The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT—Outside of That Everything Was Running Smoothly ∴ Drawn for The Bee by Tad

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The Baby and Trouble Time

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Dear Miss Black:

Can a man love a baby when he gets angry because his wife objects to his playing with it and getting it excited (as it is baby's bedtime) when he gets home?

Also, does he love his wife when he would rather the baby would go to any one but her?

He could get home earlier, if he wanted to, play with the baby before she got so tired, and it makes the mother cross, as it takes her all the evening to get the baby asleep and she has no chance to do anything else.

Worcester, Mass. THE MOTHER.

Well, well, well—what a tempest in a teapot!

So daddie wants to play with the baby, and mother thinks he ought not to think of such a thing—except at certain times—and nobobdy loves nobody, and nothing is right in the little Worcester flat.

Poor, little, worried, conscientious, tired out mother. I'd like to get hold of that big, stupid, bothersome husband of yours and box his ears. And after I had boxed them well I'd sit down and have a real heart-to heart talk with him.

I'd say, "Look here, brother, you love that baby of yours. Don't you love him so hard that you simply can't let him alone, no matter what time of night it is when you see him; and you don't see why the baby's mother is such a crank about your playing with your own child.

"Well, you run down the block and stop in at the very first doctor's office and ask him about it.

"He'll tell you, and he'll tell you very quickly, too.

"If he's the right sort of doctor he'll give you a few facts about babies and what not to do with them that will make you dizzy. And the first thing he'll tell you is that a baby isn't a toy to amuse you; it is a human being with a set of nerves and a brain, and that will need that set of nerves and a brain when he grows up; and he won't have much of any left if you're going to play peek-a-boo and ketchy-ketchy with him whenever you want to amuse yourself."

Laugh! Of course, the baby laughs. It would laugh if you should start in and tickle it to death—die laughing at that—but what of it? Can't you tell the difference between a real laugh of real fun and a poor, frightened, nervous, hysterical giggle? Well, it's time you learned.

Stop making a plaything of him and help make a man of him—a man you'll be proud of some glorious day.

And, another thing, that little wife you like to tease when you toss the baby in the air and laugh to see him gasp, if you had the headache she's had ever since he was born you'd be in bed right now with a doctor on one side and a trained nurse on the other, thinking you were going to die before sundown.

Stand it? Of course, she stands it. She's a woman. She has to stand it; but how are you helping her?

Love you? Of course, she does, just as much as you love her.

You are passing through the breakers now, both of you.

The first five years of marriage ought to be called "trouble time." The baby is a lot of trouble to her. You just have the fun of it and you don't know.

If I were that little mother I think I'd have a bad headache the next time you waked that child up to play with it, and I'd run to the neighbors to lie down, and then you'd have to get him to sleep yourself.

"Bye-bye, shut your little eyes"—not half so much fun as you thought an hour ago. Bye-bye"—what, no signs of the sandman?—"Bye-bye, crying now; poor little, tired, nervous fellow."

Now do you like it, you with your strong back and powerful arms? How do you suppose it looks to the little mother when she's hardly able to stand anyhow?

Mean business, wasn't it—small business. Hardly worth while for a man and the father of someone that's going to be a man some day. Suppose you drop it right now, the foolish teasing, the boyish play. It's a man's world. Be a man and live in it.

And as for you, little mother, what foolish talk about whom he loves and he doesn't love. He loves you, of course. He chose you for his companion all through life. There were lots of other girls, but he liked you best. What's happened since then that he should change?

Haven't you changed a little yourself?

Of course you have, poor little, half-sick, worried thing. You aren't a bit like the girl he fell in love with at the dance.

What was it you wore—blue, with a silver band in your hair? And the music—what was that waltz? How he could two-step, too. "Oh, You Great Big Beautiful Doll," you sang the foolish song together as you danced, and how happy you were. How the world sang with you, the whole glorious, beautiful, light-hearted world.

And he walked home on air that night because you smiled when he asked you for the rose you wore; and you gave it to him. Why, it wasn't two years ago. He's the same man he was then, and you are the same woman, only things have happened. You've been very ill, and he's been worried about you, and things haven't run as smoothly at home as they might since baby came.

Why, you poor things, there's nothing really wrong; not a thing in the world. You are just passing through Trouble Time, that's all. Don't let the big waves swallow you and your happiness.

"Oh, You Great Big Beautiful Doll!" Silly song, wasn't it, the two-step you used to dance to? Forget it; you're singing a better song now, a sweeter one, one more worth the singing. Why don't you stop the foolish nonsense, the childish spats, and sing it as it should be sung—the great, splendid, melodious, noble song of life—together?

