

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

DOROTHY DIX TELLS OF A Legal Ruling Marking Chalk Line for Mother-in-Law

By DOROTHY DIX.
Supreme Court Justice Crain of Brooklyn has just settled the domestic problem of the ages, and laid down the law for mothers-in-law. It is, in effect, that the mother-in-law must preserve a strictly hands-off attitude when she lives with her children, and especially must she be careful to keep fingers out of her daughter-in-law's pie.



In the case before him a woman, who had left her husband because he insisted upon having his mother live with them, was suing for support. The man was poor and unable to maintain the two women except under one roof. He refused to turn his feeble and helpless old mother out of doors to please his wife, so she packed up and left.

After considering both sides of the question the judge ruled that a wife has a right to leave the home of her husband if her mother-in-law causes friction in the household, and in rendering this decision he mapped out the chalk line that all mothers-in-law must follow. He said:

"She can have no say whatever regarding the management and control of the home; this belongs to the wife, and if the husband's mother makes discord where there should be harmony, interferes with the wife's control and management, even at the request of her son, or by her own improper conduct and thoughtless language makes the home unpleasant and distressing to the defendant, then the wife would be justified in leaving her husband and requiring support from him elsewhere."

This is an admirable and just decision that would cause the dove of peace to flutter back and roost again over many a tempestuous household, if it could only be enforced. But all of the laws and the statutes ever promulgated since the beginning of courts could no more stop an interfering woman from meddling with her daughter-in-law's affairs and handing out unsought advice than a child's dille of sand on the seashore would keep back the ocean in a storm.

Nor can any injunction restrain a daughter-in-law's impatience with her mother-in-law, or make her more courteous of speech and considerate, or give her the intelligence to perceive that age and experience, of themselves, bring wisdom, and that no matter how much more education in books or better social advantages she may have had, that the older woman can teach her many things that she needs to know, and that new ways are not always the best ways.

Life is so short, and all that we get out of it is just our daily happiness, that it seems but just and fair that this should not be spoiled by our being compelled to live in the house with those who antagonize us at every step, and who are an ever present thorn in the flesh. This is what the presence of his mother-in-law in the home means to many a man, and what her mother-in-law is to most women.

In view of that no one can dissent from the justice of the judge's decision that a man or woman is not bound legally to live with his or her mother-in-law unless it is agreeable to do so.

But the law of the land is curiously impotent to settle this most delicate and tragic of all domestic problems. A woman may force her husband to send the old woman who has borne him away from his home, but no edict of court can keep him from hating her for doing so. A man may refuse shelter to his wife's poor old mother, but no law can give back the respect and honor that he has forfeited in his wife's esteem when he does it.

It is a strange thing that men and women never seem to realize that there is nothing else on earth that they could possibly do that would so crown them with a halo in their wives' and husbands' eyes as just to be good and kind to their mothers-in-law. A woman will take the gift of diamonds and automobiles from her husband, but no law can give back the respect and honor that he has forfeited in his wife's esteem when he does it.

Healthy Mothers

Women who bear children and remain healthy are those who prepare their systems in advance of baby's coming. Unless the mother aids nature in its pre-natal work the crisis finds her system unequal to the demands made upon it, and she is left with weakened health or chronic ailments. No remedy is so truly a help to nature as Mother's Friend and no expectant mother should fail to use it. It relieves the pain and discomfort caused by the strain of the ligaments, makes pliant and elastic those fibres and muscles which nature is expanding, prevents numbness of limbs, and soothes the inflammation of breast glands. The system being thus prepared by Mother's Friend dispels the fear that the crisis may not be safely met. Mother's Friend assures a speedy and complete recovery for the mother, and she is left a healthy woman to enjoy the rearing of her child. Mother's Friend is sold at drug stores. Write for our free book for expectant mothers which contains much valuable information, and many suggestions of a helpful nature.

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tender toward her mother and she can't tell you about it without her eyes filling up with tears of gratitude. A woman may work her fingers to the bone for her husband and he won't notice it, but let her be sweet to dutiful to his mother and she has forged a bond between them that not all the stress extant could break.

