

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Martyrdom Won't Jibe with Common Sense

The Domestic Variety, in Particular, is All Too Frequently Just Plain, Every Day Foolish

By DOROTHY DIX.

The grotesque thing about martyrdom is that it is almost always entirely unnecessary. The martyr need not be a martyr if he or she had an inch of backbone, or a thimbleful of good, hard horse sense. This is particularly true of the domestic martyr who is not a pin feathered angel, as she is painted, but just a plain goose.



The thing that calls forth the above heartfelt words is the case of a young friend of mine. This girl is the oldest of a large family, and when her mother died four years ago, she became the little house mother to the family. She was only sixteen then.

She is but twenty now, at the very age when a girl should be most carefree and happy, for these few years are the playtime in the average woman's life, and the only playtime she ever knows.

Instead of that, this girl has cooked, and cleaned, and washed, and mended, and sewed for her father and four husky brothers and a little sister only a year younger than herself. She is the most industrious little creature in the world, and the best manager and a real genius in one of the finest of the arts—cooking.

The father, the four big brothers and the sister all go to work to earn good salaries, but the girl who stays at home and slaves from morning till night to make the balance of them comfortable and give them just the sort of things they want to eat, is paid not one cent for her labor.

Furthermore the wage earners of the family have figured down her housekeeping expenses to the last possible penny, and she is not given one cent more than the actual cost of food and fuel and rent on which to run the place. And, as if this wasn't enough tyranny and stinginess, they complain bitterly when she doesn't set a tenderloin steak table on a stew meat income, and when it isn't forthcoming the girl is blamed for not making one dollar do the work of five.

Nothing could be grieved or more forlorn than this little housewife's life, and it offers no prospect of improvement. She can never save up any money because she has none to save. She cannot dress prettily and go to places of amusement, as does her sister who has her own pay envelope. She cannot even look forward to marrying, because her family can only discourage men callers because they don't want to lose their cook.

Besides which Cinderella in the kitchen hasn't got as good a chance as the wicked sister in the parlor, no matter what the fairy tales say. So all that this girl sees in the way of a future is slaving for her family until her brothers and sisters get married and she is old, and will have to go and be a dependent on some in-law who doesn't want her.

She's a domestic martyr if there ever was one, but there isn't a particle of one in her being roared at the stake. She's got the remedy in her hands if she'll only use it. So has every other domestic woman who is mistreated, and put upon in her own family.

And the remedy is just to go on a strike. If this girl would turn out her gas range and go sit herself down in her parlor and present an ultimatum to her family to the effect that there would not be another meal cooked in that house nor another bed made nor another floor swept nor another button sewed on until justice was done her and a satisfactory financial arrangement made, she could get out of the martyr class before you could say eat.

She should demand a fair housekeeping allowance to be made her, she should turn in her butcher book and grocery book and expense accounts to the family, and let them divide it out among themselves.

And above all, she should demand an adequate salary for her own services.

We talk a lot about family affection, but as a matter of fact there are no other people in the world who impose on us so ruthlessly as our own. It is only his own wife, or daughter, that a man expects to slave in a kitchen eight or ten hours a day for her board and whatever clothes he chooses to give her. Strangers have some regard for a woman's individual rights, but if she gets them in the family circle, she's got to stand up and fight for them.

Henceforth women have regarded themselves as helpless. They have felt that they had to submit to any treatment that their menkind accorded them. "What am I to do?" one will ask. "I work harder than any slave. I economize and pinch until I get the last squeal out of every nickel, but my husband never gives me a penny of my own. I have to go to him like a beggar every time I want a spoon of thread or carfare, and before I get it I have to tell what I expect to do with it, and after I have spent it I have to tell what I did do with it. I realize that this isn't fair. I do just as much work as my husband does, and am just as much a factor in his prosperity, but how am I to collect what is due me? I'd be glad and thankful to get the wages of a cook paid me as wages, for my very own to spend as I like."

To this woman I say also: Go out on strike, madam. Don't do another lick of work. Don't turn another domestic wheel until you force a fair settlement out of your husband. Just one day of the confusion worse confounded of a home in which nobody has washed the baby nor dressed the children or cleared the table or swept the floors or provided any food or done any of the other millions of things that a housewife attends to every day, will convince a husband that the laborer is worthy of her hire, even if she is his wife.

