

The Bees Home Magazine Page

* Parasols With Individuality Which Nobody Will Deny *

They're English, Made in Striking Colors, and Shapes Which Strike a Harmonious Note With the Freakiest of the Freak Fashions in Women's Dress



How to Spoil a Housemaid

By DOROTHY DIX.

One of the reasons why the servant question is a perpetually acute one in most households is because the average woman never learns to mind her own business. If Cain had been a daughter of Eve, instead of a son, he would never have asked: "Am I my brother's keeper?" He wouldn't even have laid the point. He would have been so perfectly sure that he had a right to manage all of Abel's affairs, and regulate his comings in and his goings out.

Perhaps few remarks are more frequently heard in the family circle than the exasperated exclamation, "By George,



restful hair-splitting details about the way he does it. When he is in the midst of making out a bill, or adding up a column of figures, the proprietor doesn't rush in with suggestions, or take a hand in the work just long enough to knock the other fellow's system silly. On the contrary the employer knows that if he would simply put the clerk out, and let the clerk attend to his business, and let the clerk attend to his. But do women allow their servants this liberty?

They do not. No mistress would think that she was doing her duty if she permitted her cook to arrange her kitchen in her own way, with the pots and pans where they were most handy to her, nor would she dream of letting a maid plan out her work and follow her own plans or have a chance to use such sound judgment as the Lord gave her. Yet servants have their own ideas and way of doing things just as much as any free lady.

Nor is there any reason why a servant shouldn't be treated on the same plane as any other employe. It is but right



Madame Isbell's Beauty Lesson

OBESITY—Continued.

Some systems can take care of more food than others, due to some peculiarity of assimilation. Some natures work off fat easily. The dangerous cases, however, and, unfortunately, the most common are those that gain flesh slowly but surely, the first gain being so small that the subject is hardly alarmed over it.

It is stated by specialists on this subject that the deposit of one-fourth of an ounce of fat daily will increase the weight fifty-seven pounds in ten years. So, it is easy to see that, if you start in with this little increase at the age of 40, 50 will probably find you a very stout person. It is far easier to get rid of the excess flesh at 40 and by a judicious diet and system of exercising keep the weight at the same figure than it would be to reduce fifty-seven pounds ten years hence. That would require really heroic treatment.

As I have stated before, the kind of food eaten as well as the amount governs the increase of fat. Some years ago when this idea obtained general recognition those who wished to reduce lived on a diet entirely devoid of "flesh-making" foods. This was "raw" "banting" after the name of the English doctor who advised it for his patients. The regime recommended by Dr. Banting and his followers is as follows:

For breakfast two soft boiled eggs, toasted, unbuttered bread, weak tea without sugar.

For luncheon lean meat, either beef, mutton or chicken, green vegetables served without butter, cheese and fruit.

Dinner the same as the noon meal with, if desired, the substitution of a salad in place of the vegetable.

This regime excludes any liquid at all from the noon and evening meals. Fresh water or unsweetened lemonade may be partaken of freely between meals, preferably an hour before or an hour after eating.

Lesson XII to be continued.

Madame Isbell

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRBAIRN.

Mischief Makers.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man, 22 years of age, and engaged to a young lady three years my junior. I love this girl with all my heart, and I know that she, too, loves me. But some of her girl friends are doing all in their power to get us apart, much to my misery. First they come and tell me things about her which I know are not true (even if they were I wouldn't care, as I truly love her); and when they see that they cannot get what they have to say, then they go back and tell her untrue things about me. Sometimes they tell her things which she tells her about me, which makes me feel very badly. Please let me know if you think she loves me truly? I don't believe what these girls tell me. I know I could never live without this girl.

ED. R.

You, as a man, have the stronger nature, in regard to gossip. It is too bad that those mischief-makers can influence your fiancée; but they probably play on her feelings cleverly. I am sure, however, that love as sincere as yours means much to her. Teach her how false these gossiping friends are, and urge her to give them up.

Speak Plainly to Her.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I was somewhat attracted to a girl, but quarreled at one time and after reconciliation could not come to like her any more. She seems to be under the impression that I am still in love with her charms, although I told her my affection lay elsewhere. Now, as I have different occasions to go to her house other than to see her, what shall I do to show her that I do not want her to lose other opportunities?

