

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Man Must Make Ambition Conform to His Talents

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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A certain little magazine which prides itself upon its scientific wisdom devotes a page or two each month to essays and satirical "concerns." "New Thought," "Mental Science," and "Christian Science," and all the other phases of the modern wholesome religion replacing the old melancholy creeds of the past.

In one issue this magazine published three portraits or pictures of three types of men. One, the broad-headed man, born with abnormally developed acquisitiveness, who cannot help being a financial success; another, a narrow-headed failure, who cannot acquire wealth, because that portion of his brain is lacking, and a degenerate type, who cannot comprehend morality, from the same causes.

Then the editor breaks forth as follows: "A New Thought" advocate asserts as follows: "I can do what other men can do, and I concede that any man can do what I can do." To prove this, will the advocate please write and send to us a play or poem equal to those attributed to Shakespeare, Byron or Shelley? Or will he compose a symphony like Wagner's, Mozart's or Beethoven's?

"Will he construct a steamship like the Great Eastern, or will he produce a painting like those of the great masters Raphael and Rembrandt? Will he achieve the results of Michael Angelo? Will he or any other 'New Thought' advocate perform some feat which phrenology proves his organization incapable of performing? Then we will acknowledge that chickens can swim as well as ducks.

"This idea is opposed by phrenology, which insists that every man acts in accordance with his organization and environment, and that by reason of organization and environment of different men, what is possible for one man to do is utterly impossible for another man, endowed with a different organization, to accomplish.

Now, to the sensible student of "New Thought" all this discussion seems very pointless and foolish. The one fact which is necessary for human beings to learn is this: Each normal man can attain to the very highest pinnacle of success in his own line of development by concentration, assertion and application.

The first step is to learn for what you are best fitted. If you are five feet or less in stature it is folly to attempt to play the role of a Viking; if you are a woman of colossal size, with a Roman nose, do not attempt to shine as Juliet or Marguerite. If your whole makeup is artistic, do not expect to become a power in the financial world; and if you possess markedly practical qualities and abilities try to realize that you belong in that plane and not in the arts.

Just here is where the great influence of parents should be felt, but alas! just

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Unionville, Mo.—"I suffered from a female trouble and I got so weak that I could hardly walk across the floor without holding on to something. I had nervous spells and my fingers would cramp and my face would draw, and I could not speak, nor sleep to do any good, had no appetite, and everyone thought I would not live.

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"I have always recommended your medicine ever since I was so wonderfully benefited by it and I hope this letter will be the means of saving some other poor woman from suffering."—Mrs. MARTHA SEAVEY, Box 1144, Unionville, Missouri.

The makers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have thousands of such letters as that above—they tell the truth, else they could not have been obtained for love or money. This medicine is no stranger—it has stood the test for years.

If there are any complications you do not understand write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Puzzle

(Find the Girl Who's in Love with the Man They Are Talking About)

By Nell Brinkley
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That's easy—according to the soothsayers in magazines, and advice stories. For if a girl turn up her nose even more than it is, grow a dreamy indifference into her drooping eyes, take no word in the talk, pat a delicate yawn back into her lips, and idly swing one foot—all meaning that she is far away yonder, a bit bored and hearing

nothing—when the name of a man is being talked around and about in a chattering group—this extravagantly dreaming young person is in love with the man they speak of. So remember that and don't give yourself away—letting the sign at the Inn of Your Love swing so plainly in the breeze.—NELL BRINKLEY.

Mothers of the Old Days

By DOROTHY DIX.

No assertion is made more frequently than that the great need of today is for a recrudescence of the old-fashioned mother, and that the country is going to the dogs because we haven't got her.

M-m-m. Perhaps. Of course, the old-fashioned mother was all to the good. Mothers have a way of being that in any age, thank heaven, but those who talk so glibly about how superior the old-fashioned mother was to the mother of today are in the same category with those who go through life bragging about mother's pies and lamenting that they cannot find any bread like that mother used to bake.

They can't, and they wouldn't eat it if they could, for mother's bread and pies were made on the hit-or-miss principle and were heavy or light, according as she had "luck" with her baking, not invariably good and sweet as is the product of a scientific bakery. Moreover, mother's ideas of cleanliness were elemental, and the flies wandered over her handwork in a way that brings shudders to the sterilized souls of people who demand sanitary packages.

A picnic fiction obtains that everything in the past was better than it is today. We talk about the good old times, the palmy days of the theater, the beautiful home life of yesterday, the high ideals that obtained in the past when everybody was honest, and simple, and altruistic, and there was no greed, nor striving, nor heartburning, nor envy.

