

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Virtues That Are Vices

No. 2—Unselfishness.

A Great New Series by Dorothy Dix.

By DOROTHY DIX

Unselfishness is another virtue that is popularly supposed to be the brightest jewel in the crown that adorns the feminine brow. Never a preacher or a moralist who doesn't adjure women to cultivate unselfishness. Never a panegyric of wifehood or motherhood that isn't a sharp rebuke over the woman who makes a dormat of herself for her children, and husband to wipe their feet upon.



It is natural that this view of the subject should be popular with the little tin gods before whom a woman offers herself up. The queer part of it is that women should have cultivated in themselves the sacrificial spirit until they have come to believe that the way for a woman to do her duty by her family is to make herself miserable for it. They are like the fanatics who think they attain heaven by casting themselves under the wheels of the car of Juggernaut and letting it roll over them and crush the life out of them.

Now there is reason in all things. A certain amount of unselfishness is admirable and desirable and even necessary in every relation of life. Live and let live is the motto of civilization. Every decent human being must give way to the rights and convenience of others. Particularly every woman must. And more especially must every wife and mother consider the welfare, the tastes and whims of her household.

The unselfishness that raises us above the level of the swine, two and four footed, is worthy of all admiration and emulation. That is what might be called the masculine brand of unselfishness, and it is innocuous. It is the feminine brand of unselfishness that is a virtue gone wrong.

It is this particular kind of self-abnegation that makes a devoted mother do her children a more deadly harm than their bitterest enemy could invent. And that is one of the most pitiful and tragic facts in the world.

It is the unselfish mothers who raise up the loafing hoodlums, who, like as not, as circumstances depend, become white slaves, because they have always had a woman to work for them, and they see no shame in it. Mother couldn't bear to call Bobby in from the street and his play to split the kindling, or bring up the water, or do any chores, so she did it herself. Mother was so unselfish that she gave Bobby the money that

she was saving up to get her a new pair of shoes to buy a baseball mask. Mother always ate the neck of the chicken or the scraps left on the dish. Mother stayed at home and cooked up a good supper for them against their return when the balance of the family went off on an excursion. Mother never had any decent clothes, nor any pleasure. No one considered her feelings in any way, and so Bobby grew up as when he was a child and cursed her when he was a man because her unselfishness had raised his selfishness up to the nth degree.

It was mother's unselfishness that sent Bobby out into the world to be cuffed and buffeted and beaten until a little consideration for other people and their rights was hammered into him. And mother's unselfishness was directly responsible for the broken heart of that woman that Bobby married—and treated like a brute.

It is the unselfish mothers who are at the bottom of the divorce courts, for they raise up the lazy, selfish, parasitic girls, who curse the men who are unlucky enough to get them for wives. Mother has a glow of self-righteousness when she thinks of how she is "saving" her daughters by bending over the washbowl while they are getting exercise in a tennis court. She thinks she is doing the part of a noble, self-sacrificing mother by working her fingers to the bone while her girl's hands are pink and manured, and by wearing the cast-off clothes of the family while her daughters are arrayed in the latest creation from Paris.

In reality she is making of them monsters of cold-blooded selfishness, grafters who take what they want irrespective of whether they have a right to it or not. She is making them greedy, and callous, and self-seeking, the type of women who regard matrimony as a mere lottery ticket, and a shopping credit which they are ever ready to trade off for a better one.

