The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Printer

What man is that in yon back room,
With dirty floor and walls of gloom—
That man who raises in his hand
A stick of steel like magic wand,
A-bending over stone and case
With knitted brow and sweaty face,
Like some grim alchemist of yore
Endeav'ring secrets to explore—
That man obscure behind the scenes?
What does he do? What are his means?

As this mysterious one with care
Moves soil-ed fingers through the air,
Both men and women laugh and cry,
Supinely hope and lonely sigh.
With line of type and drop of ink
He makes a million people think.
He radiates both joy and woe,
And, like strings on the piano,
Or doubtful wave upon the sea,
Emits discord or harmony;
Or, like the fabled fountain's glitter,
From which pour streams both sweet and bitter.
All earthly knowledge passes through
His stick, and, whether false or true,
By "art preservative of arts,"
He teaches teachers all their parts.
Before his wand great tyrants quail,
Or nod in pleasure at his will.
He strikes a key that sets on fire
A nation's thought, and mad desire,
The deadliest that men abhor,
Runs rife till spent in clash of war;
Or strikes another key that sends
A word of peacefulness that blends
Humanity, misunderstood,
In one great, glorious brotherhood.
With copy in his hands unfurled,
He reads the mind of all the world:
If of no class, but knows all classes
From presidents unto the masses.
His task pursuing with a strain,
He toils with muscle and with brain,
And, though proverb'ly poor himself,
Helps others to amass their pelf.
We marvel at his woundrous might
To play with darkness or with light,
And make us act upon suggestion
Or change our minds on ev'ry question.

Is he a sorcerer resourceful,
With penetrating mind and forceful—
A menace to the human race,
Who should be shuffled off the face
Of earth into chaotic night,
Like Lucifer, the dang'rous, bright?
Is't Mr. Hyde and Dr. Jekyll,
A loyal friend and fiendish, fickle?

No; he is like the phonograph;
Recorder, like the photograph,
Of things that are, both good and evil—
An honest man; he's not the devil.
He's but a natural, faithful mirror,
Reflecting truth as well as error.

When all mankind aspires to love,
And has no thought but from above,
You'll find the printer in the choir
A-playing on his heav'nly lyre,
A-setting up the songs they sing
Around the palace of the King.

—Willis Hudspeth.

Omaha, Neb., July 17, 1913.

What Dame Fashion Is Offering

Illustrated on the left-hand side is an attractive cornflower-blue charmeuse gown very suitable for wearing at Hurlingham or Ranelagh. The skirt drapery cry is graaceful, the charmeuse being combined with velvet-embroidered voils de soie. The sleeves are long, the wrists and neck being finished with lace frills. The central figure is carried out in a striking effect of blue and gold brocade.

For the Season.

Lace falls from the high waist line to the center of the skirt and meets with the draped folds of the skirt. The corsage is of white lace over white chiffon. Japonica colored charmeuse is used for the right-hand model and makes a very useful gown for afternoon wear. The long sleeves are put into the shoulders with a piping; the cuffs are finished with five small buttons, the same decoration in a larger size being carried out on the bodice and skirt.

The charmeuse and ruffles are of white tulle.

The Girl and Her Mother

By DOROTHY DIX

There is no other human relationship that should be so close as that between mother and daughter. Every step that the girl must tread the mother has already trodden before her; every experience that the girl must undergo the mother has already known; every impulse that stirs the girl's heart the mother has already felt. And one would think that out of this very unanimity of sex, and blood, and knowledge, and experience there would grow a sympathy and affection that would be the strongest tie on earth.

This is far enough from being the case. There is no other girl alive with whom the average woman feels so unacquainted as with her own daughter, and there is no other woman in the entire universe to whom the girl could not easier open her heart than to her own mother.

No one will deny the truth of this assertion, or question that this estrangement between mothers and daughters offers a grave problem for the consideration of parents. For one thing it robs the two women of the sweetest, the most unselfish, and the purest love they can ever know; and, for another, it deprives the girl of the protection and guidance that would prevent many a young creature from making a shipwreck of her life.

