

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Mirandy on the Benefits of Invalidism

Illustrated by E. W. Kemble

By Dorothy Dix

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"ALL YER GOT TER DO IS TO CALL YER TEMPER 'NERVES."

"De oder night," said Mirandy, "Sis Calline, what is one of dese heah tall, stringy women, whut look lak dat dey had been born in a calliker wrapper whut needed to go to de wash, comes to my house an' after we had passed de time of day, she folded her hands, an' fetched a groan from de pit of her stomach.

"Den I knowed dat de time had come when I see got to inquire about how she is feelin', for Sis Calline enjoys yo' health, an' if you wants to make her pass a pleasant visit all you've got to do is to ax her about her sufferin'."

"Well, Sis Calline," says I, "how does your symptoms seem to sagashuate?"

"Sis Mirandy," spone Sis Calline, "de hand of de Lord is laid hevy on me, an' ef it wasn't that I had a strong constitution, I couldn't stand all dem deadly diseases whut I has got."

"Whut does de doctor call yo' complaint," inquired I.

"He says dat I got dis heah diseases whut dey call de chronic," spone Sis Calline, a kind of puffin' out her chest wid pride.

"My lan," 'sclaims I, "dat's awful! But at any rate you ought to be thankful dat you ain't got dis new-fangled ailment dat dey calls nervous prostracy, because folks dat has dat don't never git over hit. Nor yit de dey die, fough all of de folks around dem would be mighty reconciled if de Lawd should see fittin' to take 'em!"

"Hugh," spone Sis Calline, wid a discontemptuous snort, "dat nervous prostracy used to be so dat nobody but de rich folks ever had hit, but hit's got so common now dat anybody can catch it. Hit ain't lak de chronic, whut hit takes a pusion wid a real gift for sickness to have."

"Why, Sis Mirandy," roose on Sis Calline wid a beamin' smile, "I see tucken mo' dan a cartload of patent medicine, an' I bet dat ef all de pills I has swallowed was put up in a pile, dat dey would look lak a mountain, an' as for doctors, Sis Mirandy, I has been de dispensation of providence dat has made e'vy one of 'em in de community able to set up a autyomobile."

"You suttinly has been a grand perseverin' invalid, an' done yo' duty nobis in dat line," spone I.

"Hit ain't for me to brag on myself, an' my sufferin's, dough as a dozer, one dat lays a heavy hand on de medicine bottle, I's got a record dat I can pint to wid pride," says Sis Calline, an when I dies I will leave behind me a pile of bottles dat will be a monyment to my memory. Howsomer, Sis Mirandy, she goes on, "up to dis time I've just been plain sickly, whut ain't got no particular interest in hit, 'ceptin' to de one whut's got hit an' deir family; but now

de doctor pronnasticates as how I is not dis high fallutin' trouble whut all de millionaires have, dat dey call de appendicitis, an' dat I'll have to go to de hospital an' have it carved out."

"Bless God for all His mercy," 'sclaims I, "but Sis Calline you sholy is de lucky woman!"

"How's dat, Sis Mirandy?" axes she.

"Whut's sponse I, 'til I set you up in conversation for de balance of your life, for I never did know anybody whut had had an' operation dat ever talked about anythin' else so long as dey lived."

"Yes, Sis Calline," I continues, "you won't never have to search around in yo' mind for a nice, interestin', cheerful subject to discusse on. All you got to do it jest to begin to reel off de particulars of dat time you was operated on, an' whut de doctors said, an' whut de nuss said and whut dey done in de hospital, an' dere you are. An' folks is got to listen to you because most of 'em has been dere, an' dey is jest waitin' for you to stop to catch your breath, so dey can tell about deir operation."

"Dat's whut makes me say dat you is de lucky woman, because when you comes out of de hospital you'll be able to hold your own in sassily wid de odders whut's been operated on, an' ef you don't git out of de hospital hit sholy would reconcile you to death dat you wouldn't have to listen about odder people's operations, anyhow."

