

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Profession of Marriage

By WINNIFRED BLACK.

A gentleman writing in a woman's magazine tells us that he's never going to marry. He's afraid to, he says.

"Marriage is a profession," says the gentleman, "and so few women seem to think it worth while to practice it as they should. The old-fashioned woman looked upon matrimony as a glorious and sacred state of life and she gave her whole time and strength and brain to making a home for the man who gave her his name.

Nowadays it is a sort of hit or miss affair. Your wife may look after your home, and she may not; it depends on the way she happens to feel about it. "I'll stay single, thank you. I don't dare take any chances."

How enlightening, and, in a way, how true!

Wifehood a profession, good sir? Well, then, how about husbandhood, may I ask?

The old-fashioned woman did devote most of her time to home, husband and babies, that's true, but she did it knowing that husband devoted all of his time outside of business to wife, home and babies, too.

You're so worried about the modern woman and the way she's changed. My good young man, tell me this: Your father pushed the baby carriage all the way to church every Sunday, sang in the choir and taught the young men's bible class in Sunday school. Then he and his wife went home together, and he helped her get the children ready for dinner. In the afternoon if any one was going to take the family walking it was father, and father didn't think it a crime to be asked to tie on sister's hat and see that brother's shoes were really buttoned. Would you do these things, think you?

Or, would you run out for a game of golf early Sunday morning and forget to get home till nightfall, and then wonder why your wife looked tired and bored after her Sunday managing a household of restless children alone. Your father never dreamed of fishing trips away from home without your mother. How about your little excursions? What do you want your wife to be doing while you are gone?

Clubs—your father thought that any one who belonged to a club was either crazy or a wastrel. He couldn't afford clubs—not and take what he thought was the right sort of care of mother and the children.

When father went walking after tea—it was tea then, wasn't it?—mother went, too. When mother had company father came home early and helped entertain them while mother saw that the biscuits were just right and that there was fronted cake enough to go round.

When father played a part in the church play to raise money for the pulpit steps, mother was in the play, too. Marriage was a profession in those days, and every one who was in it practiced it according to the code, too, or was counted out by public opinion.

Nobody expected mother to do all the marring, and father to be perfectly free.

When the new ways came in—the men's clubs, the men's vacations with other men, the golf and the polo, and the tennis, and the hunting camps and all that sort of thing—mother didn't say a word—she just went on and waited father, that's all.

She just stopped looking at marriage as a profession and looked upon it as an incident—more or less deeply engrossing, according to her disposition.

And now father has suddenly awakened up to find that he doesn't quite like the new idea—in all ways as it works out.

Wifehood a profession, young man? Well, so it is, and the finest and the highest profession in the world, but it takes time to enter into a professional relationship. Are you who bewail so bitterly the passing of the old-fashioned ideal quite ready to live up to it down to it on your own part, I wonder?

The modern woman does not want

Mother's Advice To Her Daughter

A Real Live Doll to Fondle Is Woman's Greatest Happiness.



One of the most important matters about which women concern themselves is their future status as a grandmother. And she is wise 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, always all fear, banishes all pain, is a most grateful encouragement to the young, expectant mother, and permits her to go through the period of pregnancy 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 a place of perfect comfort and contentment is created. It is a source 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 can be devised. This splendid and certain remedy can be had of any druggist at \$1.50 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.

A Lesson in Hands

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

A young woman who sat in a car near me the other day had neither book nor baby to occupy her mind, and it straightway fell back upon herself, and she showed it by the manner in which she moved her hands.

One hand smoothed her hair. The other gave a tilt to her hat. It then became necessary to feel of her necklace, and both hands flew from there to her breast. Her right hand smoothed a fold in her dress, which reminded her that it was time to fasten the left hand to pull up the right glove a little smoother.

"Surely," I thought, "her toilet is completed at last," but a self-satisfied look she cast on her dress showed that the tie on her Oxford was not straight. Then it was her hat again, followed by the application of a powder puff to her nose.

I watched her for an hour, and in that time her hands were never in repose. They moved incessantly, indicating in every movement that she was a most self-centered person, whose sole joy and ambition in life centered around her attire—the human duplicate of the peacock.

An older woman next to her sat with her hands folded quietly in her lap. They were hands that looked as if they had worked untiringly for others, and in this labor had lost all beauty of shape, color, texture and proportion. They were strong hands, the kind one associates with those who bear more than their share of the burdens, and I felt quite sure that the better groomed hands of the younger woman that flitted from hat to shoe and back again, and were never still, would never be as mutely eloquent.

