

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Oh, It's Great to Be Married!

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Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



Letters to Girls

Ella Wheeler Wilcox Writes to the Little Girl Who is Sweet and Dutiful and Tells Her What Life Holds.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

To a Little Girl: Yesterday I visited at your home and I feel I must write to you, instead of to your mother, for it was you who gave me the greatest pleasure I derived from a very pleasant visit.

Your conduct while I was under your parents' roof was so commendable that it would be a sin of omission were I to be silent and not tell you how it affected me.

You are only a dozen years old, but in that dozen you have absorbed charming and beautiful qualities, and acquired habits which will sweeten all your future years, and bless the lives of many others, if you retain them.

First of all, I noticed your low, soft voice, and your pretty way of courtesying, and the way you had of looking directly at me while you gave your hand in greeting to your mother's guest.

Many people, young and old, spoil a hand clasp by letting the eyes wander while the hand stays; making it seem as if the act of giving the hand was an empty form, with no heart in it.

Then I observed how quickly and quietly you responded to any word from your elders—running on errands and waiting on your mother—and her guest with such a sweet air, as if it were play to you, and never seeming to be conscious of yourself, only of those who were about you.

I recalled, unwillingly, another young girl I had seen once upon a time, who posted at every request her mother made, and at times flatly contradicted her parents; and who commanded her mother to bring her hair ribbon and comb from another room, and never said "Thank you" for it after the foolish mother had laughed and said: "Such a spoiled kid," and seemed to think the matter of her daughter's conduct amusing.

To me the child's conduct was shocking, just as your's was admirable.

I noticed your way of saying "Thank you" and "You are kind" when your parents bestowed any favor on you; and I saw how you tried to be unobtrusive when older people were talking and to avoid breaking into conversations or slamming doors or making any undue noise.

Then too, your attitudes pleased me.

At your age, it is hard to think about deportment; yet your mother evidently trained you when you were small so that it is now second nature for you to sit, stand, and walk properly.

While you were easy and natural and not at all stiff or formal, you kept your feet close together on the floor, or on a footstool, when sitting. You did not sink your chest or round your shoulders; and you were not continually leaning on your elbows.

You walked with your shoulders and hips on a line. I noticed how well you breathed; deep, and full breaths; and all

this means not only grace, but health and beauty for you later.

You listened with remarkable concentration and quiet interest when you were in the room there older people were talking.

When they talked to you it was delightful to see your interested manner, keeping your eyes on the speaker, and giving little words of understanding now and then.

And when they were talking together you did not show restlessness, or yawn, or fidget, or interrupt by asking your mother irrelevant questions.

At other times I watched you playing with children, both in and out of doors, and saw that you were full of young animal spirits, and as buoyant and natural as any other child, and sometimes a bit boisterous and overexuberant.

That is quite excusable, and once when a little boy was rude, I saw you indulge in a temper and heard you order him home. So I realized you were quite a human child, and not an angel. But it was your treatment of older people which delighted me. Your way of noticing what others needed and offering your services—means so much in this life.

We are here to be helpful to one another. Like the Great Master, we should each one feel "I came to minister, not to be ministered unto."

I saw you, while reading a book, glance up and note your mother looking for her scissors, and you ran and gave them to her; and a moment later you asked your father if he had a match as he was about to light his after dinner cigar. Then you asked me if I was warm enough, and if I would like a scarf, and all this was done naturally, and spontaneously; and I know it was second nature to you.

Keep it all, dear child, as you grow older; for it will give great happiness as you pass along the road of life, and it will, in turn, bring you great happiness.

Happiness comes from the little things of life, not from one or two great special events. You scattered happiness seeds almost every hour of my visit; and when I spoke to your mother about it she said you were always like that.

So I know a big harvest of happiness is growing for you to reap in years to come.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Not Fair to You.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been keeping company with a young woman about six months. A short time back she went away, and met a young man, and became engaged to him. Since her return she has been writing asking me to keep her company just the same, as the man she is engaged to is far from what she will not see him for maybe six months. Do you think it right for me to go with her?

M. F.

Most decidedly not. She is not true in thought to her fiancé in asking it and is not fair to you.

You Did Right.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been keeping company with a young lady for the last four months. About seven girls in the neighborhood have formed a club, which this young lady belongs to. I know two of the girls of that club to be not altogether reputable characters. I told this girl of these two, and advised her to give up this club until these two mentioned girls either quit or were told to do so. She immediately told me to mind my own business, so I have not spoken of it since.

Did I do right in this case?

FAITHFUL.

You were right to warn her, but if you are sure of your premises and she continues to disregard your warning, tell her brother or mother what you have learned.