No I repeat again that there is no reason for a woman to be a domestic martyr unless she really enjoys martyrdom. You can bring any man to terms by interfering with his conduct.

Photographing an Avalanche

A Wonderful Picture Taken by Climbers in the Alps



The Rush of Snow Dust from the Wetterhorn (12,139 Feet.)

By GARRETT P. SERVIS.

To photograph a falling avalanche so close at hand that the photographer narrowly escapes being buried under its tons of snow is a feat that requires as much good luck as steadiness of nerve. We reproduce here a photograph of this kind, which perhaps has no equal in the world. It is an avalanche descending the precipice of the dreaded Wetterhorn, one of the most formidable peaks of the Alps, well known by sight to all visitors to Switzerland.

The falling mass, contained with clouds of snow produced by its own plunging descent among the broken rocks, is thousands of feet in length. It has broken away from the overhanging front of the Hummerglis glacier, whose white wall of ice is seen in the background at the top. The wonderful picture was made by a party of English climbers making their way along the foot of the Wetterhorn up to the Great Scheidegg. Suddenly they saw an avalanche beginning, almost, as it seemed, directly over their heads. They tore open a ruck-sack containing a photographic camera, and then ran for the nearest elevated rocks. They got into a safe position in time to snapshot the avalanche before its roaring head had quite reached the bottom of the mountain before them.

Then it shot across the depression and leaped up the opposite slope, creating a

draught of air so powerful that it tore out by the roots some of the low bushes growing in the crevices of the rocks. The party was involved in a blinding, whirling storm of snow, which was so finely powdered that it filled their eyes and ears and even the pockets of their coats. It choked their nostrils so that they had to fight for breath. When the avalanche ceased, through exhaustion of the supply from above, the snow cloud quickly cleared off, the sun came out, and the party looked upon one another in amazement, for they were cloaked with glittering snow, while all their baggage was deep buried and had to be dug out. The snow had been driven with such force that it penetrated the texture of their garments and required long efforts for its removal.

This strange power of an avalanche to create a tempestuous whirl of wind around it and to drive the air ahead of it as if it were a solid object has often been observed in the Alps, and some of the facts known about it seem absolutely incredible. In many cases the wind of an avalanche has not only unroofed houses, but lifted them bodily from their foundations and crushed them by hurling them against the mountain side. In the great avalanche that buried the well known Gemmi pass in 1896 men and cattle were blown before the avalanche mass like autumn leaves. The front of the de-

scending ice and snow was so broad and deep that the air could not, so to speak, get out of its way fast enough, and was therefore packed and driven straight ahead. The elasticity of the compressed air was so great that it hurled about everything that lay in its path with the most capricious exhibitions of energy.

The avalanche shown in the photograph was a small affair compared with that which produced the Gemmi catastrophe, but yet, as we have seen, it gave rise to a wind of terrific power.

Incredible as it may seem, men have sometimes ridden down a mountain side on an avalanche and escaped with their lives. This happened, for instance, once on the Matterhorn, when two Austrian climbers, Herren Lorria and Lammer, unwittingly stepped upon an avalanche that was about to start. Down they went with it, now buried in the snow and now tossed upon its surface. At every change of slope they were shot up in the air. They got tangled up in the climbers' rope by which they were tied together, and one of them was nearly choked to death by it. One of them lost consciousness, and did not recover his senses until twenty-one days afterward; the other kept his senses throughout the whole dreadful experience. Both were terribly injured, but both eventually recovered. The perpendicular height of their fall, which, of course, was a sloping one, was about 500 feet.

Peter, true to his heredity, decided upon the military career, leaving the others to look after the "souls" of such as he might like. It was a strictly martial age and the young man quite naturally thought there was no glory like that gained at the point of the lance.

But Peter was doomed to bitter disappointment. In these times it makes no difference whether a soldier is big or little in body, a small man can shoot as well as a large one—the little Japs, for instance, as compared with the burly Russians. And the physically small general, if he only has brains, courage and energy, can do as well at tactics and strategy as though he weighed a ton. But it was far otherwise in the "brave days of old." Then physical prowess was the one thing that Peter the Hermit was distinguished "short" on.

