



The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Those Homes for Our Girls Who Work

By WINIFRED BLACK
Hurrah! it is all settled—all right and proper—and just as it should be and no more ridiculous fuss and feathers about it at all—what a blessed relief!

The poor working girl's problem is done for once and for all—no more misery, no more loneliness, no more anxious planings as to how to save enough for lunches and have a decent pair of shoes at the same time.

Raise the wages of the girls in the shops! What do you think like that when the answer is so much easier? You must think the retail merchants get their fortunes by being foolish. Not a bit like it, this idea is quite different in every way.

Here it is: Go on paying the same wages, keeping the same hours, exacting the same neat appearance, and take the money the firm saves on wages and—now here's the brilliant scheme—don't miss a syllable of it—build homes for the working girls and herd them into them whether they want to go there or not. Nice, neat, serviceable, economical homes—with plenty of good, sensible rules about them—a matron to watch every breath the girls draw, a neat little cubby, shared sensibly with one or two others, long tables, red table cloths probably, tea and stews and boiled dinner, one evening in the week for callers, "properly chaperoned."

No, it isn't a joke, it isn't some rudimentary idea of sarcasm, it's plain truth. They've talked it all over in the association of merchants and they think this is the very thing.

Come, now, girls, why don't you do something about all this? You really are a little slow. Aren't you a trifle ungrateful, just a bit dull to the proper sentiments? What? You don't want a "home"? You want a living wage? You'd rather live on tea and toast in your own room then stew and corned beef in a "home"? You hate rules—and then what about the girls who live at home?

Now, if you're going to bring the girl who lives at home into this, we might as well give up right now.

She's at the bottom of all the trouble—don't you know that? She takes small wages just to get slippers and silk stockings and have dingle-dangles to wear at her waist and faldals to pin into her hair—she's an idle, foolish, vain thing who keeps wages down just to minister to her own vanity—don't you realize that?

What, she keeps up the home she lives in, she and her sister and her little brother, the messengers? She helps pay the rent and the grocery bill? Why, the idea! Where did you ever get such a notion as that? If that's true, there would be no further excuse to pay her such a pittance—and, besides, can't she show some human feeling and give up her own home—and go and live in a working girl's institution just to show that she has the right spirit toward the good, kind man who puts her money in the envelope for her every Saturday night?

You want to choose your own home, want your own friends, don't like being numbered and ticketed like a lot of holiday parcels? Well, there it is—all the perfectly good plan to go for nothing—just because working girls have the impudence to be like other people and prefer their own foolish way of living to any good, sensible plan some perfectly disinterested person wants to make for them—isn't it irritating?

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.
A Matter of Taste.
Dear Miss Fairfax: When you take a girl to the theater is it proper to buy her flowers? If so, what flower would be suitable.

If a man can afford them, flowers are a thoughtful and pretty remembrance. In making a selection he should consider her taste.

Her Manner Will Show It.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man, 25 years of age, and like very much a girl one-half year my junior. I see her very often. I do not know whether she likes me or not, but would like to find out.
That's easy to learn, as girls are not clever in concealing their likes or dislikes. But don't make the effort. You are both too young.