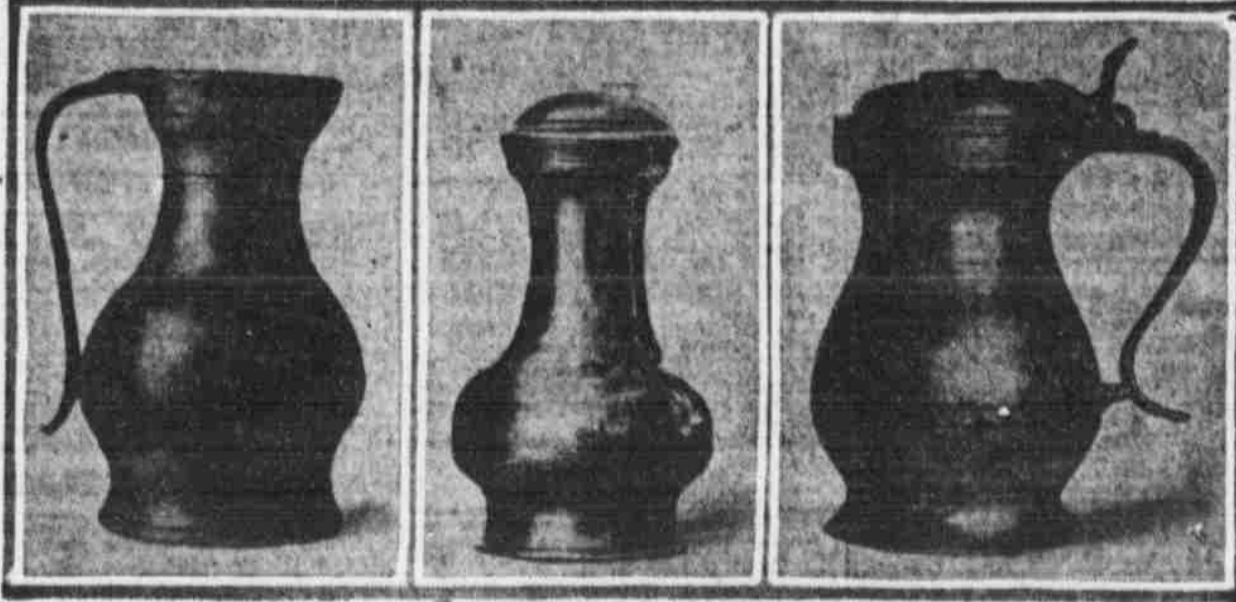
Nor is the unselfish wife the pearl without price that she is supposed to be. It is not the self-abnegating woman who help men, but the ambitious ones who demand a place in the sun and force their husbands on to get it for them. Many a man has become a millionaire because he had to hustle to supply a selfish wife with gew-gaws.

Moreover, the unselfish wife and mother have never the slightest influence with either husband or children. We all take other people at their own value, and we accord to them the treatment they demand of us. Hence, when a woman humbles herself before her family they treat her with the contemptuous indifference due to her position. This is why the self-abnegating woman does more harm than good, and why unselfishness is often a crime than a virtue.

## Curiosities of Old Pewter

Drinking Vessels Once Common Now Sought by Collectors.

To the left a half-mutchkin measure unlied, in the center a measure of 1680 used as a communion flagon in Brechin cathedral, and on the right an imperial pint measure used in Glasgow.



GARRETT P. SERVIS

To be old-fashioned is at first a reproach and later a distinction. Whatever survives its age becomes a memorial of far-away times, and enables us, in a sense, to relive the life of past generations as history cannot so vividly do. As you look at an old piece of furniture you have a pleasurable vision of the social scenes that centered about it when it was the latest thing.

You find in it beauties that its original possessors may never have noticed. Part of the artistic superiority that we ascribe to such things resembles the supereminence which later times have recognized in Shakespeare, who, in his own day, was not thought to be unrivaled.

Who that drank his ale or claret one or two centuries ago from a pewter cup, which had been filled from a pewter flagon, imagined that those vessels, shaped out of a mass alloy of tin and lead by artificers who certainly were not regarded as "artists," would, in a later age, which could command much more expensive materials and work, be regarded as "objects of vertu," i. e., of rare and curious excellence?

Yet today old pewter is one of the favorite objects of collectors and the styles of its makers are admired to a degree which would certainly first cause them to open their eyes and then to swell with pride in a genius which they had not known that they possessed.

But, however they came by it, the old makers of pewter vessels, which seemed commonplace enough in their day, for every tavern had a plenty of them, had a knack of turning out very graceful and attractive products. Some of these are represented in the photographs on this

page. The Scotch, always good drinkers, were particularly skillful in this kind of work. They had a vessel called, with a humor which could penetrate any skull, a "tappit hen" (you can notice the resemblance yourself when you know that the name was applied to a hen with a top-knot), and this vessel, possibly through another play of Scotch humor, was reckoned as a pint measure, although it was half as big again as a quart!

