

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Children Who Never Grow Up

The Better We Can Care for Our Little Ones the Fewer of Them Will Turn Into Criminals.

By Woods Hutchinson, A. M., M. D. The World's Best Known Writer on Medical Subjects.

We have a faculty for overlooking plain and obvious facts which amounts almost to a genius. Part of this is due to our methods of education, both scholastic and religious, which gives us the theory of life first and the facts afterward—if at all.

Hence our constant endeavor is to make the facts of our experience of life about us fit in with the theories that have been drilled into us. Any facts that don't fit in with the theories are ignored in possible society, and so, of course, they don't exist.

One of these dogmas, which was laid down ages ago in that era of ignorance and cruelty and slaughter which we usually refer to as the good old days, was that all men are absolutely and equally responsible for their conduct and, if they are not good, can be made so by punishment and cruelty. Upon that pure assumption is based our whole unworkable system of criminal law and so-called justice.

Whatever the cause, the painful fact remains that, up to a bare third of a century ago, the universal rule of the law and the courts in dealing with the offender was, if any man broke the law, punish him; if he repeated the offense, punish him again and keep on punishing with increasing severity as long as the offense or the offender lasted, without ever for a moment stopping to look at, so to speak, its raw material and consider carefully what manner of men it was who were thus being punished and imprisoned.

About thirty-five years ago, under the lead of the noble and gifted, but erratic, Lombroso, an attempt was made for the first time in human history to quietly and dispassionately sit down and study the habitual criminal, the chronic offender, the actual population of our prisons and penitentiaries.

Unfortunately, the first start was made along mistaken lines; that is to say, upon anatomical differences which distinguished the criminal from the normal man, setting up a so-called criminal type, which could not be supported. But two things quickly stood out unmistakably and clearly. First, that the heavy majority of all our prison populations on both sides of the Atlantic consisted of what is technically known as "repeaters" or recidivists. That is to say, 60 to 80 per cent of them had been

criminals by life-long habit, since boyhood and even early childhood. Second, that while no clear-cut criminal physiognomy or criminal bodily type could be made out, the prisoners, as a mass, were under-sized and measured in sufficient numbers, were from one and a half to three inches shorter in stature, from fifteen to thirty pounds under weight, and had less than two-thirds of the chest expansion of the average of the community from which they were taken.

In other words, nearly two-thirds of our criminals "did wrong" as constantly, as instinctively and as persistently as nine-tenths of their fellows outside of the prison walls "did right"; and these wrongdoers were under-sized, under weight, narrow chested, stupid and markedly inferior physically and mentally to the right-doers as they were morally.

But here the matter hung in the air for some time. The findings, though interesting, had no "bite" to them and carried little definite conviction.

Possibly habitual criminals and frequent offenders were under-sized and narrow-chested and anaemic and fearfully subject to tuberculosis; but might not much of this be due to their vicious and ill-regulated habits of life, their drunkenness, the gross sexual vices, the irregular hours they kept and the wretched slums and dens in which they harbored and lay hidden from the police?

Even if they were under-sized and under-weight, so were some of the greatest men in history; and a moment's glance up and down our home streets would show us scores of men below the minimum height and chest-girth for army recruits, yet who were earning a good living and playing a useful and honorable part in their circle and in the community. Just the mere fact of a man being under-sized and slack-muscled is no explanation of or excuse for his being a criminal.

However, we drew one useful, if not wholly logical, conclusion from the facts, and that was: That if criminality and stunted growth and narrow-chested and consumptive tendencies go hand in hand, then the better we can feed and house and care for all our children, especially those in the slums and the back alleys, the fewer of them will turn into criminals.

The Mystery of Petra



By GARRETT P. SERVIS.

The strangest city in the world is Petra, cut out of solid rock in a lonesome mountain valley in the Arabian desert. Once a rich city, it is now an abandoned ruin. It is so old that its origin is lost to history, but it was well known in early Bible times when the Edomites inhabited it, and about a century after the beginning of the Christian era it was conquered by the Romans. But a few centuries later it was abandoned by civilization and for 1,600 years it lay forgotten by the world until the traveler Burckhardt rediscovered it in 1812.

No inaccessible is its situation, although it once lay on a trade route, that not more than fifty travelers are known to have visited it since Burckhardt's time. The latest of these is Donald McLeish, the Scotchman, who was there last June, and the photograph shows some of the wonderful sights he saw in this unique city of civilized troglodytes.

No romancer ever conceived such a place. All around are barren mountains, rocky, wild and trackless. Beyond the mountains stretches the desert. A savage glen deepens into a long, narrow gorge, with perpendicular walls 100 or 200 feet in height. Following this ravine for two miles, the adventurous traveler suddenly finds himself at a kind of gateway to the rocks. His entrance to a Roman amphitheater.

