



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Bringing Up Father

Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



Mr. Man, This for You

How Are You Doing Your Duty By Your Daughters? In What Way Are You Attempting to Safe Guard Her Future?

By DOROTHY DIX.

Mr. Man, this article is written for you. Are you a father with daughters? Are you a brother with sisters?

If you are, how are you doing your duty by your daughter or your sister? How much real responsibility do you feel for her? What are you doing for her happiness? How are you protecting her? In what way are you attempting to safeguard her future?



Oh, of course, if you are well-to-do you give your daughter or sister her board and clothes, and I take it that if you are poor you are not the kind of a cur that takes her money away from her that she earns in store or office. But that kind of goodness is merely negative goodness. It isn't really taking care of the girl. It isn't enough. It's just the beginning of your duty to her, not the end of it.

Are you one of the grumpy fathers who growls like a sore headed bear whenever a young man comes to the house, and who looks so formidable that no youth with less courage than a wild animal father ever ventures back a second time?

Are you one of the selfish fathers who likes to go to bed at 8 o'clock, and who doesn't want to be disturbed by young people's singing and laughing, and who makes such a row every time daughter has company that she is afraid to invite her friends to her own home?

Are you a domestic tyrant whose children cower before you, whose daughter is so afraid of you that her one idea of happiness is getting as far away from you as possible?

What do you know about the young men who visit your daughter and with whom she goes to parties, and automobile and the theater? Are they the sort of men you would like her to marry? Are they clean and honorable, and is she safe with them? Or are they men whose

very presence is a contamination, and who are as dangerous for her to associate with as it would be for a lamb to venture into a den of wolves?

Does your daughter confide in you? If she were becoming attached to a man would she give you a hint of it or not? And if you would be the last person to hear of it, why?

What are you doing to help your daughter to make the right sort of a marriage? Brother, what do you do for your sister?

Do you take her out now and then to places of amusement, or are you always too tired to go with sister?

Do you try to make things pleasant for her, or do you selfishly go your own way and let her shift for herself?

Do you know the men she goes with? You belong to sister's generation; you can find out all about any young fellow who is attentive to her, and you can see that the wrong men are eliminated from her visiting list, and the right men encouraged to come to see her. Do you do that?

Do you have heart-to-heart talks with her and warn her against little imprudences that a girl may commit through sheer innocence? Do you put her wise to men's point of view about a girl's conduct and dress?

Do you ever take the trouble to introduce her to nice men, the sort of men that make good husbands and that you would like to see her marry?

You see, father and brother, you have a very real duty to your daughter and

sister, and there is no other duty in the world that is so often neglected. That's the principal reason that so many girls go wrong.

Men have an idea that girls don't need any amusement or fun, and that all you've got to do is just tell them to remain at home, and they'll stay put. But this isn't true. Girls are just as keen for pleasure as any man is, and if they can't get it in the right way they will take it in the wrong way.

The father who won't let his daughter have her beaux at home simply turns her out on the street to meet men. If he denies her freedom at home he drives her into license abroad. If he raises a row over every letter she sets at home, he puts a premium on clandestine correspondence.

Youth must have its fling, and girlish its laughter and dancing and romance, and it's simply a question of whether a girl has her innocent amusement in her own home, under the sympathetic yet watchful eyes of her parents, or whether she goes to places on the sly, with strangers with whom she picks acquaintance in questionable ways, and indulges in amusements that only too often lead to ruin.

Any father can protect his daughter from such dangers. Any brother can save his sister from such peril. The girl whose father is her best pal and whose brother is her comrade, and who is sure of some man of her family as a willing escort to any place she desires to go is never the girl that gets into trouble. She

has her knight ever at her command. Her watchdog is always on guard, and the human hyenas who prey on undefended maidens keep a respectful distance from her.

Fathers and brothers are directly responsible for nine-tenths of the disastrous marriages that girls make. A woman has no way of finding out about the moral character of a man, but there is no man who cannot ascertain whether another man leads a dissolute life or not. It is the bounden duty of every father and every brother to keep an eagle eye on the men who visit their daughters and sisters, and to shut their doors in the faces of drunks and libertines before the girls fall in love with these scapgraces.

