

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Girls Should Be Taught Their Duties at Home

Miss Lathrop's Plan to Educate Young Women in Household Economy is Wise and Timely.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Copyright, 1915, Star Company. Miss Julia Lathrop, chief of the children's bureau, advances the theory that girls should be taught household economy between graduation from school and marriage.

"Women are the real spenders of the world," said Miss Lathrop, "and we must admit they are not so wise on the subject as they should be. I believe a new era of home education is about to dawn."

Outside of a school of eugenics and sex hygiene for men graduates there could be no greater impetus given to the world for the improvement of the home life and the coming generations than such an intermediary course as Miss Lathrop suggests. Woman has always been regarded as the keeper of the home, and the provider of comforts for husband and children out of the proceeds of the man's income. But she has made a rather questionable showing of efficiency when we realize how long she has been engaged in the occupation.

There was a book published in the early fifties by Alexander Walker which discourses on woman in every relation to life. Speaking of her duties, Mr. Walker says:

"Woman, therefore, is fit only for sedentary occupations, and necessarily remains much in the interior of the house, in which alone her chief duties can be performed. Perhaps the most important of her natural duties, though first indicated after that of clothing, is the preparation of food for her family. I call this a natural duty, not merely because it belongs to the domestic occupations which are naturally those of woman, but because it originates in the strictly personal circumstances of nourishing her infant. As more abundant or different nutriment is required, she gradually sub-

stitutes the milk of the cow. Repeating this for an increasing family, she is naturally and inevitably led to prepare the food of the whole. "She is evidently the natural origin of the mother being the sole or chief cook of her family. She who escapes from all these duties is an unnatural being, not a woman; and that deformity, if not disease, is the punishment of their neglect is demonstrated in the beautiful forms of the arms, in the pictures of our grandmothers, compared with the shapeless, flaccid and skinny members of the young women of our own times."

Times have changed since Mr. Walker wrote those words, and woman is quite as much at home in outdoor life and sports as man. She is an able rival in athletics, and her sphere of activity has enlarged. But her skill in making and maintaining a home of beauty and comfort economically has not increased at the same rate. A school of home education where all school and college graduates entered immediately after receiving their diploma for mental achievement would be of the utmost value to the world. A two or three years' course ought to be sufficient, and the diploma received from this institution would be of greater value to humanity than all degrees and honors previously won.

America would place itself in the front ranks as a world improver if it established a national institution where tuition could be obtained at a nominal price, or absolutely free, leaving pupils to provide only for board and personal expenses. Let Miss Lathrop enlarge on her great ideal and make it a material success; then let us have a post-graduate school for young men who have left college which educates them in the high ideals of home life and fatherhood. If we perfect women as home keepers and mothers we must fit men to be worthy of them.

Every day divorces are granted to women for all sorts of causes. Men must be educated in eugenics; they must be taught the great law of self-control, and they must understand the high meaning of the words husband and father. Then we will find marriages growing to be a success and divorce an obsolete word.



Alluring Harbingers of Spring

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A—Hat trimmed with a black shirred silk pompon. The parasol has a maple rosette decorating the carved white wood handle.

B—Something between sunflower and cart-wheel, made of black faille ribbon, lends the éclat to this barnyard straw turban. A plaited frill and embroidery in front make up a new neck-piece.

C—A white faille hat with black fantasy, black kid gloves stitched in white, a high, white lace collar touched in black, and an appropriate parasol.

D—It's a checkered affair—this silk sweater, scarf and cap, though there are splashes of white in the cap, scarf and cuffs.

E—The cocked hat of 1915 is of sand-colored straw, banded in blue to match the saucy neck-fixing, dotted and scalloped in blue.

F—Would you drink a cup of tea without raising your veil? Then hie yourself and secure a tea-cup veil. Decidedly it will save you much bother and give you a feeling of up-to-dateness.

G—The very latest blouse, high or low in the neck, or white broadcloth, with concessions to the millitaire in the braiding. The hat was borrowed from a Highlander.

H—It weeps—not the girl—but the veil, attached by two moire bands to the hat; white kid gloves embroidered in black.

