

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Missionary Work That is Left Undone

The American Mother Needs It as Much as the Chinese Mother Who Gives Away Her Girl Babies—A Reproach to the Churches

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

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Much home missionary work is done by churches all over our land, yet that much is left undone which could be done, and that time any money spent in a large part of the foreign mission work could be better employed at home, is painfully true.

The world is God's home, and in home-cleaning good workers know they must distribute their labors over the whole mansion and not leave any part of it untidy.

So in missionary work, it is wise and well to send money and money to teach the people in distant lands a religion which includes hygiene and which helps women and children to be freed from the bondage of unwholesome superstitions and traditions. Only in this way can the world be swept and garnished, and the race made safe from pestilence.

At the same time, vast sums of money are used in foreign mission work which might be put to the most important ends here at home. There is a youth condemned to life-imprisonment who was brought up in an American town bristling with church spires, and who lived in sound of church bells, yet no man or woman made the slightest effort to lead this lad into right ways; no one exerted any influence to better his wretched home conditions; no one gave him a thought save to speak of him as an ignorant and wayward and wild youth.

His stepfather and mother were known to be drinking, immoral people, and when the boy became involved in a family fight, which ended in his killing his stepfather, a highly moral jury quickly condemned him to life imprisonment.

At the same time, members of churches and in good standing, they had helped pay the expenses of foreign missionaries who were trying to bring light and knowledge into heathen lands and minds.

The town where dwell the jurymen prided itself upon sending the largest fund to the missionaries of any town in the state.

When asked why no missionary effort had been made in behalf of the wretched American boy, who lived within a stone's throw of its church, a Christian woman replied, "Why, we never thought about doing anything for him or his family."

But she and her fellow church members had thought about doing a great deal for the Hottentot and the Chinaman.

In China it has for centuries been the habit of many poor people to destroy or give away their girl babies. Christian missions have rescued many thousands of these babies and cared for and educated them.

A large percentage in one Christian institution in China is composed of children either mentally or physically defective.

The letter which is appended makes one ponder on the ways and wherefore of our American methods of charity and benevolence. The letter came as a response to an article in this column, which spoke of the rampant sin everywhere prevalent in civilized lands—of wilful "race suicide" in the destruction of unborn children.

The Chinese mother waits until her unwelcome child is born before she destroys it; the Christian American mother in Christian lands is quite as much in need of missionary work as the Chinese woman; and her helpless offspring are even more in need of a crusade for their salvation.

Margaret Murray Dow, who wrote the following letter, was asked if she would consent to its publication before it was herein presented. Therefore, its rather severe accusations of sin of omission on the part of American Christian clergymen and church members must be regarded as authentic:

"For fourteen long years I have been voluntary missionary to the men of the

## Nooray! Baby To Rule the House

No Longer Do Women Fear The Greatness of All Human Beings.

It is a joy and comfort to know that those much-talked-of pains and other distresses that are said to precede childbirth may easily be avoided. No woman need fear the slightest discomfort if she will fortify herself with the well-known and time-honored remedy, "Mother's Friend."

This is a most grateful, penetrating, external application that at once softens and makes pliant the abdominal muscles and ligaments. They naturally expand without the slightest strain, and thus not only banish all tendency to nervous, twitching spells, but there is an entire freedom from nausea, discomfort, sleeplessness and dread that so often leave their impress upon the babe.

The occasion is therefore one of unbounded, joyful anticipation, and too much stress can not be laid upon the remarkable influence which a mother's happy, pre-natal disposition has upon the health and fortune of the generation to come.

Mother's Friend is recommended only for the relief and comfort of expectant mothers, thousands of whom have used and recommend it. You will find it on sale at all drug stores at \$1.00 a bottle. Write today to the Bradford-Regulator Co., 130 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., for a most instructive book on this greatest of all subjects, motherhood.

## From 'Homeliness' to Loveliness

Some Interesting Facts from Charming Julia Deane



Two Portraits of Miss Julia Deane.

