

## The Bee's Home Magazine Page

"Certainly, Marry First Nice Man!"

Lecturer Defends Advice She Gave Girls



## Mistake to Drop Liquid Foreign Names

Ella Wheeler Wilcox Says: It is Wrong for Parents Coming Here from Abroad to Bring Up Children in Ignorance of Their Mother Language.

(Copyright, 1912, by Star Publishing Co. Out in Madison, Conn., there is a very bright serious-minded Italian woman

named Annette Colombo. She is devoted to her native country

and very jenious of its good reputation But she is much imclined to take a morbid view of the ignorant ideas which many Americans (and people of other nationalities as well) hold of Italians.

Madame Colombo ts well educated in her own language. grown when she came here and she now speaks and writes an excellent English, with but few minor mistakes.

thinking, but she needs to direct her thoughts in a more philosophical chan-

It troubles her greatly that the beau tiful Italian names are changed so soon here in America to names which do not give an idea of the nationality of Salve, o Italia, sorriso divino, the bearer, and last May she wrote an appeal as a protest against the changing Sode un plauso perenne ecoheggian. of the name of Celumbo, the discoverer America, to Columbus.

The writer of this agrees with her that his a mistake to change such a musical Galileo, un italiano! name as Giovanni to John, or Giuseppe to Joe, and to utterly drop some musical and liquid cognomen and adopt Smith, or White, or Humphrey, as several Ital-

But it seems to be the rule of all foreigners who come to America to live. And worse yet, they bring up their childten in ignorance of the native language of the parents. Children of parents born in Germany and Italy particularly are obliged to learn those languages at

The fathers and mothers make a great mistake in thinking the children will be better Americans by not knowing how to speak the native tongue.

Here is Mrs. Colombo's latest gricy-

"If you can explain why, in America, as in all other nations, there are a great number of Italian born men, women and children who, if they are quite well off, are called Americans, French, etc., but they are Italians, so that only the very low class of Italians are now regarded as Jenium. Fiven the great men treat

Gregoris wrote the eulogy of Napoleon. discouraging.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, I instead of calling him the great Frenchman, why did he not say the great Genovese man? When he was born Coralca had surrendered to France only a few months before the population was still recognized as Italian.

ionable thing these

days to discredit

no longer look at him

taught them to regard

"Woman's mission.

they claim today, "is

to be something more

in life than a wife-

or a mother. She

must go out into the

world and engage in

This sentiment is

quite as fashionable

as hobble sidris or a

mop of false hatr.

But it is unlike those

epidemics in that it

will pass away with

no bad effects, but

when this wave of

contempt for the lit-

tle God of Love has

swept on it will leave

stranded, high, dry

and desolate, a jot of

"All the better for

declare, so unimously

that the voice of one

woman's protesting

against such a fate

is almost drowned in

It is the voice of

Miss Elizabeth Mar-

ping dramatic authors.

meeting of working girls:

She has made a great success of hel

work, and, according to the prevailing

fullacy, should have found her heart's

Here is what she said at a recer

"Girls, I want you to marry. Mar

the first nice man who comes along.

Don't wait for the second man; there

may be no second man. Marry the

first one, and put into your married

all the hopes for happiness and better-

ment that you are told every day to

"Yes, I said it." said Miss Marbury

somewhat defiantly, next day, "and

will say it again and say it often. My

advice was inspired by an address made

by Miss Kate Bernard of Oklahoma, who

not to marry. She said it was the only

for making so many unjust taws.

way they could be revenged on the men

"I want the women to be happy. The

was in New York recently, engaged in

put into your daily employment.

life all the interest, all the enthusiasm

satisfaction in it, but she hasn't.

bury, who for more

the uproar.

the women

onesome spinaters.

with wistful eyes.

aim with scorn

its great work.

must vote.

young women

elders have

Cupid

"Honsparte, Napoleon's father, considered by France as one of the 100. nobility, of Consica. The mother of Sapoleon went back from France and led in Rome. Why, why in it not a lenovese. It is because he was a great

"Am I really wrong, or don't you think provoking and discouraging to be an

The writer of the letter can find conort in the following poem, written by one her brilliant countrywomen, Mrs. S. Poll 10 Howe street, New Haven, Conn. It gives in her native language a few of the wonderful Italian names of the stars which are blazing in the firmament of glory-Galileo, Columbus, Dante, Raphael. tosaini, Michael Angelo. A hundred might easily be added.

