

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Oh! It's Great to Be Married

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Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



Letter to a Bride

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

To a Young Bride: Your letter, full of happiness and homesickness, was a delight to read.



It is good to know you are so deeply interested in your home; and that you have started your married life with such an ideal instead of wasting the first year in a hotel or boarding house, or on the dangerous Bohemian style of living, so often popular with young married women.

Home is my idea of the ante-room to heaven, and should be patterned on that plan. You say your home is tiny, but that is all the better for a beginning.

There is so much to think about in home making, and if you learn to have perfect details and to keep perfect order in a small home, it will become a simple matter for you to carry out the same system when your abode enlarges.

You are so pleasing to look upon that it will be like a jewel in a box, if you make your little house pretty in every department.

I know you have great taste in colors, and that everywhere your curtains and rugs and walls and draperies will be beautiful in tone, and there will be no clashing or glaring colors.

And I can imagine the happiness of your husband when he comes home and sees you tastefully garbed waiting him in your pretty room.

Remember the need of a man for a room all his own. Arrange such space for him even at the sacrifice of some luxuries you might enjoy otherwise.

An English woman writing about American homes justly criticized them for this very lack; and the corresponding lack in the heart of the wife, who did not realize the fact that every man on earth wanted a room which was all his own.

One who entered unless invited as a guest. One where he could sit quite undisturbed and be alone if the mood for solitude or a quiet smoke seized him.

And be sure if such a mood seize your man, to leave him to its enjoyment; and do not imagine he has ceased to love you, because he may like to read his paper there or smoke his cigar or take a nap, maybe, alone by himself.

pretty and attractive things to please her eye and train her taste to an understanding of beauty.

If your husband belongs to a club make the hours of his going and coming as pleasant as he was accustomed to find them when a bachelor.

Do not play the martyr or act the role of the neglected wife.

It would be well if you joined a club of your own; and if you are musical it would be wise to arrange a little evening of music at home the night he goes to his club or lodge.

Nothing keeps a man more interested in a woman than the knowledge that she can call about her an agreeable circle instead of sitting at home moping.

Take up some study early in your married life.

Your husband is a wide-awake man and in touch with the outer world, and you must keep abreast of the times.

Learn a new language or pursue some line of reading—natural history would be excellent—for when your babies come (as I hope they will) all you learn in this matter will be of inestimable value to them.

The mother who can begin in the small years of her boy's life to tell him the beautiful and interesting things about birds and insect and animal life will never find him wanting to be a killer of dumb things.

Such a mother was startled recently by having her little boy say, "Mother, I want to go hunting birds." Then he added, "Please buy me a camera; I want to hunt with a camera, and take pictures of my little friends myself."

Watch yourself after the honeymoon, to see that you do not grow careless in regard to your personal appearance.

Some brides fade with the wedding flattery; and lose all interest in appearing attractive because they feel they have attained their goal; they are married; and settled; and there is nothing else to work for. But to win is oftentimes easier than to keep what we win.

What the World Needs Most of All

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

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Before the days of Jamie Watt all manufacturing was done in the homes.

The word "wife" means weaver. The woman made the fabrics and she made the clothes.

Man power was the only power known.

The steam engine revolutionized the business of manufacturing and transferred the factory from the home to a separate building.

With the aid of the joint stock company and increased capital manufacturing became a business, separate and apart from the household industries.

The increased demand for food from factory towns suggested a better quality of farming, and so horse-power came in to replace hand-power. Farming became a western business.

Instead of the hand-reaper, told of in poetry and legend, we had the inventions of Cyrus McCormick and James Oliver. Maud Muller wasn't in it.

Constantly increasing, from a machine that required one man to drive and one to rake off the sheaf to be bound, we had a machine that not only cut, but bound, threshed and barged at one time.

But horse-power was the motor. America has 25,000,000 horses. We have more horses than any other country in the world. We have more horses than Germany, England, France and Spain combined.

Also, the cost of horses today is higher than it has ever been before.

There are three processes in civilization. One is to dig, the next is to carry and the third is to manufacture.

We have discarded horse-power in the matter of transportation. The steamboat, the locomotive and the automobile do our hauling.

But we are still digging by hand, or with the aid of animal power.

The man with the hoe and the slanted brow is simply a man who has been unable to take advantage of mechanical power in his business.

All of his vitality, all of his potential ability to think, goes into the eternal labor of digging food out of the ground.

James Watt applied mechanical power by the use of steam. Fulton applied the principle to water transportation. Stephenson invented the locomotive. Har- greaves invented the spinning jenny and practically solved for us the question of manufacturing.

But farming is still lagging a hundred years behind, pulled by man-power and animal power. And the Duhobors plow with woman power.

