



# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



## Making Mother Over

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

When a girl reaches 16, and her head is turned as easily as thistle-down, for the reason that it is almost as light, she becomes possessed with the belief that she is superior to her family, a delusion in which her foolishly found parents unconsciously encourage her.

She is her parents' own child that is a stubborn fact that even romantic theories of being the stolen offspring of royalty, of which she has read in the fairy tales, can't conquer. She is a rare blossom on a parent stem that looks like a weed, and she wonders that there is no explanation of such a phenomenon.

She learns at an earlier age than one would guess that she can't change her father. She can rule him, and does, but, being a man, he is satisfied to be what he is. He admits his offspring is a rare blossom, but does not for a moment think that the father stem is a weed.

Mother is different. One reason is that she is a woman and knows not that self-content that is wrapped around a man like the bandages around a mummy. And a greater reason is that she is mother, and therefore humble. She also recognizes that her offspring is a rare blossom, the quick eyes of her love making this discovery the moment her baby daughter was first held in her arms. Because of her love she makes humble comparison, and knows also that she is a weed.

She doesn't resent her daughter's air of superiority, but weakly and foolishly encourages it, thereby turning that little thistle-down head a little further out of place.

Naturally the conditions that exist in a home where a girl has been permitted to think she is a princess do not please her and she begins the process of making over, altering her work of reformation between the parlor and mother, the former receiving serious attention when she expects company and the latter engaging her energies all the time.

Mother's methods of pronunciation are not those in use now and she is corrected and called old-fashioned, a term that loses its sweetness when a princess daughter applies it. Mother is too tired when night comes to put on more becoming clothes, and daughter begins at the wrong end of the reformation by complaining about her mother's appearance instead of attaining the same end by making the work lighter.

The family purse will not support more than one peacock. Mother is glad to give her daughter that royal plumage, and the girl accepts and later complains when she struts around that her mother is not dressed as well as other mothers she knows, forgetting that in those families there are no peacocks and the sum allotted for royal plumage is more justly divided.

I do not want girls to cease in this reform of making mother over, but I want them to do it in a better way. One can't change a mother's old-style clothes into new by complaining, but the change can be wrought by buying mother new clothes. If \$10 is given a girl for a new hat and mother she will make last season's do, the daughter can make mother over by giving her the new hat and wearing the old herself.

If mother shows the unbecoming traces of hard labor, another way is offered for making her over by taking the burden of the home off her shoulders.

If the latest whim is a ribbon, a tie, hat, gloves, dress or shoes will improve daughter wouldn't they also improve mother, and isn't her need of improvement greater? One has the adornment of youth and needs little the other is showing all the disfiguring marks of time and needs every assistance pretty clothes may give.

Make mother over by making her think more of herself and less of other. Such a reformation will be good for the whole family, but don't, girls, I implore you, go at this reformation in the high-handed, selfish way. Have pride in her and she will begin to have pride in herself of which many years of monotonous and unappreciated household work have robbed her.

Make her over! Make her young and pretty and carefree again, and use in working the transformation the fairy wand of love!

## Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

### Accept No Man.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 15 years old and deeply in love with two young men, one five years my senior and the other ten years my senior. Both think there is nothing like me. There was a young man from another place who came to see me some time ago. He proposed to me, but I didn't accept, as neither likes the other one a little better. I don't know whether to accept or not, as I do not love him very much and would like you to give me some advice. HILDE.

A girl of 15 years is too young to be courted. I am surprised that your mother permits it. You must refuse all three, and permit yourself to be a care-free girl at least five years longer.

### Tell Him You Have None.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a rich young girl 18 years old and am deeply in love with a young man six years my senior. I am alone in the world with no mother to guide me. He has asked me to marry him but I do not know if he wants me for love or for money. How can I find out? MARGARET.

"All's fair in love and war," and you might try the plan worn threadbare in fiction by telling him you have lost your money.