Ability to Smile

By BEATRICE FAIRBAX.

Joy and sorrow are the expressions of the individual. In rich nature both are included. Probably Keats never wrote a finer line from the point of view of humanity than his "Welcome joy and welcome sorrow."

In his "Sentimental Journey" Laurence Sterne wrote: "I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersteba and cry 'tis all barren." With the one exception of health, changing circumstances make little difference in the happiness of man. Perhaps this sentence sounds very radical, but it expresses an absolute truth. Joy and sorrow are actually modes of being. Think over your list of acquaintances; surely you know some individual who, without money, without position, even without love, sings at toil and in the normal expression of a healthy human being hopes for happiness and endures pain and sorrow as part of the very fine whole that life is.

The man or woman who says "I don't see why I was ever born. I don't see that life is worth living," probably has infinitely more of the world's riches in gold and social position than has some person of whom he would speak pityingly as a "poor wretch." And yet that same poor wretch in the possession of a happy nature is many times richer than the crabbed pessimist who pities him.

In the most splendid joy there must always be the possibility of tragedy. That is life. There is nothing in this over which one must grow pessimistic. Because some one in whose love you rejoice and are happy may leave you is no reason why you should be pessimistic about the durability of human relations or the kindness of fate.

In the most terrible sorrow one need not perish. Out of sorrow grows understanding of life, sympathy with both its beauty and ugliness and an ability to feel strongly and to bear well. So if one's portion is for a long time sorrow, there is nothing in that about which to become pessimistic.

There is much that is terrible in life. That has to be recognized. But there is nothing which is unendurable. And in bearing sorrow well there is as much grandeur as in the thrill of the greatest joy and rapture.

The pessimist is the man who looks on life and says: "Tis all barren." For him there is everywhere dull grayness, no hope or joy, no pride in enduring pain. It is not what the world does to him that makes him a pessimist. It is his inability to react actively on life, in his own nature there is no seed of life's fertility. He is empty of any real feeling. He is sorry for himself and scornful as to what the world has to offer him or others. Life for him is a dull and arid waste. His soul can bear no flowers—and has no respect for anything in nature, be it flower or weed.

Blindness is the terrible affliction of the pessimist. He looks on life and cries that it is bare. He simply cannot see anything but the horrible monotony in which the worst always happens.

However much suffering a strong nature is called on to bear, it reacts in the very bearing, becomes stronger for more enduring, and if joy comes at last, is splendid and unfettered in its happiness. Nothing from the outside—nothing the world gives or takes could make us happy or unhappy except as our own natures react. The nature that can find joy in the mere fact that a day is sunshiny is optimistic. But the nature that can find hopeful sunshine in the midst of dark gray clouds is splendidly free from the curse of pessimism.

Read it Here—See it at the Movies.

Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

By special arrangement for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the installments of "Runaway June" may now be seen at the leading moving picture theaters. By arrangement made with the Mutual Film Corporation it is not only possible to read "Runaway June" each day, but also afterwards to see moving pictures illustrating our story.

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THIRD EPISODE.

June Finds Work.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

"What am I to understand by this, Mrs. Blye?" he inquired. "You ought to know, you!" gruffly charged "Sneaky Tavis, who had followed the others, and, whirling, he pointed at the certificate. "That's her husband!"

"Shut up!" squawked Mrs. Blye and went home. Gilbert Blye at that time was quite far from the scene of Honoria's capture or even of Ned's wanderings. He was dining with Tommy Thomas, and a rather elderly woman, and a doll-like girl with swiftly advancing crow's feet at the corners of her eyes, and Orin Cunningham, and a heavy-lidded, short-haired, big man named Edwards, whom they called T. J. With the arrival of the coffee Blye told the time from a tiny gold watch, the only one he carried now.

"The runaway bride!" laughed Cunningham. "I'm in a hurry," Blye explained. "I told you when we came here that I had to leave at 8 o'clock."

"Of course we know where you are going," Tommy challenged him. June was sitting in her long, little bedroom waiting for Marie, whom she had sent out to a drug store for toilet articles. Mrs. Boales suddenly knocked. "A gentleman to see Miss Justin," she announced; "a gentleman with a black beard and a diamond ring and a gold filling in one tooth. He says it's Mr. Blye. I lit the parlor lamp for him."

