

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

An Awakening

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

I met a little country girl
A-strolling idly by a stream,
With crimson lips and teeth of pearl
And eyes that were an angel's dream.
How came she there, this maiden fair?
Why roamed she o'er the countryside?
How could she be content to bear
The burdens of a peasant's bride?

Long time I pondered by the stream,
Until, emboldened by her smile,
I said, "How charming it would seem
To walk with you a little while!"
Then, as I hinted that a kiss
With happiness would fill my cup,
This winsome maid just glared and said:
"Say, ain't you had no fetching up?"

The Number of Eminent Women That World Has Seen is Few.

History Shows—Remarkable Study Which Seeks to Disclose Reason Why There Have Been Less Than a Thousand from Earliest Days to the Present Time.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Cora Sutton Castle, of Columbia University, has just made public the results of a remarkable study of "Eminent Women." We have heard a great deal about eminent men since Mr. Carnegie gave the world his impressions of the heroes of masculine biography, and it is a good time to hear something about the women.

Miss Castle gives a scientific turn to her investigation and her expressed purpose is to throw light upon the question contained in one of her opening paragraphs, which runs as follows:



"It is a sad commentary on the sex that from the dawn of history to the present day less than one thousand women have accomplished anything that history has recorded as worth while. One cannot evade the question: Is woman innately inferior to man, or has the attitude of civilization been to close the avenues of eminence against her?"

The method by which the investigation has been conducted is that previously employed by Francis Galton and Prof. Cattell with regard to eminent men. Briefly, it is to study the biographical dictionaries and encyclopedias and note the number of times that certain names occur, and the amount of space devoted to them.

The original intention, it appears, was to cut off from the lower end of the list all the less conspicuous names until one thousand of the more conspicuous remained, which were then to be carefully studied as to merit. But, to the evident surprise of Miss Castle, there was nothing to cut off! There were not enough eminent women in all history to make up a thousand!

"When the twenty-three Biblical characters were excluded, the entire number was only 368.

Eminent women like eminent men, fall into various classes. But the women have some classes peculiar to themselves, as will be seen in this list, where the cause or nature of the eminence is first given and then the number of persons concerned:

Sovereigns, 59; political influence, 19; motherhood, 19; mistresses, 23; beauty, 6; religious, 64; tragic fate, 11; marriage, 81 (this means women who became eminent through association with eminent husbands); patrons of learning, 6; heroines, 10; scholars, 20; artists, 17; reformers, 9; actresses, 56; literature, 37; immortalized in literature, 6; music, 9; and birth, 23.

Probably for most readers there will be some surprise in this list. I have no space to discuss, or criticize, the method

of classification, but it is interesting to note the principal nationalities concerned.

"England," says Miss Castle, "has furnished eight more distinguished women than France. Germany ranks third with 114; America, only two centuries old, is fourth; Italy produced 90; Rome, 41; Austria, 24, and Spain, 23. Russia claims 30; Sweden, 16; Greece, 15, and Scotland, 11. Twelve belong to the Byzantine empire; 11 to Holland, and 9 to Ireland. Twenty-seven nations each produced fewer than ten eminent women."

The twenty "pre-eminently gifted women of history" are in their order, according to Miss Castle:

Mary Stuart, Jeanne d'Arc, Victoria of England, Elizabeth of England, George Sand, Madame de Staël, Catherine II of Russia, Maria Theresa, Marie Antoinette, Anne of England, Madame de Sevigné, Mary I of England, George Eliot, Christina of Sweden, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Madame de Maintenon, Josephine, Catharine de Medici, Cleopatra and Harriet Beecher Stowe.

This is based upon the amount of space accorded to these women in biography. It is easy, of course, to see that a vast variety of considerations may have affected this standard of measurement, and probably, upon a close study of actual merit, the beautiful Queen Mary of Scots would lose the rank that Miss Castle's method gives her as "the most eminent woman in history," with no close competitor.

More valuable is the evidence which one may find, in reading between the lines, that women, without regard to their mental ability, have not had an even chance with men in the race for historic eminence. Everybody knows that that is so without resorting to statistics. This has been emphatically shown by the real cause of the wife's dissatisfaction with her husband was because he was not able to maintain the grand splendor of their bridal tour throughout their everyday life.

The wife had been a poor girl, a stenographer, who married a middle-aged merchant of moderate means. He took her for their honeymoon to Palm Beach and other fashionable resorts, and, dazzled by the magnificence of the hotels at which they stopped, she expected the same luxury ever afterward. The husband couldn't afford this, and when called upon to settle down into a modest Harlem flat the wife became peevish, and fretful, and disgruntled, and considered herself so ill used that she finally took her troubles to the divorce court.

