

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Religious Dances of Ancients Among Man's Strange Ceremonies

Story by Margaret Hubbard Ayer.
Sketch by Michaelson.



Maidens dancing a mystery or religious dance in the garden at night. All men were excluded from witnessing this dance, which, in a way, takes the part of fasting in the modern church.

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

Some of the strangest dances the world has ever seen have been of religious origin.

We have Holy Jumpers in some communities today, whose religious exhortations are accompanied by wild and often frenzied motions of the body, but they are no more sensational than the religious dances of more primitive people.

About 1374 there was an epidemic of the dancing sickness (St. Vitus) in the southern Pyrenees. A great procession was formed of men, women and children who danced their way to the very distant shrine of the saint to pray for speedy cure either for themselves or some one dear to them.

This dancing procession is still a feature of the Feast of the Pentecost at Etchernach, about

15,000 people joining it every year. They all hold hands and advance five steps and then take two steps back. This gives the procession the strangest, most fantastic appearance, like a huge snake that jerks itself along. There are plenty of brass bands to keep the dancers' spirits up, and the close contact of so many other praying and dancing people is infectious. It is said that many cures are effected among the pilgrims and that many of the younger ones lost their hearts on the way to the shrine. But that is considered to be particularly lucky.

The most morbid and fearful of all the dances in Christian times were the Death dances which appeared about the same time as the great plagues and were the people's expression of grim and ghastly despair at their lot. The grisly humor of

these dances, which were led by a man dressed as Death himself, painted as a skeleton with crown and ermine coat, can only be understood if you try to think yourself back in those times. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries every imaginable disease, and the black plague especially, ravaged Europe, sometimes killing every one of the inhabitants of a small town. There was no idea of a cure for anyone who contracted the disease, and no exact knowledge of how it was caught. The people were as helpless as sheep before a flock of wolves. If one man died of the plague in a town it was pretty sure that many more would. So Death was constantly in everybody's thought, and they could not even get away from the idea in their merrymaking, but danced with Death as the piper of a long, ghastly procession.

At this time dancing had become a perfect mania and many people were accused of having the dance sickness, which was a form of hysteria or St. Vitus dance, quite as popular in the middle ages as neurasthenia is now. The dance of death had a very bad effect on people, needless to say, and soon the church forbade it, and the only reminder we have of it now is in pictures of that time.

The Slavic people still retain a trace of this morbid dance in a death dance of their own. This is performed by a young girl who pretends to be a corpse. She must remain rigid while the rest of the company try as hard as possible to make her laugh by their funny antics, their dancing and their ridiculous caricature of profound mourning. The boy who can make her laugh or waken her gets a kiss as his reward, and the dance, despite its

growsome idea, is very popular in some parts of Bohemia.

There was nothing morbid or unhealthy in the funeral dances of the old Greeks, where members of the family, or paid mourners, walked in solemn and stately manner around the funeral pyre of the dead and chanted hymns in his honor, while they scattered flowers and poured out libations of wine to the gods. But other religious dances of the pleasure loving Greeks were less dignified, and certain Dionysian mysteries participated in only by women ended in the wildest kind of revelry. This festival permitted the women who were hedged in by very strict laws and even narrower conventions to get back to nature for a while, and they made full use of their opportunity, led by the wild Maenads, the high priestesses of the God of Wine.

Working Girls and the Minimum Wage

By WINIFRED BLACK.

There now, girls, run home and hide in the closet. They are really cross with you, the business men are.

Here they hire you and let you work nine hours a day for them, fine you every time you look around, make you pay for the water you drink, pay you \$4 a week, and here you go appearing before the vice commission and tell them all about it.

Ungrateful minxes that you are, don't you know that it was never intended to let the public know the inside of big business that way?

How can a mere nobody of an everyday man understand the ins and outs of a great enterprise which employs a thousand girls in just one department?

Told all you knew, did you? Well, maybe you think you are going to go right on doing that and keep your jobs, but you never were more mistaken in your lives. They are cross with you, really cross, and they've been telling the papers all about it.

"Minimum wage!" snorted one of the big business men at the vice probe meeting the other day. "Minimum wage for girls! Well, I think not. If they talk that sort of thing much more I will turn every girl in my place adrift and hire men. I guess that will teach them something. If I've got to pay men's wages I'll get men to do the work. Twelve dollars a week will give me all the men I want, and I'll get them, too, if I hear much more of this rot about a minimum wage scale."

There now, girls, I told you they were getting bad. Don't laugh—he's serious. It's no laughing matter to have people asking you questions about how you expect a girl to live decent on \$4 a week—and other impudent questions about your business.

Twelve dollars a week for men—good men, competent clerks. It's hard to keep

a straight face. Isn't it? How many competent men would work for that very long? I'd like to ask. Wouldn't you, girls?

