

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Ah, Yes! Our Happy Home

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Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



Mamma's Boy

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

When he was a child, he was mamma's boy. The servants trembled at his coming; everybody deferred to him; he always had his own way, and now that he was six feet tall he expects the same condition should apply. But they don't.

He is a connoisseur in fine wines, liquors and cigars. He is caressed at night and sleeps in the day. He is apt to be a thorough paced clubman; invents a new rum-punch, and knows all the secrets of the chafing dish.

When a place is gotten him in the army his superiors soon see his worthlessness, and inasmuch as he has a pedigree, in deference to his kinsmen he is let down and sent very gently.

If he tries the church, the bishop soon takes his measure, and is sorry, very sorry, etc.

The fellow continues to drink, but shifts from wine to "Scotch." He is familiar with the pick-me-up, and can give any druggist pointers in dope.

The monthly allowance from his parents is gambled away, and debts accumulate. He's getting to be a nuisance; his parents fear him; his brothers shun him; he gets blacklisted by merchants, and at the club he is falling below par.

What must be done with mamma's boy? Why, make a remittance man of him—it's the only thing to do. A passage ticket to Quebec is secured, the youth is given 10 guineas in cash, and sails away. You always find him in the steamer's smoking room, and there does he order up his favorite tipples and shuffle paste-board.

Usually on board ship there are men who make a pretense of imbibing "Scotch," and who also shuffle paste-board, and these men soon relieve the remittance man of the 10 guineas his mamma gave him.

He lands in Quebec shaky in nerves and empty in pocket; but on applying to a certain barrister, to whom he has a letter, it is found that 10 more guineas have been remitted for him. He takes the money, goes forth to the club, and—*adieu!*

At the end of the month he is again very shaky and penniless. But promptly on the first of the month another small remittance comes for him, and also a railroad ticket to Seattle.

Our remittance man complains bitterly because the remittance is so small, but in his own heart he knows that if it were fifty times as much it would go as quickly. The intent of his parent is to postpone delirium tremens. They believe there is safety in motion.

And then he does not want to go to Seattle, but he must go to Seattle, because advices say a remittance has been sent on there for him in care of a certain banker, and to stay here is to starve.

He goes to Seattle, and the Quebec experience is repeated. And so he is sent on to Australia, New Zealand, Hong Kong, Japan and wherever his guardians wish a remittance always ahead, like that sheaf of oats in front of the donkey.

The last time I crossed the Atlantic there was one on the ship of a little better intellectual grade than I had met before. He had been an Eton boy, graduated at Oxford and was educated for the church. He laughingly told his new-found friends in the smoking room he had gone round the globe six times as a remittance man. On the fourth day he told me all of his money was spent—ten guineas—gambled away and gone for strong drink. The ship's steward would not supply him with more whiskey, and he said that if he could not borrow money from some one on the boat he would jump overboard.

He was placed in the doctor's care, and after a few hours became calm. Someone suggested that the man be given his liberty, just to see if he would make good his threat to jump overboard. But the captain had the good name of his ship at stake, so he detailed two sailors to watch the man—one always on duty.

Arriving at New York, I went with him to call on his lawyer; sure enough, the \$9 was there all right. And now my friend went to Chicago. But Matteawan is his final destination.

Here we get an object lesson of what happens when we do too much for a youth. Give your boys a chance to earn money, and let them learn its value by buying and paying for the things they want. And also let them get the savings bank habit.

To "give" an education is as bad as to give anything else. An education should be an achievement and not a gift.

Are the rich people of America raising up a race of remittance men? Some of them are. Instinctively, some of them are. When we do too much for a child, he will never do much for himself. Safety lies in the work habit.

Then you know the motto of All Baba, the Sage: "If the devil finds you little he will set you to work as sure as hell."

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Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"Speak for Yourself, John."

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 21 and deeply in love with a girl of 18. I kept company with her last summer. We got into a quarrel about four months ago. Three days ago I sent her a postal card saying that I wanted to make up. She sent me a postal saying that she would meet me at a dance, and I sent over a friend to tell her I wanted to talk to her, but she refused.

You made a mistake in sending a postal or the friend; you must go to her and speak for yourself. And if you really desire a reconciliation, don't be a laggard.

Count Two and Twenty.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Being a young man though I am, I would like to know what is the best remedy for a quick temper and a bad temper? I am considerably good looking, well educated and smart in all respects. This is my only fault.