It was called the "Scots pint." The name tappit hen is sometimes applied to smaller specimens of Scotch pewter ware, but it properly belongs only to stoups holding three pints, a little projection inside the neck, called "the pook," serving to indicate the level of the liquid when the vessel contained full measure.

In many cases the makers lavished much decorative effect upon the tops of the lids and thumbpieces by which they

were lifted. But in many other cases there were no lids, their absence being an effect of economy.

In the course of time the forms of these vessels underwent considerable changes. From the "hen-shaped" they passed to the "potted," the "pear" and the "mistle" forms. There were also other smaller vessels of pewter which are now sought by collectors. Among these was the "mutchkin," sometimes made in the form of a tappit hen, but holding only three gills, and the "chopin" holding a pint and a half. There were likewise half-mutchkins and gills.

When, as sometimes happens, any of these vessels are found bearing dates and maker's names, or initials and other designs, their value as curiosities is enhanced. For church communion purposes large pewter flagons of Scotch quart size, equal to six pints, were employed.

Quarter gill, half gill pewter measure of thistle shape.

## Why We Quarreled

No. 8—The Man's Side—The Husband Who Tried to Regulate His Wife's Wardrobe Tells of His Defeat.

By VIRGINIA TERRHUNE VAN DE WATER.

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When we were young married my income was small, and it was remarkable to see how well my wife dressed on it. She is deft with her fingers, and she fashioned many of her own clothes. Then, suddenly, I made a good sum of money and my father died and left me still more. This enabled us to enter our mode of life and go into a more fashionable set of society. I was glad, for I like society.

But I had no idea that the change in our fortunes was going to make such a change in my wife's apparel. I understood, of course, that the material of her costumes might now be handsomer than of old, but it beats me to understand why she need have several gowns to take the place of every one that she used to have. And nowadays she "makes over" nothing.

"Why should I?" she argues. I can't sew nearly as well as the professional dressmaker do, and, besides, they need the very work that I used to do myself. "That's very true," I agreed, "and I am not objecting to your giving work to trained dressmakers or needy sewing women. But why have so many gowns for one season?"

"Because," she replied, "I go to more functions than I once did."  
"But," I insisted, "even then you do not wear out an evening gown in one season. It may get soiled, but you can have it cleaned. As you do not dance it certainly does not become worn or shabby."

"You seem to forget," Elizabeth said, "that it makes a woman uncomfortable to wear the same costume in the same crowd again and again."

Then she sighed in sheer despair of making me understand.  
"That was last fall. I had never seen her more engrossed in anything than she was in shopping and dressmaking all through the late autumn and early winter. I determined to keep count of her new clothes. One day when she was out I came home early and went through her closet. I knew which were the evening gowns, for they hung in light bags. Each bag had attached to it a smaller one which held the slippers to match the gown."

I counted five evening dresses, three suits, three afternoon dresses and three fluff things that looked like wraps—only more elaborate. I think they were what my wife calls negligees. There were also several wraps, besides her long fur coat. I made a list of them all and handed it to my wife when she came in.

"Well, what of it?" she demanded. As I looked my disapproval. "We go out so much that I must have evening gowns aplenty. As to the afternoon gowns, I wear them to tea in my own home and elsewhere. Then the suits I need for church, calling or shopping. I could not wear a plain serge suit to call in, could I? I tell you," she added defiantly, as I made no reply, "when a woman is young she may look all right in plain things, but when she is nearing middle life she must dress handsomely or be a perfect frump."

"I'd risk it," I muttered.  
"What did you say?" she asked.  
I repeated my remark, adding—perhaps brutally—that I would rather have my wife resemble a sober little domestic bird than a vain and strutting peacock. I knew my words made Elizabeth very angry, and she looked at me strangely for a full minute before she spoke. I wondered what she was thinking.

"Do you mean that?" she asked at last.  
"I do!" I returned savagely. "I would rather have you as plain as a nun than putting all my money into peacock-like gaudiness."  
This was not my first time I have known money and to spare—but I was indignant

and bitter. An hour later I had forgotten the remark. My wife had not.  
Two nights later Elizabeth and I went to a fashionable reception given by the wife of a wealthy business associate of mine. In the automobile my wife's fur coat hid her gown completely.