Don't Accept It.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been going steadily with a young man for the last two years. He is a very nice fellow, and I am in very poor circumstances just now, in fact, I am the only one working for a family of five, and find it hard to get along. The young man I am going with knows of this and very often wants to help me out, as he could very easily do so. However, I cannot seem to accept any money from him. He is a perfect gentleman, and I am sure I would never have any cause to regret taking the money.

Don't accept any money from him. Do your best every day, and I am sure your burden will grow lighter.

After you are married it will be proper for him to help your family, and I hope he will continue to have the disposition.

Dorothy Dix Says:

College Girls Are Abysmally Ignorant of Men and Their Ways and Need at Least Three Years After Leaving School to Become Acquainted With Their Tricks and Manners.

By DOROTHY DIX.

According to a report, which probably isn't true, the Wellesley college girls have formed a club, the purpose of which is to postpone matrimony until three years after graduation, and to pledge its members not to marry a man whose yearly income is under \$5,000.

So far as a girl putting off getting married for three years after she leaves school goes, and waiting until she has seen something of the world, and enough of men to be acquainted with the species, and to know what she is doing when she picks out a husband, this plan is all to the good.

There is enough risk in matrimony, anyway, without a girl taking any chances on what she is going to be herself, and the sort of a husband she really desires, and will want to keep when she gets him home. Statistics show that the majority of divorces are the outcome of very early marriages, made when the contracting parties had not come to themselves, and whose mature tastes revolted at the matrimonial partners they had selected in their salad days.

It's only the heroic who have the courage to stay bound to their immature fancies. So anything that induces men and women to put off matrimony until they have arrived at the years of discretion is to be commended.

Furthermore, there is no one, unless it is a convent bred girl, who knows less of real life than the young woman college graduate. And of men and their ways she is abysmally ignorant. All the gentlemen with whom she has any real acquaintance are the heroes in fiction, and they scarcely serve as good working models of the every day husband. Her time has been put in in studying the theory of things instead of dealing with the actualities, and any little chicken, flapping up and down the street in a pipette dress and a postage stamp hat.



could put her wise to more things about men than she ever dreamed of.

She needs at least three years after she gets out of the cloistered shades of her alma mater, in which to become acquainted with the tricks and manners of men, before she picks out one for keeps.

For if the proper study of mankind is man, the study of mankind is woman's only salvation. Therefore, the Wellesley College club is doing missionary work in inducing its members to defer matrimony until they take a long look before they leap into it.

But the money proposition is not so same. For a woman to pledge herself not to marry a man unless he has an income of \$5,000 a year is either to doom her to become an old maid, or else to marry an old man, or the son of a rich man, and none of these is an alluring prospect.

Of course they are exceptions to all rules. Occasionally there is a young man of unusual ability, or one who has had somewhat luck, who is making an income of \$5,000 a year. But these fortunate youths are as scarce as hen's teeth. There are not enough of them to go around, and if the Wellesley college graduates wait to marry until they annex one of these infant prodigies of finance, the crop of spinsters is going to be a record breaker.

There are also young men who have inherited an income of \$5,000 a year, who will make nice, sober, domestic husbands, but these are also few and far between. As a general thing, the son of a rich father is an idler and a wastrel; spoiled, self-indulgent, selfish, and without self-control, and about the worst fortune that you could wish on to any girl would be that she should marry him.

As for a girl marrying the old man who has made his fortune, she makes a sorry bargain. She trades of her youth and her enthusiasm, the thrill of life and the joy of real companionship, for the material comforts of life. The lot of the old man's darling is esteemed a soft snap, but in reality no woman ever comes nearer earning all she gets than the young woman who has to put up with an old man's whims and crochets.

The truth is that a girl has to take some chances on the money question when she marries, unless she makes her marriage just a financial proposition, and—praise be—Cupid is a dead game sport that doesn't hesitate to play a 100 to 1

shot on the bread and butter proposition. When the right man comes along a woman doesn't look at his check book. She has eyes only for him, and she'd rather tackle love in a 2nd flat with him than be the mistress of any other man's castle.

Girls aren't mercenary. They aren't even prudent enough about money matters, because a couple should, at least, be assured of enough income to keep the wolf away from the door in order to be happy when married, and few young women even stop to consider that important requirement when they fall in love. Therefore, nobody needs worry about the high standard of living that these college girls set. They will forget all about it the first time an upstanding youth, with a winning way with him, whistles to them.

To marry for money is a crime everywhere. To marry for money in this country where fortunes change so swiftly is worse than a crime. It is idiotry. It's literally only two generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves. The man who is poor today may be rich tomorrow, and the man who is rich today is pretty sure to be poor tomorrow. Especially if he has inherited his money.

It is hardly too much to say that in marrying, a girl may have her choice between whether she will be poor, and wear home-made frocks and ride on the street cars when she's young, and be rich, and clothed in imported finery, and roll in automobiles at middle life; or whether she will have her imported French gowns and auto in her youth and be pinched for grocery money in her middle age.