It is a pretty poor, mean, disloyal man or woman who doesn't love his or her mother, and who hasn't an appreciation of the sacrifices, and the toil, and the unselfish devotion that that mother has given to make the man or woman what he or she is. It is one of the noblest and most inextinguishable sentiments of the human heart, and the wonder is that any wife or any husband ever dares to trample upon it.

As a matter of fact we do trample upon it at our peril. No man but whose affection for his wife is blighted by her ill treatment of his mother, no woman but whose love and respect for her husband are hurt beyond repair by his insults to her mother.

A curious phase of the eternal quarrel between the mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law is that they never seem to realize that the real victim in the case is not either of them themselves, but the poor unfortunate man who is trying his best to do his duty by both wife and mother. It is he who suffers and it is the irony of fate that not his greatest enemy could do him so deadly a harm as the women do who love him best.

It would seem that when a mother has to live in her son's house she would have affection enough for him to refrain from meddling with the housekeeping, or criticizing his wife's management, or trying to dictate how the children shall be raised. But she seldom does. One would think that when a wife has to live with her husband's mother she would be anxious enough for his happiness to take the trouble to use a little diplomacy in getting along with an old and crochety woman. But she doesn't and so the miserable man is ground to pieces between the upper and nether millstones.

The in-law question causes more unhappiness than anything else in the world, but it will never be settled by law. It is only love that is wise enough to solve it.



Photo Essex - Made Decollet

Daily Fashions

By LA RACONTEUSE.

Evening gown of amethyst "velvet." The fullness of the back is given by the width of the upper part, which is cut in one with the front; are straight and bordered by a band of ermine, which finishes the fullness of the back, which is finished by a small train bordered by a band of ermine.

Musings of a Cynic.

Most of us know when to stop—after it's too late.

A practical joke, like most things, is only funny on one side.

Only a man who is afraid to take a chance loses his money on a sure thing.

A married man seldom has as much respect for his wife as he has for his wife's husband.

It is quite possible for a fellow to be continually broke without slandering any traditions.

The fellow who keeps his head above water isn't the one who lets the grass grow under his feet.

After all there isn't a great deal of difference between being lucky and having a bit of common sense.

It's a poor rule that won't work both ways, but drinking to a man's health isn't going to improve your own.

You can't always tell by appearances. The weakest sometimes carry around the king of opinions of themselves—New York Times

"Utilize Nature's Gifts to Better Yourself" Woman Editor Tells Maxims for Success

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

Forteen years ago a woman set out to provide for herself and her two children. She had only \$30 in money, but she did have an idea.

Today Mrs. Elizabeth Towne is the editor of a successful magazine, "Nautilus," is a writer of books translated into all languages; is a mighty clever business woman and one of the biggest lights of the New Thought Movement, and the leadership of the Federation of New Thought Societies has been offered her.

Mrs. Towne has demonstrated her idea in a practical way and she has taught millions of others to do the same. She has taught them to use the great natural forces to help themselves. Her philosophy helps people to overcome obstacles because she has proved it and overcome those obstacles herself. It is not a matter of mushy meditation. She teaches courage, self-dependence, work and success.

Elizabeth Towne looks exactly like what she is. She simply radiates health and energy, magnetism and enthusiasm. She gives you a pleasant warming, humanizing sensation like a nice open fire on a bitter cold day.

A slight abruptness is an agreeable relief after the go-say saccharine manner affected by so many of our best known speakers.

She was born in 1865, so you can figure out how old she is—not that it matters with her. Her complexion is as fair as a girl's and her eyes twinkle with merriment and kindness.

We were having luncheon together at Mrs. Towne's home from Holyoke, Mass., for a few days to deliver a lecture and catch up with theaters, exhibitions, etc.

I had asked Mrs. Towne to tell me why so many people in the world seemed to be forced to do the very thing they don't want to do, no matter how much they set their minds on the work they want.

My illustration was a young man, a trained violinist, who had been forced to give up his career and become a clerk, for lack of influence and money.

"Did you ever learn to play the piano? Well you had to study five finger exercises, didn't you? Had to do them for a long time, so that when you finally got a piece your fingers would not stumble, well, the work we have to do against our will—that is life's five finger exercises."

"This was Mrs. Towne's crisp answer. "All my life, though, I've had the work I am now doing, or going to do, as an ideal in mind, but I've had to do all kinds of other things. As soon as I learned to do one thing well that was taken away, and I got another set of five finger exercises. Finally, I learned that these are our lessons, and that we must do them over and over again in the same or in slightly different forms as long as we hate the lesson and do it badly."

