

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Teach Girls a Trade

By DOROTHY DIX.

The school year is just starting and hundreds of thousands of girls are resuming the pursuit of what they are pleased to call their education.

For the most part, this is mere flub-dub, a smattering of this and a smattering of that, a glimpse of mathematics, a glance at literature, a stab at music, and not enough of any one to be of the slightest assistance if the girl ever needs to call upon it for help.

For the average girl's education may best be described in the words of the popular ditty which declared, "I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way." Nobody knows which way a girl is going, or in what direction she is headed, and so she is given a sort of hit or miss education that her optimistic parents fondly believe will fit her for anything, and that in reality fits her for nothing.

There is no other individual in the world who gets such a cruel deal in life as the daughter of the well-to-do American family. Her parents simply gamble with her fate.

They have no fortune to settle upon her; no dowry to give her when she marries that would secure her financial independence if her marriage proved disastrous; not a dollar to give her if she does not marry; not a penny to stand between her and want if the father dies, or becomes disabled, but they do not make her self-supporting.

Thousands of dollars are thrown away on the girl's education, but she is not taught one single thing thoroughly enough to make of it a marketable commodity. Nobody thinks it worth while to teach her a trade by which she can support herself if it becomes necessary.

Her parents have banked everything on the one chance of her getting married and acquiring a husband who would be able to keep her in pink cotton the balance of her life. Now catching a husband is by no means an easy thing as it sounds, and it grows more and more difficult year by year.

Besides, husbands lose their money, or their jobs, only too often. Sometimes they turn out to be drunkards or dastards with whom no woman can live. Fre-

quently they die, leaving their wives nothing but a house full of children.

Then the woman who has been given nothing but an emerald soufflé education has a right to rise up and curse her parents whose folly is responsible for her utter despair and desolation. If she had been trained to any trade or profession she could turn her hand to it again, and her loss would be merely a misfortune instead of the overwhelming disaster that it is.

Of course, when you talk to mothers and fathers about having their daughters taught some occupation by which they can make a living, they always reply that about the time you get a girl fitted for a career, and have spent a small fortune in preparing her for it, she ups and marries. This may be true in many cases, but the special training is not thrown away, as the parents seem to think. All education is broadening, and makes for human happiness and usefulness, because it opens new doors to the individual.

Moreover, whether the woman who has fitted herself to be a lawyer or a doctor practices her profession or not, she has not only a source of constant joy in the wider knowledge she possesses, but she has the solid satisfaction of knowing that she has an anchor to the windward. She could support herself if her husband died or deserted her.

She would not have to continue living with him under conditions that make marriage a purgatory, as so many women do because her husband is her meal ticket and she would starve without him.

There are many professions and trades to which a girl may be trained by which she could make a living if need be, and which will add to her efficiency as a wife and mother if she doesn't need to support herself. The woman who is a fine musician or a competent artist can find daily scope for her trained talents in her home. So can the teacher and the kinderteacher.

The girl who is a graduate of a business college can run her household accounts with more system than the woman who can't add up the grocery book. The girl who can make her own hats and gowns as well as do a job in a millinery or dressmaking establishment can dress ten times as well as the bungling amateur sewer, and the bride who is a domestic science expert will cause her husband to call down blessings on her head.

Changing Styles in Men

World Moves Fast, but Gentleman is Always the Gentleman

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

The man of today is accused of being a coldly business-like person whose heart resides in his pocketbook and whose sympathies are always with the winning side. That is almost as true as the sweeping assertions which deny to the woman of today heart and feeling.

Efficiency is a modern fetish, and some-

times admiration for efficiency carries this beyond the bounds of normal human action into almost machine-like precision.

Money does seem to be the god of the modern world, but, after all, it is mere seeming. And underneath his hurry and bustle and high tension and irascibility the man of today is a kindly, fatherly sort of person if only you know him.

Of course, if you approach any human being with a flustered feeling that he is a money-making machine and must be placated with all gentleness he is likely to roar very much like the beast of prey you take him to be.

But styles in men fit styles in times. Today a gallant courtier with powdered wig and satin breeches would be decidedly an anachronism. Strong mentality and power probably flourished in the days when men wore patches on their faces, shook out ruffles and walked with mincing steps. Those externals would be absurd now, and so, too, would be the methods and manners that fitted in with them.

The world today is in a state of rapid change. It is advancing from movement to movement, and the man who does not want to be hopelessly left behind in weak, old-foginess must move with it.

Efficiency, strong determination and clear-sighted vision of the goal ahead are needed to make the man of today successful. He cannot stop to consider times. He cannot always be as gentle and kind as his heart may dictate. But sturdy honesty and decent consideration of others will never go out of style. High ideals are as important as they ever were.

There may be model "robber" barons and "captains of high finance" whose success is based on the fact that they "get away with it." But there were feudal lords of exactly the same sort in the olden times. And so today the "perfect knight without fear and without reproach" lives even as he did in the days of chivalry.

