

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Banish the Dog

The Spreads Tuberculosis—The Best with Cats—One Good for Home Especially Where There Are Children.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

There are at least 12,000 tuberculous dogs at large in Paris. Every one of those infected, broad-nosed companions of man, fit only for the stone age of human culture, is a possible source for the spread of the great white plague among the children of the French metropolis.

This alarming statement is based upon a report just made to the National Academy of Medicine by Prof. Cadot of the Veterinary school of Alfort.

It is another convincing reason why dogs should be banished from all centers of human population. A tuberculous dog may be as dangerous as a malaria-bearing mosquito, and even more so. The peril to children is especially great, according to Prof. Cadot and Dr. Poffi, because of their tendency to put the infected animal, taking them in their arms, catching their breath and even allowing them to lick their faces.

Cats are equally dangerous, for they, too, are frequently infected with tuberculosis in its many concealed forms.

These animals contract the disease, Prof. Cadot says, from human sources through the digestive tract. Dogs and cats devour all sorts of substances, and it has been observed that the pets of consumptive patients, almost invariably are affected by tuberculosis. Dogs that haunt restaurants, cafes, saloons, drinking places and similar resorts seldom escape infection, and then they are ready to spread it to human beings with whom they come in contact.

Paris contains the astonishing canine population of 200,000. From 6 to 9 per cent of these useless dogs carry the seeds of tuberculosis about with them wherever they go. This plague, the same authorities declare, is not confined to Paris, but is proportionately present in every city and town where dogs abound. It is not possible to make a medical survey of all the canine population of a city, and thousands of dangerous cases may easily exist without detection. The only safety consists in abolishing these utterly useless animals from all cities.

It is well to reflect that this tendency of dogs to contract tuberculosis, and then pass it on to human beings, is not confined to any climate, but exists wherever dogs and men live together. Canine tuberculosis is, without doubt, as common in America as in France. It is a far greater danger than that of rabies, because a rabid dog can usually be recognized on sight, while one carrying the seeds of consumption can only be detected by medical examination.

You would not think of giving to your children, for a pet, an animal capable of enveloping them with its bite—how much less should you be willing to subject them to the infinitely greater danger of an infection that hides itself in apparently innocent carcasses. Every dog that runs at large is liable, from its habits, to contract tuberculosis, no matter how carefully it may be guarded against the danger when it is under observation at home.

This may be one of the mysterious sources of the spread of tuberculosis in spite of all the efforts that have been made by medical societies and preventive associations to stamp it out. And remember, that cats are equally dangerous. Neither a cat nor a dog is a fit companion for man in his home, nor in any of his great centers of population. That dogs are specially subject to infection is shown by the fact, noted by Prof. Cadot, that tuberculous disease in dogs being more frequent among dogs than among horses. And cats are, apparently, not far behind dogs in their liability to such infection.

This new and terrible indictment against the dog, added to the many which already exist, should be sufficient to lead to its complete banishment from all large cities and towns. It is dangerous because of its frequent savage attacks upon children (some of the favorite pets of dog fanciers are the most vicious in their propensities), because of its liability to rabies, the most awful affliction that an animal is capable of imparting, because of its objectionable habits in the streets and, most of all, perhaps, because now we know that it is an agent for the spread of tuberculosis.

Let Constantinople enjoy alone the glory of being the metropolis of dogs!

## Stork and Cupid Cunning Plotters

Many a New Home will Have a Little Sunbeam to Brighten It



There is usually a certain degree of dread in every woman's mind as to the probable pain, distress and danger of child-birth. But, thanks to a most remarkable remedy known as Mother's Friend, all fear is banished and the period is one of unbounded joy and satisfaction.

Mother's Friend is used externally. It is a most penetrating application, makes the muscles of the stomach and abdomen pliant so they expand easily and naturally without pain, without distress and with none of that peculiar sickness, nervousness and other symptoms that tend to weaken the prospective mother. Thus Cupid and the stork are held up to veneration; they are rated as cunning plotters to herald the coming of a little sunbeam to gladden the hearts and brighten the homes of a host of happy families.

There are thousands of women who have used Mother's Friend and thus know from experience that it is one of our greatest contributions to healthy, happy motherhood. It is sold by all druggists at \$1.00 per bottle, and is especially recommended as a preventive of caking breasts and all other such distresses.

## The Three of 'Em--Betty and Danny and Billy :: :: By Nell Brinkley



### Nell Brinkley Says:

Here they are—the three of 'em. They sing through all my days. Nobody seems ever to get tired of the sentimental tale of a Man and a Girl and Love!

Sometimes I think I do—when I'm stumped for an idea and I lean my head on my hand and my brain goes round and round—yet always comes back to the three that seem to flicker behind all my days—a Betty, a Billy, and Danny.

I appeal for an idea to my mother, or the Gentle Cynic. My mother smiles and puts her brown head to one side. "Why, make a picture of a Man, a Girl—and Love!"

