

The Bee's Tome Magazine Page



What Distinction Should Be Made A Woman

A Lady

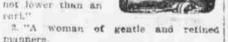
Proper Use of the Terms

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX What is the distinction, asks a corre-

spondent, between "a woman" and "s "It seems that every lady is ; woman, but not every woman a indy. Webster tella us

that the term "lady" is derived meaning bread and olpar, . His definitions are therefore: 1: "Bread belper."

"A mistress of the bouse." "A woman of social distintion. In England a woman whose husband is net lower than' a keight in rank, or whose father was



4. "A wife or spouse." In America, the land of freedom and 'equality," the word "lady" is much mis-

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

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

I have heard a working woman ago 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 counters. 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 housemald 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

If she is loud-voiced, vulgar in speech 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.

Chorus ladies," "wash ladies" and casional reminder "shop ladies" should understand that that we do not yet the word is offensive and absurd when know everything, thrust upon the listener.

label herself. She is easily discovered, precipices of un-And if she is not there the flimsy label attained knowledge only makes her ridiculous.

The word woman with a prefix is many awkward much stronger than the same prefix and difficult corwith "lady" attached.

A splendid woman, a noble woman, a lovely woman, has tenfold the strength proach the snowy of a "splendid lady," "a noble lady," or heak which sails "a lovely lady." The term, "a fine away in the sky woman," is full of dignified meaning, like a cloud. while a "fine lady" suggests the guady

world's worthy workers, while a "saleslady" means nothing at all.

Unless Properly Treated With Hyo-

mei This Disease May Become Serious. Catarrhal troubles are far more dangerous than they seem at first thought. If you have catarrh, usually indicated by sniffling, stopped-up head, droppings

in irritated state of the mucous membrane which affords an ideal lodgment and culture medium for disease germs. especially those of consumption.

in throat, and morning choking, there is

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

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 inhaier, directly following and destroying all disease germs that may have been inhaled, and healing and vitalizing the tissues of the throat, nose and lunga an as to render catarrh and all other

germ infections no longer possible. The unusual way in which Hyomei is sold by druggists is the best evidence of confidence in the treatment, and should dispel all doubts as to its curative propeities. They are authorized to refund the purchase price to anyone whom Hymel falls to benefit so you do not risk at 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 .- Adver-

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Actress and Wife - A Difference of Opinion - By Nell Brinkley



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!"

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 hurling 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 it's not a nice way. Be ambitious, but find in it, if you can, awfully good to be yourself!

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.

Nature Has Yet Many Puzzles

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Just because this is so ingenious an fire it swells up and becomes an ugly It savors of the ridiculous to apply the age, and an age so remarkable for its mass, as black and opaque as coke. All term "salesladies" to all women who are employed at mercantile counters. its inspiring atmosphere need an oc-

It is not necessary for the "lady" to on the slippery still above us ners to be turned before we can ap-

I find such a reminder in a partial list of "standing A "saleswoman" means one of the ruzzles of science" which I have just been been reading, and I present this list here, with some added remarks, simply for the sake of the useful thought hydrogen and nitrogen, neither of which that it is calculated to inspire. Some of the statements may be slightly misleadthey are sufficiently true.

I.-The diamond, the hardest substance is a metal, brass, which has a decided known, and one of the most transparent, and characteristic smell, pure carbon. But impellack is also pure of the attar of roses who can get the varieties, each having its own peculiar

carbon, and charcoal is practically the same thing! If you put the diamond into

It is like a body without a soul. 11.-Rattlesnake poison and the white of an egg contain the same amounts of identically the same chemical elements. the bee alone possesses the secret of But we cannot turn common albumen

III-Coal gas and oil of roses each consist of four atoms of hydrogen, comined with four atoms of carbon. The one delights our sense of smell, and the other stiffes us with its mephitic odor. ferent is the taste of its honey from that Here again nature has a secret, which of the honey made by the hive bee; but imparts only to the unthinking flower, can chemistry discover the peculiar se-

stance, composed of sixteen atoms of as he makes? 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

has any oder. VI.-Copper is practically odorless and ing, or incomplete, but upon the whole so is sinc, but when they are melled together, in certain proportions, the result

a marvel of beauty on account of the In view of all this. It is no wonder that subtle way in which it plays with the the secrets of the flowers and fruits colored elements of light, is composed of escape us. Nobody will buy an imitation grow grapes and berries of a dozen

pure product of nature, distilled in the delight in store for your palate. They water into a different course Bulgaria.