Also, inasmuch as most marriages are the result of propinquity, fathers and brothers can do much towards promoting happy marriages of their daughters and sisters by inviting worthy young men to their homes, and making it pleasant for them to visit there. There is no chaperon equal to father or brother, and he can understand heaven in the match-making business.

And here's a final word to father and brother. Virtue is not the only reward in this case. Girls are foolishly grateful for any attention from fathers and brothers, and if you'll only do a little of your duty to your daughter or your sister you will get such devotion and appreciation as you have never dreamed of. And it's nice to be worshipped as a little tin god.

Is There a Drowned Continent, or Island, Submerged Beneath Treacherous Atlantic Ocean?

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

A man asks me by letter:

"Was there ever a continent, or island, of Atlantis, and did it really sink to the bottom of the Atlantic ocean, as I have read?"

To begin with, I wish to say to the writer of that letter: "Your question does you credit, for it shows that you are capable of thinking of something else than the everyday affairs of this narrowly busy world. You have imagination, and whoever has that can live very happily, even though he succeeds in getting but little money."

I do not know, and nobody knows, whether there ever was an Atlantis, but the great Greek philosopher, Plato, said there was and his story of what ancient traditions told about its wonders and its awful fate is one of the most interesting ever written.

Plato said Atlantis was a large continent, situated in the Atlantic west of the Strait of Gibraltar; that it was the scene of marvelous civilization such as the world, up to his time, had ever again witnessed; that it contained populous cities, with beautiful palaces, and broad

cultivated lands, teeming with the richest products of the soil; and that, suddenly, it was overwhelmed by a flood of waters and sank beneath the sea, leaving only the tips of a few mountains projecting above the waves.

Other writers of ancient times mentioned the legend of lost Atlantis.

Solon, the Athenian sage and law-giver, who lived nearly 600 years before Christ, is said to have heard about it during his travels in distant lands. But even in his time the memory of the sunken continent had almost vanished and the traditions concerning it were contradictory and uncertain. Yet, because they were so persistent and widespread, it is reasonable to conclude that there happened in remote antiquity some overwhelming cataclysm that powerfully affected the imagination of surviving mankind and made an ineffaceable impression upon succeeding ages.

Lord Bacon named one of his most important works "The New Atlantis," and through all literature the story of the vanished continent has left its traces. It is one of the greatest legends in human history.

When the new science of geology began to be cultivated it was thought, at first, that it furnished unquestionable corroboration of Plato's story, because it seemed to demonstrate that the seas and lands of this globe had often changed places in past times; and if that were so, evidently it was perfectly possible for a continent to have once occupied a large part of what is now the Atlantic ocean. In the latter half of the Nineteenth

century the science of oceanography was developed, and exploring ships were sent through all the great seas, armed with sounding apparatus capable of reaching depths of several miles. The soundings then made revealed the fact that the bottom of the Atlantic is very irregular, sinking at some places in vast depressions rising elsewhere in broad plateaus, and occupied at certain points by mountainous elevations, whose peaks occasionally attain the surface.

Then it was guessed that the Azores Islands might be remnants of drowned Atlantis, and an attempt was made to trace the outlines of former lands connecting the Old World with America, across the oceanic neck between Africa and South America.

Speculative thinkers began to theorize about the possible peopling of the American continent by the passage of races of men over this supposed land bridge, and thus an explanation was imagined of the curious resemblances between the civilization and the architectural remains of the eastern and western worlds.

But no generally accepted conclusions were reached, and more recently doubt has been thrown upon the whole subject by the growing belief that the earlier geologists exaggerated the extent to which seas and lands have changed places.

It is now generally held that the ocean basins have always been depressions filled with water, and that the great continents, as a whole, have never been under a deep sea. The "waters" which once covered immense areas in North America and other continents were shallow basins, and a relatively slight change of level sufficed to turn them into dry land. The deposits found on the floor of the Atlantic, in its deeper portions, far from the shores, are of a character which indicates that they have been accumulating uninterruptedly for countless ages.

At the same time, it is practically certain that some of the great archipelagos which lie between the shores of continents, like the East India Islands, were once connected with those continents.

And it is just possible that the changes of sea level that have occurred elsewhere were, in some cases, sufficient to submerge an area of continental extent. So, it may be said that the question of the former existence of a continent, or at least a great island, somewhere in the Atlantic ocean is still open.