YOUNG MOTHERS

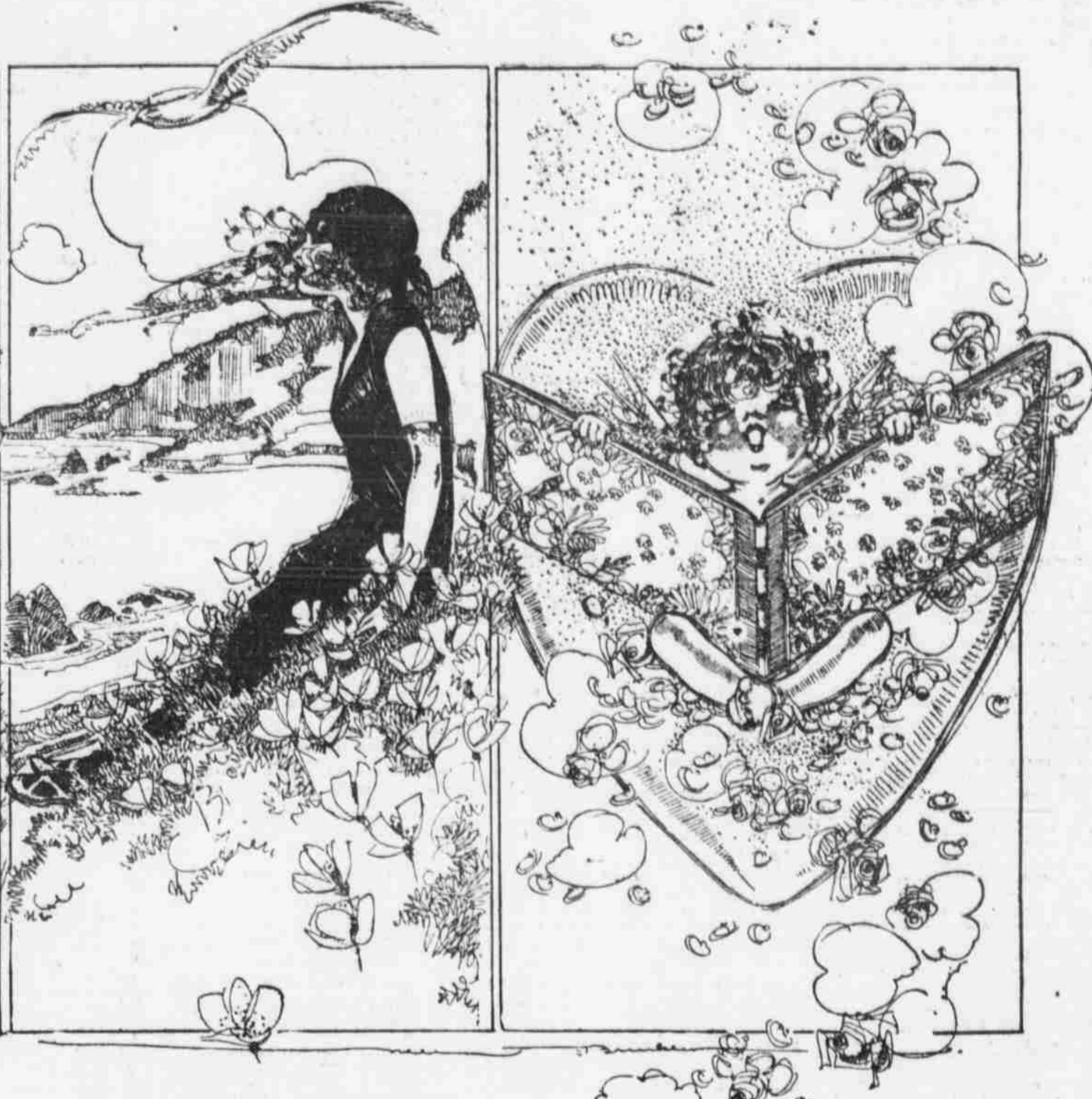
No young woman, in the joy of coming motherhood, should neglect to prepare her system for the physical ordeal she is to undergo. The health of both herself and the coming child depends largely upon the care she bestows upon herself during the waiting months. Mother's Friend prepares the expectant mother's system for the coming event, and its use makes her comfortable during all the work. It works with and for nature, and by gradually expanding all tissues, muscles and tendons, involved, and bringing the breasts in good condition, brings the woman to the crisis in splendid physical condition. The baby, too, is more apt to be perfect and strong where the mother has thus prepared herself for nature's supreme function. No better advice could be given a young expectant mother than that she use Mother's Friend; it is a medicine that has proven its value in thousands of cases. Mother's Friend is sold at drug stores. Write for free book for expectant mothers which contains much valuable information, and many suggestions of a helpful nature.

Springtime



It's Spring-time in New York town. Out of the back-swing door of her open car, New York, which is a woman most thoroughbred and fair, steps to the gray curb. She—in all the grotesque of looped skirt, Elizabeth frill, tortured cockade and sack coat with the belt at the hips, and the riot of tender flowers in those shops with the extra shiny windows and the sweet-smelly doorways—are

Drawn for The Bee by Nell Brinkley



the only things by which you may know, in Gotham town, that Spring has come over the hill and down to town.