Here he is confronted by a temple cut in the rock, with the most exquisite Corinthian columns, and entering the doorway he finds himself in the heart of the hill, surrounded by subterranean architecture of the most elaborate beauty of form and workmanship. This is the so-called Khazneh, or treasury, supposed to have been built by the Roman Emperor Hadrian, who visited Petra in the year 131 A. D. Although called a treasury, it was a temple devoted to Isis. No description of this strange building has ever exceeded that given by Stephens, the first American traveler to see it.

"The whole temple, its columns, ornaments, porticoes and porches are cut out from and form a part of the solid rock; and this rock, at the foot of which the temple stands like a mere print, towers several hundred feet above, its face cut smooth up to the very summit and the top remaining wild and misshapen, as



The Famous Tomb of Three Stories and the Sacrificial Altar on the Mount of Obelisks.

nature made it. Neither the Coliseum at Rome, grand and interesting as it is, nor the ruins of the Acropolis at Athens, nor the Pyramids, nor the mighty temples of the Nile, are so often present to my memory."

But this is only an introduction to the marvels behind. The gorge opens out into a narrow valley some three miles in circumference, everywhere sunk deep beneath the enclosing mountains, and the walls of this valley are filled with the remains of other rock-cut temples, tombs and dwelling places. In one place are the remains of an open-air theater. Some of the structures, cut in the face of the rock, are several stories in height, while their architectural details excite the wondering admiration of the beholder.

Of course they gain immensely in the eyes of the surprised visitor by their situation and by the air of total abandonment which surrounds them. They are at various heights above the floor of the valley and the uplifting of the eyes turned

Stage Star Warns Frivolous Girls

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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In one of the many stock companies of America in a college town the leading man a few seasons ago chanced to be a very good looking young benedict, with a wife and two children, who received the devotion of his heart. The handsome actor made no secret of this fact, and was always talking of his family when opportunity presented. Yet this did not prevent him from becoming a matinee idol and the recipient of innumerable letters from infatuated girls and women.

The young man at first ignored these letters; he then tried returning some of them, requesting the writers to discontinue sending him such missives, but the letters increased in spite of all his efforts. One afternoon he stepped in front of the footlights and addressed a crowded house. He stated that he was annoyed by these letters that he should be obliged to publish the names of the writers unless there was a cessation of the romantic folly.

discontinued the names of the writers will be given to the public."

A letter has just been received from an actor, who seems to have a very high ideal regarding young girls, and a very generous desire to save them from folly. He says: "In the course of a season's engagement I come in contact with many young girls of a most tender age and beyond reproach; others wild, but not wicked, and some just standing on the brink and ready for that terrible plunge which means the beginning of the end of youth and attractiveness, and happiness."

"There is no need to say that attentions the actor is burdened with accusations which might more fitly be borne by the young sons of his families and their mature fathers, who play truant from the monotony of home life. Often I have seen young girls taken aside back of the stage and warned by members of the company to beware of respected business men, who were waiting in their cars to convey them to late suppers."

"My blood has boiled when I have seen these men, who stood high socially, and who are trusted at home, leading these young girls astray. Girls are good listeners, and sweetness and sentiment lead easily into folly and sin."

"There must be some way to bring influence to bear upon such girls and cause them to realize the danger of their situation." The writer of the above letter suggested the publication of verse and prose which would interest such girls, and, at the same time, warn them. His own letter ought to serve as a warning. It breathes the attitude of a large majority of the best theatrical men, actors and man-

Woman and Her Money

Folly of Marrying a Man Who Considers that What's His Wife's is His and What's His is His Own.

By DOROTHY DIX

A young man writes me that he is going to be married to a girl who has a few thousand dollars, and that he has demanded that the young woman turn over her little fortune to him on their wedding day. He says he doesn't care for the money itself, because he has plenty, but that he doesn't want his wife to have any money of her own, because, if she does, she can buy things without asking his permission, and that would never do.



Doesn't it sound like a Hark from the Tomb? Isn't it an echo from the far, dim past? I didn't suppose there was a man left in the world that held to this antiquated notion concerning a woman's inability to handle a dollar—even her own dollar—without giving an account of it to her husband. And I am more than amazed that a woman of this day and generation can be found who is willing to marry a man who frankly avows such pre-Adamite views.

Any man who wants to rob his wife of her little inheritance and who thinks it dreadful for her to have a cent of her own to spend, or to buy her a chocolate soda without asking his kind permission, will make one of the tightwad, tyrannical husbands who send a woman to the grave, or Reno, according to the amount of spirit and backbone she has.

I wonder, in a case like this, how the man would like it if the situation were reversed, and the woman should demand that he turn over to her all of his property, so that he would have to come to her every time he wanted a dollar, and explain what he wanted to do with it. How would he enjoy having to hem and haw and double and shuffle every morning trying to screw his courage up to the point of asking his wife for a cent?