"I tell you, Sis Calline, dat I've thought dat I would have to withdraw from de Sewing society, an' de female prayer meetin', an' de Mothers in Israel, an' de Daughters of Zion, through not never havin' had no operation, an' dere, not bein' able to hold up my end in conversation."

"Oh, Sis Mirandy," says Sis Calline, "as de good book says, we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

"Dat's right," spone I, "an' I reckon dat de Creator must turn out a mighty first-class job when He makes us, or else we couldn't stand all de tinkerin' dat de doctors does on us."

"But whut dat Sis Calline said dat she must be on her way, as she was deat makin' a few farewell visits befo' she goes to de hospital, an' I spects her oh her way, for ef dere is one thing dat raises my dander no' dan anoder hit is dese heah women whut is got de



"A PILE OF BOTTLES WILL BE A MONYMENT TO MY MEMORY."

strength to stand thirty of forty years of bein' sick, but ain't got de strength to cook a meal's vittels, or do a day's washin', or sweep a floor.

"Yassum, hit takes a able-bodied woman to stand all de medicine dey takes, an' de profikin wid deir system dat dem invalid ladies does, an' if dey would put half de wuk on gettin' up an' keepin' deir home clean an' tendin' to deir husbands and chilrens dat dey does in nussin' deir pains, an' complainin' of deir diseases, dey would be well. Course, I ain't denyin' dat dere is lots of sick women, but I done took notice dat dem dat is got real pains an' aches dies, an' dat's whut makes me have my spicions of dem wifes whut can go on bein' sick, year after year, whout givin' deir po' flicted husbands de reward of payin' all dem doctors' bills by makin' 'em wid-owers."

"Yassum, I spects dat bein' a invalid is about de best job dat anybody can grabble, for hit lets you in for doin' all dat you wants to do, an' lets you out of doin' all de things dat you don't want to do. All dat you got to do is to call yo' temper nerves, an' yo' cal, say whut you likes to folks, an' instid of battin' you over de head lak you deserves, dey has got to sympathize wid you an' take it because you say you're sick."

"An' ef you're too lazy to wuk, all you got to do is to always be a-moanin' an' agrovain' about your aches an' pains an' somebody else will roll up deir sleeves an' support you, an' you gets de peck of de chicken an' de heart of de po' chick, instid of bein' kicked out of de w' lak you ought to be."

"An' you gets de best bed, an' de easiest chair, an' nobody don't ax 'bout you, no matter whut you says, an' you

takes de money to buy medicine dat ought to go for bread an' meat for de family, an' all you do is de set on de invalid throne, an' hold up people, an' make 'em listen whilut you discourses about your symptoms. Ef dat ain't a cinch, den dis ole nigger don't know one, an' I only wishes dat I had had enough sense forty years ago to qualify in de ranks of dem whut is invalids instid of leasin' to be a number one washwoman."

"But bein' as how I've been one of de wukkers instid of one of de complainers I just wants to spressify de opinion dat dem ladies whut in too feeble an' weak to take care of deir chilren, but has got de strength to attend de bargain sales, an' play cyards fo' hours at a stretch, will have to figger in a funeral befo' I she-a any tears over deir bad health."

"Yassum, hit sholy must be mighty comfortable thing to be a invalid, an' it gives you a lot to talk about."

A Silly Woman's Folly

By WINIFRED BLACK.

In love with a face, infatuated with a memory—dying for one look from a pair of wondrous eyes."

That's what the woman tells me in the letter that lies on my desk, breathin' a kind of sickly perfume in every line of it. And she had a good husband and three nice children, and they are all wonderin' what's de matter with her.

She saw him in a crowd a perfect stranger—tall, dark, mysterious, with eyes that melted de heart in her breast, and she went home and mourned and dreamed and yearned, and now she's sick and nobody knows what to do with her, and what, oh what, shall she do?

