

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Sorrow

By JANE McLEAN.

I am the way of life and love. Though shunned and scorned by wayward youth, Who reads the star words up above, And fears the awesome eyes of truth.

Come hide your face upon my breast, And learn the solace bought with grief; Tears wash away the soul's unrest, And bring you peace and sweet relief.

Why flee my dark and somber gown, I would your needless fears destroy; Who knows my sister wears my crown, She is my twin, her name is Joy.

Stick-in-the-Mud Wife

By DOROTHY DIX.

Why is it that the United States leads the world in the number of its divorces? In this country every man is his own providence and calls himself to whatever class he has the ambition to enter. This makes for individual advancement, but it also makes for discontent.



The man who is a clerk, for instance, and who never expects to be anything more than a clerk, who never dreams of doing anything but dressing like a clerk, and living like a clerk, has a undoubtedly fewer worries and heart burnings and envies and is enabled to take life easier than the man who is bent on making his clerkship a stepping stone to a partnership and a proprietorship, and eventually, if he is lucky, a millionaireship.

Also the man whose lot is fixed in life finds it a comparatively simple matter to secure domestic happiness. He simply picks out a wife to suit his fortune, and as his fortune does not vary she continues to fill the conjugal bill, so to speak.

The American, on the other hand, runs a big risk in picking out his wife, since he doesn't in the least know what he is going to be himself nor the kind of a wife he is going to require. As a matter of fact, most successful Americans do require several different types of wives in the course of their careers, and it is the inability of most women to do this light-swing change act that is a cook and seamstress, and eventually a wife who makes his fortune and a parker ornament after he has made it, that leads to so much divorce in this country.

There is nothing more tragic than the fact that most of our great men who arrive, arrive alone. The woman they married in their youth, who tolled for them and shared and sacrificed for them, have been left hopelessly behind. If the man is of noble and chivalrous nature gratitude and loyalty will still bind him to the wife he has outgrown, if he is selfish he will have another example of the familiar spectacle of the swapping of old wives for new. But in any event the woman's heart must be bruised and broken.

The wonder is, considering how common is this spectacle, that women have not enough sense to try to protect themselves against such catastrophes happening to them. Yet only the few wise ones do. Only the other day I had a letter from a young man asking me how he could

rouse some ambition in his wife. He said: "I am determined to succeed in life, and to make something of myself. I am already making rapid strides in my business, and I spend every moment that I can reading and trying to improve myself, and making up for the defects of my education. I seek the society of refined and intelligent people, and I watch their manners and conversation in order that I may improve my own.

"But my wife will not help me. I give her plenty of money and urge her to dress well, but she always looks sloopy and untidy. She will not even keep my children well combed so that they may look like the other children with whom they associate. She cares only for the society of ignorant people whom she has to make no effort to please, and refuses to make any attempt to cultivate the friendship of educated people.

"I have tried to get her to study, and to read, and to belong to women's clubs, but she refuses, and says what's the use in our worrying ourselves about trying to rise in the world when we could be so comfortable as we are. I am going on, and she will not keep up with me. What can I do to make her keep step with me?"

There's very little that one can do to rouse ambition in a lazy and shiftless woman unless one can, in the slang phrase of the day, "throw a scare into her," as a young man of my acquaintance did, by frankly telling his wife that unless she expected to lose him she had to keep up with him, and that there were too many intelligent and interesting women in the world for a man not to be bored by the society of a dull and stupid wife.

Of course it requires some effort and some labor for the woman who is tied down by domestic affairs and by little children to keep pace with the outside world, but there's nothing worth while ever achieved without fight and struggle. The man who climbs must use his spurs also. He doesn't reach the top by taking the line of least resistance.

And whether she likes it or not, whether she wants to do it or not, the wife of the ambitious man has no choice in the matter. She has simply got to keep up with him, or be left behind, and thrown into the discard. She has got to go the pace with him. There is no other way. She must either keep up with the progression or else be left behind.

It is the custom to always pity the poor neglected wife whose husband has gone so far beyond her in mental and spiritual progress that they are no longer even in telephonic distance of each other, but we may well reserve some of our sympathy for the man whose wife was so inert and lazy and shiftless of mind and body that she would not try to keep up with him, and so left him to go his way lonely and companionless through life.

Read it Here—See it at the Movies.

Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

By special arrangement for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the installments of "Runaway June" may now be seen at the splendid moving picture theatre. By arrangement made with the Mutual Film Corporation it is not only possible to read "Runaway June" which, but also afterward to see moving pictures illustrating our story.

SEVENTH EPISODE. The Tormentors.

CHAPTER III. (Continued)

June, who had burst from her tormentors at the ninth floor, stepped into the down car which Ned, two floors above, had missed. Mrs. Villard, still pleading, followed her, and Blye's audacious crew laughingly joined them.

Two down cars shot by Ned, and by the time he reached the main floor the faces for which he was watching were lost in the throng at the door. He might even then have distinguished his runaway bride and the man with the black Vandike had he looked in that direction, but he did not expect to see them there.

