightest form. The good gossip is good for a woman, and for that matter for a man. And men like it."

"What is 'good gossip'?"

"Gossip is light talk without malice. For instance, I might say to you, 'I just met Nancy. She has a new hat and looks funny in it. But she's a mighty

sweet girl. That's good gossip."

"Some women are very sensitive about their hats. Hats are the criterion of taste—and when you criticize her hat you criticize her taste."

"I don't see that. One may be merely criticizing an extreme fashion which Nancy has adopted. Nancy shouldn't be sensitive about such a trifle. If she's well poised she would find a joke in the hat herself. At any rate here's a safe rule for gossip. Say nothing that you would not say with the best will in the world to the person herself. Gossip about a person that you would repeat with a smile on your face and a glow of kindness in your heart, to her face, will never hurt any one. I read a story once called 'The Golden Gossip' that I shall never forget. The heroine was a circulator of small talk, but it was talk that mended heart fractures and helped toward good feeling. She repeated what she heard when she thought it would do good. She was interested in other's affairs and liked to give them a friendly push. That woman was a saint. If angels could descend from heaven I am sure they would gossip, for gossip is such a help toward good feeling. I know a woman who ended a neighborhood feud by gossip. Her good gossip healed hurts and reconciled friends whose hearts had been sundered. After that they called her 'The little pease maker.'"

"So you think clubs of working girls

should be organized for gossip?"

"I would make it broader than that. I should like to see clubs in which good gossip is an incidental feature. Your young girls don't look as happy as ours do. I would like to see their young faces relax under the genial influence of play. Youth needs play for its happiness, and for its safety."

"Every girl should have a chance to see one play a week. If the theatrical managers could open the galleries of their houses once a week to working girls, reducing the price of admission or waiving it altogether, the best people would approve the measure and give them their patronage and influence. It would pay them, even in a financial sense."

"Once a week working girls should have a chance to get together informally and have a chat. As I have said, they should have a chance to pour tea to learn to gossip in the right way."

"What if wealthy women would open their homes?" I ventured.

"I don't believe that would serve. Girls who work have a properly independent spirit. They don't want to be patronized, and entering these fine homes, they might feel that they were being patronized by the mistress. No, I should like to see club houses built, or in this city, where property is so high in price, the girls could take a hall, with the aid of some of their gentlewoman friends who want to help, and could drop

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Wife, sed pa to ma last nite, did you ever stop to think that neether you or ma is getting any yunger as the swift years is fitting ba?

Yes, sed ma, I have often stopped to think that you look a lot older than you do when I first married you. Of course it is only luck with me that I have retained my girlish finger while you have been getting fat, but I suppose the time is sure to come when even I will look older than I did the time that you proposed to me out in the lilac lane.

Well, sed pa, I am willing to admit, deer, that you look as sweet as you did that fateful nite, but I can't say that you look quite so yung. You can keep yure childish spirits up in this world, sed pa, but crows feet is crows feet, just as sure as pigs nickels is pigs nickel. There is no getting away from the ravages of old kid time, ma sed. It is as relentless as high proof whisky, pa sed, it gits us all.

But what I was going to say, sed pa, is that I was thinking of saving a little munny up for the long winter of our old age. It came to me very forbeil in the Subway, pa sed, when I heard a man telling that he had been a honest & faithful book keeper for forty (40) years with our concern & then, after all his years of work, had added up & called it 21 & that told him "21". The poor old boy got fired at the last, pa sed, just becusas that he didn't realize he was getting old. Wife, let's start in to-savo.

Well sed Ma, I agree with you in that respect, but what do you intend to do in the saving line?

I was thinking for one thing, sed Pa, that I wud cut down my cigars. I have been smooking twenty or so a day, which costs me \$2.50 a day, about. Now, it seems to me that \$2.50 is smuff for my man to spend on cigars. Why go & throw away that extra quarter, & out in a while, Pa sed, I have gone in with sum of the boys & had a Scotch highball. The brand we have been used to talking, sed Pa, is 20 cents a drink. I think the 15-cent brand ought to be just as good.

Why throw away an extra nickel? & a other way I thought I wud cut down a littel, sed Pa, was to go and buy \$50 suits instead of paying \$60. I am getting so fat, anyway sed Pa, that I look as much like a Gibson man in a \$50 sute as I do in a \$60 sute. That is about all I can think of at my end of the household.

Now, what are you going to do to cut down expenses?

Well, said Ma, I was thinking that I mite buy a few less willow plumpies for my hats, & be satisfied with the three sets of fur that I have now, except one well set of rabel that I saw in the window the other day. I must have those & I was thinking that I wud wate tailored suits offener than I do, it saves the price of moar new frocks, & I know wate I can buy as well. Billoras an' gaiters from a perfectly stylish tailor for \$20 apiece.

Fine, sed Pa. Now, Bobbie, what are you going to do to help us cut down expenses?

I have been listening, I told Pa, will go without my meals.



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