

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Did Grandma Have It Easier Than We Do?

By DOROTHY DIX.

"Somebody has called this the women's century," said the woman of 50 years, "and we women go about beating cymbals and emitting whoops of joy and congratulations ourselves upon the progress our sex has made, and on how much better off we are than our grandmothers were."

"Poor grandmama couldn't go to college, and she couldn't vote and she couldn't engage in gainful occupations, and her conversational range reached from the kitchen to the nursery, and she was old at 50 years. Dear me! What a sad lot was grandmama's! And so, whenever we thought of her we went out and dropped a tear on her grave."

"But there are times when I'm in doubt about whether pity, like charity, doesn't begin at home, and when I'm inclined to think that grandmama had a cinch, and that we poor, modern women are the ones that stand in need of sympathy. For if grandmama didn't have many opportunities, neither did she have many responsibilities, and she was beautifully and gloriously selfish."

"She hadn't assumed the burden of the world as we have. She did not feel responsible for society, nor posterity, nor anything in the wide world. As long as everything went all right with her household, the balance of the universe might go hang for all she cared."

"When grandmama fell in love with grandpa she married him right off the bat without being bothered with any eugenic doubts. She didn't trouble her head with any investigation into the ancestry of his family or her family to find out what congenital traits or diseases their possible children might have. Nor did she inquire into grandpa's morals. For a man to have a dark past was considered rather romantic than otherwise in those halcyon days, and if later on she was called upon to help him harvest his wild oat crops she called it all a mysterious dispensation of Providence that she could never account for, and so escaped all heartburnings and regrets."

"The modern girl can't marry that way. She knows so much that she is torn with a thousand fears and doubts, and she goes into marriage burdened with the sense of her responsibility to her possible children. That's the reason that there are fewer love idyls now. Hygiene has sore blocked Cupid out of the ring."

"Then grandmama never had to bother her head about keeping grandpa fascinated. Probably he never was just as much of a roving nature then as now, but nobody had invented the theory that in order to retain a husband's love a wife should keep herself young, and slim, and beautiful, in addition to raising a family, and that she should be able to be a whole vaudeville entertainment upon such occasions as grandpa elected to stay at home."

"Grandmama could read whatever sort of flubdub she liked, because nobody expected a married woman to know anything except the cook-book or to be able to talk about anything except her babies. She didn't have to be conversant with the latest scientific discovery, the newest political scandal, the most-talked-of picture, the biggest book of the day, the latest development in the latest war. Grandmama could get fat as she liked, or scrawny as she pleased, because having caught her man, she had no further use for bait, and nobody noticed whether she was pulchritudinous or not as she moved sedately around her sedate little circle."

"Grandmama didn't have to keep up with the fashions nor bother herself about the latest Paris craze. By the time a woman had gotten to 40 years she was supposed to be so old that she was done with all earthly vanities, and to have turned her thoughts toward heaven instead of the milliners."

"Grandmama didn't have to worry any about how things went with the world, because it had never occurred to her that she had any responsibility for any human being outside of her own home. If her daughters walked in silk attire it was none of her affair that other young girls perished in sweatshops or were driven by want upon the streets. If her children had contagious diseases it was not her business to keep the scourge away from their children."

"When grandmama's babies sickened and died from sour milk bottles and lack of sanitation and from the ministrations of ignorant nurses, grandmama never laid wide-eyed through torturing nights, as the modern mother does, blaming herself. Oh, no, grandmama meekly bowed her head and said, 'The Lord loveth'

## HEALS BABY'S ITCHING SKIN

Resinol a Safe, Speedy Treatment for Rashes, Eczemas and Chafings. Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap are absolutely free from anything harsh or harmful, and can therefore be used with confidence in the treatment of babies' skin troubles—eczema, teething rash, chafing, etc. They stop itching instantly and speedily heal even severe and stubborn eruptions. Doctors have prescribed Resinol for the past 19 years. Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment clear away pimples, blackheads and dandruff, and are most valuable for sore, burns, boils, piles, etc. Every druggist sells them. For trial free, writ to Dept. 19-R, Resinol, Baltimore, Md. Beware of worthless "imitations!"

## The Dolly Waltz and How to Dance It

Article 2—The Twirl and Skating Steps

Written from a description by the Dolly Sisters of Jardin de Danse



No. 1—A Graceful Effect.

