



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Dr. Friedmann and the Medical Ethics

By WINIFRED BLACK.

So they didn't want to let you show whether you could cure the poor consumptives or not, did they, Dr. Friedmann?

They didn't want you to try to turn some poor desperate wretches' misery to half incredulous hope?

They couldn't think of allowing you to try your consumption cure for nothing, or for money, either.

What, let a foreigner come right into New York and make people well? Not if the New York doctors could help it, and they made it unpleasant didn't they, Dr. Friedmann?

And so you had to wait, and you had to keep the sick waiting, while the little doctors of New York fought and squabbled and hemmed and hawed about "letting you practice."

Well, are you surprised at that? We're not, we Americans. We know our doctors, and are used to them and their funny little ways.

A few years ago a great surgeon came west demonstrating a new way to make certain kinds of cripples walk. A poor little fellow who crawled out to sell papers every day went to the great doctor and asked if he was the kind of case the great surgeon could help.

He could scarcely bear to hear the answer for fear, but the answer was yes, and the little crippled boy crawled to his den in a dirty hole in the wall and could not sleep all night for joy.

There was a chance for him, an even chance, the great surgeon said. Maybe some day he might walk like other boys, might even run. What if he could play ball, too, some time? Oh, rapturous thought!

But he talked, the little cripple. He told someone of his hope, and somebody told someone else, and in the morning when he crawled out, with his face shining, to get his chance, the local doctors were there and they would not let the great surgeon operate. He did not belong to the little one-horse medical society of the western state.

And the little cripple cried and begged, but the doctors stood firm. They would not let humanity come between them and their "medical etiquette," and the little lame boy crept to his den and cried, and soon after that he died.

Some thought his poor little disappointed heart was broken, but the doctors laughed at that idea. Anyhow, he died, and not one of the doctors who took his hope away from him even went to his funeral. And for his humble grave there was no single flower sent by any of those who were so afraid a "foreign surgeon" might help him to live and be happy.

And in that very city not six months after all this happened, and was blazoned abroad so that every one who could read knew all about it, I heard one of those very doctors make a beautiful speech, in which he deplored the lack of confidence of patients in their physicians and expressed himself as deeply grieved by the rite of what he was pleased to call "all kinds of superstitious revolts against honest medicine and the men who practice it."

That's just it, gentlemen of the medical profession, we don't revolt against honest medicine, but we do revolt against doctors who think more of some little trumpery "medical ethics" than they do of saving a human life, and somehow we

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NOW ON SALE

Greek Dances Gave Maidens Their Grace and Beauty

Story by Margaret Hubbard Ayer. Sketch by Michelson.

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

THE fair maids of Greece did not have basket ball or tennis, but they had similar games and played them with expert grace.

The emmeleia was a sort of scarf dance executed by the young girls alone and danced with long veils to the music of their own songs or the flute of one of their number.

These scarfs were waved in just the same manner as we see the dancers manipulate them today, but the Greek girl was physically perfect and she was trained in athletics and in the grace of movement.

She had the advantage over the modern girl who tries to imitate these dances because she had never worn a corset or high-heeled shoes.

All well formed people, who do not wear shoes, walk better than the most graceful woman who does, because few people have shoes that fit them, in the first place, and a shoe that is the least bit tight or too loose throws the body out of poise, placing the weight somewhere else than on the ball of the foot.

The Greek girl had no tight clothing, and little of that, though she was not dressed as chilly as she looks. Their garments were generally of a warm wool material, and they soon became expert dyers, buying beautiful colors from the Phoenicians. So you can imagine them dressed in glowing shades of all kind.

There was no stiff forms of etiquette in those days, and that made a great deal of difference. Girls are so often awkward because they are not sure of the dancing master rules of deportment, that came long afterward as part of court etiquette, and which drifted down to all peoples, and made them afraid to be natural because they might be set down as ignorant.

The maidens who danced the emmeleia on the green lawns were graceful because they were unconscious of anything but the joy of the dance, that celebrated the coming Spring.

Of all the descriptions in Homer's Odyssey there is none more beautiful than that of Nausicaa and her maidens playing ball on the shore and finding the shipwrecked hero among the bushes. You remember that the lovely Nausicaa was the daughter of the King and went down to the water's edge early one morning to wash the festival raiment with her maids. They accomplished their task and then bathed themselves, rubbed themselves with oil and ate their luncheon. Then they started to play ball on the sand where they had left the linen to bleach. One of the girls threw the ball into the bushes and when she went to get it Nausicaa, the King's daughter, discovered the other King, Ulysses, who had been tossed about for days on the ocean and was finally washed ashore by the god Neptune to be saved by Nausicaa and her dancing maids.



The maidens dancing the Emmeleia on the green lawns were graceful and unconscious of anything but the joy of the dance that celebrated the coming Spring.

The Grand Commander

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

The death, 23 years ago—March 2, 1876—of the grand commander, Don Louis of Requesens, Alva's successor in the Netherlands, was fruitful of such tremendous results, both immediate and remote, that it is doubtful if it can be duplicated in history.

For some time before Requesens' death these seemed to William the Silent but one way left to exclude the Spaniards forever from Holland and Zealand and to rescue the inhabitants from impending ruin. The Prince had long brooded over the scheme, says the Historian Motely, and the hour seems to have struck for its fulfillment. The project was to collect all the vessels of every description, which could be obtained throughout the Netherlands. The whole population of the two provinces, men, women, and children, together with all the movable property of the country, were then to be embarked on this great fleet and to seek a new home beyond the seas. The windmills were then to be burned, the dykes pierced, the sluices opened in every direction, and the country restored forever to the ocean, from which it had sprung.



