

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Short-Sighted Parents

How Children Are Spoiled by Careless Fathers and Mothers

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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If you are the parent of a child you no doubt resent any advice or interference from friends or neighbors regarding the proper method of bringing up your offspring.

You consider it an imperiousness not to be tolerated. But, sir or madame, have you stopped to consider how absurdly flimsy is your own repeated assertion that "your children are your own, and that it is not the business of your neighbors how you bring them up?"

So far as your methods of education or your ideas of religion are concerned, your words are true.

It is an impertinence for any one to criticize you for keeping your child until it is 19 years old before it is taught its alphabet. If you see fit to do so, or for teaching it to speak three languages in its infancy, if you have kept it well and strong at the same time.

Men and women have grown to robust maturity who have been reared in both ways.

Neither does it concern any one what creed you teach your child nor if you teach it no creed save morality, and love of its Creator and its fellow men.

In almost every other last particular it concerns every human being individually and the whole world in general how you bring up your children.

If your son mistreats dumb animals, or uses coarse language, or is impolite to his elders, it is my business, for I am the friend and kin of all dumb things, and I have a right to rejoice and be glad in life, which I cannot do if obliged to hear vulgar speech; and since courtesy is an important feature in our association with one another, it is my business, if your son is lacking in it, to remind him and you of the fact, in such ways as I feel could be helpful to you.

If you have permitted your daughter to grow into a disagreeable girl, selfish, thoughtless and jealous, or indolent and without a purpose, it is my business, and that of all right-minded people, to try to make you realize your responsibility.

It is the business of the whole community, if you are making dyspeptics and invalids of your children by improper food and neglect of hygienic principles of life, if you are sane and healthy, and are able to feed and clothe your children, it is no one's business how many boys bring into the world, but it is a matter which concerns humanity at large how you bring them up in the world.

Away off in an interior town of Illinois—the birthplace of great men—live several growing boys, under 16, who have been reared without proper instructions by their parents. These boys imagined they were having "fun" when they destroyed the cart of an old man of 70 who maintains himself and wife by saving ashes from private houses.

A self-made young woman, indignant at the occurrence, set herself the task of finding who the vandals were, and of visiting their parents and urging them to make good the old man's loss, and to rebuke their children.

As a consequence the young woman was abused and insulted by these parents, who consider her conduct impertinent and meddling—instead of humane and just and kind, which it was. Not long ago a teacher in a school met parents whom he informed of the misconduct of children after school hours.

These parents believed the teacher was interfering with matters which did not concern him, because the misbehavior of the children occurred after study hours. But the behavior of the children, their manners and their morals should concern every human being who has the interest of humanity at heart.

No sensible person expects children to be paragons of perfection. If they are noisy in their play, if they sometimes quarrel, if they are guilty of childish misdemeanors, the less said or thought of it the better.

But the child who maltreats or abuses an animal or a younger child, who tantalizes or ridicules a beaver or a deformed person, who destroys the property of another, who steals his neighbor's fruit or flowers, or who uses disrespectful language to older people, should be taught better by the friends of humanity; and his parents should be made to realize that he is in need of wiser and more sympathetic control than they have bestowed.

Every child on earth today is not merely its parents' child; it is the world's future citizen, and it is therefore important to all of us how that child grows up. It is better to offend a foolish, short-sighted father or mother than to neglect a duty to society.

## Such Is Love

"Blue-Eyes Say, 'Love Me or I Die'"

"Black-Eyes Say, 'Love Me or You Die.'" :

By Nell Brinkley

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What do you think of this, brown and black eyes?

Rolling softly along Fifth avenue, in the bite of the autumn air, with the smoke (far come) from burning leaves in the remote woods, dropping a gauzy blue curtain between street and street, between far crowd and near one, between roaring stone structure and softly-purple park trees, we stopped at the turning of the little new red traffic disk—and next to us there drew up, almost touching hands, a car with two girls snuggled close in the tonneau. One had hair like ripe wheat and heavenly skyey eyes—yellow and blue! And one had

hair like a thunder-cloud and soft, black eyes—very soft. And said a man, looking at the yellow rose by the black-eyed Susan, "Blue eyes say 'Love me or I die!' Black eyes say, 'Love me or I kill you!'"

