

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

## The Defendant Saved His Kelly, but Lost a Battle

## Drawn for The Bee by Tad



### Dorothy Dix's Article on Mother's Talks vs. Mother's Pies

It is the Former that Guides When We Reach Life's Crossroads.

By DOROTHY DIX.

A man recently made the statement that it is a pity that we don't remember mother's talks as long as we do mother's pies.

Ah, but we do! The thing that we remember longest on earth, that makes us what we are, that is part and parcel of what we call character, is the memory of what mother said to us.

In the great crises of the life we don't stop to reason. We act on impulse, and the thing that decides us is not the wisdom, nor the learning, nor the philosophy that we have acquired in our maturer years. It is the principles that have been bred in us, the ideals that have been grounded in us in our childhood.

It is the memory of some talk we have had with our mothers in a solemn twilight; it is the memory of old songs sung above us in our cradles; of whispered prayers by our bedside; of tales of high and heroic daring that have been our mother's bedside stories that give us the courage and the strength to stand up and do man's or a woman's part in the world.

Or else it is the memory of a mother's whining and complaints; of the false standards she inculcated in us; of her envy and greed and selfishness that makes us weaklings in our hour of temptation, so that we choose the easiest way.

Just as our mother's pies give us physical nourishment or dyspepsia, so our mother's talks give us the big, broad same outlook on life, or leaves us poor, bilious, jaundiced, disgruntled creatures. Many a child's stomach is ruined by its mother's cooking. Many a child's morals are wrecked by its mother's conversation.

The importance of a talk that a child has with its mother is something that cannot be overestimated, and the pity of it is that mothers do not realize this, and that they do not take the time, and the trouble to have more real heart-to-heart talks with their little ones, and to keep the conversation of the home at a high level.

Scientists tell us that up to the age of 10 per cent of the impressions that are made on a child's mind are permanent ones. Practically everything that little Johnnie and little Susie, playing about



### Motherhood

The highest point of woman's happiness is reached only through motherhood, in the clasping of her child within her arms. Yet the mother-to-be is often fearful of nature's ordeal and shrinks from the suffering incident to its consummation. But for nature's ills and discomforts nature provides remedies, and in Mother's Friend is to be found a medicine of great value to every expectant mother.

It is an emulsion for external application, composed of ingredients which act with beneficial and soothing effect on those portions of the system involved. It is intended to prepare the system for the crisis, and thus relieve, in great part, the suffering through which the mother usually passes. The regular use of Mother's Friend will repay any mother in the comfort it affords before, and the helpful restoration to health and strength it brings about after baby comes.

Mother's Friend is for sale at drug stores.

Write for our free book for expectant mothers which contains much valuable information, and many suggestions of a helpful nature.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

### Daffydils

I MAY HAVE LOST MY CHARM AND BEAUTY BUT I STILL RETAIN MY GIRLISH LAUGHTER

LOVELORN LUCY HAD ANSWERED ALL COMERS BUT ONE MORNING THERE CAME A TELEGRAM THAT STALLED HER SHE COULDN'T READ IT SO SHE CALLED IN OLD TERRY WHO HAD BEEN THERE SINCE THE NEWSPAPER WAS SET BY HAND. HE READ IT RIGHT OFF THE BAT AND PAINTED IT ASKED:

"IF A FAT GENT STEPPED ON YOUR TOE WOULD IT MAKE YOUR FOOT DAWL?"

UP WITH THE NAPKINS BOYS! HERE COMES THE SOUP

I DON'T CARE CALL A COP!!

HA! HA! A DESERTER

HALT OR I'LL SHOOT!

GO AHEAD AND SHOOT

WHY AREN'T YOU UP ON THE LOOK-OUT?

WELL DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

NO WHO ARE YOU?

IM THE BOOB THAT PUT THE CREW IN CRUSADE

### Modern Women and Economic Conditions

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Dr. Henry Meade, nerve specialist and scientist in general, says that the new kind of American girl is fine for the men, but the worst sort of thing for the children.

"The clever, brilliant, self-sufficient, independent girl of today is making over the men," says Dr. Meade. "Men aren't the boyish animals they were a generation ago. They can't be and keep up with the women. But where are the children coming in? These clever women don't want to stop being clever to have children until they are about 35, and then it is too late."

All over the land indignant "modern women" are rising to deny, with sound and fury, the impeachment he has made of them, and in the 200 replies I have read the one real thing the clever women say is—"Economic conditions."

