

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Who Pays Mother?

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

Mother's work is never done. There is no other work that can compare in effort and time with the work a mother has to do.

And what is the net result of this labor? Citizens for the state.

Mothers have not sold their time, energy and talent for money. They have given it.

When a mother wants to go on a little journey—buy, sell, think or express her thoughts in a business world—she must first consult her husband.

The business of the world is operated on business principles.

You give so much service, I give you a medium of exchange which we call "money."

With this money you purchase that you do not produce, but which you need. This is commerce.

We make our estimate in dollars of what a product will bring in the market.

"Is he a great poet?" "Oh, yes, he sells what he writes at 25 cents a word."

"Is he a great sculptor?" "Certainly he is. He has a commission for a \$5,000 statue."

Effort and art are appreciated in terms of dollars, that represent values to the minds of men.

"What is he worth?" The answer is in terms of dollars, never in terms of children.

Nothing is of much intrinsic value except that which affects our living.

That which gives us better control of our brain, nerves, muscles, that which helps us adjust ourselves to life is of most worth.

We give little thought to developing such values, because such values are not reckoned in terms of dollars.

We cultivate what sells in the market.

But along with the production and transportation and selling is an exercise

which develops qualities which make for civilization.

The teaching of civilization has been that, if a person wants independence and freedom, it is necessary either to inherit money or to develop earning power.

Man learned the lesson first. He had fewer family cares.

Woman has valued affection and love more than independence and freedom. Nature made it so.

Woman has been slow in learning that love is good and necessary, but love is not enough.

Woman has a natural desire for freedom and for independence. Her hope and the trend of her present life is to have these, and keep love and affection, too.

There is a way for her to do this, and we are approaching it.

Free schools gave to mothers a great degree of freedom.

Free tuition and then free books were in the direction of liberty for the mother.

And now there are schools where the midday lunch is provided for the children.

Who provides free schools, free books, free lunches? The people.

Some of us well remember when the school tax was paid by the people who sent the children to school. The poor man who had six children paid six times as much as the rich man with one.

The man who owned half the town and had no children paid no tax at all.

But the fact finally came to man that children are a part of society at large, and it is for the well-being of the state that all children be educated.

And the result was that the state made free schools possible.

The people are carrying this thought logically forward. Equip the children for citizenship. Bad citizens are the most costly extravagance the state can have.

The children are far more dependent upon and far more influenced by the mother than by the father.

Women slaves and woman in servitude or in bondage do not bear noble sons and noble daughters.

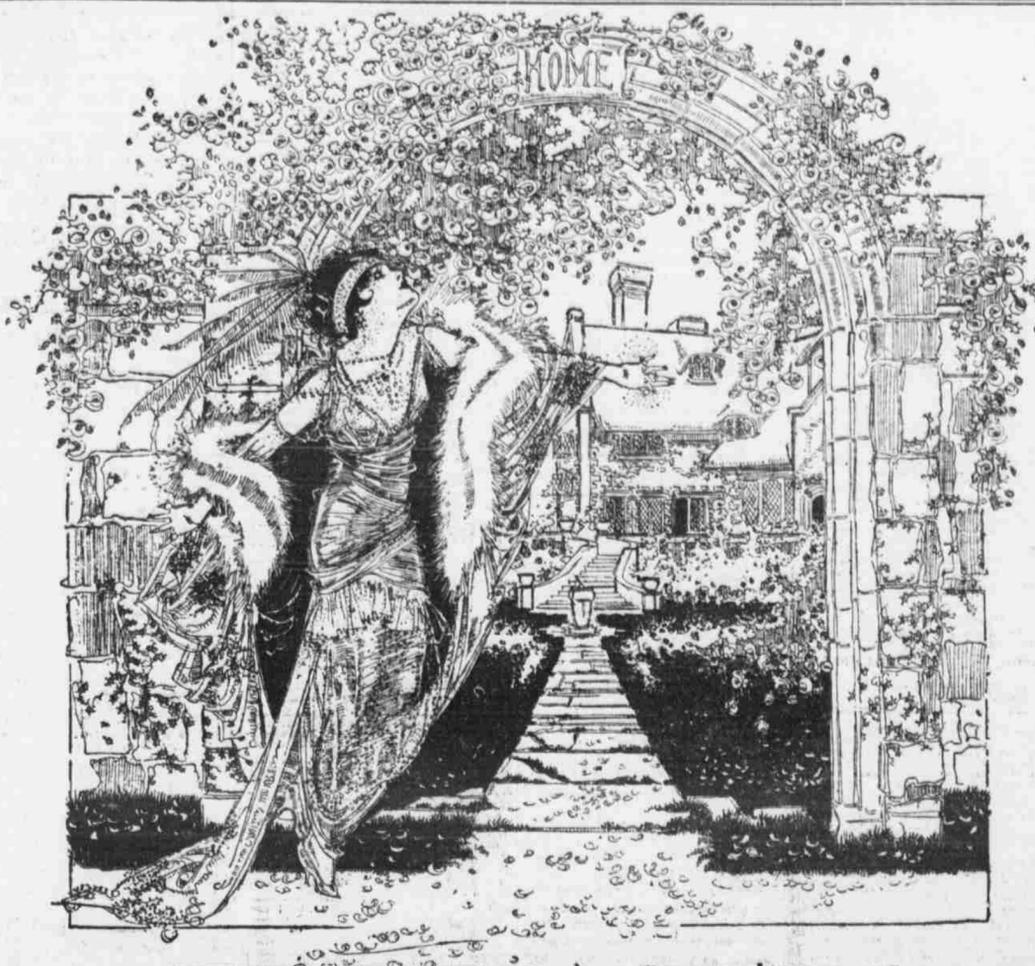
One step more and the state will make mothers economically free.

