

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Every Man a Peter Pan

Unlike Women, They Never Grow Up, and that is One Reason Why Men Understand Each Other So Little

By DOROTHY DIX.

One of the reasons that the two sexes understand and sympathize with each other so little is because women are always so much older than men, no matter what relative age they really are.

Women are born grown up. They are mature even in their cradles, but the majority of men are still boys at heart even when they are gray and gouty. Not without reason did Harlequin make Peter Pan of the masculine persuasion. No female is ever a Peter Pan at heart, however, much she may affect the role in her clothes. She may rig herself up in infantile white muslin and blue ribbons, and wear curls, and affect the baby stare, but underneath her pose of youth, her soul has wrinkles and crow's feet on it.

Women recognize the fact that men keep their physical youth much longer than they do, and that a man of 40 still looks boyish, while a woman of that age is frankly middle-aged, and heaven alone knows the work and worry, and dieting, and massaging, and general martyrdom that wives go through in order to keep in their husband's age class. This is why custom has decreed that the husband shall be older than the wife. Experience has shown that even when he has the lead of her by ten or twenty years she will catch up with him before the tin wedding anniversary rolls around.

But if men keep young in body longer than women do, still more do they keep young in spirit. They are boys to the end of the chapter, and this is what their wives never comprehend.

When a woman is grown up she is all grown up. She is sophisticated, and of the world, worldly. The things she enjoys, the books she reads, the plays she sees are strictly for grown-ups, not for children.

On the other hand, no matter how clever and intellectual or how big and powerful the man gets to be, he still keeps somewhere in his soul the spirit of a boy. His idea of having a perfectly gorgeous time is to get away from a fishing rod, and a tin can of worms for bait, as he did when he was 10 years old. It is men who prefer musical comedy and farces to the problems of Ibsen and Sudermann, and it is men who like to read detective stories and 10-cent thrillers.

It is this boy spirit that makes men collectors, and that raises wisely wrath because husbands—until they are taught better by their spouses—clutter up the house and spend perfectly good money on butterflies, or postage stamps, or old prints, or something else that the mature ladies to whom they are married consider childish and foolish.

Most of the marriages that go to smash founder on the rock of age. The wife lacks the fine vision to see that in the shadow of her big, strong, competent husband there lurks the little shy boy to be played with, and coddled, and petted, and mothered.

And it is this little boy who, finding no welcome nor recognition at home, so often runs away to some other woman in his desperate hunt for a play fellow. You can see ample proof of this in the letters that are pathetic, as well as ludicrous, that form the main exhibit in almost every divorce suit, and in which the writers, often men who have achieved millions by their own shrewdness, or men who have achieved fame in some profession, sign themselves "Your Little Boy Blue," or "Your Billy Boy," or some other imbecility that belongs by right to the age of calf love instead of the love of maturity.

Also it is to be noted that the method of fascination that appears to be used by these stunts who break up homes consists in treating their elderly admirers as if they were indeed Billy Boys instead of respected Williams, with a high position in the community.

There is food for thought in these revelations of the divorce court, for they show that a man never gets so old that he doesn't want to be petted and jollied, and made much of. Even when he has only one scant hair to brush across his bald spot he desires just as ardently as he would when he was a young fellow to have some woman curl it around her finger as he did when he had ambrosial locks that were a temptation to the hands of every feminine beholder.

Likewise he desires to talk nonsense and to listen to nonsense, the gay nonsense of youth, and this is another side of man's eternal boyishness that his wife can never grasp. She cannot understand how a man who has achieved big things and who is interested in big things can turn in a minute from big things to little things, from being 30 years old to being 6 or 8.

The women who make successes of matrimony are the ones who have the inspired sight to see the boy in the man, and whose love has a large element of the maternal in it. They recognize that many of the faults of husbands that so many wives find unforgivable are simply the irresponsibility of eternal boyhood, and mean far less than they seem to mean.

