

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Mothers Should Bring Up Their Own Children

(Copyright, 1914, Star Company.)
By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

A most earnest letter from a mother makes an appeal for more consideration to be given to growing boys in this day of wide interest to the growing girl. The writer of the letter says: "My own dear mother, who has passed over, made the very serious mistake of leaving her children too long and too often with her servants. I am working at present in a small way for children, and it is through the love I bear them that I write you this letter."



"Please open the eyes of mothers and let them know that to leave their children for others to bring up, let it be the mother's hand that leads them step by step. Let the mother give them good books to read; let the boy be educated by the family physician on delicate subjects; let them see helpful plays; next to the church the theaters are the greatest factors in education."

The writer of the above extracts sends a plea by Dr. G. Frank Lydton, for the boys. Dr. Lydton wonders why all the laws are designed to protect the female. He wonders if we are to brand the human male as hopelessly depraved and vicious at birth; if he is a sex predatory animal always on the sex-offensive. Are there, he asks, no vicious females to prey upon him, and from whom he should be protected?

Is he less susceptible than the young girl to moral wreckage. Then in very plain language Dr. Lydton asserts that young boys are frequently endangered by their association with unprincipled women and other associates, and are mentally, morally and physically injured for life, and he adds:

"I demand the establishment of an age of consent for boys.

"I demand laws providing for the punishment of those who lead boys astray.

"I shall go on demanding these things until we get them—and child betterment

shall claim the glory of the achievement."

It has frequently been remarked by me that "devoted and loving mothers" are as plenty as blades of grass on a meadow, but that really good and wise mothers are rarer than white blackbirds.

The really good and wise mother personally supervises the education of her children while their young minds are growing and developing, and personally answers the questions which invariably are propounded by elders by the curious young regarding the problems of life. The wise mother does not tell her child to "shut up" and "stop asking questions," as the loving and devoted mother is prone to do.

The wise mother does not believe that her child is incapable of curiosity on forbidden topics and, in some miraculous way, it will be instructed when the right time comes and will grow up good and moral, without any effort on her part to guide it safely over dangerous pathways. That is why the loving and devoted mother believes. But the wise mother knows that human nature is susceptible to great dangers and great temptations through ignorance, and she proceeds to make her child her confidant.

