The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Bunk Shows Harry Something About Running a House — By Tad

Wage Earner After Marriage

By DOROTHY DIX.

One of the curious problems that modern social conditions have interjected into matrimony is the right—or advisability—of the wage earning woman to continue to follow a gainful occupation after marriage.

Of course, if the woman is of a domestic disposition and her taste naturally runs to pots and pans, and if she marries a man who is well-to-do, and amply able to comfortably support her, the question settles itself.

There are, however, many women who have no turn for cooking and sewing and scrubbing, and to whom the very name of housework is Anathema, but who have the money-making talent keenly developed, and who breathe best in the atmosphere of store or office. There are also many other women who marry delightful men who have every other charming virtue except the instinct for getting on in the world.

Should the woman who loathes to cook and loves to keep books be forced to cook merely because she gets married? Should the woman who can earn $50 a week outside of her home be forced to do the work that any $3 domestic could do better than she can? Should the woman who has spent years of time and thousands of dollars perfecting herself to follow some calling abandon her profession and throw away all of this effort and money just because she takes a husband?

Should the woman who is capable of earning enough money to give herself all the comforts of life be forced to go on half rations, and do without all of the refinements and luxuries she might have, simply because she is married to a man who doesn't get along, but whose pride will be hurt if his wife works outside of the family circle?

In short, must a woman choose between love and husband and home, or business, unless she happens to have the luck to be domestic herself and marry a prosperous man?

These be hard questions to answer and I, for one, shall not attempt to solve the problem, which, after all, is one of those individual ones that each couple must settle for itself.

In one way it seems a foolish enonomic waste for a woman to fit herself for an occupation that she probably will not follow more than three or four years, and not even that long if she happens to have appealing blue eyes and a peachy complexion. It is also cynically amusing to reflect on the quality of a man's love who is perfectly willing for his wife to follow an uncongenial and exhausting line of work in the home in order to help him, but who is ashamed for people to see her doing some easy and agreeable work outside of the home. Nor, in strict justice, is there any more reason why a married woman has less right to follow the occupation in which she is happiest and most skilled than a married man has.

Nobody suggests that Mr. Jones should give up being a commercial traveler and become a tailor, or a baker, just because he is married. Why should Mary Smith, who is a cracker-jack saleswoman, be turned into a cook just because she enters the holy estate?

On the other hand there is, of course, the traditional and conventional view of the subject, that home isn't home unless a woman is chained to the kitchen range, and I have a letter from a woman who signs herself "An Old-Fashioned Wife," who ably sets forth this side of the matter. She writes:

"Does a husband feel flattered in the knowledge that his wife can earn a good week's pay? Is he delighted to have the world know that she does? Is a home, where all the duties of housekeeping are done by a hireling, alluring to him? Is it not merely a boarding place for two instead of for the public? Is home a home in the sense of the good old days, when women forsake the sacred fireside for the office and such life channels of income?

"What is to become of this dear, sweet, old institution known as home if the mother, who should be its queen, is hanging over a typewriter or ledger all her years? What is to become of the little ones who see their mother only long enough to kiss her good night?"

All of these problems, except the one involved in the question of the children, are easily solved. As for a home not being alluring that is run by a competent servant, it is likely to be a lot more attractive than one that is conducted by a blundering wife. We are getting a long ways from the supersitition that there was some magic in mother's touch that made everything she did better than what anybody else did, and there are mighty few of us now who would be willing to risk our lives on mother's bread and mother's pies. We prefer the output of a sanitary scientific bakery.

Also the time is passing in which men hold to the arrogant notion that a woman must be inferior to a man and dependent upon him, and with it will come a husband's joy in his wife's success and her ability to do things outside of the home. When that glad day arrives a man's vanity will not be hurt by knowing that his wife earns her own money and helps along the family. Also in selecting a wife a man will look out for a companion more than he does for a cook.

The kitchen and the drawing-room can take care of themselves, but the nursery is another matter. No incubator can take the place of a mother's breast, no trained governess is a substitute for the brooding mother love of even an ignorant woman, and when there are babies in a household everything should be sacrificed to their needs. They are a mother's career, and they are her pay envelope.

But this question of the right of a woman to work after marriage is one that should never disturb the home circle. In the first place, unless a man is able to support a family so that his wife doesn't feel the need of earning money, he has no right to ask a woman to marry him. And, in the second place, if a girl hates domesticity and isn't willing to give up her work and make a home for a man, she has no right to marry.

The only exception to this rule is when a couple are broadminded enuough to discuss the matter before marriage and to have a thorough understanding that each is to pursue his or her calling after marriage, and that they are to be pals and comrades, and preserve their financial independence. I have known many couples who have done this and who are happy and contented, although they live in hotels, and the woman makes money instead of bread.