It is not the girl who is friends with her mother and who tells her what she thinks who goes wrong; it is the girl who goes to fortune tellers for advice, who confides her heart secrets to strangers, who meets on the streets men of whom her mother never heard, and who finds every place more homelike than her own home, who furnishes the skeleton for so many family closets.

Many reasons may be given for this unfortunate state of affairs, the most obvious of which is that we put too much stress on what we call natural affection. We do not love people simply because they are kin to us; we love them because they are congenial to us and because they do something to make us love them. It is said that blood is thicker than water, but it is often also sourer than vinegar, and there are no other people that so set our teeth on edge as the uncongenial people of our own family, to whom we are bound by the ties of relationship.

No girl ever yet whispered her shy little secrets to her mother because her mother had a right to know what she thought and felt; no girl was ever companionable with her mother because she owed her mother some return for years of care and service. The woman who wants to be her daughter's best friend has to establish some better claim upon the girl's affection than that.

She has to make the girl feel that her love and sympathy are an unfailing fountain, to which she can always turn to refresh herself, and this not only in big things, but in little ones.

Few mothers have this comprehension of their daughters. They might sympathize about a ruined dress, fers clothes are a common level on which all women meet, but when it comes to little things in which the mother has no personal interest, the girl who expects sympathy of her mother generally asks for bread and is given a stone.. In the majority of cases a mother's sympathy narrows down to purely personal tastes, and when you hear a woman lamenting that her Mary is "queer" or her Sally such a "disappointment," ninety-nine times out of 100 it is merely a case of Mary or Sally wanting to do something that her mother never wanted to do.

Another bar between mothers and daughters is that the mother so often allows herself to be nothing but the critic on the hearth, and keeps herself in a sternly disapproving attitude that frightens away every confidence as completely as a scarecrow does timid birds. If there ever was a time when she was silly and giggling she has forgotten it. If there ever was a time when she thought it a triumph to adorn herself in seventeen secret fraternity pins and wear college colors, and considered it madly fascinating to have callow youths write their names on her fan, she ignores it.

Now the girl is miserably conscious that she and her friends fall far below that exalted standard. She knows her mother despises them accordingly, and she protects herself as best she can by silence, and by keeping her chums, male and female, out of her mother's sight. It's no wonder that the girl who knows that her mother is going to ridicule her friends meets them elsewhere than in her own home. It's the mother with the chronic "don't" habit who drives her daughters into actual wrongdoing.

Another potent cause of friction between mothers and daughters is in the inability of mothers to realize that their daughters are grown and have the rights of grown people. There is, apparently, no other thing so impossible as for parents to see that their adult children resent being treated like babies. Sometimes a father rises to the height of granting his son liberty to do as he pleases, but as long as a girl remains at home her mother considers she has a perfect right to dictate to her about her clothes, what she shall eat ,and think, and believe, and how she shall breathe.

There is nothing new in these suggestions. Almost every mother's daughter of us has had a good mother, who would have died for us—and who rubbed us continually the wrong way. We remember how she worked for us, and sacrificed for us, and how she bossed us, and the wonder of it all is that, having been through it all, and knowing just how a girl felt, we should be passing the same kind of blundering affection on to our own daughters.

Catherine of Russia

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY

Catherine II, the "Semiramis of the North," came to the throne 150 years ago.

Catherine, daughter of the Prince of Anhalt, was born at Stettin in 1729. She had a hard time of it in her childhood, her mother being as mean to her as Frederick the Great's father was to him. At 16, she was married against her will to Peter, Duke of Holstein. Peter was a big, strapping animal of a fellow but a degree or two above idiocy. He passed most of his time flirting with low women and playing with dogs and rats.

This fact explains, though it does not justify, Catherine's various little flirtations on her own hook.

