# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Bringing Up Father

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Drawn for The Bee by George McManus

# Contemplating Matrimony

**Dorothy Dix Writes An Open Letter to the Young Man of Twenty Who Thinks He Has Come to Man's Estate and Wants to Take Unto Himself a Wife.**

By DOROTHY DIX.

My Dear John—You are 20 years old. You earn a salary of $20 a week, and you are thinking of getting married, and want to know what I think about it.

My boy, I think that any man, rich or poor, who marries before he is 25 years old is a fit subject for a lunacy commission to sit upon. When a poor young man, who has his way to make in the world, even considers getting married before he is 25 years old, his next friend—as the law puts it—should lock him up in a padded cell until he recovers from his suicidal mania.

For that's what an untimely marriage is for a man. It's suicide. It's hari-kari. It's self-destruction by lingering torture. It's letting yourself in for having your nose kept on the grindstone for the balance of your life—and there is some pain in that. What?

Of course you will say that there have been cases when men married young and when they were poor, and that they later on became rich and prominent citizens. Yes. Miracles do happen occasionally, but they are as rare as hens' teeth.

What you have got to figure on is not the occasional exception, but the great majority; and if you will contemplate for a while you will see that there is not one chance in 10,000 for the man who burdens himself with a family in his boyhood to ever win the prize in the race of life. He is too heavily handicapped to even run.

Doubtless you are very much in love with some little pink-and-white maiden, and you are firmly convinced that you cannot live without her.

I will not belittle calf love. The first love of a boy, when he is full of high ideals and romance and enthusiasm, is the best and purest emotion he ever knows, and the pity of it that it cannot last. But it never does, my boy. It is as fleeting as the dew on the rose, in the early morning, and there is nothing that accelerates its going so fast as to marry the object upon whom it has been bestowed. Especially if you haven't money enough to pay the matrimonial bill.

This is a brutal truth, but it is a truth. Love flies out of the window when the bill collector begins hammering on the door. Romance is, at the best, only a bit of pink chiffon, and it wears to rags and tatters when you have to use it for washing pots and scrubbing floors. People who cannot afford enough bread and meat to put in their stomachs take very little interest in the state of their affections.

To make marriage a success, it must be properly financed, as much so as any other business partnership; and to marry before you have the means to do this, son, is to invite certain disaster. When the day comes that a woman represents to you the eternal sacrifices that you have to make for her, that hour you will hate her. So just file your notion of getting married away with the plan to have a steam yacht and a racing car and all the good clothes you want. Wait until you can afford them, for a wife is just as much a luxury as are automobiles and yachts and things. And one to which you are not entitled until you have the price.

If I had a son I would have the old proverb, "A young man married is a young man marred," painted in letters a foot high above his dressing table, and on another wall I would emblazon Kipling's immortal sentiment about those traveling faster who travel alone.

I have seen so many young men full of ability, full of ambition, full of promise, full of enthusiasm and hope, extinguished by early marriages, their spirits broken by the petty cares of the family man, the strength that should have taken them to fame and fortune wasted on walking the celic, and trying to get along with their silly, hysterical, nagging wives with which they had saddled themselves in the blind ignorance of their youth. Behind the failure of nearly every might-have-been you will find a boy marriage.

To put the proposition at its baldest, it costs more than twice as much to support two people than it does one, and when you add to this the expense of babies you can see that the poor young man never has any chance to save a part of his salary. And success in business depends on what you've got on deposit in the bank when opportunity knocks at your door.

Then if you are married you are not free to go where fortune beckons. You have got your wife and kids to think of. Many a man is tied down to a poor job all his life because his wife wouldn't leave her sewing society to go with him to the distant city where he could have become rich.

Likewise there is this very unsentimental point to be borne in mind, and that is that as long as a man is single he is an object of interest to everybody, and they are willing to push him along, but the minute he gets married he becomes nothing but the husband of his wife who must shift for himself. For some psychological reason of sex, that nobody can explain, even the most unflirtatious old mother in Israel would rather buy a spool of thread of a single man than a married man; she casts a kindly eye on her husband's bachelor clerks, and invites them to dinner while she snubs the married ones. And we all have daily ocular proof of how much more pious the sisters are when the preacher isn't married than they are when he's blessed with a wife and little olive branches.

So, son, if you want to be happily married wait until you are at least 25 years old before you pick out a wife, and for heaven's sake don't marry until you have the price.

Don't marry when a wife will merely mean a load of debt. And above all don't marry until you've got your feet so firmly planted on the ladder that you can climb anyhow, even with the added weight of a wife.