And in this beautiful age—gone, now alas!—was the old-fashioned mother whose non-existence is so often and so loudly lamented.

None of these people who pine so for the good old times could exist for a moment in them. They would think themselves objects of charity on what our forefathers considered a luxurious living. They would be bored to death over the stilted acting and impossible plays of yester year, and they would find that the old-fashioned mother was another

dear delusion and not in the same class with the efficient, practical mother of today.

The old-fashioned mother did the best she could by her children. So does the modern mother. We are always hearing about how the modern mother neglects her children and how devoted the old-fashioned mother was to hers.

Let the statistics of infant mortality decide which of these two women is the more desirable mother. The most pathetic thing on earth is to go to any country graveyard, and see the rows of little graves in it, showing how the babies died on the breast of these old-fashioned mothers. The modern mother's children do not die like flies. She calls to her help all that science and sanitation can do and she keeps them alive.

The old-fashioned mother accepted her motherhood with as little sense of personal responsibility as she did the color of her hair, or the shape of her nose. If children were strong and healthy, and turned out well, she thanked God for it. And if they were sickly and went to the bed, she laid the blame of it on an inscrutable Providence, whose ways she didn't pretend to understand.

The modern mother feels that bringing children into the world is the greatest responsibility that any human being can take upon herself. She knows that her children's health is in her hands. She knows that the mother largely determines her children's future, and that whether they succeed or fail in life depends upon the skill with which she guides them into the right channels.

Therefore you will find the modern mother studying child hygiene, studying child culture, going to schools of mothercraft, belonging to mother clubs, reaching out in every direction for anything that even gives a hope to her of being better able to perform her job. For, with the modern mother, motherhood is a profession, not an incident in life as it was with the old-fashioned mother.

The old-fashioned mother thought that she did her duty by her children when she fed and clothed them, and she was so busy about this that she ceased to be an active factor in her children's life when they had outgrown their physical need of her. They still loved mother, and she influenced them indirectly through their affections, but they looked upon her pityingly and patronizingly as a back number, one who was not up with the times, and whose advice could not be taken seriously.

As Sweet as They Were, Their Methods Would Be Flouted Now.

The modern mother knows that her boys and girls need her more at twenty than they did when they were two months old, and so she strives to keep up with them. She studies with them, she goes out to parties with them, and dances the tango with them, so that she may know just what their temptations are, and how to meet them. Many a mother who is criticized for being frivolous is using that very frivolity as a velvet glove to mask the grip of steel that she has upon her boys and girls, and that holds them so tightly to her that they cannot fall.

The old-fashioned mother used to stay at home and pray for her children. The modern mother prays, too, but she also watches, and she is not content with being a mother, to her own children—she tries to mother the world and make it better for every woman's children.

The old-fashioned mother was a dear, and a sweet, and she lives hallowed in our memory, but if she could arise from her grave in the churchyard and undertake to raise a family along the lines that she did in her previous incarnation, her neighbors would send in a hurry call for the Child's Welfare committee to investigate her methods.

Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and is very harmful. Just plain mislified coconut oil (which is pure and entirely greaseless), is much better than soap or anything else you can use for shampooing, as this can't possibly injure the hair.

Simply moisten your hair with water and rub it in. One or two teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather, and cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly. The lather rinses out easily, and removes every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves it fine and silky, bright, fluffy and easy to manage.

You can get mislified coconut oil at most any drug store. It is very cheap, and a few ounces is enough to last everyone in the family for months.—Advertisement.

Advice to Lovelorn : By Beatrice Fairfax

That Depends. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man of 26, and have a good position. I met a young lady of about 23 at a fruit store. This young lady is one of the sweetest I ever met. She has dark eyes and is very loving. I asked her to go to a show. She smiled and told me she had more love for the people than to go to a show. Please tell me if I do right or wrong, as I love her with all my heart.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 15 years of age and have trusted in a young man two years my senior. Recently an incident occurred which has made me feel that I should do as I dearly love him and could not live without him.

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about the money he gets. He has asked me to go on an outing with him Sunday. A young lady must be very careful about the men with whom she associates. If your brother is sure that this man is dishonest you certainly must avoid him. It will be very rash for you to go on an outing with such a man.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 19 and in love with a man even years older than myself. He has asked my parents if he could marry me in June and my parents object to it, thinking I am too young to marry. So he has asked me to elope with him. Can you advise me what I should do, as I dearly love him and could not live without him.

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Use Coconut Oil For Washing Hair

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