"Blue eyes are forget-me-nots! Blue eyes plead and are kind. Blue eyes are gentle and never strike. Blue eyes take hurts and fold them under the dew at their hearts. Blue eyes are the low-voiced flower by the road that some people never hear."

"Black eyes are swamp flowers, deady and lovely. Black eyes conjure and call. Black eyes are black

stones under the sea, so solid, yet softly-seeming, but reefs to wreck yourself upon. Black eyes are wounded, and their wound brings lightning instead of dew. Black eyes are storm-clouds that the man in the road cannot fail to see. Blue eyes say, 'Love me or I die!' Black eyes say, 'Love me or you die!'"

I wonder! If that be so—me—I love the forget-me-not, with the dim voice of the road that pleads to grace your coat—and I adore the storm-cloud that threatens you with lightning if you hide your face from it!

—NELL BRINKLEY.

## If You Would Know a Child, Put Yourself in His Place

By DOROTHY DIX

This is the day of faddists in child raising, and opinions seem to be pretty equally divided between those who believe, with the surly old bachelor, that the best way is to put 'em in a barrel until they are fit and feed 'em, and those who have embraced the theory that a child is a mysterious problem that nothing but the inspired wisdom of a mother's congress can solve.

Oddly enough, no one seems to have thought of dealing with children on the plane of a common humanity, with common impulses and passions with grown-ups—of putting themselves in a child's place, and trying to see how they would feel and act under certain conditions.

Take, for example, the matter of openly remarking in his presence on a child's looks and manners, which is one of the common occurrences of every day. Who could endure to be scrutinized by their dear 500 friends and listen to their unhesitant judgment passed upon his faults and follies? We should consider it a torture worthy of the Inquisition. Fancy being told to your face that your eyes are too small, or your feet too large, or your complexion horrid!

How would you like to hear some one exclaim, "Mercy, what an awkward, overgrown creature!" or, "Dear me, almost a dwarf, isn't she? And what skinny little arms!" In our almost insane myopia we suspect—even know—we possess these defects, but to suspect them and hear them put into blunt words are two different things.

I have not a doubt that the most popular and admired among us would die of chagrin if we knew our neighbors' real opinions of us, and that's the reason we have entered into a tacit mutual protection association that makes us only say disagreeable things about people behind their backs.

We show no such mercy to children. We think nothing of discussing Johnny and Susie's lack of brightness or good looks right before them, and when the poor little victims writhle under it we simply say one more black mark against them and set it down to temper.

In some families it is considered a good joke to tease children before company. People who engage in this pastime are living a few centuries too late. It is a species of cruelty that would have litted them to shine in the dear old Indian days when they stuck splinters in a helpless fellow-creature and then set them afire.

The home is the child's world. It's praise is his fame. Its blame is his disgrace. To be held up to its ridicule and flayed with its gibes is just to him what it would be to you to feel that you had made yourself the butt and laughing-stock of the whole country.

Only the man and woman who have been pilloried and caricatured in the public press—who have been made to seem like fools when they knew they were not—can realize the dumb and impotent rage that possesses a child under such an ordeal. I have yet to meet a grown person with so keen a sense of fun that he enjoyed a joke on himself, and we have no right to expect a little child to be that kind of a humorist.

They consider for a moment how you would like to be nagged at all day. Suppose somebody corrected you every time you made a slip in grammar or used a word of slang. Suppose almost every remark that was addressed to you began with "don't"—"don't sing in the house, don't make so much noise, don't sit with your feet stretched out, don't touch the books, don't do this, don't do that. Suppose your husband, who, you know, loves you dearly and is simply doing it for your own good, kept your faults continually before you, and reminded you of them about a thousand times a day, what would you do?

I know. You would be stung him for divorce and alimony by the end of the second week, and any judge in the country would say that if ever a woman was justified and had a righteous cause, you had.

But that's the way we pick on poor little Johnny and Susie, and the more we love them, and the more anxious we are, and the more we feel our responsibilities, the more we do it.

Is it any wonder they get hardened to our reproaches and indifferent to our opinions? Children's faults have to be corrected, of course, but it is always the one word in season, said with as much tact as one would use in suggesting a mistake that he was making to a friend, that works the cure. Nagging never yet did anything but harm. Sooner or later the hardened animal always turns and fights.