But if future exploration should reveal its rocky skeleton lying at the bottom of the sea, there is hardly the remotest chance that any indications of the brilliant life which Plato said once covered it would be found.

The discovery of fossils in those rocks, however, would be irrefragable proof that they had once lain near, or above, the surface of the water.

The Humility of Love

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

A girl who lives in the mountains writes from the depths of her troubled heart.

"I am a young girl of 18, and am in love with a young man of 20, who lives in the city. He loves me in return and has asked me to marry him. I know that I am just a mountain girl who lives in a little town - if he takes me to the city, where his folks are well-to-do, I know they will be ashamed of me, and also of him. Can you tell me how I can learn the city life and look and dress like a city lady?"

Heaven forbid that I should do a thing so monstrous! If by any thought or suggestion I ever influenced any little girl from the country to learn city life and look and dress like a city lady, then may my punishment be swift and sure! It could not be worse than my deserts.

She loves this man with a singleness of purpose and with her whole heart. She doesn't love him for what such an alliance may bring her in social position or financial return. She will not give him a heart that is divided with any other man.

She is pure and sweet and wholesome, like the mountain air she has always breathed, and her love bears the mark of every true woman's love: Humility. She does not question if he is good enough for her, but if she is good enough for him, and would make herself over to match what she dreams might be his ideals.

After she has lived in the city a while she will want to make him over! I wonder if he appreciates the treasure he is winning!

If I hoped to make a "city lady" of her, I would introduce her to every deception beginning with the powder can and rouge pot, and ending chaos alone knows where.

I would accompany her to a dress-maker, and assist in tearing down every conception she has of decency and modesty. She must wear her skirts vulgarly tight, and immodestly short, and the neck cut indecently low.

She must take off those sensible shoes that serve for purposes of comfort and protection, and put on pumps and silk hose that will cause the eyes of all men to follow her, that being the beginning and end of all ambition of the "city lady."

I would give her a hat that is a torture to the head under it, and a torment to all who sit near, but that is indispensable because its grotesque attractions - I would, in brief, take the care in outfitting her that a sign painter observes in painting a cigarette sign: Anything to catch the eye of the men.

I wonder when she has been made into a "city lady," and every charm of nature has been tortured, suppressed, pinched, squeezed and painted into all that is hideous and unnatural, if "his" folks will be proud of her. If they are, then they are the slaves of relations one is better off for not knowing.

I wonder if the man who loves the mountain girl will love her just as much when she has become a victim of the prevailing city life epidemic. I doubt it, and because I doubt it I want this little mountain girl to bring to her city home so much of the strength and purity of her native hills that the hypocrisy of the unnatural city life will never find room.

The history of this great, old world will prove that ever since man left his mark upon it, the rugged, the strong and the upright have come from the mountains, and the weak and shifting and indecisive have come from the plains.

I do not want this little girl to become contaminated by the lives of the dwellers in the plains. I want her to be always honest and fearless and sincere. To be natural, to be herself, to be grateful that she was in the beginning, "Just a mountain girl."

For she has a heritage worth more than any superficial knowledge of what makes up a "city lady."

What Is Leisure? How to Use It is the Thing to Learn After We Have Learned True Lesson of Labor

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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Before we ask for leisure let us learn the sacredness of time—the holy trust conferred for a season to our care. Labor and leisure make life beautiful when well divided, and labor means deserved reward, and leisure sweet repose.

Or happy explorations in the fair ascending paths of pleasure when we grow in health, in wisdom and in happiness. Through freedom, then, and the alone.

We prove our right to claim for more. But when the ginshop and the gambling den, the dive, the public dance hall, and the Send sodden creatures slowly back to toll after the ending of a holiday. It makes a louder protest than the voice of Greet, and against the shortened hour.

And lengthened wage of labor. Look to it! The leisure lifts you ere you ask for more.

The above lines written by me have called forth several criticisms and protests, some kindly intent, some meant unkindly, from working people and their defenders.

All these protests have been made from a mistaken point of view. No one living believes more fully in the shortening of hours of labor than the writer of the lines quoted.

I work frequently fifteen hours a day. But I work for myself, and and because I like my work. I have no employer, and that makes an entirely different thing of labor.