### Go, by All Means.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I expect to go to a dance accompanied by a young man with whom I have quite an understanding. This young man does not dance. Will it be proper for me to dance with other young men, or would you deem it advisable for us not to go to the dance at all? The young man is taking you for your pleasure, and knows that means you will want to dance.

His experience as a willflower proves distasteful to him he will not repeat it. Could you not persuade him to learn to dance? I am afraid this difference in your choice of entertainment may otherwise make trouble.

### Certainly.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Is it proper for a young lady to ask a gentleman to call when he has hinted at it, or wait until he positively asks to call? MADEIRA.

She has the privilege of asking a man to call on her, and a hint between friends should be unnecessary.

# In the Spring the Bather's Fancy Lightly Turns to Dreams Like This

MISS NELL BRINKLEY'S Pictorial Phantasy of Surf Bathing in Hawaii

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Nell Brinkley says: May is a laggard to the chap and the girl who love the surf and live in a bathing suit from dawn till dark when the dog days come. A ldiver of the water and far Hawaii (restless under the cool days of May, who moseys along stooping to look into the eyes of the flow-ers April gave her), longing for the breakers and the restless,

deephul bosom of the sea, said, fretfully: "There's a land for you—keen! Summer all year, water like vlevet, and the rollers that come marching in from the coral reef, holding hands and breaking for a mile! Why, you can't even, when your summer does come, ride a surf-board in these short, broken breakers." And I admitted it was pitifully true—for haven't we

tried it here on our gray Atlantic and capsize—both on the narrow bit of mahogany eighteen inches wide and six feet long, and in the enterprise? But I will be very, most awfully, grateful for just the days when I can kick my heels in sea-water and rise to big, green rollers—even if our surf won't let us ride the furious little Hawaiian surf-steed!

## Sex and Suffrage

Dorothy Dix Discusses Point Raised by an Anti and Argues the Question of Sex Appeal to a Fair Conclusion

By DOROTHY DIX

Mrs. Arthur Dodge, the leader of the anti-suffragists and our greatest unconsenting humorist, is out with a brand new explanation of why women want to vote.

She says that the suffrage question is nothing on earth but a sex disturbance, and that in trying to get the ballot women are only making a sex appeal to man.

That's a pretty hard charge for a woman, even an anti-suffragist, to make against her sister woman. It is only explainable on the ground that each anti-suffragist gets thinks that she is the only woman in the world who has sufficient intelligence and virtue to fit her to vote. I have never met an anti-suffragist who esteemed herself so ignorant and vicious and hysterical and venial that she felt that a ballot would be unsafe in her hands. It's all the other women that she holds so cheaply.

However, Mrs. Dodge's claim that the suffrage appeal is nothing but a sex appeal to man, is at least, welcome, because it is new. What anti-suffragists have heretofore claimed was that the suffrage movement was a sex war.

One contention is just as silly and unworthy of the serious consideration of sensible people as the other. On the very face of it, it is idiotic that there could be any great popular movement that had for its object the fostering of antagonism between the sexes. Any such idea would fall at its very birth.

Nature would slay it in its very beginning, for as long as men and women are women, the cry of sex to sex will be the loudest and most insistent call in the world.

Theories and creeds, beliefs and principles, religion and politics have never yet stood long between a man and a maid, and the only possible war between the sexes results in the call to arms that

both answer and which is arbitrated by the priest at the altar. Anybody who seriously argues that men and women can ever be arrayed against each other, as classes, needs the attention of an alienist. Aside from the affection between them, the man's interest and the woman's interest are identical. They stand or fall together. Whatever makes for the prosperity of one makes for the good of the other. What drags one down into the pit carries the other into the abyss.

