

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

MR. ELBERT HUBBARD, prior to his departure for Europe on the Lusitania, prepared a series of articles for The Bee to be used in his absence. These articles will appear from day to day, added interest no doubt attaching to them owing to Mr. Hubbard's tragic death.

Wages for Mothers

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

The most beautiful world in our language is "home." Also, the home should always be a beautiful place.

Without the home there would be no civilization.

The mother is the center of the home.

In the primitive home the mother provided food, shelter and clothing for her family.

From the home industries all of our manufacturing evolved.

In a primitive home the mother also performed the function of church, school and government.

She made laws which governed her children. She was their teacher of manual training, of world wisdom, ethics and morals.

Among men might was right. But the mother had a finer sense of justice, awakened through her love for her babe. She defended the weak against the strong.

When money was made a medium of exchange and barter ceased, the business world had a new dignity. But a great loss occurred which was not noticed. The mother's wisdom, derived from her experience in her administration in business, government and teaching, was not valued in business.

The mother was at home. Business was "down-town" and operated by men.

Men in the business world receive money for their labor from the production of wealth.

Money is the counter of power.

Money gives a degree of freedom.

People who serve and receive compensation for it are comparatively independent. They may come and go, make decisions, purchase, refuse to purchase, buy, sell.

We pay the president of the United States \$75,000 a year that he may be independent and have freedom of action.

A clergyman, whose work is to teach us a finer sense of justice than government can, would have no claim upon our respect were he a pauper.

The teacher to whom we send our children for one-half their waking hours could not be respected by the children were she dependent upon the mood, good will and general kindness of the parents of the children whom she teaches.

Everybody feels the advantage of having this medium of exchange called money, which gives a large degree of independence.

People who are choosing occupations usually favor that which will bring the most money.

The modern human being wants money; money in his pocket, money in his hand, money in the bank, money to give him independence, money that he may have exercise for his will and brain. And all people who labor in the great work of civilization receive money.

All—except mothers.

People have been greatly exercised because the birth rate in some localities has not equaled the death rate. And there is a reason, although the business world has not yet taken cognizance of it.

For the last twenty-five years women have been allowed in the business world and have become a factor there.

Today women may choose their life work with almost as much freedom as men. And because wives and mothers are shut out from economic independence young women are choosing their life work carefully.

As society is now organized a woman loses her economic independence when she gives her services for twenty-five or thirty years to the bearing and care of citizens for the state.

If the father of her children is a good earner, if he is generously inclined, if he is unusually wise and sees how important is his wife's business, if misfortune does not overtake him, then his wife may have sufficient means to develop and give to the state a family and live happily while doing it. And if fortune still smiles, the ten, twenty or thirty years of life which are hers, after her children are grown, may be useful and happy.

But these few make so tremendous a load of conditions that thinking women pause and think carefully before they say "yes."

The conditions in the homes of the poor should determine for us whether mothers should be as sure of means with which to do their work as teachers, preachers and other state, municipal or society employees.

If we consider the business of the world as a unit, it would cost no more to give wages to mothers than it costs us now to maintain the "job lot" that the state has to care for.

And then we might be able to eliminate the army of the unemployed, now ranged on park benches, in bread lines, penitentiaries, hospitals, insane asylums, houses of correction, houses for the imbeciles, or blind.

Would not a mother have greater incentive for mental activity? Would not even an average mother carry responsibility as did the Roman women who were conscious that they were the greatest benefactors of the state?

Would not the home be a more beautiful place if mothers had the power and stimulus which men have, of wages for their work?

Afternoon Frocks

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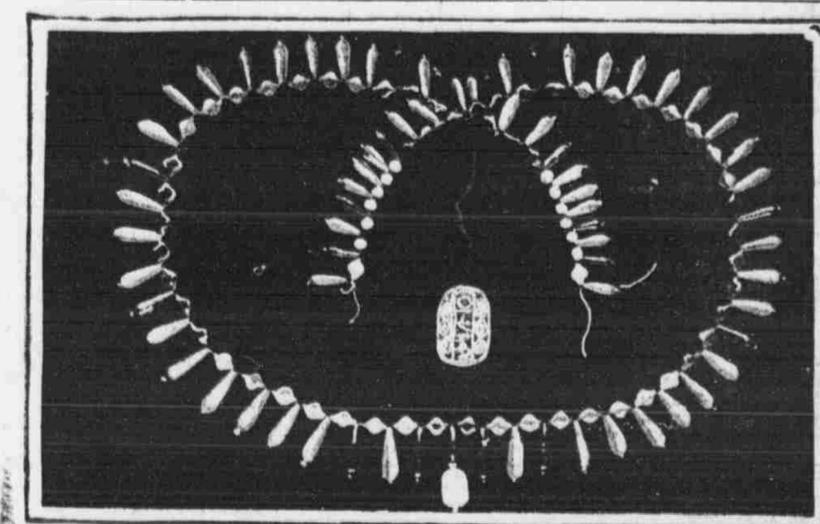


This frock is adaptable for navy blue serge, as in the original model, for taffeta and for pique. The vestee is embroidered in white silk braid and outlined with it, a similar effect being repeated on the cuffs. In pique the piping is carried out in dark blue broadcloth. The modest little collar is of organdy.

