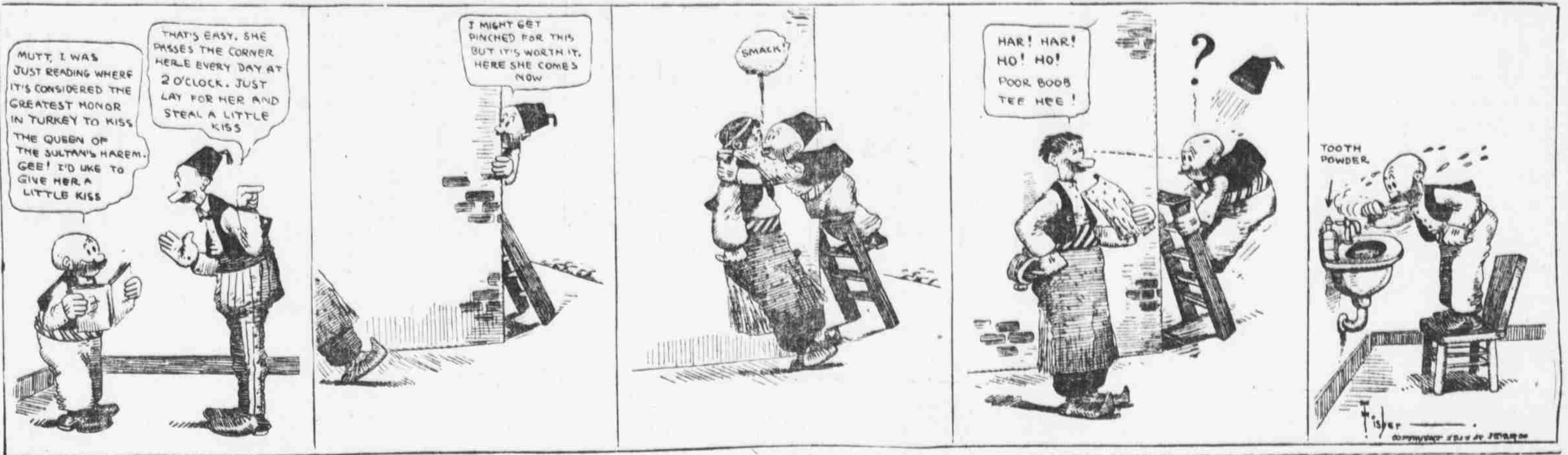


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Well, at That, You Got to Hand it to Jeff for Trying

Drawn for The Bee by "Bud" Fisher



"Every Woman is a Mother"

How the Nurses' Club Will "Adopt" Humanity

By ADA PATTERSON.

"All women are mothers. You don't have to have children to be a mother. And every woman should do something for that big, lovable, needy child—humanity."

It was a broad platform, that of Miss Ruth Richmond, the sweet-faced young woman, who is the daughter of a justice of the supreme court of Texas, and who in New York is working out her humanitarian theories in the form of a club. It is a unique club, in that it will be like Switzerland, for it has no president. Its name is the Muses, and every woman is eligible to it. The Muses is a woman's republic. Its attractive founder says the name is a synonym, for there are only nine muses and all women may enlist under its broad banner.

Heretofore there has been a strong line of demarcation between women's clubs. They have been of two kinds—for the women who achieve outside their home and the women who work within its walls. The Colony club is for women who have achieved in society, the Professional Woman's league for actresses, authors and members of the allied arts, the Twelfth Night in other professions.

The mothers' clubs have had for their object an uplift in that highest of professions—motherhood. The cooking clubs have aimed at culinary perfection. But the line between the home woman and the out-in-the-world woman has been strongly drawn. The Muses wipes out that line with the sponge of a world-wide sisterhood.

"The ideal club has two purposes—to foster the good things and to make the bad into good," asserted Miss Richmond. "The Muses will build a club house which will be a temporary residence for members. For instance, a woman doctor may be tired after a case, and her home may be a long distance from her patient. The club will be a place where she can rest for an hour.

"It will be a place where women can meet and talk things over. Do you can't realize how much good it does a woman to talk things over with some one? I've known women who were starved for companionship with another woman. Men who are well enough in their way, but they haven't the understanding of a woman. Every woman in the home is interested in the woman who is doing something in the world, and the woman who is more or less in public life has weary moments of longing for the quiet protection of the other woman's life.

