

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Bringing Up Father

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Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



FAIR WOMAN

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.
A woman is easy to understand; This is the secret, second-hand:

When you pat her on the cheek
With your envelope each week,
Saying, "Here's the money, dear,"
As you pinch her shell-like ear;
When she shows you with caresses,
Planning on new hats and dresses,
When she calls you her Greek god,
Though you know you have a pod,
She's happy.

When she meets you at the door
In the morn at three or four,
Trying with small fists to hit you,
Threatening to pack and quit you;
When she throws a dish or two,
Clear across the room at you,
When she swings—and not in vain—
With your heavy walking cane,
She's out of sorts.
That in the secret, second hand,
A woman is easy to understand.

A WOMAN NEXT DOOR

By WINNIFRED BLACK
I read a brilliant story by a brilliant writer the other day. Did you happen to read it, too?

It was about a woman who lived down behind the tracks, in a country town. She was a woman who flaunted the streets in a gorgeous hat and expensive gown. She wore bangle bracelets that tinkled and sparkled, and high-heeled slippers and "paw-paw" stockings, and the men grinned sheepishly when she passed, and nudged each other, and the women looked the other way and pretended they didn't even see her.

One day the woman from "behind the tracks" bought a house uptown and moved into it—a neat, pretty little house, with a garden and trees, and she dug in the flower beds and watered the lawn and put out hanging baskets, and she went to market in a little checked gingham, and she looked wistfully over the fence when the neighbors went by, but nobody ever spoke to her at all.

One night a baby was taken sick in the neighborhood and the woman from "behind the tracks" saved its life. The next day she stood out on her porch and waited to see the baby's mother go by. And the baby's mother went by—and did not see the woman from "behind the tracks." "Behind the tracks" went and sold her little new house and the garden and all, and went back "behind the tracks" to live—and all the people in the village pursued their lives and said, "She's gone back—they always do."

Good story, wasn't it, and a good slap at the narrow-minded little mother, who couldn't make friends with the woman who had saved her baby's life? We need a few such slaps as that, we women; and yet—

I wonder what the woman from "behind the tracks" expected when she bought the pretty little house and the garden, and went to live among decent people?

Did she think they would get out the band and meet her at the doorstep, or what?

You choose your friends because you like them, and like their kind—not because somebody else thinks you ought to like them.

would have told what she was, and no woman of any fineness of perception could have been mistaken in her for a minute.

No, I don't mean what she had been. That isn't what would concern a kindly woman who was trying to decide whether she wanted her for a neighbor or not. I mean what she is. A gingham dress doesn't change the beat of a woman's heart; a garden hoe doesn't turn her from a coarse, easy-going, blunthearted person to a gentle, delicate, lovely woman, does it? I don't believe it.

Once I had a maid—a strange, silent, stubborn girl with blue eyes, so hard that they were like flint. She had a strange measured walk and a strange, controlled voice, and she always acted as if she thought some one was watching her.

One day I saw her a blue print dress, of peculiar cut and shade, and I knew—she was a reformatory girl. I'd seen her before, at the reformatory.

I didn't say a word. I treated her exactly as I had always treated her, but one day she was gone, and she left a letter for me. In it she said many things. One of them was this: "You know me, don't you? I believe you do. I thought I could be different, but I can't. You've been good to me, but I ain't happy here. I ain't comfortable, so I'm going, and gone she was, back to the people with whom she was "comfortable," poor thing. Back to the people who were like her, and who had her ways and her point of view. I was sorry, but I didn't go after her or try in any way to reach her.

Perhaps I should have—I've often wondered—and yet there were the children. Would it have been exactly safe?

"Behind-the-tracks" protecting my children at the expense of a poor thing who was trying to make herself over.

Perhaps, but those children are mine. They are my business. It is my affair to keep them safe as long as I can. My own doorstep I must keep clean, and then if I have time and strength I may help my neighbor about her's. That's the way it looks to me. I wonder if I am right or wrong?

The poor thing from "behind the tracks" didn't belong in the neat little street up town. She was no more in place with her loud laugh and her bleached hair than the timid little woman who lived beside her would be in place in the ranks of a marching army. I don't blame the neighbor women for looking the other way. Honestly, now, I don't.

Freaks of Fashion

Monstrosities from Paris Boulevards

Independence Day

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX



In Paris extremes of costume are seen more frequently than they are here. These three were "snapped" by a foreign correspondent for the Hearst newspapers recently. When our fashion expert was asked to describe them she immediately complained of feeling faint and went home. Therefore any of our women readers who feel "freakish" will have to solve these fashion puzzles for themselves.

