

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Professions and Their Relation to Marriage.

A Man's Business Certainly Influences His Character — and It is Well for a Wife-to-Be to Consider That

By DOROTHY DIX.

A young woman who appears to be more blessed in the matter of suitors than is customary in this beautiful age writes me that three men are suing for her hand and hand. One of these suitors is a lawyer, another a doctor and a third is a preacher, and she desires to know which one of these professions turns out the best variety of husband.



If I were choosing a husband I should pick out the man and not his occupation still, as a matter of fact, a woman is concerned in her husband's business, and, so, perhaps it is just as well for her to take that into consideration in selecting her life mate. Certainly a man's profession influences his character to a degree. Also it largely determines the conditions under which his wife must live, and it is as well for her to consider beforehand whether these would be to her liking or not.

A soulful woman, for instance, might find a never ending discussion in the family of salt and fish, and green groceries getting upon her nerves, no matter how worthy was the husband whose interest was bound up in the provision trade. On the other hand, a woman whose mental range never reached beyond her own kitchen and nursery would be likely to find the society of a learned college professor somewhat heavy. Also the woman who is keen for money and the good things that money buys obviously makes a mistake in marrying a man who follows the fine arts and whose reward is mainly plain living and high thinking.

There are just as many good husbands in one profession as in another. It all depends on the man, but whether a woman should marry a man following a certain occupation depends upon the woman.

Lawyers make excellent husbands, but no woman who is particularly endowed with the feminine vice of curiosity should marry a lawyer, because he is bound to have secrets from his little wife that she will be dying to know. As a class, women haven't a very high sense of professional honor, and the ordinary wife would simply go through grinding torments, knowing that her husband knew all the inside facts of some thrilling scandal that he wouldn't tell her, and she couldn't see any reason why he should not tell her, unless he had some dark, ulterior motive. Therefore I advise my correspondent to look into her own soul and see if she is one of those who always want to be told everything, and if she is to pass up her lawyer husband.

The woman who is jealous should never marry a doctor, because her husband is bound to spend his time holding the hands of lovely ladies in pink silk and lace negligees who have admired themselves up especially to be doted by the doctor. The doctor's business throws him into a dangerous intimacy with many fascinating women, and unless his wife can bring herself to accept the fact that he is thinking how big a fee he can charge a near invalid as he gazes into her lustrous orbs instead of reflecting how lovely her eyes are, and how much bigger and darker than his wife's why she had best let the physician go by. Otherwise she will ruin both her own and her husband's lives, for a jealous wife is a handicap against which no doctor can struggle successfully.

The woman who is fitted for a preacher's wife must be that female paragon who has neither curiosity nor jealousy, for the clergyman must be the repository for as many secrets as a lawyer, and must be as sympathetic with women as the doctor, and, in addition, custom has made it obligatory for him to be a sort of lady's pet and openly receive the adoration of the women of the congregation in a way that must be maddening to a wife inclined to be cross-eyed.

Moreover, the preacher is in this perpetual danger zone—he has to converse with the sisters of his flock about their immortal soul, and women know, if men do not, that women have no souls. They have only hearts, and when they converse

Hats with a French Touch of Smartness

Everything that reminds one of "grandmother's" day is successful in the fashion world of today. So this large, soft-brimmed "capeline" of bordeaux red moire is assured of favor not only because of its quaintly becoming flare, but because it recalls the "Cabriole" hat of 1830.

Posed far back from the face, with a poke point in front, it is becoming to any youthful wearer. The crown gathers up in a broad band of the same material and it is faced in black velvet. It is trimmed in two "flanks" of Paradise that swirl at the right side.

most fluently about the yearnings for heaven they are thinking most about flirtations on earth. Therefore the woman who cannot detect the difference between a man's seal for the salvation of the ewe lambs in his flock and mundane love affairs does well to say "no" to a preacher.

