

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT—His Honor Was Stung Once—Sufficiency .. Drawn for The Bee by Tad



### Ella Wheeler Wilcox on the Failure of Women to Be the Best Mothers Possible

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.  
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If the parents of a rough diamond could only realize the handicap they place in their child by starting him out into the world without polishing him as much as possible, I am sure every parent would do his utmost to add a touch here and there to the personality of his offspring during childhood, for it is during childhood that the little habits are formed, which taken as a whole, do so much to influence his future career and station in life. I refer to habits of tidiness, manner, deportment, carriage, table etiquette, care of the toilet, etc. There comes a time in the life of every child when habits of this class have been formed, and there is no reason on earth why they should not be formed in such a way that in later years they will not be a source of embarrassment to him."



HERBERT A. PARKYN, M. D. I wish these words, by one of America's most gifted and distinguished physicians and metaphysicians, could be written in letters of gold and hung where every mother and teacher in the land might read them daily. Women are pushing forward their claims for higher recognition everywhere and every day; and women are succeeding in almost all the arts, professions and trades formerly pursued by men exclusively; yet women are almost universally failing to be the best mothers possible. You who read these words may take exception to such a statement. Yet, employ your leisure hours the next week in looking about you critically and dispassionately for a really perfect, or even "near perfect" mother of boys and girls of that embryo age, from 8 to 14 years. It is during that period children show forth the training and teaching which has come to them from close association with their mothers. To quote from Dr. Parkyn: "There are great possibilities in a new wooden barrel, provided it is empty. It is very easy to fill it with syrup or kerosene, or any other liquid. But if a barrel to be filled first with kerosene it is very difficult to so completely get rid of its impressions on the barrel that the barrel can be used afterward for syrup, or any other liquid, as it were, having formed an auto-suggestion which is hard to overcome. "A young child's mind is very much like a barrel, so far as its first impressions are concerned. Its mind is an empty thing, waiting to be filled with any kind of impressions, and the impres-

### Saffy's

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED TA-RA-RA-RA TAMBO-MISTAH JOHNSON CAN YOU TELL ME WHY A MAN WHO MARRIES A WOMAN FORTY YEARS OF AGE IS LIKELY TO SUCCEED INTERLOCUTOR: CAN I TELL YOU WHY A MAN WHO MARRIES A WOMAN FORTY YEARS OF AGE IS LIKELY TO SUCCEED? NO TAMBO WHY IS HE LIKELY TO SUCCEED? TAMBO: BECAUSE HE IS BOUND TO XI (EXCEL) FATHER! WIPE THAT NOODLE OFF YOUR CHIN!!

### Heart-Hungry Wives

By DOROTHY DIX.

I get a great many letters from women who claim that they are starving for a little affection from their husbands. These women write that they are married to good men, who provide them with all the physical comforts of life, and that they have everything to make them happy, except the one most needful thing of all for a woman. This is love: not the love of the take-it-for-granted, connubial kind—not the lukewarm, milk-and-water affection—but real love of the sizzling, burning, boiling-over sort; the love that expresses itself in ardent glances, and wrecks the dictionary in coining terms of endearment, and that clings to the hand of the beloved "one like a drowning man to a straw."



Needless to remark, these wives are not permitted to feast upon this fancy variety of matrimonial devotion, hence their heart-hunger, and these tears. They say that when it comes to being cold and unresponsive their husbands could beat the ice-cold stone of poetry a city block. Kisses from their husbands is like kissing the nutmeg grater, because it is the custom of husbands to turn an unwholesome cheek to their wives' lips; and that as for their husbands buying them a compliment upon their looks, they would fall dead with surprise if such a phenomenon should occur. These ladies also declare that they love their husbands and their homes, and that they enjoy doing all the work and making sacrifices necessary to running a home and rendering a man comfortable, but they would like for their husbands to show that they love them, if such is the case, and to give some sign that they appreciate their wives' good qualities, and all that they do for them. This is one of the common complaints of women, and it is one of the tragedies of life that so many wives sit at their husbands' feet begging for a word of affection, as a dog begs for a bone and that the men are too indifferent to give it to them. Yet the bestowal or withholding of a term of endearment and a little praise mark the difference between happiness and misery for a woman and make marriage a failure or success for her. The women who are envied by other women are not the ones who ride in automobiles and have boxes at the opera and glitter with diamonds. The women who make every man who knows them pea-green with jealousy are the wives whose husbands remain lovers after marriage, and who receive from their husbands the delicate little attentions of courtship. Few women are fortunate enough not to lose their sweethearts when they get a husband. The average man loves his wife, but he would rather die than let her know it. Probably he feels that he expresses himself in sufficiently intelligible terms of affection when he pays her bills, but this doesn't satisfy a woman. She wants to be continually told, with good round oaths, that he still adores her, and considers her as beautiful and charming, and as slender, when she is fat and forty, as he thought her when she was slim, and sweet, and twenty. Knowing this insatiable hunger of women for love, and how happy a few compliments make them, it is strange that any man could be so hard-hearted as not to take the trouble to feed his wife daily on a choice assortment of the bon-bon of affection. He doesn't do it, however, and even when wife goes fishing for compliments, she makes a water haul. Of course men ought to make love to their wives even more ardently after marriage than before, but inasmuch as they don't do it women should try to view the situation with more philosophy than they do. They should try to realize that because a prosaic, hard worked business man doesn't quote poetry to his wife on an evening, or hold her hand, is no sign that he isn't filled with surging emotions of affection for her. A passionate devotion may express itself just as well in brief-words as it does in violets, and the man who tells early and late to keep his wife comfortable and sheltered from the hardships of life is giving a working model of true love that makes the rantings of a Romeo look like 30 cents. Women who are married to these dumb, devoted, domestic slaves of men may well recant that talk is cheap, and that it is actions that really prove things, and as long as their husbands continue to spend their days toiling for their families these wives need not worry about the state of their husbands' affection. Another thing that these heart-hungry wives should remember is that men and women look at the subject of love-making from different points of view. A woman feels like a fool when he is doing it. It is for that reason that men have long engagements. They are in a hurry to get married and be able to cut out the mushy talk. They never realize that a woman married in the fond belief that the man is going to monologue along in the same strain, and keep asking her "oose ducky is oo?" to the day of her death. Doubtless all of this is cold comfort to the woman who pines for some audible expression of their husbands' affection. The best advice that one can give them is to use a little common sense in the matter, to believe that as long as a man works for a woman he is giving the best possible proof of his devotion to her, and that a husband who loves his wife feels no more need to go about proclaiming the fact that an honest man does to cry out in the streets his virtue.