There is no other country on earth She has a busy brain and is constantly | which has given all the arts and sciences o much genius as Italy.

Every human being whose mind is deeloped beyond the provincial boundary knows this to be true, and the opinior of the ignorant is searcely worth noticing. LE GLORIE D'ITALIA.

Del mondiale alterno moto.

Leggiadrissimo pittore. si doire parla al core, la magica sua mano, Raffaello, un italiano:

Chi signor dell'armonia

Architetto e al par pittore, Chi e in ogni arte ognor sovrano? Michelangelo, un italiano!

Piu' moderno sorge autore, Dalle onde protettore, Dal maufragi il mondo umano, E Marconi, un italiano:

This is quite answer enough to the losing question in the letter of Annette if they are poor, or good for nothing. Colombo, whether or not it is "provoking and discouraging to be an Itamn." To have been born in a land will be produced such men and women as are a benefit and a glory to the human race "A few weeks ago the R. Thomas is surely anything but "provoking and

Good Disposition by Modern Magic

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

many years ago, the good fairies presented a loved one with a wand, the magic of which gratifled every wish. Enemies were vanquished, the sordid gave way to luxury, distances were over-

by waving a fairy wand.

Or sometimes, so varied were the means days, one had only to rub a lamp or a the ground a little red man to do one's of the gift.

. Wonderful, was it not? And all true. for, if you remember, in your childhood you believed it true, and it is a good of ingratitude remains, and the longer she of persimmon closing in around it. thing to retain all through life the faith rubs at these disfiguring little marks of wild maple was of one's childhood

But in all its wonder there is a magic more modern that surpasses it.

And this magic consists not in rubbing a lamp or a ring. It is not depended on the visit of some fairy who supplies his those who are not his favorites suffer.

It is a magic that lies within yourself and instead of rubbing a lamp or a ring. you rub your own mean little disposition. In those days when a girl was not satindividual and particular fairy and that long to be remembered by others in the fairy made the gift a better one.

In those days her first thought is a

reflects that she gave something better than she received, or that some one else fared better than she. Christmas begins badly for her, and if it ends badly will

depend entirely upon herself. She cannot rub a fairy lamp and change what she has received into something come, all that one longed for was realized finer. But she can rub at that little sordid, selfish kink in her mind till she smoothes it all out. She can remember by which magic was manifested in those that it is the spirit that counts, not the price and look more at the kindness and ring, and, behold, there popped out of friendship of the giver than at the value

> She can rub and rub till she rubs discontent away, and contentment appears | edge of the bluff. All alone it stood in its place. She can rub till no mark selfishness the handsomer her gift will part of the wild

It may look plain and cheap before she begins rubbing on her mean little disposition, but she will not have rubbed | soil, decked in long till it becomes in truth all that she flaunting gold and favorites with means to call him and lets desired. The love of the one who gave it will cast a lustre on it that did not ap- was at home. - too. pear before. It will take on the shape, the color, the style, of that which she ferest, sturdy and had longed for, and by rubbing and rubbing she will make her Christmas all with his wide isfied with a gift she called on her own that she desired, and a day of pleasure branches spreading

say to my girls: Don't look complaint, for girls, even when receiving back to the days when there were real Brown he was gifts at Christmas, are only human. She | fairles with regret that you didn't five | dress.

myself cannot be happy. I am an old maid; I admit it; and now that I am an tion, for business life for a woman can holds!"

> butterflies to wait on their favorites. Rather, be glad that you are living today, when every girl has her own indi- wrought.

in those times. Just remember that had vidual means of working magic. And stood alone, prim, silent, aloof, on the worked a greater magic than fairles ever

you existed then, you might possibly have don't end it with being glad. Rub, and been the maiden the fairles overlooked rub, and rub, every time you are disapwhen they flew away on the backs of pointed slighted, hurt, offended or

wrenged, and you will find you have

The Lonely Pear Tree

women who are old maids like of getting to the top.