The farmer cannot hope for redemption through electricity, because the farmer's business is to move around over a space of perhaps several miles and he must carry his fuel on his back, so to speak. No stationary engine will answer his purpose.

The first move in the direction of using mechanical power on the farm was when we ceased to use horses for threshing grain.

The horse-power, where a dozen horses were driven round and round on a sweep, is something that all of the graybeards born in the country remember well.

The steam traction engine, which threshed for a score or more of farmers, was a great move in the direction of economy and co-operation. It did the work at one-half the expense that horses could do it.

However, in the neighborhoods where coal was scarce and water was not right at hand, there was a deal of dead lift

and labor in hauling. I have seen two teams of horses working steadily, one hauling water and one coal, in order to keep a thrasher going.

Wood, as a fuel, is now practically out of the question. Coal is heavy, cumbersome and often scarce. Gas cannot be transported, and has other limitations. Gasoline is volatile, is affected by temperature, cannot be transported in wooden barrels, has to be stored underground and increases fire risk. Besides, its cost is more than double that of kerosene.

Kerosene oil seems the best, cheapest, most easily obtained, most condensed and most valuable fuel known.

A pint of kerosene has more potential power in it than the same quantity of dynamite.

Dynamite has a wonderful power to destroy. But a mushroom can lift just as much as the same weight of dynamite, provided you give it time. A lichen growing in the crevice of a rock can split the rock.

Kerosene is nature's own fuel. The business of searching for oil in the bowels of the earth, and pumping it up, is practically in its infancy. All we have endeavored to do, so far, is to bring up just enough oil to supply our needs.

The problem yet in transportation is to get an engine that will carry its fuel on its back. The smallest quantity of fuel in point of bulk and weight is what the world demands.

The fuel now that gives the quickest results with the least loss is kerosene.

The engine that ignites kerosene instantly and that liberates its power so that it is used at once—this is the principle of the oil engine.

The great need is an oil engine that, in clean combustion, regulation, durability, light weight and control, will equal or better the best steam or gas engines.

And the next need of this country is that the government shall at least control the supply of crude oil, or control the price of all petroleum products.

The Universe is a Vast Theater Composed Entirely of Vibrations

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.



We live in a world, and indeed in a universe, composed altogether of vibrations, there were no vibrations there would be no light, no sound, no touch, no life, and no matter, for what we call "matter" appears to be only an effect of a particular kind of motion, taking place in an imperceptible, invisible, unobtainable medium called "ether."

The ether is shaken one way and a blazing sun shines out; it is shaken another way and a solid world comes into existence. Other vibrations form animals and plants to inhabit the world. Still others displace them into apparent nothingness. Everything is in a continual flux, passing from form to form, now visible, now invisible; now solid, now liquid, now vaporous; now nothing at all, as far as we can see.

Made up of vibrations, we possess, while the atomic combinations of which we are formed persist, the power to perceive yet other vibrations, which tell us all we know of the world and the universe about us.

Out of the midst of this universal quiver science succeeds in selecting certain vibrations, and measuring them. Vibrations from the sun, falling upon the face of nature, come back reflected from a thousand different colors, tints and shades.

They strike upon a rose, and the rose sends back those that undulate at the rate of four hundred million-million per second and produce for us the effect of the color red. They fall upon a violet,

and the violet sends back those that vibrate at the rate of six hundred million-million per second and produce for us the effect of the color blue.

Sound waves vibrating at the rate of forty per second give us the impression of the lowest note of the pipe organ. Vibrating at the rate of 4,000 per second they produce the highest note of the piccolo. The soul of music dwells between those limits. All above or below is, for us, either silence or mere noise.

In a fascinating article in the Cosmopolitan Magazine for May you will read of the efforts that Thomas A. Edison is now making to extend our knowledge of vibrations. Mr. Edison is deaf, as far as ordinary hearing is concerned, but nevertheless he has developed a wonderful power of perceiving sounds that escape others, and he has become so much interested in music, through the development of the phonograph, that he is now enthusiastically at work upon a scheme for the standardization of vibrations. He believes, will be to place musical vibrations, the result of music, for the first time, upon a scientific basis.

But even more interesting for those who love to peer deep into the yet unsolved mysteries of nature is Mr. Edison's plan to catch, and turn into sounds, perceivable by the human ear, a multitude of vibrations which are continually playing about us, but which go unnoticed because our ears are not attuned to their rate of pulsation.

The world, as he says, must be full of sounds that we cannot hear because their vibrations are too quick. His purpose is to tame some of these wild sounds of nature, and bring them within the range of normal hearing.

