



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Bringing Up Father

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Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



Divorce

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By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Thinking of one thing all day long, at night I fall asleep, brain weary and heart sore;

But only for a little while. At three, sometimes at two o'clock, I wake and lie, staring out into darkness; while my thoughts begin the weary treadmill-toll again. From that white marriage morning of our youth down to this dreadful hour:

I see your face lit with the lovelight of the honeymoon;

I hear your voice, that lingered on my name as if it loved each letter; and I feel the clinging of your arms about my form. Your kisses on my cheek—and long to break the anguish of such memories with tears. But cannot weep; the fountain has run dry.

We were so young, so happy, and so full of keen sheer joy of life. I had no wish outside your pleasure; and you loved me so.

That when I sometimes felt a woman's need for more serene expression of man's love (The need of rest in calm affection's bay and not fall ever on the stormy main), Yet would I rouse myself in your desire; Meet ardent kiss with kisses just as warm; So nothing I could give should be denied.

And then our children came. Deep in my soul, from the first hour of conscious motherhood, I knew I should conserve myself for this most holy office; knew God meant it so. Yet even then, I held your wishes first; and by my double duties lost the bloom and freshness of my beauty; and beheld a look of disapproval in your eyes.

But with the coming of our precious child, The lover's smile, tinged with the father's pride, Returned again; and helped to make me strong; And life was very sweet for both of us.

Another, and another birth, and twice The little white harse paused beside our door And took away some portion of my youth.

With my sweet babies. At the first you seemed To suffer with me, standing very near;

But when I wept too long you turned away. And I was hurt, not realizing then My grief was selfish. I could see the change Which motherhood and sorrow made in me; And when I saw the change that came to you, Saw how your eyes looked past me when you talked.

And when I missed the love tone from your voice, I did that foolish thing that women do: Complained and cried, accused you of neglect, And made myself obnoxious in your sight.

And often, after you had left my side, Alone I stood before my mirror, mad With anger at my pallid cheeks, my dull Unlighted eyes, my shrunken mother-breasts, And wept, and wept, and faded more and more.

How could I hope to win back wand'ring love, And make new flames in dying embers leap By such ungracious means?

And then she came, Firm bodomed, round of cheek, with such young eyes, And all the ways of youth. I who had died A thousand deaths in waiting the return Of that old love look to your face once more— Died yet again and went straight into hell.

When I beheld it come at her approach, My God, my God, how have I borne it all! Yet since she had the power to make that look— The power to sweep the ashes from my heart, Of burned-out love for me, and light new fires, One thing remained for me—to let you go. I had no wish to keep the empty frame From which the priceless picture had been wrenched.

Nor do I blame you; it was not your fault; You gave me all that most men can give—love Of youth, of beauty, and of passion; and I gave you full return; my womanhood Matched well your manhood. Yet had you grown ill, Or old, and unattractive from some cause, (Less close than was my service unto you) I should have clung the tighter to you, dear; And loved you, loved you, loved you more and more.

I grow so weary thinking of these things; Day in, day out; and half the awful nights.

Beauty Secrets of Beautiful Women

A Host of Valuable Hints from Jose Collins.

By LILIAN LAUFERTY.

About the hardest work I know is just being a beauty. For there is the ever-present dread that if you relax eternal vigilance, your greatest stock-in-trade will diminish and dwindle to nothingness! On the other hand, if you are merely on the way to the acquisition of beauty, any little trace of loveliness you acquire is net gain.

However, recently Jose Collins of the Ziegfeld Follies of 1913 refuses to worry about the ravages of time or avoid-dupis. "If I get fat, I get fat," said she with complacent conviction; "I refuse to worry about it, and to lay in a supply of wrinkles and gray hair and insomnia dulled eyes. The women in New York have gone mad on the subject, and they would probably look far better fat and cheerful than with the haunted-by-the-fear-of-another-pound look they all wear."

"I eat sparingly in hot weather, because then I don't feel warm and loggy. I breakfast on hot water and figs, and I eat fruit and salads without oil in great quantities. That keeps my system clear and in good working order. I never eat hot foods in summer, for that would mean putting in some internal heat when we are sufficiently bathed in the warm atmosphere. I keep a watch on my system—if it grows tired, or poisoned by some food that was not all it should have been, why, I live on some sort of fermented milk product—some of the lactic acid drinks that put me in sweet, healthy trim soon again. Every one ought to be her own diet expert."

"I've another notion, if you care to hear it—every woman ought to be her own manicure expert, too. Beautiful hands are improved by pink, smooth, shell-like nails with neat half-moons and white tips. Lay in a supply of rounded orange wood sticks, some cuticle remover, a cuticle file, a buffer, a flexible file, one of the standard polishing pastes, and a nail bleach for removing stains from under the nails. Spend five minutes with the nails night and morning, training them into stately, smooth cleanliness, and see what splendid results you get—this would be my advice to all girls."