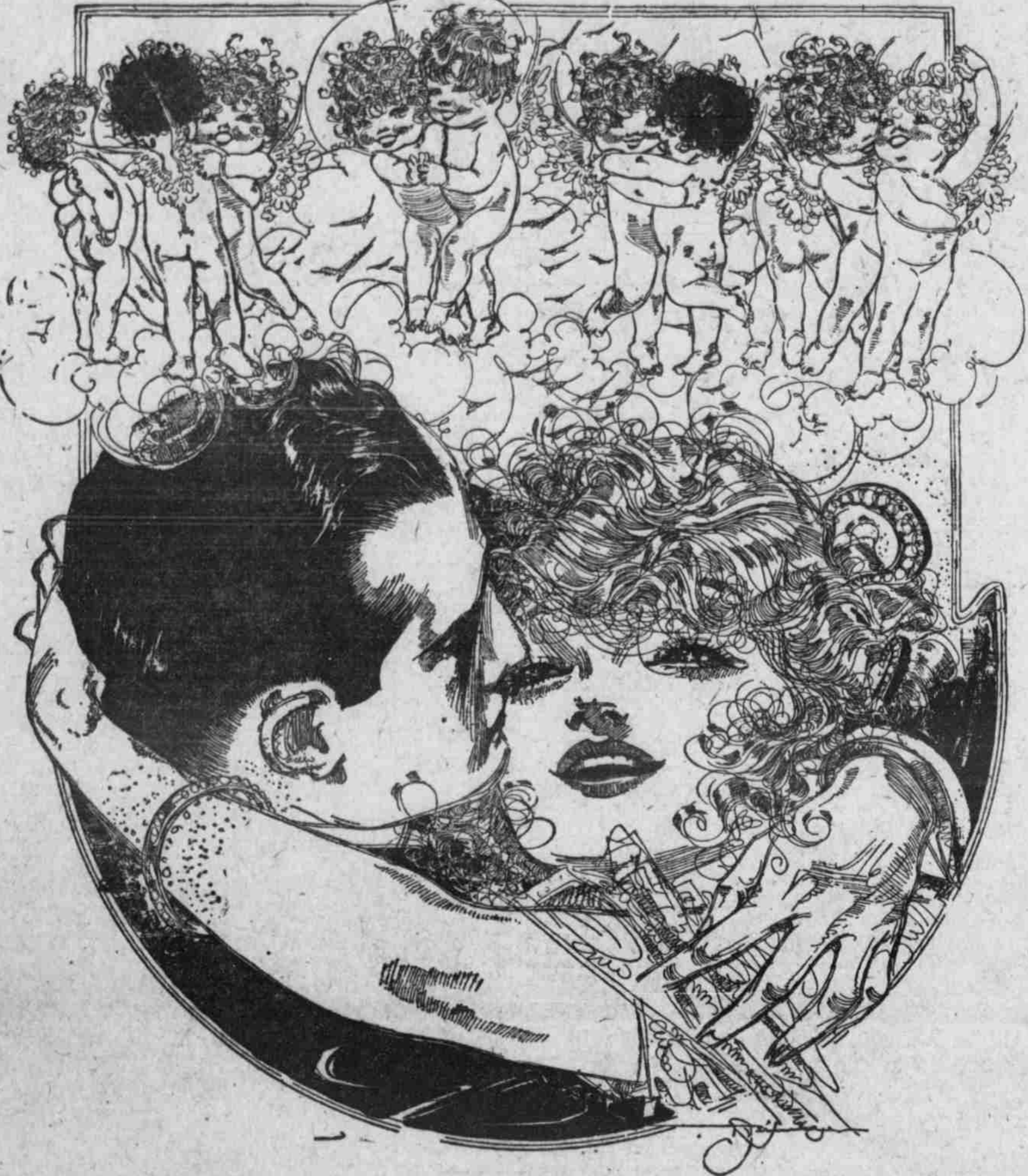
She talks to her little boy of the sacredness and beauty of mental and physical cleanliness; she teaches him to respect his body and to take great care of it as the temple of his soul; as he approaches manhood she tells him of the dangers which will awaken in the outer world, and helps him to think of all woman-kind as worthy of either respect or sympathy. The fallen and the unfortunate, she tells him, are only to be looked upon as possible sisters and mothers of some other boy, and to be pitied for having taken the wrong path in life.

A few such mothers it has been the writer's good fortune to know, and the children of those few have lived to grow up and call their mother's name blessed, and to illustrate by their lives the success of their mother's effort to produce worth while men and women.

Children reared by such mothers would never become criminals. The boys will never become debased, and the girls will never become victims to the white slave industry. Give us better mothers, wiser mothers, more sensible mothers, and the world will become benefited thereby.

"What Happens in Love-Land" When Lovers Make-Up

By Nell Brinkley
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Every day's "making-up" day. It's a grand holiday to attend to! Why don't you? Does it make your heart sing to hold back wrath in it all day long and clear past sunset? Dinner sticks in your throat when there's a lump swelling in it, and breakfast—when the great seas of anger and hurt are breaking in your breast—makes the tears stand in your eyes at the thought of eating it.

And sorrow sits fat and heavy on the outdoor world! It gets a gray look on its green and gold and blue; and the gilt that we're always able to find it, no matter what a mist we're looking through, somehow gets tarnished when we've quarreled with the people we love, our friend or our lover. Where are you getting with it—this carrying a bitter load about with you and never setting it down? Spread your hand and show me what you've won with it. You can't—there's nothing in it—and your eyes are miserable!

Didn't you know this was "making-up" day? It doesn't matter whose fault it is—so very much. For you see—no matter how sore your heart is—the other one's is, too—and perhaps that one is think-

ing just as hard as you—"It wasn't my fault!" For everybody's pretty "sot" when you come to that. It would be a grand fine thing to hurry up before the world is older and before you have time to stir up your own particular little temper again—and "make it up!"