MISS ELIZABETH MARBURY.

first nice young man that comes along.

than twenty years has devoted her tal- old maid I have an ambition to be the

One of New York's most successful business women,

exaggerating their burdens.

career than can equal that?

what happiness means.

telling the wives how unhappy and op-

"I want to tell every wife how well off

ful for. She has her baby in her arms,

herself unmarried, who advises girls to marry the

By WINIFRED BLACK

The pear tree stood alone on the very there, with a thicket of paw-paw and

woods and stood like an Indian warrior on his native russet. The old oak on the edge of the strong he stood. like the arms of a kindly old man over his little flock.



touched with a glory of scarlet and crimson, a cardinal of the wild woods. Tal) beside him and straight and slim stood the hickory tree, his leaves yellowed and seared and all the ground ship. around his feet brown with opening rinds, with the white nut shell gleaming like a promise from within.

And the walnuts, how silent they were, tall and shy and reserved, like some country dignitary, afraid to seem too hand from the generous tree has tasted presuming among his more traveled all the seasons, gentle spring, glorious

Here and there a gracious elm spread the woods to the streets of some stately old town, which it would adorn like the When the October breeze swept through and whispered together. What of I

edge of the thicket, or the verge of the wild forest.

How did it get there, the pear tree? tree? Who threw a seed down in the wild woods, and did it think to blossom there and make an orchard?

Now, if it had been an apple! Apple trees are democratic friendly things, always leaning kindly over a doorstep somewhere, blushing pink and rosy after a sort of human fashion, and throwing down a prodigality of gifts for all who like to gather and enjoy

The peach tree is a little more shy, not quite so simple, perhaps, as the apple, but still not averse to human companion

What! Is that a plum tree, a wild one, with its marvelious fruit? Red with a tinge of blue, no silver. Why, it changes with the sunlight upon it. Who ever tasted a wild plum picked by his own summer and sturdy fall.

I wish I could live a month in the from the river below all the trees sighed apples, and fragrant as the apples of lives, little pear tree, and that's more and a wise girl will pick out her father Paradise. Nuts, too; good, wholesome than you or the people like you will ever, in-law first. If he's all right she needs wonder. All but the little pear tree, it food I call all that, but the pear tree ever learn to do

Derothy Dix's Article on How to Choose a Husband - Girls Should Inspect Suitors' Fathers, as Sauce for the Goose is Sauce for the Gander

By DOROTHY DIX.

The treasurer of the Fathers' and ness woman wore than twenty years, and Mothers' Club of Boston has been handing out some good advice to young girl follows in her mother's. during that time I have averaged twelve men about how to pick a wife. Among success in which women are supposed to other things, she

swain that before he pops the ques-"Every decent woman has the maternal tion to go and take instinct. She will never find in fame, a good long squint in a bank account developed by her own at the girl's mother. even so will daughter be when she

attains mother's

tells the Boston

can be both a successful business woman and mother. No one can be a success at set that every young two jobs at once. This is such a well man would do well known maxim in business, I am surprised to heed, but what is that business women claim it can be sauce for the goose is also sauce for the Many years ago it was written: Thou gander, and before a

cannot serve two masters. The weman girl says "yes" to who goes out into business life through the youth who asks her to trust her life mistaken ambition, and leaves her babies and happiness to his keeping, it would at home in the care of a nurse, is trying to serve two masters, and the result is home and try to get a line upon his into their own homes the ideals of maralways a failure and unhappiness. father.

