

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

War "Food" Leaving Home

These Pictures Tell the First Chapter in the Story of Europe.
Copyright, 1914, by Star Company.

To get rid of war people must know what it means. The news from Europe, the statistics of the dead and wounded tell part of the story, a little of the last chapter. These pictures show the first chapter.



A French Soldier, His Wife and Child.

Hundreds of thousands of French families have had this parting. The man stops caring for his family to go out and kill.



Good-bye to the Baby.

Here is a German soldier about to start, kissing his child goodbye — probably never to see it again.



British Soldier and His Child.

This man is ordered across the water from England to help the "allies" whom he never saw to kill an enemy whom he does not hate.



Hungarian and His Wife.

This Hungarian reservist, who has already served his years in the army, says his last words to his wife, wondering how soon she will be a widow.

These are reproductions of actual photographs of the soldiers of four nations. Each represents hundreds of thousands of men—hundreds of thousands of partings, hundreds of thousands of broken hearts. The men are taken off to be shot for a quarrel that they do not understand and that does not interest them. The women and the children are left at home to suffer anxiety, poverty, until the fatal news shall come—probably long after the man they love is dead, buried and forgotten by all but themselves. If the nations could realize what war is, the world would not again see this dishonorable chapter in the history of "national honor."

Variable Are the Ways of the Social Climber

Copyright, 1914, by Star Company.
By DOROTHY DIX.

"Other times, other manners," quoted an elderly woman the other day, as she gossiped over her tea with a few cronies. "In a way I have always been a looker-on at life. It is a source of never-ending diversion to me to observe how customs change with the times, and how differently each generation does things."

"Of course humanity is the same. We have always the same types of people, with the same aims and aspirations, but they go about getting what they want in different ways."

"Take, for instance, the social climbers, the men and women who are trying to break into society, and who are dying to know the people who don't want to know them. Now, when I was a young woman, the open door to smart society was through the church, and religion was in as many stratas as a layer cake, with the most fashionable brand of it, the icing, on top. There was just as much social distinction between different denominations as there is between a Fifth avenue restaurant and a Sixth avenue quick-lunch place."

"Therefore, when the social climber acquired money her first step up the ladder consisted in forsaking her old faith and espousing a fashionable creed. She'd join the smartest church in her vicinity, and become an enthusiastic missionary worker, or head of a guild, or the leader of the women's prayer meetings."

"And the first thing you knew the couples and broughams of her fashionable sisters in the church would be stopping at her door, and she would have neatly turned the trick of getting into the local four hundred."

"By and by the religious path to society played out, and I often wonder if the falling off in church attendance, of which ministers complain so much, isn't largely due to the church being no longer the open sesame to society. At any rate, that method of forcing a way "under the right awnings," as Richard Grant White used to say, became an unproductive vein to work, and the social climber passed it up for philanthropy. "About twenty years ago, if you will remember, all the new rich and socially ambitious suddenly awoke to the woes of humanity, and they fell over themselves to respond to the call of the needy, when the call was voiced by the rich and fashionable women of their home towns."

"They espoused causes, and went on hospital boards, and worked themselves to death at bazaars, and opened up their purses and gave ostentatiously every time the local leader of their "400" passed around the subscription list."

"And it worked like a charm. Mrs. Croesus was bound to take notice of Mrs. Parvenu, who had just come across with a big check for her favorite charity, and in this manner did many a woman whose name now stands at the head of the society circle to which she aspired. Believe me, the heathen has done more for many a social climber that she has ever done for the heathen."

"Finally, however, too many shrewd women began working the philanthropic dodge to get into society, and it became overdone."

"Then heaven, in its mercy, sent the woman's club mania, which swept the country like a prairie fire."

"The socially ambitious woman saw the opportunity that it offered her, and she went for it. She immediately became highbrowed and intellectual, and she organized Browning clubs with trimmings on the side of terrapin and champagne, or sandwiches and tea, according to her means, and she employed mystic interpreters who used strange and occult language, to come and expound the meaning of what the poet thought he thought to the assembled audience of ladies, in their best gowns."

