

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Religious Fossil Unfit to Exist in Modern Day

Bound to Do Harm—Narrow, Bigoted Pastors and Teachers Hurt Not Only Creed, but Whole Cause of Christianity.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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"Won't you drive a few straight trucks home on the question of 'Mail Privileges for All Prisoners?' The writer is just a determined little woman over here in California, holding down a job writing advertising copy and 'letters' for business-getting, but with a keenly awakened sense of the need along prison reform lines, and every minute possible I snatch from the 'fore-said' job is devoted to working with my fellow-workers and fellow-women over the country, through earnest letters, urging one and all to do their part with whatever talent they may have, to lift the medieval yoke of tyranny from our shoulders, and let a little sunshine of common sense into the prison conditions over the country.

"This glorious, civilized, wonderful country—America forever!—'T's all right to say, fellow penwomen, but one must say this with his back to the prison conditions of America. If you know, you do not need to be told. If not, I want to urge you to think on these things and investigate.—Helen Locke Burns."

The receipt of the above letter caused the writer of this article to "think and investigate." Five hundred thousand persons, it is estimated, pass through American prisons every year. Had they been efficiently educated, efficiently trained to do something constructively, this stream of inefficient humans would be perceptibly reduced. While they are passing through the penal and reformatory institutions every avenue of greater enlightenment should be at their service, every stepping stone to greatness given them.

The privilege of writing and receiving letters is greatly restricted in the great majority of American state prisons. A few of the states allow free and unrestricted mail privileges. No prison riots occur in the states that grant the inmates the privilege of writing as many letters as they desire to their friends and relatives. The reason is simple. For their minds are occupied with wholesome and elevating thoughts. Nothing will make a person more morose and sullen than to be denied the God-given liberty of communication with his loved ones and his own dearest friends.

When a man is sent to prison, there is no reason why his relatives, friends and family should be prohibited from being allowed to hear from him. That is where the wrong individual is penalized. Why shouldn't a prisoner be allowed to write to his folks, telling whether he is alive or dead, well or sick, miserable or fairly content? Who suffers? You know it is the folks at home.

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Every prisoner in America should be allowed the full, free privilege of the United States mail, exactly under the same conditions that men outside enjoy. There is nothing in any law in the land that says that imprisoned men shall be denied the mail privileges. The late Elbert Hubbard says: "The forbidding the prisoners to send out mail is a foolish, vain, unnecessary rule that has come down to us from the Dark Ages.

"When a person is sentenced it should be for a term of sunshine, fresh air, simple and abundant food, and honest work. All this with the intent that when a man is given back to society he will be an asset and not a liability."

And here is what J. J. Sanders, parole clerk of the Arizona state prison, says: "Out here in Arizona a new system of handling the state offenders has been inaugurated by the present administration. Great strides have been taken in prison reform, and the greatest of these, from the standpoint of the welfare of the prisoners—which only means, in the end, the welfare of society—has been the removing of all restrictions from the prisoners' mail, except of course, ordinary inspection.

"The men are encouraged to write their families and relatives; they are encouraged to read books that will benefit them—and if the outside world could understand what all this means to the prisoner, it would be the same in every penal institution in the United States.

"Nowhere will you find a better contented lot of prisoners—nowhere will you find better discipline—nowhere will you find less friction among the inmates—nowhere will you find a more studious lot of men in penal servitude—and the unrestricted mail privilege is largely responsible.

"Over the entrance to the building containing our library and amusement hall, is a sign bearing the keynote to the prison system of Arizona—a quotation from our much-loved Ralph Waldo Emerson:—'The greatest enterprise in the world, for splendor, for extent, is the upbuilding of a man.' Can anyone deny that our newspaper, magazines and periodicals constitute one of the greatest mediums of education in this country? Can you build a man up without educating him?"

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For the Feminine Autumn Wardrobe

Republished by Special Arrangement with Harper's Bazar



The girl who finds tailored things more becoming will want to add to her autumn wardrobe the good looking shirt of white linen shown above. It is just as smart when converted into a low-necked model, by detaching the satin stock. \$3.95.