"I regret more than I can say that it is the fashion to decry matrimony. as she grows older; also as her charac-Women look at me in surprise because I. a sojourner in Spinster Land and an ter hardens the early impressions come assured success in business life, advise out and she unconsciously voices the girls to marry. 'You,' they declare, 'have done so well. How can you advise girls her, and understands mother's way of to give up the chance you had in order housekeeping and mother's extravathat they may raise babies and become gance or thrift, and gives a living exhibition in her own case of how mother

pays a greater price for success than any

man ever dreamed of paying, and the re-

sults, no matter how great her success,

have paid the price. I have been a bust-

hours a day at my desk. I know all the

find compensation for everything they

give up to enter business life, and I

speak from experience when I say it is

resources, in the accomplianments of

maks at which men may have failed, the

thrill of happiness she will find in the

feel of her baby's arms around her neck.

The suffragists claim that a woman age.

know, for I have succeeded, and

are not worth the price she has paid.

ents and energies to the work of devel-grandest old maid in New York. But "Kitchen slaves! The expression makes will never be the kind that goes around ne angry. As it the woman who has handing out vinegar to the men, and own little home and finds her life work in it can be called a slave! I keep house, pressed they are, and pointing out and and every morning I go to my office with regret. I want to stay home and find employment in my little home. I want he is and how much she has to be gratethe feeling that I have a home; that I am making a home: that I am what the and do you imagine for a moment that good Lord intended me to be-a woman. and not a sexiess creature bending over there is any happiness in a business a desk downtown all day. "Gan you point out one achievement of

"Oh, I know I am not volcing the popular sentiment. I know it is quite the he business woman as great as that of the mother in training a sen or a daugh- thing to tell girls that life's greatest joy ter in the right way? Let the women go consists in earning one's own bank acout and do a man's work; I don't ob- count and having no man to question ject. But when they have become great | the way or whither. I know all that, ngineers, and point with pride to some and I also know the tragedy of a home engineering feat, I want to be there to that consists of just four walls and that

my my hand on some little child's head, never knows the love of a man or child. and remind them that they don't know what usefulness is; that they haven't is good advice, and no one ever takes canocing prison welfare work. She advised women learned the meaning of the word achieve- advice that is good. But that will not ment, and haven't the faintest notion of prevent me from urging them over and over again to marry the first nice man leaves her natural element. Start out a He need not be handsome. He need not caught it: foundation of the home, the welfare of man and a woman of equal physical be particularly clever. All I stipulate is | Pair and free, fair and free, the highthe nation, depend more on the happiness strength and equal mental ability; put that he be honest, honorable, healthy, way of the open river. Float down, frail resistance.

of the women in it than upon any other them on a par in every particular, and clean-minded, and not afraid of good, boat, float down into the red, red sunset,

the man has 75 per cent greater chance hard work. When he comes, girls, marry him, and and faith and happiness "Why? Because no amount of educa- get out of life the greatest happiness life;

used to treat father.

It seems even to dislike or fear the little brown chattering squirrels, or they it, for they do not go its way, for all there are so many in the thicket on the edge of the wild wood. See, the sun is sinking, the night wind springs up down there by the winding river. Laughter floats in the air from two people in a canoe

But heredity and early impressions are

not exclusive feminine peculiarities. The

little boy is molded just as much by what

does not agree with me, it's disdainful

She's barefoot, her blue frock is faded to a delicious color, her flaxen hair shines like gold. I do hope her eyes "The girls won't take my advice. It are blue, Why, she's quite an expert at

And the youth, how tall he is, grace ful, too, at his work. The girl's lap is full of wild fruit. See, she throws a man to treat his wife right, because he who comes along. He need not be rich, handful of it at the man. How deftly be has always seen his mother treated right,

into the open portal of love and youth

standing in the boat now and she's a

light hearts and true ones. I hope. What do you think of them, little pear What! still haughty, still aloof! Why, you are like the girl there in the car-

Billies," as she called them. Aloof, far away, poor human pear tree.

Farewell, pear tree, lonely pear tree by the edge of the rushing river, in the man. thicket that skirts the wild forest. I full of trees. Friendly, kindly, if you would only put down your fending arms and let them love you.

But they are too "common" for you the elms, the maples, the oaks, the cruelly narrow!

