

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Marrying for a Home

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a widow with two children, there is a man who is paying me attention. He says he has plenty of money and will take care of my children and me, but when I try to set the day he is never ready. He writes lovely letters, but when I ask him questions about his affairs he never gives me any definite answer. Last year we were to be married and go to Honolulu on our wedding trip, but when I got all ready he put it off for another year. What do you think I ought to do?

So you are a widow with two children and you are thinking of marrying a man, just to be supported—what ought you to do?

You ought to be ashamed of yourself my good madam. There is sometimes a vague shadow of excuse for the silly young girl who marries a man for his money; she doesn't quite know what she is doing; but you, you do know and you're willing to do it, to keep from going to work. You are young, strong, healthy—why do you want some man to work for you? Why don't you go out to work for yourself and be independent?

How do you know what sort of a man this stranger would be after you married him? If you are willing to take such a risk as that, how about those little helpless girls of yours?

You know what sort of a mother you are; how about this strange man for a father?

Plenty of money—what does he mean by that, anyway; plenty for himself for his own selfish pleasures and none at all for you and what your children need. Some men are like that, you know; what makes you think this man is different?

So he won't give you any definite idea about his business affairs? Well, perhaps he has no affairs to be definite about, and then, perhaps, he's disgusted with you for showing him so plainly that you want his money and don't care particularly about him at all.

What are you going to give him for his "plenty of money and his good care?"

What do you suppose he wants of you and your girls? Just some one to spend his money for him? He is probably perfectly capable of doing that for himself.

He wants a wife, a home, some one to love him, some one to think he is a great man, a good man, a clever man; he wants love, appreciation, gratitude, respect, peace; are you ready to give him all these things to him in exchange for his plenty of money and his good care?

I don't suppose there is anything so wonderful about you that the man would be willing to take three people to support just to look at you, is there?

I've seen your sort before, dear woman, many, many times, and I've wondered and wondered about them a dozen times. Always looking for some man to take care of them, never willing to work and take care of themselves, and when they get the man, nine times out of ten they make him perfectly miserable and wish they had never seen him. What do you think marriage is, anyhow, you poor foolish woman you, a business proposition?

Are you for sale to the highest bidder, you who have held little helpless babies in your arms and ought to know what love means—love in all its joy and all its misery?

If you are, then those little girls of yours are in the wrong keeping. Some one ought to take them away from you and put them in an asylum somewhere where they might have some chance to grow up modest, loving, sincere women, who are willing to take care of themselves, even if they have to work to do it, till the right man comes along to take care of them.

"Plenty of money and will take care of you," never say that again, little widow, to any one you want to have respect you. Better make a fool of yourself over some man who isn't worth the price of a wedding ring than to sell yourself and tell people about it right before these little girls of yours; get a job somewhere, any-where; sew, mend, economize, cook, your own little diners on your own little gas plate; keep your own little girls with you, love them, make them happy; forget all about the man who says he will take such "good care of you," unless you fall in love with him and have something to give him in exchange for what you expect.

That's my advice; think it over.

## The Motor Bus

By MINNA IRVING.

When summer eves are close and hot Within our little flat, I say to Milly, "Come alone And never mind your hat. For though expensive auto cars Are not, alas! for us, Yet we can both afford a ride Upon a motor bus."

We sometimes perch upon the roof, And from its height look down Upon the moving picture show, Of old Manhattan town. But when the clouds obscure the stars, And thunder threatens rain, We sit within and there rehearse Our courtship days again.

My arm goes stealing round her waist, Just as it used to do When at her father's garden gate We lingered in the dew. Her little hand slips into mine Confidingly, and thus We dream of future blisses And bless the motor bus.

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MAULL ROS.  
St. Louis, Mo.