And I'll bet a new frock that I've got—with a white velvet bodice, you know, and white ruffles like mist all the way down—and I'd hate to lose it—I'd even bet you that the other fellow with the headache, too, and the longing to laugh with you again and touch your hand, will be right there at the half-way place to meet you!

Do you know what happens in Love-land when friends and lovers bury the hatchet? They light the sun and give a dance! They fox-trot and they aero-plane—and they Congo-trot and polka—and all the little Loves that are the spirits of the loving that's done on earth kick up their heels in ecstasy 'til mornin'. For the thrill that shakes you when you've held out your hand and said as big and strong as you are able, "I'm sorry," travels and throbs all the way to Love-land and strikes fire there!—NELL BRINKLEY.

We Are What We Make Ourselves

By MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

It is well that men should be reminded that the very humblest of them has the power to fashion, after a divine model that he chooses not, a great moral personality composed in equal parts of himself and the Ideal.

It is only in the depths of life that this "great moral personality" can be carved out, and only by means of incessant revelations of the divine can we add to the stores of the Ideal we require.

To every man it is given to attain in spirit to the heights of virtuous life and to know at all times what his conduct should be, would he act like a hero or a saint.

But more than this is needed. It is essential that the spiritual atmosphere about us should be transformed to such a degree that it ends by resembling the atmosphere of Swedenborg's beautiful countries of the age of gold, wherein the air permitted not a falsehood to leave the lips.

An instant comes then, when the smallest evil we feel like committing falls at our feet like a leaden ball upon a disc of bronze when everything changes, though we know it not, into beauty, love or truth.

But this atmosphere envelopes only those who have been heedful to ventilate their life sufficiently by times fitting open the gates of the other world. It is when we are near these gates that we see: it is when we are near those gates that we love. For to love one's neighbor does not mean only to give one's self to him, to serve him and sustain others. We may possibly be neither good nor noble, nor beautiful even in the midst of the greatest sacrifice, and the Sister of Charity who dies at the bedside of a typhoid patient may perhaps have a mean, rancorous, miserable soul.

To love one's neighbors in the unmovable depths means to love in others that which is eternal, for one's neighbors in the true sense of the term is that which approaches the nearest to God—in other words, all that is best and purest in man—and it is only by ever lingering near the gates I spoke of that you can discover the divine in the soul.

Then you will be able to say with the Jean Paul: "When I desire to love most tenderly one who is dear to me, and wish to forgive him everything, I have but to look at him a few moments in silence."

To learn to love one must learn to see. "I lived twenty years by my sister's side," said a friend to me, "and I saw her for the first time at the moment of our mother's death."

Here, too, it had been necessary that death should violently fling open an eternal gate, so that the two souls might behold each other in a ray of the primeval light. Is there one among us who has not near him sisters he has never seen?

Happily, even in those whose vision is most limited, there is always something that acts in silence as though they had seen it in a little light which, in the darkness, should endeavor to raise our lives and should strive toward summits where evil-doing is impossible. And, therefore, too, it is well to accustom the eye to behold events and men in a divine atmosphere.

But even that is not indispensable, and how much the difference seem to the eyes of God! We are in a world where truth reigns at the bottom of things and where it is not truth, but falsehood that needs to be explained.

If the happiness of your brother saddens you, do not despair yourself; you will not have to travel far along the road before you will come across something in yourself that will not be saddened. And even though you do not travel that road, it matters little—something there was that was not sad.

Little Mary's Essay

By DOROTHY DIX.

Cats are animals when they aren't folks. A cat has four legs, one on each corner, and a fur coat that it wears both winter and summer, and a noise inside of it that sounds like a dollar watch.

Cats have almost human intelligence, for they purr when you rub their fur the right way, just like people do when you jolly them and tell them how wonderful they are.

Also they hang around a place as long as you will make them warm and comfortable and give them something good to drink, and in this also they resemble man.

A Boy's Future

By MRS. FRANK LEARNED.

Author of "Etiquette in New York Today."

