

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Old Maids, the Lachrymose Ladies, and the Old Grandmothers Will Soon Be as Extinct as the Cave Dwellers : : :

By DOROTHY DIX.

One of the most interesting things about the feminist movement is that it is eliminating certain types of women, who will soon be just as extinct as the cliff dwellers. We are so much in the midst of the extinguishing process that we don't get any perspective on it or perceive that certain of the female of the species are fading away from the face of the earth, and their like will be seen no more.



Yet, believe me, in another hundred years the anthropologists will be excavating in old graveyards for the remains of an old maid, or a genuine prehistoric lachrymose lady in the crape which she wore in life, and expeditions will be sent out to hunt for the skeletons of old grandmothers, who had soft breasts and big hips and deep pockets. There are only a few scattered examples of women of these types extant now, living in remote villages. There is none in the cities. In a little while they will have all vanished and nothing remain of them but a tradition.

Take the old maid. There really used to be such a person—a thin-cheeked, anemic female, with a sharp nose and a razor-edged tongue. Disappointment at not catching a husband had turned the blood in her veins to vinegar. Dissatisfaction with the barrenness of her life that had no pleasures and no interests in it made her find whatever zest she had in existence in prying into other people's affairs.

She was a mischief-maker, a scandal-monger, a firebrand in the community in which she lived. She hated every man, because men had slighted her. She loathed every wife for having the things she did not have. She was venomously jealous of every young girl whose youth and beauty reminded her of her own lost charms, and she took a bitter revenge on the world in tale-bearing and gossip that wrecked homes and blackened the names of innocent maidens. Everybody hated her, dreaded her, feared her. She was one of the pests of society.

Where is the old maid now? Extinct. Extinct as the dodo. Plenty of unmarried women there are—more, perhaps, than ever before in the history of the world, but they are no more like the old maids of the past than a glass of generous wine is like a drop of vitrol.

Business killed the old maid. The unmarried woman of today has her business or profession or her independent income. She has her own home, her means of interests, her friends, her amusements, and she is the jolliest, most whole-souled and liberal-minded person you can meet in a day's journey. She's too busy with her own affairs to nose into other people's, and she is so happy in her free and independent life that she simply sloshes over with the milk of human kindness.

There's a little like the old maid of the past that people don't even call her an old maid. The word is so monicker for her. Then there's the lachrymose lady. Don't you remember when you were a child some women who, always dressed in black, with a long, sweeping crepe veil hanging down her back, and slimmy black skirts trailing around her, and black gloves on her hands—funeral gloves—who used to come to see your mother and spend a whole long happy day telling her troubles and weeping over them?

No such woman comes to see you. There's just as much trouble in the world now as there ever was. God help us. Husbands are unfaithful, children are wayward, fortunes get lost but when these misfortunes befall us we no longer weep to the willing place and call on the public to see us weep. We don't parade our griefs in public. We hide them and put up a bluff at things being well with us whether they are or not.

Where are these lachrymose ladies now? Gone. The perpetual mourner has vanished. Melancholy is no longer a cult. There is too much sunshine in the world for us to have any patience with the melancholy that carefully cultivates melancholy instead of philosophy, and we should regard a woman who let a single unfortunate love episode blight her life as a subject for the home for the feeble-minded instead of an object to cherish. Hence the lachrymose lady has wrapped her three-yard-long crepe veil around her and stolen away into the land of usefulness.

And the dear old grandmother, the grandmother who at forty or forty-five years of age was done with the world and ready for the chimney corner and stove, and who asked nothing else of life but the pleasure of taking care of her children's children and tucking them into their little beds and telling them their bedtime stories. Grandma just had one little dress, a good black silk, because she was too old for the frivolity of clothes, and the said black silk had a cavernous pocket in which she carried a rattle for the baby to cut its teeth on, and a little comb for Sally, and a ball or string for Charlie, and a paper of peppermint drops that she doled out to the kiddies and soiled herself with, or weep.

