

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Woman Who Waits

The Folly of Wasting One's Years and Some of Its Lessons

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"I am a woman of 30 years and have been receiving attentions from a man for the last ten years. He was the main support of his aged mother and sister and I did not feel as though I would like to be the case of a family break-up, but he always said that if anything happened to his mother he would make me his wife. His mother died in December, and when I approached the subject he was very angry and said his sister had made him promise he would never marry unless she went with him. She is an old maid, near 60 years old, and I do not care for her. I am considered pretty. Now, do you think he just wants my company to show his men friends he can have a pretty companion, or do you suppose he really cares for me?" writes Lida.

What I really suppose is this: The woman who sits for ten years waiting for the death of a man's mother or sister to free him from obligations so that he can marry her is cultivating a very morbid attitude toward the attainment of happiness. A man who has not the energy and initiative to work vigorously enough to be able to support a wife (in addition to taking care of his other burdens in the course of ten years, has not the heart or brain or spirit to care for her with anything that can be classed as true love.

A girl who sits meekly waiting for ten years for her liege lord and master-man to make good so that he may assume the burden of supporting her is likely to be rewarded for her patience with a vast indifference when time puts him in a position to marry her.

I disapprove heartily of the spirit that counts its emotional realization in terms of some one's death. I disapprove equally heartily of the spirit that permits a woman to waste ten years of her life and youth in waiting. And I disapprove also of the spirit that after waiting ten years for its happiness she will not take it on the terms offered.

When a man has been loyal to a mother and sister for ten years, do you expect him to turn that aging sister out in the streets that a wife, who has not taught herself to love the family of the man for whom she cares, may have the happiness she wants?

A situation like this is wrong from start to finish, and I quote as an example of how not to manage your love affairs: "If the man you love has obligations that make it honestly impossible for you to marry, the best thing to do is to try to put the thought of marriage out of your life.

"If a man loves a woman and can't for her sake 'think' sufficiently so that he can support three women instead of two, there is a lack of real fervor in his affection.

"If a woman cares for a man enough to wait meekly for him during ten long years, and then declines to take her happiness if it includes having another woman who is dependent on him live in her home, she is selfish and cold and calculating in her love.

This is one of the many phases of the folly of waiting long years for a man to make good and marry you. "Emotions have a way of spending themselves and getting outworn unless they are of real sterling quality. The woman who waits is likely to lose her youthful charm and the novelty that fascinates and in the end have to make way for a younger sweetheart. She may become peevish, and reacting through long years of unfulfilled love, she comes to be more of a habit than a feeling.

"She sits drearily about looking at her unrealized dreams and finds at last that all the glow of feeling has gone from those once lovely dreams. And she comes to know that the man who selfishly asked

her to wait for him has equally selfishly found some other desired one to take her place. Or when she can have her love fulfilled she finds that she has come to care with so little depth and favor that she won't take what is offered on the terms she must have it.

"Two selfish and cold-blooded people can scarcely hope to be happy together. My advice to Lida is either to love the man for whom she cares with an all-embracing passion that will include his sister—or to dismiss him forever from her life and be glad that she is still young enough and attractive enough to have her happiness elsewhere."

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Casual Friendships.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am deeply in love with a young man who is three years my senior. Although he pays quite a little attention to me, he never names the night that he will see me, but simply says he will see me some night in the week. He is my neighbor. Do you think this is the proper way to make an engagement?

J. A. R.
This is the way a man who likes a girl well enough but is not seriously interested in her is likely to treat her. It is perfectly proper. Suppose some time, when he tries to see you at his own convenience, you have another engagement? This may make him feel that he has to exert himself a bit to be with you.

To Win Confidence Deserve It.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been engaged to a young man since last May. Our meeting was more or less a flirtation, as I was introduced to him through a friend of his whom I met through a flirtation. My friend is very much against flirtation, and to make matters worse before our engagement I told him of the many times I flirted and the good times I had with men. This has seemed to make my friend lose his confidence in me since he feels that I still continue. He feels he cannot trust me. I want his confidence. How can I win it, for I long to so do?