"Cold cream to make the hands smooth; careful drying to keep them so, and a little stretching and pulling and patting into long, graceful lines will make the ugliest hand more attractive. And if a fairly pretty hand is scrupulously smooth and clean, and is tipped by smoothly rounded pink nails with no soil or jagged cuticle to mar their outlines, it will be sure to give the impression of being very pretty indeed."

"Every woman her own diet expert and manicurist," I mused. "Then, Miss Collins, you may think also that every woman should be her own hair dresser and an expert on the care of the hair, too."

"Indeed I do," agreed the dark-eyed beauty whose wonderful voice and delightful acting are two of the charms she adds to merely appearing in glowing radiance on the stage. "I think every girl can train her hair in the way it should go. I think it well worth time and patience to learn how to take care of your hair."

"And I think a girl should find a simple, pretty and becoming style of hair-dressing and stick to it. It is not fair to train the hair in one direction and then go yanking it off into some other way. A water wave can be put in and even straight, lanky hair taught to look fluffy and pretty."

"Just after your next shampoo press your still damp hair into waves with your fingers and pin the waves into place, and with the waves still pinned, allow the hair to get perfectly dry, pinch these same waves into place morning and evening with a bit of hot water to add stability to the hair as it dries. Of course, this won't make naturally curly hair—but it will give a pretty fluffy look to locks that might otherwise be an invitation to seaweed."

"If your hair is too long or too thick too



Beautiful Jose Collins.

manage, cut out a bit of it—if it be too thin, go to an expert for a tonic and apply it faithfully with a loosening, circular motion that is splendid for the scalp—and then you will probably have a crown-like glory—instead of just 'hair'!"

So, Little Miss Would-Be-Pretty, just work away at being your own manicure expert, and manicure artist and hair specialist, and see if you do not fall heir to some of beautiful, stately Jose Collins' beautiful and magnetic charms.

the children will get along all right," said she. "The neighbors will look after them for a day or so."

And the next day when the woman who visited went away she was surprised because none of us went to see her off, and she said quite seriously that, "but didn't see why she had such bad luck with servants. She never could get one she could trust, she said."

And the brown girl's dark eyes were wide with wonder and surprise.

"She is strange to me, that woman," she said. "How could she believe I would go with her and leave the children here alone—and I'm left with them?"

The shaggy dog growled as if he understood—or tried to—and the chubby

Four women who visited, how can she think she will ever find fidelity, she who values it so rightly?

Money! That's all she knows—and she cannot believe that there is any other language in the world.

When the woman who went away came back someone told her of the woman who visited and the brown girl, and the woman who went away laughed.

"Yes," she said, "Isn't it funny, such people think they can buy what is not for sale—never, never for sale anywhere on earth, is it Anita?" And the brown girl shook her pretty head and smiled and said, "No, no, not to sell." And she is an Indian girl—not long from the

Loyalty to the School

Duty the School Boy Owes to the Teacher, to Himself and to the School

By DR. C. H. PARKHURST

Ought a schoolboy to "tell on" his mate when asked to do as by the teacher? Is the prejudice against what is called "tattling" justifiable? Is the question one that has two sides to it?

This matter has recently been discussed by one of our local magazines and opinions solicited from outside parties.

Replies received are almost unanimous in their verdict that the teacher ought not to make any such demand of a pupil, and eighty out of a hundred claim that the boy ought not to yield to the demand when made.

Such degree of unanimity deserves considerable respect, for the replies were evidently rendered by thoughtful people.

Among boys themselves a tattle is held in universal contempt, and a boy's sense of honor is not a thing to be lightly regarded.

At the same time the fact that twenty out of the hundred expressed the directly contrary view would seem to indicate that there is something worth considering that can be said on the other side. At any rate, there can be no harm in having both sides presented.

The conception that the average schoolboy has of the schoolroom situation is that it is a kind of tug of war, in which the teacher pulls at one end of the rope and the entire body of pupils at the other.

In old-fashioned district schools, especially in the winter term, the first day of the session was regularly devoted to determining whether the platform end or the desk end of the schoolroom was to rule.

Although the tension between the two parties is at present less extreme than formerly, yet there are the remains of it still, and I have a distinct recollection of how it was when I was a pupil and still more definite remembrance of its presence in the schoolroom when I was myself teacher in the primary department.

Having exceptions, the prevailing sentiment in the schoolroom is that the teacher is legitimate prey, and that any advantage that can be gained over him, any scheme by which he can be outwitted, lies distinctly within the rights of the pupils, and is to be credited to their sagacity.

The two are working at cross purposes, or, at any rate, with distinct purposes.

The teacher has upon his heart the interests of the school.

That cannot be said of the pupils. It is no care of theirs whether their mates get their lessons or do not get them, whether they behave or misbehave.