"It will be an admirable meeting place for those women who otherwise might never meet the woman who is doing things outside the home, inspiring the other by her thoroughness in her work, and the home woman, softening, gentling, so to speak, the character of the other, which is liable, through its rougher contacts, to grow hard. An interchange of ideas between these classes of women, and their discussion of the problems that affect all women, should be of great practical value, besides being an incentive to each.

"One of the world's greatest needs is that women get together. Think what a force we could be if organized. Clubs will help.

"The Muses intends to make its clubhouse a market place of women's talents. The woman who paints pictures will have a chance to have them exhibited there, the woman who writes plays to have them tried in the club's little theater. The lawyer will gain clients in the club, the journalist will find stories there, the physician cases."

"You don't fear that its members will become self-seeking? Will the Muses promise not to encourage graft?" I asked.

Miss Richmond looked pained. "I know that charge is brought against some club members," she said, "but it is also brought against churches. That a few undeveloped souls join churches to advance their business interests is no argument against the churches. If some of our members have joined the club from petty motives I pledge you my word that they will lose pettiness in the club. Contact with big minds will effect that. We won't throw out the grafters, and the grafters will fling away their grafting habits and thoughts.

"What all the women's clubs are seeking to do, and what more and more are doing, is to form a meeting point of women's minds. The minds that are full of experience can feed the starving minds and do, and, sooner or later, by the law of compensation, the starved ones make return.

"The club is to be a refuge for its members in time of stress. I know a girl, an artist, who went for three weeks



without food and who fainted in the street and was carried to a hospital. The papers found it out and the girl suffered much humiliation. The Muses will prevent such need and humiliation.

"We will be a big sisterhood. We had thought of 'Sisters All' as a motto, but we have decided that, big as is that word, it isn't big enough for our purpose. We want to help every worthy movement, to mother it."

Miss Richmond looked up from the copy of the club's constitution and then out of her apartment overlooking the Hudson.

The genial hospitality of the south spoke in her eyes and voice.

Beatrice Fairfax Says:

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"Come in without knocking," reads a sign hung on many business doors, "and go out the same way."

"Of course," says the woman shopper indignantly, "I will go in without knocking. Surely I have enough sense to know one shouldn't knock at the door of a store or shop the same as one knocks at the door of a private residence."

She goes in without knocking. Does she go out the same way?

We will leave that question to the thousands of girls who earn their bread and butter on the other side of the counter. When they get home at night and show their bruises, they display also a woeful lack of consideration which many of their own sex have shown them. That they are sometimes an inconceivable in return, no one disputes, but this is sure. The woman on the buying side of the counter never received better treatment by forgetting the second clause of the motto she saw hanging on the door. If she got out a hammer, the girl who waited on her immediately displayed a harder resistance. That is human nature. But it is a good motto, so good it should not be confined exclusively to business doors. There is an urgent need for it on the doors of homes.

On every wall there are mottoes like these: "Hope looks for unqualified success; but faith counts certainly on failure, and takes honorable defeat to be a form of victory." "For charity begins blindfold, and only through a series of similar misapprehensions arises at length into a settled principle of love and patience, and a firm belief in all our fellow men." or "The first step for all is to learn to the dress our own ignoble fallibility," etc., etc. But time is short, the brain is tired, and nerves are worn ragged, and the one who "goes in without knocking," doesn't stop to read and cannot, out of the depths of his fatigue, comprehend if he does.

But it requires no effort of the brain to comprehend this: "Come in without knocking and go out the same way."

You go into your homes at night without knocking. Of course you do, for it is your home and you enjoy the latchkey privilege. But once across its threshold, do you conduct yourself in such a manner that you can say next day that you "went out the same way?"

I do not ask the question of the men. Every woman knows that it is more or less of a masculine privilege to possess the hammer, but I ask it of the girls.

They go home from school, from the little pink tea, foolishness of society or from the more serious places in life where they are engaged in earning a living, and enter without knocking. The school girl has known her day's defeats and humiliations, as acute as any she will experience in the years to come, and is cross; the girl who comes home from the pink tea foolishness saw much there to envy, and as pink teas are not conducive to sensible thought, is somewhat resentful, and the girl who goes home from hard labor all day argues that she had to be

Domestic Science for Boys

By WINIFRED BLACK

The high school boys of Indiana are clever fellows, with a pretty wit of their own.

"They went to the school board the other day and demanded to have cooking and sewing put into the curriculum of the Boys' High school, because," they said, "it looks as if women's suffrage was coming to Indiana and the girls we marry will be voters. Now, while they are voting and running for office, we want to know how to cook and sew, because somebody will have to do it."

