The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Egg Man and the Yegg Man

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

The yegg man's chin was bristly; the egg man's chin was not.
The egg man's head was level; the yegg man's head was not;
The yegg man was a roughneck; the egg man's brow was high;
And both were much devoted to Miss Susanna Spry.

They took her to the movies on alternating nights;
They took her down to Coney to see the gladsome sights.
(In justice to Susanna this statement must be made—
She never once suspected that either was in trade.)

She had a million dollars and social aspirations;
She hadn't any father or other male relations;
She thought she'd like a husband, as spinsters often do;
And she had met our heroes along Fith avenue.

She never asked their business; enough it was for her
That both of them were persons of presence and hauteur.
She knew that they were handsome; she knew that they were rich;
She knew that one would win her; but she couldn't make out which.

The yegg man showed her diamonds; rare jewels he displayed,
But didn't say he got them while working at his trade.
She said that it was lovely to see them flame and glow,
But waited for the egg man to see what he could show.

The egg man had no jewels—he merely showed her kegs,
And boxes, bales and barrels of pallid, pearly eggs.
She threw her arms about him. "My darling," murmured she,
"I think you must be richer than even old John D."

The egg man now wears diamonds; the yegg man now does time;
The yegg man slugged the egg man, which constitutes a crime.
The eggs the egg man showed here were phony—that is, paste.
Susanna is not happy—she wed in too much haste.

Certified Brides and Bridegrooms

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Once there was a clever little boy who was always taking clocks to pieces and meddling with locks and making wheels, and inventing ways of shutting the old door so that it wouldn't be locked and yet the dog could spring the latch—such a clever, clever boy—but I always hated to have him come to visit at our house.

You see, he could take a clock to pieces wonderfully well and put it together—just moderately well. The clock would go after he had put it together again, but somehow there was always something wrong with it some way. Sometimes it told the time all right, but struck wrong. Sometimes it struck all right but told the hour wrong, and then again it was the alarm that never quite got over the clever boy's handling.

Sometimes I wonder about him—he's a doctor now, a very successful surgeon; always taking people to pieces. I wonder if they run quite so well when he is through with them as they did before he touched them—he and his "science."

I see he read a paper at a great medical convention yesterday—it was all about "eliminating the unfit."

He doesn't want anyone to marry but people in perfect health. He thinks physicians should regulate marriage—and regulate it legally. No one should be allowed to marry at all without the "yes, indeed" of the whole medical profession. Fine idea, progressive, and all that. I wonder if it is quite practical?

Now, there's the doctor himself, for instance. I happen to know that his mother was an old-fashioned consumptive. She took twenty years a-dying, and one of his brothers died of the old-fashioned illness out in Colorado not so many weeks ago.

The doctor is alive yet, and very lively, too, thank you. He wouldn't be here at all if his advice had been taken thirty years ago—and just think how we should have missed him and his experiments with the clocks and with peoples' internals.

We knew a good many of the same people, the doctor and I, when he was taking clocks to pieces.

One of them died of cancer; her mother died of it, too; and she married and had three children. One of them is the cleverest, all-around woman I know, one is mediocre and one has made himself a fortune in a country town and is spending it helping sick babies get well. Now if that woman had not been allowed to marry, what then?

The best family in the town where we both lived had three sons—every one of them had turned out a failure. One's an invalid, one's a criminal and one is a drunkard. Father was sound as a hickory nut, and mother never had an ill day in her life. How about that family?

How far back have you got to go to get at the source of infection and who's going to do the "going?"

"I can find enough degenerates in any family on earth to get any client off for murder in the first degree," said a clever lawyer to me just the other day. "I don't suppose there's a family in America without somebody "queer in it."

Just how "queer" have you got to be and who's going to decide about it when you try to get a marriage license and can't?

"Eliminate the unfit"—well, well, Mr. Physician, who are the unfit?

There's Robert Louis Stevenson, for instance. He never drew a breath of good health in his life. Would you have "eliminated" him?

How about Julius Caesar, how about Napoleon, how about Mohammed, how about Daniel Webster, how about St. Paul?

Unfit—every one of them—from the doctor's point of view, and there are still more illustrious examples of the unfit who survived and made the world over just to suit their own ideas while the "fit" stood around and looked on and wondered about it.

It's a glorious idea you have, doctor, and one that every civilized nation should study carefully—but are you quite sure how you are going to manage it?

