



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Sisters Under Their Skin

By DOROTHY DIX.

One of the most interesting and significant features of the whole feminist movement is the altered point of view with which women regard each other. It has not only brought the women of every rank and profession tries to help every other woman who is starting forth to begin her own battle with the world.



You see this exemplified in the way in which rich and fashionable women, and women college professors, and college graduates have rallied to the assistance of the striking garment workers in their fight for a living wage and decent working conditions.

Only a few days ago the papers published the story of a wealthy woman who had commissioned a famous singing teacher to pick out two poor girls with fine voices whose expenses she would pay while they went abroad and fitted themselves to become opera singers.

Of course, being human, there is bound to be a certain amount of selfishness, and jealousy. The star actress has not reached the millennium in which she steps aside and gives the spotlight to the debutante; the woman who is at the head of a department does not yield her position and fat salary to a newcomer without a struggle, nor does a wife resign her husband to an affinity without a protest, any more than men do any of these things, but there is a more fair and honest rivalry between women than there used to be, and a keener realization of other women's rights.

A most interesting illustration of this changed point of view of women, and of their realization of this sisterhood has just come to me in a letter from a young girl of 19. She writes that she is deeply in love with a man, to whom she is engaged to be married. She has recently found out, however, that this man has wronged a young girl, and putting aside her own feelings, she has been urging him to make what amends, he can by marrying the other woman.

How Woman is Changing in Her Attitude to Women and What May be Looked for Eventually.

of the new nobility of womanhood? Yet the writer has no notion that she is an idealist or an altruist. She is just a plain working girl, without very much education, who sees clearly her duty to her sister woman, and unconsciously realizes that women must fight each other's battles, shoulder to shoulder, when they face a common enemy.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Wait a While.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man and have kept company much with a young lady for the last five years. Recently, when calling at her house, she acted very indifferent. I would like to have my letters and pictures returned. Would it be proper for me to request her to return them upon returning all I have received from her? A READER.

You Must Overcome It.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of 16 and deeply in love with a young man of 20. How can I hide my esteem from him and how may I know that my regard is returned? ANXIOUS.

She is Unreasonable.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 19 and am deeply in love with a young lady one year younger. When I call at her home I am detained until a very late hour, which interferes with my sleep and the consequence is that I am frequently late in arriving at the office. I spoke to her of this, but she said that if I loved her as much as I say I do I would not mind staying late. Would you advise me to give her up on this account? VICTOR C.

If You Love Him, Yes.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 19 and at the beginning of the season was introduced to a young man who thought a good deal of me, but as time went on we had a misunderstanding and parted. Now he is beginning to correspond again. Do you think it would be worth while to renew our friendship? M. E.

She is Right.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man of 19 keeping company with a young woman two years my senior. We are infatuated with each other. But my mother does not approve of it for the simple reason that am too young to keep company with any as yet. T. H.

Where Shopping Comes Easy By Beatrice Fairfax



"HOW MUCH EASIER IT IS TO CHOOSE A HUSBAND."

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.
The customer is weary. That the salesgirl is also weary is something beyond her comprehension. The customer is also impatient, but the salesgirl is not. Patience for her has a pecuniary value, and its equivalent is bread and butter.

Wearing rose-colored glasses that hide all imperfections of wool and color, a girl enters this shop while very young, and proceeds to make a selection. She has so little judgment that her mother wouldn't trust her with the purchase of a muslin dress that is to last one season, yet she permits her to enter alone and unguided a shop where she will make a purchase that will last a lifetime.

Her mother is often a poor guide in the matrimonial market, and her father shrinks the task regarding his business affairs as of more importance. "That is your province," he says to his wife, and she hides weakly behind that sentiment called "mother love," and which is manifested in letting daughter have a dynamite bomb to play with if that is daughter's choice.

The husband may look just as dapper as the day he was taken from the counter, but the poor little customer who carried him off is faded and worn, and begins to look like a last year's gown that was a bad bargain to begin with, and that proved worse with every day's wear.

Saving Humanity's "Seed Corn"

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

The foundation of the first real reform school, at Metz, France, seventy-four years ago, April 26, 1839, marks the beginning of one of the most vital important institutions that are at work among us at this time for the uplift of the race.



The honor of starting this most effective propaganda for the salvation of the young, who may well be called the "seed corn" of humanity, belongs to M. de Metz, at one time a great lawyer in Paris.

In the gay capital Metz witnessed the temptations and dangers to which young boys and girls were exposed; he saw them falling by multitudes into the way of evil, and what was more to the point, he observed that even the worst of the delinquents never quite succeeded in totally demoralizing themselves, and that most of them were, indistinguishable if approached in the right spirit, and assisted with the proper environment.

With this conviction deep set in his mind the ex-counselor set himself to the task of putting his faith to the test of actual experiment. Putting his hands into his own pockets, and into the pockets of as many of his friends as would allow it, he soon had a considerable amount of cash, and upon ground given by the Vicomte de Courcelles the reform school was built and put into operation.

The temptation is strong to ask the question: Has M. de Metz a monument? But how foolish, after all the question would be: He needs no monument. This same mighty army of redeemed youth is his monument, and he requires no other.

Snapshots.
By Lillian Laufert.
A line or two of love, which you may find some mood in meeting. And if you chance this way to glance. Accept a friendly greeting. THE LAUGH. Build for yourself a strong-box. Fashion each part with care; When it's strong as your heart can make it. Put all your troubles there. Hide in it all thought of your fallings. And each bitter cup that you quaff. Look all your heartaches within it. Then sit on the lid and laugh. Tell no one else its contents. Never its secrets share; When you're dropped in your care and worry. Keep them forever there. Hide them from sight so completely. That the world will never dream half-Fasten the strong-box securely. Then sit on the lid and laugh. Man is the only animal that laughs, drinks when he is not thirsty, and makes love at all seasons of the year.—Voltaire. Who misses or who wins the prize. Go, lose as much as you can. But if you fall or if you rise. Be each, pray God, a gentleman.—Selected.

Bringing Up Father

Drawn for The Bee by George McManus