By running a phonograph at high speed it may be possible to catch records of some of them, and, then, by running the records more slowly through the reproducing machine, the vibrations may be so reduced in rapidity that they will come within the limited range of the ear. Thus inaudible sounds will be rendered audible, as astronomical photographs picture invisible stars.

Like his dream, a good many years ago, of rendering the roar of sun spots audible on the earth by means of a gigantic telephone, this latest idea of the great inventor is full of the essentially poetic imagination that characterizes all his work.

It should not be expected, however, that the catches which are to issue from his mystic phonograph will differ, essentially, from the highest notes that are naturally audible to us, because when their vibrations are reduced to the same scale they should produce a similar effect. Still, it is possible that there will be evident in these transformed sounds some peculiar quality that will differentiate them from all others, so that we will seem to be listening to melodies as alien to our ears as the faded music of the spheres.

A concert of sounds caught out of the apparently soundless atmosphere might, judged by a musician, be as unmelodious as the serenade of a band of savages, but heard issuing from the mouth of a phonograph whose record has been exposed only to open space it would thrill the thoughtful hearer with extraordinary sensations.

But, just as Mr. Edison rejoices because his deafness relieves him from a thousand sounds that he does not care to hear, so, perhaps, when he has enabled us to hear what the powers of the air are saying, we may be glad that nature shut them away from our ears, for who can guess what howling and screaming and unearthly vociferation there may be in the seemingly quiet atmosphere about us?

"I suffered greatly for a number of years and for the past three years was so bad that life was a misery to me," writes Mrs. R. F. Dickerson of Utica, Ohio, Route 4. "The doctors told me I would have to go to a hospital before I could get any relief. A year ago this winter I was worse than ever before. At each period I suffered like one in torment. I am the mother of six children. I was so bad for five months that I knew something must be done, so I wrote Dr. R. V. Pierce, telling him as nearly as I could how I suffered. He outlined a course of treatment which I followed to the letter. I took two bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and one of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and a fifty-cent bottle of 'Smart-Weed,' and have never suffered such spasms. I wish I could tell every suffering woman the world over what a boon Dr. Pierce's medicines are. There is no use wasting time and money doctoring with anything else or any one else."

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Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

The Girl is Right.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 23 years old and am keeping company with a young man who is 25 years old. I love this young man and my love is reciprocated. Lately her mother found fault and forbade her entertaining me, causing us to meet on corners. I know I will never care for any other girl and she will never part from me.

I am heartbroken, as the girl now refuses to meet me on corners.

Go to the girl's mother, insist on knowing her objections, and give her every assurance that your intentions are honorable. If your conduct does not meet her approval, change it.

Do not ask the girl to meet you on street corners; that would be gratifying your desire to be with her at the expense of her reputation for good sense and modesty.

Both Were Wrong.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am secretly engaged to a girl three years my junior. I am 25 years old, I am deeply in love with her and am sure my love is reciprocated. While at a party one evening she called another young man pet names, such as "dear" and "darling" only in a joke, which, of course, made me feel bad. Later I told her I did not like it. She, in turn, told me that she had overheard me saying that I ought to know that was not it. I told her it did not sound nice and if she were openly engaged, what would the people think?

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

Isn't it grate that we are up in the country for a few weeks, sed Ma. It seems so good to be away from the roar of the city and the grocer & the butcher. I haven't felt so peaceful, sed Ma, since before I was married. Jest think how my dear girl friends will enjoy themselves when they come here tonite.

What girl friends, sed Pa. I hoap it isn't any more of them club wimmen that used to pester the life out of me in the city.

Well, sed Ma, they aren't exactly club wimmen like the ones you didn't like, but it is a kind of organishun, the name they go by is The Sisters of Spring. Oust every week they meet at some friend's home in the country and talk about the buties of nature. It is my turn to entertain them tonite, Ma, sed you. You will find evry one of them a dear girl.

Pa's face got kind of long rite away. You called all of them other old hens deer girls. Pa, sed, & when they came to the house they looked like the wimmen that used to ride on 'the horses in the old time Circus Parades. All them lips & cheek bones, Pa, sed, I suppose this will be a case, sed Pa, of history repeating itself.

Not at all, sed Ma. When you see the Sisters of Spring you will see some real types of American liveliness. Some of them is so pritty, sed Ma, that their husbands is all the time jealous.

Then Pa and me went out to take a little walk & Pa sed to me, Bobbie, I feel the wurst. Yura mothers is always a grate describer wen she tells about them club wimmen, but after they git to the house, Pa, sed, they ain't ever a bit like her plans and nos-tic-a-shuns. I no what they are going to do, Pa sed. They are going to come to the house and talk all after-noon about spring's first flowers, jonquils, daffodils and trailing arbuties.

an' ask him if he will send me over a nice big mess of leeks.

