

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Bringing Up Father

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Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



What the Newly-Wed Should Know FIRST Learn to Cook

(This is the first of a series of articles prepared by Margaret Hubbard Ayer who has been commissioned by The Bee to discuss the problems of newly married people with experts in various departments of household economy.)

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

Learn to cook, as a matter of honesty, if for no other reason.

According to Miss Wilhelmina Clement, past mistress in the culinary art, the wife who can't cook or superintend the house-keeping takes her husband's pay envelope on false pretenses.

She does not know her business.

Miss Clement has been teaching brides their business for some time, and in her immaculate kitchen, from which a class of bride pupils had just departed, she explained why a knowledge of cooking was one of the most important assets which a young woman brings to the matrimonial partnership.

Miss Clement is of Dutch descent and is "Mrs." in private life. In her white frock and pretty Dutch cap she is good to look at.

"When a couple marry," said Miss Clement, "the girl expects her husband to hand her over most of his salary, and he, in turn, expects that her management of that money will make it go twice as far as it did before their marriage."

"It's his business to earn the money. It's hers to spend it wisely. One part is as important as the other."

"Now, she would feel she had been cheated if she found after marriage that he was incapable of earning the bread and butter, and he has a right to feel that he has been defrauded if she doesn't know how to cook the food that his money buys."

"The foundation of all home life is the kitchen. People live in hotels and boarding houses, but these are not called 'home.'"

"A home is a place where the hearth fire burns for you and yours alone, even if the hearth fire is a gas range."

"The girl who marries for a home and does not know her own part of the business of making that home is cheating. She cannot know her business unless she knows how to cook."

"In very well-to-do homes the wife may not want to do the cooking personally, but unless she knows something about cooking, she cannot direct her helper nor understand whether or not her family is getting proper nourishment."

"Correct feeding is becoming a science, and we are all awakening to the fact that it is as important to combine food properly for the adult as it is for the baby."

"Men who are well fed, properly nourished, are less inclined to drink. It's poor cooking as much as anything that sends men to the saloons."

"No woman need think that she is too intellectual to bother with cooking. Cook-

The Hula Dance In Beautiful Hawaii, the Home of the Hula Dancer, It Expresses Romance By Michelson



The Hula Dance begins with the most graceful movements of the body, but winds up in a wild frenzy, the dancers often falling completely exhausted.

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

There are two or three places whose very names invite a tired mortal to rest. One of them is a castle in Spain, the other the "Land where it is always afternoon," but most accessible is Hawaii.

Every one at some time longs to go to that land of delight, where the gentle people greet you with "Aloha," meaning "love to you," where nature is both beautiful and beautiful, and provides the natives with fruits and flowers for the asking, where life is a long day dream unweary by too much civilization or the need of constant effort.

But the tourists arriving in Honolulu at once start to improve the shining hours in the true Occidental way. He considers it imperative to learn something of the manners and customs of the gentle, child-like race of the Hawaiians, and he refuses to succumb to the indolent

languor of the air or to be conquered by the perfume of the jay lily and the gorgeous roses and jessamine.

It is with embarrassment that he accepts the first wreath offered him, a wreath of the color of old mahogany, reflects the dark hue of the rose wreaths entwined around their necks.

They wear beak-like ornaments with dog's teeth, bracelets made of the teeth of hogs and ornaments of whales' teeth. They crouch upon the floor.

An old man starts the chant with a piercing cry. The song is evidently an invocation to the goddess of the dance.

The dancers begin to sway rhythmically, moving their arms only. At first they sway the upper part of the body. The half guttural, half nasal chant goes on, growing ever louder and wilder. The dancers have risen to their feet. They remain standing in one place, but the wild movements and contortions depict

at one time the wooing of the Spirit of Light or the battle of the host of devils. Arms toss, bodies writhe. The chant becomes wilder, the dancers more excited until the climax is reached, ending in a final hysterical outburst, which leaves the dancers completely exhausted. They sink to the floor as if lifeless.

Such is the hula hula dance, somewhat of a flower petals which he hangs around his neck with a sheepish look. For he is bound to investigate Hawaiian customs, and shortly he will find himself watching the Hula Hula dance associated with a very central but a very secret quarter of Honolulu.

Before the white man came to Hawaii the hula dance was performed by professional dancers, who were devotees of the Goddess Laka, a none too proper deity whom the missionaries soon banished.

The hula dances are story dances. They illustrate the story told in the song chanted by older men who act as chorus.

The hula dance is now the national dance and is performed mostly by women.

It is generally preceded by the hula koi, a dance of the athletes, the strong and well built Hawaiian youths posing in this dance to show their strength and power.

After this prelude the young women enter. The hula dancers wear a wrapper of paper cloth material, but their main decoration consists of wreaths of flowers. Garlands of roses and ferns are entwined twice in honor of the gods or chiefs, but generally to gratify the desire for excitement. The Hawaiians are full of music, they are poetic and passionate, and their dances show the perfection of their sense of rhythm.

The musical instruments of the ancient Hawaiians were extremely simple and there were but few. The Hawaiian nose-flute was made of a joint of bamboo pierced in such a way as to be used by blowing through the nose into the reed.