How would he like it if every time he wanted a new suit or hat, he had to have either a stand-up fight to get the money from his wife, or else caffle and jolly it out of her by a lot of lying flat-teries that degraded him in his own sight?

Suppose he had some relatives—a poor sick old mother, for instance—that he yearned to help, whom he was willing to deny himself to help, but he could never send her even so much as a five-dollar bill because his wife held the purse strings, and he had not a penny of his own?

He would find such a situation intolerable. He would say that no man can maintain his self-respect and be financially dependent on anybody else.

He would feel that he would rather die than go to even the most generous

father every time he needed money, and as for taking it from one who gave it grudgingly, and berated him for his extravagance as he doled out every nickel, why every drop of blood in him would rise in furious protest.

Yet that is what this man is calmly proposing to inflict on the woman he thinks he loves, and is going to marry. His idea is, of course, that women are mere chattels with no normal instincts of self-respect or dignity that a husband is bound to take into consideration. He thinks that a woman would just as soon be a beggar as anything else, and that she rather enjoys abasing herself before her lord and master, and taking with grateful thanks such aims as he is gracious enough to bestow upon her as a token of his generosity, and not at all in consideration of her performing the multitudinous duties of wife, and mother, and housekeeper, and social secretary.

Well, if he or any other man takes that view of the matter, he is making the mistake of his life. Women long for financial independence just as much as men do. They abhor mendicancy just as much as men do. They resent, with their whole souls, the fact that the job of the housewife, which is the hardest work and the longest hours of any labor in the world, is not even listed among gainful occupations, and carried with it no pay envelope.

The one complaint that you hear more than any other among married women is that they have never a dollar of their own that they can spend as they fancy dictate. The one thing that makes every working girl hesitate about getting married is giving up her own pocketbook. The thing that does most to promote peace and happiness in a household is for the man to rise to the supernal heights of justice and liberality and give his wife a definite allowance for herself and the household, instead of having to have it corkscrewed out of him by the penny.

It's bad enough, goodness knows, for the man to arrogate to himself the right to handle every cent of the family income when it's his own money, but it's a gigantic nerve for him to assume the right to his wife's property.

Of one thing every woman may be certain, and that is that the right sort of a husband will not want to rob her of her money, and from the wrong sort she would best protect herself by holding onto her own, for a pocketbook is an ever present help in every time of trouble, domestic or otherwise. Also, even a husband treats a wife who is financially independent of him with the respect that we all show to those who have money.

A wise old banker once said, cynically, that he was perfectly certain that his daughters would all be tenderly cherished by their husbands, and when asked his grounds for this faith in matrimony, he replied: "I have settled \$50,000 on each one of my girls, so their husbands can't touch it, and the income on that will make any man polite to any woman who has it."

The Weariness of Waiting

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Nothing at all in the world is more likely to defeat its own object than hurry. From the enthusiasm that inspires you to do to the over-enthusiasm that insists on action at once, prepared or no, is just a tiny step.

There is an old proverb that says, "What one wishes for seems at the door." If you wish hard enough you may often feel that you hear the knock of your desire. But when you open the door there is nothing there.

The old story of the boy who cried "Wolf" when there was no wolf and who perished miserably when the wolf came, illustrates this fairly well. The danger for which we watch with actual impatience becomes negligible through familiarity and when it comes we have no protection against it.

Nothing makes a person such a pest, as the indulgence in unfounded hopes that prove wrong. Nothing makes a person so criminally careless of danger as watching fearfully for accidents that need never have been expected, and so

blinding himself to the approach of real trouble. Waiting is one of the most trying experiences in all the world. There is no trial that puts stability of character to a more terrible test.

Have you ever waited for a letter that meant life or death, love or indifference to you? You know the postman is due at 9 in the morning. You wait at 7 and wonder how you will get through the two long hours until he comes. Somehow bathing and dressing, eating your breakfast and doing the tasks of the day bridge over the time until quarter before 9.

Then you station yourself at the window and watch for the first glimpse of the longed-for messenger's gray suit. Suddenly you see him far down the street. Closer and closer he comes, weaving his path in and out of doorways. With beating heart you wait, agonizingly wondering as he comes closer and closer whether he brings what you long for.

He seems to have a tremendous mail to distribute and to do it slowly and with tortoise-like progress. Now he is at the door next to your own. He passes your house and goes to the next.

You must wait bravely for the noon mail, and the next, perhaps. The letter you long for may come tomorrow. And so how it deals can hurt you more than did the agony of waiting for what it would tell you.

"The impatient man believes that the stars fight against him," says an old proverb. And the only bad luck in all the world is the bad luck to be weak enough to believe in luck. Luck and chance have very little to do with the periods during which one waits.