And what sort of service would they give if they did work? Men at the notion counter, men selling hats, men at the lingerie bargain square, men telling all about initial handkerchiefs, men selling corsets to slim women and brassieres to fat women, men advising you whether to wear knickers or petticoats with certain frocks, men helping you to decide between an old pink tea gown and a flowered negligee, men showing the latest thing in hair bows. Tut, tut, Mr. Business Man, you really are a little funny and you'll have to excuse us if we smile just a little bit.

Girls, it's all a bluff, this talk of girls being worth so little and men being worth so much—just a plain old-fashioned bluff.

Take stenographers. The man stenographers used to be the thing. You don't see one in 100 now.

Brother Johnnie stays up so late nights his hands tremble too much for good dictation the next day. Brother Willie upsets his nerves so with cigarettes that he isn't worth a cent after 10 o'clock in the morning. Brother Tommie is always either just getting over too many highballs or just getting ready for too many gin rickies, or whatever is the drink most in vogue in his particular set. Sister Mary goes to bed at 10 o'clock, Sister Ann takes a nice tub and tumbles to dreamland, while Tommie is just starting his evening. Sister Julia boils her own coffee and has creamy eggs and a roll in comfort, while Brother Johnnie is filling himself with indigestion at a cheap restaurant. Brother Willie might be a better stenographer than Sister Kate if he'd give his nervous system a chance to do a little normal work, but he won't. So Sister Kate has decidedly the better of it.

And the practical business man is finding this out, and Sister Kate can get just as good wages now as brother if she'll just have the good sense to ask for them as a matter of course.

Ten years ago you could count the women buyers of any account on the fingers of your hands and then have the thumbs left over. Today the woman buyer is the thing all over the world. She can catch the fast train as well as the man, and she can tell what women will like a good deal better than most men—that's why she's getting \$10.00 a year and investing it.

It's not a matter of charity to be "given a chance to earn your own living," little girl. You'll earn it, all right, or you'll make room for some one who can and will earn it. Don't worry about that another minute.

And, whisper! When the market is full of men who'll work cheerfully for \$12 a week selling women's clothes to women you can begin to look blue. Till then remember it takes two people to make a bargain—a buyer and a seller—and the one who sells has just as much right to look facts in the face as the one who buys.

I wouldn't worry about the business men being cross. It's good for the constitution, to get cross once in a while, they say, and I'd go right on working for my "minimum wage scale" just as if nobody ever thought of being cross about anything.

You need business men, but don't forget—the business men need you, too, and that somehow seems to put quite another face on the matter, doesn't it?

Ella Wheeler Wilcox Says

Man is Amusing When He is Laying Down Laws to Guide Women in Her Own Affairs

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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A man is never so amusing as when he attempts to lay down laws for the conduct of woman.

His theories are usually at variance with his actions toward the fair sex, and so frequently opposed to woman's best interests. It was only when woman revolted from man's established customs and traditions that she began to evolve out of the harem and into the world.

She had a difficult road to travel up to her present position of usefulness and independence, because all the highways were owned by man, and everywhere she encountered the sign: "No Trespassing."

Yet she pushed her weary way along, step by step, until she compelled the more progressive minds to realize her right to develop her latent powers of mind and body, and to enjoy God's world outside of the man-reared walls of conventions and restrictions.

Most men today accept the new conditions and realize the injustice of the old. They realize, too, the value of the new conditions to the race-to-be, and rejoice in the outlook. Occasionally, however, an otherwise progressive male being shows the "old man" spirit and becomes either patronizing, or preachy, or oppressive in his attitude to the "New Woman."

Once upon a time, not beyond the memory of the ingenious, a bachelor who is famous for his brilliancy of mind stooped to poor, frivolous woman's level for a moment and gave her advice regarding the care of her complexion.

This counsel consisted of the mouldy old instruction to give her cuticle no thought beyond keeping it clean, and to use only soap and water in the process; to make no effort to avoid or remove freckles, as they were attractive.

Yet this man, like most others, never fails to compliment the woman who possesses a fine complexion, and he invariably tells his women acquaintances when they are tastelessly attired.

Since the world began men have urged women to ignore personal appearance and to think little of matters pertaining to the toilet, and have pursued and wooed (and won when possible) the woman who paid no attention to their advice and who made it a point to keep herself becomingly dressed and well groomed.

It is the man who criticizes the woman's freckles and wrinkles ten times where it is another woman once.

It is man who, by his conduct, demands beauty of woman, and then utters platitudes to her upon the unimportance of a good complexion.

It is man who pays devoted attention to the well-dressed girl, and then urges women to turn her mind to higher subjects than self-adornment.

It is man who should take the prize for inconsistency. The wise and sensible woman will make her complexion the subject of dignified study. She will be careful in her diet; careful in her exer-

cise; she will protect her face from rough winds and burning suns, yet give it ample fresh air. She will understand how the pores of her skin need feeding and replenishing at times, just how her system needs food; and she will give them pure creams and oils and bracing astringents.