Precisely so, dear boys; precisely so. How thoughtful of you to plan for the future. You are so much cleverer than the girls—you think of everything, don't it wonderful to be a boy? Dear, dear! I don't see how you live with such a surplus of heavy thought to carry around.

Now the girls—poor, weak, silly things—never thought of learning to be carpenters and plumbers and butchers, and yet they must have to do your work for you while you run around voting and running for office. How silly of them, to be sure.

Well, it's about what you expect of girls anyhow, isn't it? Be generous, boys. Be magnanimous. Do get that committee of yours up again and go to the school board and demand that the girls be taught to tend furnaces and keep books and mow the lawn and—stand with their little tootie wooties on a rail and look pleasant while they buy something to drink for some one who is perfectly able to buy something for himself—thank you—even if the baby goes without shoes a while longer.

Instat upon it, boys. You aren't getting a square deal at all. Who's going to that race while you are off voting? You'll have to break in somebody to do it, and

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Ask Her.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 26 years old, and about three years ago I met a young lady about the same age. I have kept company with her for the last two years and it was understood that we were to be married in five years, as my salary at present would not support her in the manner she is now living. From a friend of mine I have learned that she is about to be married in May, although she has not said anything to me about it.

Give her the benefit of the doubt until you have learned that this is true. Sometimes friends are overzealous and misinformed. If she admits it, then the only thing left for you is to forget her. Don't let the experience make you cynical or bitter. Not one girl in 50 would do such a thing.

The Wayward Heart.

Dear Miss Fairfax: A young man who cared a great deal about me called on me for three months, in a few nights a week. About a month ago I told him I really didn't care enough for him to have him call so many times, for he was wasting his time, and kept other young men from calling on me. Now, I find that I care a great deal for him.

CONSTANT READER.

Perhaps he still cares for you. Drop him a friendly little note asking him to call. If he accepts, your future course will be easy.

Surely Settles Upset Stomachs

"Pape's Diaprepain" Ends Indigestion, Gas, Sourness and Heartburn in Five Minutes.

"Really does" put bad stomachs in order—"really does" overcome indigestion, dyspepsia, gas, heartburn and sourness in five minutes—that just—that makes Pape's Diaprepain the largest selling stomach regulator in the world. If you eat ferments into stubborn lumps, you belch gas and eructate sour, undigested food and acid; head in dizziness and aches; brain fog; tongue coated; your insides filled with bile and indigestible waste; remember the moment Diaprepain comes in contact with the stomach all such distress vanishes. It's truly astonishing—almost miraculous, and the joy is its harmlessness.

A large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diaprepain will give you a hundred dollars' worth of satisfaction or your druggist sends you your money back.

It's worth your weight in gold to men and women who can't get their stomachs regulated. It belongs in your home—should always be kept handy in case of a sick, sour, upset stomach during the day or at night. It's the quickest, surest and most harmless stomach doctor in the world.—Advertisement.

Daily Fashions.



The model, youthful in its simplicity, displays the smart touches of originality which characterizes the gowns worn by Miss Lavalliers.

It is a very simple evening frock of ivory charmeuse, suitable for a young girl. The bodice, cut with a round neck and large armholes, forms two plaits on the shoulder, giving some fullness to the blouse and crossing in front over the chemise-like "coulissee" (malines net). The very small sleeves are of the same material, baby shaped, finished by small ruffles set up over a silver twist.

The skirt hangs straight, with a side front closing, and crossing with two rounded corners, showing the shoe.

A tulle effect is given by a small basque, slightly gathered, crossed diagonally by a garland of leaves of garnet velvet, caught at the waist line and under the basque by two bows.

TWENTIETH CENTURY FARMER
A Great Farm Journal
The Best in the West.

TWO BOYS

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

One brother is very successful; His habits are perfect, I hear. From smoking he shrinks, as well as from drinks. And he makes thirty thousand a year. Folks say he's a model, this brother, But the model is hopelessly bad, For I fear he's ashamed of his mother— And I know he's ashamed of his dad.

His brother's not very successful As most people reckon success. He frolics and jokes, he drinks and he smokes; He's a sheep in a pretty black dress. He's a wild kind of fellow, this brother, But he isn't a sanctified cad, For he isn't ashamed of his mother— And he isn't ashamed of his dad.

They ask for assistance; he hears them, And keeps them from worry and woe; His laugh inexpressibly cheers them, As it did in the days long ago. On this reckless boy—not the other— I would stake every cent that I had, For he isn't ashamed of his mother— And he isn't ashamed of his dad.