Sit right up in bed, mother, and think this thing over, and think it over right. Romantic—you romantic!—just about as romantic as a bottle of asafoetida—which is one of de things you need and need badly right this very instant.

Have you ever spent any kind of time in a sanitarium or at any sort of health resort? You'll find hundreds of your soul sisters there, all pining, all dying, all fading away for de want of a good sound spanking and some good hard work to do.

Doctor?—You don't need a doctor, you need some hard times.

If I were your husband I'd fall in business, I'd come home without a dollar in my pocket, I'd tell you we'd have to move and I'd speak of sellin' some



of the furniture to raise money to pay de rent.

I'd discharge de cook and cut down de house allowance and I'd have my oldest daughter pretend to fall in love with a faker down at Coney Island, and I'd pretend to take to drink. I'd give you something to think about, something real, and you'd forget all about those soulful eyes so quick it would surprise you.

Soulful eyes!—I'd rather see a daughter of mine married to de ash man than to de soulful eyed sort of person. He isn't dreamin' of a kindred spirit when he looks "soulful," he's just fretting about whut sort of breakfast food would be best for his indigestion.

And you, de mother of three children how can you live and be such a goose? Haven't you learned yet dat love is de best part of de life, it's just a part of it, de best part to be sure, but just a part after all?

What if your husband should go into this "soulful" business? How would you like that? Fine time he'd have keepin' de family going if he took to his bed and "died" for a glance from a pair of soulful eyes.

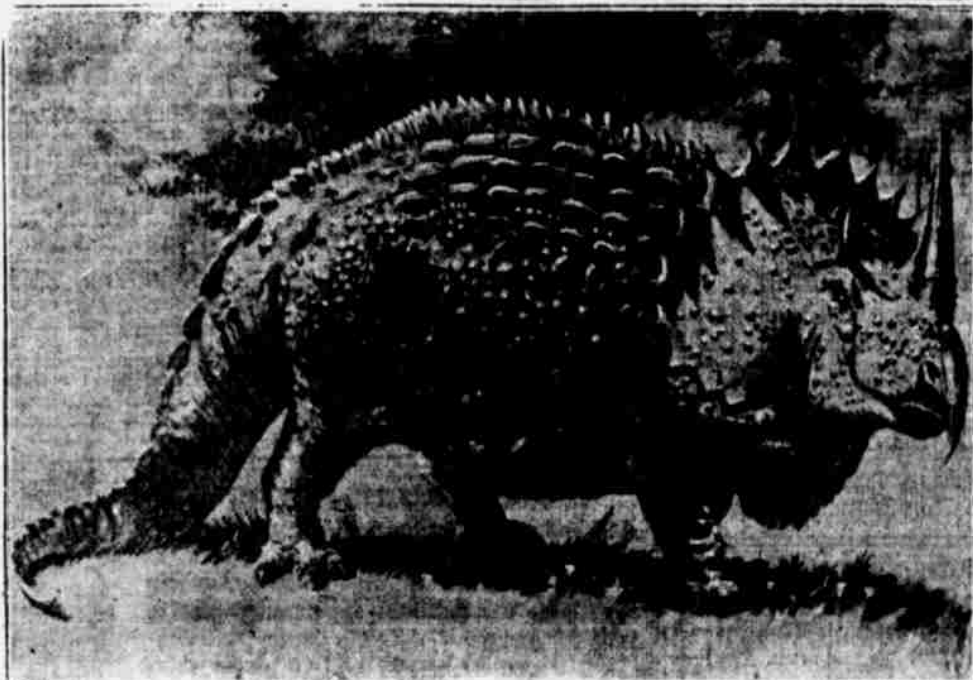
Be thankful for de love of a good man, you silly woman—be thankful on your knees.

I've never seen you, but I'll warrant you are no such desperately fascinating creature dat men die for want of a glance from you.

Come to, sister, come to. You're in a faint and dere's all de work to be done. Three children to bring up, a good man to comfort and sustain in his hard working path through this world. Hop out of bed and get to work.