I could not repress a start of amazement when, as I waited for her at the head of the stairs outside of the men's dressing room, she appeared in a plainly made black silk, one that had been a second-best afternoon gown last year. The sleeves came to the elbows and she wore long black gloves. The waist was open a little at the throat, and this space was filled with white lace.

"Elizabeth!" I exclaimed, actually shocked. "What, in the name of heaven, have you worn that dress for such a function as this? You know I always want you to look your best in the house."

She smiled inscrutably. "You told me you would rather see me dressed like a nun than like a peacock," she reminded me. "So, as all my evening gowns are rather gorgeous, I had to wear this to meet your views."

"I was almost beside myself with rage. Other couples, passing us in the hall, looked at my wife in surprise. 'We'll go home!' I told her in an angry whisper.

"Very well," she agreed, calmly.  
"We went home, and when we were once in our own house I turned on her authoritatively:  
"Now go and dress suitably!" I ordered. "Then we will go back to that reception."

"Oh, no, we won't," she said. "You may go if you like—but you'll go alone. I am not going to obey another of your whims. I dressed tonight to please you. But I shall not repeat the process just because you have changed your mind. But, remember, after this, I mean to dress to suit myself—since I cannot suit you."

That was all. From that time to this I have never interfered in what is, presumably, my wife's own peculiar province. And when her friends declare in her presence and mine that she is the best-dressed woman in our set, I do not glance in her direction lest I see a gleam of malicious triumph in her eyes.

## In-Shoots

No optimist was ever able to convert a pessimist.

Family honor is usually a joke to all save the relatives.

Of course, the close friends is always liable to touch you.

When a married man loses his temper his wife generally finds it.

It is difficult to make a hard luck story profitable in many cases.

Complain that some one is doing you and you advertise yourself as an easy mark.

People who never travel always seem to have the best knowledge of the railroad time table.

There is something the matter with the woman who does not like to linger at the telephone.

Spading the garden will bring more muscle than playing golf, but not every fellow has a garden to spade.

If a man turns over his pay envelope regularly it is not necessary for him to call his wife "darling" all the time.

During the engagement a girl seldom sees but one man. But after marriage she has been known to look around and make comparisons.

## An Hour in the Attic

By ADA PATTERSON.

It was one of those rare and blessed times when she was not "in a hurry." Events did not crowd upon her heels, driving her forward at rushing rate. For a little time events were at a slack water. It was raining. No one would call. She might sit at peace, her hands resting in her lap, if she would.



But instead she locked the doors of her house and climbed the stairs to the second floor. Then, with a glance at the driving rain through the windows she stepped contentedly and climbed higher by a narrow closed-in flight of stairs to a pitch-roofed space from whence issued a faint, delicious smell of cedar and lavender.

"A splendid chance to look through these bags and boxes. I've been wanting to for a year." She sat on a low chair close to the window and drew one of the big, strong, shapeless linen bags to her knee, much as would a naughty child that resisted authority.

She untied the heavy cords and thrust her hand into the bag and drew forth two handfuls of scraps. Scraps of old muslin, bits of new linen, tiny squares of velvet and shreds of silk. She drew a sewing table beside her and began assorting the bits.

"That scarlet silk will line a collar and give a bright touch to Mollie's gown," she assured herself. "This piece of black velvet will cover moulds for buttons. Yes, I'll save it. This" she held up a stained and tattered piece of silk. "No possible use," she decided. The larger bits of linen and muslin she was sure could be woven into rugs. The bits of wool into carpet. But there were scraps that by no means she could utilize. Nor would she get anything from the rag collector for them.

"Why did I keep them?" she asked herself. "Nothing should be saved that cannot be used."  
Her voice, in the fragrant silence of the attic, with the oblique of rain beating outside, echoed in her brain as words hurriedly spoken by herself or others may.

"Nothing would be kept that is of no use. It merely takes the space that should be given to better things," she murmured, and presently she stopped her assorting. Her hands lay idle in her lap, her figure was relaxed, she stared into the farthest, dimmest corner of the attic and thought.

