



# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



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## Letter to a Lad of 10 in Praise of His Manners

### A Boy Well Bred is an Ornament to the World

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

(Copyright, 1913, by Star Company.) I happened to be in a street car with you and your mother yesterday. I was so impressed with your good manners that I asked a lady who was talking with your mother to tell me who you were after you left the car. So now I am writing to you—quite an unconventional proceeding on my part, but the difference in our years will excuse the informality. I happened to be sitting near the entrance of the car and saw you stand aside to let some ladies step into the car before you came on, and I saw you assist one old lady who was somewhat lame, and you did it in a very gentle and modest way, which quite captivated me. Then you staid your mother's arm as she was about to take a seat at one of those "hold-fast" places, and you took her purse and paid the carfare and returned the purse to her, all so quietly and neatly and with a business-like air. After you had ridden a few blocks, and while your mother was talking with her friend, an old man came aboard the car, and you arose and gave him your seat. And you lifted your hat as you did this with charming courtesy. All these evidences of good breeding were silent compliments to the mother and father who brought you up, and show how fortunate you are in having had such good guidance.

hands, while ladies stand swinging from straps beside them. It is a curious commentary on our much-vaunted public school system that such manners can exist after boys have entered high school. What good will their knowledge of books do them if they are to grow into young manhood unconscious of their selfish boorishness? Good manners are the very foundation of a good education. Without that foundation the education will not stand the test of time. I congratulate you, my dear young friend, that you have been so beautifully taught the small, gracious courtesies of life, and that you put them to use so charmingly. A well-bred boy of good manners and gentle deportment is an ornament to the world. And he is sure to make friends wherever he goes—just as you have made a friend of me without suspecting it.

### When One is Very Young

Love is a sickness full of woes, all remedies refusing.—Samuel Daniel.

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX G. K. writes: "I am 17 years of age and in love with a girl one year my junior. I am in love with her very much, but I don't know if she loves me. I feel as if I am getting sick, knowing not what to do."

The letter bears a date of ten days ago. It is of course yesterday, or the day previous, there might be reason for some uneasiness regarding the condition of G. K., but ten days is a long, long time, and without doubt he has gone through all the chills, the fever, the pangs, and made a complete recovery ere this. This boy and girl love—valf love, some say—may develop into something larger, truer, finer, but the chances are all against it. A boy of 17 years thinks he has found the one love for life, and he also thinks he will never become too old to prefer pie to potatoes. He is sure that his heart will never waver from the choice of his youth, and just as sure that when he has grown old and gray, and has earned the right to spend money as he chooses, that he will at last gratify his youthful longing for nut sundae. The love of his extreme youth is seldom serious, and does not even become a pleasant memory, for the reason that there were so many of them. The one picture he thinks he will always carry in his heart becomes the composite picture of many, and he forgets in a few years if Ethel had blue eyes or brown, and if it were Mary who gave him a lock of her hair or Susan.

His emotions are so short-lived that calf love would be something to laugh about were it not for the waste of time every such love represents. In the growing, developing, eventful and impressive period of life, when a boy and girl should be studying their school books and laying the foundation for helpful manhood or womanhood, they moon around to the neglect of everything in life that is worth while, devoting every hope, every energy, every thought, to what they call love, but which bears no nearer resemblance to love than a worthless pebble bears to a precious jewel. It is most regrettable that so much time is wasted in seeking for the counterfeit, instead of preparing one's self by study and training and self-control to appreciate the genuine that will come later. G. K. has recovered from the sickness that prompted his letter long ere this. It is as if he called a physician to minister to an ailment so short-lived that it had vanished when the physician arrived. But the physician would warn him against another such attack, and explain the folly of needless pain, the waste of health and energy that could be avoided. I can do no more. The remedy lies in his own hands. He must put such devotion into the effort to make a man of himself that there isn't time, room or inclination left for indulgence in the emotions that are not his due till he reaches man's estate.

## Clean Bill of Health, or No Wedding Bells

By LILIAN LAUFERTY

What do you think the world owes to women? The Rev. Henry E. Jackson, pastor of the Christian Union Congregational church of Montclair, N. J., says that we have two sacred duties toward women—"to utilize them and to make them happy."