"Economic conditions!" Where have I heard that phrase before? Oh, yes, it's what they say when they want to tell why a woman kills her husband and runs away with another man. It's the phrase they use when they explain why a man robs the man who pays him a salary. It's what they say nowadays when a little girl tells her mother to mind her own business and she'll mind hers.

"Economic conditions!" What a convenient phrase it is, to be sure! I wish I was quite positive that I know just exactly what it means. It can't be that it is just the wages that people get—can it?

I wonder just how much wages have to do with the "modern children at the flat" fad just now? Not so very much in my opinion—not half so much as some people seem to think.

You can't stamp out a great primal instinct with a mere matter of wages. As a matter of fact, the poorer people are the more children they have.

I was talking with the finest old lady I know about it this very day, and she said:

"Well, I used to think the women who didn't want children was unnatural, but I've been visiting round among my daughters and sons and I feel different about it."

"There's Mary, John's wife, the sweetest girl I know—or was years ago. What Mary is now is a lonesome, neglected woman, with a mouth turned down at the corners and a disposition turned down all around. I don't wonder at it—I did till I visited her, but now I don't."

"Mary has two children, lovely little things, and that's all she has got—that and a man to pay the bills. She hasn't any husband, not what I call a husband, at all. John belongs to three clubs, says Mary is so busy with the children all the time he has to have some company, and he has it—at the club."

"Mary's little John had the croup when I was there and Mary and I sat up with him till 4 o'clock. John came in about 11 o'clock from the club, looked sorry for awhile and then said he'd have to get some sleep, as he had a big deal on the next day. That deal wasn't big enough to keep him at home resting, I noticed—just big enough to leave the little boy to us all night."

"What do you do, Mary, when I am not here?" I asked, while little John was breathing easier and looked as if he'd drop off to sleep in a minute or so.

"Oh, said Mary, 'I fight it out alone!'"

Then I knew what made her look so down in the mouth all the time.

"Fight it out alone! Most of the new kind of mothers seem to do that, and

### "Be Natural and You Will Be Beautiful," Says Pretty Miss Alice Brady

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

"The play's just sweet," said the mistress of the wardrobe at the play house, as she took my cloak. "And Alice Brady, she's just too sweet, too."

Taken as a dramatic criticism, the statement may lack a variety of adjectives, but I have often noticed that the woman who keeps tabs on the hats and coats of the audience forms a pretty accurate opinion of the merits of plays and players.

"Little Women" is sweet, and so is Alice Brady. Even the two fat men with bald heads who sat in front of me audibly remarked that they thought it was going to be a musical comedy, but somehow it "got you," and after little Beth died they blew their noses with a flourish, showing that all sentiment was not dead beneath the adipose deposit which surrounded their Broadway hearts.

Alice Brady plays Meg, the eldest of the dear, delightful March girls, and she plays it so well that nobody is going to be able to remember whether Meg's last name was Brady, or Alice's was March.

Miss Alice is the daughter of Manager Brady, as every one knows. But I think that Miss Alice is showing the world that she could have succeeded even if she had had no connection with the theatrical world, for nobody in any of the companies in which she has been playing works harder than "the manager's daughter," nor has risen more legitimately on her own merits.

Behind the stage Miss Brady, who is still in her teens, is a pretty, winsome young girl, with a very animated face, big, brown eyes and an interesting and interested expression.

It was my duty to haul out that weather-beaten question, "What do you do to preserve your health and beauty?" and I took it out, dusted it off, propped it up and presented it in the best light and to the best of my ability.

"Ugh!" said Miss Alice, as she opened her eyes very wide and looked scared. "What do you want me to say? I don't know anything about health and beauty. I've never done anything about either in my life. Why, I do all the things that one oughtn't to do. I eat what I want, and as much as I want, and when I want, and I just love ice cream sodas."

"Enough, enough, this will never do," I interposed in stern tones. "Remember, especially in this play, you are a sort of example for hundreds of thousands of young girls, who will do as you do, and if Meg loves ice cream sodas, what will happen to the complexion of the rest even if hers doesn't suffer?"

This was a truly sobering thought, and Miss Brady sat down to reflect. I had time to notice that her dimples are her own, and that she pouts and beams unconsciously, and is quite unspoiled by her success and advancement on the stage.

She seemed much pleased when I told her that I had noticed how hard she worked in the heat of summer, when she was singing in the revivals of the Gilbert & Sullivan operas.

"I love to do those, especially Patience," said Miss Brady, cheering up in her health and beauty subject faded into the distance. "I'm glad you think I worked hard. I wonder if father will believe that," she reflected.

