

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Only Imperishable Thing

A Mother's Love

By Nell Brinkley

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## Nell Brinkley Says:

Did you ever hear this little fairy-story? It's a true fairy-story—and only those who know how wonderful and splendid a thing a mother is will know that it's true. And here it is:

Once one day in the golden hall of heaven the Dear God's highest, whitest, sweetest angel called Love to the foot of his chair and, says he: "Oh, little pink boy—you whose baby face hides a great store of ancient wisdom—whose heart beats in perfect rhythm with the myriad hearts of humanity far down on the earth; you who know that green ball so well and love it, too—lift your pink face and listen well! Go you to earth—leaving this time your arrows and bow behind you; search well in all the corners of the world; take time, impatient One—and when you have found the loveliest thing in all that world, tuck it in the

hollow of your small, soft arm and bring it back to me in heaven. Fare you well, sweet boy!" And God's highest angel turned then the light of his face away—small Danny rose from his little "pink" knee, pulled his golden forehead in obedience; snapped his rosy fingers in exultant surety ("this is a simple thing," quoth he), and folding his small knees close, dropped straight from heaven, through the stunning depths of blue, to earth. "Three things I will bring back," he vowed, "and the angel with the lighted face and the Good God will not be able to choose between them!"

He sought out a garden that he knew—where he had watched 300 years of maidens love and mate—and from the wall he spread his rainbow wings and drove low above a girl; her arms were full of pale tea roses and one she kissed and sighed over—it was so beautiful.

And one waved his golden face above her head where only Love could see. And swooping down, he stole the rose away.

Holding dewey yellow satin against his baby breast, he said, said he: "Here is the first—what could be lovelier than a perfect rose from a pretty woman's arms?"

Then, with his face a-shine, he brooded on silent wings above two kissing sweethearts. And as their faces met and drew apart with sighs he clutched the kiss within his rose-leaf fist and rose again. "What!" crowed he, "is there more marvelous than a lover's kiss—straight up from two hearts of youth—as real as their two meeting hands and as undefinable as the fainting odor of orange bloom?"

And then—a golden rose beneath his arm and the kiss imprisoned tight within his hot hand—he sallied into an open window and hovered low above a little tender mother—her first baby warm within the circle of her body—her passionate face drooped low—the deathless lamp of mother-love already lighted behind her eyes. And out of the little room Eros stole mother-love away.

And so with these three marvels pressed to his beating heart—triumphant—singing aloud—Love turned his face to heaven and rose on beating wing. And when he had come again to the steps of the angel's chair he laid them—the three loveliest things—at the shining creature's feet. And knelt—and glowed! And he opened the lid of the tiny golden casket where he had squeezed the kiss out of his fist and locked it tight within. And the angel smiled. The Dear God's angel smiled.

"Pink boy—you have done well! But only one of these is the loveliest thing in all the world! Lovely they all are—but only one, besides its beauty, is imperishable! Look to your rose!" And Love looked and gasped. "It is faded—dead—its beauty shriveled brown. Look to your kiss—where is it? Utterly vanished—gone; there is nothing in your box! But a mother's love is deathless—it never fades—it is imperishable—it is undying beauty—through all the endless eternities of heaven it glows and pulses on forever!"

## Common Sense vs. Hysterics

By DOROTHY DIX.

A man in New Jersey grew tired of his wife and fell in love with another woman, whom he wanted to marry. Instead of trying to his wife, and deceiving her, and indulging in a clandestine romance with the other woman, the man went frankly to his wife and told her all about it.



It was an unfortunate and tragical state of affairs, but the wife had the good sense, the good taste and the good judgment to meet it in a noble and dignified manner.

She simply eliminated herself. She permitted her husband to go to Reno and get a divorce on technical grounds without any scandal, or mud throwing, or any dirty family linen being washed in public to shame and humiliate her children whenever their father's name was mentioned, and to be a lasting disgrace to them.

I think this woman deserves to have a monument built in her honor for having set a fine example for other women in a similar plight to follow, for in the great crisis of her life she displayed not only courage, but sanity.

Out of the wreck of her marriage she, at least, saved her self-respect as a woman. Her husband's love was gone, and she let him go with it. She was too fine, and too proud to keep the body after the soul of love had fled. She refused to hold by the chain of the law the husband who had wearied of her, who begrudged her claim upon him, who found her society a bore, and who jostled the very thought of her as wife.

and who loved him; her husband loving another woman, and tied to her; and she still loving the man who loved her no longer.