It takes the poor and industrious young man about 30 years of age to acquire a fortune, and the young spendthrift about that long to get rid of his inheritance—and there you are. And there his wife is. At the time they married, neither Mr. Rockefeller nor Mr. Schwab, nor scarcely any one of the big captains of finance today, could have showed a \$5,000 a year income. Neither could the most prosperous men of your immediate acquaintance, but the wives who made shift on small salaries in their early days are sporting gold mesh bags now.

This, also, is to be said against waiting for a man to have \$5,000 income before you marry him: It's more fun to make a fortune that it is to spend it, and the woman who cuts herself out of helping her husband climb the ladder has missed the most interesting experience that life ever offers.

The Whirling Earth Spins a Deep Cup at the North Pole, a Button at the South. The Change in Elevation Makes a Great Difference in the Plant and Animal Life at the Two Poles—Remains of Tropical Luxuriance and Fertility Are Found in Each Zone

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The earth whirls around an invisible axis, one end of which turns the deep cup of the Arctic ocean, while the other spins the huge white button of the Antarctic continent.

In the north the ice floats on the sea, like a moving floor. In the south it rests, like a bossy shield, on a vast dome of uplifted rock.

Close around the edges of the ice-world, both north and south, and even within it, animals and plants are found living. But in their species these inhabitants of the opposite poles are as different as the poles themselves.

On and around the Arctic continent there are several species of birds, notably albatrosses, petrels, and the strange upright-walking penguins, with their black coats, white waistcoats, and ludicrously polite bearing. There are also whales and seals, but the human form is absent, except so far as it is mimicked, to the eye of fancy, by the stately penguins. The plants are scanty in number, although some bear flowers, and, in the absence of human companions, they have no native names.

Within the Arctic circle the scene is more animated. There are many arctic plants, some bearing brilliant flowers. Yellow buttercups and Arctic poppies warm the heart of the explorer.

The saxifrage puts out its starry blossoms within seven and a half degrees of the pole. There are so many other species that a very attractive bouquet of Arctic flowers may be formed. Some of these are exquisite in color and form. The animal life of the Arctic is also relatively abundant. In the sea is the curious circling whale, the walrus, with his curious tusks and various species of seals. On the land and snow, and sometimes on the ice-packs, are large and remarkable animals, often in abundance. The great polar bear alone would suffice to make the lands that he tenants famous. Then there are reindeer, musk oxen, foxes, wolves, hares and lemmings. Among birds are grouse, ptarmigans, snow buntings, falcons, puffins and anks. But man is there, too, in the person of the hut-dwelling, fur-clothed, fish-spearing Eskimau.

The reason why the life around the two poles is so different, and so contrasted in its forms, is probably to be found in the climatic differences, which

in turn, are governed by the elevation. The sea life is similar in both cases—whales and seals are the characteristic animals that inhabit the polar waters. But the great elevation of the Antarctic continent, with its eternal burden of snow and ice, thousands of feet in thickness, continually sending down immeasurable glaciers that form vast platforms of thick ice all around the borders of the continent, keeps the mean temperature at a low level, and drives life away from the snow-buried land. A great anti-cyclone occupies the atmosphere over the south pole, and manufactures snow and ice without limit. As the burden piles higher at the center it pushes outward on all sides, down the slopes of the continent, until it reaches the bordering sea.

But things have not always been thus. The recent explorers of the Antarctic have found remains of ancient life, recalling the life of the temperate zones and the tropics. The coal deposits of the Antarctic continent are believed to be of vast extent. They could not have been formed under present conditions. They consist of the fossilized remains of immense forests. They could not have been transported to their present location either by land or water. They must have been formed where they are. Consequently the Antarctic regions must once have enjoyed a mild climate and atmospheric conditions very favorable to an abundant vegetation.

But if there was an abundance of vegetation, there is every reason to believe that there was an abundance of animal life also. At that time the south pole, instead of being elevated many thousands of feet above the sea, may have lain at a low level. That, in itself, would raise the mean temperature, but it would not be sufficient to produce all the difference between present and past conditions of Antarctic life.

Either the sun was hotter in that distant time, or the composition of the atmosphere was such as to retain more heat, or the inclination of the earth's axis was different from what it is today, or, as some have imagined, the solar system was then passing through a warmer region of space. Whatever the cause may have been, there is no doubt that there was a time when the lands around both the poles were habitable by animals and plants, most of which have since been driven toward the equator.

As the Antarctic continent rose, and assumed its burden of ice, the relics of its former splendid life were buried almost beyond recovery, while in the far north, where there has been no corresponding elevation, but possibly a depression, more of the ancient life forms have remained, while the traces of what they once were are more easily recovered.



Women Jurors and Prison Keepers.

By ADA PATTERSON.

It is men who think this of women. Women know better.

