# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



## Contemplating Matrimony

Dorothy Dix Writes an Open Letter to the Woman Who Marries a Man to Reform Him.

By DOROTHY DIX.

My Dear Marian: You write me that you are thinking of marrying Dick. You call him "Poor Dick," and you admit that he is a dissipated ne'er-do-well, who has been noth-

ing but a sorrow and disgrace to his family and who lets his poor old mother take in boarders to support him.

You say that no one has ever understood "Poor Dick," and that you feel perfectly sure that he only needs your influence to life blm up to the higher life, where he will never thirst for a highball again, or yearn to play peker, or be tempted by the

flutter of another petticoat Oh. Marian, Marian, where is the foolkiller when a girl marries a man to retaziness, and selftshness!

It can't be done, my dear. Modern surgery has accomplished much, but it If a man won't refrain from drinking can't make a silk purse out of a sow's man as he is-not marry him for something you think you can make of him.

There are no miracle workers in these days, my child. Still less is any wife a she could graft on to him a voice like miracle worker. There is no conjure in Caruso's. the marriage ceremony that changes a sot into a leader of the Young Men's industrious, or that gives a weakling the

strength to stand alone. So, before you march to the altar look carefully at the man with whom you are contemplating taking that fatal journey for he will be precisely the same individual before and after taking, with the same tastes, the same character, the same desires. He will not be metamorphosed into a fairy prince, but just be the same old Tom. Dick or Harry.

Before, however, you commit harikari and I would earnestly recommend to any girl thinking of marrying a drunkard to take a dose of prussic acid or rough-onrats instead-let me beg of you not to marry any man that you think of and speak of as "Poor Dick" or "Poor John." being the protector, one who is not able going to draw if you marry one. to take his part among men, one who nust always be explained, apologized for excused for his shortcomings.

Believe me, my dear, that these is no happiness for either party in such a marrlage. You cannot subvert the order of nature and society with impunity. When the woman has to be the stalwart oak and the man becomes the clinging vine the spectacle is one at which the very gods laugh. No matter how much a woman loves a man to begin with, nor how sorry she is for him, when she sees him a pigmy among men and realizes that he cannot fight their battles nor run their race, she, too, comes to share in the world's contempt of him.

When the Creator made man of greater stature and stronger luscle that he did woman, he meant us to look up to our husbands and not down upon them. That's the way we were built, my dear. and the plans and specifications upon which a woman's heart was originally constructed have never been altered. The only happy homes are those in which you find the wife trailing along after the husband or walking hand in hand with him. You will never find either peace. or contentment where the wife leads the way, and the husband holds on to her-

# That Style? Your Figure? Impossible!



Fat women who are contemplating a new gown in the mode will have to contemplate a reduction of their flesh before they visit the dressmaker.

Fortunately this is nothing like the hard labor it was when one had nothing but exercising or dieting to get results with. Nowadays a short course of the hisrmola Prescription Tablets should bring any woman, however fat, to the proportions necessary for her to wear a Directoire gown.

tions necessary for her to wear a Direc-toire gown.

Let her take a Marmola Tablet (made in accordance with the famous prescrip-tion and therefore, harmless) after each meal and at bedtime and she should very soon be losing a pound a day. This re-suit, accomplished without disturbing one's table customs, forming wrinkles or distressing the stomach, astonishes every-body.

Even one large case, costing only 75
cents at any druggist's, or the same
amount direct by mail from the Marmola Cumpany, Farmer Hidg. Detroit,
Mich., gives positive results. This constitutes the acme of economy.

I petticoat like a toddling child to its mother.

But, you will say, you do not expect "Poor Dick" to be always "Poor Dick." As soon as he has the benefit of your sustaining influence you expect him to secome "Successful Dick." "Great Dick." "Rich Dick." Look about you, child. You have seen many women marry shiftless, drunken loafers. How many of them have you seen succeed in making these into prosperous and honored bustness or professional men?

