

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

A Shameful Prejudice

Against a Noble People Just "Because They Are Jews."

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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BROOKLYN, N. Y.—"Every Saturday night at our corner mission workers stand and preach the gospel and are forever running down the wicked Jews and inciting race hatred. Cannot Christians be taught without implanting hatred for those not of the same creed? Your churches look so dignified and good, but when Jewish people pass a church it is like a dagger in their hearts with the thought that here is where the seed of anti-Semitism is planted. Here is where the Gentiles get fresh courage every Sunday to hate us."



"A Christian family near us had lost two children, and the third and only one they had left lay very sick and the mother had given her up for dead. I went over to see her and tried to comfort the poor woman, but I was afraid the little child was beyond aid. Still you know the saying, 'Where there's life there's hope,' so I went to an elderly retired doctor I know and pleaded with him to go and look at the little girl and see what he could do for her."
"I persuaded him to go over, and he prescribed an old-fashioned remedy that saved that child's life. While she was convalescing, I sent her over some little toys, and I was indeed glad when I saw the child on the street."
"Now the outcome of this is that the child's father never as much as notices me on the street, and her aunt, who lived in the same house with them until recently, also never speaks to me. Just because I am a Jewess, I would not burden you with my troubles, but it is hurting me so that I can hardly bear it."
"My children are forever coming home crying and complaining that the Christian children are always after them and calling them Jews, Sheeny, etc., which makes my heart bleed, as I always teach my children to do unto others as they want to be done by."
"I ask you on behalf of humanity and in the name of our Heavenly Father to enlighten Christianity, as to our virtues, as well as our faults. Ask them to treat us as human beings, not hate us just because we are Jews."

"I am sure they misunderstand Christ's teachings when, instead of spreading peace on earth, good will towards men, they incite their people to hate us before they know us or see if we have human hearts and thoughts just like themselves."
"A JEWESS."

This pathetic letter is a human document in itself. It scarcely needs a word added by another to impress upon the mind of every right-thinking human being the shame and disgrace which our Christian churches and our Christian schools, whether Protestant or Catholic, are bringing upon the name of Christ by permitting and encouraging the spirit of race prejudice to not only exist but to fatten and flourish in their midst. God selected a Jewess to be the mother of Christ.

Nowhere can we find any authority in the New Testament for the centuries of persecution which the orthodox churches have shown toward a great and gifted race. This spirit of persecution, found in every village, in every hamlet, as well as in our larger cities of America, cannot be based upon the fact that the Jews believed Christ to be a great man, but not the Savior of the world.
In some of our Christian pulpits today stand ordained clergymen who hold this same belief. A large percentage of church members believe Christ to have been the highest expression of divinity

MRS. THOMSON TELLS WOMEN

How She Was Helped During Change of Life by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I am just 52 years of age and during Change of Life I suffered for six years terribly. I tried several doctors but none seemed to give me any relief. Every month the pains were intense in both sides, and made me so weak that I had to go to bed. At last a friend recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to me and I tried it at once and found much relief. After that I had no pains at all and could do my housework and shopping the same as always. For years I have praised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for what it has done for me, and shall always recommend it as a woman's friend. You are at liberty to use my letter in any way."—Mrs. THOMSON, 649 W. Russell St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Change of Life is one of the most critical periods of a woman's existence. Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to carry women so successfully through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

"Out of the Picture"

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By Nell Brinkley



Heigho—for the winter girl—Dan's heart has changed again! Wearing of the sea creature and her varied colors that have striven to hold him. Wearing of her wet hair and brown skin that he adored so just a little while ago.

—lover fashion, tiring of the very things that thrilled him so. And so out of the picture she goes topling, she and her green sea and milky spray, at the hands of the master changeling!

bees around the muffled, moccasined, snow-shoe girl of the white winter time. The bathing girl goes out. Until I see your sprayed face and your sleek black stocking again, "Mamselle," adieu.—Nell Brinkley.

