The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Bringing Up Father

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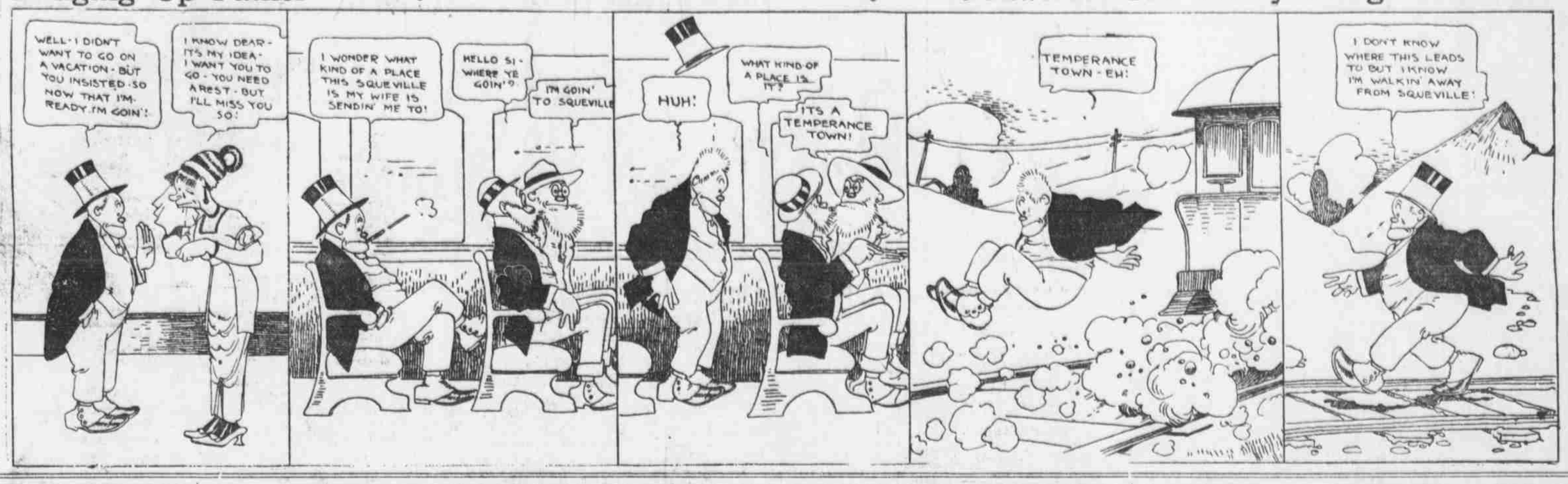
Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



A Clever Man's Choice in Women

By WINNIFRED BLACK.

"I am going to marry a beautiful woman," said the clever man, "and a good woman, and I don't care whether she can spell c-a-t cat, or d-o-g dog or not.

"The stupider she is the better; women are so comfy when they are stupid—they are like nice soft cushions, always so pretty to see, and so nice to lean against.

"I'm tired of clever people, tired of bright women, tired of intelligent companionship. I want to be comforted—I don't want to be stimulated.

"Marry now? No; not just quite yet. I'm not ready just now, but in a few years, when I'm through with things; I'll marry—somebody pretty, somebody dull, somebody sweet tempered; and then I shall have a family—tall sons and pretty daughters—clever boys and good girls, and I shall sit back and watch them grow up and tell my wife what to do, and what not to do, and my sons and I will have a good time laughing at the pr tty sisters and the kind, sweet-tempered mother, and life will be just as it should be."

And the clever man did what so few clever men ever do—he kept his word.

He knew clever women and pretty women and good women, and rich women and poor women and young women, and middle-aged women and old women, and women as slim as willows and women who thought of themselves as "Junoesques."

Five years ago he married, just as he said he would, a beautiful, amiable fool. Yesterday I saw the clever man and his beautiful wife. There were two children—a very ugly, very lively, very interesting, very clever little girl, with her father's high forehead and her father's stubborn mouth, and her father's awkward gait. And there was a very handsome, very dull, very slow-witted, very timid little boy, with his mother's weak mouth, and his mother's almost silly smile.

And the clever man was madly in love with his ugly daughter, and was doing his best to spoil her, and the stupid woman was desperately devoted to her stupid son, and they were all four very happy, much to the disgust of several very much interested people who had been hoping all along that the clever man would see what a mistake he had made, and would be very, very miserable.

All of which goes to show what fun it must be to be a novelist and have people happy when they ought to be instead of when they are.

The man's theories about women? They haven't changed a particle. I'm glad my daughter is clever," says the clever man. "I don't have to marry her." Wouldn't you like to shake him?