This is a sad tale, mates. Let it be a warning to every young man who is contemplating matrimony and who is figuring out where he shall go with his bride on their honeymoon.

Don't take her to a place where she will establish a millionaire standard of comparison and which will make the real home in which she has got to live look like 30 cents ever afterward. On the contrary, conduct her to some quiet spot, mid humble surroundings, that will cause your little four rooms and a bath, with real running water, to seem like a palace by contrast. Whether we are satisfied or not depends altogether upon whether we look down or up, whether we contrast beer with champagne, or with spring water.

You get the idea?

The biggest and most dangerous rock in the matrimonial sea is branded impossible expectations, and the majority of men court a head-on collision with it. That's the reason there are so many wrecks.

When a man woos a girl he does everything on earth to jeopardize their future happiness together and to make their marriage a failure by handing her out false promises, and false impressions of what he is and what he's got and to fill her mind and fire her imagination with anticipations that can never be realized.

To begin with, he is the meekest, mildest, most tractable and amiable creature on earth, apparent so gentle that a girl child could lead him. He spends hours and hours telling her that he asks nothing else of life but the privilege of worshipping her, and singing the praise of her beauty and angelic qualities, and that he could die holding her little white hands in his. She thinks, poor little goose, that being married is just nothing but one long love session, and then, when she finds out that a man drops love-making at the altar, and that he never notices how his wife looks unless to offer a criticism on it, and that instead of considering her an angel, she is led to believe that he thinks her the most faulty individual living. It gives her the shock of her life.

From Chocolates to Steak and Onions

How an Extravagant Honeymoon Makes the Onions Appear Dull and Shabby to the Bride. See Article Below on This Topic by Dorothy Dix



By DOROTHY DIX

In a recent divorce case it was shown that the real cause of the wife's dissatisfaction with her husband was because he was not able to maintain the grand splendor of their bridal tour throughout their everyday life.



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The Disappointed

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

There are songs enough for the hero
Who dwells on the heights of fame;
I sing for the disappointed—
For those who have missed their aim.

I sing with a tearful cadence
For one who stands in the dark,
And knows that his last, best arrow
Has bounded back from the mark.

I sing for the breathless runner,
The eager, anxious soul,
Who falls with his strength exhausted,
Almost in sight of the goal.

For the hearts that break in silence,
With a sorrow all unknown,
For those who need companions,
Yet walk their ways alone.

There are songs enough for the lovers
Who share love's tender pain;
I sing for the one whose passion
Is given all in vain.

For those whose spirit comrades
Have missed them on their way,
I sing, with a heart o'erflowing,
This minor strain today.

And I know the Solar System
Must somewhere keep in space
A prize for that spent runner
Who barely lost the race.

For the plan would be imperfect
Unless it held some sphere
That paid for the toil and talent
And love that are wasted here.

Also, when a man is courting a maid he does it by means of gifts, and flowers, and candy, and theater tickets, and restaurants. There's nothing too good for her, and he scatters his money around with a liberal hand that leads the girl to form false ideas of his income and the manner in which he will be able to support her family.

The average girl has never had the handling of any money, and knows nothing about business. Therefore when a youth feeds her on 50-cent-a-pound chocolates, and conducts her to the best seats in the theater, and blows her off to \$10 dinners, she argues that she will have a perfectly grand time going about to such places and indulging in such luxuries when she's married to him, and she's bitterly disappointed when she does marry him to find out that she's lucky to have subway tickets and to go to the movies and have an occasional glass of ice cream soda.

Many a woman secretly accuses her husband of being a tightwad, or of having ceased to love her, because after marriage he does not indulge her in the things that he did before marriage and that his munificence then led her to expect. She doesn't stop to reflect that the money that used to go into candy and flowers is now going into beefsteak and onions for her daily sustenance.

There is no doubt, however, that a very large per cent of domestic misery is caused by men fostering these false ideas in women before marriage and leading them to expect a grandeur that they have no way of attaining. This not unnaturally provokes bitter disappointment and chagrin in the disappointed wives, and the result is misery for both.

Mr. Coffman, who makes pictures that cause people to think, has illustrated this little comedy—or tragedy—of life in the accompanying picture. In it you see the Claude Monet of the department store, on the bookkeeper's stool with his \$25 per and his ladylove before marriage.