"I wanted to be in this play because I



MISS ALICE BRADY, STAR OF "LITTLE WOMEN."

want to show that I can act a little, too," she continued. "Of course, I do not mean to give up my singing, for there is so much variety in the singing parts. I'm afraid work would get rather monotonous if I stuck to dramatic work alone. But, oh dear, you want me to say something about health and beauty, don't you? Well, I don't know anything about it, really. But one thing is certain, you can't tell what kind of a girl is going to look beautiful on the stage. I've noticed that really beautiful girls, with classic features and all that, look quite insignificant when they're made up in front of the footlights. Personally, I think beauty is a matter of expression and coloring, quite as much as perfect outline. I love exquisite coloring of hair and complexion and eyes.

"To be beautiful, it must be natural, of course, for you never get the right combinations if you change the color that nature gave. I like faces that are full of expression, and I am afraid that I don't consider the china-doll beauty very fascinating."

"And speaking of dolls, have you noticed that all the new dolls have real faces like children's? Not like the old-fashioned dolls, who are always impossibly beautiful."

"It seems that children nowadays prefer dolls that have expression, and I think that the children are right. Probably, it means that we are getting away from the ideal of doll-like beauty which lacks expression and intelligence. Certainly, it is significant when little children turn away from the beautiful French dolls and take the funny life-like babies, whose faces are so full of expression that it seems as if they could almost talk."

### Where Races Rub Elbows

Within half a minute's walk of the Columbia university library in New York there is a five-story building which houses under one roof students from every quarter of the globe, Japanese, Chinese, Turks and Hindus live in peace and amity with Americans, Austrians, Germans and French. The building in which all this takes place is the Cosmopolitan club, at 42 West One Hundred and Fourteenth street.

The Cosmopolitan club was organized three years ago by the foreign students in Columbia university, and since then has taken in nearly all of the foreign students in the city. Last year there were 256 students from foreign lands studying in New York's educational institutions—140 at Columbia and the remainder in Union Seminary, the College of the City of New York and other local schools and colleges.

There are more than 100 Chinese and Japanese students, twenty-five Ottomans, fifteen Hindu and about 100 others, including twenty from Italy, twenty-nine from Austria, fifteen from Germany, thirteen from England, ten from Hungary, and seven from Roumania. Many of these have been sent to the United States by their governments to prepare them for positions of prominence in their home lands.

The charges for rooms are considerably less than what the students would have to pay if they lived in any of the college dormitories or private boarding houses near the college campus.

Board is also very cheap, so that the club in a measure represents the foreign students' solution of the high cost of living problem.

In order that good-fellowship shall be the keynote of these gatherings the club has made a rule that no two students of the same nationality should sit beside one another, and the result was last year that one could find a Turk breaking bread with an Italian and Hindu, Chinese, Japanese and Danish holding eminent conversations in English—New York Sun.

As to Worry.

"Don't worry" is a 5 and 10 cent philosophy.

Worry is a sure sign of insanity. Lunatics never worry.

Happy toasts! Nine lives, and never worried by insurance agents!

"Fight it out alone! Most of the new kind of mothers seem to do that, and

### THE SECRET OF LONG LIFE.

Do not sap the springs of life by neglect of the human mechanism, by allowing the accumulation of poisons in the system. An imitation of Nature's method of restoring waste of tissue and impoverishment of the blood and nervous strength is to take an alternative glyceric extract (without alcohol) of Golden Seal and Oregon grape root, Bloodroot, Stone and Mandrake root with Cherrybark. Over 40 years ago Dr. Pierce gave to the public this remedy, which he called Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. He found it would help the blood in taking up the proper elements from food, help the liver into activity, thereby throwing out the poisons from the blood and vitalizing the whole system as well as slaying and soothing a cough.

No one ever takes cold unless constipated, or exhausted, and having what we call mal-nutrition, which is attended with impoverished blood and exhaustion of nerve force. The "Discovery" is an all-around tonic which restores tone to the blood, nerves and heart by imitating Nature's methods of restoring waste of tissue, and feeding the nerves, heart and lungs on rich red blood.

"I suffered from pain under my right shoulder blade since a very severe cough," writes Mrs. W. D. Doss, of New Bedford, Mass., "and I had four different doctors and some did me no good. Some said I had consumption, others said I would have to have an operation. I was bedridden, unable to get up for six months—and was nothing but a live skeleton. You advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. When I had taken one bottle of the 'Discovery' I could get up for an hour at a time, and when I had taken three bottles I could go out for a walk with the children. In four bottles I was in all-out health. My weight is now 125 pounds."

Man. Doss.