

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Oh! It's Great to Be Married

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Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



Ella Wheeler Wilcox Says

Meat Eating Will Be a Thing of the Past Before Another Hundred Years

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

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"It was only yesterday that man learned the choice of his nourishment—that a little fruit or milk, a few vegetables, farinaceous substances—now the mere accessories of the too plentiful repast he works so hard to provide—are amply sufficient to maintain the ardor of the finest and mightiest life.

"It must be admitted that of the objections urged against vegetarianism no one can withstand a loyal and scrupulous inquiry. I for my part can affirm that those whom I have known to submit themselves to this regimen have found its result to be improved or restored health, marked addition of strength, and the acquisition by the mind of a clearness, brightness, well-being, such as might follow the release from some secular, loathsome, detestable dungeon."—Maeterlinck, on the Human Diet.



An amiable dog or cat, accustomed to a mixed menu of scraps from the family, table, and milk and animal biscuit, can be made ill-tempered and inclined to fight, on small provocation, if given an exclusive meat diet.

It is reasonable to suppose that human beings are affected in a similar manner, even though they may be unconscious of the fact.

Whatever nutritious properties meat may contain, can be found in other foods, if one is willing to give the subject careful study. Without question, domestic science will eventually discover some special food, probably chemically prepared from various ingredients, which will be as palatable and as satisfying to the appetite as meat; and which will not necessitate the slaughter of living creatures, or the taking into the system of dead bodies of animals. There is such a growing demand for non-meat foods that this need will in the natural course of events be supplied.

Such a boon has already been found, composed wholly of vegetables, yet quite satisfying to the appetite which has formed the most habit and requires the stimulating taste.

And other foods will follow. One of the most intelligent men of the writer's acquaintance, a man who has made a place for himself as an inventor, (and who is on the eve of reaping the reward of a great invention), is a strict vegetarian and has been for many years.

It has been urged by some writers, that we take life when we pluck vegetables, or fruit, or berries, or nuts, for our sustenance; as all life is one, and all things suffer to some extent when taken from their nature element.

But while there is no doubt truth in this idea, it is somewhat far fetched as a comparison.

One cannot help feeling that he is more merciful when he takes the potato from the earth, or the apple from the tree, than when he takes the young lamb from its mother and sends it to the slaughter house to undergo untold misery in transportation, and unmentionable horrors in the slaughter pen.

It is impossible for one who has become aware of the sickening details of animal and fowl transportation, and killing, to eat meat of any kind without an accusing conscience, which speaks in a still small voice, asking if this means of sustenance is necessary for the maintaining of life and strength.

And it is impossible to think much on the subject without growing more and more convinced that another century will find the meat diet almost a thing of the past, and new foods, products of the earth and the orchards, and vines, and of discoveries of new properties in the elements, supplying the place of corpses of our lesser kin.

And man, as Maeterlinck says, will be "released from a loathsome, detestable dungeon."

Yet she rarely partakes of a meat diet, and during the last five years, while eating less and less meat, she has found herself stronger in every way, physically and mentally.

And possessed of a belief that she was doing her best mental work. It is an easily proven fact that a meat diet creates a quarrelsome and belligerent disposition.

Let Older Heads Decide

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

It sometimes happens that a cat gets a bad name all its life for once having eaten a very tough onary.

It likewise has happened that a young man has erred, and borne all his life the burden of a bad name though he was more aggrieved than the aggressor. It is one of those deplorable cases which call for a victim from the ranks of young men, and so wide sweeping and firmly fixed is the belief that the woman is always the one sinned against, that the man who sinned can't live so long that he will find any one courageous enough to credit that there are two sides to a story.

Perhaps the following letter refers to an incident of that character. Let the older heads who read it, and who know the man occasionally the tempted, and not always the tempter, decide just the moral Bradstreet rating of the man involved.

"I am coming to you for advice on a very delicate and vital question. It is not for myself I ask, but for a girl friend. We confide in each other, but a question like this needs more authority than we can give it.

"About a year ago we met a young man who is a trifle our senior. He has always behaved in the most gentlemanly manner, respecting us in every way. He

is a young man with very few girl friends. He told us he keeps shy of girls because he had got into trouble with a certain girl, and evidently has the idea that all girls are alike.

"I told my friend what I thought he meant, and she doubted my word. Only a few days ago she learned from a good authority that what I had said was true. Now she is at a loss to know what to do. I know it will be hard for her to give him up, as he is the only man she has ever loved.

"She asked my opinion, and I told her he had been misled and was unfortunate, and not to be condemned. She is a girl who could guide him aright, if he were not already inclined to behave."