"Only when we begin to take a real joy and get some satisfaction in doing that work artistically, that is, perfectly, will we find the door to other and greater work open to us. As for your violinist, he will play the better for his lesson in the shop."

"New thought is old, though Burbanked," Mrs. Towne explained later. "What Luther Burbank did for the cactus, making it edible and consequently useful, that is what New Thought has done for Old Thought. It has vitalized it, made it forceful and real."

"As a matter of fact the name New Thought was used as early as 1890 when certain thinkers were seceding from the strict Calvinistic and Presbyterian churches, and before the Unitarian church had been established.

"The same name has been given since to every new religious movement before it crystallized into a church."

Mrs. Towne is immensely practical. She has particularly strong, well-knit hands, and there are few things that she is not capable of making with them, from chicken coops to clothes. Those nice, white hands, on which several handsome rings sparkle, have had their lesson to learn, and they have learned and are scrubbed and etched and baked, and are none the worse for it, either. But those lessons are done.

"I believe in education through the hands, and I think that more emphasis will be put on manual work in future in the training of children. A child that learns how to make a straight line or put things in straight lines will be able to direct his thought in straight lines, too."

"We don't make thoughts. We manage them, and it is in managing the thoughts that come to us that we direct our lives. People don't get things by wishing for them; they get them by working for them."

Mrs. Towne has taught people to fight against adversity in terms and in ways that they can understand. Several millions of people have written her since she began writing, and one of the most



MRS. ELIZABETH TOWNE.

remarkable illustrations of her power of her work was given by a brakeman who had his legs cut off in a wreck. The doctors had to tell him that he would not live. "I will live," he said, and he did. Then he said that if you made up your mind to do a thing you could do it if you didn't give up. Elizabeth Towne had said so, and he believed her.

One thing Mrs. Towne believes in, and that is that no one can do another's work for him. She does not teach an easy way of evading the consequences of one's acts, but shoulder the consequences, learn the lesson and work out of those conditions into better ones.

Mrs. Towne is a woman of very wide interest. During the luncheon almost everything from the latest thing in silver cleaning devices to the newest "Futurist" and his painting was discussed with equal enthusiasm. She told of a delicious recipe for cooking bananas served with steak, of the evolution of the "democratic gown" and enough for the very highest and simplest enough for the humblest, of her work and some of her battles. The abundance of good will, magnetism and energy of her wholesome personality was like a fresh and invigorating breeze.

To the consensus of opinion. What all my friends voluntarily told me was booming. I knew was a success. I was wary of the apparel which I had to ask them about and which drew from them only a grudging "Yes, it is pretty." Or, "Yes, I think it quite becoming." One must allow for the politeness that covers the lie. When I found all my friends particularly liked a garment I made a sketch of it. I drew it as well as I could, front and back view, in detail, in a large notebook I called "My Book of Dresses." Beneath the sketch I wrote a brief description of it, telling its color and naming the fabric and price. So of hats and cloaks. I had there permanent models. I knew that whenever these styles recurred, and styles do recur with remarkable regularity, I need not trouble about their being becoming. I had only to copy them, modifying them a trifle, lest my neighbors should say, "Jennie's wearing that blue dress she had three years ago."

To prevent this I would have it made in a very different shade of blue, or perhaps, in brown.

In my "Book of Dresses" I made notes now of my decision and experience with dress. I find there, under "For Summer," "Always have a dress of dark material, say, blue pongee or black china silk or brown linen, that will be ready if the washerwoman fails you."

"And here's a warning drawn from experience: 'Don't depend on a left-over to carry you through the winter if the left-over is of soft silk. When they go, they go fast.'"

"The secret, then, of dressing well on little is: "Management," said the oracle. "Thought, fore and hind," said I.

A Hard Language.

"English and American are not the same language at all," said George Ade at a dinner. "What American knows any thing about food in the hole or bubble and squeak—they are not games, but dishes, or stings, which are undervests, or beer, which is never beer, but always ale or stout? If you want beer in England you must ask for lager, you know."

"No, sir; I couldn't find a black draught, but I gave him a double-six domino, and he's been going steadily downhill ever since."—Chicago Post.