The mountain girl there, floating down the shining river in the dugout with her her soft parasol, and seemed to be on forest and eat the wild fruits only weetheart, bareheaded, barefooted, the the point of tripping daintily out from the grapes, tame grapes, are just an sunlight turning to glory her yellow afterthought; the plums, the paw paw, hair, the light of love and youth in her one of his wife when he gets her. persimmons after the frost has ripened soft eyes, is wiser than you and the aristocratic person is always it, the elm. them, thord apples, "hows" they call folk like you. She lives with her kind, ception to this rule, but like father like them in the forest, red, red se thorn and loves and suffers and laughs. She

and as he grows older he follows in his father's footsteps just as much as the

Decamonally there is a reversion from type, instead of a reversion to type. have known cases of where girls, hornfied at their mother's shrewish tempera and tongues, have controlled their own with such an iron hand that they became patterns of pattence and forbearance, or where the daughters of a slovenly mother were so disgusted with her laziness and disorder that they made of themselves model housewives.

Also I have heard a man, whose father was boorish and selfish, say that when he was a child it used to break his heart to hear his father speak brutafly to his mother, and to notice how her eyes would fill up with tears, and she would wince as at a blow, and that he made up his mind then that if he ever married that he would be as tender and gentle to his wife.

These cases, however, are the excep tions that prove the rule, and generally way her to make a pligrimage to his speaking, both men and women carry ried life, whether high or low, to which Undeniably, a girl is pretty sure to they were accustomed in their childhood grow more and more like her mother and youth. Therefore, just as a man can safely count on a girl making the kind of a wife her mother makes, so a girl may count on a man making the sort of a prejudices and views that were bred in husband that his father is.

And this being true, every girl who values her own happiness should make a visit in her prospective husband's home before she finally commits herself. If she finds that her sweetheart's

father is still a lover after a quarter of a century or more of matrimony; if abo sees that he treats his wife with gentle courtesy and consideration; if she observes that he brings his wife a flower. or pulls out her chair for her at the table. or that he is interested in what she is doing, then if the girl knows a good thing when she sees it, she will grab ap that man's son and rush with him to the nearest preacher before some other woman prize-hunter gets a chance to get him away from her.

No matter what faults he may have, any man who has been raised by that sort of a father, who has had that sort of an example of how to treat a wife before his eyes all his life, who has had respect, and chivalry, and tenderness for woman bred into his very bones will make the kind of a husband who will make his wife's heart sing for joy every day she lives. It will be habit with that and we go the way we've been brought up to go because it's the line of the least

But suppose the girl observes that when her father-in-law-elect is due to ome of an evening that his wife They haven't even heard of the Great begins to show signs of nervous tension. White Way, these two, they don't know suppose when he does come he grunts an a song any later than "Lorena" and inarticulate greeting to everybody classic "Turkey in the Straw." Look, she's cheery salutation; suppose conversation dies down, and laughter is bushed, and beauty at this distance. Light hearts, the children go on tip-toe, and a funeral silence takes place of the former chatter. Suppose father never speaks at the

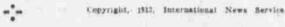
table except to find fault with the food suppose he flies into rages and says insulting things to his wife, and disagree riage, she who drove with us into the able ones to the children; suppose she hill country and laughed at the "Hill hears him rowing over the bills and asking his wife what she did with that quarter he gave her last week; suppose what a lot she misses, what a dreamful he sneers at women and shows that he thinks that they are mere slaves in vented for the amusement and service of

Suppose the girl gets this life size porpity you alone in the wide, wide world trait of the father of the man she is considering marrying, what shall she do Let her take the tip as to the kind of a husband the son would make, and break her engagement, though she were

on the very steps of the altar. The man hickories and the wild plum is a vaga- who has seen his mother insuited all of bond in your prim sight. Farewell, little his life will feel he has a perfect right to Puritan pear tree, how narrow you are insult his own wife. He who has watched for all your worldly knowledge, how his mother builted and brow-beaten will bully and brow-beat any woman in his power, also. The son of a tightwad will be a tightwad, and the man who has been reared to see his father make a doormat of his mother will also make

> Of course, there is an occasional exson is a safe proposition in matrimony

Ah, Yes! Our Happy Home!



Drawn for The Bee by George McManus