This minister has recently announced his new platform: He will not perform a marriage unless the bridegroom-to-be can present a clear bill of health from the bride's family physician. This statement commands instant attention, and arouses earnest speculation. The man, not the woman, must have a guarantee of fitness for marriage—and this must come from the family physician of the bride. Why? There is a world-reason, the race must be protected. It seems a far cry from opium-soaked Chinatown to Montclair, sweet with the perfumes and lovely with the vestments of spring. But Mr. Jackson stands ready to bridge gulfs far greater than convention's self. On Sunday evening, April 27, a woman who was for ten years a white slave in Chinatown, and who escaped ten years ago, mounted his pulpit and told the married men and women of the congregation of the work she is doing for the little sisters of the dark, who might so easily be led down the grim path she had to travel. Conservatism was not ready to allow boys and girls on the threshold of life, or unmarried men and women, to deal with life unveiled, and as it shamefully and sadly is.

That day I left New York in murk and gray gloom and went to the clean, sane, sweet smelling country. In the great



sunny living room of the Jackson home an early bee was buzzing around a mass of fragrant purple lilacs; the atmosphere was calm, serene; the Rev. Henry Jackson speaks with a quiet directness of manner that is the soul of unaffected simplicity. And in this atmosphere of peace I listened to some world-truths that sounded a note of absolute freedom for women—once, as Mr. Jackson says, mere "household utensils."

"When Rose Livingston had finished telling my people of the awful horrors from which she saves some little girls of 13 or 14 years, and of the brief life and terrible death that is the bitter portion of some others, they were fairly raw in their sensitiveness, while in their minds was a boiling turmoil of indignation that men and women make these conditions by allowing them. "It is a terrible thing when emotions are aroused with no outlet. Unacted thought is a sin," according to the great Italian philosopher, Mazzini. "That audience in my church found some outlet for its feelings in taking up a generous collection for the work of saving our little girls, but that was not enough. "What are we going to do?" I asked them. "Now, I believe firmly that the twentieth century will see the single moral standard for men and women enforced. The opinion of educated society will make women demand this—the former playthings and utensils have come to feel—to know. Men and women no longer work by side in the home, spinning, weaving, performing the homely tasks of olden times. The men go to the concentrated centers in cities and factories, the women perform their household tasks quietly through the aid of modern inventions. And they use their margin of leisure for education. Women are reaching out to great interests to make life worth while—



REV. HENRY E. JACKSON.

Residents of Montclair, N. J., were startled when Rev. Mr. Jackson announced from his pulpit that in future he would require from every prospective bridegroom a certificate of health, signed by the physician of the bride-to-be, before he would consent to perform the marriage ceremony.

normal and good. A man need not be a monk. A woman can not escape herself. God built her with certain native instincts that respond to man and life. God implanted fundamental instincts, which we cannot kill because they are God-given. "The new conception of life makes women realize the healthy body is needed to make her the true type of womanhood. Capable, strong, self-possessed, she stands by man's side. She is his companion. "There is a fundamental ground swell now that makes for the liberty of the individual. And soon we will get rid of our little prejudices and know that it is for the mutual welfare of men and women for them to work together." Through all his deep seriousness, Mr. Johnson's deep-set eyes twinkled merrily. "You see, I am an ardent believer in suffrage. Militancy is a volcano in eruption—it will soon become extinct—it is a passing phase. But the world will soon grow sensible enough to allow women to give the world their particular abilities of which it stands so much in need. Suffrage is almost here—and the big fact of the feminist awakening is here. Women will demand a fair chance for the children they give to the world. "And my share toward helping the women—and the world—is to demand a surety of his fitness to become a husband before I say the sacred words that make a man a husband and a potential father of new citizens of the world.

## Men's Clothes More Foolish Than Women's

By WINIFRED BLACK

"When women stop wearing split skirts, low-necked waists and high heels, just because such things happen to be the fashion, I'll vote for them to get the suffrage," said a wise and temperate old gentleman, long known in public life, the other day.

When the gentleman said these things he stood on a platform in a picnic grove in central Illinois—the thermometer was 80 in the shade—and he wasn't in the shade. There wasn't a sniff of a breeze stirring, and the very horses tied to the rack at the side of the picnic pavilion gasped for breath. The man who was speaking wore, when he spoke, a suit of thick woolen cloth, high collar, thick socks, a tight, high collar, and near him on the speaker's table lay his hat, a thick woolen lid, no more use for summer wear, or winter either for that matter, than a saucypan with a tin handle.