The young man has been punished so severely that the recollection of the whipping stays with him, and there is no fear that he will offend again. Having tasted humiliation, shame, disgrace and degradation, and appreciated all their bitterness, it is very certain that the experience will not be repeated. I judge so because of his attitude. His experience did not make him reckless. It made him cautious, and caution has been the redemption of many a man. This is in his favor, and I hope the girl whose love he has won will remember, and not judge him too harshly.

Contemplating Matrimony

Dorothy Dix Writes an Open Letter to an Aged Widower Who is Again Considering Marriage, and Who Has Selected as His Bride-to-Be a Frivolous Young Maid About One-third His Age.

By DOROTHY DIX.

My Dear Colonel: And so you are thinking of essaying matrimony again, and have picked out little Maude Thompson as a suitable companion for the balance of your life journey.

Salams, colonel! I have always respected your bravery, but I never realized until this moment how foolhardily and dangerously courageous you are. It is not without reason that you wear a hero's medal pinned above your heart. You will deserve a Victoria Cross, or a Carnegie souvenir, or whatever other red badges of courage they bestow on those who display great personal bravery in the face of imminent danger on your marriage day, for no man ever leads such a forlorn hope as he who leads to the altar a girl young enough to be his granddaughter.

To expect such a marriage to turn out happily is to demand the impossible of nature. The flowers of spring never wreath the ice crags of winter. Young feet and old never march to the same tune. Age and youth have different thoughts, different ideas, different aspirations.

How, then, shall the old man and the maiden walk hand in hand in marriage? You say you are lonely in your great house. You desire companionship. You want the face of a woman smiling at you across the breakfast table, and some voice other than your admiring servants to welcome you when you come home.

That is natural and right, and I, for one, am an ardent advocate of second marriage. The young may marry or not, as they please. They can find amusement enough outside of their homes.

But when a man and woman get to the age when they have wearied of theaters and restaurants, and bridge parties and dinners, and their own fire-side looks better to them than any other spot on earth, then they need a husband or wife to share that solitude of two.

And they need a home of their own, not to live around with their sons and daughters, always on their p's and q's for fear that they will offend some touchy daughter-in-law, or cantankerous son-in-law who bristles with feelings as a porcupine does with quills.

Every middle-aged man and woman who is able to support a wife, or a husband, should get married, but there should be a benevolent commission with arbitrary matrimonial powers appointed by the government to pick out a suitable mate for the afflicted party and see that she or he was of appropriate age, character and habit.

For when we hear the last call for dinner in the matrimonial dining car, colonel, there is something that makes us all, both men and women, want to order nothing but squash chicken. And, believe me, that's an indigestible morsel for those who have arrived at the years of indolence. Still, there are those who try it and risk the consequences. Look at the rich old man who marry debutant baby boys for husbands. And look at how they have to send in a hurry call for Dr. Divorce.

Of course, it's all easy enough to understand. The older we get the more the wonder and the glory of years appeal to us. The more atrophied our emotions the more alluring the enthusiasm of the young. The leader our interests in things die the more we try to borrow the interests of the young.

Oh, it isn't hard to see why youth attracts age.

But—and it's a big exception—what age forgets is that it does not attract youth.

It repulses youth. Age just of itself is hideous, loathsome to the young. There is something about the decaying flesh, the falling faculties, the very disillusion of age that fill the young with the same horror they have of the tomb.

Age gives itself to youth, but youth always has to be bought by age. Even our children's attentions are largely a matter of purchase, and the more that we can do for them the more certain we are of their dutiful devotion. When it comes to marriage it is only the rich who can persuade Cupid to overlook the difference in years. You never hear of a young girl falling in love with a poor old man, or of a young man entreating a poverty stricken old woman to be his bride.

I entreat you, colonel, to dispassionately consider the chance of happiness that you have in marrying a girl like little Maude Thompson. She is sweet and fit, and her feet just won't behave when the band plays the turkey trot. She is mad for clothes, mad for pleasure, mad to run about and see things, and to have the luxuries that she has been too poor to possess.

You are—ahem—old enough to know better. You have rheumatism in your knees so that you creak as you walk. You have been everywhere, you have seen everything, and what you now desire is to sit down peaceably and quietly and enjoy the little span of life that is left to you in a well-earned rest.

Of course, you are very sure that Maude is marrying you for yourself alone, and that she and that hungry family of hers have no eyes on the present pickings and your future will. But do you imagine for a moment that Maude is marrying you to all at home of an evening and play cribbage with you, or to nurse your gout, or to listen to your reminiscences of the civil war?

