

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## How the Influence of One Over the Other is Shown in the Sickroom.

## Mind and Body

Doctors Realize Value of Suggestion in Making Cures.

By GARRETT P. SERVINS.  
A great doctor once said: "Successful practice requires one-third science and two-thirds savoir faire" (knowing how to do it).

By this he meant impressing the imagination of the patient and impressing it the right way. Any doctor can affect his patient's imagination, but many send their mercurial spirit dropping downward like a thermometer in a cold wave. If doctors ever really do kill their patients it is through what they administer to the mind.



We are only just beginning to learn something of the extent of the mind's control over health and disease. Many persons are willing to admit that the mind influences nervous affections, and that the imagination may either bring them on or drive them away; but they refuse to believe that mental influence can extend to the cure of diseases which produce "lesions"—i. e., physical injuries to certain parts of the body.

But they are wrong in their skepticism. The imagination can influence the whole body. It can produce lesions as well as heal them. There never has been a great epidemic in which a large percentage of the mortality was not the result of mental upset. More fear kills like a lightning stroke by paralyzing the nervous system, whereupon the bodily machinery tears itself to pieces through loss of the central control.

I do not suppose that the imagination ever broke a bone or set one, but I am sure that it has either saved or lost the life of many a sick person, according to the way in which it happened to be directed, either by the will of the patient himself or by the guiding influence of a doctor or a nurse.

The successful doctor is the man who enters the sick room with his face full of cheer and of masterful confidence, and not with his pockets full of pills. The good nurse is worth her pay because she keeps her patient cheerful and confident. When you choose a doctor for your family, select one whose look makes you feel stronger. His presence will be like that of Napoleon on the battlefield.

It is not sympathy that heals; too much sympathy sometimes kills. It is confidence that does the good work. Away with your morose-looking doctor—unless it happens that behind the grave face there

is an appearance of power, for that is worth more than all else in breeding confidence in the patient.

It has been suggested that "personal magnetism" is an actual, dramatic (moving) force proceeding from one person to another. There is much to support that view. When Caesar in his scarlet cloak, with his bald head bared, rode through the lines of his soldiers of Alesia, something passed from him to them which enabled them to hurl back the assault of the 200,000 Gauls. It was the personal magnetism of Caesar that saved the day. It put courage into despairing hearts and energy into tired muscles.

But the best way to combat disease is to meet it with your own will. You patient who gives up can rarely be saved. Believe with all your might in your powers of resistance. Think of recovery, not of death.

A hot summer is before us, and it will bring its ills and its sickness, real and imaginary. Prepare yourself beforehand to meet these conditions by cultivating confidence, cheerfulness and will power. Joke about the thermometer when it goes up to 90 or 100 in the shade, and don't draw a long face before it. If an epidemic breaks out, treat it as the Roman emperor treated the comet which terrified his friends. "Oh," he said, "that hairy star is after the king of the Persians, who has got whiskers. It won't trouble me."

And if you are doubtful about the power of the imagination to influence your body, read the stories of the "Stigmata" which appeared on some of the saints of old, when they concentrated their minds for days and nights together on the wounds of the Savior.

St. Francis, it is recorded, had all the marks of the crucifixion upon him, though not produced by any hand or weapon.

Everybody could see them! St. Hieronymus Caravaggio had the spear mark in her side, which bled every Friday. St. Catherine of Racconico had the marks of the crown of thorns on her head. All of these things, and many like them, are said to have been produced solely by pious meditations. You may smile at that, or you may not, according to your standards of belief, but you can hardly refuse to believe other things as wonderful that have been recorded on medical authority.