It's Spring-time in the far Southwest. The sea is as blue as the aqua marine that rests in the hollow at the root of your sweetheart's throat. Over all the valleys and hills it casts a dreamy light. The far islands lie like a dream on the horizon. The hills that sweep to the sea

are vivid with lovely uplands of green barley and ablaze with seas of golden poppies. All this—peach blossom and almond and orange—and the girl in bathing togs, with the sea water pearling her hair—tells you that its Spring-time in the Southwest.

As for Spring in a fellow's heart. Lay your ear close and listen to the little chap who's singing inside!

The Reminder of the Story of Deborah

By ADA PATTERSON.

It has come, and unwelcomely, the reminder. Just as women are swelling with the proud belief in their independence, social and economic, just as the air is filled with cries of rebellion against the old order. Just as knobby-browed professors read papers on "The New Era of the Individualism of Women," in which they tell us that formerly women were units in a family. Now they are individuals. While we are listening to this loud chorus and being persuaded of it comes the eternal fact of motherhood.

In the quaint town of Vineland, N. J., Dr. Henry Herbert Goddard, a student of the world's biggest problem, now is making a stronger and better human race, has made a startling discovery. He has learned that in the breeding of that race the father does not matter. At any rate he counts for far less than the mother. As to the quality of their posterity. And while we are arguing of mental forces in battle against him, while we are making ready to deny, as we do with a simple talking of a complex story, a big, appalling story.

He calls it "the story of Deborah," and he begins with the statement that Deborah at 22 is a good-looking, apparently bright girl, of attractive manner, whose past is a blank and whose future is hopeless. He found her in a home for the feeble-minded at Vineland and investigated her case. The story of this defective girl, led back through generations, through a century and through forty more years, to a soldier in the revolution. He was an ordinary man, neither very good nor very bad. He drank somewhat, occasionally fell in with evil folk and into evil ways and out again. He meant well and sometimes he did well. He was an ordinary, faulty man. This man had two families, separated by five years. There was no radical change in his character nor intent during those five years, no particular change in the manner of his living, nor his surroundings. But his first companion was a weak, characterless woman of inferior brain. His second wife was a good woman of average gifts. The difference in the beginning of these families were only in the difference in the characters and minds of the women.

But mark the result. On one hand, from the first alliance of this soldier of the Revolution, have come 40 descendants. One hundred and forty-three of these were feeble minded. Eighty-two died in infancy. Twenty-four were drunkards. Thirty-six were born out of wedlock. Thirty-three became women of that class the world calls lost. Three were epileptics. Three died in prison. From this hereditary stream was Deborah cast upon the shore of the institution at Vineland. Or such a family tree was Deborah the fruit. Deborah, for whom the institution can do nothing, except detain her within its walls, to prevent her becoming at once a prey to and a scourge of society. The root of this family was the girl who followed the camp.

The other family. What of that? There are 40 descendants. Every one of these is a normal person, natural of mind and character and manner of life. Of the nearly 500 descendants of the good wife of Martin Kallikak, there were but three whose habits could be criticized. All, including the three of alcoholic habits, married into the best families in their states. Says Dr. Goddard in his amazing showing: "The descendants of Martin Kallikak on this side married the descendants of the colonial governors, signers of the Declaration of Independence, soldiers and even the founders of a great university. Indeed in this family of its collateral branches we find nothing but good, representative citizenship. There are doctors, lawyers, judges, educators, traders, landholders; in short, respectable citizens, men and women prominent in every phase of society. The names are scattered over the United States and are prominent in their communities wherever they have gone. Half a dozen towns in New Jersey have been named from the families into which Martin Kallikak's descendants have married. There have been no feeble minded women among them, no illegitimate children, no lost women. There has been no epilepsy among them, no inmates of prison, and only fifteen children have died in infancy. And while one branch of the family had twenty-four drunkards, the other had only two."