I hear frequently from young men, "How may I know the manner of girl who will make a good wife?"

My son, watch her hands.

There was a time when the mark of the useful hand was the callous spot on the palm, but the invention of machinery, making household tasks light, and the employment of many girls in lines of business which leave no sign of toil, have made that test invalid.

A well kept hand is in a girl's favor, but not if it is well kept at the expense of the comfort of her family. There is such a thing as spending so much time polishing one's nails that no time is left to help mother polish the pots and pans. There is such a thing as putting more work on one's hands than in them. There is the danger of thinking "What can I make of my hands?" instead of "What can I make with them?"

children, you say. Perhaps not, but how about the modern man?

Does he want them either? Or, when he does want them, is he ready to take his share in bringing them up?

It wasn't so long ago walking the floor with the baby when father took turns at the work, was it, grandpa? But how would you like to do that while you knew that father was at his club having a perfectly good time.

Marriage used to be the important thing in a woman's life—and in a man's. When men began to look upon marriage as an incident women followed suit. What else was there left for them to do? Don't look too hard for that old-fashioned girl, Mr. Club Man. She'd expect things from you that you wouldn't find in the least interesting, I'm afraid.

I've always noticed that the man who talks most about the cozy little home and the "wee wee waiting" is just the man who wants to use that cozy little home—after everything else is shut. But, oh, misery! In the trend of the times, "wee wee" has got over the waiting habit. I wonder who taught her the new idea?

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Try Having Faith.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 15 years old and deeply in love with a young man. We have been very great sweethearts for the last two and a half years. During that time he has always been bringing every cent of his salary to his mother. Many a time I have asked him what he was going to do when money got scarce with us. He has told me when the time comes his mother will give him all he needs. He tells me he expects that my mother thinks we are not engaged yet, my mother thinks that we ought not to go out together until we are married. Let me know what I am to do to have him make himself boss of his own salary, so as to make him begin to make things serious so we can at least be engaged.

His money in his mother's hands is safer than in his own, if he is like most young men.

Have a little more faith. He is saying for the future, and you are both so young the waiting should not prove hard. Don't resort to his attentions occasionally go out with other boys. This will hasten the arrival of love sure than criticism or argument.

Go to See Her.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young professional man, an excellent family, and for the last eleven months I have been in love with a young lady, and now for some time she does not answer the letters I send her. Could you tell me what to do?

It is possible she never received them. One has always the right to hope in such cases. Go to her and tell her of your love. There can be no mistake in the spoken word.

You Must Forget Him.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have known a young man for about one year, and he has told me he loves me. His young man when he was out with me last night he told me he loved me. He would like to know how I can win his love entirely.

I know he goes out with other young ladies, and when with me he calls me all pet names. Can you help me out in this matter, as I am wild about him?

I am afraid he has been flirting with you. The fact that he calls you pet names signifies nothing. If he really loved you he wouldn't care to go with other girls and he would not neglect an appointment with you.

He bears all the earmarks of a flirt, and believe me, my dear, a girl is the gainer by losing such an admirer.

By Nell Brinkley

Accompanied by a Striking Article by Beatrice Fairfax.



"The Needed Woman, the Best Woman, the Most Worthy Woman, is the One Who Considers the Work She Puts in Her Hands of More Importance Than the Work She Puts on Them."—BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

The needed woman, the best woman, the most worthy woman, is the one who considers the work she puts in her hands

of more importance than the work she puts on them and this is written in due appreciation of the importance of the

work that must be put on them. But well kept or neglected, if they are constantly employed in fitting from

Dr. Parkhurst's Article

On Punishment as Reformation—Our Jails Should Save the Convict and Preserve His Humanness—If They Do Not, They Need Reforming, and at Once

By DR. C. H. PARKHURST.

There is a readable little monthly magazine published in the Federal prison at Atlanta, Ga. From some unknown friend I have received three copies of it have for some time been coming to me. The articles are not only well put together, but contain much that is interesting and also instructive to those out of jail as well as to those in.

Their special excellence is that they give the prisoners' point of view, and their point of view is liable to be as nearly correct and valuable as that of people who have never been convicts—more accurate probably and more valuable, for when they write about prison life, its effects, its injustices, and its indignities, they know what they are writing about, and that is something of which others can have only a borrowed or a theoretical knowledge.