June wondered what she should do. Ned Warner, sitting aimlessly and disconsolately on a street car and looking out earnestly at every passerby, suddenly caught sight of one pedestrian who made his heart jump. Marie! She was jogging industriously along with a bundle under her arm and a very clear idea of direction apparent in her very speed. Ned ran after her. At the Fosles door Marie heard the sound of running. Footsteps turned with normal curiosity, saw Ned, let herself in at the door and closed it with a slam, snapped on the night lock and flew upstairs.

"He's coming, Miss June!" she cried. "Mr. Ned!" Ned! June's heart leaped within her, and for a moment she was flooded with a mad impulse to run down and be folded in his arms and forgiven. No! She must be strong for her own sake and for his, for the sake of their ultimate mutual self respect and the fullness of the love which can be founded on that alone!

"Meet me at that little hotel to which we were first going," she directed Marie hastily, and, snatching her hat and coat, she hurried down the stairs and out of the back door.

June had forgotten Gilbert Blye absolutely, but he had not forgotten her. He saw June in flight and followed her.

Mrs. Boales answered a violent knocking at the door to find herself confronted by the wild-eyed Ned Warner.

"Where's my wife?" he demanded. "What's her name?"

"June. She's here! I saw her moid just come in! Marie! Where are they?"

"That's her! Mrs. Boales was pleased. "Some calls her Moore and some Warner

and some Justin, but her name's always June. There's a black whiskered man to see her now. Name's Blye. He's in the parlor." And she craned in at the parlor door with scarcely a shift of her position. "No he ain't. Has he dared to go up to her room in my house?"

Ned burst past her and sprang up the stairs. "First door to the right," yelled Mrs. Boales.

Nothing happened. Ned burst in at the first door to the right. The room was empty! Then up climbed Mayme Bates the maid.

"If it's Miss Justin you're hunting," said Mayme. "I saw her and a black whiskered gentleman go out of the back door not more than three minutes ago!"

Ned Warner plunged down the stairs faster than he had gone up and slammed out of the back door to find himself confronted by the endless universe! To the right or to the left? And when he reached the alley mouth, which way then? Right or left?

In the meantime the driven June, hurrying aimlessly, looked back at every turning to see if the man she loved were following her.

At each turning a dark figure, quicker than she, sprang into hiding behind tree trunk or gatepost or doorway or corner, selecting each hiding place before he left the last. And the figure was Gilbert Blye, black vandyked, swaggering of gait and smiling.

FOURTH EPISODE.

Poor Little Runaway June.

CHAPTER I.

"Shanks" McGee, carrying one soiled newspaper for a bluff and collecting money for the newboys' home as another bluff, suddenly paused in his absorbing attempt to whistle through a broken tooth as he saw coming up the dinky side street toward the Hotel Daniel a beautiful young girl. She was turning to look backward over her shoulder at every few steps. Oh, gee! A man was following her! And he was dodging along from tree to tree and from doorway to doorway, and

every time he saw the girl look back he ducked! The man had black whiskers, whittled down to a fine point just under his chin, and he carried himself with the ease which only a thorough scoundrel can acquire. Shanks McGee stood petrified, then took a long, deep breath and hurried up to the corner. He flattened his already flat nose against the broad plate glass window of the modest Hotel Daniel. The beautiful young girl concealed all that she could of her timidity as she walked through the door with what she thought to be a strictly businesslike manner. Seven men who had been morbidly staring their respective cuspidors immediately straightened up and looked their handsomest. One of them, looked bold,

and another, a decorative Frenchman, looked debonair. The beautiful girl strode straight up to the desk.

"A room with a bath, please," she requested. The clerk, an indifferently aged man, held the register a moment while he studied the new guest of the house.

"Any luggage, miss?" The girl, disconcerted, had recourse to her only armor. Now she shyly cast up at him her great, soft, expressive eyes, and the clerk felt ashamed of himself. He swung the register around to her.

"My maid will be here presently with my clothes." The voice was soft and sweet.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)



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