

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Eugenics and "Obey"

By REV. MABEL M. IRWIN.

Whatever may be said in favor of the monogamic ideal of marriage which obtains today, one thing is certain: If it can be shown that the institution, as such, either in form or content, places motherhood under duress, then it must be seen to be fundamentally wrong, either in itself or in the understanding of the people as to what the marriage relation involves.

We hear it said that all forms of marriage through the centuries, from the crannies of the cave-dweller dragging his bride to the mansion of his cave to the fashionable wedding and the "giving away" of the bride of today, have been, in the main, for the purpose of hedging about with a wall of safety the weak and dependent mother and her child.

It is said that these ceremonies, with ever-increasing complexity, have compelled man to a growing sense of accountability and responsibility for the expression of his amatory habits of life, that through and by marriage women and the children they have borne have received an ever-increasing amount of protection.

It is said that marriage has always been, primarily, for the sake of the woman, and that today monogamic marriage is the bulwark not only of woman's virtue but of her economic protection as mother as well.

The ever-growing sense of responsibility—placed upon the shoulders of the men of the world by the men themselves—tells, however, but one-half of the facts of the case, and that, too, the most evident half. To the degree that man has held himself, and to the children born of their union, to the same degree has he exacted—or expected—obedience of them to his will.

This has always been the price demanded, either actually or implied, by him for protection and support.

Obedience of children is a sine qua non involved in the parental relation. While women were rated mentally and morally as children—obedience to their husbands as to their superiors seemed due. Man, as the head of the family, ruled, and his word was law.

But with the gradual acceptance by the mind of the world that woman is something more than a grown-up child; that, potentially at least, she is man's intellectual equal, and emotionally mayhap his superior, the obedience due man from woman in family life is being seriously challenged. Many are coming to see that woman's obedience is to a higher court than man, especially in those matters for which the word "obey" was plainly put into our modern marriage service.

Just as the "hypocrite oath" is said to have originated in the desire to protect man from the public effects of his vices, so it would seem that that little word "obey" was slipped into the service to insure obedience of the wife to her husband in things marital.

The higher tribunal to which woman, as the mother of the race, now finds herself responsible, is the race itself. The awakening eugenic conscience of the world is already demanding that woman, as humanity's gateway, shall stand guard in such manner that nothing unworthy or unfit shall find entrance. To woman in a far greater degree than to man do we look for humanity's redemption from racial impurity.

But until woman, under the marriage covenant, feels that it is her right at certain times to disobey man, and thereby "obey God all the more"—that, in fact, between the married there is no question of obedience whatsoever, at any time—she will fall far from her duty either to the family or to the race.

It is not sufficient to say that in many modern marriages the word "obey" is omitted—by request—from the ceremony, its baneful influence still remains, afterward to be felt by the sensitive mind of the wife, or expectant mother. This is strong enough, like the fabled evil eye, to make with her all the flowers that proceed to bloom in the garden of love, when the bride with wistful trust, let fall softly from her lips the words, "I will."

Not only woman but man must come to see that ideal marriage is a matter of sex equals, not of superior and inferior; otherwise there was no upward or evolutionary trend. If it were true that the man must always mate downward, while it is left to the woman only to mate upward, the race would be held static, and progress would be impossible. But since it is with equal, though different, that they mate, each important in its contribution to the offspring, there has been an upward climb, as witness our race today.

It may be seen, therefore, that the difficulty lies not in monogamic marriage as such—two men and one woman joined during life—but in the misunderstanding of what the relation really involves.

The doing away of this misunderstanding, and the in-bringing of a truer and higher, is no mean task. It is one to which all who have the welfare of the race at heart may well set themselves by precept and example, to accomplish.

Something for a Man with "a Sweet Tooth"

By Neil Brinkley

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For the man who has a leaning toward the dessert end of the dinner—who gives the potatoes and steak a nod, true enough—but whose eyes beam and wander toward the plum pudding with the golden sauce rippling over it—who, when he cooks in camp, slaps out the earthy things of bacon and hot cakes—whose perfection every one else is tender over—but hovers and lingers patiently and artfully over the making of wild gooseberry pie at the finish—for the man with the sweet tooth—here's something in the same class with sweetmeats and fig pudding and raspberry pie, with clotted cream of Devonshire lying on it like a summer cloud (sounds like I

lean that way—but did you ever eat that last?)—a bunch of girls! May it (this picture) give you a few minutes' delight. There's an Irish girl for them that like 'em, with dusky hair like a rain cloud spraying out over her black brows, with her eyes like two blue Killarney lakes put in with a sooty finger looking at you out from under. There's a French demoiselle with her piquant cheek bones that give a lift to the shape of her luringly modeled face—her bright brown hair with the glinting lights of wine-color in it—her olive cheeks touched with the faint color of Madeira wine—the round, long chin—and bright life thrilling through all her beauty. There's

a glimpse of the English girl, with her perfect skin like a peach blossom in the spring—her gray-blue eyes like the light through a raindrop—her golden-brown hair—her mild serenity like a summer day. And there is the "other," who sometimes is American, and the sweetest of all (of course)! For her mixed blood will give her sometimes the marvel or shining blond hair of the north and the dark eyes of a more passionate race—the mouth of an Oriental—add the clear uncolored cheeks of the New Year girl. And this isn't near all the sweets on the menu, either. NELL BRINKLEY.

