

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Shall a Girl Work to Support Her Lazy Brothers?

By DOROTHY DIX.

Among my acquaintances is a splendid young woman, who holds a responsible position in a big business house. She receives a good salary, enough to enable her to dress well and indulge herself in many luxuries, but she is always poorly clad, scrims on her lunch and car fare, and has gotten the reputation among her coworkers who observe how she looks at a nickel before she lets it go, of being little short of a miser.



The girl sees the contemptuous glances with which her associates regard her parsimony, and they stab her like so many knives, for she is in reality the most generous soul alive. She would like to be free handed. Also, being a woman, and young and good looking, she would like to have pretty clothes, and to go to the places of amusement whose doors she never enters because she cannot afford to spend a cent on self-indulgence.

And the reason why? This girl's mother, without perhaps realizing what a crime she is committing, is deliberately making her daughter a slave to support three lazy brothers. And many other mothers are doing the same thing.

In this particular home not a dollar comes into it that is not earned by the girl. She pays the rent, and for the light, the heat, and the food. The mother has no income and furnishes nothing, yet she persists in thinking of the home as her home and says, "that while I have a roof over my head my boys shall have a place to stay."

Every morning the girl gets up early and goes to work, leaving her three able-bodied brothers calmly snoring, and that when they choose to arise, along toward noon, that mother will have some special dainties prepared for them. And mother thinks that this is all right. She makes a thousand excuses for their idleness, and considers that her daughter is very mean and hard-hearted when she objects to supporting a bunch of idlers and would like some of the money that she earns to spend upon herself.

And the girl is helpless because she wants to take care of her mother, and she can't take care of mother without mother supporting her good-for-nothing sons.

Of course this girl, and every other woman who supports a strong, healthy man, is an easy mark that the fool killer will assuredly get some fine day. She gets neither thanks nor patience, for the man who deliberately sits down and lets a woman take care of him is invariably

ably a yellow cur that bites the hand that feeds him.

Therefore, I would advise this young woman and every one confronted with the same problem to simply shut the doors on their loafing brothers, and force them to go to work. In that way they will not only rid themselves of a burden that they are under no obligation to bear, but will do the one thing that is possible to make a self-respecting and decent man out of an idler.

Laziness is a disease that requires heroic remedies to cure, and the best antidote for it ever devised is simply to chuck a man out into the world where he must either work or starve. Hunger has done more to ally that tired feeling with which so many men are born than any other one thing in the world.

As long as a loafer knows that he's got a warm place to sit, a good bed to sleep in and three square meals a day to eat he isn't going to wear himself out looking for work, and he's going to be mighty particular about the sort of a job he takes. But if he knows that only his own labor stands between him and want, he'll get right down to the real pursuit of a job, and in work he'll find the independence that makes him a man.

The case of this girl who is forced by her mother to support her three lazy brothers is not an isolated one. I have known many other such ones myself, and I get hundreds of letters from working girls telling exactly the same story, and making the same complaint. They love their mothers, they feel a high sense of duty and desire to divide their earnings with their parents, but they feel it a hardship that they have to support brothers far more able to work than they are.

These girls are right. It is most cruelly unjust that their mothers should rob them of their well-earned wages to give the money to trifling and often drunken sons, and the girls should have the courage to rebel and refuse to submit to such treatment. The one who earns the money that supports a home is in law the head of it, and the girl who pays the bills has a right to say who shall live in that home and eat the food that she buys. Certainly no sister is under any obligation to slave herself to death to buy whiskey and cigarettes for an idle man, even though he is mother's darling and mother thinks that she ought to.

It is a strange perversity of mother love that makes a woman willing to sacrifice her daughters to her sons, but that appears to be the way that nature built a mother's heart. When a girl goes to work mother thinks that she should turn over her pay envelope to her, and that she should help with the housework when she is at home, but she never dreams of her son turning over his pay envelope to her or doing the dishes after supper, and if he even pays his board she goes about bragging about what a good boy he is.

But because mother is willing to support her loafing sons is no reason why Sister Susie should, and if Sister Susie has an inch of backbone she won't do it.

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 afterward to see moving pictures illustrating our story.

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SIXTH EPISODE.

The Siege of the House of O'Keefe.

CHAPTER I. (Continued.)

"Does she live down this way?" asked Ned.

"Never saw her before." Officer Moran impressed Ned's features on his memory. "I think she took an uptown car."

He hurried away.

Officer Toole was not quite so quick in his mind, because he was more elaborate. He held a thick forefinger in the deep dimple of his chin.