Who pays for the children? Society at the last.

The entire town is blessed if the children are great. The entire state suffers if the children are rogues and criminals.

Would it not be good business to make mothers economically free and thereby receive directly the civilizing benefits of commerce?

A World Within a World :: Republished by Special Arrangement with Harper's Bazar. :: By Nell Brinkley



The Smoking Woman

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

(Copyright, 1915, Star Company.) Everywhere the smoking woman is in evidence. She is a fungus growth on the tree of time.

In Burma she smokes a cigar as large as her wrist, and very ugly is the picture she makes, albeit she is a pretty woman as a rule.

The people of Japan and Java are under-sized, and in both countries little children of six are seen smoking cigarettes.

One cannot help associate the two things—the habit and the stature.

In America a wife and mother died last year leaving a little child of three weeks. The mother longed to live—prayed for life, but blood poisoning set in, and she died. She was an intensely nervous woman and an incessant smoker of cigarettes.

When maternity came and the extraordinary demand was made upon her vitality she was not able to meet the demand.

She was bankrupt in vital force. A thousand cases can be cited, no doubt, of other young mothers who have died—women who did not smoke. Yet that does not prove the cigarette guilty of having caused the death of this woman.

Her nervous type and anaemic condition made her an easy victim.

A woman of talent believes it is her great mental endowments which send her once a year to a sanitarium for repairs.

But some of her friends and her nurses believe the cigarette habit to be the main cause. She smokes feverishly except when in the sanitarium.

There is no beauty in the picture of a woman with a cigarette between her lips. There is no fascination in the smell of tobacco about her.

The man who smokes has not the same far-reaching influence on posterity as the woman who smokes. We may believe in one code of morals for both sexes, but we must admit that the father who smokes to excess for a year preceding the birth of his child is not the same menace to that child as the mother who indulges the habit during the same period of time.

Were the expectant mother to go into a nervous collapse, or were she to suffer from any of the disorders produced by nicotine poisoning, the result would be far more disastrous to the child than if the father suffered instead of the mother.

A child depends upon the mother's physical condition for its sustenance before it comes into life.

Therefore, the increasing number of women who smoke seem to menace posterity.

It is to be hoped the habit will pass away, as other bad fashions have passed. It is not pretty, it is not "smart," it is not wholesome, it is not attractive.

In time it must go.

Read it Here—See it at the Movies.

Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester.

By special arrangements 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 with the Mutual Film Corporation it is not only possible to read "Runaway June" each week, but also afterward to see moving pictures illustrating our story.