The jams and conserves of apples, grapes, strawberries and other fruits. imitative chemistry puts up, with a minnum 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 ages it, as you may turn a stream of where it cannot yet explain. cow can make it. We know what are

the chemical constituents of honey, but 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 dif-IV .- Oil of orange, lemon, cloves, gin- cret of the burly "yellow-breeched philger and black pepper is, in every in- caopher," or give us something as good Smell some of the sickening perfumes

that science concocts and then turn and press a rose or a illac to your nose. Est a bowl of old-fashioned corn meal mush with milk, and then say if you can, of wheat, another of oats and another of rye, and chew a little of each in turncan 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

the miracle.

color to the flowers.

There's nothing in being a wife!"

great field laboratories that sweeten are all formed from the same soil and People generally take these things as and beautify the meadows of war-like the same air, but you must depend upon matters of course, but we are intellectual nature to furnish them. Chemistry, with beings and we have no right not to think all its analytical skill, cannot perform and ponder over the marvels that are presented to our senses.

Luther Burbank can gradually turn a . In that way true science is born and field of yellow popples into a field of true worship is performed. The smell of crimson ones, but he cannot give the the sacrifice that the Creator loves is that which arises from the altars of a knowledge which is not afraid to learn He simply detects some half hidden or forgotten tendency of nature, and encour- all it can and not ashamed to wonder

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 guerdon 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.

Sowing and Planting

By WINIFRED BLACK

They are busy in the garden today, the little tykes. What a hurry of hoes, what an array of shovels and rakes, what a digging, what a scurrying, what a plant

there, lettuce over vonder, onlons next and then hills for tomatoes and cucumbers, and along garden there are to he sweet peas and gilly flowers and sweet alyssum. Dear, dear, what be-au-ti-ful gar

den, as fine as the garden of the em peror of China to the fairy tak where all the liller were hung with

silver bells, and where all the rose wore tiny golden collars about their green stalks, and each collar bore the rose's own particular name.

I'll suggest that to these little gardeners. Yes, name each flower-you can write them on slips of paper and tie them on after the plants gete started. Oh. joy, the very thing.

What? Princess Khan is your first rose, little girl with the dreams brimming your soft eyes, and Steamboat Bill is the name of your first gilly flower. Oh, sturdy. little 5-year-old with the daredevil cowboy chaps and the wide hat with the rope around it. Sweet Aice? yes that's a good name for a lily, and Ben Bolt for the phlox. And the digging and the sowing, and the planting go merrily

Will they ever come up out of the brown earth, those seeds so bravely planted? I wouldn't risk much on them, planted so early, would you, and yet why tell the children so? Why not let them have the fun of the planting, and the hoeing, and the raking, and, best of all, the expectation? By the time they begin to be disappointed they'll be thinking of something else,

How much more clever children are than grownups, after all. They never hold sorrow's cup and drain the last drop with tear-dimmed eyes and aching hearts, not they.

What's done is done, what's over is soon forgot; wise little creatures. There's always something nice coming, tomorrow, maybe; sometching glorious Why, once a perfectly strange man

liked the looks of the little boy and gave him a bag of marbles, perfectly good ones; all tied up in a glorious bag. too. And once on a rain-discouraging day, just when the little boy thought the world really was a good deal of a mistake, somebody went into the kitchen

and made fudge-just as easy. Oh, you never can tell, can you, Little Boy, never, and it's always best to look for the best, isn't it? You have the fun of looking, anyhow.

Think of the lost dog. A few days ago the lost dog had no home at all, and nothing to eat, and people kicked at him and called him a cur, and you happened to meet him, and here he is with a bed of his own in the basement, all the bones any reasonable dog could ask, and you

to play with all day long. What a fool that lost dog would have een to sit in a corner and howl,

That's right. Little Boy, you have the ensible point of view, and I for one shall not try to discourage you in it.

Come rain, come shine, come storm, come fair wind, the seeds are in the grown earth now. You did the best you could. You raked, you hoed, you crumbled the moldy dirt in your little brown hands. All in brave and orderly rows you planted them, the seeds of promise, and if they do not come up, why, there are more somewhere, and there is always brown earth to spare.

So let's have the fun of it today when the first spring winds stir the blood, and when you wish you could see a dandetion somewhere, and believe that old winter was just a troubled dream.

Ben Bolt, Sweet Alice, Steamboat Bill, Princess Khan, they are calling to you, the children, with their gay happy voices; don't you dare to lie there in the ground and sleep forever, you lazy things. Come up, come up. This is a gay world, full of promises, and most of them are fulfilled if we keep our side of the bargain. Come up, Sweet Alice, there's a little mald with eyes c'dream waiting to love you. Arise, Ben Bolt, and be as sturdy as your name. Princess Khan, you'll never do anything for the world if you stay there all spring.

Come up, come up hope, come up faith, come up joy and love and comfort; up, up, up out of the dark into the sweet sunwine of smiling spring. The children are 'ing, don't you hear them?

Oh! It's Great to Be Married

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Drawn for The Bee by George McManus