If some one sticks a pin into me I know better than how it feels and how I am physically affected by it.

And when, instead of being a matter of pin pricking, it is a matter of punishment by imprisonment, the most important thing to know is still how the convict is affected by it, and that is something that the convict himself can speak and write about more appreciatively and intelligently than any one outside of jail or than the prison keepers on the inside.

And how the prisoner himself is affected by being jailed by the present method of jailing is a prime factor in the solution of the prison problem; it is so if we are to understand by the prison problem the question how a convict can be dealt with as best to correct his criminal quality of character. Any and every object less radical than that is unworthy of any civilization, least of all of a Christian civilization.

The leading article in the October issue of the prison magazine just mentioned is entitled "The Final Aim of Punishment is to Instruct and Direct," and the first clause of the article reads: "Punishment rightly interpreted involves the idea of saving or reformation." The writer's way of treating the subject implies that his own experience as a prisoner does not permit of his feeling that reformation is the natural result of prison discipline as at present maintained.

He writes intelligently and dispassionately. It would appear that his presentation of the situation should be taken at its face value. If it is claimed that from the nature of the case his estimate must be a prejudicial estimate; perhaps so, but not more so than the contrasting estimate of a non-convict is a prejudicial estimate.

It must be remembered that among our convicts there are thousands of people

whose criminality is not of such a character as to destroy their power of intelligently estimating the matter or of honestly stating it, and it is due to ourselves as well as to them to lay great stress on the way in which they represent it.

However it may be with some penal institutions, the probable consensus of opinion, gathered from prison experience, is that a jail is a very doubtful school to which to send a man with a view to his salvation or reformation.

If that is so, it is the jails themselves that need in the first instance to be saved and reformed. It is that point upon which the regards of the public are just at this time rather unusually concentrated.

To shed some light upon that point has been the object of Mr. T. M. Osborn in voluntarily sentencing himself to a week's imprisonment at Auburn.

He was in pursuit of what we have just called an inside view of prison conditions, the same view as the one gained by the ordinary convict.

No far as he has yet published his conclusions, his experience in jail would seem to bear out the testimony given by those who have been sentenced in the ordinary way, but whose testimony has been discounted because they received their sentence from the court.

One very definite statement which he

has made as a result of what he saw and underwent at Auburn appears to touch the sensitive nerve of the entire matter, namely, "from the first moment that man arrives in prison he is made to realize that he is no longer an individual human being."

Now, if that is a fair statement—and it is certainly borne out by revelations of convicts and by official investigators made by the governor's commissioner—some very destructive as well as constructive work ought to be done, and done without unnecessary delay.

The best part of a man is his humanness and his own lively sense of humanness, and whatever serves to crush out that does more than damage the body, it sucks the life blood of the soul, and not only fails of the ameliorating results which prison treatment ought to yield, but unmans the convict, puts him out of all proper relation with life, disqualifies him for the resumption of life's duties, and upon his graduation from jail throws him out upon the world fit for nothing but to be still more of a criminal and clapped back into prison again as a second or third term.

Prison Sunday occurs on October 26 and it is to be hoped that the ministers will avail of the occasion to deal with this matter in a manner consistent with the good of the criminal classes and the honor and dignity of the state.

Washington's Farewell Address

By REV. THOMAS H. GREGORY.

One hundred and seventeen years ago September 19, 1796, Washington made his "Farewell Address" to the people of the United States.

He was still president at the time the address was given. Besought on every hand to remain for the third term as the country's chief executive and refusing to do so he determined as he was about to retire to private life to have a sincere word with the people who had such a hold upon his patriotism and affection.

It is perfectly correct to say the farewell address was sincere. Politics had no place in it; policy was far from it; all guile and diplomacy were conspicuous by their absence. It was Washington's heart-to-heart talk with his countrymen, as though a father was talking to his children.

It is not time yet to be pessimistic regarding America, but it may well be said that, morn and morn, as the years roll by, do we perceive the need of listening to Washington's parting advice.

He implored us ever to love country

above party, and to see to it that our laws should be made for the whole country, rather than for a part of the country.

He begged us never to grow cold in our affection for the union of the states, and never to so dwarf ourselves as to be willing to sacrifice the common welfare for the sake of sectional gain.

He reminded us of the fact that Europe had interest in which we had no concern and that it would be well for us to keep clear of all "entangling alliances" with foreign courts and powers.