Not one. The men who run the banks and big stores and manufactories; the men who are leading lawyers and doctors. and editors and preachers; the men who are elected to high office were not weaklings made by their wives. They were strong men who carved out their own fortunes. They do not owe their rise to any woman's influence. They got there by their own hustle and push. There's just one job, my dear, that

very man has got to do for himself, and that is to make his own character. A woman may scallop it around the edges and embroider a blue forget-me-not in one corner, or she may wear it into a franzie in a spot or two, but that's just form him? Surely, there is no other place about all she can do. It's as far as her on earth where there is such need for the influence goes. She can make her husglayer of sweet little geese as when a band happy or miserable. She can help gentle maiden tackles the job of making him to success more quickly, or delay man out of a bunch of appetites and his getting there, but she can't keep him down if he's a good man, and she can't make him rise if he's a poor one.

has never yet succeeded in putting a too much because of his own self-respect backbone into a creature as spineless as he won't do it for any wife. If he will a fishing worm-in homely phrase, you got work and support himself because he would rather die than eat the bread ear. When you marry you must take of dependence he will never toll to support a family. If he has no sense of responsibility just of himself, no woman can implant it in him any more than

Of course, you will say that there have been men who were idle, worthless and Temperance union, or makes a lazy man dissipated in their youth who braced up after marriage and became decent men. Possibly. But these men were not of the "Poor Dick" type. They reformed for themselves, and not for their wives And, anyway, why marry an inferior creature that, at the best, you can only women dare so much more and are so hope to make over into a second-rate much better fitted to withstand hardsort of a man when there are so many ships. I have no doubt that they would factions: Those who go on dancing and perfectly good men to be had for the want to enlist in the event of war." catching?

> the balance of my counsel, take this one ent, and her mind is filled with a much plece of advise. Before you marry a more peaceful jenten subject, she was shiftless drunkard, who has never even urged to continue. made a living for himself, go down into the most squalld part of the town, rent one miserable room and try taking in

#### Advice to the Lovelorn By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

It Looks Mercensey.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am engaged to be married, and would like to know whether it is right for a young man who is making \$30 a week to ask his interest and wife to continue on with her position after she is married to help ket a home. This young man also has a small bank account. Is it proper for him to ask her how money, if any, she has in the bank?

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am engaged to tility and charm, have created for her an interest. The form a fast have never done it with pictures. Now, of mind. Four great the nerves," Madame de Meyer said.

No. I'm not yet a Yogi, but I think the four yet a Yogi, but I think the breathing exercises are the most the breathing exercises are the most intricacles of the electric lights and the numes on board, and at various points had met with stunn bank?

PERPLEXED Such an attitude indicates that he is thinking more of her wage-earning ability than of her love. If a woman continues as a wage-carner after her marriage it should be from her choice, not from his. The money she has saved by her work and self-denial is no one's affair but her

Let the Other Girl Have Him. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of 19 years and in love with a man of 35 years and have been going with him for two months. Every time he takes me out he months. Every time he takes me out he says that he likes me, but does not say that he loves me. There is another girl after him and he tells me he does not like her, but my friend said she saw him with her. He has not taken me out in a long time and I do not know what is the matter with him. My present a not like matter with him. My parents do not like him because he is a divorced man. HEARTBROKEN MARY.

He is neglecting you, showing that he no longer cares for you, and your par-

Under the circumstances I think you will have a happier and more peaceful time if you let the other girl have him.

#### When Silas Played

By MINNA IRVING.

I'm sick of music on a reel. I'm sick of music on a reel,
And crasy rag-time tunes;
For opera I wouldn't give
A pair of pewter spoons.
For classic concerts and the like
I want to run away;
I'd rather hear the jigs and things
That Silas used to play.

He'd bring his fiddle up o' nights When he was courting me. And, bashful-like, would pick the strings. And shold it on his knee.

And when we could no longer think
Of any more to say,
He'd lift it up, and take the bow.

And start right in to play.

Dear mother left her knitting then. And father dropped his pipe. And all the folks came trooping in For fun and froile ripe. The music got into their feet. If heads were gold or gray And everybody had to dance When Bilas used to play.

We rolled the parlor carpet up. Twas red ingrain and new.

And moved the chairs and tables out.

And round the room we flew. Though more than fifty years ago. It seems but yesterday, tripped so lightly to the tunes That Silas loved to play.

