

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Voice of Extravagance

Extravagance Among Women is the Moral Equivalent of Drunkenness Among Men, and It is Hard to Say Which Does the Most Harm in the World, or Wrecks the More Homes

By DOROTHY DIX.

A man who is married to a woman who is a waster and spender wants to know some reliable recipe for reforming her.

As well might the wife of a drunkard ask for some sure rule for curing her husband of the drink habit.



Extravagance among women is the moral equivalent of drunkenness among men, and it is hard to say which does the most harm in the world, or which ruins the more lives, or wrecks the more homes.

We hear more about the curse of drunkenness because it is more obvious. We can see for ourselves the drunken man staggering home, and pity the poor wife, who is perhaps hazed and hungry because the money that should have gone for clothes and food has been wasted on liquor and barroom loafers.

But no drunkard's wife is any more entitled to our compassion than is the husband of the woman who sees his hard earned money frittered away on senseless extravagance, who toils day after day, and year after year to pay milliners and dressmakers, who is hounded continually by the bill collector, and who sees other men getting ahead of him in the race for success, and knows that he is foredoomed to be a failure because he can never make any headway against his wife's spending.

The sad-faced drunkard's wife, with her weary eyes that tell of watching through long nights for the drag of a drunken footstep is no more pathetic and no commoner sight than the tired, hump shouldered man with his anxious eyes that tell of long night vigils he has kept, wondering how he was to meet his wife's bills on the first of the month.

The extravagant wife and the drunken husband have also this in common, that their vices spring from a common root, and that is, absolute and utter selfishness, and disregard for everybody else's happiness and comfort. They are willing to sacrifice their nearest and dearest to gratify the impulse of a moment.

How to deal with these two vices is still an unsolved problem, mostly because through love and pride we lack the courage to deal drastically with the situation as it deserves.

If every woman had the courage to tell her husband, the first time he came home intoxicated, that she would not allow herself to be dragged down into the gutter with him, and that he must choose between her and drink, it would start a prohibition movement that would really prohibit. If every man had the nerve to tell his wife that he would not permit her to ruin him by her extravagance, and that he would publicly refuse to be responsible for her debts, if she made them outside of her allowance, there would be mighty few women running up insane bills for things they cannot afford.

But most men and women lack the courage to take the only step that would save them and the weaklings to whom they are married. They hide the cancer that is eating the very heart out of their domestic happiness until it is too late to cure it. More is the pity.

So far as the extravagance of women is concerned, men are much to blame for it. The first one at fault is the father who never takes the trouble to talk to his daughter about money or teaches her how to handle it. Indeed, the average girl up to the time she is married, has never had more than the price of a matinee ticket. Her mother has bought her what she has needed and she has never had the actual spending of money. Still less does she know how to make it go to earn money, and that every dollar is dyed with the very lifeblood of the hand that has made it.

Then when the girl marries it is only in exceptional cases that her husband ever gives her an allowance, and makes her responsible for her expenditure. In his own business he is careful about the pennies, and he fakes pains to drill his clerks and bookkeepers along the newest ideas of efficiency, but he doesn't take the trouble to try to teach his life partner how to make the most of what she spends, or impress upon her that the very corner stone of a home must be thrift, or else it is built on shifting sands.

That women can be taught economy, that women are more inclined to be miserly than to be spendthrifts when once they learn the value of money, is abundantly proven by the fact that in any business house where there are both men and women employees you will find more women with savings bank accounts than you will men, although women get the smaller salaries.

This would be true of the home if women were given a fair chance. There are not many women whose extravagance could not be nipped in the bud if their husbands would begin their married lives right by dealing fairly, and generously but firmly, with them on the money question, and making them feel that they are responsible for the prosperity of the firm of Benedict and Wife.

Where a woman refuses to listen to reason, where she shows neither affection for her husband nor a sense of honor to him, a man should have enough backbone to assert himself. He should refuse to let her run him with her extravagance, and he should take legal means to cut off her credit. True, this would be a mortification to a proud man, but it would be less humiliating than to be a bankrupt and a failure in life.

Tien-Teh, the Chinese Dowie

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

Sixty three years ago, March 3, 1851, a Chinese peasant by the name of Tien-Teh (Celestial Virtue), of obscure origin and with but a smattering of learning, announced himself as the restorer of the worship of the true God, the monarch of all beneath the sky, the true Lord of China and of the world, the brother of Jesus and the second son of God, and demanded universal submission.



Instead of putting the fellow into a madhouse, or prosecuting him for swindling, the authorities permitted him to remain at large, the ignorant crowd looking and listened, and in a very short time China had on her hands the biggest revolution she ever had to deal with—the famous Taiping rebellion.