The Manicure Lady

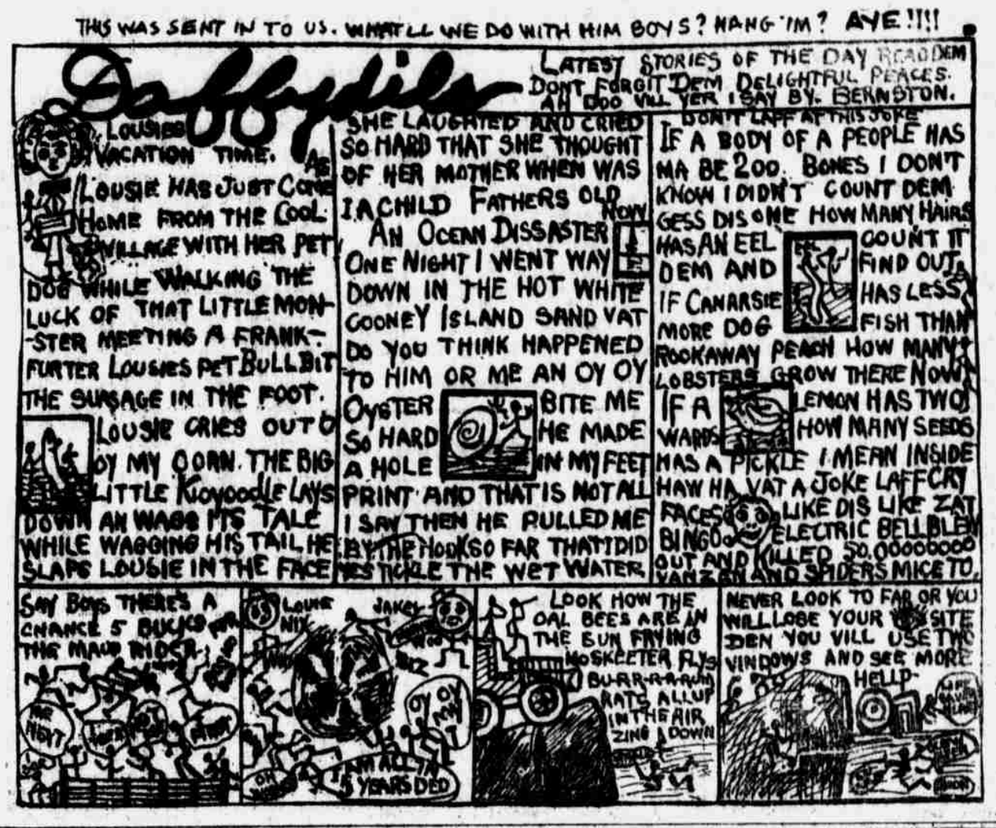
"I see that Miss Helen Gould has came out strong in favor of the old maids," said the Manicure Lady. "She thinks that nobody ought for to attack them, because so many of them are noble women. She seid in a article she wrote that if she had found a suitable husband she would never have had a chance to spend so much of her money as wisely as she has. There may be a good deal in that George.

"That sounds as if she might have had to stake her husband every week or so, if she found a suitable one," said the Head Barber. "I don't see how she could blame anybody but herself if she had married a man that couldn't support the two of them, the way some folks in her set happened to do. Any girl that lets a man marry her for her money, giving nothing back except a shopworn crown or coat of arms, oughtn't to squeal. If she had found a suitable hsuband in the shape of some good, solid American business man like her brother, George, I guess she would have had as much money and as much time to devote to charity as she has. Not that she ain't a grand woman. I know all about all the swell gifts she has made. I guess everybody in America is proud that she is an American girl, married or not."

"That's what brother Wilfred was saying up to the house last night," said the Manicure Lady. "Wilfred thinks the world of her since the time he wrote a poem about one of her big gifts and mailed it to her. I don't remember much of it, except the finish. 'Oh, thou great benefactress, thou art greater than an actress.' He got an answer to it when he mailed it to her. The answer was wrote by her private secretary, and said that the receipt of the letter and poem was acknowledged.

"But getting back to the old maid part of the thing, George, I don't think anybody ought to be too hard on old maids. Their lives ain't none too full of sunshine, as they go along on their own little lonesome way, with nothing but cats and parrots to kiss away them unavailing tears that springs unbidden from the heart. I wouldn't have a cat kiss away any tears of mine, goodness knows, because I have never liked cats since I got to be a light sleeper and moved into a neighborhood where cats have their conventions. And as for parrots kissing away tears from my eyes, with them awful beaks of theirs, there wouldn't be a chance in the world of me considering it. I think too much of my eyes to have them kissed out by a parrot's beak.

"No, George, you can't make me believe that folks ought to feel cold toward old maids. Love is woman's whole existence, as the poet Oliver Wordsworth said. The happiest woman in the world is the woman that marries the gent she loves, even if she might have a shy bankroll when she wants to go shopping. I got four standing offers, George, and I'm going to grab one of them as soon as me and mother makes up our minds which is the most likely to be the most different husband from father."



