

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge Takes In the Horse Show

By Tad

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Inconsiderate Relatives

By WINIFRED BLACK.

The following letter has been referred to me as one among many others of like kind, deserving reply:

Berkeley, Cal., Oct. 11, 1911—SIR: A mother wishes to write in reference to the article "The Inconsiderate Mother," by Winifred Black, which appeared in your paper a few weeks ago.



I cannot understand why any good daughter should object to match a skein of ribbon on her way to or from work for the dear mother who has devoted the best part of her life to bringing this same daughter into the world, tending and training her through babyhood and childhood.

What manner of intellect has a girl that could let her brain become like a waste paper basket because her mother has called on her to do the small service of buying a bit of ribbon or yarn? Why, the greatest happiness is found in going for others.

Open your heart, dear girl, broaden your ideas of living. Fill your heart with little acts of kindness and others, and in so doing you will find a better and happier womanhood.

Clutter up your handbag! Mercy, me! Let us hope there is nothing worse in

your handbag to clutter it than mother's yarn.

I know scores of girls, God bless them! who are happy to do their mothers' errands, and the day will come when most of them will look back to the time that they were privileged to do for the mother, and feel no regret for things left undone.

A READER.

Now, there's a letter that ought to mean a lot and it doesn't really mean a thing—not a thing in the world.

No, dear reader, you can't see why a good daughter shouldn't stop on her way to work to match a skein of worsted or to buy a yard or so of ribbon for her good mother, and you think I am doing very wrong to hint that a really good mother will show her working daughter the same consideration she shows her working son? I wonder why.

Who ever thinks of expecting a son to get away from the office early just to match a bit of silk for "mother," and who asks son to call up the dressmaker for Sister Mary, or to drop into the milliner's at noontime to see why Aunt Sarah's hat hasn't come home yet?

Why not? Son has as much time and a good deal more strength than Daughter; why should he be completely exempt?

Can't do those things? Oh, yes, he could if he wanted to, but he has sense enough not to want to, and not to let any one, even his own mother step between him and his chance to compete with some one who never matched anything in his life and who doesn't intend to learn how to do it either. That's one of the reasons why Son gets bigger wages for the same kind of work than Daughter.

When you hire John Jones to work for you, you hire John Jones, and you don't know or care whether he is a widower with seven children or a crusty old bachelor with two maiden aunts to support. All you want of John Jones is his work, and you want the best of that.

When you hire Mary Jones, John Jones' sister, you are hiring Mary Jones, and Mary Jones' mother and Mary Jones' Aunt Sallie and every relative Mary Jones has who takes advantage of that relationship to impose on poor Mary, and then expect her to keep up in the world of business where the person who is imposed upon gets down to the foot of the ladder—and stays there.

If Mary Jones' relations let her alone she may "make good" with you and earn enough to support her relations in modest comfort. If they don't let her alone, poor Mary is late one morning and tarry the next, and she tries to get away from work ahead of time the day after, so as

How to Be Beautiful

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

A read er of this paper writes me that she wants to grow very tall and would like a few rules to go by. She does not state her age, which makes quite a difference, for while you can pull the young twig a bit you can't alter the shape of the old branch or change the grown tree.

Twenty-one used to be the age when men and women were supposed to set their growth, but it is an individual matter and many people attain their full development before that and a few after it.

If my correspondent is still in her teens there are various exercises which may help her to grow taller and at all events which will give her a very good carriage, which gives the impression of height and which will improve the bodily poise of the tall girl as well. First of all, be sure you are breathing properly and see that your clothing at all times is light enough and loose enough so that it neither cramps nor hinders you in any way. Here is the first exercise: Stand erect, weight on both feet, hands hanging relaxed at the sides. Now rotate the shoulders as you would do if your neck muscles were uncomfortable. Rotate the arms inward, but do not bend forward. When your shoulders and arm muscles feel relaxed take a deep breath and raise up on the balls of the feet, raising the arms at the same time high over the head until the yand the entire body are stretched to the utmost.