New Candy Flesh Reducer Popular Here

Heretofore the corpulent have undergone all sorts of hardship and risk in the effort to lose their excess adipose. Weakening baths, exercises and starvation diet are harmful to many. Most internal medication plays havoc with digestion, circulation, nerves or kidneys. Now, thanks to the genius whose experiments have made it possible, one may discard the irksome and injurious things and just eat the harmless and delicious "boranium jujube" instead.

The idea hails from Germany, where obesity is so prevalent and where sweetmeats are much indulged in. It seems already to have become popular in the United States, from what several druggists have told me. The active component of the boranium jujube is a kind of seaweed extract which has the power to break up and partially absorb, partially eliminate, fatty and oily matter. As but one jujube need be eaten after each meal and one at bedtime, the new method is quite inexpensive. The fleshy ones now have good reason for rejoicing. —Mildred St. Albans in Household Guest. —Advertisement.

TWENTIETH CENTURY FARMER

Best Farm Paper in the West.

Beauty

Dainty Florence Jerome Talks on the Beauty of Ideals

By LILIAN LAUFERTY.

The world is being very kind to pretty 18-year-old Florence Nugent Jerome, and she is givinng back to the world smiles and sweetness and sunshine.

But far back in the depths of her wonderful eyes is a question that makes you think of some of the sadness of the ages.

"Why should this little girl, who has leaped into instant favor with the theater going public, have this question in the depths of her eyes and soul?" I asked myself. But after a few minutes I knew. Little Florence Jerome is a sensitive idealist, and so she looks at life sadly now and then for all her merry nature. She would have all beauty perfect, and she knows it is not.

"Rosemary Lee cannot find happiness in the "Follies" of New York. So the creator of Rosemary cannot find satisfaction in the follies of her sister-girls in New York. "Even in my little time in New York theatrical circles I have seen so much," said she, "and I wonder, wonder if girls never think of the price they pay for immodesty and stilliness."

This was to be an unusual interview. I sat up, literally as well as mentally alert. "Have you brought your ideals with you into the theater?" I asked.

"Yes, and into New York," answered Miss Jerome with assurance and earnestness. "Girls have it in their power to make the attitude of the men. Now look at the results. The men are beginning to think that they must be worldly and sporty and to boast about it in order to win favor with girls. Then the girls think that in order to be popular with men they must cater to the worldliness they have helped create the demand for So we see girls painting their faces absurdly and wearing immodest clothes, and everybody blames everybody else for the lowering of our ideals. I blame the girls. If we are sweet and modest, and seem to admire and appreciate the fine qualities in men, they will cultivate them—and then we will feel that our sweet qualities make us attractive. It is an endless chain, isn't it? But I do so admire the old-fashioned modest feminine girl, and I am sure the girl of this type will find love and kindness waiting her wherever she goes.

"If men are getting so used to immodesty that they like it, why then let us train them to modesty and see how much better they will like that! A good beginning would be to distinguish carefully between the clothes we wear on the street and those we wear in the house. Simple dignity for the street, with the constant remembrance that the sunglare reveals everything it can—so we must be careful to conceal what should be concealed—and though I believe in a bit of powder to cool the skin, I don't like to see a girl turned into a clown by the brazen revealings of the sun.

"Please don't get the idea that I am a prig," went on dainty Miss Florence, whose beauty has the sweet simplicity of the old-fashioned miniature. "I believe in youth and pleasure and being as attractive as you can, so you will look young and pleasure will come your way. But I think you should always have our own ideal as a picture in our mind and not be persuaded to like a strange picture just because it is popular.

"Now let me illustrate for you. At the convent where I was educated I got the habit of walking each morning from 8:30 to 9:30. The air is so cool and pure then, and nature is so lovely and healing. Well, it is a tradition of the theater to sleep until about 11, and I, a mere beginner, am boldly going against that tradition, because I think that an early morning walk invigorates and braces you up for the day. I wonder if it would not be worth the while of all business women to get up a bit earlier and have each day start off in a little stock-taking visit with themselves and nature. Each of us should be alone a part of each day, and the very best time is in the coolness of the morning. You can just plan then to have your day bigger and finer than it was yesterday.

I recommend simple dignity for the street. Though I believe in a bit of powder to cool the skin, I don't like to see a girl turned into a clown. It is a tradition of the theater to sleep until 11 o'clock, but I am going boldly against that tradition. Each of us should be alone part of the day. The best time for that is early in the morning. An early morning walk braces and invigorates you for the remainder of the day. You should always have your own ideal as a picture in your mind.