The Making of a Pretty Girl

The Athletic Miss

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

"My lady is an athletic girl," said the proud mother of 1-year-old Nannette Tarbox Beals. To show what she could do the baby swung valiantly, supporting her own weight while holding to her mother's fingers.

The daughter of this well known business woman, Mrs. Jessie Tarbox Beals, began her athletic development when she was about 2 months old, for there is no limit for the athletic girl.

You can begin whenever you want to, and you can go on as long as you like, or take up athletics when you are well advanced in middle life. The grandmother of some friends of mine still goes swimming at 80, and she attributed her superb health to the practice of outdoor exercise.

Every girl should have some sort of outdoor fad—something that combines exercise and amusement—some sort of athletics.

When you talk of athletics many a girl thinks at once of golf or tennis, polo, riding or some sport which necessitates an expendtiure of money either for habits or costumes or for the implements used. Riding, for instance, is quite beyond the pale for those of moderate income who live in the city, and the girl who lives inland can't enjoy the delights of swimming as can the girl who is in New York, for instance, or in the lake cities.

It is this idea of expense that keeps so many girls from joining some athletic club or league. But there are always ways of avoiding the more expensive forms of sport, just as there is always time for the girl who wants to take it to develop herself physically and to gain health and good spirits in regular out-of-doors exercise.

If I had my way, the girls who want to be pretty, and of course that includes all girls, should belong to small groups or clubs, who would pursue the culture of beauty out of doors in some form of athletics. The girl with the athletic fad has no time for foolish wool gathering, and if she is bent on making herself physically strong and well, she will not be the one to dress in some of the ridiculous fashions of the day or to paint and powder her face and make herself unpleasantly conspicuous in other ways.

The girl who wants to go in for the simplest, as well as the most healthful, form of athletics can join a walking club or get one up consisting of friends and, if possible, one older person, as chaperon and instructor.

These walking clubs are quite popular in England, and there is no cost attached to such an organization. The chaperon or instructor should be a person of moderate leisure who has time to study up the points of historic interest in the neighborhood. No matter how new the city or town, there is always some place not far away where some interesting event in history occurred. Get books on the subject at the library.

The walks should be taken to these points of interest and the instructor should know enough to call the attention of the members of the club to bad carriage, awkward walk or other defects. The club should meet once a week at least for a long walk and during the course of the season one or two tours to distant points should be planned and carried out, on foot, of course. These clubs are very popular in Germany as well as in England, where a group of young women with a chaperon and sometimes a guide for longer trips will go on walking tours lasting from two to six weeks.

AN EXERCISE FOR BROADENING CHEST AND EXPANDING LUNGS.

DEEP BREATHING IS ONE OF THE BEST EXERCISES.

Walking clubs should train their members to the longer feats of endurance by slow degrees. On rainy days, when the members cannot take their outing, they should meet at the home of the member who has the largest rooms and go through systematic exercises to strengthen themselves in lungs and limbs—deep breathing exercises, which I have frequently given, and foot exercise, of which this is one of the best.

Stand erect, wearing soft slippers, or, better still, in stocking feet, raise the arms above the head, lift the body stretching upward, inhale deeply and raise the body on the toes, keep it rigid, retain the breath for several seconds, exhale slowly, lowering the body and arms. An exercise for broadening the chest and expanding the lungs: Stand erect, extend the arms forward, hands together, throw the chest out and at the same time swing the arms backward, clapping the arms behind.

First Prohibitionists

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

August 9, 1733.

One hundred and seventy-nine years ago today—August 9, 1733—the governing body of Georgia, by a unanimous vote, prohibited the use of rum in the province.

Thus it will be seen that this action of the Georgia authorities antedates that of Neal Dow and the Maine people by one hundred and twenty-one years. So far as our country is concerned, the king's trustees in Georgia were the original prohibitionists. While as yet Maine was an unorganized wilderness, untenanted save by the Indian and the bull moose, the Georgia temperance decree was on its way across the Atlantic for signature by the king and the commons.

The royal signature was obtained, and for ten years the Georgians had to get along without rum. It may be well to state in this connection that nearly all of the Georgians of that time were Germans and Scotchmen.

As long ago as the time of Tacitus we read of the "thirst" of the Teutons, and from time immemorial the men of the heather have been accredited with being very fond of their "toddy." But the trustees of the crown meant business, and for a decade Georgia was "dry."

But in those days, as is the case in our own time, there were powerful "interests," and the "interests" decided that prohibition in Georgia should cease.

The Lumber trust sent its agents to England with a "tale of woe," and the Parliament, on July 14, 1742, repealed the prohibition law of the province. The lumber dealers exchanged their lumber in the West Indies for rum, which article they sold to the colonists at a big profit, and in consideration of this "profit" the Parliament voted to overrule the trustees and make Georgia "wet" again.