Wait until you are good and ready before you marry. Don't let any girl bluff you into marrying her by weeping over you. Don't let Mamie's or Sadie's parents unload their daughter on you to support because they don't want to do it themselves. Take your time about getting married, for when you are married, my boy, you are married a long, long time. And it generally seems longer.


# EVERY DRUGGIST SELLS RESINOL

**That Soothing, Healing Ointment.**

Wherever drugs are sold you can be just as sure of finding Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap as court plaster or a tooth brush. So if you are suffering from eczema, pimples or other distressing skin troubles the nearest drug store has Resinol waiting for you. This is because doctors have prescribed Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap so regularly for the last eighteen years that every druggist, large or small, knows he must keep them in stock.

**Suffered with Eczema from Boyhood.**

Mr. Charles J. Strobel, 716 National Bank Bldg., Toledo, O., knows what Resinol will do. He writes: "I have completely cured my eczema. I suffered with it ever since I was a boy, and I am now 57 years old. My arms and face would break out, and I was tortured with itching, especially in the spring, fall and winter. On my cheeks my skin would turn red, itch and crack, and more so on my wrists. They would split open and bleed.

"I was in a hospital one day to see a friend who had skin disease and I found they had cured him with Resinol Ointment and Dr. ———, one of the best in Chicago, recommended it for my eczema. I used it with Resinol Soap and to my surprise they have completely cured me. My skin is clear."—Advertisement.


# Don't Depend on Others; Win by Your Own Determination, Says Kathrine La Salle

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

All of her short life long Miss Katherine La Salle has had a horror of burglars.

She has never gone to bed without looking first in all the dark corners and poking something under the bed to tap the unwary burglar, and scare herself to death if she found one. Fortunately, she never found one, for we can't afford to lose her, but she confesses to many sleepless nights, shivering with fright at the mere thought of what she would do if a creepy, crawley, leery, bleery, murderous, mischievous burglar did get in.

Since she has been playing in the "Master Mind" she can say, "I should worry" to the best of second-story men.

"I have such an intimate acquaintance with crooks now that I would know exactly what to do, if I ever did meet one. The 'Master Mind' provides me with a crook for a father and a pickpocket for a mother, and dear brother is a forger. Eight times a week I descend in the middle of the night at the early hour of 2 to let in an obliging thief. I'm immune to fear of any of the crook fraternity. Though it does give me a creepy feeling, still, the midnight thief in particular," said Miss La Salle.

"But what would you do if you really did encounter one, a real one?"

"Oh, I'd say, go right ahead and don't mind me. But it's a dangerous subject; let's talk of something else," and she shivered.

It was rather a new way of overcoming one's fear of thieves, but Miss La Salle, despite her winsome and appealing personality, is the sort of girl who enjoys overcoming obstacles. She owed much of her success in the very beginning to her charm and her beauty, but she has never considered that enough, as too many other girls do. Most astonishing of all, she profits by criticism of the right kind.

"I have learned a great deal from the critics. I must say they have been very nice to me, but there is one woman critic in Columbus, O., noted for her rather severe, but just criticisms, who called my attention to the fact that I was getting round shouldered. I cured myself at once, and I have always been very grateful to her. When I went back to Columbus later and appeared in another play, she noticed the change in the way I was holding myself, and I was sure that I stood up straight."

"How did you cure yourself, Miss La Salle?" I asked. "Physical culture?"

"No, indeed. I just determined to stand up straight and I did. Those things are all a matter of 'willing' don't you think so? and I willed. I think a lot of time is lost trying to get results by depending on other means when it is really a question of one's own determination. You see I have straightened out my shoulders, though if we continue having many more of these round shouldered fashions I'm afraid I'll slip back to conform to the style."

But I doubt it. A girl who has as much will power as that and can break herself of a bad and harmful, but oh, so delightfully easy habit of lounging, isn't going to slip back. I must say I viewed her with admiration, and I'm always very strong for the girl, who is exceedingly pretty and ambitious and who does not rest on the laureds of her charms and say, "Look at me; that is enough; why should I try to improve?"

KATHERINE LA SALLE, THE WINSOME LEADING LADY OF "THE MASTER MIND," AT THE HARRIS THEATER.

Miss La Salle would not talk of beauty. But as she wiped the grease paint from her own face, leaving it clean and absolutely natural, she asked this question, which I leave to the girl readers:

"Why do girls use powder and paint? And if they are so misguided why do they put their street make-up on at home and generally in the dark? No wonder they are such frights. If one is going to make up one should do so in the strongest light so as to see the effect. But it seems to me that they put it on without looking at themselves or in the gloom of the average flat bedroom. No wonder they look whitewashed when they get into the sunlight. And these yellow necks; can't they be stopped?"