The reminder! It is that women may adopt "careers." They may produce only fruit of their brain, if they wish. They may lead the incomplete, one-sided lives of the unmarried. They may depart from the broad human highway traversed willingly by most of their sex. But the chief business of woman is motherhood. The tremendous truth in her life is that she must be a good mother. Of that the story of the Kallikak family is the unerring sign post, the mighty reminder.

What Newly Weds Should Know

Some Practical Suggestions by a Practical Business Woman, Who Says Happy Marriage is Made Up of Little Sacrifices on Both Sides

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

"Matrimony is a fine art. To criticize it properly one must see it at a distance, then one can find the small flaws that sometimes spoil the masterpiece."

Mrs. Isabelle Kellie, a writer and a business woman, who has been successful at many things, including matrimony, gives her ideas on this subject to the newly weds today.

"A happy marriage is made up of little sacrifices on both sides. When these sacrifices are appreciated by the other half they turn in to mutual pleasures."

"It takes a great deal of thought to make a fine art of matrimony. Few young married people are willing to study each other's needs and make allowances for each other. Married couples soon get into the habit of ordering each other about without saying 'please' and 'thank you.' A woman will do many little services for a man if he voices his wants politely and the same applies with equal truth to the other sex."

"Generally one finds when a marriage is not ideal that the couple are suffering from too much of each other's society. In the days when most people lived in houses surrounded by gardens the harassed hero or heroine could flee in the arbor and indulge in the luxury of solitude. But there is no such thing as solitude in the modern flat. And every human being feels the need of being alone and absolutely quiet at times."

"The girl who has been in business before her marriage realizes that her husband is fagged out when he comes home from his day's work and, if she remembers her own experience, she knows that he can recuperate and get rested sooner if she will refrain from pouring out the trials and tribulations of the day in his ears or adding to his nervous state by a weepy sympathy. Many people are like animals when they are ill or very tired. They want to be left absolutely alone."

"Every person is entitled to a room or den where they can retire and commune with their own souls when they need to do so, without fear of hurting the feelings of the rest of the family. The small apartments where all privacy is impossible have had their share in adding to modern 'Nerves.'"

"As modern living conditions make it impossible for people to get the privacy that went with larger houses and more space, that sense of privacy must be recognized and respected and fostered, and the odious familiarity that inevitably breeds contempt must be guarded against. One can do it if one is forewarned, and I think that problem lies in the hands of the wife."

"Love should not be a bar to politeness and the fact that one is married is no good excuse for forgetting those small phrases that go with a request such as 'Do you mind?' or 'Will you be kind



MRS. ISABELLE KELLIE.

enough" which one would never omit to a stranger and which smooth the rough places wonderfully.

"There is such a thing as seeing too much of one another and I have known of many couples who seem to forget that a man needs the companionship of other men just as a woman craves that of other women."

"Once the honeymoon is over I think that a man should be allowed one night a week for his club or his friends, providing that the companions are in the right kind, of course. It is a good thing for him to see other men than those he meets in business."

"On the other hand, I think later on, when there are children and a woman has no nurse for them, the father could arrange to take charge of them one evening a week and give the mother an absolute rest, an evening off to go to the theater or see her friends and family."

"Of course, a man says that she has the entire day to herself, but a woman with small children has not a minute, day or night, to call her own, unless some one else takes the charge of the children.

Dorothy Dix

Says That College Trained Cooks Are Skilled Workers, Therefore Do Not Complain When They Ask For Modern Tools ; ; ;

By DOROTHY DIX.

Among the many things that Kansas does well is to teach aspiring girls how to become blue ribbon cooks. Recently a Kansas woman engaged one of the graduates of the domestic science course to do culinary stunts in her kitchen and thereby congratulated herself too soon.

"For, said the new cook: 'I can't make pastry without a marble slab."

"I must have a spatula."

"Also an oven thermometer, some good scales, a bread mixer, rotary cream whip, a glass rolling pin and an egg separator."

"The graduate is now looking for another situation. This story is making the rounds of the funny columns of the newspapers and is supposed to be side-splittingly humorous."

"But why? Where does the joke come in? Why is it to laugh? The expert cook was simply demanding the tools of her trade, the tools she must have if she did good work. Nobody would see anything amusing in a carpenter demanding a hammer and a saw and a plane and rule if he were starting to build a house. Nobody would laugh if a plumber asked for a soldering iron and a wrench when he went to fix a pipe. Nobody smiles if a painter calls for various sizes and kinds of brushes when he tries to paint a barn."