"In love with a face, infatuated with a memory"—fudge, you're in love with yourself, that's whut's de matter with you, and in love with silly sentimentality.

The Giants of Yesterday - Triceratops - By Garrett P. Serviss



THE TRICERATOPS, SO CALLED BECAUSE THIS MEANS "BEAST WITH-THREE-HORNS."

Yesterday—the yesterday of geology—starts into life again the astonishing animal park which Carl Hagenbeck has established near Hamburg, Germany.

Here, reproduced life-size in concrete, stand, run, swim, fight or rear their prey the terrible animals who ruled de world before man, and continued to be its absolute masters for a period which may have been 15,000,000 or 20,000,000 years in length.

So long as only their skeletons were to be seen, set up in museums, these monsters did not appear either so dreadful or so wonderful, but now dat science has learned how to reproduce their entire forms, they are seen to surpass all dat de imagination could have invented.

On this page will be seen a photograph showing the armored monster called the Triceratops, which means the "beast-with-three-horns," and which when full grown was about twenty-five feet long.

The Triceratops was particularly abundant in western America during the Cretaceous age, when a broad arm of de sea ran from de Gulf of Mexico across Texas, Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, Wyoming and Montana, and far up into western Canada. He dwelt along de margin of dat shallow sea and lived mainly on a vegetable diet. He waded in de water also and may have devoured small marine animals.

But he had to fight for life and he was prepared for it. His enormous body was covered with a hide stronger than dat of a rhinoceros and studded with huge horny bosses, pointed like thick spikes. Three great horns projected from his head, which was from six to eight feet long.

The most astonishing part of his armament, however, was de defensive shield, six feet or more in diameter, which encircled de back of his neck like a horny ruff, bordered with a row of sharp spurs. The heaviest rifle bullet would have been unable to penetrate de shield, and probably de sides of his great twenty-five-foot body and tail were almost equally impenetrable. This shows how fearful must have been de power of his enemies, although much of his fighting was probably done with his own kind.

Prof. Marsh believed dat the Triceratops was an animal in which de development of defensive armor reached a point where it became an unbearable burden to de creature itself, interfering so much with its powers of locomotion dat it could no longer successfully contend in de struggle for existence with animals less cumbersome. It was a

"Dreadnought" which attained a size and weight so great dat it could hardly turn around and was continually getting itself entangled. Finally it disappeared from de earth, as de knights of de middle ages, with their heavy armor, disappeared when gunpowder and bullets took de place of spears, swords and muscular arms on de battlefield. Perhaps de fate of de Triceratops may be taken as a warning against pushing armored warships too far.

One can easily imagine de scene when a Triceratops fought, either with a bull of his own species or with some of de smaller and more active carnivorous, or flesh-eating animals of his time, which, there is reason to believe, often conquered and ate him in spite of all his wonderful armor. A pair of angry Triceratops, rushing headforemost against each other, must have shook de ground like two locomotives meeting at

SMASHIN' WINDOW GLASS

After a Certain Old Song.

By JAMES RAVENSCROFT.

I met with Mrs. Spankwurst,
And I took and shook her hand,
And I asked her, "How's old England now?"
And how does she stand?"
"A land of strife and woe," says she,
"For it has come to pass
They're jallin' of de women there
For smashin' window glass!"
"You scarce can walk de streets in peace
With brickbat, club or rock
But whut de bobbies grab you up
And hale you to de dock,
You stand before de lord, de judge,
All weighted down with chains;
Says he: Three months at breaking stones
For breaking window panes!"
"Tabooed are suffragette parades;
No more are we allowed
To riot through de bobbies' streets
And win votes from de crowd.
Our leaders can't be seen—at least
Not for awhile, alas!
They've got de poor dears all in jail
For smashin' window glass!"
Pointed Paragraphs.
Getting even is an expensive luxury.
Even a woman never learns to sneeze gracefully.
Not for awhile, alas!
It is almost as frisky and senseless as a fish.