Thought of that earlier love affair of hers and the bitterness that remained in her heart about it. Why did she blame the relatives who had prevented her marriage? Why did she contrast her hus-

band, plain, honest, faithful, with the man of her first love? He had married another, and his wife confided to her as confidantes who confided to their as confidantes will, that he was not in the class of husbands. Why harbor the dregs of memory? Did they not take room that should be given to better things, say as to the resolution to be as good a wife as she could to her own good husband?

The woman's relaxed muscles stiffened. She sat straight and in her eyes gleamed resolution. It were time long ago that the last vestige of the last memory of that foolish first love should be cast out. And it was.

The woman in the club whom she disliked so heartily. What of her? Hadn't she given enough thought of her? Too much indeed, for every destructive thought that came into her mind, why waste any time and energy and good looks— they passed too fast, anyway, those good looks—to a woman whose voice and dress and ideas displeased her? The woman was a good one in her way. She was of kindly nature in an extremity. She had been the best of friends to that family in the next block, who had been quarantined. She had saved from starvation the ailing little seamstress in the lower part of the town. After all her faults were petty, not great ones. Her errors were those of taste, not of principle. Yes, the active dislike for Mrs.

Gringo Brown must give way to better things.

Her quarrel with life as it was? The woman's mouth took on the lines of a grievous child's for a second, then chiseled itself into determination. Life wasn't lived all that she would have had it. But whose was it? What the one who lived it wished? The color of her life seemed to run pale? Yes, but what of her whose colors seemed more vivid? What did she really know of what that person wished compared with what she had? No, that old nurtured grudge against life must go.

A wagon rattled past. It bore the sign, "Burn your rubbish and save trouble"—Fire Department. The woman smiled.

When the family met about the supper table the children said: "Why are your cheeks so red?" "I've been making a bonfire of some rubbish," she answered. "You're looking well. You don't look tired," her husband, who was usually tired, said.

"The storm gave me a chance to rest and think things over in the attic," she answered.

He looked at her in faithful admiration. His eyes reminded her of a St. Bernard's patient, gentle, true. He did not understand the change in this wife who worried a great deal. But he was glad of the result. Which, after all, is what matters.

## Advice to Lovelorn : By Beatrice Fairfax

Don't Be Hasty.

Dear Miss Fairfax: For the last six months we have been going to parties, church, etc., with two boys of our acquaintance and now a mutual friendship (which I am afraid will be hard to break) has sprung up. Now do you think it is right that both of these boys call on us steadily and make use of our homes for their fun and still never take us out? What is the best for us to do?  
G. E.

These boys are not particularly generous in their attitude toward you, but that certainly need cause you to give up your friendship for them. They may have good and sufficient reasons for wanting to save their money, or they may have obligations which take all their spare change for some such kindly thing as helping out at home. Friendship is not based on give and take, but on honest liking, so don't worry about their seeming lack of generosity.

Seek Understanding.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 29 years old and have been going with a girl one year. During this time she has done a few favors; requested her to go to the stop-look-seven-point on her face for the last (7) seven months, as I asked her to. Now she has started to put it on again since last week, and when I asked her the reason for such happenings she said she did not want to go around with a pale look on her face. When I asked her to stop it she said she would not.

Go to the girl and tell her that while you still feel it is unfortunate that a

sweet, dignified girl such as she is should give people the wrong impression make-up always produce, you do not want to lose her friendship because of a difference of opinion on this subject. If she cares enough for you she may in time yield to your feeling in the matter, but it is possible that you also may have habits of which she does not approve and about which she would hesitate to criticize you.

Don't Flirt.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young girl of 20 and am considered attractive by many of my friends. Despite the fact I have never had a man friend who really seemed to care much for me. My girl friends always seem to have many friendly acquaintances. Upon inquiring they spoke to me recently I learned that they were urged to do the same. I have never been right to me, however, and since I have no other friends I would like to know what you would advise me to do. I don't want to do anything indiscreet, yet I do so wish to have friends like others have.

Don't let your friends persuade you to make chance acquaintances. You will not make worth-while or lasting friendships that way. Since you are an attractive girl, you can rest assured that some day one of your men friends will feel devotion for you. But if you cheapen yourself by flirtation you are not likely to win anything but a passing fancy—and you risk making most dangerous acquaintances.

