

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Fitting Yourself to Succeed

Only by Doing Each Task with All Your Might Can You Hope to Be Worth While

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Copyright, 1915, Slat Company.

The head of a big military establishment here me to urge girls to take some interest in their work and their employer's success, saying that this will be the best kindness which could be shown them to awaken their sense of personal responsibility in the work given them to do.

Not long since a brilliant woman arose at a club meeting and addressed an audience of more than 800 women. The address was eulogistic of women generally, and contained a particular plea for all women to express their "own individuality."

"This has been my effort for many years," said the speaker, "and it did not matter to me whether I was expressing myself or not expressing myself as a good daughter or a good sister or a good wife, so long as I felt I was expressing myself and giving the individual note to my life as a woman."

"There is a great deal of this kind of talk being heard today in America and in England, as well. The woman who made the address is said to be an excellent wife and mother, but it is doubtful if her words would prove anything of an incentive for other women to excel in those fields.

The speaker and others like her, do not seem to realize that it is impossible to develop a worth while individual character which counts in the scheme of creation, unless one begins by performing every duty and every obligation to the very highest of one's ability from hour to hour, from day to day, and from year to year. A score of years ago one of the "advanced thinkers" along this modern line of development expressed herself, both in speech and in conduct to the

same end. She declared it to be her God given right to live her own life as she felt called to live it, irrespective of the customs, traditions and ideals of other people.

As a consequence this woman, who possessed physical charms and a bright, sparkling mind, married several men, allowing them to divorce her when she wearied of them, and left various children in various orphan asylums to be cared for during her periods of roaming about the earth, searching for new sources of "development." She wrote and delivered addresses when she was not marrying or unmarrying herself. Just what she has achieved in the way of development of her character or for the advancement of the race in general is difficult to state.

Theories such as she holds many women hold today, though they may not so fully illustrate them. But they are mistaken theories, theories which mean degeneration instead of development and misfortune instead of benefit.

The young women engaged in any business which brings them a livelihood and who take no interest in the affairs of their employers are all inclined to some extent with these ideas of "developing" along the lines of least resistance. They are pursuing their vocations only to pass the time until some larger opportunity presents itself.

It never occurs to them that the larger opportunity will call for larger capabilities on their part. They have no respect for or belief in the old ideas of patient industry and slow development, but those ideas are the right and the true ones. Character development is like the development of bulbs in the soil. There may be a forcing process used which will hurry the flowering season to some extent, and even though this hurrying process may bring the flowering season sooner the flowers prove ephemeral unless the bulbs have rooted firmly in the soil.

Let this be your resolve: To do with all your might each small duty given you to do, and thus fit yourself for larger duties and positions, which will come if you are ready for them.

Attractive Early French Frocks

Republished by Special Arrangement with Harper's Bazar



Just the frock for tea hour is this navy blue cross-bar chiffon cloth, mounted over sand-colored satin. A variation in the plaited tunic is the pointed outline. Sand-colored net is combined with the chiffon cloth on the bodice. Through the toque is twisted red velvet ribbon, dotting here and there red cherries.

Black taffeta and chiffon are combined in this fetching afternoon frock. Three circular ruffles of the chiffon mount in tiers on the taffeta skirt, the chiffon appearing again in the extended yoke of the bodice. A prim little finish is the organdie collar. The same quaint little air marks the simple but suitable hat wreathed in a black rucho and studded with pink roses.

A corkscrew model exploited in mole-colored faille, tier upon tier of slightly shifred circular flounces wind around the skirt. The semi-fitting bodice is finished with a lace cravat, a touch of blue peeping out in the wings of the collar and cuffs. Black and coral flowers encircled the crown of the sand-colored poke bonnet, which has coral medallion on the ribbon streamer.

Here is a fetching plaid silk frock. The full skirt of this green and blue plaid striped in gold is partially veiled by a very full tunic of green net, the net being combined with the silk in the blouse. Loops of grosgrain ribbon are drawn through a buckle as trimming for a sand-colored hemp turban faced in black.

War and Women

By ELBERT HUBBARD

May women go to war? Women can—and have—and do. Clara Barton did. She spent more years on the battlefield than did Von Moltke, Grant, Sherman or Sheridan.

Clara Barton administered to our soldiers throughout the civil war. She went to Europe to forget America's war and found herself amid the horrors of the Franco-Prussian battlefields.

The clincher to the whole round of arguments in opposition to woman suffrage is the platitude: "Women cannot go to war, therefore, they must not be allowed to vote."

And again, "The final test of citizenship is the ability to defend one's country."

I heard a man say, "How it would look to see a regiment of women making a charge."

And his audience laughed. But a regiment of women have made a charge, and neither the women, who made the charge nor the "enemy" laughed.

When women fight they do so to save their children, their homes, their country, their country. There is a fight for freedom.

Women go to war, as did Clara Barton, as organizers of relief service, as nurses, as assistants to surgeons, as protectors, as mothers.

Do women think of the dangers of the battlefield? No more than do men. It is the mother spirit which is aroused and active in women in war time.

The mother is the sacrificer. She does not think of her own safety when her child is in danger.