MABEL W.
The best way to win confidence is absolutely to deserve it. Since you were once so indiscrete as to flirt, you must prove by a long period of dignified behavior that you realize your own foolishness. This distrust is the penalty you must pay for your actions. Just realize how wrong your conduct was, and make up your mind that there will be no more of it, and I think you will be able to convince your fiancee of your change of heart.

Love and Duty.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 22 years of age and am deeply in love with a young lady two years my junior. I am making a very fine salary and can support a wife comfortably, but there is just one objection. I am an Gentile and she is Jewish. She loves me very much and I can see no reason why we shouldn't live together happily.

M. E.
Her parents show no objection whereas mine do. My father has threatened to disown me should I marry this particular girl. Can you advise me.

If you are convinced that you truly love your Jewish sweetheart, have a talk with your father. Tell him that you cannot give up either the girl you love or the parents for whom you care deeply. Ask him to meet the girl and to see if his prejudice is not an outworn thing.

I know of no better argument for a fair hearing of your case than Ella Wheeler Wilcox's beautiful lines, "So many gods, so many creeds, so many ways that wind about the world, all this and world needs, is just the art of being kind."

Brotherly love rules today—and the breach between Gentile and Jew is narrow. Inter-marriage will some day do away with it entirely.

Birds of a Feather :: Butterflies :: By Nell Brinkley



Little bits of frail, faint yellow and white and blue, hovering and sailing, soaring and flickering, pulsing for hushed instants with motionless, yet breathing wings, dancing from this to that, lifting and falling, aimless and whimsical as baby's dreams, pictures of the fancies that fairies have in their heads, bits of mystery that drift and work (?) and think apart and foot-loose from the world, nothing do we know of you save that you feed our eye from behind the golden footlight that draws a magic half-moon between the real things and the "let's make believe!" Real butterflies, and you who are butterflies in human mask, you all are over the line, flitting in the land that shuts us out. All we truly know of you (to put our finger hard and say, "Here is a real fact with a face on it") is that your wings are painted and you dance as though you, hearts were light. That's all!

"Slang and Giggles do not Become the Mature Woman," says Madame Ise'bell
"Also Cultivate Instinct for Correct Dressing"

The Woman of Forty—Part III.

Forty should bring an added graciousness of manner, a cultivation of speech, a restraint in using colloquisms. It has become rather the habit with the mother of growing children to adopt the school boy and girl slang that she hears about her. This is a sometimes amusing and there are women who can carry off such a manner of speech becomingly. But it is a dangerous pose and the woman who attempts it should make sure it suits her. Better stand as the ideal for youth than try to imitate it.

I do not believe in age claims or limits and I like a woman to do everything that is becoming to her, but wisdom, serenity and gentleness of speech and manner are traits of the old-time gentlewoman that should not be discarded.

The silly woman, the giggling woman, are found at all ages, but we have less patience with them as years go on. A little watchfulness in this direction is wise.

Some few women are born with an instinct for clothes, but, as a rule, it is an art to be cultivated. Experience should bring a keen knowledge of what is and what is not becoming. The woman of 40 should not experiment with colors; she should know the few in which she looks her best and cling to these. She knows certain faults of figure that need correcting or concealing and should pick out her coats and gowns to accord.

At the same time she should not make the mistake of clinging to certain modes of dressing, doing her hair, or wearing certain colors because they "always suited her." The body changes continually, as a French writer put it, "it is like a flowing stream," and it does not always repeat itself. Be alive to these changes and do not make the mistake of forgetting that the framing of the face and figure must change in accord.

The older woman should spend more time and money on her clothes than is necessary for a girl to spend. Her clothes need to be slightly richer in character for inexpensive "frillies" that become youth only accentuate her lack of it. At the same time her experience in what is personally becoming keeps her from any waste of effort or money. It is the moment when from the dress standard a woman is at her best.

If this is not so, the fault is with the woman. A woman at 40 years should know how to dress herself and, sartorially, be at an advantage over the younger woman.

Household Hints

To remove fruit stains from tablecloths and serviettes, apply powdered starch to the stained parts and leave for several hours till all the discoloration has been absorbed by the starch.

Always put scrubbing brushes in dry with the bristles face downwards. This lengthens their lives considerably, as if dried the other way the water naturally soaks into the wood and rots the bristles.