Feel as if you were stretching your waist muscles, which is what you should do. You can repeat this exercise as often as you like, inhaling as you stretch and exhaling and relaxing. Most small people have very tense muscles, and all exercises which combines relaxing and stretching of the muscles are good. Work in a gymnasium would be ideal, as it is more systematic than home work, and the apparatus, especially the bars, afford good opportunity for stretching and limbering the body.

An English growing machine was on the market a few years ago which stretched the cartilage, or was supposed to, but one had better do this work for oneself, as the violent mechanical pulling and stretching of the muscles is not lasting in its effect and may be harmful.

Children and young people who want to grow tall should always sleep with their bodies stretched out straight without pillows. They should be especially particular about having plenty of fresh air, very simple food and no stimulants of any kind.

Once a woman finds she is to belong to the "shorties" let her study the dress question with care, for she can find all kinds of tricks of the trade which will add to her apparent height, such as long lines instead of horizontal ones, high hats instead of broad ones, V-shaped trimming instead of round, etc.

As it is now, the small woman is fashionable, for the modes are made for petite women and become her absolutely at any age, while they look awkward to say the least, on the tall woman unless worn with absolute taste and discretion.

By GABY DESLYS.

Most women could have pretty eyes if they tried to. But they are too lazy to do so. Pardon, you do not like my saying this, but it is not true?

Look about you when you are on the street.

I often ponder as I peep out of the windows of my motor, what it is that the women passing by in carriages or on foot can afford to look bored, so dull, so uninterested, and therefore so uninteresting.

Their eyes are dull and lusterless, their expression one of worry or smug, both ugly, and their faces droop depressingly. Now, with us in France it is different. I think we have more pride about our personal appearance, more vanity than to let the whole world see us when we were not looking our best.

The French woman on the street dresses only quietly, though she is very "chic," but her expression is always one of interest and her eyes are bright and full of animation.

Expression makes the eyes beautiful and care keeps them young. But if you are not interested in anything, not even in your own looks, your eyes will lack expression, they will half close, and eventually the under eyelid will grow heavy and the eye look about half its natural size.

You can make your eyes look larger by training yourself to keep them open. After all, this is a trick, and it is done with the intelligence and not with co-



How One May Keep Young and Pretty

Daffydils

UPON BROADWAY THEY SAY THAT A CRITIC BY ANY OTHER NAME WOULD BE A KNOCKER JUST THE SAME.

THE ARAB PIRATE WAS BOUND HAND AND FOOT AND THEN SEATED UPON THE HOT SANDS OF THE DESERT WHILE BEHIND HIM 3000 ITALIAN WARRIORS WITH GUNS READY TO SHOOT. THE GERMAN ASKED IF THE ARAB HAD ANYTHING TO CHATTER. THE LATTER BOWED HIS HEAD NODDING YES THEN SLOWLY AND HOARSELY HE CHIRPED. HOW IS IT WHEN NOBODY COULD JOLLI FICATION ANA CONDA?

LIGHTLY TRIPPING A SON & SHE THRILLS, NEATH A HOST OF GOLDEN DAFFODILS.

THE CONEY ISLAND INAKE CHAMPEL WAS DANCING HER FAMOUS SHAKEDANCE IN THE JUDIO OF S HAROLD BOBBIO IT WAS A FIGHT WITH THE GUESTS AND THEY CLAPPED THEIR HANDS QUITE HEARTILY AS SHE WOUND THE REPTILE AROUND HER CHOCOLATE BROWN ACESS. FINALLY A MAN IN THE BACK WITH A RED FEZ WHO WAS KNOWN AS BAZ OOE TUE ARJOE AND IN A WIERD FOREIGN LANGUAGE PIPED. IF KID HASH AND MAG HOLLERED AT THE PALE OF THE SEANCE WOULD PSYCHIC?

WITH ONLY 60 MILES TO COMPLETE HIS COURSE THE AWIATOR WAS MOST IN THE CLOUDS. SUDDENLY A BIG STORM CAME UP, THE WIND HOWLED FIERCELY AND MOURNFULLY. THE LIGHTNING FLASHED QUEERLY. SUDDENLY OUT UPON THE CLOUDS THE AWIATOR NOTICED A SIGN IT SAID: IF AWIATOR BUMPED INTO A PHONOGRAPH WOULD HE BREAK THE RECORD?