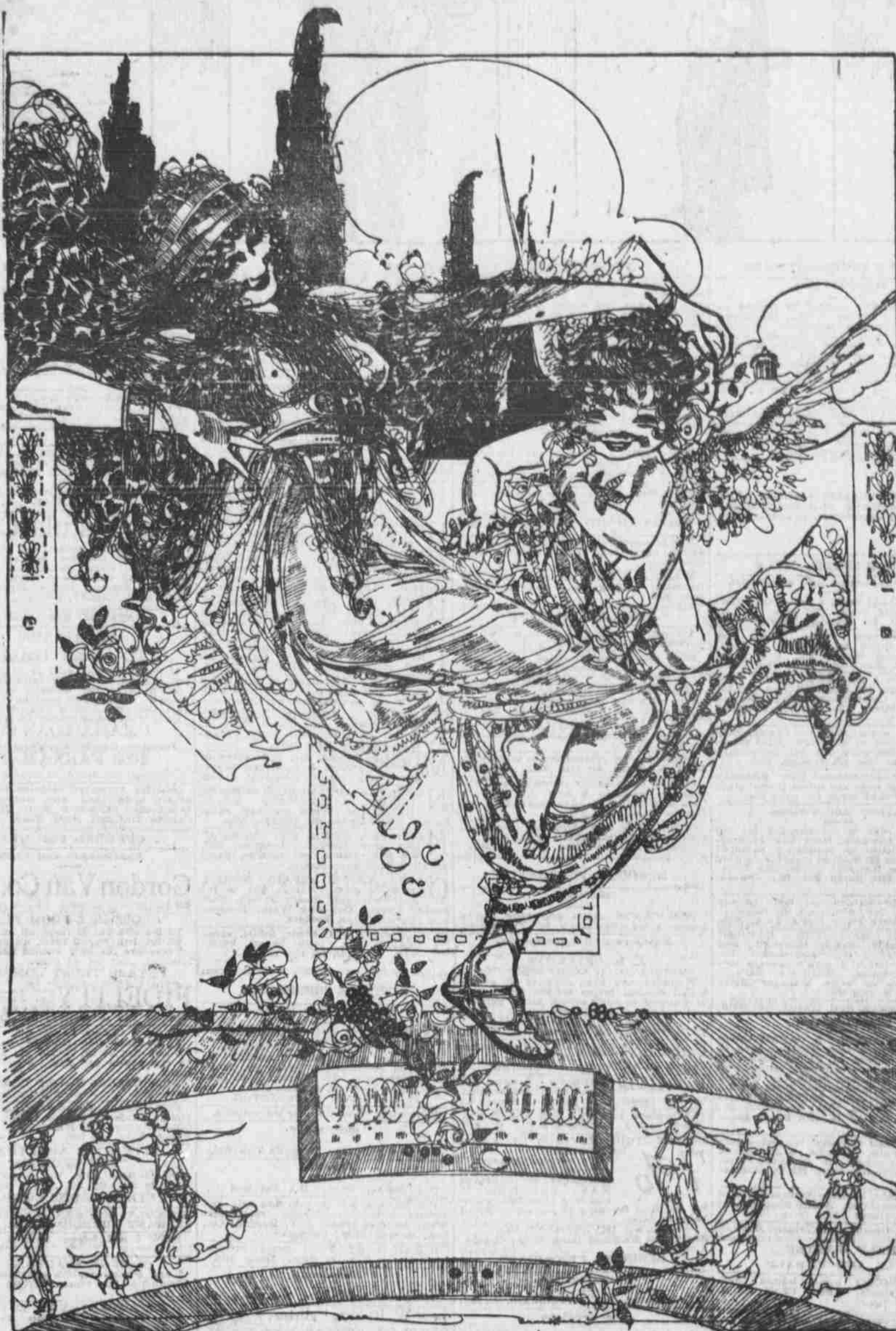
Whether you call it Christian Science, or mind healing, or blind faith, or anything else you may choose, there is no doubt that you have it in your power to influence by mental concentration the health and well-being of your body. Cultivate that power, and you will be better for it. You will save, or shorten, many doctors' bills—but don't neglect the doctor, either; help him.

## Do You Wonder

That Cupid is Such an Adorable Rogue When His Mother Was Such a Lovely Trouble-Maker??

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By Nell Brinkley



Lovely he is—adorable, a plotter, irresistible, a knave, sweet as an almond-blossom, a dabbler in trouble, soft-hearted, cruel, "Love" his business, a promoter, offering bitter-sweet, unutterably a darling, unchangeably a rascal! And everybody—(specially those who have been stirred 'round in one of his concoctions which he calls "an affair")—everybody (specially those who know he is both an almond blossom and a rascal—and yet love him)—everybody wonders why he is all this! Maybe you do not think of his mother when you wonder that. How could he help

but be lovable, a rascal, and a contradiction? For his mother he had a creature, herself born of the sea, the sea which is tender and terrible, smiling and stormy, and all mystery—Venus—goddess of beauty, lover of laughter and love and light, herself a rogue and a saint! Playing all day long under the sun and sky of dream-fostering Greece, in the white-circle of her arms, strained to her breast, teased with a rose in her idle hand, looking often into the hot blue of her eyes, hearing her laughter, comrades in her mischief—son of a Beauty—a devotee of Love—a sweet Rogue—how could he be other than what he is!