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SYNOPSIS

June, the bride of Ned Warner, impulsively leaves her husband on their honeymoon because she begins to realize that she must be dependent on him for money. She desires to be independent. June is pursued by Gilbert Blye, a wealthy married man. She escapes from his clutches with difficulty. Ned searches distractedly for June, and learning of Blye's designs, he goes to her rescue. After many adventures June is rescued from river pirates by Durban, an artist. She poses as the "Sight of the Marsh," is driven out by Mrs. Durban and is kidnapped by Blye and Cunningham. June escapes, tries sweatshop work and is discovered by her landlady.

FOURTEENTH EPISODE.

In the Grip of Poverty.

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

Bill Wolf, at last, got his fingers unnumbered enough to open his pocketknife, and with this he sawed off his cravat just below the knot. He galloped straight across the street with a strange, sidelong motion and, entering a saloon, slapped a quarter on the bar.

"Four beers!" he harked with his dusty tongue. It was not until he had swallowed the third one that he took his nickel of change and telephoned to Honoria Blye.

A keen-eyed man with bushy eyebrows came in to see Elizabeth Sawyer as June Warner sat patiently at the window. He put his hat on the corner of her desk and unbuttoned his smooth, neatly fitting overcoat.

"Well, Mrs. Sawyer, how about it?" he inquired, putting his hands on his knees.

Mrs. Sawyer had been busy sorting papers.

"I couldn't think of consolidating," she said crisply, with a shake of her head.

"Sorry," the man had laid folded document before her. "All right, you won't consolidate." And the man's tone was regretful. "You're a very fine business woman, Mrs. Sawyer, and I don't mind admitting that you've made a real competition in our territory. How does this idea suit you?" He produced another document and spread it before her.

"I hereby agree to sell, assign and transfer the business conducted under the name of Elizabeth Sawyer to Edward Jones for the sum of —"

Again she laughed and shook her head. "You see I left the amount blank," he insinuated.

"That's the only amount I'd accept at present," decided the woman. She passed her hand for a moment over her eyes. "You see, Mr. Jones, I've given so much to make my business a success."

A tall, good-looking man came into the room, the man of the picture on the desk. Mrs. Sawyer's hand had been pressed over her eyes. At the entrance of her husband she sprang up with an exclamation of pleasure, her face glowing, and turned to him.

The poor little runaway bride glanced

hastily out of the window, and the tears sprang into her eyes. How she longed for Ned! Dear Ned!

Dear Ned was in a small dim room, lighted by one high window, across which were June's father and mother and Bobbie and Iris Elthering, and standing in the corner, with his back to the wall, was the wide featured Scotti.

Ned Warner confronted Scotti. "You're the man; I want to see you!" he declared, his voice trembling with suppressed fury. "Now, I want some information, and I'm going to have it!"

Scotti leaned comfortably into the corner.

"Will you speak or won't you?" "Hold on, Ned," Bobbie Elthering had caught that muscular arm as it was tensely drawn back. "Let me try this fellow." And little Bobbie took the lead with easy assurance. "Now, see here, old man," he said, "you like money, don't you?"

A gleam in the little narrow eyes. "Now, suppose we start bidding," went on Bobbie, pleased with his progress. He extracted a long black pocketbook from somewhere inside and opened it and flattered the canary and orange colored bills and the pale green ones.

"Say \$50, say \$100, for just a bit of conversation," soothingly remarked Bobbie and separated that amount, flattered it tantalizingly before the gleaming eyes.

Scotti shifted uneasily in his corner.

"For God's sake, man, can't you talk?" said stern John Moore. "You know where my daughter it."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Advice to Lovelorn

By BRATHEN FAIRFAX

Girls and Diversions. Dear Miss Fairfax: Kindly advise me what to do. I am 19 and good looking, but my parents are very strict. I stay home every evening, and when there comes a time that I am invited out I have to fight for about a week ahead or stay home. Altogether I just feel like running away. I have the blues every day over my parents in the way they treat me.

Don't quarrel with your parents or seek about the fancied wrong they are doing you. They probably want to protect you from idle friends and from wasting your youth and "burning the candle at both ends." But I think every young person needs one or two evenings of wholesome diversion every week. If you will be at home before midnight and will make sure that you have no friends who merit your parents' disapproval, I am sure you can come to a pleasant understanding with them.