These are the women who sense a great truth—that the boy in a man may be carried away by a pretty face, or the temptation of a moment, or the waywardness of a fleeting impulse, and yet leave the heart and soul of the man himself absolutely true and devoted to his wife, and that he comes back to her all the more devoted for having wandered away a bit. He comes back to her inevitably as a boy comes back home.

And it is the wise woman who treats the boy in her husband as she treats her own 3-year-old—who kisses him when he's best, and shows him off before company, but makes him feel that the safe harbor of the world is in the hollow of her shoulder where his head can rest.

## Aspirations!

—There's Many a Slip—  
Copyright, 1915, Intern'l News Service.

By Nell Brinkley



There's many a slip 'twixt the dream and the realization. And there's a wide gulf sometimes between the ambitions that burn in somebody's mother's heart and the aspirations that flare in the small narrow breast of somebody still in curl-papers and smoked frocks. Somebody lies in her soft pillows with her eyes fast shut and her cheeks red—her white curls like ghostly horns in the faint light, her weary little legs that ached so when she tumbled in (did you ever have that dreadful leg-ache when you were little at the end of the day?) humping out of the covers, her busy little fingers still. And dreams and dreams! And her soft-faced mother, slipping in to peek at her before she locks the doors, one last look, and snuggles the covers over the cold, bare knees—and dreams and dreams!

"I will make of her (Janey is so sober and bright and sedate;

she has brain and heart and gentle ways and demure), we'll make an educator out of Janey. A teacher. Mathematics perhaps. Girls must know how to do something nowadays. And Janey loves babies. And gets wonderful marks in arithmetic! And, of course, Janey won't have to do that. But she can if anything 'should ever happen to us.' And Janey—somehow school teacher is Janey's type." So dreams the soft-faced mother and aspires!

But Janey! "Oh, to be a circus-rider—with a pink fluff skirt and a glitter all over! On a big white horse. To go 'round and 'round and 'round and jump through paper hoops and never care. To wear satin slippers and walk, nippy, nippy, nippy, across the sawdust. To run across the ring as fast as anything and run up the side of the big white horse who never says a thing. To have yellow curls and d'monds. And teeter on tip-toe on the broad, fat back of the

circus rocking-horse! To have the clown always along—and have plenty of lemonade and popcorn free! Oh gee!"

My gracious—what a yawn between the two! But this is truth. Across the gulf that lies between all souls the teacher with chalk and arithmetic and the circus rider in pink tulle look at one another out of the dreams of parent and little child. And both would be amazed if they could read the other's desire.

Both dreams may fade. The circus-rider may vanish as though her pink bobbing skirts were set a-fire! The teacher may fall into ruin along with the bareback rider and leave no shred behind! Dreams change, and the little boy who burned to be a cab-driver may go to congress, and the mother who aspired to make a lawyer of him may follow her Pole-hunting son as far as the great ice-barriers! So it is!—NELL BRINKLEY.

Read It Here—See It at the Movies

# The Goddard

The most imposing Motion Picture Serial and Story ever created

By Gouverneur Morris and Charles W. Goddard

Copyright, 1915, Star Company.

### Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

John Amesbury is killed in a railroad accident, and his wife, one of America's most beautiful women, dies from the shock, leaving a 3-year-old daughter, who is taken by Prof. Stilliter, agent of the interests, far into the Adirondacks, where she is reared in the seclusion of a cavern. Fifteen years later Tommy Barclay, who has just quarreled with his adopted father, wanders the woods and discovers the girl, now known as Celestia, in company with Prof. Stilliter. Tommy takes the girl to New York, where she falls into the clutches of a noted procurer, but is able to win over the woman by her beauty and ingenuity. Here she attracts Freddie the Ferret, who becomes attached to her. At a big clothing factory, where she is employed, she exercises her power over the girls, and is saved from being burned to death by Tommy. About this time Stilliter, Barclay and others who are working together, decide it is time to make use of Celestia, who has been trained to think of herself as divine and come from heaven. The first place they send her is to Bitumen, a mining town, where the coal miners are on a strike. Tommy has gone there, too, and Mrs. Gundorf, wife of the miners' leader, falls in love with him and denounces him to the men when he spurns her. Celestia saves Tommy from being lynched, and also settles the strike by winning over Kehr, the agent of the bosses, and Barclay, Sr. Mary Blackstone, who is also in love with Tommy, tells him that to try to murder Celestia, while the latter is on her campaign tour, traveling on a snow white train. Mrs. Gundorf is again hypnotized by Celestia, and the murder averted.