We married, and we prospered, too,

Mme. De Meyer Says Modern Amazons Will Fight for Peace

# Women Warriors of the Future



Women have always wanted to go to war with men, and in all ages some more intrepld and independent souls have venshe said. "Probably there were many As I have said, it is Lent, and, though | MME. DE MEYER, ENGLISH FENC more than any knew about. Now that me continue to one-step, others don't

Society is evenly divided between the two

Though Madame de Meyer is not at all to catch up with lectures, reading, philanhave been neglected. And since everything must be amusing, tage of the newest kind of "movies," a "If there should be war in twenty glorified and colored movie, and the 'ec-

years from now, probably women would turer is someone of the social set; some-That phrase in itself is a confession of washing for a week, to see how you him flock to the ranks just as men do. For one who has made an art of conversaone who must be protested instead of just about the sort of a lot in life you're, and modern warfare good to look at. These conferences are are necessarily at a disadvantage beers turn out as lecturers, at least once leally. But as they develop and become Madame do Meyer is a feminist that a season, the Duchess De Rohan setting stronger physically and they is, she is an enthusiast-and an admirer the example. Madame de Meyers, fore- tainly on the road to such developmentof her own sex, who return the compli- saking the foil, is to lecture here on a to some extent that handican will disapment, and as far as society goes, she subject that she knows intimately Paris. pear and then who knows? has become the rage. Her remarkable "I can't think of anything else today.

beauty; which is the essence of modern- for I have never lectured to an American lem; heraskill with the folis; her versa- audience. I shall have to practise my time. But I must get back to my lecture.

ING CHAMPION.

those who take these few remaining days gaged in business or philanthrophy of some kind, everyone taking a feverish Finally, beloved, if you neglect all of interested in war at the present mom- throples and other odds and ends that interest in their work or in other people. It seems that women can do anything that they will to do, so that handleap will lectures given at home have the advan- disappear, and then would go and fight

"A great many women undoubtedly would go and they would display wonderful courage and heroism as they do your recognition that he is a weaking the life of a drunkard's wife-for that's women are growing physically stronger tion; someone who is entertaining and now in working at trades where women is a very diffeent thing from the old the vogue in Paris, where all the lead- cause they are always handleapped phys-

"We may see a corps of Amazons going to war, unless war is abolished by that

With fine precision and consummate care,

If Heavenly joys alone were Thy design?

By lips of lover and of babe unpressed,

If spirit children only shall reply

Unto my ever urgent mother cry?

Albeit I am sister to the earth,

The deathless soul of me

The spirit fate of me,

Should, undefiled of me,

And if in barren chastity I must

Spring from love's seed.

Part of Thy plan.

A finer part of me To be obeyed.

Has nobler birth.

Wherefore the wonder of my woman's breast,

Why should the rose be guided to its own,

And my love-craving heart beat on alone?

Yet do I understand; for Thou hast made

This nature self is not the whole of me:

The primal woman hungers for the man;

My better self demands the mate of me;

Nature is instinct with the mother-need;

So is my heart; but ab, the child of me

Something more subtle than this heart of me;

Thou who hast taught the bee the secret power

# The Battle of Egusa

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

about the same article, and what a dif-

ference there is in them, to be sure!

Among the decisive battles of the world is to be reckoned that of Egusa, money when Michael Angelo was finding fought between the Romans and Carthaginians off the west coast of Sicily March 10, 241 B. C.

It was the begin ning of the twentythird year of the first Punic war, the initial round in the mighty duel between Rome and Carthage, were in anything but a cheerful frame

and at various points upon the land they growing thinner and thinner, the treas- ledger?

signs of giving up. In the meantime Hamiltar Barca fatar of the great Hannibal, and scarcely inferior to his illustrious son in military genius, planted himself in Sicily Of carrying on love's laws 'twixt flower and flower, with a powerful army and defied the Romans to drive him out. Why didst Thou shape this mortal frame of mine,

At this stage of the game the wealthler citizens of Rome came to their country's rescue. A munificent private subscription You are toasting the girl you have capwas raised, a fleet of 200 ships was built, manned by 60,000 sailors and fighting men, and presented to the state, an instance of patriotism, says Mommson. 'unparalleled in the annals of history." Under the command of the Consul Gaius

Lutasius Catulus the fleet headed for the the surprise of their lives. As soon as was possible Carthage dispatched a great fleet to meet that of the Romans, and the battle that took place proved to be for Carthaginians not only a defeat, but an appailing disaster.

Her was a wonderful cluster. Her voice like a rivulet purled:
Were the only two eyes in the world. May happiness hem you around, Jack, Wherever by fate you are tossed. Here's to the girl you have found, Jack—And here's to the girl that I lost. an appailing disaster.