The second part of the Dolly Waltz begins, as did the first, with a simple waltz step preparatory to the Dolly Twirl, which is accomplished by one girl waltzing under the raised hand of the other. If the girl waltzes under twirls two or three times, rather than just once, a very graceful effect is gained here in a very simple manner. After the twirl one girl puts the left hand back, takes the other's right and turns back to position.

After this we hold hands and come forward with the inside feet, as shown in picture No. 2, in a little hopping step, then step back again and then forward again, describing a little circle in the move-

ment forward. This circle dancing is the success of this step. It is far prettier done this way than it would be danced forward in the old way of doing things. Do this two or three times, and then slide lightly into the skating step.

The skating step depends for its beauty and grace upon the swaying of the body forward, as though one were actually skating. If done properly this step, which is, in very truth, the simplest in the world, will be startlingly beautiful, and will, in addition, look a though it were very difficult to accomplish.



No. 2—The Hopping Step.

The step itself starts with the right foot forward for the one count, and the heel is tapped twice on the floor for the two, three count. So, it is forward one, heel clicking twice on the floor, two, three. Remember to count one, two, three out loud the first two or three times you try this, to get a swing of rhythm firmly fixed in your mind.

The music for the Dolly Waltz should be very carefully chosen, particularly for this skating step. We prefer a waltz with a very decided emphasis to the waltz tempo. A hesitation waltz is very good, for the beats are firmly emphasized, and the even tempo can



No. 3—The Skating Step.

be relied on for a steady prop. From the skating step the dancers may go directly into the next step, or they may break the two steps with a waltz for two or three beats. More if desired.

The next step is the Filirtation, which, we think, is quite the prettiest innovation in the entire dance. We will describe it in the next article, but it must be remembered that the filirtation step as well as the skating step, depends entirely upon the interpretation of it by the dancers.

A poor interpretation would spoil the entire dance.

whom he chatesteth, and went on bringing other anaemic little creatures into the world to die. "Oh, believe me, our grandmothers had a cinch," said the woman regretfully. "Now I'm 50 years old. When my grandmama was 50 years old she had already attained to a special chair and a chimney corner and black silk dress and a lace cap and no corsets and flat-headed shoes, and had become a placid onlooker at life."

"And look at me, worked to death trying to keep young, doing without things to eat I like to keep my figure, giving more care to my clothes than I did when

I was 20 years old, because a middle-aged woman is so dependent on her dress, snatching every moment to read and study in a vain attempt to keep up with the times, rushing from one board meeting to another because my heart is torn with all the miseries of the world, and I feel that my sole salvation depends on my doing my tiny bit to help humanity!"

"And that's why I say that our grandmothers had the best of it. We've got progress, but they had restfulness. They had a cinch, those dear, placid ladies whose world was bounded by the family circle."

## Are You Investing Your Life Forces Well?

By ADA PATTERSON.

Click, whirr, dot, dash. The cable sent the brief message that a man had shot himself in London. He was 50. He had spent the last ten years of his life enjoying himself in London and Paris.

The reason for the self-murder was unknown, but it was suspected that he was in financial difficulties. The story briefly told of a bad investment of the life forces. Ten years spent in simply enjoying himself.

What a hole in a man's life. Ten years of enjoying himself. And life rushing away from us with a wind-like swiftness. Galloping away from us with the speed of a Maeptra ride. I wish every mother would take her child, when it has reached the age of comprehension, to an hour glass and while he watches the sands slipping away through their incredible swiftness, tell him that life is escaping from us with the same rapidity. And what a time that would be to tell him that as life was slipping he must invest well all those seconds represented by the little brown specks of sand in the hour glass, for they are the stuff of which life is made.

The fiftieth year is a time to pause and reflect. It is a time to stop and breathe in the race of life and see how far we have gone, and to make plans for the rest of the race, which is so rapidly shortening. The man of 50 is not old, but he should be thoughtful. The man who killed himself had reached that point in the race, and doubtless he stood for a moment to take breath and consider. Looking back, he saw a fifth at least of his life wasted in what? The pursuit of pleasure, which is only the old world quest for happiness. In another guise and at a madder gait. Happiness sought by that route no one ever overtook. The pleasure road is the wrong cut to happiness. It leads to a different goal, to satiety, to disgust, to viewing

the world as a vast emptiness. Mental nausea follows such survey.