Like our little Punston, Peter had lots of sense and courage, but because his diminutive body was unable to hold its own in the hand-to-hand system of fighting that was then the fashion, he had to quit.

Bitter as the pill was, Peter had to admit the fact that as a warrior he was a dismal failure, and with deep chagrin he took his seat in the "Down and Out Club."

Now, from time immemorial it has happened that

When the devil was sick
The devil a monk would be;
But when the devil was well
The devil a monk was he.

Disappointed in his martial aspirations, and reflecting upon the vanity of earthly glory, Peter began to turn his mind in the direction of things religious.

For some years Jerusalem had been in the hands of the Turks, who subjected the pilgrims to the "Holy Sepulchre" to many insults and humiliations. Having been a pilgrim himself, Peter witnessed

Olivette's Exclusive Fashions

FULLY DESCRIBED

A summer frock such as this almost reconciles one to the warmth of July days, since they justify its wearer in appearing in her summer piazza costume even in the city.

It can be made of silk or cotton voile in cherry and white, green and

white, or the ever popular magpie stripings of black and white.

The touch of masculine severity in the plaited "shirt bosom" front is softened to the proper youthfulness by a turnover collar of embroidered batiste. Three little flounces of this batiste form the elbow sleeves.

The skirt is made of three deep flounces slightly gathered and edged by a piping of white linen. A fourth flounce, making a point at the middle bottom, falls over the narrow underskirt, which is also piped in the linen.

The narrow belt of gros grain ribbon is of the color used in the striping of the material. OLIVETTE.



For the Summer Months.

Peter the Hermit

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

The organizer of the Crusades was born in Amiens, France, in the year 1090.

Peter the Hermit was a "blue blood" of the blue bloods. He sprang from the "Mailed Chivalry," whose chief delight was in fighting and whose most precious trophies consisted of the laurels won upon the battle-fields.



In the middle ages there were but two occupations open to the young man of parts—war and theology. The "plugs" might be farmers, or weavers, or whatever else they liked in the line of honest labor, but the "high-born" had to be either warriors or priests—destroyers of men's bodies or saviors of men's souls.

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these things with his own eyes, and he resolved to put an end to them. "I will arouse the nations of Europe against them," cried the little man.

"Straight" as a bolt from a gun he went to the pope, stated his purpose, and asked for the papal benediction upon it. He got it—and the result was the Crusades.

The little dwarf of a man who had been laughed out of the ranks of the mailed chivalry was suddenly transformed into one of the most powerful orators that the race has ever known.

Almost too thin to cast a shadow, hollow-cheeked and sunken-eyed, Peter flamed over Europe like a conflagration. His whole being was aflame with fanatical zeal, and what he felt himself he was able to make others feel. From the Gramplains to the Dardanelles the throngs who listened to him sprang to arms, and for 300 years the armies created by the little man's eloquence kept two continents a-shaking with their tread.

Very foolish were those Crusades, but they resulted in great good to all mankind—above all physical aches and discomforts that their mission on earth seemed one of clear inspiration; brilliant intellects, like Elizabeth Browning, whose sole vocation was spent on an invalid's sofa, or Henri Heine, whom from his "mattress grave" wrote some of his most brilliant essays and uttered his most biting and caustic epigrams, seem absolutely independent of material conditions. But such examples we must regard as saintly natures on which the spiritual life clearly controls our great geniuses in whom the creative power is all dominating. With the average man or woman physical well being is a necessary part of character and mind development, and he who neglects it will not do his best work.

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Knowledge was wonderfully promoted. As compared with the Greeks and Saracens the Europeans were deplorably ignorant. By contact with the people of the east, a new civilization was so superior to that of the west, Europe got its start along the way of scientific enlightenment and progress.

World commerce received a big boost. New commodities were made known, new markets opened, fresh demands awakened, and a better system of transportation created.

Best of all came about, as a consequence of the Crusades, a pronounced revival of democracy. The domineering "old families" were killed off or reduced to bankruptcy, and their loss was the plain people's gain.

"With the oppressive barons either dead or 'dead broke,' the common man had a chance to better his condition, both socially and politically.

And so it turned out that Peter the fanatic became a much greater success than he could possibly have been merely as a soldier.

Mme. Isebell's Beauty Lessons

LESSON XI—PART III.

Physical Culture.