Why, then, is it so ridiculous for a cook to demand the proper instruments with which to execute her art? Certainly no one will deny that cooking is a fine art, and an exact science to boot, and the reason we have so much bad cooking is because the average cook is forced to work without the proper tools. She is in the fix that a carpenter would be if he hammered his nails with a brick and whittled the end of a board with his jack-knife, or the plumber who had to cut his pipe in two with a pair of scissors, or the painter who daubed on his paint with a rag."

The cooking school graduates demands seem laughably absurd to the average reader, yet a dispassionate consideration of them will show they are absolute necessities to turning out good work. Why are millions of pounds of meat sent to the table burnt to a cinder, or else too raw to eat simply because the cook had

no oven thermometer, or didn't know how to use one, and so had no way of knowing whether she was undercooking or overcooking her roast?

There's not one kitchen in fifty that has got a good pair of scales in it, yet by weighing her purchases is the only way that the housewife can keep tab on the tradesman with whom she deals and find out whether she is being cheated or not. Moreover, the recipe for every cake and pie and pudding is a nicely balanced chemical formula; here the result depends upon the proportions being kept accurate.

To do this a good pair of scales is indispensable, and where one is accurately used the way the baking turns out is not a matter of luck. It's predestined success.

As for the other utensils demanded by the scientific cook they are more labor saving devices that enable her to do swiftly and easily tasks that would otherwise be tedious and tiresome.

"That we should find anything to laugh about in the cook wanting her proper tools merely shows that we are ignorant, blundering fools, still sunk fastidious deep in the slough of ancient superstitions that make us think that anything is good enough for a woman to work with, and that it doesn't make any difference about saving time or labor. For there is nothing so cheap as women—especially wives. When he wears one out, a man can always get another for the asking."

The Kansas woman was horrified at the thought of installing a few modern labor saving devices in her kitchen that would enable her to be scientifically done instead of in a hit-or-miss way. Her husband would doubtless have thrown a fit had she presented to him the list of tools that the new cook wanted.

Yet you may be very sure that that same man has the latest model of self-lubricating reapers and ploughs on his place if he's a farmer, or if he is a banker, that he has patent adding machines; or if he is a merchant, that he has installed the swiftest and most perfect automatic bundle carriers on the market; or if he is a manufacturer, that he has the finest high-gear machinery that money will buy. He doesn't let his employes bungle along with out-of-date tools.

The criticizer is frequently made that women show their lack of intelligence and executive ability by the fact that there has been less improvement in the domestic art than any other, and that while men have progressed from ploughing with a crooked stick of wood to the automobile plough, women are practically keeping house just like their grandmothers did a century ago.

It is true that the woman's kitchen hasn't kept pace with the man's factory,

and that women still use archaic methods and tools in their work, but it is to be remembered that it is man who carries the purse, and that when any labor saving device was to be bought he bought it, for himself, and not for his wife.

If men had to do the cooking, and washing, and sewing, themselves, there would be a fireless cooker, and a washing machine, and electric irons, and a motor on the sewing machine in every house in the land. But women haven't the money to buy these things themselves, and when they ask their husbands for them, the husbands reply that their mothers didn't need any such conveniences, and that they don't believe in new-fangled ideas, anyway.

The advent of the college bred cook with her demand for the proper tools of her trade marks the beginning of a new era in domestic life. It takes housework out of the domain of menial labor and makes of it a fine art, and it shows how pitiful has been the waste of woman's toil through all the years because she lacked the conveniences that would have lightened her labor.

Those who wish to laugh at the scientific cook's demand for the proper instruments for her art had better laugh quickly for the day is almost upon us when every woman will see that her kitchen is as thoroughly equipped for efficient work as her husband's store or factory is. And then a woman won't have to work from sun to sun, but by the aid of vacuum cleaners and electric ranges and silver polishers, and so on, she can do the labor for her family and still have time to belong to Browning circles and attend dancing classes for exercise.

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