And she ends up triumphantly as though she had thought of something new.

And the Cynic gives me an amused look from the bachelor face of him and says, "Oh, make a picture of a Man, Love—and a Girl!" He thinks he hasn't thought of anything new.

And they're both right. It's new and it's old. And there I go—making a picture that holds the darling three of them—Betty and Billy and Danny—whatever the idea.

Here they are—with no idea behind—just the three actors, making their little bow. She is sometimes blond, sometimes gypsy-dark. Always her mouth is full and luring. She walks with the grace of the wind in the grasses. There are always little lines that make her fairly like on her high-stepped feet. And she is always in love.

Danny is a "wishful" warm-bodied slip of a boy—sometimes called cherub. He has a slow and melting eye and a taking way with him. He is greedy of hearts. He is the big actor in the drama—and even when he is in only a moving picture—where he'll never hear their praise—the people clap and whistle. And if you've once had his rose-leaf, steel-strong hand around your heart, you'll remember it, I swear! He looks a jolly outlaw.

Billy is—why, he's the Man. Lots of men don't like him—but the

girls all do. I wonder what that means. A blond man wondered to me, roughing up his Viking, goldy mop, "Why, you make his hair forever black!"

Maybe I have a tender spot for black hair because my own is blond. But that isn't the whole reason—the why of it is most practical and earthy—I make it black because I need a black spot in the picture so many times—and his head often is the only place for it.

And when the picture cries loud for black, why, Billy's blond head must go.

He is the actor with the yearning eyes, the eagle nose, the tender mouth. And he follows Betty with wide arms the world around, crying, "Come to me, picture girl—lift up your lips to me!"

He's always in love, too.

It's a mutual admiration affair—"arms all 'round!"

Here they are, the three of them—the pawns that I move about in different figures day by day.

## Current Craze for Surgery

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

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Surgery has reached great and wonderful proficiency in saving human life and curing deformities and overcoming seemingly incurable obstacles to health.

Not only does surgery cure physical maladies, but frequently it reforms the mentally and morally unbalanced.

Dr. Edward F. Bowser, in a recent article, tells us how, in Philadelphia, a great surgeon, with the human equation keenly developed, is operating fitly on time upon boys who are sent to the reform school for unlawful acts.

One little chap, with a penchant for burning houses and barns, had burned quite a number of them before he was finally captured, came under this surgeon's notice.

A trephine operation was made, a small circular button of the skull removed, and a silver plate placed over the opening, and this boy's pyromania was completely eradicated.

Scientific surgery has grown so rapidly in the last few years that Dr. Bowser believes the surgeon and the hospital may yet be substituted for the judge and the prison in dealing with crime.

But with this growth, men and women, women particularly, have lost all reason and all sense of proportion in their craze for operations, or in their quick decisions in favoring the knife for maladies which are not of sufficient seriousness to render the expensive risk necessary. Surgeons are so skilled that they do not hesitate to perform a very dangerous operation, even when they know that other methods might prevail, so long as the patient desires the knife. Others of national repute as men of standing often advise operations, and no doubt believe them necessary, when they are not.

Three years ago a slight physical disturbance, which refused to be routed by mental methods, caused me to ask the opinion of one of these well established surgeons, who is at the head of a large hospital. He advised the knife, and when I expressed amazement that such a slight malady needed so serious a treatment, he assured me he was daily operating upon similar cases. When I refused to be operated upon, he said he washed his hands of consequences.

The consequences were a perfect restoration of health in a very brief time by the use of X- and violet rays, together with persistent mental affirmations and sensible adherence to the laws of good health. An acquaintance who passed through the operation which was suggested to me died a few months later.

A year ago a friend of mine was assured by two eminent surgeons that she must submit to a major operation within two months or forfeit her life. The lady made all plans to enter a Philadelphia hospital and submit to this dangerous and expensive operation. At the last moment, however, her husband decided to ask other counsel with the result that she abandoned her original plan, took the ray, some simple herb treatment, built up her system with nutritious food and outdoor life and is now perfectly well, and is most able to indulge in athletic sports, and to live a wholly normal life with all her organs intact, as well as an undepleted bank account.

Recently I met a lady who, through having read an article in the July "Good Housekeeping" magazine, on "Hysterical Surgery," was prevailed upon to give up the operation she had been told was imperative. In less than six weeks the lady finds herself free of the trouble which had menaced her.

At the same time I met a woman who had been declared dying several years ago with "a nest of tumors," and as her heart action was weak the surgeons said no operation could be performed; she must simply wait the approach of death. Yet the woman is perfectly well now and an enthusiastic believer in nature methods, in diet, in internal and external baths, in osteopathy, in violet and X-rays. I have in my address book the names

of these and other friends who are quite ready to substantiate my statements—statements made public out of an increasing desire that women cease to be self-deceived or surgically deceived with the idea that they must be operated upon in order to regain health.