"A girl with a fur cap and a green tassel over one ear," he repeated, making the normal gesture for the tassel, as the black Vandyke man had done. "Oh, yes, a girl with a green tassel over one ear. Yes, there was a girl with a red tassel playin' shiny here this mornin'; but she was a little girl, Pat Casey's Maggie. And there was a girl with a blue tassel down here yesterday workin' for an orphan's benefit." All this way of assembling his mind while he studied Gilbert Blye's whisker by whisker.

But the girl with the green tassel—rather a small young lady, round-like, and a pretty face with a smile?

"Yes," Blye was at eagerness.

"Well, I don't know anything about her myself, but I think I saw such a girl askin' a question of Officer Morrisey two blocks beyond."

Blye looked up the street to where, against the hill, Officer Morrisey stood, gaunt and stiff, handling his tangle of dray traffic.

"Thank you. And Blye struck out for Officer Morrisey.

That busy person scarcely looked at the

Hot Tea Breaks A Cold—Try This

Get a small package of Hamburg Breast Tea, or as the German folks call it, "Hamburger Brust Tee," at any pharmacy. Take a tablespoonful of the tea, put a cup of boiling water upon it, pour through a sieve and drink a teaspoon full at any time. It is the most effective way to break a cold and cure grip, as it opens the pores, relieving congestion. Also loosens the bowels, thus breaking a cold at once.

It is inexpensive and entirely vegetable. Hamburgers—Advertising.

A "Lovable" Girl!

Or, Perhaps, an Idea for the Coquette

By Nell Brinkley

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Rainy Day Walks

By LAURA RINGSTON.

A really wet day is generally an excuse for sitting in front of the fire, immersed in the pages of the latest novel by a favorite author. Nothing calls so strenuously as a good fire and a comfortable chair, while outside the wind is blowing, and the rain is beating heavily against the window. It is such an impossible day outside. The muddy riviulet are gurgling at the edge of the pavement trying to escape underneath, while in the country the very thought of the muddy lanes is simply appalling. Only a man-woman would venture out in defiance of the storm.

Thus it is one side of the picture; a friend of mine has another story to tell. She declares that her good complexion is due to walks in rainy weather. "Waterproof hat and coat, with warm stockings and reasonably thick boots, and nothing will harm you. Umbrellas? They are more bother than they are worth."

This friend's equipment was just as she said. She had a waterproof hat which covered her hair, and a loose mackintosh which completely hid her skirts and buttoned close to her throat, the collar at the back fitting up under her hat. Dress clips kept the mackintosh well fastened at the bottom. It always seems such a defect in mackintoshes that the buttons do not button all the way down, except in special instances.

Pot wet weather walking skirts should be about two inches shorter than the mackintosh, and the latter should be short enough to escape the mud, but not so short that the rain can beat against the stockings.

Walking stick is a useful article, as it does a good deal of help when walking along muddy lanes. As a rule, in the wet weather walks country lanes must be avoided, especially ones that lead over a clayey soil, as this clings to the boots and makes walking very tiring.

It is better to keep to well made roads and avoid fairs. A field that would make

delightful walking in the summer time may represent a shallow swamp during the depth of winter or spring, and there is no fun in wading through a few inches of mingled mud and water, covered by a layer of wet grass. Experience will soon teach the nearest roads to take. The beauty of the fading leaf is quite different from that of the summer greenery, and a beautiful landscape will be oppressively dreary when all the leaves are falling. For this reason the beautiful scenes of summer walks will give place to delightful ones where the winter's grandeur of frost and snow will repay a walk.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

An Anxious Girl Friend.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been associated with a lady friend for the last three years. Of late she has fallen into the company of another girl, whose reputation is not what it ought to be. I met her mother, and she asked me to keep her daughter away from this girl. I would like to do so, not because for her company, but would like to save her reputation. Provided mine will not be spoiled.

The girl's mother is the one whose influence should keep her out of bad society. However, you might tell her that you like her too well to see her in questionable company, and might ask her to choose between you.

Put Him on Probation.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 24 years old and have been receiving attention from a young man of 28 years for two years. Since he has been calling on me he has given up many bad habits and has learned a great deal. He is a carpenter, but earns very little. I am a bookkeeper earning a fairly good salary, but as I like other women, long for a home all my own and do not cherish the idea of going to business for the rest of my life. I wonder if it is practical for me to give him a trial and stand the hurt for a while or to continue the association and wait for him to make good. He tells me that he will

So many persons have an idea that it is positively unhealthy to go out in the rain.

"You will catch your death of cold," they exclaim, with a look of horror, but, provided one is dressed suitably there is no reason why a cold should be easier caught during a wet day's walk than during a summer one.