Scientists' Recent Descent Into Fire-Breathing Vesuvius Nobler Token of Heroism Than Winning a Battle.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The most thrilling story that I have read recently is Prof. Mallard's account, in the Cosmopolitan magazine, of his descent into the fire-breathing Vesuvius. It is a bit of descriptive writing which hardly needs the aid of the startling photographs which accompany it in order to fill the reader with sensations that are not likely to come to him many times in his life.

It is very aptly compared to Dante's story of imaginary descent into Inferno. But it has the very great advantage of being a recital of actual facts.

Why did this man and his devoted assistant take their lives in their hands and let themselves down, with the aid of tarred ropes which might at any instant be burned off, a vertical distance of 1,275 feet, to the very bottom of the gullet of one of the most powerful and dreaded volcanoes on the face of the earth?

It was done solely for the sake of science. Prof. Mallard knew perfectly well that Vesuvius is preparing for another outbreak. It was for that reason that he made the descent. He and his companion saw on every side of them evidence of that preparation.

The throat of the volcano is growing hotter; jets of fuming, poisonous gases are pouring more and more abundantly from cracks and vents; slugs of dust and ashes shaken loose by the trembling of the monster leap roaring down the steep sides, here and there red-hot lava oozes out, the immense pressure bulges up the floor of the crater in the center, "like an enormous plum pudding," and everything indicates that at any moment a tremendous explosion may occur that will blow the entrails of the mountain miles skyward—and yet these men went on until they had plunged their thermometer into the very lowest of the rooking ventricles, and left their flag there to shiver in the hot blast as the mountain leaves his to freeze on the almost unscalable summit of some hitherto unclimbed peak!

What science gained by their adventure was a closer knowledge of the inner mechanism of a great volcano when it is gathering its forces for a new outbreak; what the world at large gained was a keener appreciation of the heroism of man when he masters his timidity and suppresses his fears in order to extend his knowledge.

It was as if two microscopic beings, inspired by the desire to expand their intelligence, should boldly explore the sputtering fuse of a bomb, knowing that it might touch the explosive before they could escape.

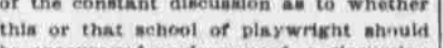
It seems to me that the Vesuvius observatory, which is the only one of its kind in the world, the only one that is continually inhabited, and that is never deserted even when a terrific eruption is in progress beneath and around it, is in many respects, the most imposing example of human heroism in existence.

I have twice visited it, once in the time of its founder, Prof. Palmieri, who astonished the world by pluckily staying up there among his instruments while the great eruption of 1872 was terrifying Naples.

And again soon after the mighty eruption of 1906, when Prof. Matteucci was in command of the little band of devoted scientists who refused to desert their posts while the villages on the mountain slope beneath them were being overwhelmed, one after another, by clouds of ashes and torrents of molten rock, and while the mountain about them seemed all in flames, and the observatory rocked with the explosions until the instruments, in some cases, were shaken from their pedestals, and the entire building appeared doomed to destruction.

During it all they remained cool, making photographs, measuring the height to which the volcanic bombs were shot around them, studying the courses and progress of the fiery rivers that flowed down on all sides of them, and, when their telegraph, frequently broken, could be operated, telegraphing to the frightened city, ten miles away, the latest state of the eruption. Sometimes for days and nights together they were cut off from all communication, and then, when they had been given up for lost, a cherty telegram would come down from Matteucci telling the anxious hearts below that all was well and that human intelligence was still in command on the raging mountain top!

After all, these are the things that give the brightest hope to humanity, not the wars, not the slaughters by sea and land, not the piling up of millions of treasures, not the contrivance of cunning methods of getting the better of one's fellow men, not the invention of thousands of ways to make life easier, and more selfish, and more grasping, but the discovery of new knowledge and the widening of the field of intelligence. The graves of Daphne, where luxury, pride, and profligacy reign, have multiplied all over the world since the pleasure-loving Antioch sank into ruin, but the man who turns his back upon them and gives his life to science is still the greatest of the earth's heroes.



Prof. Mallard

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Marrying a Girl Who Lives on Gaiety

By THE GENTLEWOMAN.