Fifty of the Carthaginian ships were iunk, seventy were captured, and the rest, badly battered, drifted back to Carthage.

The Carthaginlans crucified the unfortunate admiral, after which they sent word to Hamilear to make peace upon as good terms as he could get. Hamilton, though, brave as a lion, and disposed to do his utmost for his country's honor and glory, was a man of great

good sense, and, realizing the folly of trying to hold his position under the cirumstances, sued for peace. It was for Carthage a most humiliating truce. She was made to surrender the

whole of Sicily to the Romans, as well as all the smaller islands between Stelly and Italy, and in addition was forced to pay the Romans an indemnity of 3,200 talents, the equivalent to \$3,950,000. "Thus," in the words of Mommsen. "at length they came to terms. The un-

conquered general of a vanquished nation which the Carthaginians had held in their The first Punic war was over, and after who come after him. The parent who the edge of the seat. There is a change the twenty-three year struggle, the laur-And, after all, the little tykes do make lives in the hovel sees better times in the atmosphere at once, and humans els rested with the children of Romulus. But little did the proud victors dream of the trouble that was yet to come to them from the loins of the defeated and The nifty little kid you meet on the humiliated Hamilton. Over in Carthage name of father or mother, who are really The society lady knows the vapidness way, who looks up at you with friendly was young Hannibal, the fiercest of the A Great Farm Journal

to the very brink of national destruction.

Read them through, and then tell me which man do you think is the happierthe one who thinks being practical is all dream once in a while?

Dreamers and Practical People

The "practical" man, doubtless, has a good, big account in the bank, but what on earth is he going to buy with it? I know a man with millions in the bank, and all he can buy is food and shelter and clothes and envy; he doesn't care for anything eise. Pictures, books, music, flowers, friends-the beautiful that crowds the very door of life to bursting-are not for him. He might as well be deaf and dumb and blind, for all he gets out of life. Dogs he hates they are a nulsanca and he says children anney him. He'd leave the finest moonlight ever beamed to go and watch a stock ticker if stock tickers ran at night.

For all the fun he gets out of his money and his practical genius he might as well be a mouse, shut up in a great green cheese, nibbling for dear life to be sure that he gets more than any other mouse that ever lived in that particular pantry, What am I ahead, poor, blind man; what am I shead for my dreams? Why, so far ahead in happiness and the joy of living that you can't begin to follow where I fly

What good have you done for yourself?" Tut, tut, man, what good is a sunset, for that matter, or a rose, or the song of a nightingale? And how could we support life in this world without these things?

The things you value so highly are the foolish things; mine are te real, the ones that last. The smile on the face of a friend, the love in the eyes of a faithful dog, the perfume of wild flowers, the sound of rushing waters, the glittering splendor of the stars, a light heart, a contented mind; these are the things worth working for, worth having.

Poor, blind you. What will you have when you have gathered your snug little five hundred in your money bag? What will \$600 do for you, really, when you come to that? Will you rest any the easter in your deep grave to know that your widow will spend part of it for a gravestone and use the rest to buy becoming mourning?

So the days of dreams and romance are past, are they? Who was it died like a hero the other day down there at the frozen South pole while the whole civilized world stood uncovered at the news? A dreamer, a man without a dollar to his

Who is it fights the battle of the poor, the helpless, the forgotten-the rich man, the man of practical ability? Sometimes, thank the good river of all gifts of mind and heart-sometimes-or poor, human nature would faint and fall completely. But oftenest it is the dreamer who does things that are worth doing.

Who was the practical man making the angel in the stone? Who was the richest man in Germany when Wagner wrote his deathless music? What's the name of the practical fellow who laughed when Edison started to dream dreamsthat would come true?

Tut, tut, poor man, you're dreaming yourself, and dreaming that. Wake up and see the great, splendid world as it is and as the dreamers have began to make it.

You and your practical ideas! What have they given you so far? A row of flats in Hoboken, a basement grocery somewhere, with two pickle barrels instead of one, like your dreaming neighbors; a litle account in the savings bank, and the fawning flattery of a lot of poor reintives.