"It gave the women a delightful sense of culture, and as most of them were too honest, and too simple, and too much afraid of making mistakes to force themselves forward, it gave the woman with nerve and ambition a clear field. She instantly ascended a pedestal, and became a ruler, and a power among her sex—and her sex makes society in America."

"Oh, the woman's clubs has been a most effective club in the right hands, and many a woman has broken her way into society with it. But as a social weapon the woman's club has now passed into innocuous desuetude, so to speak. Nowadays it is through the country club. That, and not a sudden love of rural life, explains the back-to-nature movement among the new rich."

"As soon as a man makes money nowadays the first thing he does is to buy a country place. There's always a country club near, and as there's always a general letting down more or less, of the social bars in summer, it's no trick at all for decent people, with decent manners, and unexceptional motor cars, and money that they don't mind spending, to get selected to the country club."

"Then the highball, and tennis, and golf do the rest, and before you can say 'soot the social climbers are in society, and turning up their noses at those now it.' It's a funny progressive game the social climber has played, isn't it—the church, philanthropy, the woman's club, the golf links—I wonder what will be next?" sighed the old woman. "My principle objection to dying is that I won't be here to see."

"Lady Fingers"

(With Apologies to Puck)

By NELL BRINKLEY

Copyright, 1914, International News Service.



With another apology to B. Wennerberg, with whose "Lady Fingers" my editor and I were so smitten that we have given our girls some fingers, too! This is a girl's dream, sure—to hold her pink hands before her eyes and find a bean on every finger tip.—NELL BRINKLEY.

The Woman Who Waits

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Dear Miss Fairfax—I became engaged six years ago and have been wearing my ring all that time. Of late my friend does not speak on the subject at all, and if anyone speaks to him about it his answer is: "I'll get married when I am ready." I love him and he tells me he loves me very much, but he goes out with other girls. What am I to do?
ROCHESTER.

The answer is simple. Do anything rather than sit meekly by while a selfish man absorbs your youth and affection and gives you in return a diamond engagement ring and a heartache.

The man who involves a woman in a long engagement has only one justifiable excuse—inability to support her properly. And even that hardly justifies his position. When a man asks a woman to marry him he should be ready to assume the burdens and responsibilities of matrimony within a reasonable time.

And six years is an outrageous length of time for a woman to sit and wait for a man to get "ready" to marry her. No woman should weakly permit herself to be placed in such a position. The engagement ring on her finger is a sign that warns other men away from her. It marks her love as the possession of one man—and it should mean that the possession is a cherished one.

The girl who is being so high handedly treated should tyrannize a bit in turn. She should stop wearing the ring and offer to return it to the giver, telling him that he will not marry her when he is ready, for she has been ready these many years, and is still ready to carry out her agreement at once, but tomorrow or the next day she will have passed the time of readiness for setting the date of her long-postponed wedding.

"Now or never" should be her slogan. If it is "now" all the weary waiting must be forgotten. But if the man still shows a desire to "eat his cake and have it, too"—to be betrothed to her and yet to enjoy the sweets of freedom—self respect demands that it be "never!" The woman who waits for a man who is not ready to settle down throws into the scale youth and charm and opportunity and her first beautiful illusions. And unless on the other side are loyalty and real love to overbalance selfishness

and fickleness she receives no fair return for her waiting.

There are exceptional cases in which waiting is the only thing to do. I know of a case where a young mining engineer was sent on a mission so dangerous that he positively refused to allow his fiancée to become his wife and go along to suffer two years of hardship. I know of another in which the man gave his fiancée the choice of coming to live in the home he must maintain for his mother and invalid sister or waiting until he could afford to have a home of his own without depriving those dependent on him of their needs. In both cases the girls chose to wait and were rewarded with loyalty and happiness.

But the man who chooses in idle selfishness to prolong his bachelor days does a woman a grave injustice when he asks her to undergo the strain of a long engagement. If a man feels in his heart "This is the woman to whom I will cleave—forsaking all others" he will not wantonly postpone the time of making his sweetheart his wife.