NELL BRINKLEY.

## Keep Your Tools Sharp

By ADA PATTERSON.

This world is a substance through which we must cut our way to success. Whether we cut, deeply, or scratch shallowly its surface, depends upon how sharp to keep our tools.

The tools are, what? A brain, a body, a character, a heart. Everyone is born with each of these, but for that inspiration we make upon our world and which we call success, each one must sharpen his own tools.

The brain is kept sharp by right use. A woman deeply learned in world wisdom told me she avoided reading highly colored articles in the newspapers, and cheap romances between book and magazine covers, because her memory retained amazingly what it had gathered and she wished not to burden it with worthless cargo.

When she looked first at the valley of Chamouni she repeated a poem, an apostrophe to it, which she said, "I didn't know I knew." I did not, nor did anyone in my party recognize it. It bubbled to my lips as naturally as though I had improvised it, and I was rather frightened at myself for doing so strange a feat. Long afterward I found that I had read and reread that poem in a school reader and that the sight of the lovely valley caused me to recall every word of it. I realized that since my memory was such a retentive one I would feed it no trash. There is a good rule for keeping that tool sharp. Do not abuse it. Digest it along broad, informing lines. Sound advice was that of the man who said: "Do not think except what will bear fruit in action." Do not wear the tool thin by useless attrition with objects that do not matter. Do not dent its edge with needless friction with everyday events.

An authority has asserted that melancholy is merely dullness of mind, so those who have cherished pride in their habit of "viewing everything seriously" may well question their right to such pride.

The body is a tool which, if permitted to become dull, will dull all the rest. Yet in every city block we pass persons who have permitted this wonderful tool to grow blunt. Signs of the bluntness are in yellow eyeballs and muddy skin, made so by over-feeding and under-exercise of both. We see the twitching corners of eyes or lips, nervous habits and work too prolonged, or rest not regularly taken. We see it in the walks, nervous jerks, aimless or dragging and listless and heavy, telling the secret of over-stimulation or under-recuperation. We see it in bloodless lips showing in preventable anemia, in red lines athwart the eyeballs, telling their story of eye strain. We see it in the mottled skin that eloquently bespeaks either unwholesome food or too little of the irrigant which the body needs in so generous supply, fresh water.

You can no more do your day's work well with such a body than you can sharpen a pencil with a broken knife.

The character—there is a tool indispensable, sensitive, of supreme importance. Better a high, steady character with average brain than a low and unstable character with the brain of a genius. Every potter's field has several geniuses more or less developed, their unmarked graves proclaiming waste of talents, of health, of opportunities, of life.

Sharpen the character tool by exercise of all the solid, admirable qualities, by thrusting into darkness and silence the others, saving them to die in the silence and darkness of inattention.

The heart, by which we mean the power of affection, we should not allow the untoward events of the day or the week or a lifetime to freeze nor harden nor wither. There are mistaken persons who excuse foolish acts, selfish acts, mad acts by blaming the heart for it. But there is no reason why the heart and brain tools may not work in unison, why by consultation they shall not sharpen each other for their world's work.



## The Future of Humanity Depends on the New Woman

By JEAN FINOT.

Those who love and who are always prelate the past throw an alarming dark spot on the radiant program of the activity of the woman of the future. What will woman be, deprived of all the virtues which caused man to adore and love her? What has been her charm, has principally been her aloofness from commonplace and ordinary life and her freedom from the pursuits which elevate or debase her male companions. Once having entered the arena will she not lose the qualities which are characteristically feminine? Will her incessant transformation not doom her to fall irreparably from the heights where man has placed her? Invincible fantasmas of our senses. Face to face with the visible effects of a simple change, our fear of the future makes us suspect terrible forces of destruction.

The horror of the new and unknown has existed at all times. Man fears it everywhere and at all times when facing a transformation of things and beings. There is something touching in these apprehensions which seem innate. One must calm them instead of exciting them, for one cannot battle against the primitive forces of nature.