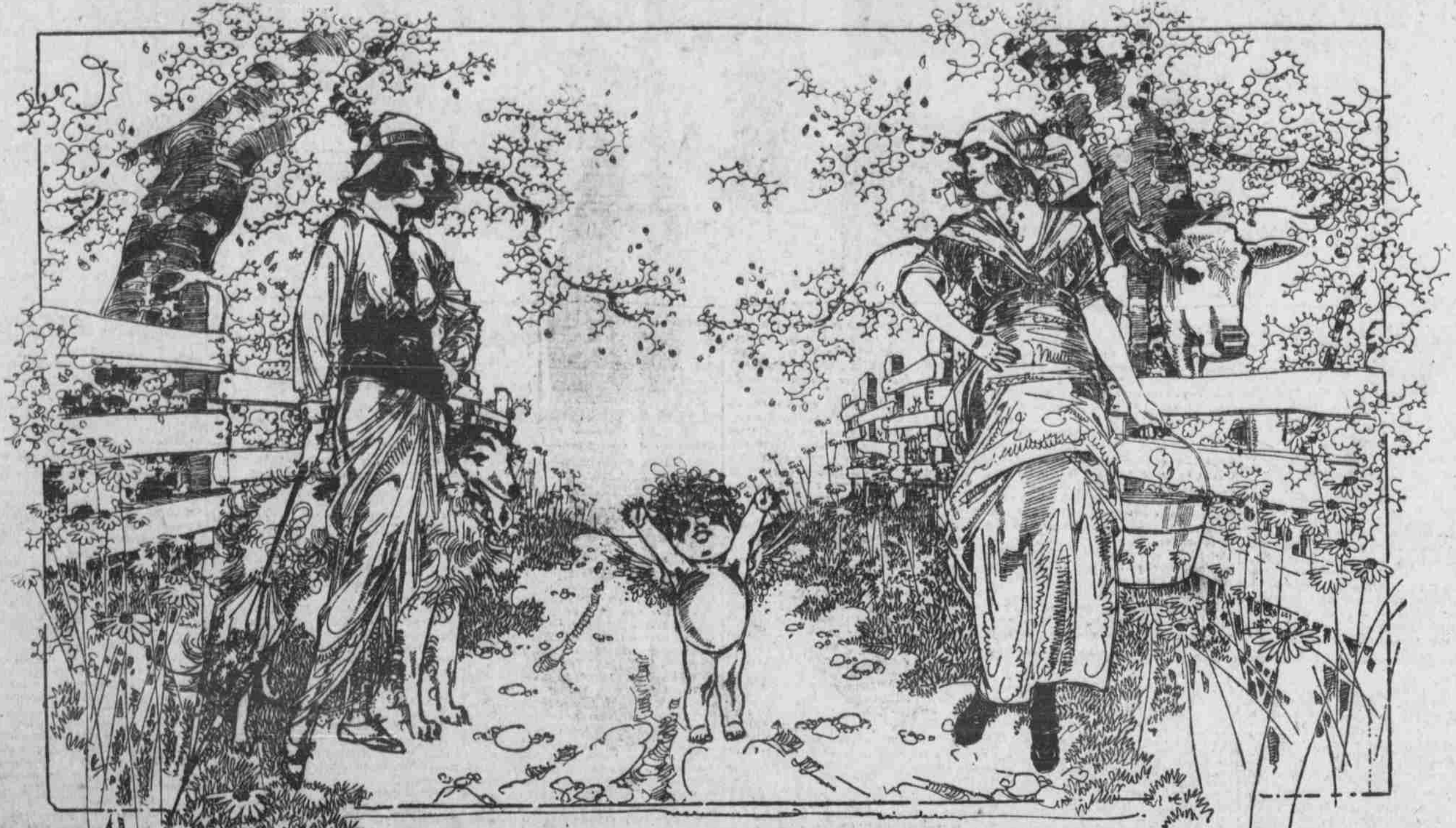
Where's grandma? Dancing the tango, paddling about Europe, going to the theater, running clubs, doing all the things she didn't have time to do when she was bringing up a family, and believe me, there's no room in grandma's split skirts for any sort of a pocket.

Grandmother is not raising her grand-children now. She's taking their own mother attend to that, and one modern grandmother recently refused to live with her daughter on the ground that the daughter lived too quietly to suit her. All of which goes to prove that the old order changeth, and that certain types of the women of the past have actually become extinct.

Love Is No "Royalist"

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By Nell Brinkley



The son of Venus has no favorites—save that he has a weakness for light-heeled youth. He is no "royalist." He tramps the world over—with the gypsy song-of-the-road on his luring lips and all youth holds a call for him. In the winding way of the country lane he meets them in the summer twilight—the partizan and the milkmaid—the princess and Cinderella. One's hands are still wet with warm milk—her hair blown about her warm cheeks—her bonnet and looped-back gown are gingham and calico, and her shoes are heavy and rough for the ruts of the road and the stones of the pasture lot. Here trudges the Cinderella, strong of arm, rosy, unglorified of either nail or manner,

pretty and (in the eyes of the princess) poor! The other's hands are tired from the grip of the tennis racquet and the golf stick. She and her wolf-hound come from the big summer hotel that caps the hill above the river to look for "rustics" and rabbits; her slouch hat and her frock are real Panama and hand-woven linen, her shoes aristocratic little affairs of buck, English cut. Here strides (with the debatable slouch) the princess, smooth of flesh, slim and beautifully groomed, polished, fine-grained, pretty and (in the eyes of Cinderella) fortunate. But the tramp-son of Venus comes down the ruts of the road—naked and poor and singing. And he sees no difference in the two. He is

no royalist. His eyes flash from one to the other—youth they have and womanhood—and he, the fire-eating hot-spur, the madcap knight-errant, cares for nothing else—he holds a hand to each and dowers them alike.