FREAKS OF BOOKLAND

By N. P. BABCOCK.

I am rather inclined to believe as I look
At persons I meet in the street,
That a good many persons one meets in a book
In only a book can one meet.

Tho' I walk every day from my home to the shop
I vow that I never have found
Any lady so modest as gently to drop
Before me an eye on the ground.

Did she do so I fancy I'm gallant enough
To stoop and return it. 'Cause why?
Any eye on the ground, if the sidewalk were rough.
Would not very long be an eye.

I have traveled in places I almost forget,
Have journeyed north, east, west and south.
But I give you my word that I never have met
A man with "his heart in his mouth."

In a novel you'll meet him, and also you'll find
His utter impossible friend,
Who, if given sufficient alarm of some kind,
Will tilt all his hair up on end.

But of all those book fellows the one I detest
Is he who, refusing a chair,
Will persist in a dizzy and Alpine-like jest,
And "sit on the verge of despair."

AN EXCITABLE NOSE

Senator Luke Lea of Tennessee, apropos of the operation for transfusion of blood that he so nobly underwent on his wife's behalf, said at a dinner in Washington:

"Latter-day surgery is a wonderful thing, and I'm sure you won't think me at all disrespectful if I tell you a strange story about it.

"I have a friend named Jasper, and, meeting him the other day, I said:

"'Jasper, you look, somehow, queer.'

"'I expect it's my nose,' said he. 'I fell down a coal hole and tore a big piece out of it.'

"Why your nose seems all right," said I.

"'Oh, yes,' said Jasper, 'it seems all right. The surgeons, you know, grafted a piece of my arm on it. But the shape is changed, and besides I can't go to the ball games any more.'

"'No?' said I. 'Why not?'

"'Because,' said Jasper, 'having a piece of my arm in my nose, whenever I get excited over a good play I start to wave it, and that makes me so conspicuous.'"

The manufacture of artificial teeth of purcelain began in France in 1789.

The first American college of dental surgery was opened at Baltimore, Md., in 1839, with four professorships, designed for instruction in the principles and mechanical practice of the art.

Easy With the Whip — By Tad

Sherlocko the Monk

BY GUS MAGER
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The Mystery of the Mi ssing Molars

Marvels of the Wireless

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Send a electro-magnetic impulse or wave through the air and direct a balloon, or along over the sea and direct the movements of boats, and you will solve one part of the problem of acting at a distance. And with no human or boat or balloon. This is a very recent achievement.

Could the reader secure one glimpse of the wireless mechanism now in use throughout the world, en masse, he would be surprised at its magnitude.

Boats have been steered to right or left, stopped, started, reversed, accelerated, retarded and controlled in every way by an operation in a wireless plant on the shore. No wire from man to boat—waves of electric force only.

None must fall into the mistake, however, that power to run the boat was transmitted from land. Accumulators of electricity—i.e., storage batteries—actuating a motor were on board the vessel. Now, the wireless starts, stop and reverse this motor, or can actuate a gasoline explosion motor, with a facility equal to that of an engineer on the boat. This, indeed, is a triumph of limitless mind over the forces of nature.

The first trial, made on a lake in Germany, was the managing of a boat thirty-three feet in length, having a four and one-half-horsepower motor. On board was an attuned receiver able to receive and use waves coming in from the signal station located in a distant lighthouse tower. If power could be transmitted, then the career of man would be almost completely changed from its present status.

The operator in the tower first caused a gun on the boat to fire a signal shot to attract attention of spectators. Then he started the unmanned vessel, which assumed a speed of ten miles per hour. Then he stopped the boat, reversed the motor and likewise the direction of motion, changed the rudder, aport, to starboard and amidship; fired rockets, turned on lights and also signals and continued these modern wonders during several hours.

The antennae, a system of wires whose office is to select waves from space and traismit them to the receiver in the hold of the vessel, were stretched between two tall, slim masts. The receiver sent these impulses into the tuner, and, when tuned, they were sent into the distributer of force to the motor apparatus.

The applications of this now perfected wireless mechanism are numerous and of great value. It enables those on shore to patrol harbors, sent boats anywhere from shore to ships, or from ship to ship. Thus, a town minus a harbor or pier can send out boats to load or unload off shore ships; send mails and perishable goods. Distant lighthouses can be lighted, mines fired, dynamite detonated without danger, signal guns fired, storm bells rung, likewise fire alarms and signals of all kinds actuated.

One great use is the sending out of life-saving boats to the drowning and to sinking ships on rocks in surf. The waves are broken up into sets by the ordinary Morse telegraphic keys. All of these beneficent uses—the sending of mails and rescue of the perishing—together with a hundred others, are harbingers of approach of great blessings to modern civilization.