## On Her Way By Nell Brinkley



Nell Brinkley Says:

When the soft, tender months of Indian summer have slipped by—so stealthily, so dreamily—that, drinking deep of their wine, you find the bottom of the cup before you have scarce begun, autumn harkens to a stealthy sound—a breath from the north! At the gate of her rustling golden woods she cries, "Who goes there?" And back comes the answer in a frosty, ringing voice, "It is I—the spirit of winter!" And the gold woods turn to bronze—and they rustle dryer and dryer, and soon the ground is a roof of flying leaves, and the trees are naked. And then the wool of snow blankets the meadows and city streets and the far Rockies. And the winter girl comes "bobbing," skating, sleighing, snowshoeing, skiing, if she is lucky enough to be in Canada or the Alps! Out in my own Rockies, where the snow packs in the

deep valleys, where it glazes into ice on the uttermost slopes, where it sweeps from the home of the whirlwind and the snowslide, in mighty toboggan ways fit for a god or a giant, they do not ski. Some day they will. Perhaps when that day comes the winter girls here will sport the same fetching, sensible, easy rig they wear in Switzerland. Bobbing-ding would be a better thing than it already is if we could do it in this—a sweater of a brilliant color, woolen gloves

knitted and elbow high, a knitted woolen "toque," a scarf for neck or waist, one pair of woolen stockings to the knee, and another pair that folds in a roll above the ankle, boots of waterproof leather, and the best of all, knickers of waterproof cloth. When winter comes howling across the hills, even if you have to forego the knickers, the rest of it is a rig worth trying. Winter is no fun if you aren't comfy and don't know that you look pretty.

## When the Arabs Left Spain

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

By an imperial edict issued by the royal imbecile, Philip III, 394 years ago, August 26, 1609, Spain banished the Moors from her dominions, and in so doing committed national suicide.

The Moriscos, numbering about a million and a half, were given three days to get out of the country. Of course, they were unable to comply with the edict so rapidly, and the government, with savage energy, proceeded to expel them.

They were hunted out like wild beasts. Thousands were slain, and the rest shipped to Africa. In many cases they were butchered like sheep and oxen and thrown into the sea. Out of one consignment of 140,000, over 100,000 suffered death in its most frightful forms, and after the most excruciating agonies.

From the foolish and fanatical expulsion of the Arabs, Spain dates the be-

ginning of her ruin. The Moriscos were the finest part of her population. They possessed the brain, learning and industry of the nation; and when they were thrust out of the realm there was nobody to take their place. Arts and manufactures, either degenerated or were wholly lost, and vast regions of Arabic land were left to perpetual barrenness. What areas were suddenly deserted, and to this day they have never been repopulated. The wonderful agriculture that made the Andalusian plains a veritable paradise vanished, never to return. The silk manufacture perished. The splendid irrigation system went to pieces. The land that had been an Eden of delight became a Sahara.

Intellectually the results were equally disastrous. The science that conquers nature and tames her powers for the service of man, and the general intelligence which refines and softens the passions and makes for brotherhood and progress, were of Arab origin, so far as Spain was concerned, and when the Arabs were expelled along with them went these mighty agents of civilization to make way for the superstition which is humanity's most deadly enemy.

Greatly did Spain sin in driving out the Moriscos, and greatly has she been punished for her monstrous crime.

Second—Canopus, next in brilliancy, is visible from all that portion of the world south of north latitude 37 degrees, since its declination is south 53 degrees, and 53 is the complement of 37.

It, therefore, never rises above the south horizon of any point 37 degrees north. The latitude of this observation is 34 degrees 17 minutes, hence Canopus rises very nearly three degrees above the watery wastes in the Pacific sea. Its low altitude makes it much fainter than higher Sirius, as the light must traverse layers of dust and water vapor near the earth's surface. Still it is magnificent, especially when standing over a calm ocean surface.

Third—Canopus has no parallax that the highest-power telescopes that can be made are able to measure. This is one of the most overwhelming facts within the entire range of human expe-

rience. This means that if one goes to Canopus with the most powerful telescope ever made, turns and looks back this way, the base line, the entire diameter of the orbit of the earth—186,784,000 miles— dwindles to a minute point too small to be measured by any microscope. Some idea may be had of the immensity of the universe by thinking of this fact during each spare minute. Better to so think than to waste the precious moments.

## Canopus and Sirius

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN

"An Australian friend writes that Canopus is more brilliant than Sirius. Please state if this is true. In what part of the world is it visible? Has its parallax been accurately determined?"

A. First—I fear that your friend is in error. The results of that instrument of precision, the meridian photometer, are that Sirius is seven-tenths of a magnitude brighter than Canopus, which easily teaches that Canopus is brighter than any other star.

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## Maiden Meditations

By LILLIAN LAUFERTY.

Don't be sure that a man is in love with you just because he runs after you; reserve judgment until he gets so agitated about his cherished "freedom" and "independence" that he runs away from the little girl who is threatening them.