To the left is a one-piece frock of navy blue serge, which will be found invaluable in the young girl's wardrobe. This one has a full skirt with deep braid-bound pockets. The collar and cuffs are of white pique. \$19.50.

Tartan silk forming the underwaist and sleeves, adds a dashing bit of color to this frock of blue serge. The side fastening is finished with a trimming of braid and buttons. There is a becoming little white collar, and a fold of white in the V-shaped neck. \$22.50.

Great Mosquito Invasion

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

In a tour including most of the eastern states and eastern Canada, during the last month, I have met, nearly everywhere, the reintegrated and reinforced hosts of the mosquito. New York, New Jersey and Long Island may take whatever comfort is to be found in the fact that they have an abundance of company in their misery.

The aerial lancelets, or mosquitoes, as they seem to have come charging down on the heels of the extraordinary rains which began to fall about the last of July. As soon as the soil was thoroughly water-soaked, the swamps filled, the streams swelled over their banks, and the forest beds impregnated with moisture, the ideal conditions for the rapid breeding of mosquitoes existed, and the pest hummed forth by millions. Cities and villages which had been boasting of their scientific extermination of mosquitoes suddenly found themselves infested with stinging swarms, whose numbers and ferocity recalled the old days when mosquito nets enveloped every bed in well-ordered houses, and door-yard smoke-beds were the principal means of wholesale defense against the enemy.

In truth, the unexpected recrudescence of the mosquito plague almost seems a mockery of the recent efforts of science to eliminate this particular species of insect. It certainly calls out many sarcastic remarks at the expense of the entomologists, and it cannot be denied that they were more indebted than anybody supposed them to be to general atmospheric and climatic conditions for the easy conquests which their methods of extermination had achieved.

But it would be unjust and foolish to condemn those methods on the strength of what has occurred this summer. The methods are all right, but the scale on which they were applied was proportioned to a different state of things from that which now exists. It takes a bigger dam to obstruct a river than a creek.

The breeding grounds of the mosquitoes have been suddenly extended, in some places to ten times their former area. Wherever a swamp or marsh has taken the place of a dry spot of ground mosquitoes spring into being as if by magic.

They are the foster-children of still water, although the ultimate manner of their origin is still a secret of nature. They are one of the most widely distributed of all flying creatures, not because they can fly, for they do not go very long distances on the wing, but because their kind has been so many ages on the earth, and has developed such power of adaptation that (given moisture enough) they can live in every zone.

They not only swarm in the tropical forests, but are often a plague in high northern and southern latitudes. They do not ascend to great altitudes, but this may, in part, be due to the absence of standing water. They love warm, "muggy" weather, but can endure the relative coolness of autumn evenings. Their fondness for human blood must be an acquired taste, since they came upon the earth long in advance of man,

and are as abundant today in remote, uninhabited regions as in human neighborhoods, and even more abundant.

When Lewis and Clark made their celebrated expedition across the Rocky mountains and thereby saved the great north-west for the United States, they found the mosquitoes so numerous in some of the river bottoms that the attacks of these insects almost drove them to despair. Every explorer of wild countries has had similar experiences, and often in places where it would seem that the insects could hardly have had any extensive practice in the art of blood-sucking, since the hides of wild animals are too thick and hairy to be readily penetrated by their flexible lances.

It is a singular fact that only the female mosquito "bites," and it has been said that "as it is but a very small proportion of them that can ever taste human blood or that of any warm-blooded animal, the blood would not appear to be essential to their welfare." Perhaps it is like the taste for olives or sweetmeats or tobacco—all the more irritable because it is the result of cultivation, and involves, for its gratification a certain risk, or the overcoming of a preliminary dislike.

