# The Bee's Tome Magazine Page



# Dr. Friedmann and the Medical Ethics

By WINIFRED BLACK.

So they didn't want to let you show whether you could core the poor consumplives or not, did they, Dr. Friedmann? They didn't want you to try to turn

some poor desperate wretch's misery to half incredulous hope They couldn't think of allowing you to try your consumption cure for nothng, or for money.

What, let a foreigner come right nte New York and make people well! Not if the New York doctors could help it, and they

made it unpleasant didn't they. Dr. Friedmann? And so you had to wait, and you had to keep the sick waiting, while the little dectors of New York fought and squab-

ting you practice." Well, are you surprised at that? We're not, we Americans. We know our doctors and are used to them and their funny little ways.

bled and hemmed and hawed about "let-

A few years ago a great surgeon came west demonstrating a new way to make certain kinds of cripples walk. A poor little fellow who crawled out to sell papers every day went to the great doctor and asked if his was the kind of case the great surgeon could help.

He could scarcely bear to hear the answer for fear, but the answer was yes. and the little crippled boy crawled to his den in a dirty hole in the wall and could not sleep all night for joy.

There was a chance for him, an even chance, the great surgeon said. Maybe some day he might walk like other boys, might even run. What if he could play ball too, some time? Oh, rapturous thought!

But he talked, the little cripple. He told someone of his hope, and somebody told someone else, and in the morning when he crawled out, with his face shining, to get his chance, the local doctors were there and they would not let the great surgeon operate. He did not belong to the little one-horse medical society of the western state.

And the little cripple cried and begged. but the doctors stood firm. They would not let humanity come between them and their "medical etiquette," and the little ame boy crept to his den and cried, and soon after that he died.

Some thought his poor little disapointed seart was broken, but the doctors laughed at that idea. Anyhow, he died, and not one of the doctors who took his hope away from him even went to his forlors little funeral, and for his humble grave there was no single flower sent by any of those who were so afraid a "foreign surgeon" might help him to live and be

And in that very city not six months after all this happened, and was blazed abroad so that every one who could read knew all about it. I heard one of those very doctors make a beautiful speech, in which he deplored the lack o confidence of patients in their physicians and expressed himself as deeply grieved by the rise of what he was pleased to plain, everyday, unscientific" people can't call "all kinds of superstitious revolts help seeing that doctors are just about against honest medicine and the men who as human as anyone else, sometimes a

That's just it, gentlemen of the medical tors who think more of some little acted? Are you all buried so deep in trumpery "medical ethics" than they do some fusty old tradition or other that

MATERIALS

Number

Not always do the costlicat materials and the

With women who know, it is not the cost that counts—but the general style, the slight modifi-tation, the incidental little things. To these important "little" things, the Dress Materials Number of Vogue is dedicated.

NOW ON SALE

# Greek Dances Gave Maidens Their Grace and Beauty

Story by Margaret Hubbard Ayer. Sketch by Michelson.

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

HE fair maids of Greece did not have basket ball or tennis, but they had similar games and played them with expert grace.

The emmeleia was a sort of scarf dance executed by the young girls alone and danced with long veils to the music of their own songs or the flute of one of their number.

These scarfs were waved in just the same manner as we see the dancers manipulate them today, but the Greek girl was physically perfect and she was trained in athletics and in the grace of move-

She had the advantage over the modern girl who tries to imitate these dances because she had never worn a corset or high-heeled shoes.

All well formed people, who do not wear shoes, walk better than the most graceful woman who does, because few people have shoes that fit them, in the first place, and a shoe that is the least bit tight or too loose throws the body out of poise, placing the weight somewhere else than on the ball of the foot

The Greek girl had no tight clothing, and little of that, though she was not dressed as chilly as she looks. Their garments were generally of a warm wool material, and they soon became expert dyers, buying beautiful colors from the Phoenicians. So you can imagine them dressed in glowing shades of all kind

There was no stiff forms of etiquette in those days, and that made a great deal of difference. Girls are so often awkward because they are not sure of the dancing master rules of deportment, that came long afterward as part of court etiquette, and which drifted down to all peoples, and made them afraid to be natural because they might be set down as ignorant.

The maidens who danced the emmeleia on the green lawns were graceful because they were unconscious of anything but the joy of the dance, that celebrated the coming Spring.