There is a great deal too much consequence attached nowadays to the stage as a serious factor in the life of the day. The majority of people are heartily tired of the constant discussion as to whether this or that school of playwright should be encouraged or denounced, a discussion which has, unhappily, been instrumental in making what is usually an extremely superficial class assume the role of important member of society. And this assumption of importance runs through all ranks of the dramatic profession, from the too too serious persons who mouth the incosequential absurdities of that most gifted of self-advertisers, George Bernard Shaw, down to the stupid, frivolous little creature who nightly sings in a more or less flat or sharp key the suggestive banalities of musical comedy.

The authors themselves, instead of being content, as their somewhat more illustrious predecessor, William Shakespeare, was, with being regarded as providers of amusement for the people, arrogate to themselves the position of keepers of the conscience of the nation, and the empty-headed type of a girl who lives on gaiety, breathing the spirit of importance assumed by the authors in question, and, unfortunately, by too many actors and actresses, regards herself as a very considerable asset in the matrimonial market, to be knocked down to the highest bidder.

Far be it from me to suggest a revival of the act of Parliament, a statute not yet repealed, which places all and sundry in connection with the stage in the category of rogues and vagabonds. A large section would no doubt rejoice in the appellation because of its distinctly Bohemian flavor and because of the truthfulness of the appellation. Still it would be grossly unfair, in pandering to the tastes of that section, to include the many thousands of conscientious artists who nightly fulfill their vocation with great ability and with a true and modest sense of the exact position they occupy in the world's eye. The one justification for the revival of the act would be to put in their places that small army of

ridiculous people who swarm our musical comedy stage, who consist for the most part of girls who want to be women and women who want to be girls, and whose nearest approach to the real thing is a fair imitation of the average wax-work but one seen in a Bond street window.

They constitute a menace to the society for a number of reasons. There is, unfortunately, a type of gilded youth who imagine that one of the principal conditions of life in town is to loiter outside a stage door in a gaudily equipped motor in order to take aboard as a necessary appendage to himself a golden-haired, short-skirted girl. He thinks that by doing so he is earning the, to him, enviable distinction of "seeing life." His callousness cannot see the mockery of it all, that what he conceives to be the "real thing," as he sportively calls it, is but "the seeming truth that cunning times put on to entrap the wisest;" that he is wasting his time, his energy, his virility and his substance. Some theatrical managers are known to boast of the number of girls they have been able to unite to families of distinction. One is known to have called his precious theater "the Debbrett matrimonial agency." There is much to be allowed for in the sowing of wild oats, but the nation, and especially our mothers, cannot but gaze with considerable anxiety at the spectacle which frequently presents itself of girls and women drawn from the doubtful atmosphere of the musical comedy footlights in order to become the other of our future manhood. As a rule the girl who lives on gaiety is the most selfish, superficial and insincere of creatures, and if he believes in the principle of heredity her frailties will inevitably be handed down to her children. If such unions do nothing worse than reproduce in the children the insane, demigay-demonstrating expression which the majority of girls who live by gaiety exhibit in their photographs, which certain of the picture papers and the shop windows show ad nauseam, a life-long wrong is done to their progeny. Fancy angels of children having a mother whose chief distinction was that she was famous for her "postcard smile!"

FOR THE WOMAN WHO THINKS AND FEELS.

Some women complain that they periodically suffer from dull and heavy feelings, or dizziness in the head, nervousness, pain and bearing-down feelings which should not occur to the normal healthy woman. But most every woman is subject to these pains at some time in her life, due to abnormal conditions in life, such as sore, over-taxed strength, bad air, poor or improper food, wet feet, sluggish liver, etc. A regulator and female tonic made from native medicinal roots with pure glycerin, and without the use of alcohol, called

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"Mrs. DONA M. MARVIN, of Auburn, Neb., Route 1, Box 24, says: 'I thought I would write you to suggest to what your medicine has done for me. I have used them for thirty years for female troubles and general weakness with the very best result, and they have saved me hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills. I buy the Favorite Prescription and General Medical Discovery in the best quantities, and I am very satisfied with your remedies and take pleasure in recommending them to my suffering lady. I am now almost fifty years old; at forty-five I took your medicine, both blood, and I passed that period very easily and left me fat and healthy. I feel like a young girl. If any lady cares to write me, I will gladly tell her more about the good work of your medicine.'"

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