

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## "Love Not Vanquished by the Strong, Modern Woman of Today," Says Beatrice Fairfax

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

There is a volume which has interested all the poets, philosophers, artists, historians and sages since the world began.

It has a cover which allures. When this volume is fresh from the hands of the great printer the cover is dainty, pretty and in bright colors. The colors soon fade, and the prettiness and daintiness vanish, but unlike any other volume, the greater the havoc time works on the exterior, the greater the store of knowledge on the inside.

This volume is called "Woman." And every mother's son many times during his brief span looks casually at the cover, perhaps turns a page or two, and claims he has mastered all the secrets, the problems, the mysteries, the volume contains.

Among these sons of Solomon, who glance and say, "I know," there are many artists who portray on canvas all that they have discovered. One, a Frenchman, M. Nemoz, has made a painting of his discovery which has excited great applause from other sons of Solomon, who say, "Wonderful, wonderful!"

This picture is called "Expulsion," and you are invited to look at the copy above. If you are a son of Solomon, an organization to which every man believes his wisdom entitles him to membership, you will also say, "Wonderful!"

If you are a woman you will know that no man really knows, but that the woman who has wisdom knows she must let him think he knows.

The picture is supposed to represent the attitude of the modern woman toward the god of love, "for whom she neither has time nor inclination." With the forehead and expression of a Minerva, and the proportions of a Juno, she sits securely enthroned in power and knowledge, with the arrows wrested from the god of love in a hand imperiously raised to drive him from her presence.

This is the picture of the modern woman as every man thinks he knows her. What every woman knows is that if any woman has ever stifled the cry of her heart, and bidden love to depart, she has called upon him to return before he was out of sight.

He can come in no guise in which

he is not welcome, he can never be such a plague or a torment that she would bid him depart.

She may be modern in every outward expression; she may fear at love; she may call those women weak and spineless who regard love as worth all the world beside; she may take pride in her scorn of him, but in the bottom of her heart there is a longing for him which is never stilled.

All that the giving up means in the freedom of self-development and ambition; all the applause of the world, all honor, all fame, all the sweetness of the rewards of self-effort; nothing the world can offer is worth in the final accounting the cost a woman must pay in driving out love.

M. Nemoz is a very clever artist, but his hands are quicker than his ears. The women who deny love make their protest known with the blare of trumpets and in strident tones. They are few in numbers, but they make a loud noise. M. Nemoz heard the noise, and thought he heard the voice of all the women in the world.

Love has a language that is low and sweet and flute-like. It is the cry of the heart, and the heart never trumpets its appeals. Women all over the world are longing for love, and all that love means: A husband, a home, shelter, the touch of a baby's hand, and the joy of sacrifice and service.

But they do not march with the blare of trumpets to make this want known. They do not hire halls and engage speakers to declare for them that love is the aim, the beginning, the end, the sole existence of woman, and that they want it.

They keep this little longing hidden deep in their hearts. Some, frankly honest, admit it. Others, to conceal their sorrow that love has never come, claim they don't want the little god to visit them, and would drive him away if he dared appear.

They deceive the men; they do not deceive other women; they do not deceive themselves.

Love sends many ambassadors, and these ambassadors sometimes have poor credentials, but the woman at the door of whose heart they appear opens the door and lets them down on her knees. She does not ask to see the credentials. Wisdom, prudence, caution, self-interest, all are forgotten when love appears. She is no longer a "Modern Woman." She has lost the reckoning of time and is just woman.



THE FRENCH ARTIST, WHICH TENDS TO SHOW THAT THE WOMAN OF TODAY HAS OVERCOME ALL HER SUSCEPTIBILITY TO LOVE

### Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

#### It Need Not Be a Diamond.

I am 25, holding a position paying me a salary of \$10 per month. I am engaged to a young man (seeing \$300 per annum, and he is now desirous of presenting me with a beautiful diamond ring. He has been calling on me for the last two years without objection on my part, and everything was apparently satisfactory until this question of giving me an engagement ring came up.

We had not planned to be married for a little time yet, but as matters have taken this course I desire to be married soon, and to keep my position for a time. This is what they are afraid I had intended doing, they claiming it degrading for a married woman to be working to help out financially. Our combined salaries would make us financially independent and enable us to quit a nice little sum away for future need.

DISCOURAGED. If he has been calling on you for two years he owes you an engagement ring, but it need not necessarily be a diamond. Love is just as true and lasting when expressed in a less expensive stone. Your parents are right in thinking such a stone an extravagance.

It is not degrading for a woman to work after marriage, though it is not desirable. This is where the danger lies. The husband is an unusual man if he doesn't continue to exact it when the necessity no longer exists.