Making Good a Loss. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man of 15. About two years ago I exchanged rings with a girl of 15.

I lost her ring and wish to know whether I should buy her a new ring or ask her what it was valued at and pay her for it.

I think that I may be unable to purchase such a ring as this one I lost as it is of a very peculiar design.

DUBIOUS. Of course you must replace the ring you lost. You might ask the girl to choose one instead or offer to let her keep yours. But do not suggest paying her for the loss.

Manners Should Be Taught

By DOROTHY DIX.

Why is it that mothers take so much trouble to teach their girls good manners and none to teach their boys any manners at all?

Why is a little girl adored from her birth to act like a lady, while a boy is permitted to duct himself like a hoodlum?

Why are there "finishing schools" for girls, where they are taught the little niceties of conduct that set apart the well bred from the ill bred, while a boy is left to form his own manners, and become a Beau Brummel, or a boor, as it happens?

Do we consider that good manners and social adroitness are less necessary to a man than they are to a woman? Do we hold that women should have a monopoly on good manners? Or do we think that good manners come by nature, as Dogberry thought a knowledge of reading and writing did?

Whatever the answer is to these queries, there is no disputing the fact that the average little girl, of good family, has charming manners, and the average little boy is a savage. When the little girl comes into the room when you are calling on her mother, she drops you a courteous and treats you with respectful consideration.

But let little bothe, come into the room, and he doesn't notice a visitor any more than if she was a piece of furniture. He keeps his hat on his head, and cuts across the conversation to ask his mother whatever he wants to know, and when you speak to him, he doesn't even answer you.

One of the sights of this city that is enough to make any one weep is the horde of boys that you encounter on the street cars. They are well dressed, evidently come from respectable families, but they have the manners of hoodlums. The rush pell-mell into a car, seize every good seat, and sit there while gray-haired women and women with babies stand.

It makes one wonder what sort of mothers these boys have that they have not been taught the first element of good manners, or the first principles of the art of being a gentleman.

Last summer I stayed all night at a New England summer resort. At dinner, at the table next to mine, were eight or ten young girls and boys, having a jolly time together. Presently to this table came an elderly woman. All of the other boys went on with their eating and laughing, but one lad sprang to his feet and stood while a waiter drew out the old lady's chair and settled her comfortably.

My companions and I looked at each other with smiles of approbation. "If I were looking for a boy to take into my business I'd give that youth a chance," said the man of the party. "I'd like to know that boy's mother," I said. "If he had his pedigree hung around his neck and a coat of arms branded on his forehead, you wouldn't know any more what sort of a family he comes from," said the other woman.

Now very likely that boy didn't have any more intelligence, and wasn't any

and how to conduct themselves toward other people.

If a mother can do but one thing on earth for her son, she can polish up his manners. If she can teach him but one thing, she can teach him courtesy. If she can give him but one thing, she can give him personal charm of being well-bred, and that will make friends for him of everybody he encounters. And if he has that he doesn't need much else.

Bishop Quintard, in speaking of Sewanee university in the south, that he founded, once said: "We can't turn out every man who comes to Sewanee a scholar because the good God hasn't given every man the brain of a student, but we do turn out every boy that comes to Sewanee with the manners of a gentleman and that's the next best thing."

Some mothers do appreciate the necessity of teaching their boys good manners and one of these, whose little 8-year-old son is a perfect Chesterfield, said this to another woman who had scolded over the child's manners in a mannerless age:

"Well, we've tried to help Jack make a gentleman of himself, which is about the finest thing that any man can be. As soon as he could understand, we began talking to him a great deal about gentlemanhood—if I may so express it—until we created an ideal of knightly conduct in his mind, and we keep this standard unflinchingly before his eyes."

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"We tell him that a gentleman can't lie, a gentleman can't steal or cheat, a gentleman protects the weak and helpless and is extra courteous to servants and poor afflicted people, a gentleman never strikes any one who is smaller or weaker than himself, a gentleman is very courteous to ladies; he takes his hat off in elevators; he lets them pass first out of a room, and so on.

"I don't know what Jack is going to do in the world, or how far he may wander off the straight and narrow path, but I will stake my life that whatever he does he will do with the manners of a gentleman."

Would that there were other mothers like this mother.

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