She will be careful in using soap and will use no water, unless rainwater straight from the sky; because she will value the fine quality of her skin as highly as she would a fine fabric in her wardrobe.

If she is freckled, she will (if she understands) how valuable an asset is a fair, well-cared-for skin, free from blemish; consult specialists, and find something which keeps the ugly spots in abeyance, just as she would consult a good dentist to straighten an ugly tooth.

And she will find herself appreciated by mankind for her efforts when they show in results, despite the meaningless platitudes they utter on the subject.

Recently another man contributed ancient ideas to modern progress by the following utterances:

"Womanhood, wifehood, motherhood—the stellar trinity in being's firmament without which all is dark—are being obscured by the sickening incense called the 'New Thought,' and woman, the friend and helper of man, is in a fair way to become a nonentity."

"Our advice to women would be: Leave psychology alone; stop prying into metaphysics; steer clear of the occult; give a wide berth to all foolish self-investigation—and be women."

This man should have lived in the days when it was considered masculine and bold for a woman to study anything outside of the domain of the nursery, and when men forced her to be classed with wantons if she insisted upon an education.

This man himself woefully needs educating in the philosophy of the new thought.

Let us see what is the teaching he

calls "a sickening incense" and warns woman to abjure.

The "New Thought" creed tells woman to think of herself as an immortal spirit blessed with all the divine qualities.

It tells her to live her whole life to meet this thought; to love her Creator, and her fellows; to weed out every unkind and uncharitable feeling; to drive away all jealousy; all envy, all anger, and all despondency, by the constant assertion of her divine self. It tells her to say, and to believe, that creation had need of her, and that all she desires will come to her if she holds fast to love.

It bids her be patient under adversity, believing all trials are but lessons for her soul and that only love, health, hope, success and usefulness are her real possessions in this life.

To assert her share of God's unlimited opulence daily, and to believe that nothing but good can come to her, and to wish nothing but good to any one on earth, however, unlovable.

To consider illness and poverty and trouble as transitory conditions which are not to be seriously talked or thought about; to thank God for existence every hour, and to rejoice in the privilege of helping the world to grow better by living a useful and loving and patient and cheerful life.

This is New Thought, good sir, and it is spreading its beautiful philosophy all over the land, and doing what your musty old scare-crowns could never do—making the world a kinder, sweeter, better place for mortals to be born into, and showing women the way to a higher understanding of wifehood and motherhood.

Vain is your plea to women to "stop prying" into the inner self—to "stop self-investigation." She has looked into her own soul and found God within. She who has done that will never need to seek Him elsewhere, for He will be always omnipresent.

It's Love, Love, Love!

BY FRANCES L. GARSDIE.

They always speak of it as love's young dream, because it so rarely lives to be old.

An engagement is like tomorrow, but marriage is like today.

Introduce wisdom into a love affair, and you wreck it.

Two important ways for a woman to avoid disappointment are never to fall in love, or put anything in the oven.

It doesn't take much to begin a romance, but there is often a wreck at the stopping place.

The reason the love making on the stage is so perfect is that he knows he will not have to pay for her clothes and groceries after the curtain falls.

A popular song had this refrain, "I don't know why I love you, but I do." Don't try to discover the why of loving. Trying to find out why one loves results

as tragically as punching a hole in a drum to see what makes the noise.

Love makes the world go round, but it takes jealousy to make it move lively.

Probably one reason the birds are so happy is that they don't have to be married to the same bird longer than one season.

Love is often a matter of nothing else. Love is often largely a matter of nothing else going on.

No one over 4 years of age can throw a kiss gracefully.

The government is so zealous in prohibiting matter in the nature of a lottery going through the mails, it is a wonder it doesn't hold up the love letters.

Is a kiss a blunder or a crime?

It is pleasant to talk of one love for life, but actual experience proves that it is easier to transfer a heart than it is to transfer a piece of real estate.

The Apostle of Self-Culture

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

In the death of Goethe, eighty-one years ago March 22, 1832, the world lost its brightest intellect.

To say that Goethe was great is to put it mildly. He was

immensely, almost inconceivably, great, an Olympian of the Olympians, ranking up with Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Cervantes and a half dozen or so of the very greatest men of whom we have any account.

Such is the verdict not only of Germany, but of every country that has culture enough to have an opinion upon the subject. Besides the five or six consummate works, which are universal consent are above criticism, it may be affirmed that his songs are the best in the world. He was the greatest of all literary critics, while in the quiet observation of human life, in the number and value of his wise remarks and pregnant sentences, he is almost without an equal in the whole field of literature.