We are the wives, and sisters, and daughters of the men who want low tariff or high tariff; our husbands and our brothers and our fathers are manufacturers or farmers or merchants; our fortunes will be affected just as much as men's by currency laws. We are bound to men by every tie of blood and heart and pocket, and the idea of our fighting them is as absurd as to suppose we will all go daft and cut our own throats. There can never be, even when we get the franchise, any all-woman political party. There can be no female tariff schedule, no female banking bill differing from men's.

The idea of a sex war between men and women is so ridiculous that it is no wonder that even the anti-suffragist Donna Quixotes got tired of fighting that windmill. But Mrs. Dodge's brand new theory that the suffrage movement is an insidious sex appeal to men is equally fantastic and imaginary.

On the contrary, so far from this being the truth, if any women are guilty of using their sex in furtherance of their aims it is the anti-suffragists, not the suffragists.

The chief weapon in the armory of the anti-suffragist is what she calls feminine charm, or feminine influence, and she is forever urging women to use this instead of doing a course and brutal thing like casting a ballot. The anti-suffragist says that women do not need to vote because they can persuade men to vote the way they want them to. They contend that it is easier to jolly a man into doing what you want him to than it is to do it yourself, and less labor to work him than to do the work with your own hands. When you want to get a bill passed for some measure you are interested in, or an appropriation for your favorite charity, they advise you to put on your prettiest frock and your most bewitching hat, and go up to the legis-

lature and make eyes at the men. They say that you can flatter a man, particularly if you are good looking, into voting for anything, and such being the case, why bother with the ballot?

Now, when a woman talks about using her "sweet womanly influence" she knows perfectly well that what she really means is that she is going to strike the chord of sex with a hand that practice has made unerring in its touch. She's going to use every coquetry, and blandishment, and cajolery, and wile that have come down from the days of Eve and Delilah to the present moment, and because she may be doing it for a good cause doesn't alter its character one whit.

One of the main arguments to be advanced in favor of giving women the franchise is that it will enable them to do decently and clean-mindedly the very things that they do immorally now. When a woman doesn't have to ask favors of a man she doesn't have to do the Salome dance before him.

The woman who has her own independent income doesn't have to wheedle a new hat out of her husband by tainted kisses and carresses. The woman who can cast her own ballot for whatever measure she wants doesn't have to debase herself by flirting with some politician to get him to vote her way.

The ballot is the clean, honest high road to a desired result. Using your womanly influence is the devious and slimy path that leads in the same direction, but that no woman treads without bedraggling her skirts.

The woman lobbyist is no credit to her sex. We want to save any woman from having to stoop to do her work. That's why we want the ballot.

### Timely Hints.

By making tiny loops in the end of the dress shelds and stitching narrow white wash ribbon in the lingerie sleeves shelds may be quickly adjusted, and there is no metal arrangement to rust the goods. When the low shoe slips on the heel take a damp cloth and wipe the inside of the shoe over the heel and this will destroy the glare, and the shoe won't slip.

While it is nice to see embroidered initials upon towels and bed linen, yet there is no need of the busy woman rushing to the initial monogram when beautiful ones can be purchased ready to see on.

The same bright colors used for women are a feature in the children's dresses of this season.

## The Granicus

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

Alexander the Great won the Battle of the Granicus, 2,347 years ago, May 22, B. C. 334.

Crossing the Hellespont, near the point where, more than twenty-one centuries later, Lord Byron was to take his famous swim, Alexander moved on to the Granicus, where he was to meet the Persian hosts who stood ready to dispute the progress of the ambitious young occidental.



The battle that followed was short, sharp, decisive, the Persians being routed, "horse, foot and dragoons," losing heavily in killed, wounded and prisoners, while Alexander's loss was trifling, amounting to but a hundred or so.

The Granicus was the first clash between the saber and the sarissa—a spear some twenty feet long. The phalanxes, about two feet apart, and in a body fifteen lines deep, moved to the attack armed with this dreadful weapon as their chief reliance. It struck terror into the hearts of the orientals, as well it might, and the mortal fear born at the Granicus remained to the end. Again and again after that battle the Persians formed themselves to meet the conqueror, but the fear of the terrible phalanx would not down, and after a show of resistance they ran away like so many sheep. The Persians were a brave people, and all things being equal, would have acquitted themselves honorably enough, but against the phalanx and the cariers they were simply helpless.