Not at all. What she's planning to do is to have a box at the opera, and the dinners she will give, and the parties she will go to, and the jewels and clothes she will have. That's the price she figures on for being an old man's darling.

You think you can control her, but she has not the strength to struggle with youth, and the old husband is as wax in the hands of the pretty young wife.

Youth must have its fling, and if you marry a young girl you must be content to drag your old bones around to entertainments of nights when they are aching to be in bed.

You must see your young wife giving to young men the smile she will never have for you. You will be torn with the futile jealousies and suspicions of age, and you will be bored with the companionship of a child who does not know one thing that you know, and regards all of your opinions as fossilized.

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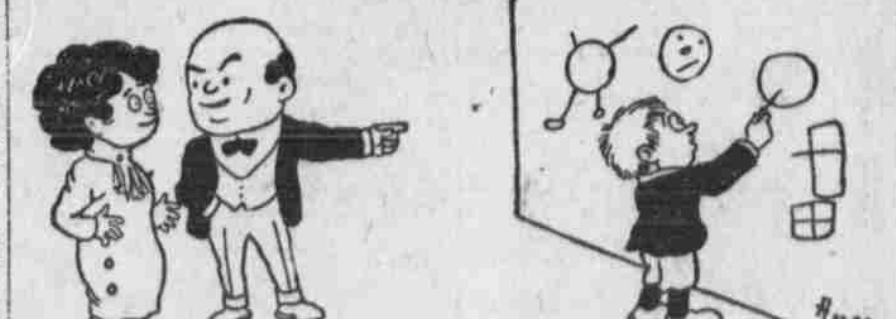
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The New Art

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

I have been to see the pictures which the Futurists avow Shadow forth the coming Will Be, and the passing of the Now. I beheld a pile of brickbats underneath a cellar stair. Which was labelled: "Spanish Dancer, With the Lighthouse On Her Hair." I remarked a slab of limestone on a dingy rubbish heap. And was told it was the portrait of "An Indian Child, Asleep." Seven lengths of cedar scantlings were "My Lady's Easter Hat"; I don't hanker for the Future, if it's going to be like that.



And the sculptures, ah! the sculptures, thrilling, throbbing things of stone, I observed a dozen boulders marked: "A Shipwrecked Girl, Alone." While a cracked and crazy section of a granite garden wall, bore the entertaining legend: "Beauty Blushes at the Ball." Broken scraps of asphalt pavement heaped in curious disarray. Were, according to the label, "Little Chinese Boys, at Play." If when dawn's the distant Future things like this are going to be, I can only say the Present is quite good enough for me.



When three years old or thereabouts, I often used to draw On walls and doors of barns and sheds the objects that I saw. I also sculpted from nice red clay small smiling crocodiles And other birds and animals of sundry sorts and styles. But when my parents sneered and scoffed I put those things away And bent my childish energies toward other forms of play. But now, alas, I know these works in which I put my heart Were soul compelling samples of the Coming Cubic Art.

Know Your Mother-in-Law

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Dear me, so your mother-in-law says that the reason your husband is falling in love with another woman is that you aren't as pretty as you were when he married you. Oh, dear! what shall we do about it?

The first thing to do, it seems to me, is to ask your mother-in-law very gently and kindly if she was as pretty after she'd been married ten years as she was the day she was a bride, and then to ask her again if she thinks your husband is as pretty as the day that you were married; then sit down and listen calmly to what she has to say.

It's a good idea to talk a good deal with your mother-in-law as long as you can talk pleasantly. You'll get a good many ideas as to the kind of woman she is who had the forming of your husband's character, and making him just the kind of a man that he is. It will help you to understand what doubtless is incomprehensible at times.

What kind of a woman is mother-in-law, anyhow? Does she love her present old husband, too? Does she make him happy or are there whispers that all has not always been just as it should be in the home?

Is she a woman who cares a great deal for looks and nothing at all for facts? Would she rather have things look right than to be right? Does she wear a pip-stem skirt and a drug store complexion at 45?

Has she a heart, a real heart, or just something that beats and tells her when she is running upstairs too fast?

How did she bring up that son of hers? Did she train him to take his part in the home life, to be one of the family, or just to be an idol to be worshipped?

Was he a "let me do that for you, mother" boy, or a "Ma, where's my hat" young man?

When some one had to go without a new spring suit, who did it—mother or the young man?

Did sister have to give up her piano lessons to keep brother in spats and new neckties?

And when Aunt Harriet came to visit who took her around to see the sights? Funny old Aunt Harriet, who could make the best cookies in the world, and wore the queerest of clothes; was it sister or brother who did the honors for her?