Joy of Being Yourself

The Reward Is Not Only a Satisfaction to Yourself, but to Others

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"The greatest joy I ever know," said a very fine girl to me, "was that I felt on the day I saw my first poem in print. I looked at it and knew it was good, and I had a glorious feeling that I myself, through the use of my powers, had written this verse and that it might have a message for the rest of the world and must have for myself the reward that I could go ahead and make something of my life. Besides, it represented \$10 earned."

And my friend laughed so merrily that I knew she was neither an impractical visionary nor yet a self-sufficient creature so satisfied with her own work that she would ignore the world about her.

"I suppose I'll be happier some day if ever I hold my own child in my arms, but if that blessing is denied me, at least I shall make something of my life," concluded the girl, quietly and reverently.

It seems to me that her little oration holds a wonderful philosophy for all women in it. It speaks the joy of being an active part of life about you, of working and of doing your best, of giving what you feel you have in you to give, and of trying ever to give more, of finding joy in achievement. To look on your work and know it is good is probably the most blessed thing in life.

Expressing yourself is a wonderful privilege that makes part of the freedom and real liberty of life today. But expressing yourself must never be a thing that interferes with the self-expression of others, nor yet an insistent thing of unchecked emotionalism that might influence others to express themselves wrongly.

The joy of being yourself is yours to take if you can do it cleanly, sanely and finely and with a certain conformity to the large splendor of life. It means working for humanity or giving a message to humanity; it means service and striving to aid growth. It means achievement—but never achievement which asks from others a heavy toll.

The joy of being yourself has a tremendous force for uplift in it. Checking your desire for work, inhibiting your ability to express yourself (be it through the most ordinary manual labor or the most wonderful artistic effort) is an unhealthy and morbid thing that has to eat into your soul.

If you can express yourself by bringing up your children beautifully, by making your home artistic, by helping humans in distress—in any of these splendid ways—you can be a fine force for humanity and its growth.

If you have to express yourself by baking apple pies or trimming hair, don't resent the form your expression had taken, but work it out with all the power for beauty that lies within you. If modeling in clay, singing a song or painting a picture is your form of expression, then let your artistic nature work itself out in full measure of love-fulness.

Never, never, as you value your individuality or happiness, try to make yourself colorless or negative. If you are born to society and prefer taking settlement classes to attending afternoon teas, let society laugh at you, but don't let it deny you the joy of expressing yourself. If you are a millionaire's son and want to work out chemical problems, don't let the conventions of your world keep you from donning overalls.

And if you are a little shop girl who prefers reading Browning and Maeterlinck to going out, just let your compiler call you a goody-goody. That can never hurt you as it would do for you to deny your better nature its chance of expression.

Whatever your vocation, wherever your place in the scheme of things, you may feel called to something finer and bigger. Don't stifle these splendid yearnings. Work them out. In being your true self lies your chance for place in life.

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Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"Jovial Intoxication."

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am anxious to get your opinion on a love affair which has come to a most disastrous end. Do you think that I was in a state of jovial intoxication, broke off our unannounced engagement. Should I continue to try to win back her affections or, if not, what do you advise me to do, as I love the girl and I know she loves me in the bottom of her heart.

You seem to regard your misdeed as very lightly. Unless you recognize the fact that a man who permits himself to be under the influence of liquor, and to be seen in this condition at a public place, is a very poor, weak creature, you are not worthy of a good woman's love. If you want to win her you must be worthy of her and cure yourself of the drink habit.

Remain Where You Are. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a married woman 22, working in my husband's place as a designer and forerady. I have a good opportunity of getting a better position with another concern. Do you think that it is right for me to accept it? I am losing interest in my husband's business on account of my brother-in-law, who is a partner in the business.

No matter what your attitude toward your brother-in-law, your loyalty is due your husband. Stay with his firm and work for the greater success of his business. The very first step should be trying to overcome whatever animosity exists between your brother-in-law and yourself. Evidently you have real ability, since a rival firm has recognized it. You can turn that to most account by working hand in hand with your husband.

Two Girls

By ADA PATTERSON.

Two girls, two minds, two habits of thought, two fates. One of them lives in a suburb of New York. She has that large vision and desire to help others as well as herself that is called public spirit. There was a want, and what does not need to be followed, a need of a public bath house in the suburb.