Women who come to the relief of the wounded on the battlefield, in hospital tents, are not there for the abstract something which we call "humanitarianism." They are there to relieve suffering, to minister to the sick, to take care of and save the lives of the people who make a nation, who are the state.

This does not mean that woman loves the state less, but she loves humanity more.

The quarrel? That sinks into oblivion when men are stretching out arms for help—and she can save them.

Confederate pain, Federal pain, Prussian pain, English pain, Pain is pain to woman. Jew or Gentile, bond or free, are all one to her.

Pain creates a democracy in the hearts of mothers.

And here is the only compensation that I can see in war, that it humbles our pride. It brings us back to primitive conditions, to natural living and pure hearts if we are wholesome.

But the women on the battlefield, the women in the hospital tent, or hospital buildings, the women who are nursing wounded and sick who have been returned to their native country in care of war.

Suffering is not alone a matter of physical hardships. The keenest suffering a woman can endure is that which her imagination makes her feel.

Her home life is broken when husband, brothers, the men of her household, are taken from her.

All the happy routine which made home is broken.

Her leisure is not occupied by thoughts of hope and anticipation of pleasure. She is not looking for the homecoming. Her anticipation is of fearful news that may will come.

She reads the lists of wounded and killed. She watches to see what regiments are engaged in battle. The headlines, "Great Loss of Life in Battle Now Going On!" makes the world turn tinky black for her, and the blood recedes from her heart.

There is not an experience on the battlefield that she has not lived in imagination.

The pale crippled soldier's life is broken no more than hers.

She has endured all the physical hardships that the majority of wives and mothers are called upon to endure when the family provider has gone to war.

And added to these hardships, she has to endure every tragedy that the imagination can conjure forth. Do women go to war?

Read it Here—See it at the Movies.

Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Heller

By special arrangements for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the installments of "Runaway June" may now be seen at the leading moving picture theaters. By arrangement with the Mutual Film Corporation it is not only possible to read "Runaway June" each week, but also afterward to see moving picture illustrations of the story.

June, the bride of Ned Warner, impulsively leaves her husband on their honeymoon because she begins to realize that she must be dependent on him for money. She desires to be independent. June is pursued by Gilbert Elye, a wealthy married man. She escapes from his clutches with difficulty. Ned searches distractedly for June, and, learning of Elye's designs, vows vengeance on him. After many adventures June is rescued from river pirates by Durban, an artist.

TWELFTH EPISODE.
The Spirit of the Marsh.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"One boat was driven by a man with a mustache in evening clothes and a silk hat, and the other driven by a round headed man, carried a dark handsome fellow with a black Vanduyke, who stood up shooting two revolvers. I fired in the air. The gigantic murderer dropped this beautiful creature and she ran shrieking to my boat."

"You poor dear!" The artist's wife

was instantly contrite. "You must be tired and cold and half-famished and frightened to death. And you're all wet!" She raised June by the hand.

"The Spirit of the Marsh," mused the artist, studying June critically.

In a richly furnished office which contained no hint of business except for its telephone and the long rows of push buttons sat Gilbert Elye and Orin Cunningham and T. J. Edwards in earnest conference. Cunningham still in his evening clothes, Edwards still with his pajamas buttoned inside his coat and the carpet slippers on his feet. Button after button the black Vanduyke man pushed, and one after another silent, stealthily moving, noncommunicative men came in and with grave faces received their instructions and departed.

Henri and Marie stood in front of a mottled faced sergeant with a saucy-like red mustache.

"Voilà!" agreeably returned Henri. "I am up!" And he lifted his foot sharply. Marie had kicked him on the shin.

"He is Jules Lefon," snapped Marie. "Non! Non! Non! Non!" indignantly objected Henri, and there ensued a vigorous argument.

"And I am Rose Hesper," calmly finished Marie.

"What's the charge?" asked the desk sergeant.

"Swiping a boat." This hoarse information came from the overcoat and cap.

"I don't know about the Frenchman," whispered the phenomenally long policeman in the sergeant's red ear, "but the girl seems to be all right. She knows Officer Dowd, on the east side, and Morgan and O'Toole, and that bunch."

"Oh!" The information seemed to have some weight. The officer raised heavily from his wide chair and waddled through the door just back of him. He was gone long, silent minutes, but when he came back his brow was knotted into what seemed permanent corrugations. "So you're a friend of Dowd and Moran and O'Toole and that bunch?" he thundered at the luckless Marie. "Well, telephoned 'em all, and not a one of 'em knows any Rose Hesper! Lock 'em up!"

"But monster, it is all a mistake!" cried the pseudo Jules Lefon. "Madelmoiselle is no—"

Crack! That kick on the shin was distinctly audible throughout the little room, but it had its effect. Henri at last had the hint, and he shut his lips tightly to either beneath his tiny mustache as he and Marie, to the intense gratification of the overcoat and cap, were led away and locked in their respective cells.

In the dainty rose and white drawing room which Ned and June Warner had fitted up to be their nest, Ned sat in consultation with June's father and mother and Bobbie Biehering and June's bosom friend, Iris, and three detectives: On the floor by Mrs. Moore's feet lay June's handsome collar, Bouncer, but at the first mention of his mistress's name he was up and barking loudly.