Miss Jerome in Three Poses.

"We all need solitude and we all need pleasure. Life has to have relaxation and spice as well as ideals. But I don't know how any one can be beautiful unless they try to be sweet and lovable. And that is not a bit what you wanted, is it?" said Miss Jerome.

"It was not exactly what I expected," I answered. "But I like your old-fashioned girl and your old-fashioned ideals—and I hope you can make them the fashion of today."

And so I do, little sisters, and so would you if you could truly see the charm of Florence Jerome's clear, fresh girlhood unspoiled by cosmetics, undimmed by jewels, and shining forth by its own idealism as our great ideal—beauty.

Dorothy Dix's Article

On Taking Inventory, Mothers Should Not Close Their Eyes to the Defects of Their Offspring, but Should Correct Them So That in Later Life the Children Will Not Turn Out Badly.

By DOROTHY DIX.

Every now and then every business man goes carefully over his possessions, listing, appraising, classifying, advancing and depreciating their worth and valuing them by the market standards of the day. He calls this taking stock. When he is through and has balanced his ledger, he knows precisely where he stands—what he has to hope for and what to fear, where he may fight and where he must hedge.

I have often thought that there would be less failure in the world and fewer of us would come to spiritual bankruptcy if we would follow the same plan and occasionally sit down and take stock of ourselves mentally, morally and physically. It is human and comfortable to think we possess all graces and virtues and charms, but it isn't true any more than it would be for the cross-roads country store merchant to imagine himself a Wanamaker.

Why shouldn't an ugly woman, for instance, face the music and calmly take an inventory of the beauty that she lacks?

Nobody will deny that the woman who is born beautiful draws the prize package in the lottery of life, but she doesn't get everything. There is tact and charm of manner and grace, and the woman who has these has a magic veil that hides a homely face and makes it seem beautiful to those who come in contact with her. Moreover, while beauty must come by nature, these qualities may be cultivated.

It lies with every woman to learn a delicate consideration for the feelings of others, to acquire the art of listening with interest and to so improve her mind she will always be the most delightful and intelligent of companions. And when she can do these things she needn't worry much about the size of her nose or whether her mouth is cut bias or straight.

It seems a pity, too, doesn't it, that people don't oftener take stock of their children and see just what they are and what might be made out of them? Of course, it's delightful to think that all of our little Sallies and Johnnies and Tommies are geniuses, but our pleasure in the illusion is apt to be a little marred by the subsequent disappointment that we might so easily have saved ourselves if only we had looked at them as they were, instead of as we wished them to be.

We should think a merchant crazy if he had a store full of calico, and homespun, and pots, and kettles, and pans, and in taking stock he listed them as point lace and diamonds and pictures. Yet that is just exactly what we are doing with our children. We are calling commonplace and ordinary qualities by fine names. We won't see them as they are and make the best of them on that basis. We are so determined on raising up geniuses, instead of good business men and citizens, that now and then we convert them into hoodlums and idiots.

Why shouldn't a mother look her own children over just as she does her neighbors' and size up their strength and weakness? She should, at least, then be able to work out the problem of raising them with some sort of knowledge as a foundation and guide, instead of going at it purely as guesswork. She won't do it, however. It takes a courage to look things in the face that she doesn't possess. She won't admit that this child is feeble-minded or that one is dull, and so she deprives them of the marvellous help that modern education can give along these lines.

She shuts her eyes to the fact that Johnnie is bowlegged and Tommy is knock-kneed, and she dooms them to go through life a butt for the ridicule of their acquaintances, when the defect could be easily remedied while they are children. She takes no pains to help the ugly girl correct her awkwardness and learn the things that would make up for her lack of beauty. Even her efforts to help her children are half the time atrocious mistakes, because she has never taken stock and doesn't know what she has on hand to work with.

Every now and then some unhappy and tearful wife comes to me with the tale of her troubles. She is disatisfied, discontented, disgruntled. Sometimes she is not appreciated, sometimes her heart is hurt by cold treatment, sometimes she feels that she made a mistake in marrying and yearns for a career out in the world. I don't know any remedy as good for such a state of affairs as for the woman to sit calmly down and take stock of her possessions.

Perhaps life hasn't given her all she wanted. Most of the rest of us are in the same fix. Very likely she hasn't gotten all the happiness she expected out of her marriage. Not many dreams come true. What she needs to do is to count up the things she has got and see how she can do a better business and get more happiness and good out of the things she has.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Tell Your Mother.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young girl 16 years of age, and a young man of 18 years took my ring, which he said he would have repaired. I cannot see the young man any more and would like to know how to get back the ring without writing to him, as at present I cannot receive mail. VIVIAN.