#### Most Certainly Not.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been keeping company with a man who has been separated from his wife about a year. We intend to marry when he secures a divorce, which is now pending. It is proper for me to appear in public with this man? A READER.

It is not only improper for you to appear with him in public, but equally wrong to see him at any time. No man honors a woman by wooing her when he is bound to another woman. He should be free first. He is compromising your good name by paying you attention so long as he is another woman's husband.

#### Don't Do It.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young girl 17 years of age, and am in love with a man four years my senior. We have been going together for the last seven months, and he has never had the opportunity or occasion to present me with a gift of any kind. His twenty-first anniversary is now approaching, and I would like to present him with a silver ring. H. O. L.

There is no reason for making him a gift of any kind, and if there were, you should not give him a ring. Write him a note of congratulation.

#### Listen to Your Mother.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 and have been going with a young man of 19 for a little over a year. He claims to love me and I love him dearly. He promised me a diamond ring for an engagement ring but now his mother says he can't

marry until his sister gets married, and she has no fellow yet. My mother scolds me every day. Tell me what I shall do. P. B.

A scolding every day is a trying ordeal, both for your mother and yourself. End it by putting a stop to all need for rebuke. There is no prospect of marriage; he can't afford a ring. Let there be no engagement.

In five years he will be, I hope, in a position to buy you a ring, regardless of his sister's unappreciated right.

#### There Are Many Ways.

Dear Miss Fairfax: If, while out walking, you meet a man for whom you do not care, and you do not care to walk home with him, please tell me how to get rid of him. M. K. B.

The most honorable way would be to tell him you do not want his company, but if you lack the moral courage to do this, you may turn in at some friend's house, or turn back to your home, or stop the next car that is passing and get out. There are many pretenses you may use, but the best way is to tell him the truth. If he persists, it will finally come to that.

#### Mountains Out of Molehills.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young boy 15 years of age. Recently a lady, who is a friend of mine was invited to a social gathering and asked me to be her escort. I consented and we attended the affair. The next day I noticed she was very angry at me. I think I know the reason. Is it proper to bring presents to a social gathering? Was it proper for me to bring my lady friend a bouquet of roses or only a few? Are roses the right kind of flowers for a social gathering? Was it proper for me to dance with another girl? M. K. B.

You paid her a pleasant attention by taking her roses; no flower is more appropriate, and you did no wrong in dancing with another girl.

#### Certainly.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 and in love with a young man just my age. Recently he introduced me to a friend of his and I was taken seriously by his friend. Whenever his friend calls he would expect him to go to the house, but would not come in, and neither would he walk with us. I don't think that he is jealous, but at the same time I can't quite make out what the trouble is. I have always treated him with respect, but do you think I ought to continue my friendship with his friend? The friend has committed no offense, and the friendship may be mutually profitable. As for your first friend, I think he acts as if he were trying to efface himself from the situation.

#### That Makes a Difference.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Which is proper—For a young woman to call on a young man to call on a young man to ask the young woman if he may call, assuming that the miss has asked him the first time? L. L.

It is the woman's privilege to ask the man to call the first time. The second call should be on his solicitation.

### Ella Wheeler Wilcox Says:

"The More People See of the World and of One Another the Fewer Petty Criticisms They Find Time or Inclination for."

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Copyright, 1913, by the Star Co. It is predicted that we shall all be traveling at the speed of 100 miles an hour in a few more years. No doubt the speed of ships will increase accordingly, and airships will add to the methods of transporting human beings about the earth.

All this means the ultimate education of humanity, and the growth of liberality and charitable judgment. The more people see of the world and of one another the fewer petty criticisms they find time or inclination for.

There are always great souls in every remote community whose mental and spiritual horizon is large, and there are always narrow gauged beings to be found everywhere who remain small and petty, no matter how widely they travel and observe. The majority of persons, however, are wideness and benefited by coming in contact with their kind in different conditions.

Hundreds of men and women who have been brought up in a locality which does not approve of dancing make themselves miserable and obnoxious by trying to prevent others, with opposite ideas, from indulging in that delightful pastime. I do not recall ever hearing a cosmopolitan denounce the social dance. It is always the man or woman who has walked in a circumscribed orbit. To the man who has passed his whole life in the backwoods a "bliss" shirt is the insignia of a duke, and a dress suit brands one of his sex as a conceited fool and worldling.

Women who have lived with limited social opportunities cover their eyes at sight of a décolleté gown, and waste breath in denouncing its wearer as immodest and immoral. They believe their narrow vision is only proper one, merely because they have seen and learned little of any life beyond their small world.