"Your wife's dog?" said the chief of Ned's detective force, and Ned nodded. "We'll tame him."

How cheerful was the blazing fire as June reclined in the lounge, a cup of hot coffee in a tabor by her side and a comfortable drowsiness stealing over her! She did not know how pretty she was in the filmy negligee, but Bennett and Vivian Durban did as they sat at the little studio table, which was their favorite breakfast place, and turned pleased eyes upon their beautiful guest.

A butler brought in the mail to the Durban as they finished their breakfast. He seemed anxious to conceal something. His wife followed. Durban opened a long envelope with an expectant smile and took from it a folded document.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

What's the Good of Wishing?

All the Good in the World, Provided One Works Hard to Make Wishes Real

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"If wishes were horses, beggars might ride," says the old song; but I think wishes are far better than that.

Wishes are the fairy steeds on which we mount through desire to achievement.

And in the other old saying, "The wish is father to the thought," there is far more of life's real truth.

If you wish to be fine and sweet and kind—it is because you have in your soul the germs of fineness and sweetness and kindness. If you wish to be strong and powerful and brave, it is because these things are cradled in your personality.

The germ of your wish lies in you asleep, and by wishing it long enough and earnestly enough you are calling it to wake and preparing to develop the seed on which you are dropping the sunlight and rain of your own fertile desire.

No lion tamer is likely to wish earnestly that he were a poet. No ditch digger is likely to wish strongly that he were an astronomer. But if he should so wish in his heart, he will surely not be quiescent in his ditch digging or satisfied with his lion taming. If he truly wish, he will have on to the next stage—the stage of trying to realize his wish.

What you wish is the measure of your possibility for growth. What you truly desire, and long to be, the force of your own personality, must drive you to attain.

"Oh, I wish—I wish I had a pair of pretty new shoes and didn't have to go barefoot," sighs the little child of poverty. Suppose the child lives with that wish. Soon he must wonder: "What can I do to make my wish real? How can I get those shoes?" If there is the germ of common sense in the child's nature it will soon come to feel that the way to get your wish is not to expect the fairies to bring it to you, but to set about attaining it. And the wish has already borne fruit in the thought of helping

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Get a Right to the Habit. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man 29 years old and have been keeping company with a young lady one month my senior for the last three years. During this time we have never thought of our company but as friendship. One day I met the young lady deeply distressed and after helping her out of her difficulty she kissed me.

It seems now that our friendship has changed to a stronger feeling called love. Do you think it would be too much to ask the young lady to kiss me good night upon departing to my home?

ANXIOUS. If you are sure it is each other you love, and not the kisses, ask her to be your wife. With an engagement ring on her finger you will have the right to get a good night kiss.

Chance Acquaintances. Dear Miss Fairfax: Will you kindly tell me if it is improper for several young girls employed in a commercial house to arrange a meeting between themselves and a young man who occasionally calls up our office and who has become very friendly over the wire? This, of course, being rather a meeting for curiosity sake.

CONSOLIDATED. If this young man is deeply interested in you he can easily arrange to be introduced. Let him make the advance. Even for the sake of a lark it does not pay to make yourself too easily attainable.

Stomach Relief! No indigestion, Gas, Sourness—Pape's Diapepsin

You don't want a slow remedy when your stomach is bad—or an uncertain one—or a harmful one—your stomach is too valuable; you must not injure it with drastic drugs.

Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its speed in giving relief; it's harmless; its certain unvarying action in regulating sick, sour, gassy stomachs. It's millions of cures in indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis and other stomach troubles has made it famous the world over.

Keep this perfect stomach doctor in your home—keep it handy—get a large fifty-cent case from any drug store, and then if anyone should eat something which doesn't agree with them; if what they eat lays like lead, ferments and sours and forms gas; causes headache, dizziness and nausea; eructations of acid and undigested food—remember as soon as Pape's Diapepsin comes in contact with the stomach, all such distress vanishes. It's promptness, certainty and ease in overcoming the worst stomach disorders is a revelation to those who try it.—Advertisement.

In All Our Neighborhood

There is Hardly A Woman Who Does Not Rely Upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Princeton, Ill.—"I had inflammation, hard headaches in the back of my neck and a weakness all caused by female trouble, and I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound with such excellent results that I am now feeling fine. I recommend the Compound and praise it to all. I shall be glad to have you publish my letter.

There is scarcely a neighbor around me who does not use your medicine."—Mrs. J. F. JOHNSON, R. No. 4, Box 30, Princeton, Illinois.

Experience of a Nurse. Poland, N.Y.—"In my experience as a nurse I certainly think Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a great medicine. I wish all women with female troubles would take it. I took it when passing through the Change of Life with great results and I always recommend the Compound to all my patients if I know of their condition in time. I will gladly do all I can to help others to know of this great medicine."

—Mrs. HORACE NEWMAN, Poland, Herkimer Co., N. Y.

If you are ill do not drag along until an operation is necessary, but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you want special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass.