Since the days of the Greek civilization the world has grown backwards in the ideal and attainment of physical beauty. Two thousand years ago Plato taught that he who was educated in mind and moral sense alone, and not in body, was a cripple. The Greeks had so little liking for an ill-favored physique that a child not perfectly proportioned at birth was exposed to death. The education of today teaches us to look first for mental and moral qualities; this is right, if we do not forget the importance of the physical, and its influence on us.

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It is not personal vanity alone, but the desire for personal efficiency that should lie behind the cult for physical culture. Personally, I have little patience with people who proclaim it a matter of indifference whether they grow stout or not, or whether their figures keep young and lithe. Indifference to one's physical appearance is either laziness or a certain form of egotism, not at all commendable. Inertness, disinclination to exercise, a little aching in the muscles are apt to be characteristic of middle age. The man or woman who does not take systematic exercise is the first to grow stiff and heavy and put on an undue amount of flesh. One who has always kept in good condition, whose muscles are firm and elastic, has little to fear from middle age. At this period a woman may have to work a little longer at her exercises, if the disposition to put on flesh is present, but her task is nothing compared to the woman who has let "herself go" all her life.

Lesson XI to be continued.

Mme. Isebell.

Teach All the Children to Love All Dumb Animals

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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Copies of the following appeal were sent to all bishops and prominent members of churches by Mrs. Daniel Wright of Bankersville, Riverton, N. J.

"For many years it has been my sincere desire to have some words of prayer for kindness to dumb animals included in the Litany."

"Therefore, I suggest that the clause, 'That it may please Thee to have mercy upon all men,' be extended so as to read: 'That it may please Thee to have mercy upon all men and incline their hearts to have mercy upon all fowls of the air, beasts and cattle.'"

"Will you be willing to approve of this letter and to forward it with such approval to the proper committee or delegates that it may come before the general convention this year?"

This appeal was made just before the June, 1913, convention took place; and no report has been made concerning the result.

In all probability it was not acted upon. Yet the letter must have caused many of the good men to think along new lines.

Our churches do not take as active a part as they should in this humane work.

In a general way all clergymen and all earnest members of churches use their influence to make the world kinder and more humane.

But there should be a systematized plan of work for humane education of the young in every church.

Every church systematizes its foreign mission labors and its home mission labors. Children are awakened to sympathy for their heathen fellows, and their pennies are given freely to ameliorate their condition in consequence. Just so should a persistent educational scheme be prepared, to teach children sympathy for dumb beasts and fowls of the air.

Once each month every pastor should introduce into his discourse some strong plea for better treatment of animals.

The doing away with the needless and harmful blinder, the curtailing of the use of the horrible over check rein, which inflicts such pain and discomfort on the kindest and most unselfish of animals, the willing horse; the lighting of stables, the blanketing of the horse in winter, when left standing in the cold; the providing of home for domestic animals in leaving for town or country—all these points should be touched upon frequently enough by the pastors of all churches to impress them on the minds of listeners.

Every church should, twice a year, if not oftener, obtain leaflets from humane organizations to scatter in the church pews.

And Sunday school teachers should be instructed to be persistent in talking and reading these things to children once a month.

It is a credit to our law makers and a

reflection upon our women that a law is in full away forbidding the use of dead-birds or any decoration which encourages the slaughter of birds, on hats or heads.

The reflection on woman is a serious one.

"She should never have made the law a necessity.

Dead birds or portions of dead birds in no way give comfort or health to the wearer, as the advocates of furs claim is true of that part of woman's wearing apparel. Even the furs wear shoes, and it seems in the clothing of our bodies, if not in its nourishment, that animals must to some extent be sacrificed.

But our birds can be saved from needless slaughter since they serve no purpose dead, save to cater to woman's unthinking and selfish vanity.

And living they serve many beautiful purposes—they delight the eye, they please the ear and they protect our splendid trees and our orchards and our harvest fields from pests.

Church members and mothers of children would do well to send a 5-cent stamp to the Humane society, Albany, N. Y., and ask for leaflets on the subject.

It will afford them an opportunity to help the work along in easy and simple ways and awaken the minds of their little ones on this important subject. The child who is taught early to think of his responsibility to dumb creatures and to feel sympathy and affection for them will not grow up a cruel or criminal man or woman.