Affection and love and longing for a home and all that it means have not gone out of style because a few lonely old bachelors and unhappy married men live in clubs. The modes of living have changed, but the individuals who live a life are just the same.

The man of today is not a brute or coldly calculating in his attitude toward woman. He is just a rather selfish, self-absorbed creature who is racing to keep abreast of the times, and who gives his best when it is asked of him, and not when his worst is demanded.

"Time Waits--!"

By Nell Brinkley
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"And he up with his hands before his face," before his shocked, delighted gran-father face, and—who said time never stopped!—the clock waits for a heartbeat—a whirling eternity—while the daughter of the girl who once kissed the girl's father, below his tall, gilt mahogany form, kisses her lover's face and is kissed in return! The shiny old golden face grows into kindly shape, and some-

where in its intricate, whirring brass insides its old heart skips a beat.

If ever you are suddenly, somewhere, in your snug room of a winter's night, or drinking your glass of red wine at a friend's table, or playing bridge with your friend's friends, caught with a strange sense that mother earth halted for just a breath, jarring the steady old feet under your body, that time's heart

stood still and he held his breath—why, somewhere—only this—two lovers have kissed beneath an old, old clock!—NELL BRINKLEY.

Narrow Religious Prejudices

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

(Copyright, 1915, Star Company.)

It seems curious in these days of broad thinking and liberal religions to find a friendship imperiled through a difference of religious belief.

A young woman writes as follows: "Why cannot we all believe the same doctrines? I have a friend who threatens to cease being my friend; she is a sincere and faithful Roman Catholic and so are my parents, but I am not a follower of that creed. My life has been full of minor trials, but I welcome them all and try to make the best of my situation. My God comes first of all in my thoughts. In Him I trust, but this fact does not satisfy my friend. She really believes I am doing wrong; it is impossible for her to change her views and impossible for me to change mine. My mother is an angel, and I have never told her that I do not follow her creed because it would pain her too much; but my friend knows it and worries a great deal about me and threatens to stop all associations with me if I do not come into her line of thought. What can I do about it?"

Meantime here is another case of a Protestant young woman who possesses all desirable qualities, but she refuses to marry a man because he is a Catholic. The young lady has chanced upon an exception to the rule of liberality which marks the Roman Catholic. She should

not let the situation distress her. Neither will the woman who is capable of a genuine love which would make her a worth while wife and mother, allow a matter of creed to separate her from a good man who is fond of her.

Different creeds are different roads to the same goal. Several of us may start out in the morning bound for one destination; one may take the short cut; one may take the long cut; one may go over the hill; one may go around the hill; one may go by water; one may go by motor car; one by train; yet all will meet at the same place in the end.

I must do as you do? Your way, I own, is a very good way. And still, there are sometimes two straight roads to a town—

One over, one under, the hill.

You are treading the safe and the well-worn way.

The prudent choose each time; And you think me reckless and rash to-day.

Because I prefer to climb, Your path is the right one, and so is mine.

We are not like peas in a pod, Compelled to lie in a certain line, Or else be scattered abroad.

'Twere a dull old world, methinks, my friend, If we all went just one way; Yet our paths will meet, no doubt, at the end.

Though they lead apart today, You like the shade, and I like the sun; You like an even pace; I like to mix with the crowd and run, And then rest after the race.

I like danger and storm and strife; You like a peaceful time; I like the passion and surge of life; You like its gentle rhyme.

You like buttercups, dewy sweet, And crocuses, framed in snow; I like roses born of the heat, And the red carnation's glow.

I must live my life, not yours, my friend, For so it was written down; We must follow our given paths to the end, But I trust we shall meet—in town.

May Irwin Tells Women How to Make Investment Money

By MAY IRWIN.

Women say to me: "Will you please tell me how I will ever get any money to invest in anything?"

Certainly. That's the chance I've been waiting for. I wanted to tell you just that. Are you a self-supporting woman or what is known as a "home woman?" Which ever you are there is a particular way in which you can save.

The best way I know is to cut your luxuries right in two, just as you have an apple. Cut that sum in two that you have laid out for an extra gown or for the new rug in the front room.

Don't do without them. I wouldn't go so far as to advise that. I do not preach against enjoyment of life's pleasures, nor against the adoption of its graces. Pleasures in moderate amount quicken the brain and lengthen life by adding a healthy savor to it. The little graces of life, as the new evening gown, and the rug of your favorite shade, add greatly to the beauty of life. I would not by any words of mine tinge your life with the taint of miserliness. To utterly deprive yourself of the things you want is to narrow your vision and make you mean of soul. But cut 'em in half and save the other half.

Suppose that you have planned an extra evening gown. Suppose that you have allotted \$50 for that dress. Make it \$25. Gaap, if you want to, but don't frown. I've seen many charming evening gowns that cost no more than \$5. I've worn 'em. It can be done. Just put the extra \$25 worth of thought and taste into it. The result will please you. And the comfortable consciousness of having placed the \$25, saved by careful management, into the bank, is a state of mind to be envied.