Fables of the Wise Dame

By DOROTHY DIX.

Once upon a time there was a bachelor who grew weary of club life, and determined upon de desperate expedient of matrimony to alleviate his sad condition.

With this end in view, he togged himself out in special scenery, and, after having made out a schedule of all de virtues he demanded in a wife, he started out on a still hunt for a female to fill de bill. He had not far, however, before he met up with a friend, who thus accosted him:

"I see," said de friend, "that you are clad in joyous habiliments, and have de mien of one about to start forth on a mixed drink excursion."

"That is at it may chance," replied de bachelor, "for I am seeking a wife, and I have been told by those who have been there and qualified as expert witnesses dat sometimes matrimony is a picnic and sometimes it is a frost."

"Whut brand of wife do you desire?" asked de friend with interest.

"Nothing short of perfection will do for me," answered de bachelor, throwing out his chest. "For I do not propose to waste my attractions on any second class charmer. No marked down callos for me."

"Without doubt," observed de friend, thoughtfully, "a wife who is an angel of goodness, and a model of all de virtues, would command one's highest respect, but do you not think dat she would be a little tryin' to live with, and dat there would be times when her superiority would get upon your nerves?"

"I had not thought of dat," replied de bachelor, "but it is undoubtedly true dat I should much prefer to knock my wife's faults dat to have her hammer mine. Therefore I shall no longer seek for a perfect female, but merely for one who is a good loker."

"Fichtitude is, indeed, much to be admired in a female," said de friend, "but if you marry a beauty you will have to spend your life payin' her compliments. Also she will spend all of your kale with de dressmaker and milliner, for ef de stage a living picture has to dress de part."

"Forget it," cried de bachelor with alarm, "for I propose to do de pedestal act in my house, and de principle thing I want with a wife is to have a reliable person to burn incense at my feet. So I shall pass up de peach basket and choose for my mate a high browed dame who has had de benefit of de higher education so dat she can be a companion to me."

"Right-o," replied de friend, "but will you enjoy de society of a wife who is loaded to de guards with facts and statistics, and who can make you look like 30 cents in an argument? The only way in which a masculine creature can cinch his position as family oracle is by marrying a female whose outside interests are confined to Butterick's patterns and sterilized baby food."

"I perceive dat dere is much in whut you say," agreed de bachelor, "and so I shall cut out de educated lady and center my affections on some girl who is well provided with dough."

"Money," observed de friend, "is always a handy thing to have about de house, and dere is no denyin' dat nothin' pads de domestic yoke like de long green, but do not forget dat de hand dat totes de pocketbook rules de roost."

"Alas," cried de bachelor, "I fear dat I would not enjoy havin' over a kind and indulgent wife dole out car fare to



me, and so I shall give de millionaires de go by, but if all de qualities dat I have esteemed so desirable in a wife are so full of danger whut shall I seek?"

"Mediocrity," quoth de friend, "wears no blue ribbons, but it is full of peace and safety. If you marry a homely girl she will be grateful to you for savin' her from bein' an old maid. If you marry a poor one she will have to do your way in order to work you for new hats and French millinery, and if you marry one with plenty of faults you can keep her so busy making good on her own mistakes dat she will not have an opportunity to note your sidesteppin'. Hevva preserve you in your rash undertakin', Farewell."

Now de bachelor was a wise guy who knew a good tip when it was handed to him, so he sought out a plain little girl, and married her, much to de surprise of his associates, who wondered whut he could see in such an insignificant creature, but they lived happily ever after.

Moral. This fable teaches whut ordinary girls make good matches, whut de belle of de town generally gets left.

THE COAL MINER

By CHESTER FIRKINS.

A rumbling from de deep—
From out de tomb
Where living toilers keep
Their tryst with doom!

The human Titan stirs
His Aethan arms—
The vast world's carriers—
Ring stern alarms.