So, please, if you are a little brown bird of a girl and you worry that Love may pass you by because you have no rainbow plumage, remember that love is no snob!—he loves the wood-dove as much as the peacock—he sits on his throne with the sober-hued one in one soft arm and the gorgeous bird in the other, and he caresses and gives to both alike!

NELL BRINKLEY.

The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

"Me and Maxine was out in the rural districts last week for the week-end," said the Manicure Lady. "We was visiting with our Aunt Della, who is married to a gent that is in the agricultural business, trying to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before, and all that sort of thing."

"Do you mean he is a farmer?" asked the Head Barber. "Yes, if the other ain't good enough English for you," replied the Manicure Lady. "I mean that my Uncle Jason is a tiller of the soil, a Jasper, a buck-wheat, a Zeke, or any one of the names that the so-called wise guys in the city call a farmer. He has money, he has bank, a fine farm, plenty of live stock and dead ones to feed them, lots to eat for himself and his family, and no mortgage to haunt him like one of them bank-ghosts, or whatever it was that Shakespeare called spooks."

"Pretty soft for him," said the Head Barber, enviously. "You said something," agreed the Manicure Lady. "It is pretty soft for him and for his wife and kids. Aunt Della was telling me that she was worried about her daughter not getting a fine enough education in the country, and she is going to send her to the big town to get the finishing touches. She asked me if I knew of a good finishing school, and I told her that the high school was my finishing school, because when I had went through that I had to finish and get some of a girl that was born in the country and has always lived there natural going to the city to a finishing school."

"There ain't none," declared the Head Barber. "What good would her finishing do her if she had to go back and marry one of her own natural kind?" "That is just what I tried to tell my aunt," said the Manicure Lady. "I got Maxine to talk the same way to her, but the poor woman feels that she won't be doing the square thing by her daughter if she don't give her all that polish she was never able to get in her own fonder days."

"There ain't nothing to this here polish," asserted the Head Barber. "That is why there is so much more crime in the cities than there is in the country. In the cities there is too much polish and not enough polish. I have saw a lot of polished ladies and gents in my time, and they fell awful when I compared them with my unpolished father and mother. Thank the stars my wife never went to no finishing school. The only signs of polish that she shows is when she keeps the flat all polished up nice, and the dishes that we eat off of, and that sort of polish. Any other kind of polish is like the kind that kid ever in the newspaper is passing on that pile of old shoes. If you want to be a lady, you better, and I don't fool nobody. Try a shampoo, sir!"

What Dancing Will Do for You :- By Marguerite St. Claire

Why It Makes You Happy, Healthy and Wise

(Of "The Queen of the Movies" Co.)

Dancing is the most wonderful controlling agent in the world. Why, I have danced since early childhood and today I know that there is absolutely nothing in the world that the power of dancing cannot control. Its influence is limitless.

In the broad definition of the term, control means holding in check, making for normal conditions every time. And first of all dancing controls the physical end of life, keeps the body normal by changing all superfluous fat to muscle. Girls who don't dance are all afraid of having too much muscle. Why, I have known some of my most intimate friends to declare that it took away from the softer more feminine outlines to have any hardening of the muscles in the body of a girl. You see, in cases like this, people don't take into consideration the power of control. They draw conclusions from girls who have exercised beyond the normal amount. But truthfully speaking I don't think it is possible to put any kind of limit to dancing. If a girl feels that she is overdoing it, it is time to stop, but it is not possible to overdo in this respect if the rest of the body is kept properly nourished, and if the mind is kept free from worry. True success in life means a proper maintaining of the fit proportion of things.

Dancing extends its power of control to the mind and brings about the proper relationship between the mind and the nerves. A girl who dances naturally, and I have known many of them, is never unhappy for long, principally because she is normal. Her body is physically perfect, she has no real illness of any kind to bother with, and therefore imaginative worries, if they come at all, slip on and out again without being noticed, and therefore without leaving any traces behind them. I have been asked so many times if I smile because I am supposed to, or because I really feel that way, to tell the truth, I smile because I can't help it, and I smile all the while. I think my natural look of happiness is really inspiring in some poor people who allow little every-day worries to get a foothold in their thoughts. I know that I am known to a great many people on the girl with the toothpowder smile. But I can't help thinking that it's worth while to feel so happy inwardly that you show it outwardly without an effort of any kind.

Dancing is my controlling agent; it keeps me from indulging in what kind of a dance and indulging in, from the



"I Smile Because I Can't Help It."