It may be no joke to say that the abundance of mosquitoes is dependent upon the sunspot cycle. The proof is all the while accumulating that somehow or other the general character of the seasons varies with the increase and decrease in the number of spots on the sun. Wetness, dryness and electric state all vary more or less in accord with the solar condition, and these things are the controlling elements in the life of our globe. So, in a roundabout way, we might throw the blame for the mosquito invasion upon the sunspots!

Advice to Lovelorn: By Beatrice Fairfax

Gifts from Men.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 30, with a great many men friends. One of the boys asked me if I would go yachting with him. I refused, stating that I did not have a top coat suitable for the occasion. He said if that was the only reason he would buy me a coat. Now, Miss Fairfax, would it be proper for me to accept same? Y. Z.

A modest girl never accept gifts of wearing apparel from men who are not bound to her by ties of kinship or marriage. Surely you have a heavier sweater or old winter coat you can slip on over your suit. You need not have a yachting costume for one boat ride!

Marrying a Widow.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have known a young widow (25 years old, same age as mine), for one year, and as she has many good qualities—in a good work, intelligent, affectionate and serious—I have little by little, fallen in love with her. She has one child.

My folks object very decidedly to what they style "such a monstrous match," as they wish me to marry a young girl. My experience with young girls has taught me that most of them today are frivolous, presumptuous and treat a man's love very lightly, therefore I am not inclined to follow my folks' wish.

ALBERT A. You are really old enough to choose a wife for yourself, and while you are not fair in your judgment of the girl of today, neither are your people fair in feeling that it would be wrong for you to marry a widow. There is no reason why a young woman should mourn her

Summer Flirtations

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Most young people go off for a summer vacation with the idea that its success depends entirely on whether their two or four weeks include a love affair. A summer vacation ought to spell rest and quiet and preparation for the strenuous winter to follow, instead of which most young people long to plunge into the violent unrest of a summer flirtation.

"Never the time and the place, and the loved one all together," wrote Browning—but that is not allowed to apply to summer vacations. Girls put up with men at whom they wouldn't actually look in the city. Men imagine themselves wildly enamored of girls for no better reason than that having "an affair" in summer seems so obviously the thing to do.

A few years ago I was at a summer resort at which there were a very aristocratic, ambitious, snobbish woman and her daughter. The girl was pretty and seemed to have a desperate feeling that the summer was wasted because there were no young men in the hotel.

Suddenly a youth arrived. He was good looking, had pleasant manners and seemed to have plenty of money to spend. The girl fairly flung herself at him, and sympathizing friends in the hotel aided and abetted the affair.

The mother had sense enough to permit of no engagement, but the girl made her intonation so evident that the whole hotel looked for announcements in the fall.

Early in September I was in a party of which the girl was one. We rolled up to the theater in her mother's limousine and were ushered to a box by a blue-uniformed youth who turned out to be her summer admirer.

Of course, he was obviously out of the girl's world, although his two weeks' vacation had brought him in touch with it. The young woman was far too designing and calculating to permit herself any further interest in him. But surely she must have suffered a little, and her proud mother have resented the critical comments of her friends. As for the youth, he must have suffered at least from thwarted ambition.

This is fairly typical of summer flirtation. In the ideal world, social barriers would not count, and true worth would make the man, but few people are happy when transplanted from their natural environment and still fewer are brave enough to go calmly from one social rank to another. There lies the first danger of summer flirtation, which is based on "insufficient evidence."

But a grave difficulty rests in the undignified, unwarranted love-making which a summer sea and summer moon seem to call up from youthful hearts. A girl permits herself freedom of action she would never take in a city. A man is far more daring than he would ever be when meeting her in her home town. "Spooning" seems fairly to be taken for granted.

Every one excuses his own foolish indiscretion on the ground that it is the order of the day, or takes it for granted without any effort to excuse it. Girls put themselves fairly into the mouth of gossip. Men signify intentions they do not intend to carry out. Unhappiness and unfavorable comment follow. Most summer flirtations end with a crash or dwindle away into nothingness and regret.