By MAUDE MILLER.

Are you a beauty? Have you any hope of becoming a beauty? Or, lothions and lures and lingerie notwithstanding, are you doomed to be forever ugly—or worse still, merely plain?

Come, little Miss Hopeless, Julia Deane—delightful Miss Deane, who is Mary of the desire for "Her Own Money," up at the Comedy theater, has a word for you.

United States marine corps. In every way I have tried, as a Christian woman, to guide them aright. Left alone as they are, neglected and without the influence of Christian women and men, save for my gospel meetings and my home, it is no wonder they go away from "mothers' prayers."

"The 'street woman' bounds them to the very gate of the barracks; waits for them in the back room of the miserable saloons on the avenue (Flushing and Sunda street). Every temptation that can be presented is before them.

"Not a church goes out of its way to save them. Not a minister but the Rev. T. B. Griswold ever comes to help the meetings.

"About twenty-five ministers of this great city have been written of the work.

She will tell you how to make the most of perfectly possible charms—or charms you may acquire and cultivate if you have brains.

"Have you a sense of humor? An interest in humanity? Do you want to be charming? Fascinating? Popular? The combination will make you a super-beauty. So just listen to the little talk I had with Miss Deane out in the wings

with the one response: 'The big salaried ministers have no time for such small (?) unknown work.'

"In this service it has been my aim to help the lads as a mother would—to warm them against the surroundings at the barracks, to get them to churches and to be a friend to them.

"Women need not down men for a dual life. They have only to regard their attitude to the marriage law in the light of the Almighty's keen eye to know they are worse than the men when they sin against His law.

"A nation is judged by the standard of its women. Let America take care of how it lowers the standard at the awful pleasure of women.

"MARGARET MURRAY DOW.

"233 Putnam Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y."

## The Girl Without Beaux

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young lady of 17 years and attend amusement places quite seldom. But wherever I go the gentlemen I meet always admire me, and still never ask to call. It has been on my mind quite a good deal lately, and I would like you to tell me why this is.

E. P. M.

Why, you dear, sweet, funny little girl—why are you so anxious to have them ask to call?

You want a few scalps at your belt, do you? I suppose that's it. You don't seem to care particularly what sort of chaps they are—whether they are clever or stupid, good-looking or ugly, fine or commonplace, just so they ask to call.

Don't you suppose that that's the reason they don't ask to call?

You are too eager about it.

Get into your head, once and for all, little sister, that a man is a hunting animal.

Have you ever seen one of your brothers or cousins, or perhaps your father, get ready for a hunting trip?

He takes days packing his woods bag—picks out every little article of dress with the utmost care. Must have just such a gun and exactly such ammunition—and then he disappears into the woods. He's gone—hunting.

What is it that he hunts—it doesn't make the least particle of difference.

What he's after is not the game, but the fun of running after it.

If a herd of deer should come down to town and stand at the gate waiting to be shot—would you want to shoot them?

If you could stand on the bank of a stream and call the fish up out of the water, nobody on earth would ever want to go fishing.

Don't be so eager to be caught—or you'll never get any one to run after you as long as you live.

Seventeen! You surely are not thinking of getting married at that age, are you? Why, you're hardly out of short dresses yet. Look around you at the married women you know and at the girls.

Which is the happiest, which is the lightest hearted?

Stay single as long as you can and get married when you simply can't live another day without the man who's really in love with you.

Beaux—why, of course! No girl is a girl without beaux.

But don't be too eager for beaux. They are timid creatures and they'll run if you look at them too earnestly.

A man is, after all, a kind of helpless creature—where women are concerned. He knows it and it scares him almost to death to have a girl act as if she had picked him out for her own special property. He's afraid she'll get him into some corner somewhere where he can't escape.