I got the "sterilized" fad once and wouldn't let anyone have a drop of water that wasn't boiled; till my old doctor came along and told me I had boiled all the life out of it, and he said he'd risk a few germs if he were me—on the priciple that he'd rather be an aquarium than a cemetery—and I got over my fad.

"Drink water all you can," shouts the water-cure fiend.

"Don't touch water till you have to," insists the new specialist.

"When your brain is tired, work your body," advises the doctor who is supposed to know.

"Don't overwork a tired system," says his neighbor. "Rest is the only thing to cure fatigue."

And so it goes—we're all so interested—in this "eliminate the unfit" idea, and yet when I look around among my friends, a pretty decent lot of people as the world goes, I can see dozens of them who would never have been born at all if this idea had been strictly carried out, and somehow I can't think the world would have been much better off for that.

Take the old clock to pieces, doctor, all you will, but please, good friend, be quite sure you know how to put it together again so it will strike twelve at midnight and not at 8 of the morning.

To The Young Expectant Mother

Women of Experience Advise the Use of Mother's Friend.

There is a certain degree of trepidation in the minds of most women in regard to the subject of motherhood. The longing to

possess is often contradicted by the inherent fear of a period of distress.

But there need be no such dread in view of the fact that we have a most noble remedy in what is known as Mother's Friend. This is an external application that has a wonderful influence and control over the muscular tissues of the abdomen. By its daily use the muscles, cords, tendons and ligaments all gently expand without the slightest strain; there is no pain, no nausea, no nervousness; what was dreaded as a severe physical ordeal becomes a calm, serene, joyful anticipation that has its impress such as our foremost teachers of Eugenics are striving to drill into the minds of the present generation.

In almost every community there are women who have used Mother's Friend, and they are the ones that recovered quickly, conserved their health and strength to thus preside over families destined by every rule of physiology and the history of successful men and women to repeat the story of greater achievement.

Mother's Friend is prepared after the formula of a noted family doctor by the Bradfield Regulator Co., 158 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

Write them for their instructive book to expectant mothers. You will find Mother's Friend on sale by all drug stores at $1.00 a bottle.

Darker Complexion

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

William writes me: "I am in love with a blue-eyed blonde. She is 20 and I am 25. We earn $8 a week each, but I do not work all the time, and she does. Do you think it advisable to get married on such prospects, or had we better wait awhile?"

Blue eyes and blonde hair sound entrancing, but I am afraid, my dear William, if you marry with no other thought than the possession of this fair creature you will find life of a much darker complexion.

If a man's a man at 25, and knows anything of rents, the price of beefsteak and potatoes, and the advancing tendency of the cost of clothing, he knows that $16 a week isn't enough these days to supply two with all their wants.

He knows that manna is no longer dropped from heaven for material sustenance, and that the day when the robins supplied the babes in the woods with covering is long since past.

He knows also that when a blonde with blue eyes finds it is her $8 a week which is caring for two, her husband not working all the time, her hair loses its gold and her pretty eyes fade. This is serious enough (for men demand that the perishable qualities that attracted them be imperishable), but what is more serious, no girl, blonde or brunette, ever became the main support of an able-bodied man and retained any love or respect for him.

If one ever did, then I am ashamed of her, for to give a good woman's love to such a man is greater folly than casting pearls before swine.

Were you to marry this girl, I will grant that you would have perhaps a whole month of happiness. Then the bills will begin to come in. You begin to grow tired of making loving eyes at each other, and crave some outside amusement, lacking the sense of humor with which you should view your own folly and which is enough to make the gods laugh.

You want to go to the theater, to an amusement park, to a moving picture show. You count the cost, and find that to take both of you to the cheapest amusement means the price of tomorrow's meat.

You give up the amusement and decide to stay at home and make loving eyes at each other, but the eyes are not so loving as they were, and you begin to taste, while the honeymoon is still full, all the bitter boredom that attends matrimony.

The day comes, William, when you can not contribute your $8 a week. Your wife cannot afford the innocent little outings and foibles of fashion her mates enjoy, for she is supporting a man! A great big, hungry man, who eats all she can earn, wears out his clothes, must be cooked for, mended for, washed for; ah, William, the day comes only too soon when she begins to feel as if she were pouring her heart and soul and body into a great big hopper, with no more feeling for her than if you were really made of steel and iron.

Love is a fragile thing. It is a tragedy to treat it as if it were double-seamed steel with copper rivets. It may endure so little, and then it perishes! You are asking that it endure so much! You are not making of love something to hold deep in one's heart, to cherish and protect. You are making of it something to feed and clothe and shelter you.

