



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



What Distinction Should Be Made A Woman and A Lady 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 definitions are therefore: 1. "Bread helper." 2. "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."

3. "A woman of gentle and refined manners."

4. "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 "false 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 disdain 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, obtusely 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 salesmen 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 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.

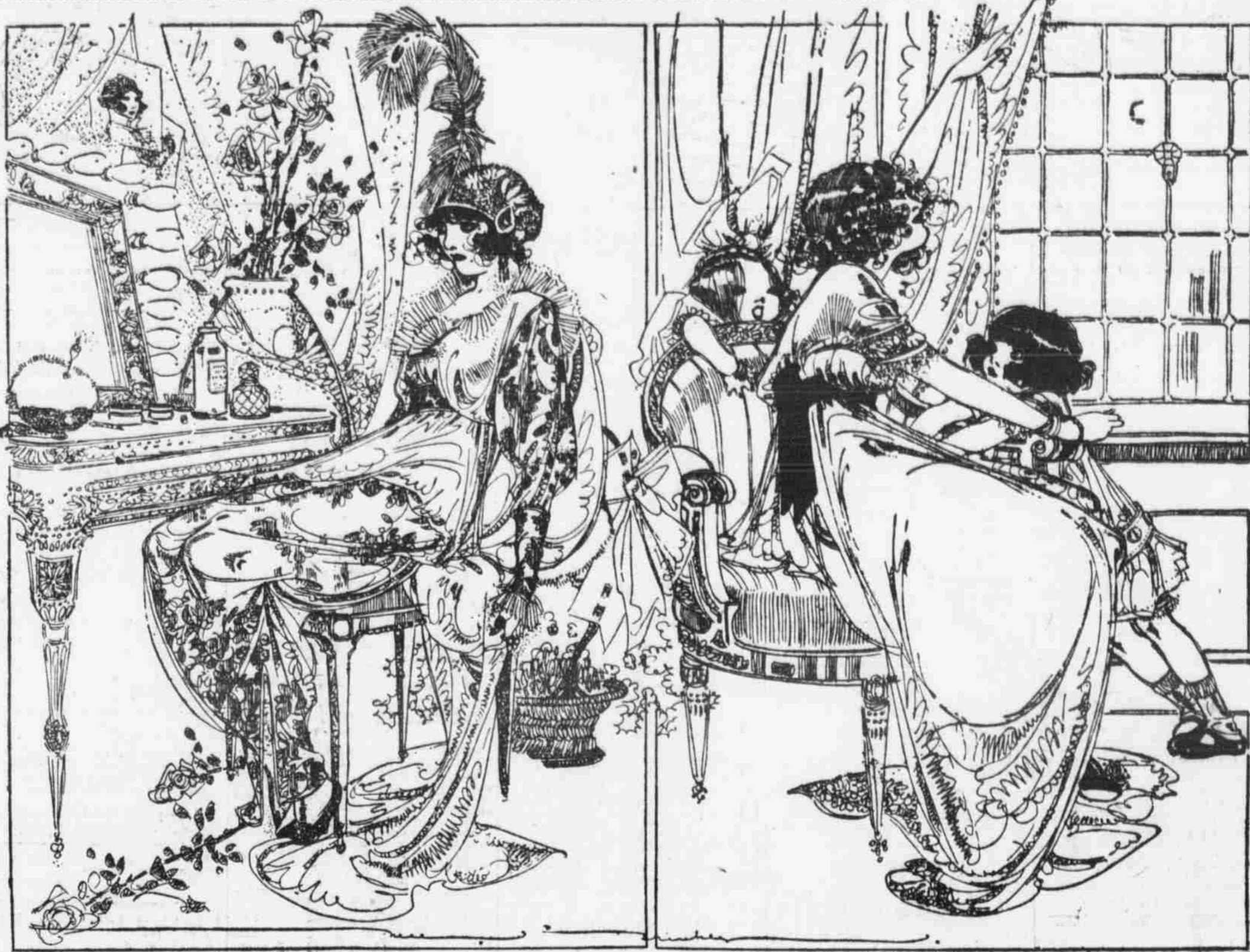
The word woman with a prefix is much stronger than the name prefix with "lady" attached.

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 "sales-lady" means nothing at all.

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 the rage!"

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!

II.—Rattlesnake poison is 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 star 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 conserves 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 humble-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-breached philo-sopher," 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 intellectual beings 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 throbs 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 guerdon and my wage.

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.

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Oh! It's Great to Be Married

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Drawn for The Bee by George McManus