Of all the descriptions in Homer's Odyssey there is none more beautiful than that of Nausicaa and her maidens playing ball on the shore and finding the shipwrecked hero among the bushes. You remember that the lovely Nausicaa was the daughter of the King and went down to the water's edge early one morning to wash the festival raiment with her maids. They accomplished their task and then bathed themselves, rubbed themselves with oil and ate their luncheon. Then they started to play ball on the sand where they had left the linen to bleach. One of the girls threw the ball into the bushes and when she went to get it Nausicaa, the King's daughter, discovered the other King, Ulysses, who had been tossed about for days on the ocean and was finally washed ashore by the god Neptune to be saved by Nausicaa and her dancing maids.



The maidens dancing the Emmeleia on the green lawns were graceful and unconscious of anything but the joy of the dance that celebrated the coming Spring

little more so.

This Friedmann business, now. Doctors, profession we don't revolt against honest honestly, aren't you just a little bit in medicine, but we do revolt against doc- the world ashamed of the way you have some fusty old tradition or other that
you don't see what such a performance
as that does to your credit, in the eyes
of plain people who don't always quite
of plain people who don't always quite of saving a human life, and somehow we you don't see what such a performance of plain people who don't always quite know what you mean by "ethics," and who would rather hear you talk less of "etiquette" and more of human suffering and how to relieve it?

What is it you care about anyway-What is it you care about anyway—Oh, the rapture that finds birth human life, human happiness, or just In the kiss of sun and earth! money, just position, just "medical

Three nurses went on the stand in a recent murder trial and testified that they left a certain case because they believed that the doctor in charge was poisoning the patient-and not one of those nurses has had a single day's work at ber profession since.

association of the state where they live, of battle in the I couldn't believe that, I wouldn't be- nostrils of the lieve it. Boycotted by honest doctors be- | warrior, urging cause they would not stand by and see a them onward? Do patient poisoned-as they thought. Why, they love money there must be some mistake, some rea- because it calls son we don't understand

A man told me he stood in the hall gies to win it, or outside an operating room in one of the because it gives big hospitals and heard two doctors jok. pleasure to others? ing as they washed their hands, because a woman they had just cut half to pieces without doubt. turned out to be absolutely healthy after who enjoy the all-and not in the least need of any kind strife and exciteof operation. Funny, they called it, ment of business, and the woman died and her little child in the street and with her. And the man who heard their market and shop "funny mistake" was the woman's hus. and factory, just

band. I thought he was half crazy when he told me that story, but now somehow, the fury of battle aside from any prin after this Friedmann affair, I begin to ciple involved. half believe him. And the nurses who are "boycotted" by the profession because they showed more interest in the patient's life than in the doctor's repuout that they really are boycotted after

Be careful, gentlement of the medical profession, remember the old, old story of the dog that dropped his finner to grab the shadow in the water. Shadows are abroad in the land. Don't clutch too eagerly at them, you may lose something that is worth having-the love, the confidence and the deep respect your noble profession should inspire in the heart of and when the wife of such a money-mad of the money mania which has seized ascend the Scott monument, visit a friend

Undressing the Chickens.

# Women Most to Blame for Money Madness

(Copyright 1913, by Star Co.) By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Oh, they follow where the guides. Do the faithful-minded tides!

Do you know what moves the earth Out of winter into spring? 'Tis the love, love, love Of the sun, the mighty king.

Do you know what makes sweet songs Ring for me above earth's strife? 'Tis the love, love love That you bring into my life. Oh, the glory of the songs in the heart where love belongs

Are men striving for fortunes because they want to make those they love

There are men. as the old fastiioned warrior loved

To win a fortune gratifies a man's lave

of power. It gives him the opportunity so dear to of parts; and if the man is wholly material in his tastes, it gives him the abil-

appetites Men of this class in large class in America) like women of opulent tastes: they want their wives to dress better for acquiring money. than their associates, to entertain lavishly, to be observed in public places, younger woman, more companionable, an upon our women.

affinity of finance. Yet there are thousands of good men in

wives and daughters, who long for the flesh pots of Egypt, for opera boxes, diamonds, hotel life, and fashionable winter and summer resorts.

Only the most selfish and mercenary father: "You must make money for me pany. risk you take, I must have it." But affections. thousands of women, by thoughtiess words and actions, suggest the necessity for such a course to the men who support them.

Thousands of others fail to give the word of admonition, or to make the small or large sacrifice which would arrest a man in his insane race for millions. Silence may make a more insistent demand than speech.