It was not so much the genius of Alexander, or the superior personal courage of his Macedonians, that won for him his famous victories, as it was the peculiar military organization he had received from his father. Philip was a most extraordinary man, a captain of first-rate powers, a mighty administrator, and above all a prince of organizers; and it was largely through his wise forethought and genius that Alexander won the fame which otherwise, in all probability, he would never have reached.

### Realistic Stage Battle and Its Ending.

Florence Rockwell tells how a certain actor well known on the American stage survived in a most effective manner with Iago when he was playing Othello. The players met and Othello, borne into the limelight, began to choke him. The stage fight was realistically presented, so much so, in fact, that after the performance a friend ap-

## The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

"Things ain't spread out even in the world," declared the Head Barber. "I am getting to be more and more of a socialist every day. The old stiff that just went out is worth about \$1,000,000 and he hasn't give me a tip since he has been stopping at the hotel. His two sons are live wires, but they make their own way in the world, and it's just as well. I'll bet neither of them could jimmy a dollar out of papa."

"Oh, well, they'll get it all when he kicks off," said the Manicure Lady. "But it don't look like he is ever going to do that little thing," replied the Head Barber. "The old wart is as hard to kill as an angle worm. You can break one of them into four pieces and every part sets along and seems to be able to take a little nourishment. Just like a full-sized worm. No, I guess the old chap will be here till he is around 100 years old, and by that time, the way the boys are going, they will be where they don't need no inheritance."

"I have often thought it was funny myself," said the Manicure Lady, "the way some folks has everything they want and then don't seem to want anything. That sounds kind of mixed, George, but you know what I mean. Look as my Uncle Frank for instance. He is so mean, George, that he rolls himself around the parlor in a rubber tired chair so as not to wear out the rugs. Poor Wilfred knows that Frank has all the coin in the world, nearly, and not a long time ago he braced uncle for \$200 to print a volume of his poems. It seems Wilfred was over in Boston and met one of them poetry publishers that will publish anybody's poetry if the poet pays for publication in advance, and he thought he just had to have \$200 to get out his book. Father tried to tell him that no good publisher done business that way, but the boy was set on getting the \$200, so he decided to brace uncle for it. Wilfred prides himself, George, on the way he goes about making a touch or asking any kind of a favor. He says that he plans it out careful, like Napoleon used to plan his battles."

"About a week before he went to see about the \$200, he wrote a little poem

boosting his dear Uncle Frank. This is how it went:

My Uncle Frank, to him I point with pride. He is my uncle on my mother's side. Like her, he is so gentle and so kind, So noble in his loving, so refined. That all who know him think the world of him. And love to gratify his every whim. His handsome face, beneath a snow-white head, Reminds me of the Caesars that are dead. Almighty Providence I always thank For sparing through the years my Uncle Frank.

"That's a pretty good boost for the uncle," observed the Head Barber.

"It sounds all right if you don't know the uncle," said the Manicure Lady, "but there ain't a line of truth in the poem except that Frank is mother's brother. He is as much like my dear ma as apple-jack is like warm milk. Nobody never gratified none of his whims without getting paid for it, and they mostly had to wait for their pay, too. And as far as his handsome face reminding anybody of the dead Caesars, all I've got to say is that after the Caesars must have been wise to the saive in Wilfred's poem, because he ain't no fool and knows down in his own heart that he is a miserable old skinflint. Anyhow, he didn't make no reply to the verses, and when Wilfred went to get the \$200 he didn't get nothing except the gate. Yes, indeed, George, the money in this world ain't divided right. It is waa. I wouldn't be setting here broke the day after pay day."

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