Then there is the matter of promises,

When a grown person makes you a promise you expect him to keep it, and you have a pretty poor opinion of him if he doesn't, but not one individual in a hundred has the slightest conscience or honor about keeping their word to a child.

I have known people to make the most reckless promises to children, promising ponies, and carts, and monkeys, and talking dolls—promises that I knew at the time they hadn't the slightest intention in the world of making good—and then I have seen the weary waiting of the child.

Sometimes fate does something very like that for us grown-ups, but who that has followed the will of a hope that represented his heart's desire, and then seen it fade away into the nothingness of lost illusions can want to darken childhood with such bitter knowledge.

Another place where mothers might try the experiment of putting themselves in their children's places is when Johnny and Susie appear in the role of diminutive lawbreakers. All of us know that the most aggravating thing in life is to have our past mistakes and offenses thrown up to us, and it makes us mad through and through to be continually reminded of them. "For heaven's sake," we cry, "let them rest!" It is all done with and settled, and there isn't a bit of use in going over it again and harrowing everything up.

This is precisely the attitude a mother ought to take with her children. When at night, when we are naughty and have to be punished, settle the question right then and there, according to the lights given you, and then have done with it forever. Don't drag it up again in cold blood, and have it all over again.

Even the law extends its mercy. When we had faced our crime and had it out with the judge and jury—and the mother is both, and executioner to boot—it is settled, and not kept dangling like the sword of Damocles over our heads. Many mothers consider it their duty to keep a record of the children's misdoings to tell their father when he comes home at night. This is all a mistake. It worries the man, and as far as the child is concerned is an aftereffect of judgment that he doesn't deserve. Once you have meted out the punishment, forget and forgive the crime.

Remember not our transgressions against us," is the prayer that all erring humanity makes to its God, and the mercy we ask for ourselves we may well show to the little culprit whose happiness or woe lies in our smiles or frowns.

## True Friendship Heareth All Things

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

The object of love is to win; the object of friendship is to serve. So, friendship is often more daring than love and may proceed upon a less selfish foundation.

Friendship belongs to the same lineage with loyalty and devotion. It is based on principles of honest choosing of the best in life and it never closes its eyes blindly to facts. It asks in the real interests of the person for whom it cares. It gives, and forgets the gift. It trusts, and is worthy of trust in return.

Perhaps in all the world there is nothing more rare than real friendship. Many of us call friendship what is merely a congenial comradeship taken up for selfish reasons; perhaps to avoid loneliness, perhaps to have an audience for our own cleverness, perhaps to have strength on which to lean. But such so-called friendships inevitably prove their own weakness because they cannot stand the test of time or hardship.

Sometimes one broken hour casts asunder two people who have called themselves friends. Laughter and tears are enjoyed and endured together are forgotten. Services generously accepted and generously offered no longer count.

No sense of obligation can ever play a part in a real friendship, no sense of failure at a given moment can count. If you have no instinctive feeling that the friend who has always been loyal will always be loyal; if you are not loyal to that feeling, you are not a friend.

And so, if you come to one weak link in long years of loving, and if for that one weak link you doubt what lies behind and fear what stretches ahead; if that one weak link can snap your chain of friendship asunder, it was never a real friendship.

Friendship knows magic faith. If the thing your friend does is not exactly what you would have had him do, still must the links of your chain be intact. If you are really a friend, you can accept the broken hour with a feeling that it must be right because your friend meant it to be so—or you can go honestly and fearlessly and ask for an explanation of the thing that you fall to quite understand.

In the most ideal state, friendship should always be able to take for granted and should never need explanation. But even without this perfection, it still should allow generously for differences in personality and individuality.

If you cannot trust, even in the face of adverse evidence; if you cannot go on living across walls of silence; if you cannot surround any misunderstanding and accept little unpleasantness as untoward events that count for nothing in the fabric of your affection, you are not a real friend.

Friendship gives generously and never talks about its rights and privileges and

what is due it. It has no false pride, but just a supreme generosity that values its own feeling for what there is in it, and would be ashamed to calculate what could be gotten out of it.