Salt will remove blackberries. Put plenty of salt where the beetles frequent, and keep it there for a week. Do not leave any water where the insects go. When they eat the salt it will dry up their bodies.

Mackintoshes, when dirty, can be easily cleaned at home. Spread out the garment flat on the table and scrub with warm water and yellow soap in which a little carbonate of ammonia has been dissolved. To dry, on no account put it near the fire.

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RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS
World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Ill., 1912.
Paris Exposition, France, March, 1912.

Fathers' Clubs Supplying Longfelt Wants

By DOROTHY DIX.

We hear a great deal about the influence of mothers, and the duty of mothers, and the responsibility of mothers, and so on, but very little is ever said about father's place in the family, apart from supporting it.

The great majority of American men seem to think that all a man needs to give to his children is money, and this gives us the curious anomaly of the most pampered and the most neglected youngsters—the world, and of fathers who are working themselves to death for children with whom they are not even casually acquainted.

For it is only too sadly true that the average American father does not even know his own children. He has turned their rearing entirely over to his wife. He has let her decide every important question connected with them. She has picked out the schools they go to, the clothes they wear, the amusements they enjoy, the friends with whom they associate. Her influence has been the dominating one in their lives. Father has counted for nothing except as a bill payer, and it is a literal fact that except for conventional and financial reasons most American children had as well have no father at all as the kind they have got.



The lack of fatherhood is the greatest danger that menaces our society today. How many a girl who makes a wreck

because no woman, no matter how conscientiously she tries to do her duty, can successfully bring up children alone. They need a father as well as a mother. They need a man's strong restraining hand just as much as they need a woman's tender touch.

The very qualities that are the essence of motherhood—blind devotion to her young, limitless patience, and forgiveness, an absolute inability to see her own as they really are, unfit a woman to deal with the half-grown boy or girl who needs justice as well as mercy, and to be controlled as well as to be indulged.

The average mother lacks the courage to deny her children anything that she can possibly give them. She lacks the force to make them do anything they do not want to do, and she can no more hold them to doing a hard duty than she could nail them to the cross.

Yet, knowing all of these things, men calmly step aside and let their wives settle the fate of their children, and it would be an interesting and an appalling thing to know how much fatherlessness is responsible for the wrecked lives we see about us.

How many a dervish might say: "I lay my failure at my father's door. I had a silly mother who named me Algeron Montgomery. Instead of Tom or Bill, who dressed me up and made a slay of me, who taught me to despise honest work and be a dabbler in what she considered an elegant profession. She sapped the manhood that might have been in me, and I became a loafer and a spender instead of a worker. If my father had done his duty by me and shaped my life, instead of leaving it to my foolish mother, I would have been a successful man today."

of her life could say: "I am what I am because I had no father except the figure of one who was nothing but a cash register in our house. I had a vain, weak mother who taught me to think of nothing but dress and fashion and to get what I wanted, no matter how I got it. She made me selfish and vain and heartless, so that I have been a blight on every life that I have touched. Yet if my father had ever tried, he could have awakened the good that is in me, and saved me from the curse that is on me."

Perhaps every father has moments when he realizes his responsibility to his children, and he intends, when the critical moment comes to guide them safely by the dangerous place in their roads, but the difficulty is that fatherhood is not a crown that you can take off and put on at pleasure.

Besides, how are you to influence a person of whose mental processes you are ignorant, whose hopes, and thoughts, and desires are a sealed volume to you? And you can't get acquainted with your children after they are grown. You have to do that when they are babies.

The greatest need in America today is for fathers. Real fathers who will be companions and chums, and guide, counselor and friend to their children, and it is cheering to hear that this long left want is being supplied, and that all over the country Fathers' clubs are being formed as well as Mothers' clubs.

Didn't Like the Sign.

A western horseman tells of a jockey at Windsor, across the line from Detroit, who was recently indisposed.

"If I don't get rid of this cold soon," said the youngster, "I'll be a dead one."

"Didn't you see Dr. Spinks, as I told you?" asked a friend.

"No. The sign on his door said '9 to 1,' and I wasn't going to monkey with a long shot like that."—Harper's Weekly.