The woman who must take a trip happy, or is the contest with the world abroad each year and chooses the most "Boycotted," they say, by the medical exciting and stimulating like the smoke expensive resorts for her health or nor pleasure; the woman who must lead the fashions, and who must have an army forts; the woman who had no word of weeks, and when of attendants to look after her comdisapproval for the successful speculator and only smiling admiration for the the fellow thorschemer who escapes prison to lead oughly, and I have society, is most assuredly guilty of feed- every reason to being the money fever.

If you, madame, knew that your hus- reciprocated the band or son was suffering from a fever sentiment. how anxiously you would look after his. And yet he was an honest man-and i bodily welfare, and how unremitting am too, although not an extremist.

Why, then, are you not equally somoney fever, which is driving so many at least—there was such a thing as false of our men today into early graves or doing to control this fever?

you wondering why other men have his preference in the matter. I brought lake to the woods beyond, or walk more success than those of your house- in a mild rejoinder by moving the pre- through a pine forest, where the needles the human heart of occupying a place of hold, and do the men of your household vious question, and showing that he, him- sink as a carpet beneath your feet, and tation, I shouldn't be surprised to find precedence above his neighbors; of being bear you admiring comments upon others self, had proposed that I should take the air is full of pungent edor of the looked to as a man of influence; a can who have the means for greater display? entire charge of arrangements, using my pine, and the gently swaying tree tops Were you to place before a fever own good judgement at all times. patient that food which would inflame. He said semething about his error in enjoy all this without an exquisite melan

ity to gratify all his physical fastes and the disease you would feel like a crim- supposing he was traveling with a dis- choly and a joy that hurts, plercing inal. Just as criminal is the conversa- cerning person. Just then the guard your soul. It's homesickness, that's all tion, or demand which drives a business came along slamming the doors, and we you want to go home and tell some or man into speculation and mad schemes were pushed into a third-class carriage. Now happy you are The attention of the whole world is together.

every decent man and every fair-minded man is simple and old-fashioned in her upon our men. Many foreigners who at the university and buy a plaid rug at upon our women.

Before they deny the accusation it might be well for each one to ask herself just how guiltless she may be.

The hero of this story believed in vacations particularly vacations for his wife. Every time he heard somebody talking about the hardships of spending the hot summer months amid the first influence of women in America is Knox the hatter. He grew mad as a tendencies she is usually replaced by a visit us lay the blame of this condition one of the shops in Princess street. I A little slum child was enjoying his first glimpse of pastoral life.

The setting sun was gliding the grass and roses of the old-fashloned garden, and on a little stool he sat beside the farmer's wife, who was plucking a play outdoor games with neighbors, and the large throughout the hardships of special samples. The influence of wamen in America is aliding about the hardships of special self just how guiltless she may be.

The setting sun was gliding the grass and roses of the old-fashloned garden, and on a little stool he sat beside the farmer's wife, who was plucking a play outdoor games with neighbors, and to reduce the number of domestics and increase the wholesome pleasures of life some time. Then he spoke:

By there are thousands of good men in might be well for each one to ask her
"You evidently think I am referring to knox the hatter." He grew mad as a latter, and I had to defend John Knox the hatter, and I had to pay money to his history and later had to do the same for Rat ing our country a better place for men to reduce the number of domestics and increase the wholesome pleasures of life accordingly. But their tastes and wishes and she will find man following in her university, smiled ing the hot summer months amid to pay money to his halter, and I had to defend John Knox.

The influence of wamen in America is latter, and I had to defend John Knox the hatter." He grew mad as a latter and I had to defend John Knox the hatter." He grew mad as a latter and I had to pay money to his lailor pay made in the hot summer months and to pay money to his lailor pay made in pay and to pay money to his lailor pay made in pay and his t

## Friendship

Copyright, 1913

International News Service By ELBERT HUBBARD.

I once made the tour of Scotland with a man who was traveling for his health. He had lung trouble-or im-

I had known the man in a casual way for several years, and we started out the best of friends, anticiputing a good time. We were gone three lieve that he fully

thing along this line before I had am alone-alone. Are you wishing for a larger house, purchased the tickets,

where he enjoyed an all-day journey

and said "Hoot mon" at the idea of buying a plaid rug in Princess street. And this was many years ago; since

Most generally, when I travel, I go entering into any Anglo-American alwoman would say to her husband or her alone—this to insure being in good com- lanees. Yet to travel alone often seems brothers, loving the same great ideals To travel with another is a ter- to be dropping something out of your and principles, devoted to the same one way or another. No matter what rible risk, it puts a great strain on the life. When the voyage is rough, the "priceless possession" of liberty, anicares. Just imagine the number of peo- things that make for progress. ple who actually suffer for the necessities of life. You can stand it. You have had this way right along year after year-but just imagine your plight if there were some one in your charge ex-

pecting a good time." Then I drink to Boreas and all the fiends of Gehenna, and am supremely content.