Eight hours a day are quite enough for continuous work of any kind. Most employers, heads of business houses and capitalists, who have the money-making fever, work more than that. But they also work for themselves. No one can find fault or discharge them or dock their wage if they happen to be late or take a holiday.

To be compelled to go to work at a certain hour and to remain until the prescribed time, as has already been stated, is quite another story.

I hope to live to see the time when by

inventions and by new conditions the whole drudgery of the world's work will be done on five hours' time and the human race allowed the remainder to grow, mentally and spiritually.

As I came of a long-lived race on two sides, I may realize my dream, but the world will realize it some time, surely.

When I think of the cotton mills, with their deafening roar and flying dust, where I have seen women working ten and twelve hours a day and begging positions for the children (and opposing any movement to prevent the employment of children as I personally knew them to be); when I think of the feather factories and sawmills, and the thousands of other manufacturing where no light of day ever penetrates and men, women and children are sacrificing eyesight and health on the altar of greed, I long to open all the doors and send the tollers forth to green fields and the woods for half of every working day; and I know the world would be better off and the progress of every race accelerated were it made possible for every toller in the land to enjoy three hours of rest every day in the open air.

It is because I want the tollers themselves to help make the world realize their need that the quoted lines were written.

The employer's objection to the shorter hour of labor is understood as the voice of Greed.

But when the ginshop and the gambling den, the dive, the public dance hall and the street

Send sodden creatures back to toll after the ending of a holiday. It makes a louder protest than the voice of Greet.

I have seen a woman weep and have heard her regret the announcement of an unexpected holiday for husband. He was a workman, a laborer.

She knew the holiday meant the waiting of his wages and the greater injury to his health than two days' work.

I meant the ginshop and the gambling den. When an employer sees and knows of many similar results from holidays he is strengthened in his arguments against the shortening hours of labor. He does not stop to think of the thousands of women and the hundreds of sober and mortal men all about him who need the added leisure to make home life worth the name.

He does not consider the pitiable cases of poor fathers who love their children, yet who never see them save when they are asleep.

Nor the numbers of wives and mothers rising at the dawn to prepare a breakfast for husbands and sons who return at nightfall unable to do more than to fall into exhausted sleep.

For every argument against the movement of shortened hours of labor there is a dozen good ones in its favor, but it is a misfortune when the laboring man himself, by his bad habits during hours of leisure, makes a louder protest than the complex of the movement are making.

Look to it that leisure lifts you ere you ask for more.

The Headwaitress

By HANK.

"Marie wants to bet me \$5 that you're married," said the Headwaitress to the Steady Customer.

"Why?" he asked.

"Well, she says her brother is a philology student."

"A what?" queried the Steady Customer.

"Why, he's a face expert," explained the Headwaitress, "a sort of parlor rick cop like this fellow Shylock Holmes. He can look at anybody's phis and tell you all about them. That's why they call it philology."

Headwaitress. "I figured you were single because the bottom button of your overcoat hasn't been with you for two weeks."

"I'm willing to bet on my buttonhole against all her philology. I don't believe in that kind of stuff, anyway. Now you take that tall, dark, mysterious looking guy that comes in here with you sometimes. I figured him to be a man with a awful past, a sort of gee-but-I-could-tell-some-terrible-things-if-I-wanted-to, bloke. When I first saw him I was willing to bet he'd call for black coffee and sinkers in a hoarse voice."

"And what did he do?" asked the Steady Customer.

"He asked me for a bowl of milk and crackers in the softest voice I ever heard," answered the Headwaitress, "and ended up with apologizing because he asked for a second glass of water. Gee, all the blokes that come in here are

as polite as your friend. I'd hand em water enough to flood Dayton all over again if they asked for it."

"Nevertheless, there is something in studying faces," said the Steady Customer. "When I chose to sit at your table, Louise, I figured from your face that you were an attentive, fun-loving girl, whose natural charms would go a great way to aid digestion."

"You don't need no digestion-aid," said the Headwaitress, "what you need is a license, a collar and a chain, for I never seen anybody get away with sautages and mashed potatoes like you do."

"Marie," said the Steady Customer to the cashier as he was paying his check, "what is there about my face that made you bet Louise I was married."

"A serious expression," answered Marie. "You are a very observing girl," said the Steady Customer.

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