

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Laziness is the Root of Most Misery.

By DOROTHY DIX.

Among my acquaintances is a young woman who ten years ago, was an extraordinarily brilliant and beautiful girl, talented in half a dozen different directions.



The marriage turned out as such marriages almost invariably do, and after enduring seven or eight years of untold misery she divorced her husband and went back home to live with her two little children.

This woman is still young. She is only 33, and in all probability has thirty or forty years more of life left to her, and that's a long time in which to be happy or miserable, and to make yourself a blessing or a curse to those about you.

Her family is in very moderate circumstances, not able to support her and her children, though they willingly divide what they have with her.

None of her friends ever speak of her except as "poor Sadie," but for my part I always feel like screaming "Coward! Quit! Desert!" at her, for in my eyes there is no more contemptible figure in the world than that of the man or woman who refuses to fight the battle of life.

Of course, it's a terrible thing to make a mistake in marriage. I am not minimizing that sorrow, though it has always seemed to me that a woman who married a man knowing that he drank was in honor bound to stand for a drunken husband, but in this enlightened age people are not bound forever to the cross of their matrimonial mistakes.

Divorce is also unpleasant, but it is like a surgeon's knife that cuts away a festering sore, and the clean wound it leaves is a thousandfold more endurable than the daily nagging and gnawing of a sorrow that feeds on your heart like a worm on a rose.

At any rate having made an unfortunate marriage and having divorced an unworthy husband, the incident is closed so far as the woman is concerned, and she should put the affair out of her life.

She can't change what has been one lot by thinking about it, or weeping over it, or regretting it, but she can make what is to be a full of happiness and content, and brightness, if she will.

Nobody need be perpetually miserable unless they really enjoy it, and unless they get more fun out of crying than they do out of laughing. Plenty of people do. They are built that way, especially women who are most naturally of a sort of half mourning complexion.

This woman of whom I am writing, and there are thousands like her, has accepted misery, and dependence, and poverty as her lot in life. And she needs to endure this melancholy existence for another hour if she has the backbone of a fighting woman.

She can't change what has been one lot by thinking about it, or weeping over it, or regretting it, but she can make what is to be a full of happiness and content, and brightness, if she will.

The reason most people are miserable is because they are lazy. They are too indolent to make an effort to secure happiness for themselves, and this is especially the case with women.

Women are sick because they are too lazy to take enough exercise to keep their health; they are dependent because they are too lazy to get up and hustle for themselves; they are poor because they are too lazy to do the hard work that it takes to earn money.

"I Should Worry"

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By Nell Brinkley



Nell Brinkley Says:

"My beaux are many! Back of the clutter of little bottles and ivory things, vials of orange scent from Arabia, and Poudre de Riz from Paris, their pictures stand, when I first stir under my silk-and-down coverlet I can

shipping every time I look at my pretty eyes in the glass, hear the rustle of paper and I know that means my morning consignment of love-letters, so I turn over, bury my nose in the curve of my arm and dream a little longer! After my chocolate I gather my letters, my candy, gold-labeled and ribbon bound, my flowers in their tall and

long boxes, and I rip them all open and revel. I solemnly absorb the praise in the missives. I tuck away bits of nectar-filled chocolates in my cheeks. I put my face down in the gloomy, dewy coolness of the fragrant flower nests. And then I shake out my hair, yawn a bit and smile, 'I should WORRY!'

Don't Send Inebriates to Jail; Cure Them

Alcoholism is a Malady, Not a Crime; It is a Disease, as Tuberculosis is; the State Farm Method is the Humane One.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

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The state farm bill was presented to the legislature of Connecticut last winter, asking for an inebriate hospital which would be an institution maintained by 2 per cent of the license money and the work of the inmates. It would be an institution where treatment would be given people who are in temperate and have lost control of themselves, but who are not insane. There would be requirements that they should work while there and that they should be required to remain there a certain length of time and then leave on parole, reporting to the institution from time to time.

There is need of such an institution, and H. H. Spooner also had a bill for a similar one, but his institution would be started by the state at a cost of \$50,000 and used as a custodial institution for the treatment of the rounaders who are continually coming before the courts. Such men are sent to jail, but that does them no good; while in the proposed institution they could be cared for and kept there for long periods and made to work and earn their living.