Display of Riches Sets Evil Example

Craving for Luxury Ruining American Women

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

"The first thing that impresses a foreigner in this country is the tremendous luxury one sees everywhere. But does this not set a terrible example to people of small means, and does it not make women very extravagant to see all this luxury constantly paraded before their eyes?"

Mme. Frieda Hemple asked the question today, and the daily papers answered her. They told the tale of the little shop-girl of 17, who, dazzled by all the beautiful things around her which she could not have, had trained herself systematically to be a pickpocket until she was caught by the police.

The newspapers told of Dr. Annetto Parry, who says that college girls demand an income of not less than \$10,000 when they marry, and college girls are supposed to think more of the higher life than of automobiles and other frivolous things.

As I related these incidents to Mme. Hemple, which point the way to the wind blows, the famous coloratura soprano, the rare star of the opera, gazed, looked at me with wide, astonished eyes.

"But that is dreadful. Ten thousand dollars? We have no women's colleges in Germany. Perhaps it's just as well. The women are allowed to study at many of the big universities, but there they get some idea of the average income of the university graduate, and they know enough not to expect the impossible."

The young prima donna is the simplest and most natural of persons. Her plain tailor suit, her smart little hat and a face quiet as nature made it, and very pretty in consequence, express a frank and sincere personality.

"The German girl marries for love (we are a sentimental nation), and if she gets love in return, that is enough," continued the singer.

"Of course, marriages are arranged in which money plays a great part. The girl brings the money to the young man, a title of great social position, but those are marriages of convenience."

"In all lands the rich man's wife will spend just as much as she can get. She does the same here as in Berlin and Paris. The reason there is so much luxury here is because there are more rich people, more rich men."

Madame Hemple disposed of the subject of luxury while in the lower parts of the town the streets were black with crowds of striking men and women, the very people who manufacture many of the "luxuries," and little Bessie Gartenberg was explaining to Justice Hoyt that it was "the easiest thing to pick pockets" and get money to buy the luxuries that she wanted.

The question of morals and economics in the day's news was too much of a problem for the singer of highest tone notes, as it is for most of us.

It is to be supposed that the man who made such an exhaustive study of the affectional nature of man in all ages believed, with the writer of this article, that there is no such sentiment as platonic love. The following letter, therefore, contains a question which cannot be satisfactorily answered:

"Will you please give me a full explanation of platonic love through the columns of your paper? I know this is a very deep subject, and one which is discussed very often, but all of my friends seem to have a different opinion of what they think it is. For this reason I submit it to you. What is platonic love?"



MME. FRIEDA HEMPLE.

"All this display of wealth is undoubtedly setting an unfortunate example because everyone wants what the others have. But American women look as if they got what they wanted, anyhow."

"The German prima donna went on: 'We all marvel that women of all stations in life are so perfectly dressed over here. To see the American woman at her best I think you must see her on horseback. There she is perfect. My one desire is to ride like an American woman. But don't ask me to be a suffragist.'"

Madame Hemple shuddered in horror at the very thought. "Anything but that! I have plenty of work to do without wanting to vote."

"After all, one should allow the men some advantages; we take so many for ourselves," she laughed, "and I know more about astronomy than suffrage or economics."

"Astronomy is my hobby. It is a marvelous science, and, oh, so difficult! You have to be a good deal of a mathematician, too, but all good musicians must be that. No economics, please—astronomy or dogs. I can discuss either." And this very clever singer smiled her adieu.

"The moment that necessity is felt by either one, friendship has crossed the danger line."

A man or woman may entertain a half dozen or a score of such friendships, according to his or her capabilities of human interest. A woman may enjoy meeting one man occasionally for his wit, another for his wisdom, another for his knowledge of the world, another for his agreeable social qualities. Not one is necessary to her life, yet all contribute to its entertainment. She would be glad

Emancipation for Women Near, as Domestic Science is Fast Banishing Their Slavery.

Deplorable Fact that Many Household Slaves Hesitate to Take Offered Freedom Through Blind Stupidity.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

People are always looking forward to that good time coming when the progress of invention will free life from the slavery of hard, grinding, physical labor. They are like a man loudly whistling for his dog, and then turning round, find it wagging its tail at his heels.

The good time coming is already here. The emancipation has actually begun. The inventors are striking off the shackles every day; but, strangely enough, thousands of the slaves of toil seem to be more afraid of suspicious or suspicious of their deliverers than of their pitiless master.