### Beauty Secrets of Footlight Favorites

By DOROTHY JARDON.

I am too bashful to make any real claim to great beauty, and while I am very very much flattered to be put in this series, I am afraid that I have no secrets of beauty, or no magic formulas, or creams, to enhance my looks, but, like every girl in her right mind, I want to look as pretty as possible, and there are lots of little ways and tricks which make one appear more attractive than one really is. This may be deceitful, but, anyhow, it's feminine, and I know that every other girl will sympathize with me in the desire to "pretty up," and perhaps some of them will profit by my suggestions. When I am dressing to go out I always remember that the front view of myself which I get in the mirror is the best, because I have taken the most pains with that, but that there is also a back view, a view of yellowish neck and straggling hair, or a collar that might be cleaner, or a veil that is torn, and when I think of all the bolts that don't connect, my hand instinctively goes to my own waist line. A great many people talk against paint and powder, and I suppose everybody agrees that young girls should not use make-up of any kind. Of course, when you are on the stage, you get rather hardened to that sort of thing, though in general actresses are thankful to clean the paint off their face, and I don't think they use as much paint on the street as do the people who never saw the footlights except from the 32 side. My strong objection to using powder on the street is that one never gets it on right. Going to rehearsal this morning, I counted the number of faces that were badly powdered, with perfectly evident traces of badly applied make-up. There were forty-five in two blocks. When a woman gets to a certain age I suppose she may do as she likes, but girls wouldn't use heavy whitestuff on their faces if they knew how much older they looked, and how drawn and dry the skin appears under the coating of powder. If there should be a law making every woman put on her powder by a very strong light, and be sure and powder the back of the neck and behind the ears quite as religiously as the nose and chin. The only way you can be sure the back of your neck is quite the same color as the front of it is by using alcohol on it after you have bathed in the morning. Keeping the neck clean is a trick which even very clean persons sometimes forget. Now that we are wearing one-piece dresses we don't see so many gaping belt lines and safety pins. But not every girl has caught the trick of wearing her clothes as if they were comfortable, and I think that is a necessary factor in the art of looking pretty. They tell me at the Long Branch Horse show that the display of clothes was perfectly gorgeous, but that most of the boxes were empty because the girls couldn't sit down. Now, I can't imagine that these beautifully dressed people looked comfortable or serene, and I think that frocks which make one physically uncomfortable detract immensely from one's looks, no matter how pretty they may be. Lots of girls have the trick of fussing constantly with their hair or running their fingers over their faces, fumbling their chains or generally feeling to see if



MISS DOROTHY JARDON. (Prima donna of "The Winsome Widow" company at Ziegfeld's Moulin Rouge.) the collar or dress is all right. These things get to be a terrible habit, and they are not becoming to the average girl, and seriously detract from her looks. I know one girl who rubs her finger up and down her nose whenever she is perplexed or thinking seriously about something. She doesn't know how queer it looks, but I have seen her do it on all kinds of occasions, and often it is quite a ludicrous performance; besides that, she draws attention to her nose, which is already long enough. When I was a little girl I went to school with a girl who winked. She did it as a trick, and occasionally made us envious by looking cross-eyed. We all tried to do as she did, and I became addicted to winking to such an extent that severe punishment was inflicted upon me to make me stop. Fortunately, I never did accomplish the feat of looking cross-eyed. Like all girls on the stage, I have found that two things which ruin one's looks the most are lack of sleep and poor or badly selected food. In our profession it is difficult to get either, unless you are fortunate enough to play in your own home town and to have a few morning rehearsals, and to have contracted the habit of going to sleep just as soon as you get to bed, but, unfortunately, this

### Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

The first time in my life since I have been born I didn't know yesterday where Pa had been the night before. I found out at last because I asked him to tell me, but he didn't like to tell me because he had told a story to a girl. He told me that he had gone to a meeting of the Traffic Policemen. Think of them noable heroes, sed Pa to Ma. Surely you don't begrudge me a day in three society, I am surprised, sed Pa. Think of you kicking beekus I wanted to be the guest of three fine officers like Dan Shine & Bill Bannon & Sergeant Pat Crans, sed Pa. It is men like them that keeps you from getting run over when you are crossing the teeming streets of Manhattan, sed Pa. They don't have to keep ME from getting run over sed Ma, but I can easily appreciate your feeling of friendship for them. It wudent talk any grate stretch of the imagination to conceive of you being guided across the teeming streets to keep from getting run down. No indeed, sed Ma. Well, anyway, se Pa, these fine boys are all friends of mine, & in view of the fact that they wanted me to go out to three outing I cudent see my way clear to refuse them. Besides, they had a baseball game & they needed a good pitcher, so I gave them the benefit of my vast experience. Pa sed I pitched the whole nine innings for Sergeant Crane's team, & won for them hands down. You don't tell me, sed Ma. Please dearest, if you really went to a outing with the traffic policemen, why is it that I was told by a certain tavern keeper that you had been in his place about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, & that you had went to the office from there? What is that? sed Pa. I don't care to repeat it, sed Ma. Then I don't care to discuss it, sed Pa. I cud see all the time that Pa was stalling. So after he had had his dinner & went out on the porch to smoke a cigar that had been gave to him, I followed Pa out & sed, see here, father, I want you to tell me the truth about where you have been. What is this? sed Pa, a third degree? No, I sed, I am not going to be crue to you, but I do want you to tell me the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. You don't want much, do you? sed Pa. If everybody told the truth, the whole truth & nothing but the truth, Mister Gaynor wud have all the tugs in the world to loaf around St. James, Pa sed. But at last I told me the truth. He had met a old friend of his from Pitts-waukee, he sed, & they had went to the polo grounds & after that they had went to see Johnnie McGraw. I ain't going to tell Ma beekus Pa slipped me a quarter, & as soon as I had bit it I promised not to tell. Pointed Paragraphs. The kicker is usually headstrong also. Love reveals all things—when it is on the level. What Sherman said about war also applies to politics. If a woman doesn't want to be married it's a sign she is. It's no consistent to speak ill of a man if you know him well.

### The Manicure Lady

"I was reading the other day about a foreign princess that came over here on one of our best young steamers," said the Manicure Lady. "There was an awful interesting story about her. It said that she was one of the most beautiful young women in the world, and that the American men were kind of 'so-so.' " "I guess she was at least half right," said the Manicure Lady's friend, the Head Barber. "There was certainly enough 'so-so' work on their part this morning. I shaved four of them this morning and had to cut the hair of one of them, and I didn't get a tip out of the crowd. If that isn't 'so-so' work there isn't no such animal, as the farmer said when he looked at the camel." "I think them foreign princesses is awful interesting, George," said the Manicure Lady. "Brother Wilfred was saying the other night that he wished he could get an audience with the princess. I am just telling you about. He had a poem all wrote out in defense of the American man. He showed it to the old girl first, and father gave it a kind of knock by telling Wilfred to wait till he grew up to be a real man before he wrote poems about real men. The poor boy took it kind of hard, because I know he had his heart all the princess is stopping getting an audience with her and reading the poem. He didn't seem to realize that he had about as much chance to get an interview with a princess as

Bridgey Webber would have of breaking into the Four Hundred. The poem was kind of punk at that. It went like this: "Fair princess from a foreign clime, To you I write this little rhyme. If I could meet you for a chat, To American men you'd lift your hat." "I guess it's just as well that the princess didn't meet your brother," said the Head Barber. "Why?" asked the Manicure Lady. "He ain't much of a provider up home, George, but he's got as much brains as a lot of barbers that I know." "But you don't hear about a lot of barbers wanting to meet any princess," said the Head Barber. "No," agreed the Manicure Lady. "I ain't heard nothing like that lately." "The Persistent and Judicious Use of Newspaper Advertising is the Road to Business Success. When 13 Are 12. Mayor Blankenburg at dinner in Philadelphia, praised the Quaker City ardently. "I must give praise," he said with a smile, "our exclusiveness—carry it as far, you know. Birth is not enough with us; residence is equally important, and they who live above Market street are doomed. Here, surely, is exclusiveness with a vengeance. "They tell a story about a dinner in Rittenhouse square. At this dinner, as the fish course began, one woman whispered to another: "But the other woman smiled and answered calmly: "Compose yourself, my dear Mrs. Cad-bidder Waddle. Mrs. North Broad is not really one of us. She lives uptown, you know."—New York Tribune.