



# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



## What Distinction Should Be Made A Woman and A Lady

and Proper Use of the Terms

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

What is the distinction, asks a correspondent, between "a woman" and "a lady?" It seems that every lady is a woman, but not every woman a lady.

Webster tells us that the term "lady" is derived from two words, meaning bread and helper. His definition is therefore: "A mistress of the house."

"A woman of social distinction. In England a woman whose husband is not lower than a knight in rank, or whose father was not lower than an earl."

"A woman of gentle and refined manners."

"A wife or spouse."

In America, the land of freedom and "equality," the word "lady" is much misused.

We all know the true story of the mistress of the house who was met by the inquiry, "Are you the woman as advertised for a wash lady?" "Wash lady" and "wash lady" are terms now in general use by the uneducated.

The impression seems to prevail among the ignorant and ambitious that showy garments and a distain for labor produce a "lady."

"I have heard a working woman say with a smile of pride that her young daughter was not fond of work, but loved to 'play the lady.'"

In England the term "lady" as will be seen by Webster, is a distinct title. It has its special application the same as duchess, or countess. Lady Blank may be ignorant and ugly and untidy and impossible as a woman—yet she is Lady Blank by legal right, if her father's or husband's rank so makes it possible.

In America we have no titles; and the cultured and intelligent mind understands that the word "lady" here is only applicable to one to whom Webster has given the third definition: She may be a laundress, a housemaid, a salesgirl or an object of charity, but if she is possessed of gentle manners and a refined deportment it is absolutely proper to speak of her as "a perfect lady."

If she is loud-voiced, vulgar in speech or in dress, obtrusively ignorant or rude, she is NOT a lady, no matter if she is born and reared in wealth, and if she sparkles with jewels.

She is a woman who has misused her opportunities of becoming a lady.

A woman whose wealth has made her name a familiar one in two continents recently entered a fashionable shop in New York in an unmistakable state of intoxication and disgusted the proprietor and salesman by her rude and boisterous manners.

She is not in America a lady. She would of necessity be one in England if her father had been an earl, or her husband a knight.

It savors of the ridiculous to apply the term "salesladies" to all women who are employed at mercantile counters.

"Chorus ladies," "wash ladies" and "shop ladies" should understand that the word is offensive and absurd when thrust upon the listener.

It is not necessary for the "lady" to label herself. She is easily discovered. And if she is not there the flimsy label only makes her ridiculous.

The word woman with a prefix is much stronger than the same prefix with "lady" attached.

A splendid woman, a noble woman, a lovely woman, has tenfold the strength of a "splendid lady," "a noble lady," or "a lovely lady." The term, "a fine woman," is full of dignified meaning, while a "fine lady" suggests the gaudy butterfly.

A "saleswoman" means one of the world's worthy workers, while a "saleslady" means nothing at all.

## HAVE YOU CATARRH?

Unless Properly Treated With Hyomel This Disease May Become Serious.

Catarrhal troubles are far more dangerous than they seem at first thought. If you have catarrh, usually indicated by sniffing, stopped-up head, droppings in throat, and morning choking, there is an irritated state of the mucous membrane which affords an ideal judgment and culture medium for disease germs, especially those of consumption.

Do not allow the dangerous germs which may be breathed into the throat and lungs to begin their work of destruction.

The easiest, simplest, quickest, surest and cheapest way to check catarrh is by the direct method, breathing Hyomel. This wonderful medicated air treatment does not drug and derange the stomach, but is breathed in through the Hyomel Inhaler, directly following and destroying all disease germs that may have been inhaled, and healing and vitalizing the tissues of the throat, nose and lungs so as to render catarrh and all other germ infections no longer possible.

The unusual way in which Hyomel is sold by druggists is the best evidence of confidence in the treatment, and should dispel all doubts as to its curative properties. They are authorized to refund the purchase price to anyone whom Hyomel fails to benefit so you do not risk a cent in testing its healing virtues. A complete outfit costs but \$1.00. Extra bottles of liquid if later needed, 50 cents. Sold by druggists everywhere.—Advertisement

## Actress and Wife — A Difference of Opinion — By Nell Brinkley

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### THE ACTRESS:

"Oh for a home! What is freedom to me? I hate the false life of the stage! I'm tired of travel, and struggle, and pain. My spirit loathes even the sight of a train. There's nothing in being a rage!"

So we little mortals (oh, so charming in our own chosen path sometimes, if we only knew it), and, gazing on some other neighbor planet busily speeding and hurrying down its orbit, we envy it and see in its sphere more silver than our own! And the other planet is a discontented little fellow, too! That's just a way some of us have with us—and it's not a nice way. Be ambitious, but find in it, if you can, awfully good to be yourself!

NELL BRINKLEY.

### THE WIFE:

"Oh for the stage! It is heaven to me! Home, Husband, and Child—what a life! I long for travel—the lack of restraint! The music, the lights, the smell of grease paint. There's nothing in being a wife!"