It is all very pitiful when we stop to consider how large the world is, and how old, and what vast courtesies of human beings have lived good, useful, moral lives and worn "bliss" shirts, dress suits, low-necked gowns and indulged in dancing, games, cards and other worldly amusements.

It is a pity and a mistake to go through the world trying to compel others to think, believe and act exactly as we do. It is this spirit of petty tyranny which keeps the whole human race from making the progress it might make were each one of us to live according to our own highest ideals, and to let others do the same, unmolested, so long as the great principles were not outraged nor the commandments broken.

The Turkish woman thinks the exposure of the face in the presence of men highly improper. It is her thoughts alone, we know, which make it so.

The woman who has been reared to the wearing of the evening gown has no more immodest thought in her mind than the Turkish woman hides under her veil. It is all a matter of bringing up. The Turk will assure you that no man can look on the faces of women without covetous thoughts and improper desires. We all know how absurd is that idea.

Just as absurd is the idea of the provincial prude, male or female, that no man can look on the lace fringed neck or enervate a waist in the ballroom without evil thoughts.

Remember to the harem-reared woman you, madame, are bold and immodest because you walk the street with your face uncovered. You think her ignorant. Try to not be as ignorant as she is in your criticisms of your sisters who dress differently from you.

### Dorothy Dix Says:

A Man Who Has Provided for His Family, Held His Wife's Love and Kept Peace at Home Has Made a Success of Life

By DOROTHY DIX.

A man writes: "Do you think I have made a success or a failure of life? I am a poor man, who works hard for a small salary. I have never been able to make much money, or to give my family the luxuries of life. Sometimes they have not even had the comforts. But my home, although it has always been shabby, has been filled with peace and love and happiness."

"I had a wife whom I adored and who I am sure never regretted marrying me, although from her wedding day to the day of her death her lot was the hard one of a poor man's wife."

"After her mother's death my oldest daughter, then only 15, took her mother's place, and has filled it splendidly ever since, growing into a noble and capable womanhood. My other children—there are five of them—are fine little chaps, healthy, hardy and intelligent, and when they see their old dad coming they swarm over him with yells of delight, for he's their best pal, and the one who helps them in their work and play."

"But I'm not one of the men who know how to make money, or get on in the world. I began life humbly and I shall end it humbly, and when I see other people who have been more successful than I—some of them old friends who began on the same level as myself in my boyhood—I wonder if I am not a failure. Then I look at my children and think that I have got a right to score something to my account, after all. What do you say? Am I a failure or a success?"

It all depends upon how you rate success. If you think that the dollar mark is the high-water mark of human achievement, then you are a failure. But, judging by the same standard, you would be in pretty good company. Any grafting police lieutenant could have given Abraham Lincoln points on how to become a successful money-maker. And thousands of other great statesmen have died poor, although they had in their possession knowledge of legislation that was to be enacted that would have made them millions had they been "successful politicians."

A man is a failure who cannot make a

living for himself and those dependent upon him. But this living does not include diamond tiaras and limousines and imported gowns. It means just ordinary food and clothing and lodging, enough to insure a decent independence. Beyond that the making of money is no criterion of the real success of a life.

That consists in doing something for your fellow creatures, not in doing something to them, and the real failures are those who, at the end of their lives, have nothing to show but a little pile of metal and a little bunch of printed paper, both worthless at the judgment bar.

Of course, the success that proclaims itself by the honking of automobile horns and the rattle of silk is of the spectacular kind that catches the public eye, but the man who is successful as a money-maker has the narrowest success in the world because he is nearly always a failure at everything else.

He's a failure as a neighbor because he has taken advantage of his superior shrewdness to those about him. The richest man in the community is always the most hated man. He's a failure as a friend, because he has always thought first of himself and because he distrusts everybody, believing everybody to be as selfish and self-seeking as he is. It is the reality of wealth that it is friendless and lonely.

The very successful money maker is nearly always a failure as a husband. It takes all of his time and thought and interest to accumulate a fortune, and he has no leisure in which to be sympathetic and tender to his wife.

Divorce is far more common among the rich than it is among the poor, and there are probably no other women, as a class, who are more unhappy than the poor rich women who are married to our great financiers.

No other woman envies a millionairess her relationship to her husband. There have been too many cases of where a man celebrates his success as a money-maker by trading off his old wife for a fresh one to match his new drawing room furniture.

The men who are the most successful financially are the greatest failures as fathers. In place of personal affection and guidance they give their children money. The result is disaster. They raise up wastrels and spenders, who are as sure to themselves and a disgrace to the parents that bore them. There is scarcely a rich man who has not had to pay a son out of some shameful scrape, or to buy a divorce for a daughter. What else may envy the man who has made a great success as a money maker, none of us envies the man his children.