He besought us to stand firm against the admission into our country of any un-American influence, any influence that would tend to undermine our devotion to democracy and the great charter, the constitution of the United States, a document of which Washington believed to be the supreme law for Americans.

He cautioned us against forgetting the great basic principles of morality—temperance, justice, brotherhood—and that reverence for individual and national rectitude without which both individual and nation are failures.

It were well if this address of the "Father of His Country" were steadily taught in the public schools, to the end that the coming citizens might be well grounded in patriotic devotion to the ideals and aims of their country.

This suggestion is heartily commended to the serious consideration of our boards of education the land over.

The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

"Some of those Paris dolls has a swell time of it, don't they, George?" said the Manicure Lady. "I was just reading about a Miss Fifi Poo-Poo, or some silly name like that. She is one of the leading Paris beauties this season, the stories go, and is much sought after. The piece I was reading told about one day of her life, which Fifi goes through something like this:

"In the morning she arises and takes a bath in champagne. Then she breakfasts on a dainty baccuit, three strawberries and the tongues of two Australian peacocks. After Fifi has ate all she can for the time being, she reads her mail, which I suppose is mostly mash notes from some of those dear Parisians, and then she rests for an hour while she has her nails did and her hair dressed. Then she dresses for luncheon and after she has went to the eats once more she is whirled away in a electric runabout for her afternoon drive along the Bois de Boulogne or some other name that sounds like a butcher's ad.

"The story says, George, that all along the course of this drive she is spoke to by hundreds of the zeyer young and old men of Paris, and that she speaks back now and then, and it tells how the poor simps that she notices nearly swell up and bust with pardonable pride. Honest to goodness, George, if I was a fullgrown gent it would take more than a nod from some Fifi to make me throw out my chest, but I suppose the French people has their own way of being amused, so Fifi is coming into great prominence, according to the papers."

"I don't think that she is half so happy as a girl like you," said the Head Barber.

"If you have got it into your head that life is a swell song for me you can get it right out again," said the Manicure Lady. "I don't see where you figure that I am a chirping songbird, George. I have had to dig away at nails all summer, barring a little two-weeks' vacation, and it looks like a long, hard winter, too. Look at the difference between one day in the life of Fifi, the Paris doll, and a day in the life of me, the beautiful manicure lady."

"In the morning I arise, the same as she does, but there our roads diverge, as the novelists say. I take a bath, but not in champagne. No, George, not even in domestic champagne. Water right from the faucet, any temperature I want it, to be sure, but just water. Then I dress hastily and breakfast on some American bread, toasted, and a couple of dainty port chops. Then I am whirled away in the subway to my office, where nearly as many rents speaks to me in a day as speak to Fifi, and just about as dippy gents, too. I don't have any mail to answer, much, and if I ever get a ride along the Bois du Boulogne I wouldn't know how to hold my hands. After a long day listening to simps that don't know what ocean San Francisco is on, I am whirled away again on the same subway, and go home to dinner, where I usually spend the evening with the old folks."

"You are better off than Fifi just the same," declared the Head Barber. "You haven't got a name like hers, anyhow."

"No," agreed the Manicure Lady. "I suppose the neighbors do talk about her something scandalous."

Anatomical Difficulty.

"John," said Miss Mary to her new cook, "can you cut up a chicken?"

"Yas'm, yas'm, Miss Mary, 'deed I can."

He was left to his work. Miss Mary returned to the kitchen later to see how things were going.

"Are you getting along all right, John?"

"Yas'm Miss Mary I done cut off the wings, an' de legs and de neck, but for de life ob me I can't manage de stomach decently."—National Monthly.



Study This Picture—There's a Future in Each Face

When we are babies, nature starts us with good teeth. If we safeguard them they keep us in good health—thus we grow to a vigorous and ruddy old age. To keep hearty and well, observe the two essentials of

Good Teethkeeping

Resolve to adopt them now—

1. Visit your dentist at least twice a year.
2. Make a daily habit of the night and morning use of

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

Prepared for almost half a century by a Doctor of Dental Surgery

Nearly fifty years of constantly growing popularity has established the fact that it is efficient—and safe. Prevents the formation of tartar and the beginning of decay. Keeps the teeth and mouth absolutely clean.

Teach your children to use it night and morning—above all, at night. The result will be strong, beautiful teeth and good health. Are you reading Dr. Lyon's magazine advertisements?

What Dr. Lyon's does not do only your dentist is competent to do.

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