



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Ella Wheeler Wilcox

On Woman's Superiority to Man—
The Original Type of Male Does
Not Recognize Her as Such, but it
Only a Matter of Time When He
Will. He is Changing Greatly.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

It is seldom the man of the original type believes a woman to be his superior mentally.

But the original type is undergoing a wonderful change.

Man is becoming a more humble being as he watches the development of woman.

He no longer ridicules her mental aspirations; he no longer flouts her ambitions to be something besides a housekeeper; and he no longer attempts to dominate her when she sets forth to carve out a destiny for herself according to her own ideals.

But it is seldom a man of the original type (the strong animal man of unawakened spirituality) stops to analyze the feminine nature, and to consider a woman's best interests at the cost of his own pleasure, in the possession of her.

When such a man is encountered one may be certain he is of a higher and finer type than the mere outer masculine envelope indicates.

The following letter, written by a man who believes himself to be of very ordinary clay, reveals far more than the written words express.

It reveals the real divine man just emerging from the gross chrysalis state into the winged creature.

For the moment a human being begins to put aside purely selfish considerations and to take the future happiness of others to heart, that moment the spiritual awakening has begun.

It is only a matter of time, and patience, and prayer, and the understanding of the laws of being, when such a man will develop the real universal spirit of manhood.

That spirit, which is to revolutionize the whole world, and create a new race of altruistic beings, who live for the good of the whole, not the benefits of the few.

Here is the letter:

"Should a girl of a mental temperament, who seeks mental pursuits rather than physical, who enters heart and soul in all she does, whose joys, pleasures,

griefs and sorrows are indescribably intense, of an elevated character and purely intellectual habits and tastes; mate with one whom I would call a lymphatic temperament, one who, instead of intensity, activity, mentality, spirituality, prefers resting or sleeping, and whose mental perceptions, in contrast to here, are rather dull and cloudy?

"It has been my good fortune to worm myself into the graces of such a young lady, and by patient, dog-like devotion and ardent, passionate wooing, to have gained dominion over her feelings; and in one of her weakened moments she promised to become my wife. We are both 25 years of age. After her higher feelings gain ascendancy over her animal will she be happy with me, knowing herself to be mentally superior?"

The woman who is fascinated by such a man as this (the man behind the letter, not the man who merely wrote the words) would not find it a difficult task to make her ideal materialize into what she desired him to be, if she understood the power of suggestion.

In every human being there lies the dual nature, or rather the two vibrations of one power: The coarser and the finer; the earthly and divine; the physical and spiritual.

This man has aroused the dormant physical nature of the woman; he has made her more human.

She has aroused something akin to the spiritual in him, making the animal more divine, else he could not think so deeply of her best interests, and hesitate to take her life into his keeping.

If this woman will learn the mighty force which lies in the word spoken in silence and quietly declare her lover to be her mental and spiritual mate, and to possess every quality which she needs to make his companionship lasting and eternally satisfying, there can be no danger in such a union.

No union which is based on wholly physical laws of attraction can ever be happy beyond a few brief seasons. There must be mental companionship, there must be a spiritual sympathy, or there will be satiety, discord, repulsion, and even hatred, after the physical fever has had its run.

A man who is loved by such a woman as this letter describes ought to find his greatest happiness in developing his mental and spiritual qualities, to render himself her equal and her true mate.

In such development he would find his best satisfaction.

Steps to Knowledge By Nell Brinkley

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So we climb—big chaps and small women—and on the top step, all unsuspecting, in the midst of untamed laughter, when we are thinking we are the least wise, we take down the book of REAL DREAMS, and, turning, look into the wide, deep eyes of knowledge.

The Manicure Lady

She Talks with George Over Little Mazie's Marriage and It's Outcome.

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

"Well, George," said the Manicure Lady, "all ain't gold that glitters, after all. You remember that little Mazie Miller that used to work next table to me, the one that married that rich miner from Butte, Mont? You remember the last morning she swept in here to say a kinda pitying goodbye to us poor slavin' Susies?"

"I remember her all right," said the Head Barber. "She was pretty enough to win anybody, that kid. If I had been single and owned a mine out in Butte, I would have grabbed her myself. All I hope is that there won't be no unhappiness creep into her life."

a gent should treat a lady.

"Just think, George; he beats her up something awful. It was only last week, so he wrote me in her letter, that he jerked a rolling pin out of her hand and threw it out of the window, just when she was going to make it lean against his temple. Then, when the big brute seen that she was defenceless, he shook her till her teeth rattled. She ain't lying about it, either, George, because she said in her letter that if I wanted to come out to Butte she could show me the black-and-blue marks on her arms, where he grabbed a hold of her or shakes her."