I have a genuine liking, a profound attachment for that old-fashioned word, with the deep significance "sense." A man may be well gifted with brains, but not have the "sense" to use his brain power well. Sense is a discernment, good mental capacity, but above all and beyond all, correct judgment. Than all those others a young mother could better implore the fairy that presides over the births for the gift to her boy or girl of "sense." Sense, the gift of the experienced force acquirement, bids us make good investment of our life forces. The man or woman who tries every situation at the bar of good sense may be accounted "cold" by some, "calculating" by others, but that person leads a well ordered life. The sum of his endeavors is that there is more of some good thing in the world than there would have been had he not lived. Money? It is well to have plenty of that if it be honestly gotten. It does a great many good things, best of which, it provides more schools, and so goes a long way to solve all the problems of all lives. For when we are truly educated we will have learned to put the soft pedal on this quality and to play that fortissimo, we will regulate our lives, we will invest which is to expend sanely our life capital.

The sum of another man's efforts may not be a large amount of money. His talents may be of a different sort. A woman may sing so well that she will carry a soul to the gates of Paradise and leave it there, for a song or a picture may take, and the memory of it may keep us nearer heaven. Or the man or woman may have organizing talent. The power of directing the abilities of others, and with them the building of a great enterprise, be it a railroad, a general merchandise store, or developing a farm into one of those places nearest Eden on earth, a paying and homelike farm, are all great talents. The man who has employed such power has invested his life force well, and when his energy, having slipped away from him, he is weary and declares dividends on his life. It will be found that he has been a good investor. The continuity of a future will not be upon him. His life will pay dividends.

## Dog Danger Threatens All Children

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The dog danger once more threatens this metropolis and its suburban towns. As the weather grows hotter the peril will increase in more than a corresponding ratio.

There is no more terrible disease than the rabies that results from the bite of a mad dog. It is a disease that probably will never be entirely eradicated. Pasteur's discovery of a treatment which is capable of saving the life of a person bitten by a dog has greatly decreased the mortality from this cause, but still every year we hear of human beings, and especially children, dying in fearful agonies through the effects of the poison introduced into their systems by the teeth of raging dogs, which, sometimes, have been the favorite pets of their own victims.

When a mad dog runs amuck through a community no other dog is safe, and in his track he may leave a chain of venomous brutes, which will gradually develop the infection, and, in their turn, infect others with the maddening poison. After a mad dog has passed no one can be sure that his own dogs, if he keeps such generally useless things, have not become potential centres of deadly peril for himself and his family.

The law requiring the muzzling of dogs and forbidding their presence unchained or unroped in the streets is constantly and habitually disregarded and violated, as anybody who takes a walk of observation about the city can see for himself. I know from personal experience that in the borough of Brooklyn great numbers of dogs are allowed to run in the streets both unmuzzled and unrestrained by chain or leash. Often I have met persons (and most frequently women, some of whom seem to have a curious passion for appearing in public with dog companions) holding in their hands dog leashes while the animals which should have been attached to them were running up and down the sidewalks and driveways in entire liberty.

Only a few weeks ago I was met at the door of my house by a stray dog, which, with loud barks, snarls threatening starts and showing teeth, undertook to hold possession. On Brooklyn Heights, lately, I have several times seen a group of children at play interrupted by the arrival of one or more strange dogs running at large.

"dog-days" ought to be prepared for self-defense, and there are certain precautions, which may appear self-evident to some, but might not be thought of in a sudden emergency by others.

One thing to be remembered in case of an attack by a dog is to keep the hands and other uncovered parts of the body out of reach of its teeth. A bite through a trouser leg, or a thick stocking, may not break the skin, and even if it does, may fail to result in infection through the wiping off of the venom from the teeth by the cloth through which they pass. On the other hand, a wound inflicted on an exposed part of the body is extremely dangerous, and in the case of genuine rabies may be incurable by any effort of science.

A person bitten by a dog, or cat, should never undertake to treat the wound with "home remedies." Go at once to a doctor, if possible, or to a drug store, and then to the nearest hospital where the Pasteur

treatment is given. Remember that in this matter time is everything. Delay may allow the venom an opportunity to become so thoroughly established in the system that cure is impossible. The records of the Pasteur hospitals show that even the worst cases may be cured if the patient places himself under treatment in time to allow the remedy to get ahead of the venom in its race through the circulatory and nervous systems. Let the wound bleed freely, and cut off the circulation of the blood away from the bitten part, as in the case of snake bite. The best precaution of all is to keep out of the way of all dogs in the summer time, and never permit your children to play with them, even though they may be family pets. Dogs were the favorite animal companions of cave men, and probably it is nothing but ancestral influence that makes so many intelligent people of today retain a strange devotion to the cave man's kind of pet.