Did mother go to the church sewing society and let brother pound. His brother almost to a jelly trying to make him do something he didn't want to do, and when mother came home and was told of it, did she say, "Oh, well, don't bother me about it."

How does sister-in-law get along with her husband? Is she pretty, too—as pretty as mother-in-law thinks you ought to be—and is her husband fond of her yet?

What does father-in-law say about it all, or haven't you asked him yet? I would—it is sometimes a good thing to get father's ideas of things from the man's side of the house.

Maybe you have been wrong, maybe you have been careless—maybe you have let a fairly good husband drift away from you because you don't take the trouble to keep him in love with you—oh, yes, love requires care and attention just as much as any other delicate fruit.

Of course, husband has worked hard to keep your love all this time or you wouldn't care so much about his falling in love with some one else, would you?

If you have been wrong—the truth is no less the truth because it is told to you by your mother-in-law.

Listen to what she has to say, listen with your mind and your heart as well as your ears—you may learn something it will profit you to know. Even if she speaks in anger, listen.

Think the thing all over, just as you would think it all over for any one else. Leave personality out of it. Just get your mind in this frame: "What's the matter with this woman I know? Her life seems to be drifting into troubled waters. I wonder if I can't help her get it out again."

Don't be angry, don't be miserable. You have a problem to solve; get to work and solve it. And when you have done, write to us and tell us how you did it. There are thousands of women trying to get an answer to the same kind of puzzle—you may be able to help them, too.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Certainly. Dear Miss Fairfax: In the event of a young lady getting married I would like to ask you if she forfeits her maiden name a letter and addressed it "Dear A. and signed herself "Your sincere friend M. C. P. BROWN."

If Sarah Jones marries Robert Black, she becomes Mrs. Robert Black. However, if she does not want to lose her identity she may be known as Sarah Jones Black. This is the preference of all women who are more or less in public life.

She is Right. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 21 and secretly engaged to a young lady of 15. Now on her summer vacation she wrote me a letter and addressed it "Dear A. and signed herself "Your sincere friend M. C. P. BROWN."

On her return I asked her why she addressed and signed herself the way she did, and she said she did not want to address it any other way for fear that some one might see the letter. Now, would there be any harm in her addressing me as her sweetheart? Also, what would be a nice birthday present to give her?

Endearing terms should be confined to conversations, and never reach pen and paper. Your engagement is secret, which is in itself undesirable, and letters have a way of sometimes surviving love itself. Be grateful that your sweetheart is a girl of such good sense. A book, a box of perfume, stationery, etc., make pretty gifts for a girl. The fact that your engagement is a secret makes a more expensive gift undesirable.

You Are a Brave Girl. Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been keeping steady company with a young man for over a year. He often told me he loved me and I learned to love him. He always said he had another girl. The other day I got a letter from him, telling me he did not care. I wrote a letter of congratulation to him to let him know I did not care. Do you think I did what was right, or should I have acknowledged the letter at all?

L. S. G.

You did the very finest thing you could have done. You have shown him you do not care, and in time you will find that you don't care. He is unworthy even of contempt, so please do your best to forget him.

Getting Ready for July

By LILIAN LAUFERTY.

Say it's raining and it's gloomy, and there must be leaden skies far above my office window, where I cannot lift my eyes. And the air's so dark and murky that the very smoke looks white, while I know below are puddles I must struggle through tonight. Isn't that a dreary outlook for a pair of tired eyes, with the very smoke discouraged so it does not dare to rise?

Well, they tell me that tomorrow will be rainy like today, so you see there is no prospect for a fellow to feel glad or to write of "spring" and "flowers" or the sort of verse that's due, just to fit the time and season and to come along in lieu of the Christmas verse and snow stuff and the lovely valentines that must run along each season in their well-appointed lines.

Geef some fellow, when 'twas raining, said "was pouring daffodils, and I'll pose he had lumbered and the fever and the chill! Still he had to put the stuff across as perfect sunshine days, and tell you that in gloom there was the promise and the home of the wondrous day's a-coming which the rainy day had made. That won't do for me, I'm thinking, though I'm just a bit afraid that the time will come next summer, when Old Sol is burning bright, when I'd like to see some rain-clouds come along like a douse the light.

THE OTHER LOVE

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

The love you had for her, my boy. Before your hopes were blighted. Was blissful, blended fire and joy. And wondrous while it lasted. One love remains for you, my boy. Fixer as the mountain ranges. The other love, the mother love. The love that never changes. And so when things have gone amiss. A memory swings her lullaby. Reminding you of some mad bliss. That turns to leaden seas, when you're like some small boy who creep back home. To find, while grief assails you. The other love, the mother love. The love that never fails you.