By the death of Elizabeth, the semi-idiotic dog fancier became czar in 1762 but he was almost immediately set aside in favor of Catherine. So far as intellect and will power went the princess of Anhalt was well qualified for the big place that came to her. She was well read in history, philosophy and literature; had absorbed, in fact, most of the knowledge of her time, and was mentally able to fill any throne on earth. She proved to be a great sovereign, as sovereigns went in those days. She made Russia powerful, and was in many ways a worthy successor to Peter the Great.

But the magnificence of her court, the marvelous extent of her dominions, her foreign conquests, and the imposing position she held among the "majesties" of the world, could not hide the fact that at heart she cared but little for the Russian people, and did but little for the promotion of their political, social and economic advancement.

Catherine demonstrated to perfection the fact—at that time somewhat in dispute—that a woman could fill a throne as well as a man, but she also proved that the woman sovereign can be as cruelly unjust as the man sovereign; for was not Catherine one of the leading spirits in the Partition of Poland, the "foulest deed in the history of the world?"

How We Are Injured by Insects

Selected by EDWIN MARKHAM.

Now that the year has swung around to vacation time, it is worth while to note what Dr. Woods Hutchinson has to say on the pests of country life. From Dr. Hutchinson's book, "Common Diseases," sent out by the Houghton Mifflin company, I gather the following for you:

"In most parts of the United States, during the season in which the weather permits one to sit out of doors with any comfort, life in rendered a burden by flies, gnats and mosquitoes unless behind the protection of screens.

"The real battle of the human species for the possession of the earth—nay, even for the right to exist upon its surface—must be fought, not with mammoths, but with mosquitoes; not with lions and tigers, but with flies and gnats; not with behemoths, but with bacilli.

"Our instinct to kill insects at sight is perfectly sound. Out of the quarter of a million species now known to science, a were handful are even remotefully helpful to man, and most of these only by their power of living upon other and more dangerous insects. On the other hand, thousands of species are actively hostile to man, to his food plants and to his domestic animals. Whole tribes of men have been swept out of existence by the attack of insects carrying bacilli within the last two decades in Central Africa, by the dread 'sleeping sickness' carried by the tsetse fly. Whole nations have been weakened and crippled and whole civilizations retarded by another insect-borne disease, malaria.

"Closer study of the habits of the mosquito during the last five years has brought out the curious and at first sight incredible fact that the majority of these insects which carry disease, such as the malaria mosquito, the yellow fever mosquito and the house fly, can live and multiply, apparently, only in the immediate neighborhood of human habitations. In other words, they are literally domestic animals and part of our farm stock. This is absolutely true of the house fly and the yellow fever mosquito, neither of which is ever found more than a mile of two, and usually not more than a few hundred yards, away from human habitations.

"Dangerous and deadly as the mosquitoes are, they are only 'middlemen,' distributers, common carriers of evils which they have picked up from outside sources For the most part these outside sources are diseased or dirty human beings. So that we have really ourselves to thank for most of the damage they do."

Education

Is the Cure for Feeblemindedness in the Child, but It Must Be Begun in Time—What Sight is More Pitiful Than a Child Who Goes Into the Battle of Life With Its Mind--Its Only Hope--Disabled?

By GARRETT P. SERVIS

The great study of modern times is that of the peculiarities, the workings and the weaknesses of the human mind. This involves the entire future of the race of man.

I have been learning something about a new science, or what aspires to be a science, which has this for its object and which is called by its disciples "clinical psychology" (clinical from a Greek word for bed, implying that the subject of attention is a person who is ill, and psychology "science of the mind"), the whole phrase meaning practical study of mental illness.

This is something of supreme interest to parents, because those who are particularly, if not exclusively, the subjects of investigation by clinical psychologists are children.