So I went over to Mr. Cook's an' got a big pall full of leeks. The bottom of them looks like little onions. Wen I got back to the house all the Sisters of Spring was there. I took the pall of leeks above. Do you think so? sed Pa. I never paid much attention to spring. Pa sed except that I always like April on account of the Polo grounds opening for the season. I exhook to see Mattie have one of his grate years Pa sed.

Do you mean to tell me, sed a other of the ladies, that you never roam alone in the forest to see nachurs carpet bedecked with springs forest flowers. I haven't been in the woods since I was a little boy sed Pa, except during the hunting season.

Then a other lady sed, O my dear sir, surely you wud be moar in love with nachur & spring time if you had ever burd the little poem I rote a year ago for our local poem. It isn't very long she sed, so I will recite it to you, then she recited:

I sat upon a mossy log,
All springtime spread before me
The tender crooning of a frog
Away in yonder marshy bog.
Rose to the heavens o'er me
The little calf, the little colt,
Friked in the pastures green
Spring is the finest time of year
I've mortals ever seen.

Pa looked kind of sick after the lady had recited her poem & he sed I will leave you lady to yourself for a while till I go and prepare some of our niceest spring vegetables. My wife will tell you, Pa sed, that I no moar about cooking vegetables as most chefs. That is rite, sed Ma, he is a deer, good boy. He does most of the cooking sometimes & washes the dishes always.

He Communes With Nature, Far from the City's Uproar

and the Sisters of Spring listening to a lot of talk about spring flowers & little trout springing out of brooks & all kinds of spring stuff. I pretty near went to sleep but jest then Pa came to the door and sed dinner was ready. When we went in the dining room there was a grate big dish full of boiled leeks in the middle of the table & a plate for each of the Sisters of Spring.

Merel, sed all of the lady's at onct, what kind of vegetable is that? that is leeks sed Pa, the grateest vegetable in the world to clear up the blood and give one a bufful complexion.

I guess the Sisters of Spring got their complexion was bufful onct, because they all had up their noses and walked out of the dining room with Ma, Pa & me all the leeks, but after the Sisters of Spring was gone Ma talked to Pa for haf a our befor he could say a word. She would have scolded him seven wors only tomorrow is pay day, but anyway there ain't going to be eny more leeks in our hous.

The Misogynist

By C. W. M.

For two long years I'd labored hard For Moneyking & Co., And tried as well as I knew how To make the business go. I'd asked him often for a raise, His answer was the same: "If you want to make more money Just try some other game."

'Twas then I met the darling girl I wanted for my wife; She said she'd gladly come to me And stay with me for life. Again I went to Moneyking And told him what I'd done. He said, "I'll raise your salary now From ten to twenty-one."

"The reason why I'm doing this I hope is plain to you, For heretofore you've always left Before your work was through. But now you've got a wife at home, You'll not be on the run. But staidly you will stay right here Until your work is done."

Men Welcome Mother's Friend

A Duty that Every Man Oves to Those who Perpetuate the Race.



It is just as important that men should know of progressive methods in other departments of life. The suffering, pain and distress incident to child-bearing can be easily avoided by having at hand a bottle of Mother's Friend.

This is a wonderful, penetrating, external application that relieves all tension upon the muscles and enables them to expand without the painful strain upon the ligaments. Thus there is avoided all those nervous spells; the tendency to nausea or morning sickness is counteracted, and a bright, sunny, happy disposition is preserved that reflects wonderfully upon the character and temperament of the little one soon to open its eyes in bewilderment at the joy of his arrival. You can obtain a bottle of "Mother's Friend" at any drug store at \$1.00, and it will be the best dollar's worth you ever obtained. It preserves the mother's health, enables her to make a quick and complete recovery, and thus with renewed strength she will eagerly devote herself to the care and attention which mean so much to the welfare of the child. Write to the Bradford Regulator Co., 122 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., for their valuable and instructive book of guidance for expectant mothers. Get a bottle of Mother's Friend today.

HAPPY THO' MARRIED?

There are unhappy married lives, but a large percentage of these unhappy homes are due to the illness of the wife, mother or daughter. The feeling of nervousness, the befogged mind, the ill-temper, the pale and wrinkled face, hollow eyes, result most often from these disorders peculiar to women. For the woman to be happy and good-looking she must naturally have good health. Dragging-down feelings, hysteria, hot-flashes or constantly returning pains and aches—are too great a drain upon a woman's vitality and strength. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription restores weak and sick women to sound health by regulating and correcting the local disorders which are generally responsible for the above distressing symptoms.

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