Stilliter hypnotizes Celestia and lures her to undergo a mock marriage, performed by himself. He notifies the tin-plate that follows Freddie gets Stilliter's back. Freddie the Ferret has followed him closely, and Tommy is not far away, having been exploring the cave, hoping to find Celestia there.

Stilliter fires at Tommy in the cave and thinks he has killed him. He then tries to force Celestia into a hook marriage, but Freddie interferes and in the fight that follows Freddie gets Stilliter's back. Freddie the Ferret has followed him closely, and Tommy is not far away, having been exploring the cave, hoping to find Celestia there.

and Sturdevant telling a big meeting that Celestia has returned to heaven.

### FIFTEENTH EPISODE.

Gordon Barclay's servants had orders to admit no one without orders. Tommy was in a turmoil. With each fresh edition of the newspapers the situation of the conspirators became more serious. In the public parks effigies of them were hanged or burned. It became necessary to keep a legion of police about Barclay's house. In Semmes' house and Sturdevant's no window remained whole. For twenty hours these two men had been Barclay's guests.

Gundorf's great hour had come—that hour for which he had plotted all his life, and lied for and schemed for. He had been the leading figure in the mob that had tried to lynch the triumvirate in the first burst of rage. And he found himself suddenly at the head of all the lawless elements in the city. He was drunk with power and a sense of his own importance. But openly he spoke of his love for mankind.

Through a man friendly to him and deep in Gundorf's confidence, Tommy learned that the life of the man who had adopted him and been good to him was in danger. His house was to be stormed over the heads of the police, and himself hanged or torn to pieces, as might happen.

All their differences fled from Tommy's mind and he remembered only their mutual affection; so he hurried to the old familiar house and was presently admitted.

"It's just to say a few words," said Tommy, and he told Barclay what Gundorf was planning for that very day. "Gordon Barclay had turned very gray in the last days. He was a broken and disappointed man. Still he clung warmly to that remnant of life which remained to him.

"I'll get Celestia there as quickly as I can."

"Have you married her?" Tommy looked very manly when he said that. And Barclay smiled one of his old-time dazzling smiles. "And I think," he said finally, "that you had better get out of this house as quickly as you can get. I'm going, too. I can't afford to be a hero."

They shook hands and parted, never to meet in this life again. Late that night Tommy and Celestia and Freddie the Ferret, whom Tommy was trying to train to be his valet, caught the last boat for Bartlett's, on Bartlett's Island, from which Gull's Island may be reached in an hour in a fast launch. They had had no word of what had happened in New York. At Missaquid, the point of departure for Bartlett's, there seemed to be some sort of a rumor in the air and a state of suppressed excitement. Usually it is a town that goes to bed very early. But this was not the case tonight. There was a rough looking crowd at the station, and at the wharf. Tommy without arousing suspicion, could not find out if Barclay, Semmes and Sturdevant had gone on ahead or were following.

"If they are behind us," he said to Celestia, "they'll have to charter something. Perhaps father will come all the way by boat—that would be best. His own yacht would be spotted. But he'll work something."

Gull Island resembles a loaf of bread that has risen too much. A rounded, billowing top is set upon high, almost perpendicular sides. There is only one landing place, and from this the habitable portions of the island are reached by a steep and narrow path. A determined man with a pile of cobblestones could stand off an army.

It was Gordon Barclay's favorite estate. The timber was mostly scrub oak and scrubby little pines, but in a dense grove of these Barclay had built a low, rambling house which was very dear to him, and wonderful rose gardens, which were even dearer.

In this island retreat, open and ready for the master the year round, the triumvirate, if only they could reach it, would be safe from mob violence as on a ship at sea.