Confessions of L'Enfante Terrible

By DOROTHY DIX.

"Oh, yes, of course, it is awfully young to be married. Terribly young. As Rita says—and marry when you are barely 17 it gives you such a long time to repent it."

"Or to be happy in," said Ronald, softly. "Eh, little girl!" as he put his arm around me and drew me down into the hollow of his shoulder in a way that always makes me feel, somehow, as if I had just gotten home at last. But Rita just gave a hateful, superior kind of a sniff that said as plainly as any words could, "You-will-find-out-better-some-day."

And I called out of the room, and I turned to Ronald, and I couldn't keep the tears back, although I look just simply horrid when I cry.

"Oh, Ronald, my dear," I said miserably. "I know I am not wise enough to be your wife. Why, today I was having lunch with Rita and a lot of her friends, and they were all talking about marrying, and they made me feel like a baby."

"I don't think I can ever make up my mind to trade my latch key off for a husband," said Mary Griffith, who is 29 if she's a day. "After all, it's hideous to have to think of sacrificing your liberty and personality to another."

"The man will have to have money and position that I marry," said Alice Maule. "I want the consolation of an establishment to fall back upon when the honeymoon wanes."

"I really don't think I am energetic enough to undertake a life job of keeping a man fascinated," said Janette Peterskin.

"Oh, marriage isn't so bad," said Rita. "If people are rich enough to spend most of their time in different parts of the world instead of having to face each other across the breakfast table every morning. Happiness in matrimony is merely a matter of money."

"And Oh, Ronald, I said, when I listened to them talking this way, I knew that if I wasn't old enough to marry, I was young enough to love, and I was glad, glad that I wasn't wise, and sophisticated, and hadn't got where I could weigh the advantages and bargain about love, for when you asked me to marry you I never thought of what I would be giving up, or of my liberty, or whether you had any money or not. I just knew that to be with you always was all that I asked in the world."

And Ronald said something about "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings," and I just snuggled my nose down into his shoulder and cried all I wanted to, and had a perfectly beautiful time. And Ronald didn't try to stop me. That's why he's such a dear. He always understands.

But I started to tell you how I came to marry so young. You see there are four sisters of us. There's Rita, who is 22, Oh, yes; I remember the date that was written down in the family record in the Bible before she tore the last out. She is 1-4-2-7-4-w-0! And there's Maud, who is 20, and there's Annette, who is 20. I know she is 20, because she has been 20 for the last five years to my certain knowledge, and there was I, who was most 18.

Now, we are just a well-to-do family, not rich, and you know that nobody who isn't a millionaire can possibly afford to have four daughters all out in society at the same time. However, poor dear papa has his nose to the grindstone as it is, and so, of course, they just simply couldn't let me be grown up. And the girls just wouldn't let me. They wouldn't let me do up my hair, nor wear long frocks, and they treated me like I was a baby of about 6.

"Mamma, you are not going to let that child read that book!" Lulu would say every time I got anything that was a little more advanced than "Alice in Wonderland."

"Mamma, you are not going to let that child go to see that play!" Janette would cry out in horror when I expressed a desire to go to the matinee to see something besides "Peter Pan" or "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

"Mamma, make this child go to bed," Rita would say whenever anybody interesting came, and they would hustle me

off as if I was a kidlet, and I'd have to go up and lean over the banisters or hide behind the pantry doors when there was company to hear what people said, and you know how unsatisfactory eavesdropping is. Besides, it's dangerous. Once I nearly fell over the stair railing, and another time I almost got my nose pinched in a door.

Oh, I tell you I was worse off than Peter Pan. He wouldn't grow up, and I wasn't permitted to grow up.

At last, one day, I grew angry. I said to myself that if I was going to be treated like a child I was going to act like one, and a bad one at that, and I was going to get even with the girls by telling on them, and saying the things I shouldn't, being what the French call "enfant terrible," you know.

Horrid little beast I was, wasn't I? But I did it. One day I put on my best white frock and blue sash—regular baby rig, you know—and I went down in the library and curled myself up in a chair and pretty soon Mr. Ronald Graham was announced. He is awfully rich and swell, and Rita was just after him like a cat after a mouse.