But the remark was only made in passing, and Miss La Salle soon went back to the all-absorbing topic of the stage and her work.

"Since I have been on the stage I have always tried to set myself a standard of excellence and keep up to it. The magic words I repeat before each performance act like a charm, and in all the time I have been acting, even when I was in stock work, I have rarely missed saying to myself just before I went on the stage: "Now work as if David Belasco were in front.'

"I am almost superstitious about it, and don't like to miss my incantation in the wings. Of course, Belasco had never been in front, but I have acted my best for him thousands of times.

"When we got to New York I never missed keying myself to concert pitch with those words, and expected to see the great man out in front every performance. But he never came.

"About two weeks after the opening performance of this play I was feeling very ill, and my mother begged me not to go on that night. Somehow I was too taken up with my various ills to say my nightly invocation. I dragged myself onto the stage, gave a wretched performance, and there, in the second row, sat Belasco. After years of playing for him at a distance of hundreds of miles the one time I didn't play with him in mind he was there. Don't you call that cruel?

"I came down with tonsilitis that night, but I have never recovered from the disappointment."

# Ella Wheeler Wilcox

**on Will Power—the Disagreeable Habit of Stammering Can Be Corrected by Patient and Persevering Effort and Self-assurance.**

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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Almost every human being one meets has a grievance against fate. One man is miserable because he measures in high heels only five feet three inches, and he looks with envy on the man six feet six, who is continually embarrassed and made uncomfortable by his extreme height.

This tall man bumps his head in every doorway, and he has little enjoyment of travel or visiting friends, because only specially-made beds are suitable for him.

One man takes on too much flesh, and is deprived of pleasure in his meals because of this tendency.

Another is so thin he looks like a living skeleton, albeit in good health.

One has a pug nose, which he despises, and another a hook nose equally objectionable to his taste.

Then we come to real troubles, like birth marks, which are painfully disfiguring; and to the deaf and dumb, who miss so many of life's pleasures, while missing many discomforts as well which result from hearing and talking.

And the blind, and the cripples, and the lame and halt.

And now comes a letter from a young man who has an unfortunate habit which he says he cannot overcome, and he asks to be told how he can develop his will power.

There are more books on the subject of will power than there are stars in the Milky Way, and teachers of will grow more numerous every day.

Here is what the young man said:

"I am a young man, 22 years of age. I have a habit of stammering when I speak. Doctors who have examined me have declared nothing is the matter with my speech organs and that my stammering is only a habit. I know that it is impossible for me to break this habit, although my will power is not weak. Stammering has practically ruined my life and makes me so lonesome, for I can't enjoy company. There are always some ignorant people that will laugh at my speech; therefore I always stay at home, and if I do go somewhere I talk as little as possible.

"Can you please give me some advice on the subject of will power, so that I may be able to overcome the difficulty?

"You really can't understand how my stammering has me handicapped. Either in work or in social life it makes life miserable."

Demosthenes, the greatest orator the world ever knew, stammered as a youth. He overcame that habit by keeping small pebbles in his mouth while practicing his oratory.

There is almost no limit to the power of the human being in making himself what he desires to be, if he will use the capabilities which lie in himself.

The man who wants to overcome stammering can do it by resolving to overcome it.

And never resting until he has achieved his purpose.

## Success

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

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Success is in the blood. There are men whom fate can never keep down—they march jauntily forward and take by divine right the best of everything that earth affords.

But their success is not attained by the Dr. Samuel Smiles-Connecticut policy. They do not lie in wait, nor scheme, nor fawn, nor seek to adapt their sails to catch the breeze of any popular favor. Still, they are ever alert and alive to any good that may come their way, and when it comes they simply appropriate it, and, tarrying not, move steadily forward.

Good health! Whenever you go out of doors drawn the chin in, carry the crown of your head high and fill the lungs to the utmost; drink in sunshine; greet your friends with a smile, and put soul into every handclasp. Do not fear being misunderstood and never waste a minute thinking about your enemies. Try to fix firmly in your mind what you would like to do, and then, without violence of direction, you will move straight to the goal.

Fear is the rock on which we split, and hate is the shoal on which many a bark is stranded. When we are fearful the judgement is as unreliable as the compass of a ship whose hold is full of iron ore; when we hate we have unshipped the rudder, and if we stop to mediate on what the gossips say, we have allowed a hawser to befoul the screw. Keep your mind on the great and splendid thing you would like to do; and then, as the days go gliding by, you will find yourself unconciously seizing upon the opportunities that are required for the fulfillment of your desire, just as the coral insect takes from the running tide the elements that it needs. Picture in your mind the able, earnest, useful person you desire to be, and the thought you hold is hourly transforming you into that particular individual. Thought is supreme, and to think is often better than to do.