"Dancing Makes You Normal."

simple home calisthenic movements to the most elaborate dancing of the stage. It has all the same meaning to me. Through dancing I am strong and well.

sters collided with the word "notwithstanding." Immediately, the teacher dropped upon it as a ripe subject for an example. "Children," said she, with an impressive glance at the class, "we have here the word 'notwithstanding.' Can any little boy or girl give me a sentence containing it?" Came a moment of intense silence. Every little mind was churning hard.

Then the hand of Willie Jones shot up and vigorously wriggled. "I've got one, Miss Mary," exclaimed Willie on receiving recognition. "Very well, Willie," smiled the teacher encouragingly. "You may tell it to the class." "The man's trousers were worn out, not with standing," was the triumphant rejoinder of Willie.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Risking Lives for Eggs

By GARRETT P. SERVIS.

Only three emperor's eggs! Just three eggs of the emperor penguin—the unshivering monarch of the world, of ice—stolen from their nest in the midst of the spectral polar night within a few degrees of the frozen Antarctic hub of the earth, when the thermometer sank more than 100 points below freezing. That was the prize.

A tramp of 200 miles through the endless dark that no sunrise interrupts for months, a tramp with struggling dogs and creaking sledges, over hummocks of ice as hard as granite, over hidden crevasses that might swallow an army, over ice-floes pressed together and awelled into ridges above the roofed sea beneath: a tramp amid blizzards that swept away tents and huts, at times without food, at times without knowledge of their way through the blinding, maddening storm, and the awful, paralyzing cold. This is the way the prize was won.

The winners were a "scientific party" detached from Captain Scott's unfortunate but immortal South Polar expedition. I am of General Greely's opinion that the "physical experiences" of the

party that went on to the pole and found itself beaten at that goal by Amundsen and Scott, suffering that did this marvellous journey "for strictly scientific purposes to the penguin rookery at Cape Crozier."

They had to do it in midwinter, which means midnight in the Polar regions, because the emperor penguin, a bird that gets its name from its picturesque dress and its majestic and pensive air, in both of which it seems to mimic the first Napoleon, chooses, for reasons known only to itself and to nature, to do its nesting in the height of the coldest season of the year, in places where temperatures of 70 degrees below freezing, or 58 degrees below Fahrenheit zero, are almost every-day experiences.

But why should men's lives be risked and terrible sufferings endured for the sake of getting three unshattered eggs from the breeding nest of an unsovereign big bird that does not show itself outside the Antarctic continent, that is not good for eating, and that can never be raised in a barnyard, or kept in a menagerie to be stared at?

Because the emperor penguin—and nobody knows exactly why; it is another of those unsolved mysteries which make the Antarctic so fascinating—is a remarkably close relative of the earliest form of bird. But birds, paleontologists tell us, arose by evolution out of reptiles, and one of the most significant facts known about evolution is that in the development of the embryo, or egg form, of animals, a brief history, a kind of condensed representation, of the long processes of change which their ancestors have undergone is to be found.

So the three eggs of the emperor penguin, procured at the expense of so much risk and suffering by Captain Scott's expedition, are of immense scientific interest, and the result of their careful study might, conceivably, be to open up a wonderful vista through the mists of geological time.

The south pole, with the astonishing continent that surrounds it, has made a deep impression upon the imagination of mankind. Long chapters of earth-history are buried there, and strange survivals and relics of its former days come to light with every new expedition. It was not merely here warship that filled the great hall of the Sorbonne in Paris the other day with enthusiastic thousands assembled to greet Commander Evans, of Scott's party, or that brought the president of the French Republic there with a cross of the Legion of Honor in his pocket, ready to be pinned with his own hands to the coat lapel of that English sailor. It was the feeling that some day something wonderful is coming up to us out of the far south; something which may not only open a new volume of science, but may powerfully affect the everyday life of the now inhabited parts of the globe. Everything, so far, indicates that the Antarctic continent is a land of lost and hidden treasure.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Learn, by All Means.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man, 19 years old, and have been keeping company with a few young ladies, but cannot keep up with them because I cannot dance. A chum of mine said, "Jack, you will never be able to keep company with young ladies unless you learn to dance."

Please advise me whether I shall learn to dance or not. JACK.

The dance was never more popular an amusement than it is today. Learn, by all means. If you make sure of good associates, you will find it both a harmless and entertaining diversion.

He Doubts Himself.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young widow, 20 years of age, and am keeping company with a man who is twenty-eight years older than I. He loves me and I love him, but he thinks the difference in our ages too great for my love to last. I cannot think of it the way he does.

ANXIOUS.

The man is not sure of his love or he would have no doubt of your future happiness together. Don't influence him against his best judgment. He may resent such influence in time.