No woman outside of the theatrical profession should marry a doctor, because no other woman is quick enough change artist to fall in and out of love so as not to make a messy tragedy of matrimony. The life of the doctor concentrates his attention on the emotions and makes them the center of the universe. Therefore, he is always taking the temperature of his affections, and the minute they've gone down from the boiling point to normal he becomes alarmed and nervous and starts out on a still hunt for something in the way of a tonic.

Actresses, being also temperamental, feel the same way, and understand this condition of affairs perfectly. Therefore, there are seldom any hard feelings or hurt hearts in a theatrical divorce.

Ordinary women, not in the profession, cannot reach these emotional heights, and so they are wise if they confine their adorations for matinee heroes to the front of the house, instead of behind the footlights.

Generally speaking, the safest choice for a husband is just the ordinary, every-day business man. He doesn't expect too much of a wife, because he's used to employing people and knows the measure of human imperfections. He also knows that nothing ever comes up to your hopes of it, and so he sets down the disappointments of matrimony to the general profit and loss account of life and lets it go at that.

He is not accustomed to flattery like the doctor and the lawyer and the actor, and so he is willing to admire his wife instead of expecting her to throw bouquets at him. He gets about all the excitement that he wants in his business, and so he is content to stay at home at night, and is easily tamed and domesticated, and these and other reasons he makes the preferred risk in matrimony.

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The Girl in Love with Love

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

The world is full of girls who dramatically tell me that they cannot live without the love of a certain man, and beg of me to tell them how to win it. Some of these girls are really in love with the man who has tired of them or who does not reciprocate their affection. But more of them are in love with love.

The girl who is in love with love craves affection, but is in grave danger all the time because of her own emotional nature.

Love is a beautiful and holy thing. It is worth waiting for and striving for and working for and dreaming of. But in order to be worthy of real love when it comes, one must not waste her beautiful and holy power of feeling deep things in a series of light and trifling emotions. Affection can be spent like any other of life's great riches. It must not be wasted and scattered.

The girl who is in love with love is in danger from within and without. Her own nature inclines her to look for love, to idealize some man and even to try to force the knowledge of her charms on some one not at all attracted by her. It makes her forward and not so particularly lovable.

It causes her to be impatient of guidance and to foster silly affairs of which she would not dare let her parents know. It causes her to yield too quickly to flattery and blandishment and to find delight in all sorts of people against whom her sober judgment would warn her if only she gave it a chance.



Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Sister and Financier. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 19 years of age, engaged to a young man of 21 years old. We are keeping company for the past three years. Since lately his attentions are frequently given to the boys more than to me. Is it proper that he do? My mother says I shouldn't let him buy clothes for his sister and not for me, as I am out of work?

IMPATIENT. A self-respecting girl does not allow a man to buy her wearing apparel unless he is of her immediate family or is her husband. So your fiancé may buy clothes for his sister, but not for you.

I suspect that you have been whining a bit to your sweetheart, and so he is seeking the solace of his boy friends' jollity society. Be cheerful and sweet, and I am sure your temporary clouds will blow over.

Do You Love Him?

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am going out with a young man about 28 years of age. He has a good position and is able to keep a wife nicely. I am a young girl of 17 and have to work for a living. He asked me to become his wife and as I am much older for my age, do you think it advisable? I am waiting.

Don't do this man the injustice of marrying him because you are tired of working for your living and think he can support you. The question is not whether or not you are too young for marriage, but whether you care for this man enough to be a loving and loyal wife.

The Picnic Lunch.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl 17 years of age and am going with a gentleman three years older than myself. He invited me to go on a picnic with himself and five other couples, and told me to make up a box of lunch. What am I to do? My mother says I shouldn't let a girl to make up the lunch unless the fellow lays out the money before the time. There are many of my lady friends carrying on the same question.

ANXIOUS.

When young men arrange a picnic it is customary for the girls to bring the lunch. It would be quite improper for your escort to give you the money to pay for the sandwiches, cake and similar foodstuffs, which are your contribution to the party. Be glad to do your share. Girls accept attention as a matter of course and do not stop to realize that men's pocketbooks are not bottomless.