Dr. H. M. Fulleck, superintendent of the State hospital, spoke strongly in favor of the bill; and it would have passed but for the veto of the governor of Connecticut. Of his action the Connecticut Citizen says:

"Practically every newspaper in the state welcomed it as good legislation, and then Governor Simon E. Baldwin set his judgment against the rest of the state and vetoed it when it was too late to take it back and pass it over his veto. We had known that his tendencies were toward the old-line punishment, which that he would not favor any bill which seemed to have anything of the 'sentimental' in it; that he would not give any weight to the reforming or saving ideas of the proposition because that kind of

work appeals only to warm-blooded men who wish to help their fellow beings. In spite of this knowledge, we had hoped that he would allow the bill to become a law. Those hopes being grounded, it simply means that we must wait two years and hope that at that time we shall have a different governor."

It is a matter of universal regret that the governor of Connecticut has so limited a view of this great subject, and that he has allowed the old-fashioned ideas of early New England to prevent a larger and more humane Christianity to be put into practice in dealing with unfortunate fellow beings.

Alcoholism is a disease, precisely as tuberculosis is a malady, resulting from broken laws of life—mental first and physical afterward. No man who thinks right, breathes right, eats right, drinks right and exercises right ever has tuberculosis. As well punish and jail a victim of that malady as the drunkard.

Just as the consumptive is sent to nature and shown how to restore his normal, natural self, so should the victim of alcohol be sent to the arms of the great universal mother.

Just as the sick man has nurses and doctors to see that he has the right food

and drink and exercise and rest, and that he does not fail in doing all the cure demands, should the alcohol invalid be looked after and guided and helped to find himself.

Solitary confinement, and jails, and punishment destroy a man's hope of the future, kill self-respect and foster revengeful and cruel emotions.

Work in the open, with God's earth below and God's skies above, and the moving winds about, gives a sick soul opportunity for self-communion and for communion with ministering angels.

The day will come when all wrongdoers will be treated as other invalids are treated and helped back to moral health by constructive methods, instead of being driven down to chronic stupidity by brutal ones.

And before that day comes alcoholism will be universally regarded as a malady which must be cured by natural and scientific means instead of being punished as a wilful crime.

It is to be hoped that Connecticut will put itself into the line of progress at the next election, and that when the "State Farm bill" is presented to the legislature it will meet with a prompt approval by a human-hearted and broad-minded governor.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Bobbie, sed Pa, to me, you and me will go over to see Mister Crowley at his country home to-day. He has a little wanted to see his country home, & this will be a fine day. Mister Crowley will be glad to see us.

So we went over. Pa was telling me on the way over how his friend entertained his friends. He thinks the world of me, Pa sed, & it will please him to see me at his estate to-day. He has a little son named George, about your age & they have a pony that you can ride. Mister Crowley is working on the new drive around his house & I guess I will watch him work awhile & give him a few suggestions.

They have a very nice place rite on a hill take. When we get there, two of Mister Crowley's brothers was breaking up stones with big hammers to make the stones litle for the driveway. He was bossing his two brothers.

Here, he sed to Pa, after they had

shook hands, you are a big husky, why don't you grab a hammer and help me. Certainly, sed Pa, you & I will show the boys how. Get those two hammers & give them a rest. Now we will work like this, sed Pa, you brake ten big stones into quarters & I will brake the quarters into eighths & then you brake the eighths into thirty-seconds, sed Pa.

Let Eddie do that, sed Mister Crowley. No, sed Pa, you have got to work if I do. Eddie & his brother Art have did enuff work for one day. But I don't care to swing a hammer, sed Mister Crowley, I was merely over-seeing them.

Well, Simon Legree, sed Pa, I ain't tanned dark enuff yet to look like Uncle Tom, so I guess there will be nothing stirring on my part until you spit on your hands & show me that you, too, are not afraid of honest labor.

You brake up the big ones first, then sed Pa's friend.

No, sed Pa, I am better at braking up quarter stones that, whole ones. I can't brake the cutest eighths out of quar-

Out-Flanagan Flanagan

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

"I am keeping company with a pretty girl about my own age, which is 25," writes James, "and there is a man in the way by the name of Flanagan. Now, this girl thinks a lot about me, but what this man Flanagan says, goes."