This is especially true of the one place where it ought not to be true at all, and that is in the household. The willing, tireless, giant of the machine does nearly all the mechanical work in the shops, in the barns, but in the home, where the burden rests upon the backs of women, the emancipation has been far less rapid and complete than it ought to be.

In looking over the list of tested and approved devices for household use published every month in Good Housekeeping Magazine, and collected from time to time in the bulletins of Good Housekeeping Institute, and then observing the relatively little work that is made of these things in many thousands of households, one can only feel astonished at such an exhibition of blind conservatism if it should not rather be called stupidity.

Certainly more than half the deadly weariness that overwhelms so many women could be avoided. If the inventors for their benefit were fully availed of, the old, foolish prejudice against machines still exists to a lamentable extent in the household after it has disappeared elsewhere. Thousands of unnecessary steps and unnecessary movements of tired muscles could be saved every day if women would only employ the means that inventors have placed at their disposal.

The majority of them are not costly, and it is a moderate estimate to say that every dollar expended for such devices will save \$2 worth of time and labor. And generally the machine does the work better than it can be done by hand. It would pay every housewife to instruct herself concerning these innumerable devices, and then, if she does not employ them to save her own weary back, teach her servants how to use them intelligently. The house in which labor-saving machines abound is cleaner, healthier and more cheerful for its presence.

Health is the foundation of all good looks. The wise woman realizes this and takes precautions to preserve her health and strength through the period of child bearing. She remains a pretty mother by avoiding as far as possible the suffering and dangers of such occasions. This every woman may do through the use of Mother's Friend, a remedy that has been so long in use, and accomplished so much good, that it is in no sense an experiment, but a preparation which always produces the best results. It is for external application and so penetrating in its nature as to thoroughly lubricate every muscle, nerve and tendon involved during the period before baby comes. It aids nature by expanding the skin and tissues, relieves tenderness and soreness, and perfectly prepares the system for natural and safe motherhood. Mother's Friend has been used and endorsed by thousands of mothers, and its use will prove a comfort and benefit to any woman in need of such a remedy. Mother's Friend is sold at drug stores. Write for free book of expectant mothers, which contains much valuable information.

TRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Just run your eye over the list of household devices that have already been tested and found efficient, and then count up the number that you yourself employ. You may find that you are away behind the age. You may discover the reason why your neighbor's house looks smarter than yours, while she herself has more time to enjoy the really good things of life.

To take the first thing that comes to mind—what can be more painful among the spectacles of common life than to see a woman on her knees scrubbing a scrubbing a dirty floor? It is a sight that ought not to exist in any civilized country, and there is no longer any necessity for its existence. All that ablating work can now be done with automatic floor scrubbers, which cost but a trifle.

I look out of a back window, and across the yards I see a woman painfully pulling and stretching upon her clothes lines for half an hour and then holding her sides from sheer weariness and lack of breath, and I feel like shouting to her: "For 75 cents you can get a device that will save you all that time and hard work!"

The terror of life in a hot kitchen has been eliminated for those who have learned to employ some of the many automatic heaters, cookers, bakers, broilers, washers, wringers, sprinklers, ironers, coal sifters, etc., that modern inventive science has provided.

If you have electricity in your house you will find that it is the most wonderful servant that the imagination could conceive, capable of turning its hand to almost any work, with the aid of devices that are astonishing in their simplicity.

The horrors of sweeping day have been banished by vacuum cleaners, which scatter no dust and no germs. Even a mop may now be wrung without stooping or touching it with your hands, and your silverware can be cleaned and brightened almost in a minute by galvanic action. Clothes can be washed without friction, and ironed with electric heat.

You can boil a pint of water for instant use with a little device that might be carried in the pocket; you can have bread toasted, coffee made, and eggs boiled at your bedside, and you can get a machine that will wash, cleanse, purify and cool the air in your room without making a draft or costing any labor of human muscles.

These are a few among hundreds of benefits that household science now offers—why should anybody be without them? To possess them means economy and freedom.

Pretty Mothers

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Ella Wheeler Wilcox on Platonic Love

No Such Thing Exists—Trying to Cultivate This Sentiment is a Dangerous Experiment

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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"Of all the rhetorical commonplace in literature and conversation, none is more frequently repeated than the assertion that love, as depicted in a thousand novels and poems every year, has existed at all times, and in every country immutably as the mountains and the stars, but romantic love is a modern sentiment, less than a thousand years old."