Be a little more reserved, a little quieter, a little less anxious to please and be pleased to see how that will work.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Let Time Help You.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I met a girl some time ago, and, from the first, have been strangely attached to her. I find now that I have fallen in love with her, and can't shake the feeling off. She has noticed me, and from what I have learned and noticed, I believe she cares for me, too. However, I have not the nerve to go over and tell it to her.

M. C. S.

Don't think about telling her. Just remember how much you love her, and be with her all you can. Somewhere, somehow and sometime, much sooner than you dream, the story will tell itself.

between her exits and entrances in a most amusingly makes-you-sit-up-and-take-no-notice play.

"I've been brought up on a diet of remembering that even my own loving and admiring mother doesn't call me a beauty now and does confess that I was once a 'homely little kid,'" began Miss Deane, who may be right in her insistence that she isn't a beauty. She may be right. But Julia Deane has a soft-eyed, soft-haired attractiveness, plus magnetic charm; she possesses a vivid personality and an alert intelligence of manner and expression that make her what little brother calls "mighty easy to look at."

"Well, in spite of not being a Gibson-Stanlaw-Christy-Flagg girl, I've never been a wall-flower and I've managed to get on in the world.

"Rule 1—Dress your hair well, and take care of your complexion and the lines of your clothes. But if you are not a natural beauty, why compete with beauty on her own territory. Cultivate one thing that few beauties have or think worth while striving for—brains.

"Beauty may risk being indifferent, lackadaisical, slow to see a joke, stupid even. She may—but watch her! Her friends, popularity, position, lover, husband even. Go in for brains. It's my message to the beauty seeker. Make the most of yourself. Learn to talk. Be interesting and cultivate a sense of humor.

"Humor will make you react from trepidation to a sense of humor. It will give you a perspective view of life. It will keep you sane and balanced. It will help you value your own emotions and those around you. It will make you capable of looking beyond storm to sunshine.

Brains and a sense of humor first. Then learn to make the most of your good points. If you have only one—a dainty ankle—a shell-like ear—a long, white throat—a white taper fingered hand—don't undervalue it. But use this one little physical charm as a foil or a bit of extra weight to all the mental charm you are cultivating.

"Grain. Humor. A bit of beauty like a red leaf to decorate chill November, and then learn to talk.

"Cultivate the charming and little known art of conversation.

"No human being, no matter, how good a dancer, could do the tango without learning it. One must learn to develop a gift and then to use it, according to the laws of the world.

"Now some people talk flippantly or attractively by instinct. But in conversation, as in every art, study, practice, an infinite taking of pains, are needed for advancement.

"The game of conversation cannot go out of fashion. It will be important as long as you retain the gift of speech. Talk conscientiously as well as possible to all sorts of people. Adapt yourself to their moods and characteristics. Learn to converse with people of different ages and interests.

"Make it your business to say what you are trying to convey in a manner that will carry your meaning to the person you address, whether he is wise or foolish. Be clear. Be simple. Don't talk like a prig or a pedant or a good little girl in a Sunday school story. Don't talk like a walking dictionary of slang. Don't talk about yourself.

"Learn to talk so well that even a dull mind will roll a bit at your voice! Make it your business to find out what others can talk about. Draw people out in self-forgetting conversation. Please yourself by seeing how well you can manage to please a dullard who could never manage to please you!

"Read, study books and human nature. When you don't know, manage your ignorance as you do your good and bad points in your appearance. Make a virtue of necessity and be frank about the virtues you can't hide. And when you get through see if people don't say, 'Mollie Jones is the most interesting girl—and isn't she attractive looking?'

## A Fashionable Winter Cloak

Fully Described by Olivette

All that was demanded of the summer evening wrap was grace and color.

The evening coat of summer must be a fleecy cloud.

But winter winds demand a more useful garment—but with genuine warmth and utility beauty may well be outlined.

Behold here a wonderful velvet garment that sounds a new note in the remarkable way it is sleeved.