The Engaged Girl.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Is it proper for an engaged young lady to correspond to a friendly way with friends of the opposite sex whom she knew previous to her engagement? A. I. It is inadvisable for an engaged girl to correspond with men other than her fiancé. Why should she desire to do such a thing?

Don't Elope.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young lady, 16 years of age, and very big. Am I in love with a man thirty years my senior, who has asked me to elope with him? Don't you think if he cared enough for me he'd marry me in the presence of my mother instead of asking me to elope? MINERVA HONORA.

My dear child, sixteen is far too young for the responsibilities of marriage. You must not wreck your life by marrying a man forty-six. And I beg of you, don't do a girl, young enough to be his daughter, the injustice of asking her to run away with him.

What could be more chic than this French model of Chartreuse satin ribbon woven into a small shape that is a bit like a man's derby, although it is almost brimless at the front and back? Topaz cabochons support two flaring fanes of paradise that are set on with a tilt that suggests the rakish daring of Mercury wings.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Pa took Ma & me over to see some new neighbors which just moved near to our house. The man was a friend of Pa & that is why he took the house near ours. His name is Spiggs & before he came to live near us he lived in Boston. There was just him & Missus Spiggs & a dog & a cat. They didn't have any children.

That was a tuff gain for the Giants to lose today, sed Pa to Mister Spiggs. It certingly was, sed Mister Spiggs, a vary tuff gain. Than him & Pa started talking a lot about base ball, & I was lisening.

These men these men, sed Missus Spiggs to Ma. About all they can think of during the Summer is base ball, base ball, base ball.

Yes, indeed, sed Ma, I wish the base ball season was over, wish is the wish I have had every Summer since I was married to this base ball fan of mine. But it is a harmless bad, after all, Ma sed, & I indidge my husband.

I don't believe in fads or hobbies, sed Missus Spiggs. I always claimed that only people of average mentality had hobbies. I never wd allow any one thing to interest me to such a extent that I followed it up. By the way, she sed to Ma, are you interested in pottery?

Nothing excep potted plants, sed Ma. But I love anything butifol whether I know much about it or not.

Then let me show you my rare old pottery, sed Missus Spiggs. Here, she sed to Ma, is a vase that is nearly two thousand years old. It was exhumed from the ruins of Pompey, she sed, & was the property, it is believed, of the grate Glaucus, the famous Roman collector. By the way, she asked Pa, are you familiar with the names of the famous Roman collectors?

I didn't know they had any collectors in them days, sed Pa. I wuddent like to

Unsounded

By CONSTANCE CLARKE.

A skylark fluttering against the blue, Beating the air with all its feeble might, Eager to try its wings so small and new, Pain lessened in the quickening joy of flight.

A pale soul groping in the wide unknown, Called by some force to tread the wider way Out of the knowledge it had made its own, Think you that soul was not full glad to pay?

Science Problems

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Q. "What do you know of the very ancient society of men calling themselves 'Adepts' in India?"—George B. Roberts, Point Richmond, Cal.

A. What I know is in elaborate accounts in books. This most remarkable secret society was of men calling themselves Magi, Wise Men, Hermetics, Adepts and, later, Magicians. Since the dawn of history these men have been often mentioned as performing most wonderful phenomena. Indeed, these seemed to be real miracles to outsiders. This society ever had signs and passwords, and these were in every ancient nation.

But the society is still in existence, or

at least Magians or Adept Magicians are now found in Ceylon, India, Persia, Tibet, China, Japan and in Europe. The Asiatic name in remote ages was Magi, while the Egyptian name was Hermetic. Our common name is Adept, because they are so very expert in sleight of hand or deception, their motions being more rapid than one-ninth of a second, or limit of the human eye.

Thus they can do almost any seeming impossibility before one's very eyes, and the onlooker will be completely deceived. There is a society now, and these are scattered over the world. They can thoroughly deceive anybody. None exceed the Chinese, they having had the experience handed down for thousands of years, and all feats performed are highly scientific.