Instead of becoming its protector you would make it protect you.

William, I am ashamed of you! You would plan your future so that your wife could support you. Don't you know that a man plans to support his wife?

I wish I could talk to your blue-eyed blonde. I am sure I could open her eyes to the tragedy that comes to every woman who gives her love and gets in return a sentiment similar to that inspired by a meal ticket.

How to Acquire a Beautiful Figure Through Dancing by Lady Constance Stewart Richardson

Article No. 2

Flexibility and Poise.

Figure 1. Teaching the body muscular control.

Figure 2. To acquire lightness of poise.

This will build up the arch of the foot and make the wrist light and graceful.

Figure 3. Swaying the body into this graceful movement of the dance will train it to combine lightness of poise and ease of motion.

These pictures of Lady Richardson were especially posed for this page.

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To me classical dancing means three things: The sanctification of the body, the elevation of the mind and the joyous appreciation of living. And out of these three primary purposes of classical dancing grows naturally the bodily grace that is what the world seeks first from the art of the dance.

I have always thought it a very sad thing that children should be taught to be ashamed of the bodies that God gave to them. The body is a beautiful and holy thing—a temple—and every child should be taught to regard it in this way. To keep it clean, and pure, and healthy is not enough—it should be reverenced as something that was given by God and must be returned to Him undefiled. Through this reverence false shame that is really immodesty will be done away with. Then the next step is to have in the mind thoughts worthy of its own ideals of bodily beauty. So through the beautiful movements of spontaneous joy that go to make up the classical dance we perform a splendid service for both body and mind.

The modern costume that "half reveals and half conceals" is the object of much criticism, some of it adverse, and some of it on the lines of argument that "to the pure all things are pure." To me clothing is immodest whenever it is suggestive in a shamed-faced way that seem to hint; here is a little glimpse of ankle or rounded arm—just a hint, for more would be improper. Now, on the other hand, consider the Greek tunic, a soft drapery of clinging material, that clothes the body in a little cloud of mystery, but yet is all-revealing and so makes beauty an absolute essential.

Our bodies today are defective because we know how easy it is to hide defects. The ancients, on the other hand, had to overcome defects and make for beauty so great that it could be unself-consciously revealed.

This is the whole secret of immodesty, to have the mind dwelling on the body in an apologetic way. Now, let us enter upon the study of how to make the body so beautiful in line and contour that we may accept it as simply as we do a beautiful lily or rose.

After a fairly exhaustive study of the subject I am practically convinced that nothing so surely gives bodily beauty combined with purity of mind as do the ideal movements of the revival of classical dancing.

Today I wish to illustrate my theory with three exercises, poses or movements of the dance that make a good beginning for the study of how to beautify the human figure through dancing.

In the first figure the figure is poised firmly on the forward foot, while the other leg is raised to a position parallel with the floor, and stretched back as far as possible; the arms, too, are stretched to the utmost, while life and motion extend to the very finger-tip. The tension in the stretched muscles will keep the body educated to the point of absolute muscular control.

Figure 2 shows lightness of poise. It will help arch the instep and flex the wrist into graceful lightness. Finally, figure 3 combines lightness of poise with ease of motion. Notice the graceful sway of the body, the flexible wrist and the simple readiness of the whole body to leap from this position of life and light into the next movement of the dance.

If these exercises are faithfully practiced the limbs will soon come to have a flexibility and lightness that are the first essentials of grace. That unpleasant consciousness known as the sensation of being all arms and legs is trained into ways of muscular control and lightness. But what is easy for the very young is a task in later years. Little children should be taught to adjust themselves readily to motions of grace. In later life patience will work wonders, and the woman who will faithfully study these general movements will soon have her reward in a certain flexibility that will make her feel as if she were renewing her precious youth.

The simple practice of dancing as they danced in those Elysian days "when all the world was young" is indeed the secret of renewing youth today.

New Revelations of Ultra-Microscopy

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

The names Zsigmondy and Siedentopf are as household words in every laboratory in the world. They are of two great German physicists and microscopists, and more—ultra-microscopists. They were first to peer into realms approaching the molecular, and into deeps hitherto unseen by human eyes. Before these men, microscopists had always viewed minute particles by means of bright field illumination, the light coming up through the plates and drop of water containing the minute objects, but this made a glare around them and so filled the eye with extraneous light that millions of particles could not be seen.