Preserve a right mental attitude—the attitude of courage, frankness and good cheer.

To think rightly is to create. Darwin and Spencer have told us that this is the method of creation. Each animal has evolved the parts it needed and desired. The horse is fleet because it wishes to be; the bird flies because it desires to; the duck has a web foot because it wants to swim. All things come through desire, and every sincere prayer is answered. Many people know this, but they do not believe it thoroughly enough so that it shapes their lives.

We want friends, so we scheme and chase across lots after strong people, and lie in wait for good folks or alleged good folks—hoping to attach ourselves to them.

The only way to secure friends is to be one. And before you are fit for friendship you must be able to do without it.

That is to say, you must have sufficient self-reliance to take care of yourself, and then out of the surplus of your energy you can do for others. The man who craves friendship, and yet desires a self-centered spirit more, will never lack of friends.

If you would have friends, cultivate solitude instead of society. Drink in the ozone; bathe in the sunshine; and out in the silent night, under the stars, say to yourself again and yet again, "I am a part of all my eyes behold!" And the feeling will surely come to you that you are no mere interloper between earth and sky, but that you are a necessary particle of the whole. No harm can come to you that does not come to all, and if you shall go down, it can only be amid a wreck of worlds.

Thus, by laying hold of the forces of the universe, you are strong with them. And when you realize this, all else is easy, for in your arteries course red corpuscles, and in your heart there is the will to do and be. Carry your chin in and the crown of your head high. We are gods in the chrysalis.

**On the Way.**

According to a Chicago professor, the human race will soon be toothless.

Well, that's a distinct step toward the millennium, isn't it?

There is to be neither pain nor worry then, you know.

Nor will there be doctors, or lawyers, or dentists.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## The Battle of Wawz

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

The battle of Wawz, the memory of which still warms the heart of every patriotic Polander, was fought eighty-two years ago today—March 31, 1831.

The Polish revolution of 1830 made a page of valor in the great book of history that time can never erase. While history endures that page will endure along with it, to cheer the hearts and nerve the arms of all who may be battling for that freedom which to the real man is dearer than life itself.

When Constantine, the grand duke, had it hinted to him that the revolution was brewing, he tossed the idea from him and contemptuously exclaimed: "It is merely an agitation among lawyers without clients, doctors without patients, and young officers unwilling to hold lower positions."

The grand duke was evidently incapable of the conception of a great enthusiasm, and went wide of his mark. The explosion came on the night of November 29, 1830, and Constantine barely escaped with his life.

Instantly the Poles were in action, preparing for the invasion which they knew would soon come. Early in 1831 a large army, commanded by one of the ablest of the czar's generals, was on hand to beat them back into submission. It turned out to be a much harder task than was looked for. At the great battle of Grochow, near Praga, the Poles put a brilliant victory to the credit. The Russians were driven from the field with a loss of 10,000 men killed and wounded and many prisoners, the Polish loss being only some 2,000.

Then came the battle of Wawz, with the patriots as the attacking party. After two days of hard fighting all the Russian positions were carried by storm, and they retreated with a loss of 20,000 in killed, wounded and prisoners.

Again and again, and still again, at Zelichq, April 6; at Seidlece, April 10, and at Ostrelenka, May 26, the Poles were victorious. Led on by their great Czartoryski, the patriots seemed to be invincible.

But, alas, for the hopes of man. After these brilliant victories came Wilna and Minsk, with defeat, despair, ruin. The Poles had been promised assistance from France and other foreign powers, but the assistance did not come.

But even as it was, the Poles might have won out but for the unaccountable fact of their unpreparedness and lack of unity in plan. The hearts of the patriots beat as one, but there was a deplorable lack of organization and concentration.

Terrible was the vengeance of Nicholas. Besides the punishment inflicted on the leaders of the revolt, 5,000 Polish families were exiled to the Caucasus. More than $67,000,000 worth of property was confiscated. The public offices were all filled with Russians. The Polish army was absorbed into the Russian army. The Polish language was forbidden to be taught in the schools, and the University of Warsaw was suppressed. Last, and most bitter, on February 26, 1832, Poland was declared a Russian province.

But there are two Polands—the Poland that can be pounded down by shot and shell and kept down by mighty armament, and the Poland that defies all brute, material force, and lives on in love and courage and hope forever. The last Poland the czar did not conquer—and never will.


# FRECKLES

**Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.**

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as a new prescription othine—double strength—has been discovered that is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of othine—double strength—from Beaton Drug Co. and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles. —Advertisement.