A steep climb, a wild expanse of starlit moor, little ancient trees growing very close together, a strong perfume of bayberry bushes, of sweet fern and roses, and then the low-ceilinged, softly-lighted hall, with many men servants, a cool delectable night, soundly slept—these were Celestia's first impressions of Gull Island.

By ADA PATTERSON.

## New York is the Rudest City in the World

New York is the rudest city in the world. A city may be safely and justly judged by the manners of its people. By that standard New York holds the sorry championship of ill breeding.



More women can stand, and do stand, in a public vehicle while men sit, in the metropolis than in any other community.

I have seen more men, hats on, engaged in conversation with women here than in any other city I have visited on either continent.

So many men converse with cigars between their teeth that there is a new dialect which I have named cigarese.

Here it is a commonplace for men to push past women, while crowding into a car. If they did not do so the women would be surprised. It was such an exceptional standing back and raising of a hat that caused a woman onlooker to say to a friend, "What a queer, old-fashioned man!" In the friend kindled a transient spirit while she answered: "Everything that is kindly or considerate New York calls queer and old-fashioned."

More than one corroborates this statement. For instance a young man led an old woman across a street crossing and one of the leading newspapers made a "story" of it.

Ask someone for directions as to house or street and he will either walk on without answering or will look upon you with a suspicious eye while he makes curt reply.

Why is New York the rudest aggregation of men and women in the world? For two reasons. People lead the most hurried lives here. The foreign element is enormous.

When an evil is emphasized a remedy should be offered. The cure in the case of New York's grossly bad manners is twofold. One may be found wherever, from train or ferry, you step into an outlying town. There folk are less hurried. They have time to think of others, time to smile, time to turn on the pleasant glow of human interest. When out of the crowded island of Manhattan citizens move to more leisure communities, leaving the island to be a clearing house of business, and of ideas, there will be an improvement in the street manners. For the manner reflects the life of the man. The whip should be the municipal sign of New York, for everyone is under the whip lash of hurry. There is so much to do, so little time in which to do it. Rush, crowd, trample, is the municipal rule of conduct. The man who has left off the shelf life of the New York apartment and sleeps eight hours a night in a room with a yard—he doesn't call it a lawn—with a tree and a few blades of grass in it will feel an unwonted relaxation of the muscles of his face. He will remember to speak to the elevator man and he will have kinder thoughts of his office boy.

There is no hope for the newly arrived foreign element save to let him grow into his second generation. The first sign of true courtesy is deference to womanhood. The horses that land on our shores from beyond the Atlantic or Pacific have no regard for womanhood, or if it exists in a few instances, it is successfully hidden. The immigrant's son will teach him that principle. His grandson may perfect him in it.

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## HAVE YOU A CHILD?

Many women long for children, but because of some curable physical derangement are deprived of the greatest of all happiness.

The women whose names follow were restored to normal health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Write and ask them about it.

"I took your Compound and have a fine, strong baby."—Mrs. JOHN MITCHELL, Massena, N. Y.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a wonderful medicine for expectant mothers."—Mrs. A. M. MYERS, Gordonville, Mo.

"I highly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before child-birth, it has done so much for me."—Mrs. E. M. DOERR, R. R. 1, Conshohocken, Pa.

"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to build up my system and have the dearest baby girl in the world."—Mrs. MRS. BLAKELEY, Coalport, Pa.

"I praise the Compound whenever I have a chance. It did so much for me before my little girl was born."—Mrs. E. W. SANDERS, Rowlesburg, W. Va.

"I took your Compound before baby was born and feel I owe my life to it."—Mrs. WINNIE TILLIE, Winter Haven, Florida.



## Do You Know That

A barking fox at night indicates the coming of a heavy storm.

Shakespeare, always endowed his beauties with very white skins.

The jellyfish eats by wrapping itself round its food and absorbing it.

Nine churches in England were named in honor of St. David of Wales.

There are 46,000 muscles in an elephant's trunk, and only 37 in a man's body.