Violet velvet, gold lace and skunk fur, with its



A careful perusal of Olivette's description of this attractive coat will make it easy to copy. The style is one of the latest, and the picture especially sent here from Paris for this page.

own natural black and white markings, are combined for richness, elegance and usefulness.

A wide yoke of the lace appears below the fur collar.

It is finished by a ruche "bonne femme" of little folded box pleatings.

From this top emplacement to the heels the velvet falls in long, classic lines. It folds back a bit in front and ends in a long round train at the back. The enormous sleeves are draped to the line of the yoke and fall in long "angel" points, terminating in a great tassel.

—OLIVETTE.

## Sweet Sixteen and Her Stepmother

By WINNIFRED BLACK.

Your wife is good, true, kind, gentle, sweet and considerate. And your daughter hates her just because she is her stepmother?

She is impudent, cross, stubborn, sullen and disagreeable in every way—and you don't know what to do. Well, now, in the first place, how old is daughter?

Seventeen—

I thought so—the meanest, most conceited, most self-centered ego on earth. Talk about sweet sixteen—

better—or silly sixteen, I'm afraid. Up to that age a girl is a little girl—easily managed, tractable, affectionate, a thing to be loved and petted and cared for.

But after that till she's 20 or so she's just about the most foolish creature in the world. I'd say the most foolish if she didn't have a brother. When he gets to be about 20 he'll show sister the road to Foolville, and not even try very hard.

It isn't the girl who's cross it's her age and what she thinks she ought to be. She's heard about stepmothers since she was born, and not one good word has she ever heard about them. She feels about that just as you'd feel if someone brought a new man to the shop—a man not so clever as you and, from your point of view, not half so interesting—

and you saw your place in the business gradually absorbed by the new man—would you love him madly just because somebody told you it was your duty to do so?

Your home, your house, your heart has been your little girl's business for some years. She's been about everything there was on earth to you. And now all at once here's this newcomer taking her place at the table, telling her what to wear. Her—the great wonder of the age—who knows everything better than anyone else could even dream of knowing it—unless she was sweet 16 and her father's only daughter, too.

"Boasting" her about her clothes, "advising" her about the way to do her hair, "misunderstanding" her friendships, not "realizing" her ambitions, smiling when she ought to sigh, frowning when she ought to laugh. Why, it really is very hard for sweet 16 when you come to think of it, isn't it?

And then—the mother who's gone—don't you love the little girl just a little for being jealous of things on her account, too?

See things from your point of view! Now she wouldn't be 16 if she could do that, would she?

She'd be—um, well, say 40 odd, and a whole lot of things will look different to her when she's 40.

She'll realize then that memory is poor company and that tears are an unwholesome drink for any human being. She'll see the roses bloom on the grave of the one she loved best in the world and stop a minute for the gentle tribute of a sigh—and nothing more.

She'll understand then that 40 is human as much as 16, and that 40 needs companionship, sympathy, appreciation and love.

Of course, she thinks that word too silly for anything for 40. But she'll get

ness and the man you worked for, and he liked you and he thought you very clever and interesting and couldn't get on without you at all. And all at once he brought a new man to the shop—a man not so clever as you and, from your point of view, not half so interesting—

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over that—some day, some time—when she's 40, too. And then she'll look back and see how selfish and foolish and cruel she was when she was sweet 16, and tried to still the hot jealousy in her heart by sarcastic smiles at poor stepmother's little timid attempts to appease her. Then she'll know how self-centered she was and be sorry. But after all you know this is the very time of life when she would have been the very center of home if mother had lived.

Daughter's gowns, daughter's friends, daughter's hopes, daughter's ambitions, those would have been the whole thing, and now she's just a side issue, just a second fiddle—and she wouldn't be human if she didn't resent it just a little.

What shall you do? Be patient, be wise, be sympathetic to both these women. They both belong to you, and some day it will all straighten itself out. You can't eat your cake, dear man, and have it, too, you know. Though, somehow, that's just what we poor mortals are always trying to do, aren't we?

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