The Taipings (Princes of Peace), greatly belied their name, since they were a lot of the greatest robbers, cut-throats and murderers that ever lived. The ruffians turned China into a hell, and kept it such for thirteen years. Plundering, burning, mutilating, killing, the fanatical hordes moved on like a tempest. Town after town, city after city fell before them. Laws were overthrown, all order vanished, everywhere little was to be seen save anarchy and ruin. The imperial government was at its wits end. Like "China's Sorrow" at flood-tide, the great wave of fanaticism rolled over the land, leaving behind it devastation and death.

As suddenly as he appeared, Tien-Teh dropped out of sight, and at the crest of the great bloody wave appeared Tien-Kwang, who declared himself emperor and the only possible savior of his country. Fresh multitudes flocked to his standard, and he went on overthrowing all who attempted to oppose him.

And so the bloody business went on, until the government, in its blank despair, called on Charles George Gordon, major of the British Royal Engineers, to take charge of the situation. Gordon took the Chinese force that was given him, officered it with Europeans and Americans, and pitched in. In an instant all was changed. A man had at last appeared—a man whose military genius was as brilliant as his character was fair; and in two years the Taipings were put out of business forever. Declining the wealth and honors that the grateful government sought to bestow upon him, Gordon left China, "as poor as when he entered it," to die, at last, so sadly, yet so gloriously, in far away Khartoum.

After all, perhaps, it is well that China had her big rebellion, since against the background of that monstrous affair must ever shine the splendid fame of "Chinese Gordon."

"Oh, to Be Twenty!" :: Copyright, 1914, Intern'l News Service. :: BY NELL BRINKLEY



"Oh to be twenty!" sighs twelve. "And have a real honest Prince Charming stand of this one in a book, lean at my knee, with worshipful eyes and read me 'Launcelot Du Lake' (and some times not read me Launcelot Du Lake—as sister's sweetheart does). And she takes it all with not half the quakes and the glory that I'd feel.

"What's twelve? Nobody looks at twelve. Twelve can read romance and splendor, but it can't have any! My sister's sweetheart pulls my curls and then forgets I'm alive. Calls me Bub, and spider 'count of my longish legs. One day—I said, 'I wish you'd call me Gwendolin, or, anyway, my own whole name—and do you like my hair done up—like this?' And he said—'Bub's shorter, and more to the point, and for heaven's sake and the love of Mike and all that, are you going swimming, sister, that you've got your locks jerked up like that?'"

"And then he went flying-off with that funny, eager look in his eyes after my sister's done-up hair towering in the distance! What's

twelve? Twelve is the uncomfortable in-between place, when nobody stops to see whether you know anything or not—and if you do burst right out with what's on your mind (and I do know things), they tell you not to be forward.

"Twelve is too long for short skirts and too baby for long ones. Twelve is snubbed and paid to vanish when it's in the way. Twelve has to sleep in nightgowns with buttons down the front and a high neck that scratches, and no beauty to it. Twelve has to let its nose shine and go to bed with the evening star, and do algebra; 'stead of dulling it with powder, sitting by the fire, being one of a brilliant company until eleven, and doing nothing but answer love letters that come smothered in long boxes of roses with gorgeous red ribbon wrapped 'round.

"Twelve has to pop right out with one eye shut, and its heart not awake yet when it's called in the morning, and twenty gets to sleep an hour longer with the blinds pulled dark! What's twelve? I wish I was twenty right now!"

—NELL BRINKLEY.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

The Bride's Dowry.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young girl, engaged, and expect to be married in about six months. Will you kindly tell me what is expected of a girl in setting up a household. In Europe a girl furnishes the whole house and has her dowry besides. Is this the custom here?
The family of my fiancee are a great deal better situated financially than my own, my father being only a workman. I have no dowry and will have only

my personal trousseau and the household linen. Do I require anything else? This matter has never been discussed between my fiance and myself.
ALMA V.
You want to follow the American custom, I am sure. And inasmuch as you have your personal wear and linen you have complied with the "custom of the country." Don't worry about a dowry—what your fiance wants is your love—not money which it would strain your father to give.
You Are Over-Ambitious.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been keeping steady company with a young lady three years, she being 22 and I 24, and I

have told this young lady, for whom I care more than anyone else, that I wouldn't marry until I had a start in life, such as a house free and clear, to give her, and that wouldn't be for a few years. Now, do you think I am doing the right thing not to become engaged to her, irately sooner than I expected and strive for the house after?
GEORGE H.
If you have a good position and some money saved up, it would be wiser for you to marry the girl you love, start simply and work together toward the goal of your ambitions.
How to Attract.
Dear Miss Fairfax: Am a young girl 20 years of age. Some of my friends con-

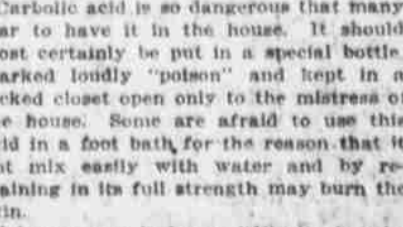
sider me very attractive, as I have a good figure, but I am not very pretty. I have been going out with quite a number of young men, all of whom have treated me nicely, but they never call on me the second time. Should I ask them to call, and how am I to entertain them, as I am very poor. My friends have told me to kiss the men good night and also to drink, both of which I hate to do.
LONESOME.
Don't use such means as drinking or permitting liberties to hold the interest of men. Your poverty will not impede you if you can rise above conditions and prove so interesting and worth while that people will be glad to know your regardless surroundings.