Suggestions from New Parisian Styles

Reproduced by Special Arrangement with Harper's Bazar



Here is a new note in a navy blue gabardine frock by emplacements embroidered in wood-colored worsted, even the buttons revealing a touch of the embroidery. There is a tendency toward the fitted lines in the bodice girdled by a belt of the gabardine.

The loose lines, which are so youth-giving, are clearly portrayed in this gown of midnight blue gabardine. The jacket-like bodice, continued in the front and back panel, is ornamented with chain-stitch embroidery of silk floss. The organdie collar lends the relieving touch of white.

A suit inspired by the militaire, but very much feminized, is shown here. Developed in sand-colored covert, it has the box-plaited skirt and jaunty jacket reaching below the hips. The belt suggests the soldier's cartridge belt, but there is nothing of the militaire in the draped collar.

What Man Likes in Woman

She Must Talk Well, but Not Too Much. She Must Be Modest and Have Wit and Charm.

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By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

That a man likes beauty goes without saying, so that a bee likes flowers. But as the bee only flutters about a flower which contains no honey-yielding property, so man only lingers a brief time about the beauty without wit or charm. A man likes a woman to be capable of talking well at times, but he does not care for the glib girl. He likes to be listened to himself, and objects to the girl who monopolizes the conversation almost as much as to the one who does not talk at all.

A man likes modesty, but he is disgusted with meek prudery.

He secretly likes a slightly unconventional girl, but he is so sensitive to public comment that he is afraid to openly show his liking for her unless she is well grounded socially. And he is quick to censure if she defers the proprieties or violates absolute good form.

A man is utterly lacking in independence regarding these matters, and far more sensitive to public opinion than the weaker sex. However much he might enjoy the society of a woman who defied conventional rules of dress or deportment, he would not be seen in public with her if he could avoid it. And a lapse from good manners does not offend him as quickly as a lapse from good manners.

A man likes discretion, but he invites in conversation from women. In order to please him in the matter of conduct and morals, she must do exactly the opposite to his either bold or subtle suggestions. He will advise her to be discreet with others, but himself tempt her to folly merely to flatter his own vanity. But he is disappointed and disillusioned if she yields. There are few exceptions to this rule. All men are alike in this respect, and in their secret hearts have that virtue will withstand temptation. A man likes an enthusiastic woman, but he abhors gush.

The girl who enjoys herself thoroughly and is not afraid to show her enjoyment, always wins more admirers than the staid beauty who is forever "bored." A man is afraid of the woman who boasts of her conquests. The woman who tells a man how many proposals she has received and rejected from his disappointed fellowmen destroys his respect for her and confidence in her discretion, and he is very sure not to add one more proposal to his list.

He likes a hint of daring in a woman's nature, but he wants it hidden and controlled. Then he enjoys thinking how he can develop this dangerous trait, and congratulates himself on being an excellent fellow when he does not attempt it.

A man likes a woman of sympathetic feeling and affectionate nature, but he is always wins more admirers than the staid beauty who is forever "bored." A man is afraid of the woman who boasts of her conquests. The woman who tells a man how many proposals she has received and rejected from his disappointed fellowmen destroys his respect for her and confidence in her discretion, and he is very sure not to add one more proposal to his list.

The Kingdom of Dust

By ELBERT HUBBARD

In our Pullman, the other day, was a colored brother doing extra, dead-headed home. He was ash-yellow in hue, and ultramarine in spirit, immersed in gloom.

I sought to disentangle him from his melancholy.

"Is it dust in your eyes?" "No, it's dust in my ears," he remarked.

And then he explained that he had been up to St. Paul to attend the funeral of his partner, who had died of tuberculosis.

"It's the dust in these yere kyars," he said.

And I said nothing, because there was nothing to say.

Dust is not only the bane of the palace car, but it is the bane of palace, cottage and tenement alike.

To relieve the house of dust is to add to the length of days of its occupants.

I have been reading a remarkable little book entitled, "The Kingdom of Dust," by Dr. J. Gordon Ogden, an eminent professor of physics and chemistry.

The Kingdom of Dust is the Kingdom of Death.

In this book Dr. Ogden says, "Dust is the right hand of death."

Dr. Ogden then goes on to say: "More than half of all deaths in the world, from the equator to the poles, are due to the distribution and breathing in of dust."

"Dust carries with it the germs of dissolution, bacteria.

Bacteria exists in all dust where human beings live, eat, sleep, move, work. Wherever we go, we are throwing off particles of animal matter.

This dead animal matter contains bacteria. Bacteria are a form of vegetation, so small, so minute, that 50,000 of these germs may sit on the edge of a knife blade along a line one inch in length.

Some are visible under the microscope. Others are so minute that the highest power of the microscope fails to find them. We only know that they exist by watching their growth. They come out of the unseen and evolve until the microscope can detect them.

Bacteria are divided into three classes: The spherical, or cocc; the rod-shaped, or bacilli; and the spiral.