It was in her power to make two of the three happy, and she did it, and, perhaps, in so doing did the best thing she could to secure her own happiness, since happiness is so often found in un-pelishness.

Certainly she could have done nothing to secure her own peace of mind in keeping the other two apart, and binding to her a man who would hate her more and more for standing in the path of his desire.

The only dignified and rational way to deal with a recreant husband is as this woman has done, and as a Kansas woman did, who went to her husband's affinity and said to her, "For \$12.50 I'll give you a quit claim to John. It's about \$12.50 more than he's worth, and I feel that I will be cheating you in taking it, still, if you fancy him!"

Of course, the woman who hangs on to a man after his deadly weary of her and wants to be rid of her always claims that she does so because she believes she can win back his love.

No woman in the world is foolish enough to really believe this. She knows that of all dead things nothing is so absolutely dead as dead love. For it there is no resurrection day.

Once the charn and illusion that a woman has had for a man is gone, it can never be conjured up again, any more than you can turn the shattered rose back into bud again.

## Dead Love Can't Be Restored—The Woman Who Let's Her Husband Go If His Love is Dead Deserves Praise for Sanity

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

Up to our grandmother's time it was the proper thing for a young maiden who had been disappointed in love to pine away and die of a broken heart, or, if she happened to have too strong a constitution for even morbid sentiment to kill her, to go through the world with the sad, sweet smile of a blighted thing.

But you never hear of anybody dying of a broken heart in these days, and instead of being blighted, a girl who is jilted gathers up the warmest of her love letters and takes them into the breach of promise court.

In our mother's time it was esteemed absolutely necessary to a woman's happiness for her to be loved, and in consequence the old maids who had been passed over by Cupid were pitied as bankrupts in life. Now, while we still

recognize that love is the crowd of existence, we know that a woman may be exceedingly happy and jolly and comfortable without it, and so nobody is wasting any tears on spinsters.

Up to this present moment there has been a tradition that no matter how lazy, and trifling, and drunken, and disagreeable a husband was, if he deserted his wife she should bemoan her lot in sackcloth and ashes, instead of getting up and rejoicing that she was rid of a loafer that she had to support or a brute that beat her.

The truth is that many a wife, instead of being broken-hearted at losing a husband, would be perfectly willing to hand him over to any other woman that would take him. Hence, perhaps, the philosophy with which the wife of the recreant husband meets his side-stepping.

## Matthew Fontaine Maury

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

Matthew Fontaine Maury, born 19 years ago January 14, 1826, in Spottsylvania, Va., was one of the greatest and noblest of Americans. He did a mighty work—and, dying, left behind him a fame as clean as it was brilliant.

In 1825, at the age of 19, Maury entered the American navy, and in the Vincennes, during a cruise of four years, circumnavigated the globe. In 1828 he met with the accident which incapacitated him for active service, and he was placed in charge of the department of charts and instruments, later on becoming head of the hydrographic office, which he himself may be said to have created.

Maury was the father of the United States naval observatory, and it was his profound discoveries that led to the famous international conference at Brussels

in 1853 and the subsequent establishment of the meteorological office. His "Treatise on Navigation" and his still greater "Physical Geography of the Sea" made him world-famous, and the highest honors of the nations were showered upon him.

The emperor of France made him commander of the Legion of Honor, and he was knighted by the emperor of Russia, the king of Portugal, the king of Belgium and all the other European monarchs. Medals and testimonials fell upon him thick as leaves in Vallombrosa, and but for his great good sense he would have had his head completely turned. As it was, he received his many "distinguished considerations" as modestly as a blushing maiden, and never for a moment lost his perfect poise.

When the brothers' war began in 1861 Maury "went with his star," and loaned to the cause in which he sincerely believed all the benefit of his unrivaled abilities. It was for that reason, perhaps, that, in the language of Prof. Francis Smith, Maury's name "was carefully omitted from the official records of the department he created," and to the same reason may be attributed the amazing fact that the great man's name was not



## The Girl, the World and the Devil

No. 6—A Husband or a Job

By ADA PATTERSON

You have had your first proposal of marriage. You are considering it, trying to be calm and to "look at the matter on all sides," as you hear your employer say in conference.