But suppose the night is respiendent with stars, the waves tremulous with reflected beauty, and as the great ship goes gliding across the deep-proud, strong and tireless-there come to you thoughts sublime and emotions such as Wagner knew when he wrote the "Pflgrims' Chorus.

You are not happy simply because you want to tell some one how happy you are. What is the starlight for, save to call some one's attention to, or the phosphorescent sheen except to be would be your efforts to bring him back it began at Euston station, where I quisite beauty, as revealed in music. pointed out and enjoyed by two? Exbought third-class tickets. He said he painting, sculpture or beautiful scenery, why, then, are you not equally so preferred to ride first-class, or second, affects me to tears; and there always comes creeping into my life a profoundsadness, a dread homesickness, to think asylums for the insanc? What are you I asked him why so had not said some- that in this wealth of peace and joy I

Can you stand by yourself on a hillmore Jewels, vehicles and journeys? Are He retorted that I had not consulted side and look across a beautiful little ocerhead croon you a lullaby-can you

Give me solitude, sweet solitude, but in my solitude give me still one friend to focussed upon America today because At Edinburgh my companion wished to whom I may murmur, solitude is sweet.

#### He Gaves His Wife a Vacation.

### The Grand Commander

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY. The death, 237 years ago-March 5, 1976

of the grand commander, Don Louis of Requeseus. Alva's successor in the Netherlands, was fruitful of such tremendous results, both munediate and remote, that it is doubtful it it

can be duplicated

in history For some time before Requeseus death there seemed to William the Silent but one way left to exclude the Spaniards forever from Holland and Zeeland and to rescue the inhabitants from impending

ruln. The Prince had long brooded over the the Historian Motely, and the hour seems to have struck for its fullmillment. The project was to collect all the vessels of every description, which could be obtained throughout the Netherlands. The whole population of the two provinces. men, women and children, together with all the movable property of the country, were then to be embarked on this great fleet and to seek a new home beyond the seas. The windmills were then to be burned, the dykes pierced, the sluices opened in every direction, and the coun-

which it had sprung. Such was the scheme, good authorities assure up, upon which William had about settled, but the desperate resolve was auddenly and unexpectedly forestalled by the death of Requescus after brief IIIness of only two or three days' duration. The grand commander's death gave William the Silent the respite of which he was in such need, with the result that the Netherlands were saved from the

try restored forever to the ocean, from

about-to-be-invited waves of the ocean. But that was not all. To use the enthusiastic words of Motely: "Look at that narrow tongue of half-submerged earth. Who could suppose that upon that slender sand bar, 125 miles in length. and varying in breadth from four miles to forty, one man, backed by the population of a handful of cities, could do battle nine long years with the master of two worlds, the dominator of Asia, Africa and America, the despot of the fairest realms of Europe, and conquer him at

Yet that was what the death of Requeseus made possible. Had he lived another month, or possibly another week. Holland might have been committed to the deep in the last desperate resolve of

Not only so, but had Holland and Zeeland been given to the ocean and their inhabitants embarked upon the seas, the chances are that they would have turned westward for the new world, and in all likelihood have sought their fortunes in what is now the United States of America, anticipating by half a century the Cavaliers of Virginia and the Purltans of New England.

Fancy is free to revel among the possibilities or probabilities, that would have been attendant upon such move, but we are sure of one thing, the Dutchmen would have established a republic with free institutions, with the largest possible guarantee of liberty and with every possible provision for progress in the true civilization.

It turned out that Holland was not flooded, and that the Dutchmen did not embark upon the seas to search for a new home, but that, fifty years later, Englishmen settled upon the soil of the great republic-to-be. It is well that the glorious land fell to the Englishmen, but then I have been very cautious about just as well had it fallen to the Holit would have been, in every respect, lander. Englishmen and Hollanders are weather bad and the fare below par, my mated by the same desire for science. spirits rise. I say to myself: "Sonny, humanity and justice, and together they this is certainly a bit tough-but who are working with equal real for the



Don't take chances in bad weather If you've had a hard day's shopping in the snow or rain, drink a cup o Armour's Bouillon as soon as you come indoors. It will ward off chills. Simple as ABC to make. Drop a cube into a cup of hot water—that's all. Delicious flavor of beef, (or chicken), vegetables and seasoning. Grocers' and Druggists' everywhere.

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