He is "blowing her to a good time." They sit on the terrace of some smart restaurant, well dressed, eating dainty food with soft lights and beautiful surroundings about them. The next scene is after marriage. They sit in their plain little kitchen surrounded by the odor of the stew cooking on the stove, the man in his shirt-sleeves, smoking a pipe, everything poor and plain and unattractive. And the wife's face shows what she's thinking about it all.

The moral of all of which is: Don't court a girl in a taxicab and expect her to be satisfied to walk after marriage, and don't take your bride to Europe on a honeymoon and expect her to be thrilled with a kitchenette apartment when you get home.

These sudden drops make women dizzy.

The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

"Gee, this is a glorious morning, George," said the Manicure Lady, bustling into the shop and throwing a big cluster of lilacs onto her table. "I don't know just how a bottle of champagne feels inside, but I guess that's about the way I feel—all bubbles and sparkle and sunshine. It is this kind of day, George, that makes us mortals realize how sweet it is to live and breathe and love one another."

"It's rotten weather for my rheumatism," said the Head Barber. "I feel like a worm on a hook. Lay off on that lovely weather talk, and if you can't think of anything else to do, take a nap. Don't talk to me."

"I don't care if your old rheumatism does hurt," said the Manicure Lady. "It is men like you, George, with your little yelps and groans, that takes away that transcendental love of loving which is part of every healthy and moral human being. I feel that happy this morning that I could write a love letter to John D. Rockefeller. Remember, George, we are here but a brief time, and almost before we know it we are swept into the vastness of eternity. What have we got if it ain't the joy of living? I ain't going to think an unhappy thought or say an unkind word to nobody today."

Into the shop came a customer for the Manicure Lady. He was tall and lanky, with a head of shaggy hair and an expression on his lean face such as Dante must have worn when he had acute indigestion.

"Those nails, those nails!" he half groaned. "They are too long, too long! Trim them girl, trim them! Quickly, girl, quickly!"

"They are a little bit to the Chinese," admitted the Manicure Lady, smiling. "Your right hand, please. Isn't this a beautiful morning?"

"Speak not to me of beauty," sighed the tall stranger. "For me there is no beauty, neither in the sky above nor in the green fields. There is no beauty in the hum of commerce, the ceaseless striving of million men against the immutable laws of the universe. Is there?" he fairly shouted.

"I ain't never gave it much thought, looking at it that way," said the Manicure Lady, eyeing the customer with a good deal of misgiving.

"Thought? Thought? Of course, you now nothing of thought. Neither do you know of thought. Look at him, standing there and thinking about what? Thinking, barber thoughts, barber thoughts!"

"I think George is a very intelligent sometimes," declared the Manicure Lady loyally. "He only gets kind of 'lousy' when he is thinking about the race. That's his only weak point."

"But can he really think, as I think?" demanded the customer. "And can you really think? If you could think would you praise of beauty where there is no beauty? Listen, girl, I wrote a poem not long ago that tells it all:

Beauty? And is there beauty in the grave,
The crawling grave that fondles us at last?
And is there beauty on a battlefield,
Littered with corpses when the sun departs?
And is there beauty in a morbid morgue,
Where rotty thoughts refuse to dwell on death.

"Gee!" said the impressed Manicure Lady, "them is beautiful lines!"

"I say there is no beauty!" exclaimed the stranger. "I am not beautiful, am I? No! Very good. Are you beautiful?"

"I don't like to brag much," said the Manicure Lady, now thoroughly unnerved. "Some of the fellows salves me along to make me think I am, but I guess if you say so I ain't beautiful. Is your keepers shopping or something?"

"I have no keepers," said the tall man. "I am an actor, and who ever heard of an actor with a keeper?"

"I guess you're right," said the Manicure Lady. "I know our boarding house don't keep no actors. But, gee, I'm so glad to know that you're an actor. A minute ago I could have swore you was crazy!"

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Do Nothing.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am in love with a man two years my senior. He comes to the house whenever he feels like it. When I see him at a dance or basket ball game he doesn't even ask me for a dance or take me home. What shall I do to win his love? VIRGINIA.

You are care-free; you will be so no longer after you have seen the love of a man. Let all such heavily-burdened joys wait five years.

He Does Not.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am in love with a young man and he professes to love me, but truth me he will not, no matter how I assure him I am true. He says one could not trust any girl—that they are all deceitful. Does this young man really love me? PERPLEXED.

If he loved you he would trust you with anything, anywhere, anyhow. In the depth of his devotion he would trust you, though his head might warn against it.

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MAULL ROS.
St. Louis, Mo.

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