Now that ships that fly in the air and pictures that talk have come true, some genius may discover a way to make platonic friendship work.

Be careful about your "innocent flirtations"—it is easy to start something, but not quite so simple to stop it when you have had enough. The party of the second part may want to keep on going.

## Men Slaves to Beauty. Women Are Not

By DOROTHY DIX.

In Berlin, where a man's a man and a husband's a husband and hard to get, no matter what sort of a face he has on him, Flaishen Derben has organized a society that is called "The League Against Beauty."

The members of this organization are all young women, and they have pledged themselves to marry only ugly men, on the theory that handsome husbands make more unsatisfactory life partners than homely ones, and that in matrimony pretty is as pretty does.

American girls will probably not find it necessary to form a protective league to guard themselves against youths who are cursed with the fatal gift of beauty, Apollos not being very plentiful in this country, however common they may be in Germany.

Indeed, in America the living picture man finds scant favor either with his own or the opposite sex, and we do not exalt the dandy who is the glass of fashion and the mold of form to a pin-nacle and imitate him. We throw bricks at him and laugh at him.

Strangely enough, it is men who are slaves to beauty and who make fools of themselves over it—not women. When you tell a man about a woman the very first question he asks you is, "Is she pretty?" He never inquires whether she is intelligent, or talented, or agreeable, or good, or what she has done to merit the approval of her fellow creatures. The thing that he is chiefly interested in is her looks. He places more value on her complexion than her character, and considers the outside of her head of more importance than the inside.

If a girl has yellow hair and blue eyes and a pug nose and cream skin, and a willowy figure, she may be the dullest, the stupidest, the ugliest that ever lived, her heart may be as hard as a rock and she herself nothing but a clothes horse to hang fine dresses on, but men will flock around her like bees around a honey pot, and fight with each other for a chance of marrying her.

On the contrary, when you tell a woman about a man in whom you wish to interest her, she practically never asks a question about his physical appearance. His looks, provided he is not a deformity and has the appearance of a gentleman, do not count with her. What she wants to know is whether he is intelligent, and strong; whether he knows how to talk and entertain her, and particularly what he has achieved, whether he has made something out of life, or is one of the "also rans."

Of course, beauty is a gift of the gods, and if a man can have that in addition to all the other desirable qualifications he is just that much to the good. A woman would naturally rather contemplate an Adonis than otherwise, but a man's looks cut a very small figure in her estimate of him. Let him be charming in manners, glib in speech, a good dancer, and es-

## Girls of United States Won't Find It Necessary to Form Protective League Against Handsome Men, Says Dorothy Dix.

pecially know how to take care of a woman, and do the little things just right, and the man with curly hair, no eyebrows, a snub nose and a stumpy figure can back the classical featured six-foot tailor's dummy off of the board any day.

In proof of this observe the obvious pleasure with which girls receive the attentions of bald-headed, bay-windowed men who break every rule of physical pulchritude but who are clever and bright and overflowing with the graces of mind and soul.

But can you imagine a fat, dumpy, bald-headed woman ever being a belle or men deliberately seeking her out as a partner for the dance and rejoicing in being seen in public with her? Never. Such a woman might be the most gifted creature on earth and a perfect angel of goodness, yet no man would ever take the trouble to look beyond her homely face and see the superlative beauty of her soul.

The opponents of woman suffrage are always saying that when women vote, the one and only qualification that a candidate will need to swing the feminine ballot will be a handsome face. They are dead wrong there. Women won't care a rap about a man's looks. Indeed, they are always suspicious of one who is overly endowed with beauty, but Heaven help the country when we have feminine candidates for office and a Lillian Russell takes the stump! The men would vote for her en masse, without ever stopping to inquire which side of the political fence she stood on.

In reality, it is not too much to say women rather resent than admire beauty in a man. It is a poaching on their own preserves, the invading of a field they hold sacred to themselves. If anybody is going to be admired, a woman knows who ought to be it. She wants the tributes laid at her feet, and not to be compelled to scatter roses before a man and tell him what beautiful eyes he has got, and how exquisitely his hair grows, and what a magnificent straight front figure he possesses.

Laugh! The very thought of such a thing knocks romance out of the ring with the average girl, nor does the idea of being the ordinary looking wife of a handsome man make any hit with her.

If there's going to be any beauty-and-the-beast business in her family she wants to qualify for the role of beauty. That's the reason that you often see a pretty woman marry a grotesquely ugly man, but very rarely a handsome man married to a homely woman.