Yes, the eternal feminine is about to change in form and essence, and woman who takes an interest in politics and social problems will undoubtedly be different from the domestic woman, just as paleolithic man differs from the neolithic, but she will never cease to be a woman.

She will never drop the qualities which form her charm, for, as her sexual life continues to exist, woman must preserve and keep alive the attractions which enable her to triumph in love and which insure the propagation of the species. But is not the unknown we fear already seated at our side, in our very midst?

What is the eternal feminine? Which are its virtues and attractions? A subtle fragrance exhales from it, but this is infinite, because it is indefinable. The weakness of woman, at any rate, enters largely therein. As contrasts attract one

another, the strong man is drawn towards the child-woman or the woman-slave. And woman had the faults and virtues of these. As all feeble and oppressed beings, she nearly always sought refuge in lying or in sin. Here, she dropped and continued to drop the principal stigma of serfdom; the cowardice of lying. Woman is growing more sincere. Far from hypocritically asserting her inferiority, she is openly demanding her rights. She raises her head and makes her master lower his. She bursts into the principal careers which formed the exclusive domain of man.

As a physician, lawyer, employe, manager, writer and journalist she shows herself to possess qualities which make man fear and respect her. And into all callings she brings a professional honor, which has nothing in common with lying, the secular attribute of woman. And as virtue is often as contagious as vice, truthfulness seems to spread more and more among women.

The woman-satan, joy of the poets and novelists, and the dread of their readers, who takes pleasure in torturing the hearts of men and grows then in her falsehoods, without number and often without aim, has become an anachronism. Under the influence of the light of woman who think and work, the level of feminine light has been raised everywhere. Modern woman is far more desirous of being an honest earthy being than a perverse goddess. She respects truth and absorbs the real sentiment of honor.

Now what constitutes the true beauty of life, is the kingdom established in it by truth. The essential value of human beings is founded only on their moral supremacy.

Facing life with the seriousness worthy of one liberated from a serfdom as old as the world, woman understands better and better that her equality with man can be based only on morals more serene, more elevated than those of man.

The feature of humanity depends first of all on this noble rivalry between the two sexes. And were it only for the purpose of extending the reign of truth in the world we ought to open to woman all the careers of man.

In the internal woman will of course, continue to deceive, betray and lie. Let us remember that justice, however, that she does so no more than man while waiting for the blessed moment when, truly strong, shall outdistance him on the road towards truth.

## Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Pa brought a book home with him last night & he was showing it to me. It was called How a Husband & Wife should Act to Avoid Quarrel. It was a big book, about a foot thick.

This book, Bobbie, sed Pa, is a book that was wrote by a very wise guy. He was married three times & his first two wives left him befoor he realized that he was hard to get along with, so when he married the third time he made up his mind to study the fair sex & find out what would humor them. This book is the result of years of pashunt watching & experiments on his part, Pa sed. I think that it ought to keep you Ma & me from ever having a quarrel, Bobbie. Here is sum of the rules, Bobbie.

Only three dollars, Ma sed Pa. That was eighty dollars last year, but you know women's clothes has went down a whole lot in price this season.

Maybe he had afford to spend four dollars bowling & cudden spend sixty dollars for a other frock, sed Pa.

There you go, Ma, defending him. Of course, a man can do no wrong. The men want to be the lords of coarsum.

I dare say you are rite, sed Pa. How about dinner?

It is on the table waiting for you, sed Ma. Oh, dear, it is the same old story, Ma sed. "Oh the dinner" & then put away the dishes. A man's work is never done.

Pa sed "I dare say you are rite" wen he had a piece of stak in his mouth & he nearly choaked.

There you go laffing at ma, sed Ma, you are a bragg.

supper, sed Ma. Yes, dearest, sed Pa. It is a wonder that you & our son didn't fool around in the library until it was time for breakfast, sed Ma. The men nowadays, sed Ma, act for all the world as if women was made to wait on them & never give anything else a thought.

I dare say you are rite, sed Pa.

Of course, I am rite, sed Ma. Now there is Muscus Norris. She jest left a few minutes befoor you got home. She told me that her husband refused to buy her another frock until next month and then, went to his club and lost four dollars bowling ten pins. Think of it, sed Ma, unable to buy his little wife another frock when she only had three, and then going and losing four dollars bowling. That is the man of it for you.