There is no esprit de corps wide enough to hold in its embrace scholars and teacher. The two elements are



not co-operant to the achievement of a common success. It is one institution, but the two elements are consciously distinct from each other.

When, therefore, a pupil makes a good recitation the teacher is gratified, but the rest of the pupils do not care. When one pupil breaks a rule or creates some stealthy disturbance the teacher is troubled, but the other pupils are not troubled.

They feel no responsibility for the order of the school as a whole. It is the teacher that keeps school and they feel under no obligation therefore to help him keep it.

It is his school, they say, not theirs; so that if he has difficulty in discovering who created the disturbance, the position they take is that it is no part of their business to help him find out.

That is not the attitude that government takes in ferreting out the authors of social crime. In the relations of common life we are all reckoned as responsible for the maintenance of good order.

If, therefore, a crime is committed, any man who is presumed to know anything as to the guilty party is ordered upon the witness stand and compelled to tell under oath all that he knows about it.

He is obliged to turn informer, and it is just that the attitude that upon all of us a part of the government, with responsibility, therefore, devolving upon us individually. My thought is that the same principle should obtain in the schoolroom, and that the school should be conceived of as a corporate institution in which the boys at their desks, as well as the teacher at his, should consciously share in the promotion of a common interest, in the encouragement of the life of the school, whether as relates to culture or conduct.

In which case every instance of unfaithfulness in study and of disloyalty in conduct will be felt by all who are studious and behaved as a reflection upon themselves, because a reflection upon their school, and therefore to be resisted and avenged, not as an interference with the rights of the culprit, nor as an intrusion into the province of the teacher, but in fulfillment of obligation devolved upon pupils and teacher alike, because joint members of a common organization.

If I were to teach school again I would start in by laying down the principle just stated, and would insist upon every pupil combining with me in maintaining, in every way in his power, the educational life and the moral principle of the school, giving to the school to that extent the character of a republic in which each is responsible for all and all responsible for each.

The Indian Maid and the Children

By WINIFRED BLACK.

She went away for two or three days, my neighbor with the two chubby children. She left the children at home with the maid—not at all the usual maid, quite an unusual one.

She's brown is the maid, and slender, and she wears earrings and beads and bracelets, and you don't have to see her brood west-ern hat to know that the maid is an Indian.

"I wonder how she'll be with the children when the mother is away?" I thought; and just because I was idle and curious, and a lot of other things I'm ashamed of being, I watched—

a little closely.

The children played in the garden all day, quite as if the mother was at home. At noon they went in, and came out again fresh and neat, and in the evening they sat together on the rustic porch of the little summer cottage—the two little, chubby, white children and the brown maid with the band of Indian beadwork on her broad-brimmed western hat.

The dog was always with them—a shaggy fellow, with a tawny head and

eyes as deep as the sea and as faithful as the sun—and they sat there, the four of them together, and watched the stars and looked at the silver moon and told stories and sang together softly, so that no one should overhear them; and when it grew late the chubby little boy climbed into the brown girl's faithful arms and she sang to him lower and lower and lower, and his head drooped and he slept—and the shaggy dog looked up into the brown girl's face and wagged his tail—and the little, chubby girl leaned her head against the brown girl's knee and they looked very happy.

Night after night this happened.

"What a faithful heart," said the neighbors. "This woman who went away knew what she was doing."

"Yes," said one who visited there. "She's a treasure. I wonder where she got her."

That evening the woman who visited slipped over to the steps where the brown girl sat and talked with her. The brown girl told me what she said the next day.

"I don't know what your mistress pays you," said the woman who visited, "but whatever it is I will give you more; a good deal more. I want just such a girl as you in my home. I can't find anyone I can trust, they're all so unreliable. I am going tomorrow. Come with me; you can be far away on the train when the woman who has gone away gets back."

"But," gasped the brown girl, "but the children? What about them? I do not wish to leave anyone, and then—"

The woman who visited laughed. "Oh,



Men Welcome Mother's Friend

A Duty that Every Man Owes to Those who Perpetuate the Race.



Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Duty, My Dear.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been engaged to a young man two years. The man is 23 years old. We love each other very much. Owing to our aged mothers we think it is impossible to get married, as he is the only support of his mother and I am the only child left at home to take care of my mother, who is 85. Between love and duty, which will we do? M. S.

Your mothers are so old that your time of waiting will be very short. I am sure if either of you failed in your duty you would live to regret it. Unless you can marry and take your mothers with you, which is not advisable, postpone your marriage till you can enter it feeling that your happiness is not purchased with another's woe.

That is His Place.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Will you kindly enlighten me as to whether it is proper to thank the gentlemen after returning from a show or ball? BABY.

The good old-fashioned courtesy makes all the pleasure his. He owes you the delight he has had in your company.