Not till Dante's "Vita Nuova" appeared was the precept of modern love—the romantic adoration of a maiden by a youth—revealed for the first time in definite language. Genius, however, is always in advance of its age, in emotions as well as in thoughts, and the feeling experienced by Dante were obviously not shared by his contemporaries who found them too subtle and sublimated for their comprehension. And, in fact, they were too ethereal to quite correspond with reality. The strings of

Dante's lyre were strung too high and touched by his magic hand, gave forth harmonic overtones too celestial for mundane ears to hear.—Henry T. Ploek, in "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty."

This curious and interesting old book which deals with all phases and attributes of love, has nothing whatever to say of platonic love.

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So platonic love is a deep subject! I beg leave to differ with my questioner on this point.

In truth, I hold platonic love to be as shallow that it can be seen through at a glance.

It does not exist. There is no such thing. There is a friendship possible be-

tween man and woman. It is a mental comradeship, or admiration which does not call for actual association.

This man and woman are quite satisfied to hear of each other's health, happiness and success. Months, or even years, may intervene without their meeting, and they feel no sense of loss or loneliness. At times the thought may flash across either mind that it would be pleasant to meet and exchange greetings. But there is no pain in separation.

If either hears of the other's misfortune, loss or failure in any project, there is genuine regret and sympathetic sorrow.

When they meet, there is mutual pleasure and exchange of ideas and experiences, but no pain at parting, and no necessity is felt by either for a fixed date of meeting again.

The moment that necessity is felt by either one, friendship has crossed the danger line.

A man or woman may entertain a half dozen or a score of such friendships, according to his or her capabilities of human interest. A woman may enjoy meeting one man occasionally for his wit, another for his wisdom, another for his knowledge of the world, another for his agreeable social qualities. Not one is necessary to her life, yet all contribute to its entertainment. She would be glad

of the good fortunes of any one, sorry for his misfortune.

She would in any favor consistent with good taste for any one of them. She would be saddened by the death of any one of them, yet the loss would not shadow her life.

This is my idea of wholesome, sincere friendship between man and woman. It is in no sense platonic love.

When a man becomes in any way necessary to a woman or a woman to a man, the tie is no longer mere "friendship," nor can any trumped-up makeshift of "platonic" disguise its real nature.

When any human being becomes a part of your plans for pleasure or happiness each day, or each week, or each month, there is danger ahead for you, if that being is of the opposite sex and not related to you by blood ties.

However mental, spiritual or high-minded a man and woman may be, there can be no continued pleasure in repeated association which does not contain an element of the senses.

Selfish, self-indulgent men will tell you there is not a word of truth in what I say; dear madam; but they know every word of it is true. And if you allow any one of them to undertake to prove the existence of "platonic love" to you, you, too, will find to your sorrow how correct my estimate is.

HAPPY THO' MARRIED?

There are unhappy married lives, but a large percentage of these unhappy homes are due to the illness of the wife, mother or daughter. The feeling of nervousness, the befogged mind, the ill-temper, the pale and wrinkled face, hollow and sunken eyes, result most often from those disorders peculiar to women. For the woman to be happy and good-looking she must naturally have good health. Dragging-down feelings, hysteria, hot-flashes or constantly returning pains and aches—are too great a drain upon a woman's vitality and strength. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription restores weak and sick women to sound health by regulating and correcting the local disorders which are generally responsible for the above distressing symptoms.

"I suffered greatly for a number of years and for the past three years so bad that life was a misery to me," writes Mrs. B. F. Crockett, of Ulica, Ohio, Route 4. "The doctors told me I would have to go to a hospital before I would ever be better. A year ago this winter and spring I was worse than ever before. At each period I suffered like one in torment. I am the mother of six children. I was so bad for five months that I knew something must be done, so I wrote to Dr. E. V. Pierce, telling him as nearly as I could how I suffered. He outlined a course of treatment which I followed to the letter. I took two bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and one of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and a fifty-cent bottle of 'Smart-Weed,' and have never suffered much since. I wish I could tell every suffering woman the world over what a boon Dr. Pierce's medicines are. There is no use wasting time and money doctoring with anything else or any one else."

The Medical Adviser by R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y., answers hosts of delicate questions about which women are always in doubt. Sent free on receipt of 31 stamps to pay for wrapping and mailing only.

Dr. Pierce's