And to add to the amazement (as though nature would never grow weary of casting favors upon him), Goethe was well nigh as great in scientific acumen as in philosophic power and literary excellence. Without any special training, he saw, as it were, by intuition, some of the deepest of scientific truths. In such way came to him his discovery regarding the intermaxillary bone, the discovery that the skull is only a development of the vertebrae of the spine, and last, but not least, his discovery of the metamorphosis of plants.

It ever nature had a pet, upon whom it delighted in lavishing its affections and bestowing its gifts, that darling was none other than Johann Wolfgang Goethe. In his lap was emptied every favor—fine birth, splendid physique, almost perfect health, beauty of person, wealth, honors that shone like a sun, with honor and glory until its very abundance wearied him!

And yet, at the birth of this darling of darlings there stood an evil fairy. Goethe was born selfish—not in the narrow sense, but in the far worse sense.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am in love with a girl of 18. The other night she told my friend she loved me, but as I cannot tell if she loves me, could you let me know how to find out?

W. S.
You love her; she has told a friend she loves you. It is pleasant to learn such things first hand, so go to her and ask her direct, if you feel that you must know. But she is only 18, and too young to really know.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am deeply in love with a young lady, and want to marry her. But as I am only getting \$3 a week, I am quite undecided whether to ask the young lady to wait or get married.

W. S.
You might live on \$12 a week, but love wouldn't. Don't get married until you are earning twice as much.

that he was denied the power of a broad, deep, loving human interest in his fellow men.

If Goethe could have had some of Schiller's heart he would have been almost perfect. Schiller loved men and tried to make them happier and better. Goethe loved men—but he loved them about as the operator loves the body he is dissecting—for the use it may be to him in his art. Schiller studied his fellow human beings in order that he might learn how to help them. Goethe studied them solely for the purpose of portraying them in his songs, novels and poems. They were but the rough material of his art—consummate art, it must be admitted, but like the iceberg in the sunshine, as cold as it is sparkling.

From all the interests and passions of humanity, as such, Goethe held himself grandly, imperturbably aloof. The great French revolution failed to disturb him. Even the war of liberation, a holy war, if ever there was one, was unable to make a ripple upon the quiet waters of his meditation. He was thinking of his art, in comparison with which, as he looked at matters, nothing else was of any consequence.

The whole story is briefly told in the words of Wilhelm (and Wilhelm was speaking for Goethe): "From my boyhood it has been my wish and purpose to develop completely all that is in me." Self-culture, in a word was Goethe's gospel. And yet, not all of the self, either. The best part—the affections, the moral sense, the hungering and thirsting after righteousness—was left out, and only the intellectual remained.

Great and glorious as Goethe was, it is perfectly true that he was simply a great and glorious Pagan—a sublime intellect, a supreme artist, but quite indifferent to the "burns of a great heart," in which lie the hopes of the ages.

Goethe's fame will deservedly live forever, but the pilgrims to his shrine will ever feel like buttoning up their coats, for the atmosphere thereabouts will always be chilly.

Sweet Breath and White Teeth

A perfect dentifrice prevents the conditions that cause decay. Some loath perfumes and tastes merely disguise the odor temporarily—but do not prevent the removal of acids which do not destroy bacteria, nor remove the tartar from teeth and gums. It is far better to prevent tooth trouble than to require relief and cure for it.

MONOXIDE TOOTH POWDER or PASTE

exerts no harmful chemical action—but gently and pleasantly whitens, polishes and cleanses the teeth—destroys germs—makes the mouth and throat antiseptically clean. Their effect is both refreshing and tonic. Non-toxic, cannot scratch enamel or irritate the most tender gums—is utterly safe—measures up to all high standards of purity and scientific efficiency.

Most dentists have it, or we'll send it post free direct from our laboratories to your door for 5c.

May we mail free a copy of "The Care of the Teeth," by America's foremost dental surgeon? Send your address.

THE MONOXIDE CO., Denver, Colorado

To Keep the Face Fresh, Clear, Youthful

(National Hygienic Review.)

More important than the cosmetic care of the complexion is its physical care. To keep the face clean, fresh, youthful, there's nothing better than common mercurized wax. It absorbs the soiled or faded worn-out skin particles. Using cosmetics simply adds unwholesomeness to the complexion. That's the difference. By all means, acquire the mercurized wax habit. It's so easy to get an ounce of the wax at the drugstore, apply it night like cold cream and wash it off next morning. There's no detention indoors, the old skin coming off so gradually no one suspects you're using anything. When in a week or two the alluringly youthful, rosylike, under-skin is fully in view—well, you won't want, or need, a make-up complexion after that. It must be apparent that this process means complete freedom of all cutaneous blemishes, like freckles, pimples, blotches and blackheads.

For obstinate wrinkles, a face bath made by dissolving an ounce of wax in a half pint of witch hazel, surpasses massage cream and everything else to result.—Advertisement.