## Which Hour Is Your Happiest!

An Interesting Question Which Opens Up A Wide Field of Discussion.

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

What means the joy of life to you? What gives to your day the greatest measure of happiness? It is worth your while to stop and consider this question very seriously, for your enjoyments show a very definite phase of your character.

A little thought will convince you of the truth of this. Consider the history of nations—at periods when civilization had not brought kindness and humane instincts to be factors in feeling, enjoyment came from the sufferings of others. A barbarous populace got its gaudy from gladiatorial combats, in which brother of conquered peoples might be compelled to slay brother.

It found pleasure in watching humans mauled and torn to death by wild beasts in the arena.

Today the barbarous instincts of human nature are dying—but not dead. What makes you laugh when you see a harmless old man slip on a banana peel and fall to experience ignominy and perhaps pain? A sense of humor ought not to be so tremendously appealed to by this common enough spectacle of a fellow mortal losing his footing. It isn't sense of humor, but the excitement of the unexpected mingled with the old barbarous instinct to get fun out of other people's pain.

Examine yourself rather carefully to see what gives you happiness. The knowledge will give you light on the profitable study of your own nature.

Do you get your greatest joy out of the excitement of a social "good time"? Then you are too much of a butterfly and must take yourself to task lest you slip into the class of idlers.

Is your happiest time that spent in reading, in the peace of home and family, in the quiet of nature, in an environment where you have only to bask in the pleasant surroundings that give you peace? Well enough so far as it goes—you are probably a kindly, studious person—but you lack initiative.

The healthiest form of enjoyment comes from work. Honestly it does! There is a glorious joy in the feeling that comes over you when you stop for a moment and look at what you have accomplished and know it to be good.

"I did this. I added this to the sum of human achievements." No feeling that comes to you can be more fraught with real joy than the peaceful satisfaction of looking on your work and knowing it to be good.

If effort and accomplishment as its crown mean the greatest possible happiness to you, you are one of those energetic, ambitious, determined souls who will surely forge ahead in the world.

If serving others and bringing happiness into other lives is your ideal of happiness, you are one of those noble souls born to make the world better because you have been in it.

If anything constructive—anything that adds to the sum of human knowledge

or happiness, of achievement mean joy to you, just go ahead in your altruistic pursuit of joy.

But if your happiness comes from lazy browsing in the atmosphere others have created, or from the inflicting of pain on others either wittingly or to get ahead of them—halt yourself up short.

Unless your idea of happiness is a worthy one you are not yet a civilized citizen of the world. Don't let yourself be a barbarian. Make your ideal of happiness a fine one.

## How Sanatogen Relieves Poor Digestion and Nerve Strain

**D**IGESTION and the nervous system are interdependent. For while the products of digestion nourish the nerve cells, the nerves in turn control digestion.

Thus if aught wrongly effects either—the nerves or the digestive organs—the other also must suffer.

When, for instance, worry, overwork or shock interferes with digestion, the resultant lack of nourishment weakens the nervous system, causing nerve-strain. This nerve weakness then reacts and still further disturbs the faulty digestion.

At such times Sanatogen is specifically helpful—first, because it is so easily assimilated by even an enfeebled digestion, and, second, because Sanatogen's chemical union of purest protein and organic phosphorus furnishes precisely the two elements most needed to restore not only the weakened digestion but the impoverished nerve cells as well.

This explains why Col. Watterston, the famous American editor, was able to write:

"I do not think I could have recovered my vitality, as I have done, without the Sanatogen operating equally upon the digestive organs and nerve centers."

And why Hon. Wm. E. Chandler, former Secretary of the Navy, wrote:

"Sanatogen is a pleasant nutriment for cases of impaired digestion. It strengthens without irritating and promotes vitality in feeble folk."

It also explains the striking endorsement of the medical profession as expressed in signed letters from over 21,000 physicians who have watched the work of Sanatogen in countless cases.

And it gives you the reason why we are so confident that Sanatogen can help you—even when you give it an opportunity.

Sanatogen is sold by good druggists everywhere in three sizes, from \$1.00 up. Grand Prize, International Congress of Medicine, London, 1913.

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ENDORSED BY OVER 21,000 PHYSICIANS

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