## Nature Has Yet Many Puzzles

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Just because this is so ingenious an age, and an age so remarkable for its rapid advance in science, we who live in its inspiring atmosphere need an occasional reminder that we do not yet know everything, and that there are on the slippery precipices of unattained knowledge still above us many awkward and difficult corners to be turned before we can approach the snowy peak which sails away in the sky like a cloud.



I find such a reminder in a partial list of "standing puzzles of science" which I have just been reading, and I present this list here, with some added remarks, simply for the sake of the useful thought that it is calculated to inspire. Some of the statements may be slightly misleading, or incomplete, but upon the whole they are sufficiently true.

I.—The diamond, the hardest substance known, and one of the most transparent, a marvel of beauty on account of the subtle way in which it plays with the colored elements of light, is composed of pure carbon. But lampblack is also pure

carbon, and charcoal is practically the same thing! If you put the diamond into fire it swells up and becomes an ugly mass, as black and opaque as coke. All its crystalline beauty is gone, and you cannot turn it back again into a gem. It is like a body without a soul.

II.—Rattlesnake poison and the white of an egg contain the same amounts of identically the same chemical elements. But we cannot turn common albumen into snake venom.

III.—Coal gas and oil of roses each consist of four atoms of hydrogen, combined with four atoms of carbon. The one delights our sense of smell, and the other stifles us with its mephitic odor. Here again nature has a secret, which it imparts only to the unthinking flower.

IV.—Oil of orange, lemon, cloves, ginger and black pepper is, in every instance, composed of sixteen atoms of hydrogen and ten of carbon, yet each has its distinctive taste and smell.

V.—Ammonia, a strong whiff of which will knock a man down, is composed of hydrogen and nitrogen, neither of which has any odor.

VI.—Copper is practically odorless and so is zinc, but when they are melted together, in certain proportions, the result is a metal, brass, which has a decided and characteristic smell.

In view of all this, it is no wonder that the secrets of the flowers and fruits escape us. Nobody will buy an imitation of the attar of roses who can get the

pure product of nature, distilled in the great field laboratories that sweeten and beautify the meadows of war-like Bulgaria.

The jams and preserves of apples, grapes, strawberries and other fruits, imitative chemistry puts up, with a minimum of cost and a maximum of price, cannot deceive the palate of the grownup boy who used to eat these things with open joy at his father's table, and sometimes covertly, in his mother's pantry.

Science can analyze milk, but only the cow can make it. We know what are the chemical constituents of honey, but the bee alone possesses the secret of putting them together in such a way that man will risk a good deal of stinging in order to enjoy the matchless flavor of the wonderful product.

If you have ever robbed a bumble-bee's nest you know how exquisitely different is the taste of its honey from that of the honey made by the hive bee, but can chemistry discover the peculiar secret of the burly "yellow-breasted philosopher," or give us something as good as he makes?

Smell some of the sickening perfumes that science concocts and then turn and press a rose or a lilac to your nose.

Eat a bowl of old-fashioned corn meal mush with milk, and then say if you can, where it got its flavor. Take a handful of wheat, another of oats and another of rye, and chew a little of each in turn—can chemistry tell you just how and why they differ or imitate them?

In the orchard hang apples, almost infinitely varied in the flavor of their juices, and cherries and pears, and apricots, and in the adjoining garden grow grapes and berries of a dozen varieties, each having its own peculiar

delight in store for your palate. They are all formed from the same soil and the same air, but you must depend upon nature to furnish them. Chemistry, with all its analytical skill, cannot perform the miracle.

Luther Burbank can gradually turn a field of yellow poppies into a field of crimson ones, but he cannot give the color to the flowers.

He simply detects some half hidden or forgotten tendency of nature, and encourages it, as you may turn a stream of

water into a different course. People generally take these things as matters of course, but we are intellects and we have no right not to think and ponder over the marvels that are presented to our senses.

In that way true science is born and true worship is performed. The smell of the sacrifice that the Creator loves is that which arises from the altars of a knowledge which is not afraid to learn all it can and not ashamed to wonder where it cannot yet explain.

## Is This the Doom of Children?

By LILIAN LAUFERTY.

From the throb and pulse of living I have taken her, From the sunlight I have shut her far away. At the very peep of dawn I always waken her. Then I drive her on and on through all the day. There are tasks for her to do—can I spare her? I am Mammon, the great spirit of your age. There is need of children, too, and I wear her Youth and power as my gaudion and my gage.

To the doom of age and darkness I am calling her; She must labor though her spirit yearns for play. She must bear with quiet heart what's befalling her. For the world is mine and I must make it pay. She has but one life to live—and I break her. I am Power with its greed of needless gain. 'Till she dies she shall not live—for I take her. And I burn her in the furnaces of pain.

## Oh! It's Great to Be Married

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## Drawn for The Bee by George McManus