"By telling me what to do, you will take a great load off my mind." The situation is exciting, and one that calls for prompt action. "What he says goes," proves that Flanagan is no ordinary rival.

He is not the sort of a man that can be pushed out of the way by looks of scorn. The freezing-out process wouldn't nip even the nose of a man like Flanagan. And I am quite sure, from his name, that if the old-time test of physical strength were applied, the ambulance would be called, but when it drove away its occupant would not be Flanagan.

You must out-Flanagan Flanagan by excelling him in every art which was the art of a gladiator. If Flanagan respects the sartorial touches and woos with a purple tie, get one for yourself that will make his look like a sun-faded banner in comparison. There is always a collar higher, a finger ring with a larger set, a stickpin that will command and hold attention a little longer, and a cane a little more unique than the last one.

It is always the man who tells the last story who tells the best one. Let your attire be the last sartorial narrative, and

you will make him look like a missionary barrel, and his heart feel like a bag at half mast.

If Flanagan, like many men, depends upon the generosity of his purse to win, here again you must out-Flanagan Flanagan. Never let this girl have opportunity to compare your five-pound box of candy with a ten-pound box that came from Flanagan. A difference of five pounds has turned more girls from Smith to Jones than either Smith, or Jones, or the girls themselves realize.

Study her likes and dislikes and whims and fancies, and when you have found what is her ideal man, make yourself over into that creature of her dreams. Flanagan's transformation may mean you will become a double of Flanagan. "What he says goes," indicates that Flanagan is a masterful man, and believe me, my dear James, a masterful man is the kind a girl likes best during a courtship. After marriage she proceeds to take all these qualities which won her out of him.

Be more authoritative. Demand and command occasionally, and make your demands and commands felt. Have a will of your own, and opinions that will not sway like the branch of a tree in a wind storm before her moods. Make what you say go, and make it go surer and further than if it came from the lips of that man Flanagan.

Don't be faint-hearted. Flanagan isn't. Don't let another man outline the conduct of your girl. Flanagan doesn't.

The girl thinks a lot about you, but even this reason for you will not win her if Flanagan has a more dominant influence. Some girls have to have their minds made up for them. I judge this little girl is of that kind, and it is not an undesirable trait in a woman for the man who is kind and loving and better fitted to control.

She likes you better than she likes Flanagan, but Flanagan is making up her mind for her to learn to like him better, and the first results are evident in her obedience to him.

Spartacus

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY

About this time of the year, B. C. 73, a handsome young Thracian, with some seventy-five other gladiators, broke out of the training school at Capua and tore away like deer for the burnt-out crater of Vesuvius.

That Thracian's name was Spartacus, one of the greatest characters in history.

In 73 B. C. they did not know how to spell humanity much less live up to the spirit of the word. Slavery was universal. Aristotle, the greatest man of the ancient world, declared that the majority of men were never intended for anything but slaves.

In Rome the finest and bravest of male slaves (largely prisoners taken in battle) were trained as gladiators and made to fight each other in the Colosseum, where they were "slaughtered to make a Roman holiday."

Spartacus (despite the fact that the blood of kings ran in his veins) was destined for the arena and, not liking the idea, he escaped with the handful of prospective gladiators, enlisted an army of slaves, raised the black flag and threw to the breeze his motto: "Liberty if possible, but vengeance any way."

Crassus was sent out against him with an army and was beaten. Varius went out with another army and was annihilated. Later on two consular armies were destroyed and Rome trembled.

Spartacus was doing finely, when, all at once, the Gauls and Germans drew off from him, and were cut to pieces. Retreating with the remnant of his forces, Spartacus was overtaken in the Calabrian mountains and annihilated. The revolt of the Slaves, during which two consular and three pretorian armies had been wiped out, was now over.

Before the battle, says the historian, Spartacus stabbed his horse; as in prosperity and adversity he had faithfully stood by his men, he now, by that act, showed that the issue for him and for them was victory or death. In the last battle he fought with the courage of a lion. Two centuries fell by his hand. Wounded and on his knees, he still wielded his ponderous spear against the

against his will, his influence, his chance. The contest may be a long one, but it will be worth all the wear and tear of finance, all the agony of high collar, and all the effort of patience, will and diplomacy, if you win.