

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Contemplating Matrimony

Dorothy Dix Writes an Open Letter to the Woman Who Marries a Man to Reform Him.

By DOROTHY DIX.

My Dear Marian: You write me that you are thinking of marrying Dick. You call him "Poor Dick," and you admit that he is a dissipated ne'er-do-well...

petticoat like a toddling child to his mother. But, you will say, you do not expect "Poor Dick" to be always "Poor Dick."



Mme. De Meyer Says Modern Amazons Will Fight for Peace

Women Warriors of the Future



"Women," says Madame de Meyer, "are growing physically stronger and more daring. They are much better fitted to withstand hardships and I have no doubt that they would want to enlist in the event of a war."

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

If the armies of the nations started out to war upon each other, and if each army had a corps of women soldiers...

Don't you think that the Dove of Peace would nestle on the bonnet of the God of War?

The answer is—Yes. Especially, if the Amazonian corps were led by a champion of the folk who resembled in any way Madame de Meyer...

For Madame de Meyer admits that women will undoubtedly figure more or less prominently in the next war unless they have succeeded in checking war altogether.

"Women have always wanted to go to war with men, and in all ages some more intrepid and independent souls have ventured into the ranks disguised as men."

As I have said, it is Lent, and, though some continue to one-step, others don't. Society is evenly divided between the two factions...

And since everything must be amusing, lectures given at home have the advantage of the newest kind of "movies," a glorified and colored movie...

"I can't think of anything else today, for I have never lectured to an American audience. I shall have to practice my Yoga breathing, you know that steadies the nerves."

Madame de Meyer is a feminist—that is, she is an enthusiast—and an admirer of her own sex, who returns the compliment, and as far as society goes, she has become the rage.

Such an attitude indicates that he is thinking more of her wage-earning ability than of her love. If a woman continues as a wage-earner after her marriage it should be from her choice, not from his.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

It Looks Mercenary. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am engaged to be married, and would like to know whether it is right for a young man who is making \$20 a week to ask his intended to give him \$100 when he marries...

PERPLEXED. Such an attitude indicates that he is thinking more of her wage-earning ability than of her love. If a woman continues as a wage-earner after her marriage it should be from her choice, not from his.

Let the Other Girl Have Him. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of 19 years and in love with a man of 25 years and in love with a man of 25 years...

HEARTBROKEN MARY. He is neglecting you, showing that he no longer cares for you, and your parents object to him.

When Silas Played. I'm sick of music on a reel, And crazy rag-time tunes; For opera I wouldn't give A pair of pewter spoons...

Dear Mother left her knitting then, And father dropped his pipe, And all the folks came trooping in For fun and frolic ripe.

There seems to be one universal and unanimous answer to the question of "What makes life really worth living?" No matter to whom you put it, if he or she has lived—and in the living lived and suffered—the one answer that is given is "children."

With fine precision and consummate care, Thou who hast taught the bee the secret power Of carrying on love's laws 'twixt flower and flower...

Yet do I understand; for Thou hast made Something more subtle than this heart of me; A finer part of me To be obeyed.

Albert I am sister to the earth, This nature self is not the whole of me. The deathless soul of me Has nobler birth.

The primal woman hungers for the man; My better self demands the mate of me, The spirit fate of me, Part of Thy plan.

Nature is instinct with the mother-need; So is my heart; but ah, the child of me Should, undefiled of me, Spring from love's seed.

And if in barren chastity I must Know but in dreams that perfect choice of me, Still with the voice of me Proclaim God just.

Dreamers and Practical People

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Read them through, and then tell me which one do you think is the happier—the one who thinks practical is all there is to life, or the one who loves to dream once in a while?

The "practical" man, doubtless, has a good, big account in the bank, but what on earth is he going to buy with it?

I know a man with millions in the bank, and all he can buy is food and shelter and clothes and care; he doesn't care for anything else.

The things you value so highly are the foolish things; mine are to eat, the ones that last. The smile on the face of a friend, the love in the eyes of a faithful dog, the perfume of wild flowers...

What good have you done for your- self? Tut, tut, man, what good is a sunset, for that matter, or a rose, or the song of a nightingale?

For all the fun he gets out of his money and his practical genius he might as well be a mouse, shut up in a great green cheese, nibbling for dear life to be sure that he gets more than any other mouse that ever lived in that particular part of the world.

I wish I had more time, I would say much more, but let this do for the once. Respectfully, F. R. D.

Well, there they are, two letters, both about the same article, and what a difference there is in them, to be sure!

So the days of dreams and romance are past, are they? Who was it that died like a hero the other day down there at the frozen South pole while the whole civilized world stood uncovered at the news?

Who is it that fights the battle of the poor, the helpless, the forgotten? Sometimes, the man of practical ability? Sometimes, thank the good ever of all gifts of mind and heart—sometimes—or poor, human nature would faint and fall completely. But oftentimes it is the dreamer who does things that are worth doing.

You and your practical ideas! What have they given you so far? A row of flats in Hoboken, a basement grocery store, with two pickle barrels instead of one, like your dreaming neighbors; a little account in the savings bank, and the fawning flattery of a lot of poor relatives.

Dreams, realities. Why, when the last accounts shall be made, where do you really suppose your name will stand—on the credit or the debit side of the great ledger?

Wake up, poor man, and stop counting the nickels in your sleep; you are letting greater values escape while you are doing it.

Her hair was a wonderful cluster, Her eyes like a rivulet purpled; Her voice, with their magical cadence, Wherever she went, was in the world. May happiness be yours around Jack, wherever by fate you are found, Jack—here's to the girl you have found, Jack—And here's to the girl that I lost.

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ONLY ONE WAY TO END CATARRH Reach the raw, tender, inflamed membrane infested with Catarrh germs, and destroy them.

You cannot reach the nooks and crevices with liquid preparations; there is only one way, breathe the germ destroying air of the germ destroying HYOMEI (pronounced I High-o-mey) directly over the inflamed and germ infested membrane.

HYOMEI contains no opium, cocaine or other habit-forming drugs; it is balsamic air made of Australian eucalyptus, thymol, and some Listerian antiseptics. It is guaranteed to cure the misery of Catarrh and Croup, or money back. It's fine for Colds and Coughs.

Exact Size Ask about Booth's HYOMEI outfit today, it is only \$1.00. Extra bottles, if later needed, 50 cents. Distributors everywhere. Just breathe it, no stomach dosing.

A Great Farm Journal TWENTIETH CENTURY FARMER \$1.50 a Year

Two Girls By WILLIAM F. KIRK. You are toasting the girl you have captured. The girl you'll be making your bride, You stand about your glass, and toast her, And comrades on every side.

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That Style? Your Figure? Impossible!



Fat women who are contemplating a new gown in the mode will have to contemplate a reduction of their flesh before they visit the dressmaker. Fortunately this is nothing like the hard labor it was when one had nothing but exercising or dieting to get results with. Nowadays a short course of the Marmola Prescription Tablets should bring any woman, however fat, to the proportions necessary for her to wear a Directoire gown.

When Silas Played

By MINNA IRVING.

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