There is no sight in this world more pitiable than that of a feeble-minded child. It is his mind that has placed man in the proud position which he occupies at the head of the kingdom of life on our planet; it is by virtue of his mental powers alone that he has achieved all his triumphs; they only have brought him up from his original brotherhood with the ape; in the further development of his mind lies the only hope that he can have of still greater progress in the future; each individual, as he faces the struggle of life, must depend upon the strength of his mentality, and that the more in proportion as the struggle increases in intensity. What, then, can excite a compassion equal to that aroused by the spectacle of a human child which, as the result of causes that might be avoided, enters the battle of life lamed, crippled, disabled, palsied, impuissant, in that which constitutes its only hope, its only real strength—its mind?

The reason the new science that I have mentioned makes an instant appeal to any person having the good of his kind at heart is that it comes with the assurance that the terrible evil of feeble-mindedness may be eliminated. If it did not promise that, if it presented itself merely as another form of curious investigations having little or no practical application, it would attract only the inquisitive, seeking for novel subjects of thought. But when it says to unhappy parents: "Right education is capable of developing the dormant mental energies of your child; only begin in time, and know what you are about," then its call must be listened to everywhere.

It is this supreme word "education" which I find on every page of what I have been reading of the work and the aims of the clinical psychologists. The body can be educated out of many of its illnesses, and so can the mind. It is not worth while to stop over any discussion of the question whether, as some put it, "the mind has a body," or, as others would say, "the body has a mind." We all know what is meant when a person is said to be "feeble-minded," and the one thing of pressing, immediate importance is the question whether either by medical or hygienic treatment, or by mental or psychological methods, or by both working together, the evil can be remedied.

I read this extremely interesting statement from Prof. J. E. W. Wallin:

"Irrespective of whether the cause is chiefly physical or mental, it it being recognized by a number of the leading present-day psychiatrists" (those who study mental diseases) "that drug treatment for the majority of the insane, whether juvenile or adult, is secondary to the educational treatment. Instead of merely prescribing physical hygiene for the insane, leading alienists are now prescribing mental hygiene. The cure is being conceived in terms of a process of re-education. Moreover, so fas as concerns the mentally unstable child in the schools, the chief reliance is obviously on hygienic and educational guidance."

There you see in almost every line the magic word "education." We can all understand that. We must accept this term in a virtually new sense.

We must cease to regard it as simply signifying a process by which a certain, very limited, amount of knowledge is instilled or forced into the mind of a child, and we must come to consider it as the key to the mind itself, and the means, when wisely used, of opening and developing the mental powers, even when they seem to be absent or defective.

Education is not a sausage-stuffer; it is a ladder by which man mounts toward the summit of his destiny. And when the feeble are helped upon its rungs they are stimulated and inspired with new strength at every step upward.

Public Intellect

By DR. C. H. PARKHURST

Is the American mind growing frivolous? Are we more indisposed than formerly to do careful and serious thinking, and less inclined to prefer the sincere and searching handling of current questions to a treatment of them that is more light and airy?

The inquiry is a practical one, for, if it be the case that our inclinations are tending toward a skimming of the surface things, that will mean that we are experiencing a shallowing of character, for character is measured by the earnestness of one's thinking.

Men who cater to the intellectual tastes of people are the ones best fitted to deal with the question just proposed.

Colonel Harvey, who has had a long editorial experience, touches this matter in his farewell address to the readers of Harper's Weekly.

He says: "Would people read even Mr. Curtis' scholarly leading articles today? We doubt it. Looking over the files the other day, we found no less than twenty long editorials on civil service reform in thirty successive issues, and very little else. They were sound, cogent articles, and, of course, admirably written, but how would they take on the newsstands of this hurrying age? How many wayfarers would buy them in preference to some of the great number of lively, entertaining and finely illustrated magazines? Not many, we fear."

Colonel Harvey's inquiry suggests, what is probably the fact, that there has developed the same change of taste in this matter of literature, as in that of food, and that, whereas people used to think more about the nutritious quality of what they ate, and less of its seasoning, their principal regard is now given to the condiments and spices and less to the substantial stuff into which the spices are put.