Q. "Will you kindly give us a brief article on what is known as automatic writing?"—O. W. W., Boston, Mass.

A. A hundred brief articles would be required. Automatic writing is where one's hand begins suddenly to write and cannot stop until the writing is finished. This is now either increasing all over the world faster than at any period in modern times, or we hear of more. It would require quite a good publishing house to print all.

I have a curious collection of these most wonderful writings that have been sent to me by the writers. Science cannot explain, nor never can unless it discovers the law.

Q. "Please tell me where I can find the best conclusions scientists have reached regarding the nature of Mind?"—V. D. Davis, Mountain View, Cal.

A. Scientists are in total ignorance as to the nature of Mind.

Q.—How measure the distance between the earth and the stars and planets?—G. C., a reader, Ritz-Carlton hotel New York.

A.—To measure the distance of the stars, the diameter of the orbit of the earth, a line about 186,000,000 miles long is the only one that astronomers have for a base line. Any triangle can be solved when three parts, one being a side, are given. The diameter of the orbit of the earth is known with great accuracy—187,534 miles.

Two angles, at intervals of half a year are measured, giving directions of the star from the earth in its two positions. Then the triangle is at once computed. But the entire 186,733,834 miles is so excessively short, as seen from even the nearest star, that it is about as difficult to measure as is the diameter of a spider's thread.

And it required 130 years of hard work to make instruments fine enough to measure stellar angles. Then it was found that the nearest star is distant 25,000,000,000,000 miles.

To measure the distances of the planets is easy in comparison. Measure the angles from the earth and sun to all the planets and solve. This requires many years of accurate measuring.

But this gigantic work can be dispensed with by merely watching the times required for all the planets to revolve around the sun. All that has then to be done is to square these times and extract the cube roots of the squares. These roots are true distances of all of the planets in terms of the earth's distance from the sun.

These relative distances were known before the earth's distance in miles had been measured. Thus it was known that Jupiter is 5.2 times farther from the sun than the earth is long before it was known that the earth's distance is 92,886,917 miles.

Discouraged.

"Don't you dance?" "No," replied Mr. Meekern. "Haven't you tried to learn?" "Yes. The lady I employed was a very competent instructor. But I can't see any sense in a merely young woman's flunk fault with him."—Washington Star.

It is Just Natural To Admire Babies



Our altruistic nature impels us for the cooling light of motherhood is ever before us. To know what to do that will add to the physical comfort of expectant motherhood is a subject that has interested most women of all times. One of the real helpful things is an external abdominal application sold in most drug stores under the name of "Mother's Friend." We have known so many grandmothers, who in their younger days relied upon this remedy, and who recommended it to their own daughters that it certainly must be what its name indicates. They have used it for its direct influence upon the muscles, cords, ligaments and tendons as it aims to afford relief from the strain and pain so often unnecessarily severe during the period of expectancy.

Every woman should mention "Mother's Friend" when the stork is the subject of conversation. An interesting little book is mailed free upon application to Bradford Regulator Co., 405 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga. It refers to many things that women like to read about.

Get or recommend a bottle of "Mother's Friend" to-day and write for the book.

The Suffrage Movement And Womanly Beauty

The newspapers happily have proven by printing photographs of many suffrage leaders that they are up to the minute, both as to clothes and as to beauty and we contend modern women are beautiful because they have learned to care for themselves and study beauty methods. Then, too, we have found an astonishing thing—namely that they have discarded face powder. The reason complexion suffers so much in summer is because powder does not offer sufficient protection against the hot sun. A plain spumax lotion not only safeguards the skin from the elements, but in itself is a beautifier of great worth. To prepare this lotion at home, dissolve 4 ounces spumax from druggist's in 4 pint hot water (with hazel) and 2 teaspoonful glycerine. This applied to the skin becomes invisible and imparts a velvety softness and dainty tint to a rough, faded skin, relieving that shiny, oily appearance, and its use will insure a lovely, clear complexion.—Advertisement.

"Swappers' Column"

Try the "Swappers' Column" when you have something to swap. Results certain.