Dreams, realities. Why, when the last had met with stunning disaster. The accounts shall be made, where do you senate was in perplexity. The people really suppose your name will stand-on were in despair. The burgess roll was the credit or the debit side of the great

ury was running low, trade was par- Wake up, poor man, and stop counting slyzed, and the stubborn Carthaginians the nickels in your sleep; you are letting were as far as ever from showing any greater values escape while you are do-

#### Two Girls

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

tured.
The girl you'll be making your bride.
You stand with your glass, enraptured.
And comrades on every side.
Good fortune: I wish you a ton, Jack,
No matter how much it may cost.
Here's to the girl you have won, Jack—
And here's to the girl that I lost.

Her hair was a wonderful cluster, }-

#### ONLY ONE WAY TO END CATARRH



Reach the raw, tender, inflamed membrane infested with Catarrh germs, and destroy them. You cannot reach the

liquid preparations, there is only one way, breathe the germ destroying hir of Booth's HYOMEI (pronounce it High-o-me firectly over the inflamed and germ infested mem-

HYOME! contains optum, cocoaine or other habit-forming drugs, it is Auntralian eucalyptus, thymol, and some Listerian antiseptics. It is guaranteed to end the misery of Catarrh and Croup, or money back. It's fine for Colds and Coughs.

Ask about Booth's HY-OMEI outfit today, it is only \$1.00, Ex-tra bottles, if later needed, 50 cents. Druggists everywhere. Just breathe it. no stomach dosing.

TWENTIETH CENTURY FARMER

\$1.50 a Year:

### The Spinster -:- By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Here are the orchard trees all large with fruit; And yonder fields are golden with young grain. In little journeys, branchward from the nest, A mother bird, with sweet insistent cries, Urges her young to use their untried wings. A purring Tabby, stretched upon the sward, Shuts and expands her velvet paws in joy, While sturdy kittens nuzzle at her breast.

Don't you think that the Dove of Peace

would nestle on the bonnet of the Cod

Especially, if the Amazonian corps were

led by a champion of the folia who re-

sembled in any way Madame de Meyer,

the charming young woman who has won

the English fencing championship for

For Madame de Meyer admits that

women will undoubtedly figure more or

less prominently in the next war unless

they have succeeded in checking war al-

tured into the ranks disguised as mon.

together.

She went on:

O mighty Maker of the Universe, Am I not part and parcel of Thy World, And one with Nature? Wherefore, then, in me Must this great reproductive impulse lie Hidden, ashamed, unnourished and denied, Until it starves to slow and tortuous death?

I know the hope of Spring time; like the tree Now ripe with fruit, I budded, and then bloomed; We laughed together, through the young May morns:

We dreamed together, through the Summer moons; Till all Thy purposes within the tree Were to fruition brought. Lord, Thou hast heard The Woman in me crying for the Man; The Mother in me crying for the Child; And made no answer. Am I less to Thee Than lower forms of Nature, or in truth Dost Thou hold Somewhere in another Realm Full compensation and large recompense For lonely virtue forced by Fate to live A life unnatural, in a natural world?

H. Thou who hast made for such sure purposes The mightiest and the meanest thing that is-Planned out the fives of insects in the air

they may be a care and a sacrifice-but that he will live again in their enjoy- grown-up sis #cs. where is the one, who answers to the ment and in their case,

Know but in dreams that perfect choice of me, Still with the voice of me No matter to whom you put it. If he or have to deal with them. The man who that she had not.

hive if she gives furth to the world money and success

There seems to be one universal and | We see the king on his throne trying children. The poor washerwoman works descended from the mountains which he unanimous answer to the question of to make things easy and settle difficult and denies herself to keep her family of had defended so long and delivered to the What makes life really worth Bving? problems, so that his children will not tots together and give them advantages new masters of the island the fortresses she has lived-and in the living joyed is money mad most times piles up his Offitimes in a crewded car my little uninterrupted possession for 400 years.

and suffered—the one answer that is hoards of golden coins for the children lady comes in and perches primly on this old world of ours worth living in coming for his children, and is content who were glowering at each other smile They may be a trial and a tribulation- to put up with his hard lot, knowing and laugh to see the little one ape her

human men and women, who do not pre- of her life and feels that she has not eyes, clear and unafraid, stirs your heart "lion's brood." destined to meet the Ro fer children to all forms of wealth and lived in vain and been a drone in the more than all dreams and visions of mans in the days to come and bring them