The trustees, who appear to have been most excellent men, having the welfare of the people at heart and disposed to do what was really best for them, finally resigned, and with their resignation there came in together the twin blessings of rum and negro slavery—"blessings" which the trustees were sincerely anxious to keep out of the province forever, and which they might have succeeded in keeping out but for the interference of the British Parliament.

The "Empire State of the South" started under the finest of auspices, but the "interests" were too strong for it, and it was not long before it was just like the rest of the "civilized" world.

Of the founder of Georgia, James Oglethorpe, John Fiske does well in saying "his name deserves a very high place among the heroes of early American history."

Fiske might have added that in that history no name stands higher. The associate of royalty and the companion of the nobility, he was at the same time a sterling democrat and plain man of the people.

He desired, above all else, to promote the happiness and virtue of his fellow men. For that purpose he founded the state of Georgia, and but for the disturbing influences of the mercenary and unprincipled agents of Mammon he might have succeeded beyond all the other fathers of American commonwealths.

The Big Purpose in All Work

Selected by EDWIN MARKHAM.

Madam Maria Montessori's method of teaching children is practised in Rome, Paris and New York. This method insists and demands free play of the individuality of the pupil. For one thing, she wishes to do away with the stiff desks used in schoolrooms and to let children move freely about. The culture of the social instinct is included in her system. "The Montessori Method" is the name of her recent volumne, and I take the following from its pages:

"We know only too well the sorry spectacle of the teacher who, in the ordinary schoolroom, must pour certain cut-and-dried facts into the heads of the scholars. In order to succeed in this barren task she finds it necessary to discipline her pupils into immobility and to force their attention. Prizes and punnishments are ever-ready and efficient aids to the master who must force into a given attitude of mind and body those who are condemned to be his listeners.

"It is true that today it is deemed expedient to abolish official whippings and habitual blows, just as the awarding of prizes has become less ceremonious. These partial reforms are another prop approved by science, and offered to the support of the decadent school. Such prizes and punishments are (if I may be allowed the expression) the cancer of the soul, the instrument of slavery for the spirit.

"Here, however, these are not applied to lessen deformities, but to provoke them. The prize and the punishment are incentives toward unnatural or forced effort, and, therefore we certainly cannot speak of the natural development of the child in connection with them. The jockey offers a piece of sugar to his horse before jumping into the saddle, the coachman beats his horse that he may respond to the signs given by the reins, and yet neither of these runs so superbly as the free horse of the plains.

"And here, in the case of education, shall man place the yoke upon man?

"True, we say that social man is natural man yoked to society. But if we give a comprehensive glance at the moral progress of society, we shall see that, little by little, the yoke is being made easier; in other words, we shall see that nature, or life, moves gradually toward triumph. The yoke of the slave yields to that of the servant and the yoke of the servant to that of the workman.

"All forms of slavery tend little by little to weaken and disappear; even the slavery of woman. The history of civilization is a history of conquest and of liberation.

"We should ask in what stage of civilization we find ourselves, and if, in truth, the good of prizes and of punishments be necessary to our advancement. If we have indeed gone beyond this point, then to apply such a form of education would be to draw the new generation back to a lower level, not to lead them into their true heritage of progress.

"Something very like this condition of the school exists in society in the relation between the government and the great numbers of the men employed in its administrative departments. These clerks work day after day for the general national good, yet they do not feel nor see the advantage of their work in any immediate reward. That is, they do not realize that the state carries on its great business through their daily tasks and that the whole nation is benefited by their work. For them the immediate good is promotion, as passing to a higher class is for the child in school.

"The man who loses sight of the really big aim of his work is like a child who has been placed in a class below his real standing; like a slave, he is cheated of something which is his right. His dignity of a machine which must be oiled if it is to be kept going, because it does not have within itself the impulse of life. All those petty things such as the desire for decorations or medals are but artificial stimuli, lightening for the moment the dark, barren path in which he treads.

"In the same way we give prizes to school children. And the fear of not achieving promotion withholds the clerk from running away and binds him to his monotonous work, even as the fear of not passing into the next class drives the pupil to his book. The reproof of the superior is in every way similar to the scolding of the teacher. The correction of badly executed clerical work is equivalent to the bad mark placed by the teacher upon the scholar's poor composition. The parallel is almost perfect."

Persistent Advertising is the Road to Big Returns.

Not Always What They Seem.

The court was having trouble getting a satisfactory jury.

"Is there any reason why you could not pass impartially on the evidence for and against the prisoner?" asked the judge of a prospective juror.

"Yes," was the reply; "the very looks of the man makes me think he is guilty."

"Why, man," exclaimed the judge, "that's the prosecuting attorney!"—Ladies' Home Journal.