OH I SAY BUT I GOT THE SWELL 30B NOW. I'VE A BOOTBLACK IN A BARBER SHOP— GET WHAT A PIPE. I DON'T GET UP TILL 5 IN THE MORNING, THEN I'M AT THE JOBE BY 6.

I WASH THE MIRRORS, CLEAN THE CUPS AND BOTTLES, FIX UP THE TOWELS AND SWEEP OUT THEN I SHINE SHOES. DUST OFF CUSTOMERS, KEEP THE BASINS READY FOR SHAMPOOS.

CLEAN ALL THE HATS AND TAKE CARE OF THEM THEN AT 7:30 P.M. I DUST AROUND PUTTING AWAY FINISH ABOUT 9 AND AFTER DELIVERING SOME RAZORS FOR THE BOSS I'M DONE.

GEE YOU'RE A HAPPY GUY

YEP NOTHING TO DO TILL TOMORROW

I'LL NEVER BELIEVE ANOTHER MAN IN ALL MY LIFE.

AND THERE'S THE OLD FARMHOUSE, UNCHANGED UNCHAN GED.

not to miss the 5 o'clock boat and hurt Aunt Sallie's feelings, and the first thing you know you have to give poor, kind, good-humored Mary a blue envelope, and you never think to ask her whether she was matching samples for some one or just waiting the time and energy you pay for some other way. And every one feels sorry for Mary's Aunt Sallie, and Mary's good mother, because poor Mary "doesn't get along in business."

I know a man who never engages a woman to work in his office without asking her some very personal questions: "Do you live at home?" "Will your mother be grieved if I keep you a few minutes over office hours once in a while?" "Do you have to run errands for Aunt Sallie, or will you be able to give your entire mind to your work during office hours?"

If the woman answers these questions the right way she gets a chance in that office; if she answers them the wrong way she never knows what is the matter, but there is never any vacancy just then.

Exacting, perhaps, but, then, why should he consider Mary's relations when Mary's relations do not even consider Mary herself at all?

Mary's busy downtown, Aunt Sallie, bustier than you ever were in your life, even at church bazaar time. She is working for a living, and working hard; what right have you to make it harder for her?

Why won't you give Sister Mary an even chance with Brother John? Just because she's a girl?

Do you think that's a fair way to look at it? I don't!

Tid-Bits of History

JOAN OF ARC.

By MILES OVERHOLT.

Joan of Arc, or Jeanne d'Arc, whichever is the easier to pronounce, was a self-made man.

When Miss Arc was 12 years of age she grew tired of washing the dishes and reading proof on a pan of biscuits and the like, and she wanted to go to war the worst way. Her parents thought she was lovable or something, and they told her to go take some quinine and forget

it, but Jo couldn't see it that way, exactly.

One day she inserted herself in a pair of old overalls and a jumper and mounted a white horse and a sword and headed an army of 10,000 men, who stood bravely by, urging Joan on, clapping their hands and shouting, "Sic 'em, Tig," or some foreign college yell like that, while she jumped into the fray and licked the English to a frazzle!

But one fell day, the English troops captured Joan and carried her away. She scratched the face of the English army and pulled its hair in great shape, but she was finally subdued.

In order to feel perfectly safe, England decided to burn Joan at the stake. So they obtained a large porterhouse stake and burned her to it, and threw what was left into the River Seine, proving beyond a doubt that the original idea that she was insane was well founded— she was in deed in Seine.

Misty Maxims.

"Not how much, but how well."
"One step at a time is plenty."
"A poor workman quarrels with his tools."

Breeding Men

By DR. G. STANLEY HALL.

President of Clark University.

(Excerpts from a lecture delivered November 6.)

Man today knows how to breed cattle, but he does not know how to breed man. The trend is to lay more and more stress upon nature—heredity—and less upon environment.

We cannot hope to do much good without a good start. We must have health and vigor to fight the battles of life, and we owe it to our posterity that health and all the better qualities shall be handed on from one generation to the next. We are often prone to pride ourselves on our ancestors. We point to some one or two or three particular forebears who have been more or less illustrious, not thinking that in between us and those progenitors there may have been a hundred ancestors whom we might be ashamed to acknowledge. We should not be proud of our ancestors, but of ourselves as ancestors. We should conduct our lives with a view to bettering our posterity, for it is by our posterity that we will be judged and not by our ancestry.