It is accepted business to reserve a house or an apartment by taking the "refusal" of it and then looking around for something better.

It is contemptible for a lover to secure a girl's loyalty through an engagement compact and then to take years to assure himself that he has found just what he wants. A younger face may suit him after his sweetheart has sacrificed her youth to catering to his whims. And neither her wasted years nor her lavishly expended love brings any return but sorrow to the girl who waited for marriage to crown a long engagement.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Ask Her.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man of 27. I love a girl who lives about 120 miles from here. I went there to see her some time ago and I surely had a good time with her and her folks and she treated me O. K., and her mother likes me, too. I have given this girl some money and many things she asked for. I love her, that is why I have done this. Since I got back I have written to her three times and got no answer. What I want to know is what to do to find out

if she still likes me and why she don't answer. Do not despair until you have it from her that she does not care for you. Write and tell her frankly you love her and want to marry her, and she will then set your mind at rest.

Father is Right.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man of 20 with a position at the postoffice. I am in love with a young lady of 18 who is deeply in love with me and keeps urging me to marry her, but her father objects as I have no regular salary. Please advise me what to do in your Lovelorn column.
H. H. S.

Her father is right. It would be very unwise for you to get married until you are in a position to support a wife. If you are steady in your habits and faithful and prompt in your work, it will not be long until you will be in a position where you can provide a home for the girl you love, and then will be time enough to think of getting married. It ought to be a great incentive for you to work hard, with such a reward awaiting you. But to wed and take on the responsibilities of married life with no steady employment is merely to invite misery. It would not be fair to the girl to take her from a good home until you are in position to give her one.

Be Open and Frank.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man twenty-nine years old and I am very much in love with a girl who is a few years my junior. I am sure she loves me, but as she is of a different nationality her parents and also her two little sisters object very much to our marriage. I am in business for myself and I feel that with my income, I could easily provide for her, but I do not feel able to undertake the care of her two children, although I think the world of them. How should I go about it to win the consent of her parents to our marriage?
A DAILY READER.

You have no right to ask a young mother to give over her little children in order to wed you. What can you offer her in their stead? If you love her, you ought to be willing to take her children, too, even if they are those of another father. As to her parents, the only possible way to win their consent is to show them you are the right man to be entrusted with their daughter's happiness. The parents of a "grass widow" are not likely to look with favor on any second husband, unless he has clearly shown them his worthiness. And you must show yours. One way to do it will be by offering to provide a home for the children as well as for the mother.

Your Parents Are Right.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl 14

years of age and my mother and father think I am too young to go with the boys. Do you think so? When a boy takes you home from an entertainment should you thank him or him thank you? A girl should always speak first when meeting a boy, hadn't they? One of my cousins like a boy and she cannot tell whether he likes her or not. They always speak when they meet. How can she find out?
JOSE.

Your parents are right; you are too young to "go with boys." A girl should always thank her escort for his attention. The girl is expected to speak first, unless the acquaintance is one of long standing, then formality may be dispensed with. Your cousin can only wait; if the boy likes her, he will let her know. It would be very wrong for her to make any advances to find out how he feels.

A Hint for Coming Maternity



In a little book designed for expectant mothers more complete instruction is given in the use of "Mother's Friend." This is an external embrocation applied to the abdominal muscles for the purpose of reducing the strain on ligaments, cords and tendons. In thus bringing relief and avoiding pain great good is accomplished. It serves to ease the mind, indirectly has a most beneficial effect upon the nervous system and thousands of women have delightedly told how they were free of nausea, had no morning sickness and went through the ordeal with most remarkable success. "Mother's Friend" has been growing in popular favor for more than forty years. In almost every community are grandmothers who use it themselves, their daughters have used it and they certainly must know what a blessing it is when they recommend it so warmly. Strictly an external application it has no other effect than to ease the muscles, cords, tendons and ligaments involved hence is perfectly safe to use by all women. It is used very successfully to prevent caking of breasts. "Mother's Friend" is prepared in the Laboratory of Bradford Regulator Co., 404 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.