Friendship—true friendship is the supreme gift of kindly liking and understanding.

If friendship is yours—cherish it.

## In-Shoots

The nagging woman plays no favorites as a rule.

A man can be very serious and still look like a joke.

It is better for a girl to understand pie recipes than foot ball rules.

It is better to nurse your woes with the milk of human kindness.

Lots of girls who have no knowledge of the rules of golf or a foot ball game make good housekeepers.



## Resinol Soap makes good complexions

When you wash your face do you realize that it is not enough to remove the dirt—that your skin needs a soothing, healing influence to preserve the natural beauty of your complexion?

Ordinary toilet soaps do not assert this influence. Many of them contain free alkali, which tends to dry the skin and destroy its delicate texture. Even the best of such soaps can only clean, they cannot heal and protect the skin. Resinol Soap, besides being an absolutely pure toilet soap, contains the

## Renewal of Power in Dynamo

GARRETT P. SERVISS.

"Will you kindly explain the philosophy of the renewal of power in the case of a running dynamo? I am, of course, aware that the excitation of metals generates the potentiality, but would like to have explained where the ultimate reservoir is; whether it is constantly drawn from the earth, or air, or where.—F. D. C."

Here is a definition of a dynamo, taken from a textbook, which will serve to put the nature of your question more clearly before the mind of the average reader, who is probably familiar with the name "dynamo" without knowing just how the machine so called works:

"The dynamo is a machine for converting mechanical energy into electrical energy by means of electro-magnetic induction. A dynamo does not create electricity but generates, or produces, an induced electromotive force which causes a current to flow through a properly insulated system of electrical conductors external to it. The amount of electricity obtainable from such a generator (the dynamo) is dependent upon the mechanical energy supplied."

For the sake of still greater clearness, it should be added that the "electromotive force" generated in the dynamo is produced by keeping an electric conductor in rapid motion across the field of action of a magnet. The same effect results if it is the magnet which moves while the conductor remains at rest.

To maintain the motion, mechanical power must, of course, be expended, and this fact is usually regarded as furnishing a sufficient explanation of the mystery of the origin of the electric current which flows from the dynamo. As in the definition quoted above, the maintenance of that current is ascribed solely to the mechanical power expended. But this explanation ignores the part that the magnet plays in the phenomenon. You might whirl your conductor round by mechanical power until doomsday without getting a sign of electricity if there were no magnet at hand with its invisible "lines of force," filling the space about it as they curve round between its poles.

It is the "cutting" of these lines by the moving conductor that gives rise to the electric current, and the wonder of it is the magnet seems never to become weakened or exhausted. We see how we keep up the mechanical power, but we do not see how the magnet keeps up its supply of force undiminished. It re-stores its "cut" force, continuously and instantaneously, or keeps their strength intact, in spite of the fact that energy is being constantly taken from them.

In fact, the magnet exhibits the same mysterious property quite independent of its use in the dynamo. Take an ordinary bar magnet, which is simply a piece of magnetized steel, and with it you can magnetize, by mere touch, hundreds of other bars without apparently diminishing the original store of magnetism.

Perhaps the most interesting explanation of this mystery is that offered by Dr. Gustave Le Bon. He believes that the inexhaustible store from which the energy is drawn is to be found in the heart of the atoms of matter. It is that marvelous thing called "intra-atomic energy," the demonstration of whose existence is one of the greatest additions to human knowledge that has ever been made. The energy shows itself in the bombardment of almost infinitely minute projectiles which radium inflicts upon its surroundings.

What radium does conspicuously, there is reason to think that all other kinds of matter do imperceptibly. This process, by which infinitesimal particles called corpuscles are shot off from the atoms of material things, is named dissociation. The corpuscles may be, in effect, nothing more than moving electric charges, but we have here nothing to do with that aspect of the question. What immediately concerns us is the probable fact that all matter tends to turn, or to be transformed into a form or state which we know as energy. Here, then, is the source from which the dynamo draws its inexhaustible supply. This is the form in which Dr. Le Bon puts the explanation:

"When we see at work those gigantic dynamos whence torrents of electric fluid flow, we should not say that they represent movement transformed into electricity. It is simply the intra-atomic energy of dissociated matter which appears under the form of electricity."

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