But women understand each other. The woman who is a Greek puzzle to her lover or husband can be read as they run by all her sisters and cousins and aunts, and her mother knows what she will do before she herself thinks of doing it. Woman is no enigma to woman. She is a fixed quantity. She can be calculated by the rules the woman applies to herself. Men think women are all alike. Women know that there are several types of her, but they know the other type almost as well as their own. A woman cannot fool a woman. Therefore if I were unjustly accused of crime I should want to be tried by a jury of women. Women would understand the motives in the course of conduct they were examining. If those motives were fine I should exult in them, for a woman's fancy is quickly inflamed by a noble deed. Besides, women have a passionate sense of justice, and if my case appealed to that sense every jurywoman of them would become my advocate.

But if I were guilty I should pray the authorities to grant me a jury of men. Like the cousin of the fish that hides the water about it so that it can hide in the cloud and escape its pursuer I would try to cloud my case with masculine sympathy so as to escape righteous judgment. I would weep and look imploringly into the twelve faces of judgment, and if one of those faces flushed with sympathy or paled with pity I should see that face as the open door of escape. "That man will cause the jury to disagree," I should hopefully say to myself. And I should go on with my tears and my pleading looks. This clouding of the issue by sympathy I would not attempt with a woman jury. They have in lesser matters clouded the issue in this same fashion themselves. "Is an old trick of woman to weep herself out of a corner in her affairs and there could not be chosen for the jury a woman so blind or deaf or dumb as not to know it?"

Understanding is the keynote of women's dealings with each other. The prisoners in the Merlin women's jail need not expect what if they spoke Americanese they would call a "snap." They will be made to work and a "no evenings out" spirit will prevail. If women had "sympathy" for women there would be no servant problem. The maids would be sentimental toward the mistress and the mistress toward the maid. They would so sympathize with each other that there would be no nagging about Thursday afternoons, and no difference about the food that was taken home in baskets, nor the number of days a week the mistress has "company."

There will be revolts at first in the Berlin prison. Women are not inclined to submit easily to the authority of women. "I hate to work for a woman" is a remark as common in womanhood as "good morning." They will make faces behind the inspectors' backs and will call the superintendent "fussy old things." The keepers will have need of superb self-control, of a sublime understanding, to solve their problems as jailers of their own sex.

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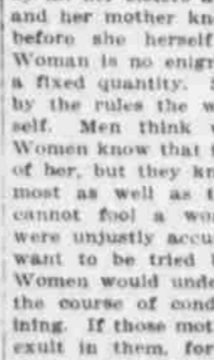
A woman acquitted of an attempt to kill her husband has said that she wished every woman charged with crime would be tried by a jury of her peers, that is by persons of her own sex.

At nearly the same time we read: "The Prussian authorities have decided to open in Berlin in October a women's prison, exclusively managed by women. Not only the guards are to be women, but the superintendents and directors of the various labor departments will be of the same sex as the prisoners."

"There will be thirty-six women inspectors and a number of teachers to instruct inmates in useful and remunerative occupations."

"It is the theory of the authorities that a woman's prison exclusively under feminine management will bring about a more intelligent and sympathetic treatment of prisoners."

I wish the word "sympathetic" were not used so often in connection with the affairs managed by women. "Understanding" is a word that would far better fit the case. A woman's judgment of a woman is not "sympathetic" in the sense in which that word is often used—the sense of sentimentality, of "rubbiness," of the heart galloping off with the head.



If We Should Meet Him

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Now what were the words of Jesus, and what would he pause and say? If we were to meet in home or street The Lord of the world today? Oh, I think He would pause and say: "Go on with your chosen labor; Speak only good of your neighbor; Widen your farms, and lay down your arms. Or dig up the soil with each sabre."

Now what were the answer of Jesus if we should ask him for a creed. To carry us straight through the wonderful gate When soul from body is freed? Oh, I think He would give us this creed: "Praise God, whosoever beside you; Cast joy on the lives beside you; Better the earth, by growing in worth, With love as the law to guide you."

Now what were the answer of Jesus if we should ask him to tell Of the last great goal of the homing soul? Where each of us hopes to dwell. Oh, I think it is this He would tell: "The soul is the builder—than waste it; The mind is the kingdom—then take it; And thought upon thought let Eden be wrought. For heaven will be what you make it."

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No Sick Headache, Bilious Stomach, Coated Tongue or Constipated Bowels by Morning.

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Don't put in another day of distress. Let Cascaret cleanse and regulate your stomach, remove the sour, indigested and fermenting food and that misery-making gas; take the excess bile from your liver and carry it out of the system; all the constipated waste matter and poison in the intestines; and bowels. Then you will feel great.

A Cascaret tonight will surely straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from any drug store means a clear head, sweet stomach and clean, healthy liver and bowels for months. Children love to take Cascarets because they taste good—never gripe or sicken—Advertisement

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