E. K.

Tell her frankly that you have other interests. Instead of hurting her indefinitely by allowing her to misunderstand, risk hurting her, or yourself, by stating the case plainly. It is possible that you overestimate your charm for her as much as she does hers for you.

You Owe an Apology.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Last winter a boy friend of mine made six engagements with me to go out with him, but I told the real I like to study myself. Now when we meet on the street he tips his hat and says "How do you do?" I repeat the loss of his friendship would like to regain it.

DOLORES.

You treated this boy outrageously. The fact that he recognizes you on the street shows that he is a gentleman and bears no animosity. Suppose you write him a little note saying that you regret your own stupidity in not making more effort to keep his friendship when you had it. Ask him to show you that some spark of friendship still exists by coming to spend a certain evening at your home.

She is Right.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a man 22 years old and I dearly love a lady 20 years old. She likes me as a son, but she says she is too old for me, but as long as I love her, I know I will make her a good husband. Don't you think I am old enough? Please advise me what to do.

The lady is right. She might love you as a son, but as a husband, never. Look around for someone nearer your age.

man he ever met in his life," we all have our chance.

Besides, there is oneself! Does not Carlyle exhort us: "Arrest your knaves and dastards! Arrest yourself! Make yourself an honest man, and there will be one rogue less in the world!"

"Think of what each one of us can do to reduce the sum of our natural ignorance! This is the war which is at our doors."

Commencement Party and Its Platform

By ELBERT HUBBARD

Here is the outline of a new party. The truths it expresses are the oldest known to man.

It is at once political, social, economic, ethical, commercial and religious.

Women and children are eligible and vote the same as men. No one is too old and none too young to join. Your past record will not count against you unless you are too boastful of it.

There are no rites of initiation—no Agorae to ride—and you can never be put out of the party unless you head in your resignation to your cosmic self.

Here is the basis of the commencement party: Cheerfulness, courtesy, kindness, industry, health, patience, economy.

There are two ways to live—just two—ways right and one wrong. If your life benefits humanity, you are on the right track; but if you are a hatter, a worry, a menace and a burden to the world you are on the wrong route and will soon be "up against it."

Everybody and everything will have it in for you, because you will have it in for yourself. Then, when you begin to repine, your bodily health will wane, and inertia and weakness will seize you hand and foot.

Weakness is the only slavery. Freedom is the supreme good—freedom from self-imposed limitations.

It is the law of nature that the world helps every person who is trying to help himself. If you want to be well and strong and to keep so, barring collision with a beaming buggy, nature is on your side if you prove that you are on hers. We should all be in partnership with nature.

If you are sincerely trying to do your share of the necessary work of the world, nature will reward you in honors, money and power.

Keep good-natured. Do not look for slights or insults. If you can't get the job you want then take the one that you can get. The only way to get a big place is to show that you are not ashamed to fill a little one.

The world needs more commencement men and women—just plain everyday folks who belong to the commencement party.

The motto of the new party is this: Do unto others as if you were the world. Commencement folks, when in doubt, mind their own business and if they do not know what to say, do not say it. When they speak of their neighbors they mention only the best concerning them, for commencement folks know that none



Earthbound

By CONSTANCE CLARKE.

I did not choose the valley road;
The way of ease was not my choice.
I longed to bear a heavy load;
I sought pain in the wind's cold voice.

I longed to feel the breathless chill
Of stranger countries on my brow.
God knows it has not been my will
That I am untried even now.

But since I may not scale the heights
Whence fellow souls have climbed to fame,
I'll linger near the valley lights
,And have my tired feet in their flame.

I did not choose the valley road;
I eyed the beckoning peaks above.
I did not choose my own abode;
God willed that I should dwell with love.

The War at Our Doors

By REV. C. F. AKED, DD., LL. D.

The world divides its admiration between the persons who destroy life and those who spend their days in efforts to save it.

The soldier has been the object of all man's regard. In any city in the world whose streets are crowded with monuments to heroes erected to the memory of fighting men predominate.

In any country the soldier's uniform is the badge of honor. Century by century our race has awarded the prizes of life and pomp and power to the man whose business it is to kill men.