Luther Burbank has repeatedly started the world by the amazing results of his crossing species and breeding. Burbank did not conduct his experiments on a purely scientific basis, any more than Edison rolled up on the set formulas of science to evolve the wonderful things that emanated from his brain. But he has discovered many things in his work that he could never have found out with the aid of science alone. Why, I have watched Burbank in his gardens patiently grafting the twig of one tree to that of another, altogether ignorant of what the result would be. But the results of his experiments prove the efficacy of his manner of conducting them. They are none the less valuable because science played no part in them.

In breeding, of course, we can breed from the bottom or the top. We can breed from the best or the worst. The future of the race, however, depends upon that which predominates.

In France they discovered that the death rate and the birth rate were keeping pace with each other. There was no progress in population. In England and Germany and other countries that also was the case. This is most marked among the best classes. As a general rule the lower classes are found to be the most fertile. International business today has so advanced that a country must have an ever increasing population to keep pace with progress. Most modern countries, too, need men for colonization

work. A declining birth rate in a country is a very ominous thing. The future of the world belongs to those races that breed most and best. In western Europe about one-quarter of the possible child production is lost. While the child mortality is far greater in the east, still the production of children there is so much greater that the mortality is overcompensated for. Europe, according to these signs, appears to be doomed.

A great deal can be done for the good of the race by sex instruction. This should be part of the curriculum of our schools. Fathers and mothers should explain to their children at least the elementary facts regarding sex. But there appears to be too much of the ultra conservative in our make-up today. Too much of puritanism. We fear that by talking to the youth of our country in a straightforward manner, explaining to them the things they ought to know regarding the question of sex, we will be educating in their minds information which might have a tendency to lead to so-called "bad thoughts." This is all wrong. We should make it our business to see that our young men and women are fully instructed for their own sakes in these things. Our girls should be taught the value of propriety, and our young men should be shown the dangers of wrong acts. This will not make for immorality, as some claim.

But at the same time that we are instructing the youth of our country in these things, let us instruct them also in literature, in art, in music, in athletics. A young man or woman whose mind is taken up with the higher things in life, and through whose veins courses the red blood of health, and in whose cheeks is the bloom of the outdoors, will have neither the time nor the inclination to put a wrong construction on the things they are taught regarding sex.

Adolescence is the time when we store up the great capital of vital force and energy. Our lives afterward depend upon how our early years are utilized. We can dissipate and lead unnatural lives, and our posterity will suffer, or we can conduct ourselves with a view to maintaining health and higher mentality and we hand down to our children and our children's children a heritage that is invaluable. It is just like an irrigation problem. We can permit the rains to run off in the gullies and in the canyons, or we can divert it to the arid places that they may bear fruit. The greatest contribution man can make to posterity is healthy offspring.

Heredity will probably do the same for man that Burbank is doing for plant life, and thus the man of the future will be more intelligent and stronger that we who have gone before.

Kipling and Caine

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

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When a man like Rudyard Kipling draws a lot of yellow kate

For writing that the female is more deadly than the male.

When old Hall Caine, the Manxman, for a time deserting prose,

Tells how the females (bless 'em) make men all look like Jones,

Why should not I, a foot ball bard, be pardoned if I grant

That the backs of any foot ball team are deadlier than the front?

The line of full of beefy boys, guards, tackles, centers, ends,

They haven't got a thing to do except to shield their friends;

They tear great holes in the defense—the halfback plunges through

And flattens out some Roman nose with his remorseless shoes.

Leaving out male and female, this much I do opine:

The backs of any foot ball team are deadlier than the line.

When Kipling wrote of mountain bears on Himalayan peaks,

I couldn't contradict him, for he knows whereof he speaks.

When Caine came back at Kipling not a farthing did I care—

I seldom argue with a man who seldom cuts his hair.

This is the only claim I make, and please believe it, pards,

The halfbacks of a foot ball team are deadlier than the guards.