You wait for a letter because the person who sent it didn't get it off in time. That has nothing to do with luck, but depends entirely upon your human relationship with that person and how unselfishly and considerately he thinks of you.

To highly sensitive souls who are nervous and imaginative, waiting always must be a certain strain, but they can control that strain and not let it spell agony. Because a loved one who said he was coming at 3 has not arrived at 9 does not mean he has been murdered by bandits or is never coming at all. It probably indicates nothing more tremendous than that he started late, or was delayed by some trifling circumstance.

When you have conquered your own impatience so that you can endure impatient waiting calmly, you have done much to assure yourself of a peaceful life. It is chiefly women who indulge in torments of agony when waiting. Most men know enough to fill in periods of waiting with some activity, so that their minds shall not anxiously dwell on speculating how soon the looked-for event will occur.

A book or a bit of sewing will often serve to tide over a period of waiting. Force yourself to concentrate on something other than the thing toward which you are looking. If it comes it will find you calmly waiting to receive it, and if it fails to come your conservative energy will train you to go on waiting.

In-Shoots

We can forgive and still be suspicious. Scatter sunshine and you will also enjoy its rays.

Remember that a vigorous howl will always attract more attention than a feeble whine.

WOMAN IN BAD CONDITION

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Montpelier, Vt. — "We have great faith in your remedies. I was very irregular and was tired and sleepy all the time, would have cold chills, and my hands and feet would blot. My stomach bothered me, I had pain in my side and a bad headache most of the time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me lots of good and I now feel fine. I am regular, my stomach is better and my pains have all left me. You can use my name if you like. I am proud of what your remedies have done for me." — Mrs. MARY GAUTHIER, 21 Ridge St., Montpelier, Vt.

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If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Are You Mercenary? Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of 23 years engaged to a man of 22. Have met through business, as we are both employed in the same place. We are very fond of each other, and he claims I am dearer to him than his sisters and brothers. Now, Miss Fairfax, the question is this: My friend took out a life policy, making his brothers and sisters, who are all married, his beneficiaries, as an earnest of a dowry. Don't you think he ought to make me his beneficiary? S. J.

Your letter sounds as if you were very mercenary in your attitude toward the man you love. Aren't you a little bit ashamed to be sitting and figuring on what would become of his estate if the man you love were to die? The widow is legally entitled to one-third of her husband's estate. In the matter of a fiancée it would be natural for a man to make some provision for the girl he loves, but I think it would disgust him if she insisted on this as a right.

Consider This Seriously. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of 18 and love a man of 22. Now, my family thinks he is too old for me to marry, but I love this man dearly. So, in spite of parental objection, should I marry him? PRISCILLA. The difference in your ages is so great that the difference in your tastes and interests must also be very great. You are really only a child and the man you love is middle-aged—probably at least as old as your father. Under the circum-

stances you must consider the matter very seriously and weigh your own feelings, their likelihood of being permanent, the feelings of the man who cares for you and the opinion of your parents. On general principles I disapprove of such a match—but how can a stranger play Providence and settle a question like this with no personal knowledge of the people concerned?

Consider This Carefully. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 25 and living at home with my father and brothers and keeping house. My fiancé thinks we should live alone, and I insist that my folks and I take a house together, as I do not like to leave my father. What would you advise me to do? MARGARET R.

It would be far wiser for you to have a home of your own after marriage. Marriage means setting up a home and establishing a family. If your father and brothers can afford to have a housekeeper, I think it would be far wiser for you to have a separate home. Do not insist on anything that may wreck your marriage. If you live with your father and brothers you may slight your duties as a wife. Don't insist any course to which your fiancé objects—but try instead to work out a solution which will give you the best possible chance to make your marriage happy and which will not be unfair to your father.

Resinol Soap clears bad complexions



If you want a clear, fresh, glowing complexion, use Resinol Soap at least once a day. Work a warm, creamy lather of it well into the pores, then rinse the face with plenty of cold water.

It does not take many days of such regular care with Resinol Soap to show an improvement, because the Resinol medication soothes and refreshes the skin, while the pure soap, free of alkali, is cleaning it.

When the skin is in a very neglected condition, with pimples, blackheads, redness or roughness, spread on just a little Resinol Ointment for ten or fifteen minutes before using Resinol Soap. Resinol Soap is not artificially colored, the rich brown being entirely due to the Resinol medication it contains. The sensitive cases at all drug stores and dealers in toilet goods. For a trial size cake, write to Dept. 4-F, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Do You Know That

The old-time "minuet" derives its name from the Latin "minutus"—referring to the short steps peculiar to this dance.

More than a hundred eggs have been found in one alligator. They are eaten in the West India Islands and on the west coast of Africa. They resemble a hen's egg, and have much the same taste, but are larger.