But the world honors also those who live to save men—the philanthropists of all the ages. The wealth and learning and influence of a great city pay homage to a citizen whose name is synonymous with practical philanthropy and beneficent public service. Prophets, apostles, martyrs, the poet laurel crowned, the man of science with calm gaze searching the depths of infinite being and the missionary who himself repeats creation's primal word, "Let there be light," are enshrined in our hearts as the makers and masters of men.

It is curious. Why should we honor him who kills and him who makes alive? Can we not distinguish between them? Are our minds built, indeed, in water-tight compartments and our souls, too? Are our instincts chaotic? And our emotions, are they founded in unreason and do they lead to folly?

Human nature is, indeed, compounded of complexities and contradictions, but for this apparent anomaly a rational basis may be found. In the ultimate analysis there is one ideal for the fighter and for the philanthropist, for the man whose business it is to kill and for him who lives to make alive.

The ideal is sacrifice for the common good. In the case of the fighting man the ideal is often wretchedly obscured; he, at times, totally lost sight of. Nevertheless the ideal of the warrior remains as an ideal.

And the world has agreed to pay honor to the soldier, not because he is ready to kill, but because he is ready to die. The world has agreed to pay honor to him because it understands that, with life and youth and health and joy and wife and home, and little ones, and all that makes life worth living behind him, to be wounded and held by retreat, with torture, wounds, death in front of him, he will scorn liberty and life, choose death and honor.

This is the soldier's ideal. This is the warrior's story.

The soldier's honor and the warrior's ideal are not the highest and noblest conceivable. The ancient systems of India placed the priest above the warrior. And for good reason. The ideal of the warrior is to die for men. The ideal of the priest is to live for men. And it is a nobler thing to live for men than to die for men.

So those ancient systems thought, and they thought truly. A death of self-sacrifice seemed great; a life of self-sacrifice

was greater. This is why John Ruskin, speaking to a body of young men in training as officers of the British army, said to them:

"You fancy, perhaps, that there is a severe sense of duty mixed with these peaceable motives? And in the best of you there is. But do not think that it is principle. If you cared to do your duty to your country in a prosaic and unromantic way, depend upon it, there is now truer duty to be done in raising harvests than in burning them; more in building houses than in shelling them; more in winning money by your own work, wherewith to help men, than in other people's work, taxing for money wherewith to slay men—more duty, finally, in honest and unselfish living than in honest and unselfish dying, though that seems to your boys' eyes the bravest."

Let us do honor to the world's noblest warriors—those who battle with human stupidity. Huxley was as gallant a fighter for life and liberty as ever tossed his hat into the ring and followed it with a cry of joy. Yet when he contemplated the age-long stupidity of the race his pessimism is so pessimistic that, like the Egyptian darkness, it can be felt. Here it is:

"I know no study which is so unutterably saddening as that of the evolution of humanity, as it is set forth in the annals of history. Out of the darkness or prehistoric ages man emerges with the marks of his lowly origin strong upon him. He is a brute, only more intelligent than the other brutes; a blind prey to impulses which, as often, as not, lead him to destruction; a victim of endless illusions which make his mental existence a terror and a burden and fill his physical life with barren toil and battle."

"He attains a certain degree of physical comfort, and develops a more or less workable theory of life in such favorable situations as the plains of Mesopotamia or of Egypt, and then, for thousands and thousands of years, struggles, with varying fortunes, attended by infinite weakness, bloodshed and misery, to maintain himself at this point against the greed and ambition of his fellow men."

"He makes a point of killing and otherwise persecuting all those who first try to get him to move on, and when he has moved on a step, foolishly confers post-mortem deification on his victims. He exactly repeats the process with a who want to move a step yet farther."

It is simply not true—not true in spirit and in prophesy. "Against stupidity the gods themselves fight powerlessly," said the wise ancients. But they were wrong, or, if they were right, men and women have done what the gods could not do. For we are winning in this war. Everybody may have a share in the victory.

The fighting is good all along the line. From the president of a state university to the kindergarten teacher, and from the editor with his million readers to the man in the smoking car who knucks a little common sense "into the stupidest