"Brother Wilfred says that if I will give him the price he will take a flying trip out to Montana and teach the brute a lesson, but the fare to Butte is about \$50, and even if I gave it to my dear brother I ain't sure that he would get much farther than Newark on his errand of chivalry. The only reason I mention this letter to you, George, was to show that the girl who marries a rich guy, especially if he finds her in a man-

icure shop, ain't always sure to live on strawberries and cream."

"I ain't heard none of them proposing to you," said the Head Barber. "I wonder if you might not be a little bit jealous. You don't need to give me that frozen glare, kid. If a rich miner came in here and asked you to be his wife, the whole thing would be over in twenty minutes—five minutes to look him up in Dun's or Bradstreet's, five more minutes to get out of your apron and into your fur coat and ten minutes to go in a taxi to the Little Church Around the Corner."

"That's what Wilfred us all the time telling me," said the Manicure Lady. "He was saying only this morning that I would be willing to get shook every day till my arms was as blue as the Pacific if I only had an unlimited account at the shops and stores. He said that blue marks on a girl's arms didn't matter none unless she got so lame that she could not reach into her gold mesh bag for more yellow bills to throw across the counter. He even rubbed it in, George, by writing one of them minor league

poems of his, the kind that is all the time coming back to him from the magazine editors:

"Once in a while a manicure girl sets a man's senses all in a whirl! And if it happens the man is poor, When he proposes he gets the door. But if he is rich, as some men are, And talks of gold and a touring car, And a rich estate, with a mansion grand, And nice fat servants at every hand— She will look at him with her big blue eyes, And say, with some little fluttering slash: 'This proposal is sudden, almost shocking; But for better or worse I am yours, old stocking!'"

"Your brother has the right dope, at that," observed the Head Barber. "You can talk all you want to, kid, but I'd like to bet that when you get married your husband won't be stalwart Sam, the honest young millwright, who can bring you nothing but his horny hands and a lowly cottage. The trust is gobbling everything these days, girls, and some fine forenoon us barbers will see you marching out with one of them. And believe me, kid, he'll be getting more than any trust ever deserved."

The Danger Age—

Beatrice Fairfax Says:
Woman is Always Passing
Through a Dangerous Age
and Should Learn to Look
Upon with Saueeness and
Discretion.

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Some one has said that the dangerous age for woman begins when she is 45 years of age and extends till she has passed 60 years.

It is during this period, these dissectors of the human heart declare, that she still loves, and being denied the outlet for that love given a younger woman, who has babies and whose husband is still an object of some affection, her heart strings go reaching out for any one, and it is then that chaos follows.

I would extend that period known as the "dangerous age," beginning it with the day a girl stops hugging a doll to her breast, to raise after some boy, and making it end only when the infirmities of age have confined her, tottering and blind, to a chimney corner.

Here are proofs:

"I am 15 years old," writes a girl, "and in love with a married man. He does not seem to notice me, but one day he said I was a pretty little girl and would make some man a fine wife some day, and I have loved him ever since. He never asks to take me out. Would it be right for me to put myself in his way and tell him I love him madly? I can't give him up."

A woman of 75 years sends a tear-stained letter: "I have been going with a young man my age for a year. Of late he seems very cool, and I hear he is going with another girl. Would you advise me to declare my love to him and beg him to keep company with me?"

"I am 25 years old," writes another woman, "and a man of 75 years wishes me to marry him. I do not love him, but he is very wealthy, and I know that he would spend his money freely on me. Shall I marry him?"

"I am 35 years old," says another, "and am a widow with four children. I recently met a boy of 17 years and learned to love him. He looks old for his age, and I look young for mine. What I wish to know is, would we be happy together?"

"I see only letters from young girls in your column," writes a woman in the old-fashioned, cramped penmanship of many decades ago, "but I need help as much as they. I am 60; my husband has been dead twenty years; my children are married and gone, and they have borne me no grandchildren to love. I feel that I must love somebody, and when a young man came recently to board with me I fell in love with him. He is only 25, but is very steady in all his ways. I know my children will feel disgraced if I marry him, but I must love somebody, and he will gratify that longing. Would it be wrong to marry this young man? I have a good deal of money and could give him luxuries he couldn't have if he married a poor girl."