Same with the rug. Shop longer. Look further. You'll find one that will suit for half the price. Put that saved half in the bank.

Are you an allowance woman? Very well. Put something aside from your allowance every month. Suppose your husband gives you \$200 a month for the household expenses. Get along on \$150 and regularly save \$50 of it.

No need to hide the rest from your husband. If he is a well balanced human being he will think more of you for it.

And when there's need of the money you have saved in a family investment he won't be a bit shy in reminding you of it. By having your luxuries and saving a quarter of your allowance you will soon have a decent sum for investment.

Then hold on hard to yourself. Don't run after every scheme proposed to you. Don't even follow Russell Sage's advice. "Keep your money in the savings bank until you can follow a friend into some investment." Mr. Sage didn't say all that he undoubtedly meant. He certainly meant that you must be careful what friend you follow into an investment. Friends may have kind hearts, but their brains may be scrambled by the spoon of business.

Be sure that the friend's judgment is sound in business matters. Don't accept his assurances that it is. Nor the assurances of those who admire him and who may not know any more than he did. Study the friend's business record. If he has made none or but few mistakes, it may be safe to follow into the investment. Or it may not. My last words on how a woman may make and save money are "Be careful." Careful of your money that you may have some to invest, and careful, with exceeding carefulness, of your investments.

Advice to Lovelorn: By Beatrice Fairfax

Appeal to Their Manhood.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a stenographer and the only girl among five men. Because I allow no familiarity they make it very hard for me. I have stood this for nearly two years, and now it is getting unbearable. I hold a good paying position and would not like to leave it, as I am a poor girl and every cent I bring home is a help. My parents know nothing about this. If they did they would insist on my leaving, which would mean more suffering and hard work for them. DISGUSTED.

Suppose you ask these men if they won't be a little kinder to a fellow worker. Tell them you are sure they cannot guess how hard they are making your position, which you need. Try to come to a mutual understanding. It is just possible you have offended, too. Appeal to the sense of fair play and decency inherent in men who are real men.

Read the Flowers Now.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Is it proper for a club to send one of its female members a bouquet of flowers during her illness, and why? The young men of the club say that it will show the young lady that we sympathize with her, while the young ladies say that it will only serve to make her feel down-hearted, and that the bouquet should be sent after the

young lady recovers from her illness. Would you kindly give your opinion on this matter, as we are anxious to do the right thing at the right time.

It is proper and kind as well to send flowers to an invalid. They will mean far more to her when she is ill than at any other time. Instead of making her feel down-hearted, it will cheer her to think that her friends remember and sympathize when she is suffering.

Caution Her.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Some time ago I took my fiancée to an outing. While dancing with another girl she left the table at which some of my friends and I were sitting.

An hour or so later, in walking through the hall, I saw her drinking wine with another man whom I know slightly.

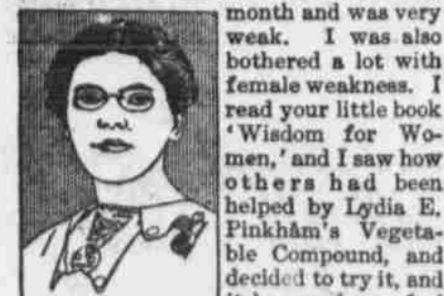
Now kindly advise me what course to take in this matter.

What your fiancée did was in very bad taste, but only for one reason—a young woman should not drink wine in a public place. Tell her of this and then forget the whole matter. It is not worth quarreling about, particularly as she may have done it largely out of pique because you left her in order to dance with another girl.

IN STERLING LIVES A GIRL

Who Suffered As Many Girls Do—Tells How She Found Relief.

Sterling, Conn.—"I am a girl of 22 years and I used to faint away every month and was very weak."



I was also bothered a lot with female weakness. I read your little book 'Wisdom for Women,' and I saw how others had been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and decided to try it, and it has made me feel

like a new girl and I am now relieved of all these troubles. I hope all young girls will get relief as I have. I never felt better in my life."—Mrs. JOHN TETREULT, Box 116, Sterling, Conn.

Massena, N. Y.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I highly recommend it. If anyone wants to write to me I will gladly tell her about my case. I was certainly in a bad condition as my blood was all turning to water. I had pimples on my face and a bad color, and for five years I had been troubled with suppression. The doctors called it 'Anemia and Exhaustion,' and said I was all run down, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound brought me out all right."—Miss AVIRA MYERS, Box 74, Massena, N. Y.

Young Girls, Heed This Advice.

Girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, headache, dizziness, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should immediately seek restoration to health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

THE OMAHA BEE—THE HOME PAPER



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are economical, because unusual precautions preserve their original strength from the time they are picked till they are ready for use. They are delightfully piquant and are guaranteed pure. Your grocer sells them at ten cents a package.

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