There is entirely too much of this method whereby a young man obtains a girl's ring and keeps it, or, perchance, gives it to some other girl. Tell your mother, or father, and let no foolish sentiment prevent you.

Perhaps He is Too Sure.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a rather pretty girl of 18 and have been keeping steady company with a young man two years my senior for quite a long while. I feel sure that he loves me, but he is too bashful to say so, I fear. How can I bring this man around, for I love him dearly. ANXIOUS.

Sometimes a girl lets a man see the state of her heart, and he makes no avowal of love, knowing she is already won. Make him less sure of you. Refuse to let him monopolize you and introduce another man on the scene. A touch of uncertainty will give zest to his pursuit and wings to his feet.

Mother's Advice To Her Daughter

A Real Live Doll to Fondle Is Womans' Greatest Happiness.

One of the most important matters about which women concern themselves is their future status as a grandmother. And she is wisdom itself who knows of or learns of that famous remedy, Mother's Friend. This is an external application for the abdominal muscles and breasts. It certainly has a wonderful influence, allays all fear, banishes all pain, is a most grateful encouragement to the young, expectant mother, and permits her to go through the period happy in mind, free in body and thus destined to anticipate woman's greatest happiness as nature intended she should.

The action of Mother's Friend makes the muscles free, pliant and responsive to expansion. Thus all strain and tension upon the nerves and ligaments is avoided, and, in place of a period of discomfort and consequent dread, it is a season of calm repose and joyful expectation.

There is no nausea, no morning sickness, no nervous twitching, none of that constant strain known to so many women, hence Mother's Friend is really one of the greatest blessings that could be devised.

This splendid and certain remedy can be had of any druggist at $1.00 a bottle, and is sure to prove of inestimable value, not only upon the mother, but upon the health and future of the child. Write to Bradfield Regulator Co., 132 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., for their book to expectant mothers.

The Greatest of All

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

"Whom," is one of the first questions asked a child, "do you love?"

There is a sudden clasping of little arms around the mother's neck, childish lips are pressed against her cheek and there comes the whispered response, "You."

It is the first word childhood hears—"love." It has been a life that was misspent if it is not the last.

The journey through life is only a few hours as compared with eternity, but it is long and weary as we measure it without short-sighted eyes. To amuse ourselves we invent many diversions, hoping to find happiness in fame, wealth, pleasure, ambition, and when these fail we ask forgetfulness in work.

But nothing is worth while, nothing satisfies, though we gain all that we longed for, unless we also have love.

It lightens the burdens. It illumines the dark places. It gives purpose to the purposeless. It is the source and the sustenance of faith, courage, hope, ambition, patience and every enobling quality.

Without love, wealth is poverty; with love, poverty is wealth. It puts courage in the veins of the coward. It makes a man rise above himself. It is the transforming wand of the only good pairy the times have left us.

Love youthifies. Though one be old and wrinkled and bowed with the years, one is not old so long as there remains in the heart a reverence for love. The young woman who scoffs at it is older than her grandmother who trusts and believes.

Love strengthens. The mother never tires, though she works every hour, because she is strengthened by love. The husband and father is persistent in the face of discouragement and defeat and spends his life in toil for those he loves.

It enthuses. No man is a good workman if he has only himself to provide for. The best workman is the man who loves.

It is the universal gift, and one which depends not upon the whim or caprice of some fickle goddess that presided at our births, but upon ourselves. We were born for love, and all we need do is to believe and it is ours.

It is independent of social position, age, color or wealth. The love that comes to the maid is just as sweet as that which comes to her mistress, and just as true. There is more of it in the home of the poor than in the home of the wealthy.

It is about the only thing in life that defies a bank account. One is never defeated so long as one loves. To failures, the loafers, the drunkards are those who do not love.

If there were no such thing as love, the churches and theaters would close and the printing presses would stop. It is not only the greatest thing in life; it is life itself, and the world revolves around it.

It is the hope of youth and the comfort of old age. All along the way there is nothing that will take love's place in life.

The young woman is stretching out her arms to welcome it. The older woman owes it to her younger sister to forget love's bitterness and disappointments, and meet her with sympathy and understanding in the greatest experience life holds.

The old owe it to themselves to have faith in it. They owe it to their juniors to express that faith often. The mother or father who holds that a marriage for wealth or social position is more desirable than one for love is not fit to be a parent.

It is an injustice to the son and daughter more tragic in its results than beating a child.