It is better to keep to well made roads and avoid fields. A field that would make delightful walking in the summer time may represent a shallow swamp during the depth of winter or spring, and there is no fun in wading through a few inches of mingled water and mud.

finally get into something else, and almost weeps when I threaten to give him up, but for a year he has promised to find other work and made no effort to do so.

Suppose you try the effect of putting this man on probation. Tell him you will wait for six months while he makes an effort to improve his financial prospects and those for your marriage. Once he sees you are in earnest about it his ambitions may be aroused. From the tone of your letter I am not at all sure that you love this man. You seem to be associating with him rather with a desire to avoid being lonely and "an old maid" than because of love.

An Outrageous Match.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl 16 years old and consider myself beautiful. I am engaged to be married to a man of 19 years. Now, this man has a son 45 years old who is married and has a daughter 20 years old. This daughter is jealous of me because, if I do not marry him, she will inherit his fortune. Kindly advise me what to do under such circumstances, as I would like to keep her friendship.

F. H. F.

Assuring your own happiness is just as important as keeping the friendship of the granddaughter of the man to whom you are engaged. Sixteen and seventy should not mate. Don't dream of marrying for several years, and then find your lover is your own generation.

Our Everyday Life

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Does excitement mean living? Is it the actual foundation of life? Or are the simple affections and loves, the honest enthusiasm, the every-day interests and the ever stimulating routine of ambition and work the things that make life?

Very often on laying down a "best seller," in which the excitable heroine takes all sorts of world tours of adventure and emotion, we have an empty sort of feeling as to our own lives.

"Good heavens!" thinks Susan, "nothing like that ever happens to me. My life's such a simple thing that it really isn't worth the living. It's just like dozens of others, all of the same pattern, all perfectly negative."

But it doesn't occur to Susan that the chapter of incidents about which she has been reading, even if true to life, is a rather highly-colored cross-section covering only weeks, months or years. A life that is all jumps into big things and out again, from the cradle to the grave, would be a very agonizing affair. It would be soul racking, soul stirring and so full of emotional crises that the person to whom they were happening would never get a chance to sit back and enjoy things that were happening to her.

The full flavor of a South African peach is not to be obtained by swallowing it whole. The recipe for reading good books has to be followed. They should be "tasted, chewed and digested." So with everything in life if one means to enjoy it.

Lives that look terribly dull when viewed by the romantic young woman or adventurous gentleman, who has just been reading the latest thriller, probably have enough spread out throughout their three scores and ten to pack a play or a movie or a novelette full of human interest.

Mental spasms are not necessary nor are wonderful soul thrills. Most of us show moderation and self-control in our affairs. We don't have to wreck a life or two in order to fear our own existence on the ruins. Torturing decisions as to right and wrong and great moments of agonizing self-sacrifice come to few of us. Great loves like those of Tristan and Isolde, or Petrarch and Laura are not happening by dozens in any community. The miseries that beset "Les Miserables," the frightful temptations which made Lucretia Borgia infamous, are experienced by about one in ten million of the earth's citizens.

But are these necessary to life? If nothing, startling happens to us must our lives be terribly dull?

Never. There is infinite romance to be found all through life, but if one never experienced anything else, existence would be a super-phummy affair in which one's soul would be always a little bilious. All through life with its work and developing experience and simple living, there are little "high lights" of love and joy and pain and unkindness and growth and suffering and ambition and effort. And they dot the stream of life with islands on which to rest and rapids which must be negotiated.

Nothing very big or startling happens in most lives. It is quite unnecessary that one should have soul crises or magnificent moments. As Browning says:

How good is man's life: the mere living!
How fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses
Forever in joy.

Snap Shots

Size another woman up to take her down in one and the same glance when she sees her out with a past sweetheart of her own.

Appear to her husband as a riddle that he dare not give up after she has ceased to keep him guessing.

Achieve real popularity with mankind after she learns to treat the young ones with respect and the old ones with good fellowship.

Feel that any other woman is original if she sees her doing all the things she has longed to do and his never dashed.

WOMEN FROM 45 to 55 TESTIFY

To the Merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound during Change of Life.

Westbrook, Me.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and had pains in my back and side and was so weak I could hardly do my housework. I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has done me a lot of good. I will recommend your medicine to my friends and give you permission to publish my testimonial."—Mrs. LAWRENCE MARTIN, 12 King St., Westbrook, Maine.

Manston, Wis.—"At the Change of Life I suffered with pains in my back and joints until I could not stand. I also had night-sweats so that the sheets would be wet. I tried other medicine but got no relief. After taking one bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I began to improve and I continued its use for six months. The pains left me, the night-sweats and hot flashes grew less, and in one year I was a different woman. I know I have to thank you for my continued good health ever since."—Mrs. M. J. BROWNE, Manston, Wis.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled in such cases.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.