From strata tugged by man
De flames tangle flare;
Across de ocean's span
Their lightning's glare.

For he, who in de damp
Wide pick and spade,
Sees by his helmet lamp
The world he made.

Knows dat upon his might—
His perilled toil
Rests all of earth's delight
And golden spoil.

The ships dat ply de sea,
De wheels of trade,
Move by his majesty—
The accepted axed—
Wielding de bolt of Zeus
In Vulcan's grave;
Chained like Prometheus,
Imperial slave!

Who, by his vengeance—all,
Can hold today
A mighty land in thrall
To prove his sway.

But who asks nothing more
Than food and home
For them dat keep his door
And share his doom.

A rumble and a shock;
A challenge hurled
Beneath de bedded roof
Across de world!

Proud may his masters be,
To bow and yield;
God gave Thy victory
Unto his victor!

Caution.
A commercial traveler at a railway restaurant in one of our southern towns included in his order for breakfast, two boiled eggs. The old dinky who served him brought three.

"Uncle," said de traveling man, "why in de world did you bring me three boiled eggs?" I only ordered two."

"Yes, sir," said de old dinky, bowing and smiling, "I know you did order two, sir, but I brought three because I just naturally felt dat one of them might fall you, sir."—Harper's Weekly.

Sympathy for Youth

By MARGARET ESTHER CRAGIN.

Assured of sympathy, youth is capable of great energy and endurance. Co-operation of an older and richer mind forces it to a certain fury of performance it can rarely reach alone.

It is so easy for de great to be great; so easy to come up to an expected standard. The benefits of affection are enormous, and de one event which never loses its romance to youth is its encounter with superior persons on terms allowing de happiest intercourse.

A young midshipman on his first expedition, when approaching de vessel which his boat crew was to attack, suddenly, at a discharge of cannon, was so overpowered with fear dat his knees shook together and he was ready to faint. A famous lieutenant, observing his distress, placed himself close beside de midshipman, gripped his shoulder with a strong yet tender clasp and whispered: "Courage, my boy! You will recover in a minute or so, I was just the same when I first went out this way."

To de boy it was as if an angel had spoken. From dat moment he was as fearless and as forward as de boldest of de boat's crew. But he dared not think whut would have become of him had his superior scoffed at or exposed him.

Nature itself is ever kind. It weaves tissues and a tinguements of flesh and skin and hair and beautiful colors to cover up de skeleton in life, forces death down underground, and makes haste to cover it up with leaves and vines, wiping out carefully every trace of desolation by new creation.

It is so easy and cheap to destroy ambition. There is not a joyful boy or girl buoyant with fine purposes of duty, but a cynic can chill and dishearten with a single word.

Dependency comes readily enough to de most sanguine, without de pessimist's bitter hints of failure, which cause youth to check its eager, courageous pace and go home with heavier step and premature age.

We have all failed to please when we most wished to give pleasure, blundered when we were most ambitious for success; found ourselves awkward or tedious, perhaps, in study, thought or heroism, but fervently hoped for good sense and fidelity to atone for past error. But the cynic would make this little hope still less by satire and skepticism, which slacken de springs of all endeavor.

How much more worthy to help the young soul, add energy, inspire hope and blow de coals into a useful flame; regard defeat by a suggestion of new thought, new action.

That would be to follow in de path of de Divine.

Thought Him Downright Foolish.

On one of de most prominent street corners of Victoria, British Columbia, two Englishmen were deeply engrossed in conversation. This part of Canada contains a great many Englishmen who are apparently from wealthy families, and having been sent over here in de hope of de country developing themselves their work, so to speak.

A trolley car had turned de corner, stopped for some passengers to alight, and started off again, when a man turned de corner on the run and boarded de moving car.

The Englishmen looked at each other in amazement.

"My word! Did you see him run?" one remarked.

The blooming ass! replied his companion, "I wonder if he didn't know dat dere was another car in 20 miles west"—Lippincott's Magazine.