You are trying to look wise and you only succeed in looking frightened, and well you may. Woman takes many steps in her life, but none of them is so important as this decision, says that other which is the choice between a good and evil life. Marriage is no longer regarded as the sole destiny of woman. Too many fine women have



violated their right of existence independent of the wedding ring. Clara Barton, Florence Nightingale, Maria Mitchell, Susan B. Anthony and sweet Saint Sophie of New Orleans have lived and died husbandless, yet the benefit of their lives to humanity has been incalculable. It is no longer the custom to marry because everyone else is doing so. One of every twelve men and women now pass through life alone if not in spirit.

It is no longer necessary for a girl to marry to maintain herself. The social conscience, growing more sensitive, recoils at such disposal of a woman's life. And if, not easy, is possible for a woman to earn her own living and to save enough to provide for her rainy and her twilight days.

There is only one reason for a girl to marry. That is that life can be neither happy nor complete without that particular man in whom her interest is centered, and of that she should be very sure. And if you are sure then wait, working meanwhile, to be yet more sure, to make your sureness tenfold sure.

If you are in any doubt whatever, that doubt argues that you are not deeply in love. Better test that love as well as the man's deserts by waiting for a year at least. If you are less than 30 years old make it two years.

To marry a man who deserves to be called many—that is the most exalted adjective you can fit to a man—is the greatest good fortune that can come to most women. A manly man will be a faithful husband, a tender companion, a congenial comrade and a comforting windshield when your life motor carries you through the bleak spaces and cold places of life. To be the wife of such a man is to approach as nearly to perfect happiness as the conditions of earth permit.

But men aren't all manly. Many of them are mere bullies. Don't mistake swagger for stability, nor bravado for bravery, nor ardor for constancy, nor the knack of paying compliments for the fine art of standing by when the weather, domestic or otherwise, is bad.

Nor does the habit of telling you what he can do or intends to do equal the act of doing. A man may play largely and realize contemptibly—he may plan to become a millionaire and end in the almshouse. The non-talking man is likely to be more of a doer. The man who doesn't talk large is more apt to pay the rent without humiliating importunity from the landlord. Be sure the candidate for your life share is a man, not a mere inflated mark. To determine this you must wait and work.

Now for the "job," what girls who earn more than \$20 a week prefer to call a "career." If you have found your work it will never disappoint you. Its rewards may not equal your expectations, but work itself, if it be your work, will nearly fill the measure of your life. The work and your interest in it are a certain quality. The husband and your love for him are not certain.

If you make a mistake in your choice you may become the eighth woman, she who has gone in the divorce court to help her out of a mess she has made of her affairs. It is better to be the fifth girl, who earns her living, than the eighth woman who stands amidst the ruins of a structure she had reared with tenderness if not wisdom and hoped would endure for life.

I know a woman who worked nine months a year and spent three months in her western home. She found that the vacation cleared her vision. It gave her perspective. It made her see things as they were, not as she wished them to be, or dreamed of their being. When a man asked her to marry him she said: "I will tell you after I get back from my vacation." During that vacation she looked at her suiter through long distance glasses. Propinquity no longer played its tricks with her fancy.

Keeping at work will do the same for you. It will clear your vision. It will enable you to study your suitor from a point of advantage of an independent working woman. He may not wait, you may. Then he isn't of the manly stuff of which good husbands are made. If while you are waiting and working he falls below matrimonial par—which is manliness—the work remains, and work is the greatest comfort of this kind outside of death.

Better a good job than a sad husband, and be sure you are not drawing a bad husband in the lottery, wait, study and work.

**No Beauty for Him.**  
Haggerty and his wife were riding home on the street car. Haggerty was in that mellow state which urged him to be extra nice to his wife—to treat her as if he were courting her again, if you know what we mean. Haggerty's wife sought to divert him from the extravagant compliments he was paying her.  
"Look, dear," she said, "There's a remarkably pretty girl sitting across the aisle from us, two rows back. I want you to notice her."  
"Ah, my darling," whispered Haggerty, leaning close, "I have no eyes for beauty now. Just want to look at you."  
That's the way he carried it too far, and confirmed her suspicion that he was just trying to get her to notice her.

## Tabloid Tales

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE.

What, Mother, is a debutante?  
It is a name, My Dear, given to a girl when she is about 18 and which makes her much harder to get along with than if she goes by the old-fashioned name of "one of the young 'uns."

Who, Mother, is the ideal wife?  
It is the wife, My Child, who, when her husband shaves and puts on his dress suit and says he is going out to help a friend dig a well, believes him.