How much was the frock? sed Pa.

Only three dollars, Ma sed Pa. That was eighty dollars last year, but you know women's clothes has went down a whole lot in price this season.

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By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

Two hundred and seventy-six years ago May 20, 1637—a whole nation was wiped out of existence—the first and only instance in all history of a people's being annihilated in a day and at one fell swoop.

Nor is the wonder of the business diminished by the fact that the unparalleled feat was performed by a little band of seventy-seven Englishmen!

The Pequots held a pre-eminence in New England not unlike that which the Iroquois tongue of the Mohawk valley held over all North America east of the Mississippi. The other New England redmen stood in mortal fear of them as the Indians of the Gulf States and the great lakes region did of the Five Nations.

In 1625 some white men were killed by the Pequots, who refused to deliver up the murderers, and all through the winter of 1636-7 the Connecticut settlements were kept in a state of perpetual alarm.

Men going to and fro about their work were killed and horribly mutilated. Several were fearfully tortured and then roasted alive. Then came, as the climax of the business, the Wethersfield massacre, with its unmentionable atrocities.

Maddened by these things, the white men of Connecticut and Massachusetts, to the number of seventy-seven, together with a few hundred friendly Indians, set out on the 26th of May for the Pequot

headquarters. At they drew near the dreaded locality the courage of the Indian allies gave out and they slunk behind, declaring that Sassacus was a god, whom it was useless to attack.

Mason and Underhill, the leaders of the white men, having no such fear and awe of Sassacus, advanced with their seventy-five men. Their task was to carry a walled fort containing 300 Pequot. The fort was a circle of some four or five acres in area, girted by a palisade of sturdy saplings set firm and deep in the earth. At opposite sides of the stronghold were two openings just large enough to admit one person at a time.

Surprising the fort, the white men, after making sure that all escape by way of the doors was guarded against, began their attack. The work was short, sharp, terrible. Of the 100 Pequots within the fort only five got away with their lives. Six hundred and ninety-five lay dead within the inclosure.

In one hour the little handful of white men had literally wiped out the Pequot nation, and not for fifty years afterward did the redmen of New England dare to lift their hands against the whites.

Celery Escalloped with Cheese.

Three cups of celery sliced, one pint milk, one cup diced cheese, one and one-half cups soft crumbs, salt, paprika, two tablespoons butter. Save the outer stalks of celery and cut them into dice. Cook gently in three cups of water, drain, reserve the liquor and add it to the milk. Put a layer of crumbs in the bottom of a buttered baking dish. Add a layer of celery, then one of cheese, season, dot with butter and repeat till dish is full. Bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven.



## Beauty Doctor Tells Secret

Detroit Beauty Doctor Gives Simple Recipe to Darken Gray Hair and Promote Its Growth.

Miss Alice Whitney, a well known beauty doctor of Detroit, Mich., recently gave out the following statement: "Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, that will darken gray hair, promote its growth and make it soft and glossy. To half pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 1/2 oz. glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a gray haired woman look twenty years younger. It is also fine to promote the growth of the hair, relieve itching and scalp diseases, and is excellent for dandruff and falling hair.

## To The Young Expectant Mother

Women of Experience Advise the Use of Mother's Friend.

There is a certain degree of trepidation in the minds of most women in regard to the subject of motherhood. The longing to



passion is often contradicted by the inherent fear of a period of distress. But there need be no such dread in view of the fact that we have a most noble remedy in what is known as Mother's Friend. This is an external application which has wonderful influence and control over the muscular tissues of the abdomen. By its daily use the muscles, cords, tendons and ligaments all gently expand without the slightest strain; there is no pain, no nausea, no nervousness; what was dreaded as a severe physical ordeal becomes a calm, serene, joyful anticipation that has its progress such as our foremost teachers of Hygiene are striving to drill into the minds of the present generation. In almost every community there are women who have used Mother's Friend, and they are the ones that recovered quickly, conserved their health and strength to thus preside over families destined by every rule of physiology and the history of successful men and women to repeat the story of greater achievement. Mother's Friend is prepared after the formula of a noted family doctor by the Ewald-Hector Co., 138 Leavenworth, Atlanta, Ga. Write them for their instructive book to expectant mothers. You will find Mother's Friend on sale by all drug stores at \$1.00 a bottle.