Effect of Light on Plant Growth

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

"What power, if any, has light, artificial or natural, on the forced growth of vegetation, compared with heat, artificial or natural?" This question opens up a rare field for discussion. Both heat and light are required for plant development. While the greater force is difficult to decide, but a plant would live longer in total darkness without heat than in cold absolute, but in light.

ever bacteria are, whether plants of animal, they are perhaps more nearly related to the vegetable than to the animal kingdom. And this point is not clearly determined. The line of division is so irregular that it is not fully located. Some bacteria are very active and others comparatively still. Some have cilia—delicate, hairlike appendages—these enable them to move. The microscopic objects move and live and have their being in a drop of water.

Place a drop on a thin glass plate, lay another plate on this, flatten the drop, put the glasses under a high-power microscope and view all in range of vision with white light direct from sun or arc. All will be normal. Now place a prism between sun or arc in the beam of light, separate it into a long band of colors and allow these to fall on the city of moving inhabitants. Some will get changed, but they are mostly white. Others contain a purple coloring matter.

These react to light, absorb carbonic acid gas and emit oxygen. Placed in the darkness this process stops. Cut off light from the drop, admit a tiny ray, then the bacteria will leave the darkness and cluster in the light. But they have no eyes, nerves or organs. Behold this mystery. They become aware of the existence of the light by means unknown to science. The wonder is this: Is light a chemical? Cut off the lighted area and they all swim away. This all in white light. Now turn on the spectrum. At once there is a hurry toward the bright red; they do not stop, they enter dull red. No rest there; they pass beyond and congregate in the infrared in a region of radiant energy invisible to the human eye. But great numbers collect in the yellow-orange part of the band of colors. Few go to green and blue, and none to violet or beyond. Careful research showed that in those

The hour: Nine in the evening. The day: The Fourth of July. The year: That is immaterial, since the story told that night is always young.

The personnel: A young man of 21 and a girl of 19. The scene: A secluded corner of a porch step. Around this young man and woman were showing their patriotism with fire-crackers, torpedoes, skyrocket and other illuminating and noisy means; The last skyrocket had proved a flake and there was some delay in starting another. Under the cover of the darkness, and unheard by the others in their merriment, the young man whispered in the girl's ear, "I love you," and she replied, "And I love you."

It was their first avowal of affection, and some years later, the girl, who had become a matron, sighed and said, "You know I lost my independence on Independence day."

Every one who loves and is loved loses a measure of independence, and this woman was such a clinging, helpless creature, that she lost all she had. The hope that was because she heard her little love story on a day, when girls were taught that to be happy sweet-hearts and wives they must be long suffering and submissive.

She made no reservation of her affection, and their courtship proved a stormy one. He flirted, there was coquetry, heat, anger, love, indifference, impatience, cruelty or kindness personified as the mood suited him. Through every change in him she remained the same patient, grateful, loving girl, always with arms outstretched to welcome him when he deigned to turn her way.

She put herself beneath his foot in her excessive humility, and after they were married he saw to it that she remained there. She had put her own promise on herself. We all do. He looked at the mark, and saw that it resembled the tag public opinion put many centuries ago on the worm.

Naturally, through all their married life he treated her as if she were a worm. There is an independence of nations, and an independence of individuals, and the former depends on the latter. No nation is free if its citizens are bound. The men are independent and free. The women are gradually achieving an independence that will give them every right enjoyed by the men.

It is a great thing, but not enough. I want an independence for every girl who loves, and which she, and she alone, must secure.

I want her to hold her little head and heart high and give her love and life to no man who will treat them lightly.

I want her, when she says "I love you," to add, "but my happiness, my usefulness, my well-being, do not depend on becoming the wife of any man."

Then he will love her, appreciate her and want her all the more.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

You Are a Foolish Boy.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been paying attention to a lady for whom I am not in love, but I think she loves me, she always wants me to call on her. She is 60 years of age and I am 21. It is worth \$2000. Do you think it is worth for me to call regularly and see her?

Go to work with your hands and brain to make your own fortune, and when you talk of love let it be in connection with a girl suitable to be your wife.

Quit Telling Her.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 21 years old and have had an acquaintance with a girl of 18 years for the last nine months. I am deeply in love with her, but somehow she does not seem to appreciate the same. Now, what I would like to know is there any way I could bring her to understand the true feeling I have for her?

You have given her nine months' devotion that she doesn't seem to appreciate. The story of your love seems to have become old and stale. Quit telling it. Awaken her interest by giving her some reason to doubt it.