In the choice of a career boys should have the intelligent sympathy of their parents; and girls, too, if it is necessary for them to have a "career."

But this is a many-sided question to be discussed in another talk.

A truly disinterested and intelligent father, who studies his boy from early childhood, with a view to giving him the right training, will find, usually, signs to guide him, and if a boy is brought up with some special vocation in view there will be a hopeful, joyous concentration of mind on that definite object.

Although he should not be burdened with a sense of responsibility about it, he may be encouraged to think about the matter and to learn to understand himself and what he is fitted to do.

It is the plain duty of his parents to aid him in the development of all of his abilities, so that any definite taste he shows may serve as an indication as to his education and training.

Women with Empty Eyes : : "They May Be Divided Into Several Classes," Says Beatrice Fairfax

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

who sits quietly at home and permits her father to do the wage-earning and her mother to do the housework. It never occurs to her that the days she "gets through somehow" might be far more interesting if they were filled quite full of real things instead of treated so that they are like boxes with a few trifles rattling around inside.

Then there is the wife who delegates all

Advice to Lovelorn : By Beatrice Fairfax

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young girl in the country. She was out riding and her horse bolted. I saved her from a serious accident. She insisted on me going to her house, where I met her people. Now I find it impossible to get away from her. She tells me how much she loves me—and I certainly love her—but I cannot tell her because I will never be in a position to marry her. She is above my standard and my position at its best could never give her half what she is used to. Therefore, I think she would be sacrificing herself for me. I would like her to have everything she is used to, although she would not care. I'm sure, but it would always worry me. POOR.

A woman who loves is happy to help her husband make his way in the world. I am sure you have energy and ambition enough to forge ahead. And the girl you love can be deprived of but one thing that will bring her happiness—her right to love. You are kind, thoughtful and unselfish—and a woman will feel that you are very rich if you continue dowering her with these qualities.

Try to Be More Sensible.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a stenographer in an Omaha office, and as much in love with my employer, who refuses to have anything to do with me. Every day I bring him some little present, laying it on his desk, but he evidently does not see it, for he never mentions it. Do you think it would be proper for me to

the real work of her life to paid help and never tests her thinking and working powers to the utmost; the young man who prefers to be a waiter instead of a worker; the boy who never puts his mind to his tasks, but says instead, "You ought to have fun when you're young," and the middle-aged man who lets himself go to a word while day in the office. All of these people and many more, whom you can easily name and classify for yourself, are discontented if not actually unhappy. Life seems to them to be making no real demands on them. They suffer because they feel that there is no place in life that would be empty if they failed to fill it.

It would be simple enough for them to fill a real place in life if they turn the demands of life fill their own existence; but instead they put a few trifles, a little work, a little pleasure, a little whining and a little impotent struggle into lives that actually crave to hold some big necessities. And in much the same way that an empty shell of a tooth is useless for work and active for pain, a life that is not brimful of real interest either decays or stands, an idle, unbeautiful shell. Such a life offends the observer and hurts the owner.

The only cure for a sufferer from emptiness in life is to search for one big thing to do, to determine as to whether that big thing is the absolute consensual choice of his nature. Out of one big interest will spring many little interests. One of these is bound to lead to congenial work, and all of the ennui, all of the boredom, all of the misery and of the railing against fate that beset a person who feels he has no place in the scheme of things will sink away before the fullness of life that is devoted to actually accomplishing something in the world.

Please send some SKITCH to my grocer," writes Mrs. F. K. Lewis, 37 Fortieth St., Milwaukee. "I have no more and won't wash this week till I get it."

That's the spirit, woman. Away with the pesky, washboard. SKITCH cleans clothes better than you can do it by rubbing.

A 19-cent package of SKITCH does seven washings and saves enough soap on each of the seven to pay for the whole package. Three teaspoonfuls takes the dirt right out of a boilerful of dirty clothes while you sit and rest. SKITCH can't hurt the finest garment ever woven.

Get a 50-cent package of SKITCH and throw your washboard away. Get it from any grocer or send for free sample to Hans Fichtenberg, 211 Grand Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