I wonder why he wore those clothes? Was it just because they "happened to be the fashion," or because he thinks them inspired by that divine common sense which he seems to believe characterizes the male of the species? Right behind the man on the platform was the man's wife. She wore a soft thin muslin blouse, sprigged with blue, a soft lace collar, a throat free and comfortable; low, light-soled shoes, and thin stockings. On her head she wore a hat that kept the sun out of her eyes and that was cool and light and pretty, too.

I wonder why that man thinks he dresses more sensibly than his wife? I wonder what she thought, when she heard him talking. The average man in the average city of the average civilized country shows about as much sense in his dress for summer as a cat with walnuts tied on her feet when the skating is good. A high linen collar is the silliest, ugliest, most absurd thing that was ever invented for human wear, save and except the silk hat and the derby of the same ilk.

What's the matter with a man's throat. Is he afraid he'll catch cold if the wind should happen to blow upon it? Do men really like to look and feel as if they were being slowly garroted? I'd really like to know. And the coats, and the vests, hideous things, wooly, sticky, hot, fuzzy, ugly to the last degree—who ever invented them at all, I'd like to know? Some clever woman with a spite against the whole sex, I do believe. Catch a woman going downtown in June with a woolen dress on—why, she'd as soon wear a fur coat on swimming, and as well, too. "Don't feel it," that's what the men

will tell you—um, huh, just what a woman with a tight corset will say when she's purple in the face from tight lacing—"don't feel it." Well, then, gentlemen, let me tell you, your looks belie you shamefully. Who walks quietly, neatly shod, softly along, stepping like a cat on the roof tops—no haunts, no lagging—comfortable, cool, good to look at these days? A woman—just a woman, that's all.

"Who is that puffing along behind her, hot, red-faced, wringing wet with perspiration, panting, wiping his brow every other minute—a sight for gods and men—oh, that's husband, the common sense one of the partners—looks the part, doesn't he?"

"Split skirts and low necks and high heels." Why, these things, silly and badly planned as they are, are models of calm good sense in the dress of common sense man—gentlemen—think it over and see if you don't think so honestly, now.

## The Restoration

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

It was 233 years ago—May 23, 1689—that Charles II, the "Merry Monarch," went waiting into Whitehall to begin the disreputable period of English history known as the "Restoration." Old Oliver was dead, his weakling of a son was officially decapitated, and the most degraded man who ever fell heir to the British throne had everything his own way. And it was such a way as England had never seen before. The court became a great "flourishing crowd of debauched men and shameless women," an affair of rakes, gamblers and degenerates. All that was noblest and best in Puritanism was whirled away with its pettishness. Godliness became a by-word of scorn. Sobriety in dress, speech, manners, was flouted.

And the "Merry Monarch" and his "merry" friends were as cruel and unjust as they were licentious and degraded. To their eternal infamy they murdered such men as Vane, Russell and Sidney; attempted to strangle all freedom of thought in religion and politics, and tried to a much greater extent even than Charles I. had done to transform the government of England into a Turkish sultanate.

In the meantime nature itself seemed to reveal in the turning over of new pages of horror. Still terrible, even at this distance of time, is the story of the great plague in London and the great fire and the floods, which everywhere prevailed, threatening to wash the "tight little island" into the sea. Poor old England! But poor old England is tough and hard to kill, and it managed, somehow, to survive the Restoration, to survive the worst that came to it under the "Merry Monarch" and his immediate successor; and on the 13th of January, 1689, twenty-nine years after Charles II. walked so jauntily into Whitehall, it found its salvation in that Dutch William, whose wise rule marks the beginning of modern England—the head partner in the mighty political firm whose influence girdles the globe.

## EAT MEAT SPARINGLY DURING SUMMER

Meat heats the blood—eat very little of it during hot weather. That doesn't mean that you have to sacrifice nourishing food because it is heating. You will find Faust Spaghetti more nourishing than meat, and it is also a light, cooling food. By analysis you will find that a 10c package of Faust Spaghetti contains as much nutrition as 4 lbs. of beef. It is a rich, glutinous food made from Durum Wheat, the cereal extremely high in protein. Faust Spaghetti can be served in many different ways—write for free recipe book. Sold in 5c and 10c packages. MAULL BROS. St. Louis, Mo.

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