The people you meet at summer resorts might easily turn into pleasant winter friends if only you made haste a little more slowly. Rushing into a summer flirtation and that I-am-looking-for-some-one-who-will-know-how-to-love-me feeling is very unlikely to lead to anything worth having.

Permanent liking and respect are not based on wildly unrestrained emotion; they are based on interests and opinions congenially shared and the slow discovery of things to admire and respond to in another nature. Summer friendships might be splendid lifetime things if summer flirtations were not in existence.

How to Misunderstand Women

By ANN LISLE.

There was once a man, who called himself a student of life. And the most interesting topic he could find was the investigation and classification of women.

This man knew women of all sorts—old, young, good, bad; beautiful, ugly; clever and stupid. He was so busy knowing the sex that he had very little time to know either love or himself. But he meant to make his investigations count in terms of a series of great novels in which the misunderstood feminine sex should for once be clearly explained, championed and assuaged.

And then the man met a girl who was amazingly good and serenely unattainable. He decided that she represented the utmost good in woman, the angelic for which all mankind vainly grope. He made up his mind that some day if he could win her, this woman must be his wife. In the meantime, he had work to do—he must learn to know the sex of which this woman was so shining an example.

And now across his path there came a flower of evil, a more exotic creature than he had ever known—a greater and worse than Carmen. And the man made up his mind that when he had studied her mental processes and had catalogued them, he would turn to the winning of his angel.

But the wicked Carmen person was very, very beautiful, and the man did not find investigating her at all unpleasant. He lingered and did the job thoroughly and with gusto. Of course, what concerned him was her mental processes, but in studying them he found it not at all unpleasant to investigate to the sweetness of her lips. His soul was quite untouched by the affair, but his eyes were gladdened and his mind, he felt sure, was enriched.

In due time he returned to his angel with the idea of courting her and making her his wife. But the angel slammed the door of her heart in his face after giving him quite clearly to understand that she wouldn't have the rejected suitor, cast-off would-be lover of the Carmen person.

"But I wasn't in love with Carmen at all," he exclaimed. "I found her a remarkably interesting type to investigate. We'll use her in the great book about women we are going to write together. That will be a wonderful book. With you to help me I shall do marvelous things for your sex."

The angel sneered. "My dear man, I know something about the world. No man could take a purely intellectual interest in such a lovely creature as Carmen. Don't tell me, I wouldn't be soiled by having a man in my life who had once loved her. Your admiration lowers me in my own eyes."

And she drew her immaculate angel draperies away from the contact with such as he.

The man gazed at her in mounting horror. Her unjust accusation staggered him. He had never supposed that his angel could think so basely or judge so cruelly. He hesitated between suicide and marrying Carmen. But he compromised—by using the angel as the lady villainess in one of his books.

Moral: Even for her who evil thinketh, it is sometimes impossible to do anything but good.

REMARKABLE CASE of Mrs. HAM

Declares Lydia T. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Saved Her Life and Sanity.

Shamrock, Mo.—"I feel it my duty to tell the public the condition of my health before using your medicine. I had falling, inflammation and congestion, female weakness, pains in both sides, backaches and bearing down pains, was short of memory, nervous, impatient, passed sleepless nights, and had neither strength nor energy. There was always a fear and dread in my mind, I had cold, nervous, weak spells, hot flashes over my body. I had a piece in my right side that was so sore that I could hardly bear the weight of my clothes. I tried medicines and doctors, but they did me little good, and I never expected to get out again. I got Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier, and I certainly would have been in grave or in an asylum if your medicine had not saved me. But now I can work all day, sleep well at night, eat anything I want, have no hot flashes or weak, nervous spells. All pains, aches, fears and dreads are gone, my house, children and husband are no longer neglected, as I am almost entirely free of the bad symptoms I had before taking your remedies, and all in pleasure and happiness in my home."

Mrs. JOSIE HAM, R. F. D. 1, Box 22, Shamrock, Missouri.

If you want special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass.

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