The man who has given his family nothing but money is a failure as a husband.

### Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Ma told Pa almost a year ago that she would never ask any more of them club lads to go to the house. Ma kept her word till last night, which is longer than Pa has his word on any promise he made to her.

Dearest juv sed Ma I have a surprise in store for you tonight. I'm going to entertain six of the most beautiful women that you have ever saw. I do not mean, Ma sed, that they are beautiful in face and form, but I do mean that they have wonderful intellects. Pa's face got kinda long. Isn't there one of the six that has a beautiful face? No sed Ma. Well sed Pa, isn't there one of the six that has a beautiful form? You might not think so sed Ma. I sed that Ma was getting kinda peevish.

The newspaper artists and speshul writers is going to have a banquet to-night sed Pa and wanted me to be sure to come. They have got a real reserved for Tow Powers and me. Mr. Powers is going to be the groom and I am going to be the boy, because I have a round fat face. Pa sed. The boys thought that would be a fine thing. I guess I will leave at eight o'clock Pa sed, if that will be all right.

Ma began to grin at Pa kinda mean. You have got a fat chance Ma sed to put your foot outside this door this eve. You don't see to realize that I am going to entertain the Roman Reginas. What is Reginas sed Pa? Reginas is queens in latin sed Ma, and it would be a daret insult to them six ligit ladies if I sed husband wusn't here to help me receive them.

Well, sed Pa, what is the program? I suppose they are going to spout Latin poetry all the evening. No sed Ma, but they are going into sum of the details of the rise and fall of Anshunt Rome. One of the ladies was in Rome onst on a Cook's Tourer & seen the bridge which Mr. Horatius held. Another of the ladies was also in Rome and she seen the knife that Cassa used on Julius Caesar. It will be a very interesting evening, all in all, sed Ma, and I am shure you will not regret staying at home tonight. Now go and put on your evening close, Ma sed, and Bobbie will find your shirt studs.

When Pa & me was in the next room, Pa looked at me kinda sad and sed, well,

hand and a father. The man who has made his wife so happy that her heart sang for joy all her days, and whose children love and cling to him and make of him their best friend, is a success, no matter if they have only had bread and butter to eat, instead of cake and ale. Such a man is a success as a citizen, because he has given to his country boys and girls who grow up into useful men and women.

The most successful man or woman is the one who has the most influence for good, and who gives the greatest uplift to those whose lives touch his or hers. The most successful man I know is the one who will leave no fortune to build memorial libraries or hospitals when he is gone, because he paid his employees such good wages and found

so much poverty to alleviate as he went along that he has never been able to accumulate much money. In his old age he is comparatively poor, and he sometimes says to me that he feels that he has been a failure.

Yet his life has been an example of right living to all about him. Wherever he has gone he has carried hope and cheer, and given fresh courage and inspiration, and his presence has been like a benediction upon every house he entered. As husband, as father, as son and brother, as friend and neighbor, he has been true, tender, and stanch and loyal. None has known his wife has not been the better for it. Poor as he followed in his footsteps and hope bloomed where he trod, and the good that he has accomplished is not to be measured in terms of money. God alone can calculate that sum.

The real test of success is not what you have got, but the good you have done.

Are You FAT?

I Was ONCE.

I Reduced MYSELF

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I was fat, unattractive, looked old, felt miserable, suffered with rheumatism, asthma, neuritis. When I worked or walked, I puffed like a steam locomotive. I took a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I lost 25 pounds in 10 weeks. I feel like a new woman. I am now slim, healthy, and full of life. I can walk or work now. I can climb a mountain. I am no longer fat. I am now a healthy woman. I am now a happy woman. I am now a woman who is a credit to her race. I am now a woman who is a blessing to her family. I am now a woman who is a joy to her friends. I am now a woman who is a success in every way. I am now a woman who is a woman.

SOMETHING HAD TO BE DONE

I began to study the cause of FAT. When I discovered the cause I found the remedy. The French Method gave me an insight into the cause of my trouble. I removed the objectionable features, added more pleasant ones, and then I tried my plan on myself for a week. It worked like magic. I had never had so much success before.

SCREAMED WITH JOY

At the end of the first week when the scales told me I had lost ten pounds by my simple, easy, harmless, and approved method, I was a pleasure to me. I felt fifteen years younger. I looked fifteen years younger. My double chin had entirely disappeared. I can walk or work now. I can climb a mountain. I am no longer fat. I am now a healthy woman. I am now a happy woman. I am now a woman who is a credit to her race. I am now a woman who is a blessing to her family. I am now a woman who is a joy to her friends. I am now a woman who is a success in every way. I am now a woman who is a woman.