That the princess lines are not only imminent, but here, is demonstrated by this frock of lemon-colored cloth and gauze worn by a leader of fashion at Nice. A curious fancy is shown in the deep cuffs of the cloth caught by black velvet bows. The picture hat of crepe faced in black velvet is wreathed in peach-colored roses.

Jewels of a Princess of 5,000 Years Ago

The Wonderful Finds Made in a Hidden Part of the Brick Pyramid of Senusert II. in the Midst of Royal Tombs That Were Ransacked Long Ago for Just Such Treasures.



A Great Necklace of Long Drop-Beads, with the Finest Scarab Known, Cut Out of Lapis Lazuli.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Seldom has the ancient world risen from its grave to astonish remote posterity as it is doing today, and especially in Egypt, which has been so long the favorite ground for archaeological explorations that one might have thought it had no secrets left to be uncovered.

The latest find of the British School of Archaeology in Egypt is, in some respects, one of the most interesting and important ever made. The work was done at the brick pyramid of Senusert II., about sixty miles south of Cairo. The royal tombs in this pyramid were all ransacked for buried treasure long ago, but the director of the excavations, Prof. Flinders Petrie, persevered in the search until he was rewarded by extraordinary discoveries, some of the most interesting of which are shown in the photographs here reproduced.

In the course of the excavations five plundered tombs, cut in the rock, were examined, from two of which even the coffins had been removed. Not an article of any value had been left in any of the sarcophagi. But from one of the tombs a set of granite steps was found descending to a depth of twenty-eight feet.

At the bottom of this pit there was another sarcophagus, whose massive granite lid had been laboriously broken open at one end, leaving a passage through which a boy could crawl, and thus all the contents had been removed, including the mummy and any valuables that had been buried with it. The robbers, in Prof. Petrie's opinion, must have spent days in their work of plundering, and yet they had missed the hiding place of the real treasures. This Prof. Petrie was fortunate enough to discover.

It was a recess in the rock, close beside the sarcophagus. The tearing away of the neighboring walls, together with the efforts of the weather after the pit was opened, had led to the breaking open of the recess, but although its jewels had been washed out and buried in mud and other debris, no one had noticed them.

Under the law of Egypt half, in value, of such discovered treasures must be retained in Egypt. In consequence the golden crown, which, with its plume and pendants is eighteen inches high, will remain in Cairo, but many of the objects have already been sent to London.



A Head of Hathor Inlaid with Gold with Mirror Above

until Prof. Petrie's workmen came upon them.

"How such a treasure," exclaims Prof. Petrie, "could possibly have escaped the notice of men who were so zealously searching for it is one of the mysteries of the inexplicable past."

The treasures evidently belonged to a woman, and are believed to have been the property of a princess in the family of Senusert II., probably his wife. They are believed to have been placed in hiding about 5,000 years ago!

The most remarkable object is a golden crown, of peculiar pattern, consisting of a broad circular band, ornamented with rosettes, and the jeweled head of a cobra, and furnished with a double plume and three double streamers of gold, stiff enough to stand upright and support the weight of the crown. The latter is very large in circumference, being made to wear over the wings which were then in fashion.

Then there are large collars of gold cowrie shells and gold lion's heads, and

necklaces and pectorals, or breast ornaments, equally costly in material, and of exquisite workmanship. Armlets of gold, beaded with turquoise and carnelian; rasors with gold handles; jars of obsidian with gold mountings around the brim, the lids and the bases, and the most splendid scarab ever discovered, cut out of the richest lapis lazuli—such are some of the principal treasures of this princess of ancient Egypt.

There were also found other articles of unique interest; for instance the first stone lamps containing wicks, which prove that they really were lamps. They are cut out of limestone, with pierced disks of pottery in the central cup, through which the wicks pass. The cups are surrounded with troughs to hold water, which kept the oil from leaking out. These were found in the pyramid, together with rollers of wood for transporting blocks of stone.

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In-Shoots

The politician with a good record always seems to have the hardest time landing the office.

When you can get the statesman to rush into print and explain things you have him on the run.

The fellow who can separate his real troubles from imaginary evils generally has the best time through life.

There is seldom failure in the marriage that lands a man in the home of an energetic boarding house keeper.

When one suffers from an attack of toothache he can always distinguish his real foe from the imaginary troubles.

Read It Here—See It at the Movies

The Goddess

The most imposing Motion Picture Serial and Story ever created.

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FIFTH EPISODE.

Sweetzer and Freddie were in the front parlor. Mrs. Baxter swept in upon them with an important air of mystery.

"Got the real thing this time, have you?" asked Sweetzer.

"You just bet I have," said Mrs. Baxter.

"When you've seen her all I'll have to do will be to name the sum; just step upstairs, Billy, and you, too, Freddie, if you'd like to have a peep at the real thing."