Good things turn to horrors. Thus an ordinary torpedo can be surrounded with a chamber of compressed air for power and provided with an almost invisible float. Two uprights hold antenna wires. One of these poles contains electric lamps visible from the shore, but not from a ship that is being attacked. Look at this terrible engine of death. This floating torpedo is not to be fired from any tube on a warship and is not limited to size. This one large torpedo, capable of being directed with unerring accuracy from an invisible plant on land, can be silently and visibly sent on its horrible errand, carrying a charge that will simply annihilate the largest dreadnaught.

Million dollar forts and million dollar batteries of colossal guns are obsolete, for a few torpedoes sent from unknown nooks and corners could send to the bottom the most formidable armada. And deadly explosives can be dropped on decks from the sky by an operator on shore hidden from the sight of ships. Three men can now annihilate a fleet in short order, and with little expense. It is not even necessary to plant harbors and roadsteads with mines. Armies on land can be wiped out as easily as ironclads at sea.

These terrific things may at last open up an avenue to the brain of man leading to the throne-room of reason. Then, after having listened to reason during a few years, man may finally see that war is absolutely unnecessary. And can it be that lyddite, exploding from sky and sea, is the only known chemical, device or substance that is able to awaken the reason of mankind? Flowing blood and tears, so far, in man's erratic career, have been without effect on war-obsessed men. It now seems apparent that dynamite, lyddite and cordite only can awaken slumbering reason.

How to Be Beautiful

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER

"Dear Miss Ayer: My lips are very thick ad the only reason I can account for it is that I breathe with my mouth.

"Now, I had my nose operated on about three years ago, and I hoped that it would do away with mouth breathing. I bind my mouth when I go to bed, but that does not keep it closed. I have used an astringent for my lips, but that does not reduce them, so I thought I would ask you if there is any remedy for thick lips.

"Also the least exposure both dries and chaps the lips. A. FRIEND."

This generation ought to see the last of the habitual mouth breather. The public schools are making a crusade against mouth breathing, and the next generation will have its attention called to this dangerous habit in a painful and effective manner.

My correspondent, who had her nose operated on three years ago should go again to the doctor and have the nasal passages cleared. Some thin little membrane may be clogging the air passage, and it can be removed without pain, and in a few minutes. It is necessary to have this done not only because one's looks are ruined by mouth breathing, but because it is bad for the health to breathe air through the mouth, either by day or night. Nature provided that the air should be warmed reaching the lungs by passing through the nose, which also, acts as a sort of filter and keeps dust and dirt particles from reaching the lungs.

Lots of people are mouth-breathers at night only, breathing perfectly through the nose during the waking hours. This is attributed sometimes to a slight defect or clogging in the nasal passage, or to the fact that people whose brains are very active and whose circulation is bad, having overfatigued themselves during the day, the blood does not leave the head, and expecially does not leave the large gland which is situated back of the nose, and which, with the relaxation of sleep, settles down as a sort of pillow to block the air passages of the nose.

People who are foolish enough to sleep with their heads covered breathe through the mouth because they have not enough air and are really struggling for fresh air like a person who is smothering. People who sleep with their heads too high are also likely to breathe through the mouth because the jaw naturally drops in sleep with the relaxation of the muscles.

Don't sleep with a high pillow, do without any pillow at all, or with a very small one. When you are settling yourself for sleep, tilt your head slightly forward so that the jaw will fall. Be sure you have the window open, and don't sleep with your face too near the wall, for that is not only unhealthy because of possible emanations from the stone, plaster or paper, but because you will also have that smothered sensation unconsciously, and open your mouth for more air.

Of course you can bind your jaw up with a silk handkerchief or bandage, but I don't believe in that myself unless you have tried every way of making yourself breathe through your nose at night and failed.

Now as to thick lips. Your lips are thick because they are always relaxed. Learn to use the muscles with determination, put more will power into closing your lips. You can do some little exercises, such as pursing the lips forward and back, tensing all the muscles, and using a great deal of force. Study diction, careful pronunciation and elocution; all these things help in forming the contour of the lips.

For the roughness of the skin use a little vaseline or cold cream; camphor ice is good, and if you want to toughen the skin a little, wet the lips night and morning with spirits of camphor.

You will find as soon as your nose has been attended to, that you will be able to sleep with your mouth closed, and your doctor will probably order you to cleanse the nasal passages daily with some simple remedy, like salt and warm water, or with an antiseptic.

In ancient Egyptian tombs Belzoni discovered artificial teeth of ivory or wood fastened upon gold plates.