A very primitive guitar was made by mounting a piece of flexible wood with strings of coconut fibre. Their drums were made of a section of coconut tree hollowed out and spread with the skin of a shark.

The drum is used to excite the hula dancers, but the chant of the chief singer and the bystanders is often enough to work them up to a high pitch of frenzy.

As they cannot move from their station on the floor this dance shows off the various muscular convolutions of the body, something like the East Indian nautch dances, but done much faster and with more violence.

The Ill-Tempered Husband

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Dear Marion Grey, since 't's not in what you choose to call yourself—I should think Marion Blue would be more like it with the husband of yours—'t's any how, what are you going to do about a "grouchy husband?"

He growls at you morning, noon and night, slams the door so hard he makes the cat jump. Every time there is company he finds some excuse to walk in and out of the room like a restless cat, looks daggers at every harmless visitor, laughs at the food you give him, complains about the coffee, grumbles about the weather, scolds the little boy so the poor child hates the sight of him, won't have a dog around the place, and says that a woman who likes a cat in the kitchen is crazy.

Never likes the way his linen is laid folded, whips the little boy if his report

card doesn't suit him, grunts when the man next door says it's a pleasant evening, and won't even grunt when the woman next door says good morning. Is he crazy or what?

"His father was just the same sort of man and made his family perfectly miserable as long as he lived, and now the father's own children wonder how he's alive again for anything." What shall you think and what shall you do?

"Think? I wouldn't think, I'd know, and what I would know would be this: The man is not well balanced; there is something wrong with his brain, poor thing. And then, maybe, he admires that sort of a man and is glad he is married to the sort of woman who'll submit to his absurd moods."

"I won't notice them at all. I'd make my friend's outside the home he makes so miserable. I'd read and think and laugh and sing, and just look at poor half-balanced husband as I'd look at a smoky chimney, a thing to be endured with the least fuss possible."

"Love him? Why, of course, you can't love him—why, could? But don't quarrel with him. That's what he likes and what you hate. Don't quarrel, whatever you do."

"You'd like to love him, you'd like to make his happiness your one joy in life,

every day to watch for his homecoming every day with a song in your heart, cold or warm, wet or dry, never mind, father is on the way. Leap up, fire; sing your sweetest, kettle; purr, old gray cat; wag your tail, good dog!"

"What? A faded flower in the vase? Pluck it out, pluck it out before the lord of the manor comes. All must be bright and fresh for him."

"You are tired and a little discouraged. Smooth out those lines, he's almost here. Straighten your brows, little daughter, square your shoulders, little son. Hark! his step. He is home, the one man in the world, home to love and shelter and companionship and joy!"

"That's what you thought it would be when you married him, Marion Grey. Well, but that's the way it isn't. He won't let it be that way. What's the use of trying? You can't warm a cold stone by holding it to your warm heart; you can't put blood into a turnip, can you? Well, then, turn your heart to the Little Fellow, make him happy, live your own peaceful, serene life, and let the poor ill-tempered creature you were foolish enough to marry live his—that's all you can do."

"Poor Marion Grey, whenever I think I have troubles of my own, I'm going to think of you and be comforted, for of all the evils on earth there are two that are twins—a jumping toothache and an ill-tempered man about the house."

Petrarch's Coronation

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

It is 577 years since April 8, 1311, since Petrarch was crowned upon the Capitol at Rome. The crown was not of gold and diamonds, but of laurel, and the man upon whose brow it rested was the greatest of all kings—the king of Thought. The man upon whose head the wreath of laurel was placed that laurel wreath owned no palaces or royal robes, no subjects bowed down to him in humble obedience, no boast of heredity or pomp of power attended upon his steps; but in real importance no monarch was for a moment to be compared with him, for he was the inaugurator of a new dominion, more enduring than that of the Caesars—the eternal empire of mind, the everlasting dynasty of truth.

They were growing the father of the literary revival, the man who had revived the arts and sciences in a barren age, and by his genius opened a new stadium for the human intellect.

Among the promoters of the literary dawn Francesco Petrarch holds the first place. It was through his instrumentality that the intellectual giants of Greece and Rome, long silent in the medieval gloom, were brought to life, as it were, and made to repeat their great thoughts to the world that had forgotten them.

Petrarch it was who collected the first libraries and did the pioneer work in the line of discovering the long lost classical manuscripts—the workings of the immortal men, who, in Athens and Rome, created art and science, philosophy and eloquence, politics and jurisprudence, thus making possible a rebirth of civilization and all the wonderful things that were to go along with it.

In a word, the man who was crowned by the senators on the Capitol on that Easter day of the year 1311, was the first of the moderns, the herald of the morning of the day of modern thought and achievement. The creator not only of modern literature, but of the idea that literature should be made the instrument of self-cultivation and the promotion of man's dominion over the earth. Petrarch is well deserving of the large and radiant fame that the ages have voted him.



Slightly Sarcastic. It is five years since I was here last, remarked the tourist. "And I must say I am amazed at the improvements I see on every hand."

"Aw, you betcha. Torpville is coming along!" replied Colonel Hooka, the real estate dealer. "But just what improvement do you notice in particular that amazes you so?"

"None at all. That is why I am amazed,"—Judge.

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