Madame Ise'bell

Tell's How Carbolic Acid May Be Safely Used and Give Advice as to Care of Toe Nails and Superfluous Hair

The Care of the Feet—Part V.

The feet are peculiarly susceptible to blood infection. Cutting corns with unclean knives, neglected bunions, unclean and badly dyed hose are all responsible for serious foot affections, for loss of foot and even for loss of life. In treating the foot, therefore, avoid all possible danger by absolute cleanliness and the proper use of carbolic acid, or an equally reliable antiseptic.



Carbolic acid is so dangerous that many fear to have it in the house. It should most certainly be put in a special bottle, marked loudly "poison" and kept in a locked closet open only to the mistress of the house. Some are afraid to use this acid in a foot bath, for the reason that it not mix easily with water and by remaining in its full strength may burn the skin.

I have never had any difficulty in mixing a few drops of this strong fluid in an ordinary foot bath. If anyone fears this difficulty, however, the proper way to avoid it is to dissolve the acid in a tablespoon of glycerine and then add it to the hot bath.

Women who wear the most expensive shoes and elaborate silk stockings are often curiously indifferent of their pedic extremities. How few women can remove the stockings without absolute embarrassment. Toenails are neglected, overgrown with cuticle and discolored. And I am going to touch on another delicate point in personal hygiene, the unsightly growth of hair on the limbs which the thin silk stockings and short skirts now worn often betray.

Whether one believes in the use of depilatories on the face or not, there is no possible danger or discomfort in removing superfluous hair from this part of the body. If this is not done, it is wise to wear stockings which come from a light shoe often result in ridged nails or nails of uneven thickness.

The health, as well as the appearance, of the nails is wonderfully increased by a thorough weekly manure, and to keep them in good condition a few minutes' daily care after the bath is necessary. Dark discolorations may be gradually removed by rubbing them with pulverized pumice stone, mixed with peroxide of hydrogen. Toenails, unlike the nails of the hands, should not be rounded, but cut straight across, leaving the corners square. The rough edges should be filed away and in all other respects the nails should be manicured as are the nails of the hands.

Do not even neglect the polishing. It will not only improve their appearance, but by improving the circulation will make the nail substance more healthy. Keep the skin in an unbroken circle so the white moon shows. Even the most neglected nails will respond in time to care, and certainly well cared-for feet are a mark of personal daintiness and good grooming.

Mrs. Ise'bell (To Be Continued.)

Do You Know That

Does not perspire. Is hot weather they regulate the temperature of their blood by breathing more quickly, which produces a rapid evaporation of water from the surface of the lungs.

The sacred number of the Mexicans and the ancient people of Yucatan was thirteen. Their week had thirteen days, and they had thirteen snake gods.

It is illegal in Germany for physicians to dictate prescriptions to chemists over the telephone, as fatal misunderstandings are likely to result.

How To Make the Quickest, Simplest Cough Remedy

Much Better than the Ready-Made Kind and Only 25 Cents Fully Guaranteed

This home-made cough syrup is now used in more homes than any other cough remedy. Its promptness, ease and certainty in conquering distressing coughs, chest and throat colds, is really remarkable. You can actually feel it take hold. A dose is used usually overcomes the ordinary cough, but in the case of a whooping cough quickly. Splendid, too, for bronchitis, spasmodic croup, bronchial asthma and winter coughs.

Get from any druggist 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth), pour it in a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. This gives you—at a cost of only 24 cents—a full pint of better cough syrup than you could buy for \$2.50. Takes but a few minutes to prepare. Full directions with Pinex. Tastes good and never spoils.

You will be pleasantly surprised how quickly it loosens dry, hoarse or tight coughs, and heals the inflamed membranes of a painful cough. It also stops the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchial tubes, thus ending the persistent loose cough.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, rich in gualic acid, which is so healing to the membranes.

To avoid disappointment, be sure and ask your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces Pinex," and don't accept anything else.

A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., St. Wayne, Ind.

That's what you want, and that's what Alumet is guaranteed to give you—

It is sure in perfect leavening and raising qualities, in wholesomeness, in purity.

Perfectly raised, meltingly tender biscuit, cake, muffins, giddle cakes, are bound to result from its use.

Calumet goes farther than other baking powders—and it's moderate in cost.

Insist on it at your grocers.

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS
World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Illinois.
Paris Exposition, France, March, 1912.