The German microscopists passed the light against the sides of the particles at right angles, say from the right or left, with the most beneficial result that the field of view became dark, the troublesome shimmer and glare vanished, and only light reflected from the sides, and at times actually from the interiors of the minute spots, entered the eye through the lenses. This improvement was so great that comparison is useless; the ultra-microscope at once became an instrument of quintupled power. At once, regions all unknown before were revealed, and an immense field ready to be explored was presented to life-workers with the microscope.

The old-fashioned microscope had reached the average power of seeing objects whose diameter ranged around and about the 1-160,000th part of an inch. But these are huge chunks in the new ultra-ultra, beyond the visible, violet-wave-energy dark-field microscope.

Suppose I should write, "Sunlight is invisible." The reader might say, "Impossible; sunlight is visible." I shut up our optical and physical laboratory on June 20, fastened windows, and drew down double black closely-fitting curtains, but left the heliostat where I could reach it without opening the door. Then I hied myself to the World's Columbian exposition and returned in September. I opened an aperture, set the heliostat so that it would reflect a powerful beam of light direct from the sun into the room and across to a distant screen. Then with extreme care I opened the door, looked in and saw no light.

This was an impressive experiment. A band of light four inches in diameter, from the sun direct, was passing my eyes, but invisible. Then I took an eraser from a ledge on the blackboard, gave it a little tap under the band, when instantly there were seen millions of particles of chalk dancing in the brilliant beam. This I repeated all along the band for thirty feet across the room, and brought out its glories by reflections from billions of particles of dust.

The German savant saw such a beam in the interior of the best specimens of medically prepared pure distilled water at first. But now this band of harassing fight has almost disappeared from nearly pure water. They had trouble; human skill was taxed to carefully distill water, yet the diffused light appeared. They could not think of the cause, until finally they thought of the ground glass stoppers of bottles. The huge mountains and deep canyons of the sides of the solid glass stopper held particles. This distressing difficulty was overcome; new and highly ingenious cells were made to hold pure water, and new methods devised of placing particles for examination, clean, free from the smallest particle of dust, from air contamination and all others, under the object glass of the microscope for study with the eye, and for a thousand times greater for ultra-violet energy photography. This is the extreme height to state of skilled manipulation; not the height of human mind by any means; for all whatever subsides in the ineffable majesty of higher methematics.

Gold is a noble metal. It has been chemically divided into such excessively minute bodies that their dimensions are well along toward the molecular.

Colloidal solutions of metals are where they are dissolved into particles so minute and suspended in liquids so that they do not settle to the bottom. Where liquids contain particles massive enough to be brought to the bottom by gravity, the cases are merely that of suspension. On account of the possible minute subdivision of gold its colloidal solution has been more closely studied with the ultra-microscope than any other metal. The Greek letter Mu, represented by the English M, is the coarse standard of measure, and is the 1-1,000th part of a millimeter, or equal to 1-25,400th part of an inch, while refined measures in ultra-violet microscopy are the 1-1,000,000th of a millimeter, represented by MM, and equals the 1-1,000th of M, or the 1-25,400,000th part of an inch.

Once in each year I publish an attempted explanation of the mysterious Brawnian motions. Every article in a colloid solution moves with a set specific speed, at high rates. No matter what the substance, minute particles incessantly move hither and thither. But colloidal gold particles move faster and farther without turning abruptly in another direction than those of any other matter so far examined. A colloid set aside during two years, when again viewed, revealed the ceaseless motion. And these flying particles are now photographed.

Cynical Musings

The circumstances that alter cases are generally financial circumstances.

The prince of darkness doesn't always wait for the sun to go down.

The things that come to those who wait are generally pretty well worn out.

Many a man has reached the heights by putting up a bluff.

The fact that talk is cheap is what makes it so expensive in the end.

Few things are as hard to beat as your way through life.

A half-hearted kick is worse than none. Throw your whole sole in to it.

Possibly the reason all the world loves a lover is because the world likes to be amused.

It is extremely doubtful if the man who leads a double life has twice as much fun.

One good turn makes a man expect that you are going to do him another.

The reason some people never put their best foot forward is because they reserve it exclusively for kicking purposes.—New York Times.

CONSIDER FATHER

His share in the home life and responsibility in connection with rearing a family

By DR. C. H. PARKHURST

What is the extent of the parental obligation which a father owes to his children? The question deserves consideration because of its close bearing upon the purpose of domestic life, which is to produce children and make them serviceable to the interests of their times.

It has been pointed out that the terms "father" and "feeder" are but variable forms of one and the same word. So understood the father is merely the one who provisions the family and stands to it in the relation of commissary.