Such was the scheme, good authorities assure us, upon which William had about settled, but the desperate resolve was suddenly and unexpectedly forestalled by the death of Requesens after brief illness of only two or three days' duration. The grand commander's death gave William the Silent the impulse of which he was in such need, with the result that the Netherlands were saved from the about-to-be-invited waves of the ocean.

But that was not all. To use the enthusiastic words of Motely: "Look at that narrow tongue of half-submerged earth. Who could suppose that upon that slender sand bar, 28 miles in length, and varying in breadth from four miles to forty, one man, backed by the population of a handful of cities, could so battle nine long years with the master of two worlds, the dominator of Asia, Africa and America, the despot of the fairest realms of Europe, and conquer him at last!"

Yet that was what the death of Requesens made possible. Had he lived another month, or possibly another week, Holland might have been committed to the deep in the last desperate resolve of its people to be free.

Not only so, but had Holland and Zealand been given to the ocean and their inhabitants embarked upon the seas, the chances are that they would have turned westward for the new world, and in all likelihood have sought their fortunes in what is now the United States of America, participating by half a century the Cavaliers of Virginia and the Puritans of New England.

Fancy is free to revel among the possibilities or probabilities, that would have been attendant upon such move, but we are sure of one thing, the Dutchmen would have established a republic with free institutions, with the largest possible guarantee of liberty and with every possible provision for progress in the true civilization.

It turned out that Holland was not flooded, and that the Dutchmen did not embark upon the seas to search for a new home, but that, fifty years later, Englishmen settled upon the soil of the great republic-to-be. It is well that the glorious land fell to the Englishmen, but it would have been, in every respect, just as well had it fallen to the Hollanders. Englishmen and Hollanders are brothers, loving the same great ideals and principles, devoted to the same "priceless possession" of liberty, animated by the same desire for science, humanity and justice, and together they are working with equal zeal for the things that make for progress.

Women Most to Blame for Money Madness

(Copyright 1913, by Star Co.)
By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Do you know what moves the tides
As they ebb from low to high?
'Tis the love, love, love,
Of the moon when she sky
Oh, they follow where the guides,
Do the faithful-minded tides!
Do you know what moves the earth
Out of winter into spring?
'Tis the love, love, love,
Of the sun, the mighty king.
Oh, the rapture that finds birth
In the kiss of sun and earth!
Do you know what makes sweet songs
Ring for me above earth's strife?
'Tis the love, love, love,
'That you bring into my life.
Oh, the glory of the songs
In the heart where love belongs.

Are men striving for fortunes because they want to make those they love happy, or is the contest with the world exciting and stimulating like the smoke of battle in the nostrils of the warrior, urging them onward? Do they love money because it calls forth their energies to win it, or because it gives pleasure to others?

There are men, without doubt, who enjoy the strife and excitement of business, in the street and market and shop and factory, just as the old-fashioned warrior loved the fury of battle aside from any principle involved.

To win a fortune gratifies a man's love of power.

It gives him the opportunity so dear to the human heart of occupying a place of precedence above his neighbors; of being looked to as a man of influence; a man of parts; and if the man is wholly material in his tastes, it gives him the ability to gratify all his physical tastes and appetites.

Men of this class (a large class in America) like women of large tastes; they want their wives to dress better than their associates, to entertain lavishly, to be observed in public places, and when the wife of such a money-mad man is simple and old-fashioned in her tendencies she is usually replaced by a younger woman, more companionable, an affinity of finance.

Yet there are thousands of good men in the land, who are longing for a simpler life than the one they lead; men who would be happy to live in a quiet country or suburban place; to read and rest, to play outdoor games with neighbors, and to reduce the number of domestic and increase the wholesome pleasures of life accordingly. But their tastes and wishes are submerged under the ambitions of



Friendship

(Copyright 1913 International News Service.)
By ELBERT HUBBARD.

Most generally, when I travel, I go alone—this to insure being in good company. To travel with another is a terrible risk; it puts a great strain on the affections.

I once made the tour of Scotland with a man who was traveling for his health. He had lung trouble or—impaired he had.

I had known the man in a casual way for several years, and we started out the best of friends, antipathizing a good time.

We were gone three weeks, and when we got back I hated the fellow thoroughly, and I have every reason to believe that he fully reciprocated the sentiment.

And yet he was an honest man—and I am too, although not an extremist.

There was nothing to quarrel about; he began at Boston station, where I bought third-class tickets. He said he preferred to ride first-class, or second, at least—there was such a thing as false economy.

I asked him why he had not said something along this line before I had purchased the tickets.

He retorted that I had not consulted his preference in the matter. I brought in a mild rejoinder by moving the previous question, and showing that he, himself, had proposed that I should take entire charge of arrangements, using my own good judgment at all times.

He said something about his error in supposing he was traveling with a discerning person. Just then the guard came along, slamming the doors, and we were pushed into a third-class carriage, where he enjoyed an all-day journey together.

At Edinburgh my companion wished to ascend the Scott monument, visit a friend at the university and buy a plaid rug at one of the shops in Princess street. I proposed to look up the footprints of Robbie Burns and John Knox. He said, "Confound John Knox!" I answered, "You evidently think I am referring to Knox the hatter." He grew mad as a hatter, and I had to defend John Knox and later had to do the same for Rab and his friends and Christopher North.

And so it went—he soon-pooed my heroes, and I scorned the friend he wished to find at the university, smiled patronizingly on the Scott monument,



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