"Usual place?" asked Sweetzer.

"Yep. But go quiet. She's got ears like a lynx, and she can see plum through paint and canvas."

The men followed Mrs. Baxter on tiptoe. But she made plenty of noise; stepping heavily and singing as she went, thus disguising whatever sounds might have been inadvertently made by the men.

Just before they came to the door of Mrs. Baxter's office Sweetzer and Freddie ducked off into what appeared to be a dark closet and pulled the door to after them; while Mrs. Baxter, with a great bustling, noisy cheerfulness re-joined Celestia.

"You're looking at my pictures, aren't you, dear?" she said. "I love beauty, I love nature. Now that girl with her hands to her hair, ain't she just too cute and graceful for anything?"

Mrs. Baxter's taste in pictures ran to Roman ladies (who had never been nearer Rome than a Broadway photographer) with plenty of bare arms and shoulders and somewhat skimpy togas. Some of them were really attractive looking and had posed gracefully. One had her hands to her hair. Another looked cheerfully across her snowy shoulder. A third balanced a classic jug upon a saucer, lowering head. A fourth had caught her draperies with one hand just in the nick of time. Some were in dancing attitudes. One danced madly in a grove of trees, and had bunches of grapes in her hands and her hair.

In moving from one picture to another Celestia unconsciously assumed many lovely attitudes herself. Once she lifted her hands to her hair; several times she smiled back at girls who appeared to be smiling at her. And at last she stood with her hands loosely caught behind her and looked up at the masterpiece of Mrs. Baxter's collection.

This was no photograph, but a genuine oil painting. And when I say that it don't mean to insult it.

As art it wasn't bad at all. Some young fellow with a genuine talent had made it. If he had succeeded in making a name for himself the picture would have been worth a good deal of money; but, as Mrs. Baxter explained, "poor Allison had drunk and doped himself to death. And I took this over," she said. "In lieu of money that he owed me. It's called 'The Peacock Girl.'"

"The Peacock Girl" was as delicately and prettily made as an apple blossom. And she was as sweet and rosy, and not a bit proud of having no clothes on like

the girls in the other picture, or brown or auburn. She strolled straight toward you. And in front of her and at both sides and behind her all the way to the rim of the world were peacocks with their tails spread. The coloring was gorgeous and the eyes in the peacocks' tails were like thousands of bright jewels.

But the eyes of the peacock girl were so frank and sweet, that after a glance at the rest of the composition Celestia could look at nothing else.

Not so Mrs. Baxter, standing behind Celestia and a little to one side. She looked steadily at two of the eyes in the tail of the leading peacock. In those two eyes she read rapturous approval. So she held up one finger, and then with the same finger traced three circles in the air.

At that the eyes in the peacock's tail tried to look obdurate and strong. Mrs. Baxter shrugged her shoulders. Then the eyes winked slowly three times, and Mrs. Baxter, forgetful of everything but her triumph, laughed aloud.

Celestia turned to her with inquiring eyes. She did not know that she had just been sold for \$1,000 by some one who did not own her to some one whom she had never seen.

"You must be tired standing, dearie," said Mrs. Baxter, "and hungry and thirsty, too. What'll you drink—a glass of wine?"

"Water, please."

"That's nicer, water with a dash of orange juice. You wait here and I'll see to it myself."

Once more Mrs. Baxter hurried downstairs. Once more she found Sweetzer and Freddie in the front parlor.

"I'll send for her in an hour," said Sweetzer, "see that she's ready."

"You mean asleep?"

"I mean more. Put her into something less audible than that film-flam white thing she's got on."

"She's going to have a glass of water with a little orange juice in it and a little dash of something else. I guess she'll be all ready when you send. It's early, though. How'll you get her out of the house?"

"As usual," said Sweetzer, "in a big trunk."

"There's one thing more."

Eye met eye. And after a little Sweetzer's eyes fell and he drew from his inside pocket an enormous roll of dirty bills of large denominations. Ten bills of a hundred dollars each passed very slowly and with much thumb-flicking from him to Mrs. Baxter.

Freddie all this while had not spoken. Now he spoke.

"What did I do it for?" he said. "I done it for a dollar."

"Give him the dollar," said Mrs. Baxter, sweetly.

"Give it to him yourself," said Sweetzer curtly.

Mrs. Baxter laughed, turned her back on them both, faced them once more and gave Freddie his dollar. Freddie said: "It's tainted something awful," and shoved it into his pocket.

Had Mrs. Baxter no compunction whatsoever? Yes. But she was only doing as she had once been done by. She had to live, or she felt that she had to; and she had hardened her heart to money and self-sacrifice. Still, he hands shook as she carried the orangeade and the sand-

wiches up to Celestia, and her voice shook as she said:

"There, dearie, eat, drink and be merry."

Celestia ate hungrily and drank thirstily. And presently she said that she felt septic and could hardly keep her eyes open.

"It ain't anywhere near bedtime," said Mrs. Baxter. "You just curl up on my sofa and take forty winks."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

The Ninth Inning

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