In the more primitive forms of familyhood, when increasing the human breed, rather than improving it, met all recognized requirements, nothing more would naturally be demanded of the rather than the young of the family, like the young of the flock and herd, should be amply supplied with what will sustain life and promote growth. So that the faithful father would simply be he who was the attentive feeder, with no responsibility that looked beyond what the children needed as young and growing animals.

It is one of the features of more finished civilization that in some respects it continues to cherish customs and modes of thinking and feeling inherent in civilization of a more primitive type, but which we should suppose would have been outgrown and left behind with the process of time and the broadening and mellowing of sentiment.

We have an example of this in the rather general continuance to the present time of the primitive habit of looking upon the father as the domestic commissary, and of considering that the obligations with which he has been especially charged have been fulfilled when his children have had furnished them all that is required by their creature necessities—housing, clothing and food.

He is reckoned a dutiful father if he keeps up the house and leaves it to the mother and her proxies to furnish education, morals, religion and all the finer accessories; he to take care of the child as an nimal, and she to look after him as a person.

Without raising the question as to whether exclusive maternal influence will suffice for the successful upbringing of a family of girls, it is distinctly insufficient for the development of young masculine nature. There is a certain personal quality inherent in the normal man—but of which the normal woman is destitute—and without which no male child can become a perfectly constituted man; so that if he be submitted exclusively to maternal treatment he has small chance of achieving an ideal manhood.

Of course, there are mannish women—a species of human freak with which our generation is being made painfully familiar—but freaks play no part in the economy of nature. Mannishness is a cheap counterfeit of manliness and cannot render to the boy the office of masculine genuineness.

There is a certain special type of robustness and stability which the lad will gain by social contact with the father which only in rare instances will he acquire from his mother; and the unfortunate feature of our family life at present is that the father, as a rule, is so engaged and engrossed with what lies outside of the real inner life of the home that contact between father and son is reduced to a minimum.

The twofoldness of parentage answers to the twin energies in nature by which its sterner and gentler forces combine with each other in the production of the finest forms of vegetable and animal life. The idea of duality runs through everything.

Everywhere there is the balancing and the co-operation of complementary forces.

The mother makes her contribution to the developing character of the child, a contribution full of wealth and tenderness, without which the lad, as he comes into mature years, would be destitute of charm and incapable of the finest effects of personality. But underneath the maternally conferred graces of character, and sustaining them, there requires to be a foundation made out of sterner stuff, exactly as the tree is unable to achieve the purposes of its existence by virtue of the foliage with which it is clad or the blossoms by which it is decorated, but also by the solidity of its anchorage in the firm soil in which it is planted.

Family life as it is maintained in these hurried days of business engrossment is such that fathers and their boys, in hosts of cases, hardly know each other.

The withholding of paternal influence is bound to leave its mark in the one-sided development of the boy; and it does leave its mark.

The young fellow, as he leaves the warm home nest, commits himself to flight that lacks the sustaining power which can be secured only by the impress upon him of what is definitely and distinctly masculine.

It lies in the order of nature; beauty combined with stamina, grace married unto grit.

Wonderful Cures Reported In Germany.

The use of simple herbs as remedies instead of the more concentrated and usually more dangerous inorganic substances, has been revived very widely of late. In Germany a new school of physicians has arisen which throws out almost a whole of the pharmacopeia and relies on an adaptation of the method of wild animals in curing themselves. . . . . *N. Y. World.*

It was Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y., who first advocated the extended use of some of our native roots, such as: Golden seal and Oregon grape root, mandrake and queen's root, black cherrybark. These are the chief ingredients in Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which has been so well and favorably known for nearly half a century. A harmless cleanser and stomach tonic that *nature* has provided.

J. D. MATHESON, ESQ.

J. DONALD MATHESON of Ossining, N. Y. says: "I suffered for over five years with what the doctors told me was *dilated condition of the stomach, associated with a catarrhal condition of same, and nervous heart.* I had tried enough nux, bismuth, gentian, rhubarb, etc., to float a ship and naturally thought there was no cure for me, but after reading what eminent doctors said of the curative qualities of the ingredients of 'Golden Medical Discovery' I gave it a fair trial. Took the 'Discovery' and also the 'Pleasant Pellets,' and can truthfully say I am feeling better now than I have in years. I cheerfully give permission to print this testimonial, and if any 'doubting Thomas' writes me I will 'put him wise' to the best all-around medicine in the country to-day."