Another reason why women do not care for a superabundance of good looks in a man is because a handsome man is invariably inordinately vain, with the vanity that makes the vainest woman seem humble and self-deprecating. He has a vanity that requires to be continually fed on flattery of a warmer and more pleasant kind than any domestic brand. It seems a pity to him to waste so much charm on any one woman, and that one a mere wife, so he roams abroad to give other women a chance "for to see and to admire" him.

An instinctive sense of self-protection makes women choose homely men as husbands. They may like to feast their eyes occasionally upon a matinee hero, but when they go home they want something more than a living picture in the house. They want a man, and if he's intelligent and good and kind and generous they don't care a button about his looks.

## The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

"I seen a item from Washington the other day," said the Manicure Lady, "that tells how the wife of Vice President Marshall is a base ball fan. I wonder who got that in the paper for her."

"Why?" asked the Head Barber.

"Why?" echoes the Manicure Lady. "Gee, George, you can be thicker some morning than a Russian serf, or whatever it is they call jaspers over in Russia. Why, don't you know that the wife of a vice president, or the vice president himself, or any of his folks is supposed to be dead ones so far as newspapers is concerned. When I read that item I noticed the heading in the paper, and it said: 'Mrs. Marshall a Base Ball Fan.'"

I says to myself, Marshall, Marshall, there here I heard that name before! Honest to goodness, George, if I had asked you quick, would you have been able to tell me the name of the vice president?"

"I don't think I would," admitted the Head Barber.

"Of course you wouldn't," said the Manicure Lady, "and neither would three other people out of four. You see, George, the vice president of a great nation is like the vice president of the Audubon society or the vice president of the New York Giants, or the vice president of anything else. They have to wait till the main squeeze croaks before they're to the tailor for a new wardrobe. Everybody hopes they are well and happy, but nobody sees their name in the paper and wouldn't know who it was if they did see it in print."

"A treasurer is some guy, George, whether he is the treasurer of the country or the treasurer of a dry goods firm. There is something kind of solid sound about a treasurer, and his name looks cute on a check. You may not think as great as a president, but you always see something beautiful about his rugged features on payday. And a secretary is a kind of important gink, too. He has to read the minutes of the last meeting and attend to the correspondence. A secretary may not be so much in a firm, but he can make more noise dictating to the stenographer than the president makes."

"You seem to know a whole lot about the business world for a simple girl that never had to work nowhere except in this shop," said the Head Barber.

"I ain't as learned as a barber," said the Manicure Lady icily, "but a read more. When I pick up a paper I start in at the front page and skip the racing dope. It's just the opposite with you,

George. And if you know anything at all, you know I am speaking true lines when I say that a vice president is like the letters 'gh' in 'straight.' A vice president that gets his name in the papers to any extent must be some press agent."

"Oh, I don't know," said the Head Barber. "Teddy Roosevelt got his name in the papers a lot when he was vice president and after he was out of it altogether."

"Yes, but Teddy is different," said the Manicure Lady, "often wonder what he would have did if he had been emperor of Rome when there wasn't no news papers at all. I'll bet he would have jumped in the Tiber."

"What was the Tiber?" asked the Head Barber.

"Didn't I tell you all you knew was race-track dope?" exclaimed the Manicure Lady. "You poor sump, the Tiber was a lake just outside of Rome."

## Eat Cabbage, Fish Sausage New Bread

No Indigestion, Gas, Sourness or Upset Stomach if you'll take "Pape's Diapiesin"—Try This!

Do some foods you eat hit back—taste good, but work badly; ferment into stubborn lumps and cause a sick, seas, gassy stomach? Now, Mr. or Mrs. Dyspeptic, get this down: Pape's Diapiesin digests everything, leaving nothing to sour and upset you. There never was anything so safely quick, so certainly effective. No difference how badly your stomach is disordered you will get happy relief in five minutes, but what pleases you most is that it strengthens and regulates your stomach so you can eat your favorite foods without fear.

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You feel different as soon as "Pape's Diapiesin" comes in contact with the stomach—distress just vanishes—your stomach gets sweet, no gases, no belching, no eruptions of undigested food, your head clears and you feel fine.

Now, make the best investment you ever made, by getting a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapiesin from any drug store. You realize in five minutes how needless it is to suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia or any stomach disorder.