She could just see herself sitting up in that fine house of his. Well, I gave him a baby stare out of my big blue eyes, and I said: "Do you like my sisters?"

"I admire them very much indeed," he said, looking at me rather surprised.

"Oh, no do I," I gurgled along as if I didn't know any better. "I think that Rita has the loveliest hair I ever saw. My, but it ought to be pretty; it costs enough. You should just have heard what papa said when the bill came in for those new puffs of hers. It was simply awful."

He looked shocked, but never said anything, and I went on:

"But Maud is the artist of the family. I think she paints better than anybody I ever saw."

"See here, little girl, why are you telling me all these things about your sisters?" said Ronald Graham, with that quiet, steady look of his that goes right through you, and in an instant what I had thought was just fun, and "letting back at the girls for keeping me shut up in the nursery on bread and butter when I was just hungry for plum cake, didn't seem an amusing revenge at all. It just showed for the plain, sneaky thing it was, and I broke down and boo-hoed, and told him how the girls wouldn't let me grow up, because there were already three out in society, and that I never could be grown, or do up my hair or wear long frocks until they got married, and anybody could see they were going to be old maids, and that I supposed that when I was 70 years old I would still be wearing pigtails and being sent to bed at 8 o'clock at night.

"Isn't it?" I cried rapturously. "That's the look she always puts on when she's going to do people, and the way it works is something great. She thinks she's going to get that rich old Mr. Thompson with it. You know he's got millions, and he's so suspicious that all the women are trying to marry him for his money, but he thinks Lulu is an angel; that she wouldn't look at a dollar if you'd hold it right under her eyes. She says she thinks he's going to fall for the angel expression all right."

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Real charity needs no brass band accompaniments.

Anyhow, the alienists seldom prove that the victim of the murderer is not dead.

Eloquence is the art of making a crazy political theory sound like common sense.

Some men love their homes so much that they want their wives to stand guard over them night and day and avoid the bargain sales.

It is impossible for a married man of modest means to hustle for the dust and keep up a Romeo style of love making at the same time.

Bread cast upon waters in the form of a campaign contribution does not always come back in the shape of a fat appointment.

Science Problems for Workers

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Q.—(1) The Encyclopaedia Britannica says: "A piece of sealing wax rubbed with woolen cloth is electrified and attracts." Electricity is thus created by friction. Myriads of worlds with their two moltons on orbits and axes create friction, thus create electricity, therefore is not attraction electricity?

(2) Is not a comet a dead world dropped off the circuit and its tally merely luminously created by rapidly moving through the electric lights between the live or electrified worlds?

(3) Is not our sunlight really electric light?

(4) Was not the first chapter of Genesis written when there was knowledge of electricity, and the second chapter when that knowledge was lost during some convulsion of nature or some great war?—Frank C. Howe, Providence, R. I.

A.—(1) Electricity is not created by friction. The natural electricity is separated into positive and negative; and when so separated the ordinary phenomena of attraction and repulsion appear. Man cannot create. Primal mind created electrons, and only these, since nothing else exists.

Worlds moving on orbits or revolving on axes do not exert friction. Space is so nearly an absolute vacuum that the most sensitive instruments that can be made failed utterly in the hands of Michelson to detect a minute trace even of friction of the entire earth, 7,960 miles in diameter, rushing on its orbit with the high speed of 18,007 miles per second.

Therefore the attraction of gravitation is totally different from the type of static electricity that appears on wax, glass or many other substances when rubbed. And what gravitation is cannot be told by present science.

(2) A comet is not a "dead world dropped off the circuit." The nucleus is made of millions of meteoric bodies and bolides; all in a state of activity as the comet reaches the nearest point to the sun.

The streamer is of excessively small particles mixed with gas, hydrogen being prominent in some, as now revealed by the spectroscope. The particles emit faint light of their own when near perihelion and also reflect sunlight. No comet has ever "dropped off the circuit." Every one

moves on a regular orbit, an ellipse, a parabola or a hyperbola. (3) Sunlight, as shown by Maxwell, is an electro-magnetic entity and not alone electric. (4) None knows when nor by whom the Book of Genesis was written. But the writers did not know of a single law of nature, and no hint is given that they were cognizant of the existence of even one magnificent law now known. Indeed, they could not have discovered any one of these basic laws, not having scientific instruments.

Makes Stubborn Coughs Vanish in a Hurry

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Four the 2½ ounces of Pinex (30 cents worth) into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. The total cost is about 64 cents, and gives you a full pint—a family supply—of a most effective remedy, at a saving of 82. A day's use will usually overcome a hard cough. Easily prepared in 5 minutes—full directions with Pinex. Keeps perfectly and has a pleasant taste. Children like it.

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Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, rich in quinine, which is so healing to the membranes. Avoid disappointment by asking your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex," and do not accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction goes with this preparation or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.



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