Writers and speakers find it increasingly necessary to give attention to forms of expression, and especially to the introduction of a certain quality of pungency that shall tickle people's intelligence into an acceptance of what would otherwise seem to them tasteless.

Their dulled intellectual palate demands that truth shall be baited with some succulent attraction that shall seduce them into an unintentional interest in the truth, which the attractive allurements entertainingly disguise.

Newspaper reading has therefore come to be largely limited to the hasty glancing at headlines.

This is what explains the increased use which newspaper men make of cartoons.

People who have to think in order to understand a paragraph can read a picture without thinking.

People who have anything to say, whether by pen or tongue, have got to accomodate themselves to existing conditions.

We have to take people as we find them, and if we cannot break into them by the use of one door, try another.

But Colonel Harvey is undoubtedly right. Solid thinking is a little out of fashion.

There are millions of people today who would rather not have settled convictions about the big questions of life than put themselves to the intellectual inconvenience of thinking their way through to them.

But why? Who is the man who understands well enough the human condition as it exists today to tell us?

The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

"That fellow Oldstein proposed to me yesterday, right here in the barber shop," said the Manicure Lady. "I guess he must have figured that the honeymoon would be cheaper if we started it in the summer and went to some quiet boarding house along the Maine coast, but anyhow he seemed to be in an awful hurry to get his answer. You bet, he got his answer in an awful hurry, too. I told him that I would gladly marry him, and he asked me when, and I said in some previous existence. He was too thick to see the point until I came out with the coarse work and told him that I wouldn't marry him to save myself from the guillotine."

"You didn't need to throw it into him so hard," said the Head Barber. "It is hard enough for a man to know that he has lost a girl like you, without you making him feel worse. Of course, he isn't your kind of a fellow, but you didn't need to throw the hooks into him when you said 'No.' Be gentle, kid, be gentle."

"A girl can't be gentle no more," declared the Manicure Lady. "As I have often told you before, George, the age of shivarees is dead, and romance has went into the discard. Gee, in the old days a girl got some kind of classy proposal, believe me! It would be out in the moonlight, near some old castle, usually under one of them yew trees or hemlock, or whatever it was that used to grow when knights was bold. The moon would shine down on a white slim figure of a girl, and on the broad shoulders of a strong, tall knight with a sword, a cut on his pale temple and the foam of battle on his wonderful mouth. He would hold her to him for a wild, sweet moment and then they would be bethrothed, her and he. There ain't no knights any more, George. This Oldstein looks as much like a knight as Cincinnati looks like a pennant winner, and the only scar on his brow is on his cheek instead, made by a razor one time when he was cutting down expenses and shaving himself. The knights in the story books was always just going to a battle or just coming back from winning one, and the only fights that Oldstein knows about is fights with competitors. Gee, George, but there was regular men in them days! Listen to this:

"'Sir Launcelot swept full ten aside with his great, flashing sword, and plunged more fiercely into the fray for his Lady Ethelreda. Yonder shone her golden hair, and the swarthy foemen would have spirited her away but for the gleam of the crimson sun in her wondrous tresses. Faster and in ever-growing circles flashed his sword—till, by her side and holding her to his panting breast, stood Sir Launcelot, than whom a lordlier knight ne'er strewed a battlefield with dead.'"

"What kind of guff is that?" asked the Head Barber.

"It is out of an old romance Wilfred got at the library last night," said the Manicure Lady. "Just think what would happen to me if I was to marry Oldstein and get carried off by a lot of swarthy foemen! I would have a swell chance of ever being retook, wouldn't I? Imagine Oldstein with a flashing sword carving his way across a battlefield! A man can't fight like this mister Launcelot when he hasn't got his mind on anything except his samples or his expense account. Anyhow, Oldstein is too fat to ever be a knight, and he ain't tall enough."

"He would take good care of you other ways," suggested the Head Barber.

"That's nothing," said the Manicure Lady. "He takes good care of his nails, but that don't make him no knight."