These grow by fission. That is, they divide, and a piece so small that it cannot be seen by the microscope sometimes breaks off and can be caught by the scientist on a "Petri plate" or culture bed, and devolved.

Bacteria are mostly of a septic order, and these are the cause of various diseases. The best example of septic diseases are pneumonia, tuberculosis and such contagious diseases as diphtheria, scarlet fever, measles.

Dr. Ogden maintains that the diseases caused by bacteria are avoidable. The

thing to do is to minimize dust.

Dust is everywhere, but the worst kind of dust is that which is confined within the four walls of a room. This dust is always germ-laden, because it is infested with effete matter thrown off by human bodies.

In the Boston City hospital, where the most rigid possible sanitary conditions prevail, living bacteria are found to be 1,300 to the cubic foot of air.

In Central Park, New York, bacteria are found to the extent of 1,500 every cubic foot.

These conditions are not especially unfavorable to life. But when you get up to 20,000 living germs to the cubic foot you are getting into danger, and this often happens in homes that are not properly swept and cleaned.

The average house, where the windows are only fairly ventilated and the house-keeping is indifferent, may have from 10,000 to 15,000 bacteria to the cubic foot.

If we would be well, we must devise a plan by which the bacteria are not simply scattered through the room by sweeping and dusting, but by which they are picked up effectively, captured and destroyed.

In the best sense, mothers are born.

Is Motherhood a Profession?

By REV. MABEL M. IRWIN.

"No. I think I hear some one say, 'but it should be.' But should it? Indeed, can it be?"

One might as well talk of the fruiting apple tree on the hillside as a "professional apple-bearing" as to speak of human child-bearing as a profession rather than a thing of nature. Professional mothering, however, is allowable—even necessary—if we would stop the "slaughter of the innocents," which permits every 35 days 20,000 children under 5 years of age to die, largely of preventable diseases.

Motherhood and mothercraft are two different things, and should never be confused in the thinking. Motherhood, and all the conditions that antedate it belong to eugenics and heredity; mothercraft—professional mothering, or what you will—belong to eugenics, or the problem of environment.

A professional mother may or may not have ever borne children—she may, indeed, belong to the type that is born a mother, and must needs brood and watch over all weak and helpless things, whether she bear children of her own or not.

In the best sense, mothers are born.

not made, and no amount of knowledge and training can ever make a true mother, no matter how many children she may bear, out of a woman who has not within herself the instinct of motherhood.

But since the little ones come to those who have not dined the great privilege accorded them to mother the world, it is necessary for this sense to be cultivated in them. To this end I know of no better way than the care and bringing up of children be dignified as a profession, and that woman, who bears the burden of bringing to birth the life of the world, should thus be made to realize the dignity of her work.

It is thought by some that if the state would regard the bearing of its citizens as a profession, and hold itself responsible for payment to the mothers thus engaged, it would not be just, but would solve once for all the problem of race suicide, or child limitation. They argue that for economic reasons families are limited, and that parents are justified in using any means for this purpose; that if the state would help in the support of the children it need no longer fear decrease of the nation's birth rate.

But this, again, seems to us a shortsighted vision. It is again to confuse nature with nurture. It is natural—in neither disease nor artificial means interfere for the married mother to bear children; this, indeed, is the reason d'etre of marriage, from the point of view of society. Why, then, let us ask, is it necessary or desirable to offer as an inducement to mothers the support of the state?

Where does the father come in? Has he no right to help decide, with the mother, when and how many children she is willing to bear? Has he no responsibility to nurture the children that come to them when thus agreed? How about professional fathering—fathercraft as well as mothercraft?

No man should ask of the woman whom he has sworn to love and protect that she bear more children than they, by their joint efforts, can support. No husband should ask of his wife to take other means to limit the number of children than that of their mutual and moral self-control.

The children born of parents thus understanding marriage might be fewer than those born in the old, irresponsible and undisciplined way, but they would come to the world better endowed and less likely subject to an early death.

With parenthood thus regarded, a nation need have no fear that it would grow weaker and less able to hold its own among the nations of the world. Mothers themselves would regard the coming of the little ones as a blessing, in which the father would have his share. Not only would the young girl look well to the character of the man she chose to marry and make the father of her children, but the young mother would be eager to learn all the means and methods to keep her children safe and well, strong and vigorous, till to man and woman grown.

To this end professional mothering—and fathering—would come to be regarded as, among all professions, the most highly honored.

A Fine Family Dinner for 10c—Prepared in 30 Minutes

Here is a meal that is at once nutritious, easy to digest, easy to prepare, satisfies the hunger, and the faintest of appetites and costs but a trifle. Cook a whole package of Faust Spaghetti for about 20 minutes with tomatoes and serve piping hot with just cheese as a sauce. With bread and butter this dish is just about as tasty as you could wish for—there's a fine racy snack to it that is really enjoyable. Made from durum wheat, Faust Spaghetti is a highly nutritious food—contains the food elements that make for muscle and tissue. Comes in large 16c packages and should be frequently served as a partial substitute for meat and as a whole meal.

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