A lady who was made nervous over the slight growth in the region of the abdomen was advised to have it removed. She was enjoying perfect health seemingly and the physicians assured her and her husband that the incision would soon heal and the time of her invalidism would be less than a month. The woman died the third day after the operation.

The physicians have since said that many similar growths disappear and are absorbed if the woman keeps her general health in good condition. This I know to be a fact in instances which come under my observation. The husband of this lady finds himself unable to obtain and redress for the death of his wife, because the physicians were men in high standing.

Appendicitis has become a fad. The operation is quite likely necessary at times to save life. I recall many sudden deaths of people in my childhood of a malady known then as "inflammation of the intestines." No doubt these were cases of a diseased appendix. Yet for every person whose life has been saved by the removal of that organ, I am confident ten have needlessly died by being operated upon when other methods would have saved them. I have known several serious cases to be cured by osteopathy, many more by X-rays, and others by nature methods—cleansing the system and a strict diet.

Unless a woman is in the full grasp of a malignant malady, the knife should not be used until she has tried all other methods. A large majority of the women who go upon the surgeon's table for breast trouble die before the expiration of two years. A large majority who pass through major operations are nervous wrecks afterward.

By WINNIFRED BLACK.

So she's getting "peculiar," is she—the mother you've always been so proud of? Acts queer, and "gets mad at nothing," and cries over trifles, and thinks nobody loves her, and makes a nuisance of herself—doesn't she?

You'd hate to wake up some bright morning and find mother dead in bed—dead because she wanted to die; dead, because she saw that you and the rest of the family—her "funny" and hard to bear with, dead—because you didn't "understand."

Well, then, young woman, it is time you did understand. If nobody else will tell you about it, I will.

Your mother has stood about all she can stand in this world and live. She's fought and endured and suffered and smiled and cried and hoped and feared and agonized, till her nerves are about tired out; and they'll stay tired for a year or so, and mother will be "peculiar" till those nerves are good and rested—and you'll have a time with mother all these years.

She'll be irritable and cross-grained and jealous and suspicious and despondent, and she'll want you to tell her that you love her three times a day and show her that you do every minute of the twenty-four hours. She'll act like a girl of sweet 16 one minute and like a withered crone at another. She'll take queer dislikes to your friends and she'll take odd fancies to your enemies, and you'll wonder and wonder, and you'll lose patience with her, and that is the tragic part.

She will never lose patience with you—she who was never too tired or too busy or too "nervous" to get up to take care of you at any hour of the day or night. What a time you make over poor mother's eccentricities.

Peculiar! She isn't half as "peculiar" as you were when she had to trot you around a cold room in her bare feet for hours at a time to keep you from roasting the fire department with your whoops. "Odd!" If she can be any odder than father was when he got the joining fat and joined every organization from Malpas to California, and had the whole house littered with insignias and form books.

"Strange!" If she can be any stranger than brother was when he was made captain of the Little Tigers and played base ball in his sleep, she's an odd one indeed.

And yet brother is the very first to find fault with mother and tell her she's "getting queer."

Let's see. How old is mother? Somewhere along in the forties maybe—just in the prime of life, her husband thinks. He hasn't been in the prime so long as she has. Men stay boys longer than women stay girls, and there's a time at 40 or so when the whole world seems fading away—the woman who's lived actively. She's tired so easily—she's worried over such trifles—her head hangs so low over every fancied slight, every little disappointment.

The girls are growing away from her. The boys are away at school. Nobody seems to need mother any more. Oh, for a little finger to bandage! Oh, for little woe to comfort!

Father doesn't tell her his business affairs any more as he used to when he had the little business there in the shabby little street, and she used to go to the office and walk home with him every night and talk things over. He belongs to a club now, does father, and he has no time to walk home. He rides his bicycle, and things hurry so, and there's never anyone to be comfy with any more.

And all those pretty young women dressed like fashion-plates—where do they all come from, mother wonders dully. Was she ever as pretty as that, and as gaily dressed? Somebody gets up in the car and gives her a seat some day, and she realizes that they did it because she was no longer young, and she cries about it an hour when she gets home.

Mother has to keep going—keep going with her heart a lump of lead—keep going with her brain a dull whir—keep going with her nerves crying out for rest, for comfort, for help. And all she gets is to have even those who love her call her "queer"—and "odd"—and to hear them planning to take their little jaunts without her—and she was once the life of the whole party!

Poor mother! Be patient—be kind—be intelligent with mother and her peculiarities, and some day you'll wake up to find the queer old mother gone and a sane, healthy, vigorous, cheerful woman in her place—the old mother you used to know, only a thousand times wiser and kinder and better for all she has been through.

## When Mother Gets "Peculiar"

**The LITTLE POLLY BROOM**

is light and durable, and sweeps clean. Makes sweeping a pleasure because it requires less strength to do better sweeping. Made of selected soft-tipped broom corn that bends freely and springs back into shape. Has a spring action not found in other brooms. Smooth handle that doesn't blister the hand. Clean lined. Your grocer sells the Little Polly.

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