And away off in the chimney corner there sits many an old dame with a head that wags with age, whose eyes are too dimmed by time to distinguish the faces of those who minister to her, who is saved from the tragedy of the dangerous age only because her sense unattractiveness drives mankind away.

Down in her heart there is still the longing for love. It began in the days when her doll no longer satisfied her, and will continue as long as her heart beats.

Conditions are evolving a woman who claims to be of stronger build. One who asserts that the dolls called "personal achievement," "power," "fame" and "political rights" will satisfy her; that she will hug them to her breast all through life and cast no sigh after any man.

Perhaps so, but the great majority will go on loving in the old-fashioned unaccountable way. And because it is so unaccountable, I beg every one of her sex, from the day she turns away from her dolls till the day she sits alone in her chimney corner, that she remember she is passing through the "dangerous age" and that she try to look upon love with saueeness and discretion, remembering always the price that the foolish woman pays.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am very much in love with a girl seven years younger than myself, and I know she loves me, too. I have known her ever since I came to this country, five years ago, but since her father knows I love her he has stopped me going to his house. I cannot forget her.

Her father owes you his reasons, and you must do your best to overcome them by convincing him of your sincerity, good intentions and well behavior. Don't do anything underhanded.

Give Him Time.

Dear Miss Fairfax: About two months ago I met a young man at a party and fell in love with him. He has never taken me out, but I see him quite often. He has not mentioned love to me, but he acts as though he cares for me.

A. H. S.

Love cannot be forced like a hothouse plant. The man has known you only two months, and really doesn't know you now.

Be pleasant and modest, and let him discover your good qualities in his own way and time.

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MAULL BROS. St. Louis, Mo.

Minus Infinity

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARRIN.

Everybody says that degrees above zero on a thermometer (are plus, and below, minus. If up—that is, away from the center of the earth—is plus, then, toward the center must surely be minus. Directions to the right are plus; left, minus; to the front, plus; rear, minus; toward the sun, plus; away, minus.

In space there is no up or down—for a line from the earth to a star at midnight, if called up, will be down at noon. A thermometer must have a zero mark, and explorers in space depths must have a zero. The entire globe of the earth is so exceedingly small when compared to the sidereal universe that its scientific name is an infinitesimal, almost, but not exactly zero. But researchers in space pay no attention to the earth but this: they call it zero for a starting point. And give no heed to its turning on an axis.

With the earth, zero, or nothing, no error can be detected in solving any of the cosmic problems; the friction would be so inconceivably small that it is always omitted in problems of both mass—quantity of matter in existence—and space. I am careful not to use the word quantity with the word space, for quantity is a word used at the base of arithmetic and all higher branches to the very highest of mathematics. But the word infinite is used. There could not be figures enough written on a line, however long, to express an infinite quantity. Hence, the two words infinite and quantity destroy each other.

Thus, the distance of the bright star Sirius, the "Dog star," from the earth is known to be fifty-one trillion miles. Suppose the distance from the earth to Sirius, and let each unit—represent a mile, then the distance represented would be an infinitesimal when compared with an infinite distance. Or, let each unit represent one year, a hundred or a thousand years, then the time represented would be almost zero, or nothing, in comparison with an infinite time, or eternity.

So mathematicians never try to handle an "infinite quantity," but when any problem is being solved that involves infinity, they stop at once and make this mark—∞—which is simply a figure 8 turned over on its side.

The title of this article is "Plus and Minus Infinity." The explanation is: Point a telescope, or pencil, in any direction from our lumpy earth—the earth—and call the direction plus; then the precise opposite direction in space is minus. If the idea sought to be conveyed by a teacher, for instance, is infinity, he puts in a plus or minus—∞—as the case may be. This is as effective as that of writing a string of numbers many quintillions of miles, yes, or infinitely long. To write this row of figures would require an infinitely long time, the writing would be eternal! To avoid all these impossibilities, go turn an "8" on its side, thus—∞.

Wait for New Maps.

"Johnny, I don't believe you've studied your geography."

Daily Fashions

By LA RACONTEUSE.



A tailored costume of mole-gray is shown here.

The coat, recalling the Eaton jacket, has short kimono sleeves, is cut away to the chest in front, where it fastens with a bow of light satin ribbon in the same tone of mole-gray. The back slopes down in a point. The shoulders are loose, the sleeves having cuffs of plaited linen.

The skirt, which opens in front, shows a fullness at the knee formed by a slashed and insert box plait disappearing into the attached seams at the hips.

A small, round collar is trimmed with plaited linen ruffles.