It might have been said with a certain amount of truth that it was none of this girl's business whether the suburb had a public bath house or not. Why didn't she go on with her household matters, her dancing, her calling, her shopping, her going in summer and skating in winter, and the score of things that fill the lives of young girls? Why didn't she attend to her own affairs and leave the establishment of a public bath house to older and presumably wiser heads? Doubtless she would have preferred so leaving it, but for some reason the older and wiser heads didn't bother about it. At least not enough to take any action toward a fulfillment of the community wish.

In Boston a girl is living in a different atmosphere and for a different reason. The girl, whose home is in a small city in Maine, had known for two years a man who poured honeyed words into her ears. She knew he was married, but he told her in the honey-flavored accents that he had secured a divorce. He urged her to take train from her home with him, that when they reached Brooklyn they would be married. "Do you think women will all act as that girl does? If I thought so, I would vote for votes for women."

Why didn't she marry at her home before taking train for Brooklyn is something to which she didn't give any thought. You see she hadn't the habit of thinking, only of feeling. Did they marry when they reached Brooklyn? Do journeymen as laasy and secret as that generally end in marriage? On their arrival he told her the ceremony would not take place that day, not until he had found work.

One day he disappeared. That he had planned the disappearance was shown beyond a doubt by the fact that he had taken all the money and jewels she had, a few dollars and lesser trinkets, with him.

Within a week he was found dead, a suicide, and the girl was discovered starving at her prison-like home in Brooklyn. Now in the home of a sheltering relative in Boston she does a great deal of thinking, as so many do their thinking—afterwards.

Yes, she was unfortunate. Yes, she was duped by an unprincipled man. That appears upon the face of it and requires no comment. What is less obvious, but quite as true, is that the first girl I have told you about is honored because she thought, and the other dishonored because she didn't think.

It's a good habit to form, girls, that of thinking things over beforehand. After thoughts are apt to be futile. Be sure to think, but think at the right time and in the right direction.

That man who tells you of the failure of his first mating and asks you to go to a distant city to marry him is not the right direction for your thoughts.

Necessity of Established Convictions

By CHARLES H. PARKHURST.

is essential that he keep his backbone and the vertebrae attached to it on exhibition; but he must have himself. Nor is it requisite that he make himself a nuisance by quarrelling with creeds that differ from his own.

Nebulous-minded people make the claim that an unsettled state of conviction is a symptom of intellectual breadth. On the contrary, it denotes a condition of vacuity, which has no dimensions, neither breadth, length nor thickness, and as such prevents one from being a producer. Under such circumstances one has no motive for producing. If he does not believe in his country there will be no reason why he should fight for his country. If God is to him only a word there is nothing impelling him to promote the knowledge of God throughout the world.

Missionaries are never made out of agnostics. If the virtuous, so called, are to him only a fanciful way of designating certain problematic qualities of character that have no actual existence corresponding to such designation, he will have no interest in encouraging virtue and no moral motive for being virtuous himself. Even a false philosophy and a

mistaken religion, if thoroughly believed in, is better than none, for it affords ground of support and gives tension to action; just as a wooden leg is better than no leg, for although it is fictitious it helps one to get about.

Were we to apply the principle we are urging to matters of religion, we should have to acknowledge that the Roman Catholic church shows much sounder sense than do very many of our Protestants. The former not only stands sponsor for certain forms of doctrine, but insists upon their inculcation. It gives its children something definite to believe, and the belief accomplished in them by faithful tuition fits the child to grow up with a Catholic consciousness.

With a large number of Protestant parents, on the contrary, no serious effort is made to establish in the mind of the child definite religious convictions, the consequence of what is that it grows up without any, becomes a religious invertebrate, just as it would become a mathematical invertebrate if it was not taught arithmetic, and because invertebrate absolutely without religious force in the world.

That is merely an illustration of the

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that various disease germs have their breeding-place in the waste products of the body. Don't, then, let your bowels clog in the drug store. It acts with assistance, tastes nice, causes no inconvenience. Be sure you get the genuine.—Advertisement.

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