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Pa's Aunt Ellen came to see us last night, and she said that she was going to stay a week, but I guess after the way Pa talked last night she maid up her mind that she wasn't going to stay very long.

The trouble all came on account of her son Jared, he is 20 years old & she brot him with her. He is going to be a temperance lecturer.

Pa didn't know that Jared was going to be a temperance lecturer at first. Pa's Aunt Ellen & her son Jared both sed wen they got to the house that they felt awful thirsty after that long, dusty ride in the train, so Pa went out in the kitchen & brot in sum bottles of beer. I sed wen the way Ma looked at Pa that he had made a mistake, but Pa thinks becaus her talks all the dust out of his throats that other peopul likes it too. Ma never liked it & I am too young to drink it, so Pa is the only one that drank it, but he is always willing to share it with anybody which comes to see us.

This is very fine imported beer. Pa sed to his aunt & Jared, I can vouch for its su-perior quality. You sed not go to the trouble of doing any vouching, sed aunt Ellen. I never tasted the vile stuff in my life. Nor shall I ever taste it, she sed. All rit, sed Pa, that is a matter of taste. Here, Jared, grab a bottle of this bully brew. It will make you ferag that you are living under a Democrytic administration, & two bottles of it will make you feel like running the country yourself, sed Pa. He shall not touch it, sed aunt Ellen. What, sed Pa, do you mean that you will not permit pure son, who is as big as I am, to have a glass of beer?

## Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Don't Trifle with Him. Dear Miss Fairfax: There is a young man whom I have known a couple of months, and he has the most precious love me. Now I don't love him, but am very fond of him. Now in order to retain his friendship what answer can I give him, as he wants one. But I do not wish to encourage him uselessly.

You are evidently a girl of character, as you show by your honest wish not to hurt this man who loves you. "Love begets love," they say, so perhaps if he cares sincerely enough for you he will be able to win you, since you are already fond of him. Tell him just how you feel. Give love its chance, and if you continue to remain indifferent, be honest. Don't trifle with a man's heart because you enjoy his attentions.

Insist on an Understanding. Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been engaged every summer, and this so attracts me we were to be married in June. Now she tells me she loves me more than she did when she promised to marry me, but I can't get her consent to give up single life. Then, again, she says she can't live without me, and will marry me any time. What would you advise me to do? I love her dearly. We are both of marriageable age. X. Y. K.

I would advise you to assert yourself and not allow your fiancée's whims to have their foolish sway. Insist on setting a definite date for your wedding or on breaking your engagement. Firmness is what you need.

Wedding Invitations. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am engaged to be married, and would like to ask your advice in regard to sending my invitations.

Is it proper or not to send invitations to my fiancée's mother, father, sisters and brothers, also when you address them do you put Mr. and Mrs. on the outside envelope. S. W. The bride always shows her fiancée's family the courtesy of sending them invitations to the wedding—since it is her parents who are giving the function. Address the envelope and mail them just as you do in the case of other guests.

## Aunt Sally's Advice to Beauty Seekers

K. C. F. says: "My skin becomes so greasy every summer, and this so attracts dust and dirt, I have an awful time keeping my face clean looking. Can you suggest anything?" The method mentioned in reply to Eloise will overcome this condition. N. A. writes: "How can I get rid of crow's feet and wrinkles about the mouth corners?" Use a wash lotion prepared by dissolving 1 oz. powdered azoic acid in 1/2 pt. witch hazel. This tightens the skin, dispersing the wrinkles, and its tonic effect is more than temporary. Eloise says: "My freckles are worse than ever this year, made doubly conspicuous by a palid complexion. Is there any cure?" Ask your druggist for an ounce of mercuric iodine, apply nightly like cold cream, removing it in the morning with warm water. As the wax gradually, harmlessly absorbs the affected cuticle, not only will the freckles vanish, but the new and younger skin which appears will have a healthy color.—Woman's Realm—Advertisement.