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Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



LOVE

is the World's Greatest Need, Says Ella Wheeler Wilcox

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

There is only one need in the world. The need to love our neighbors as ourselves. To do exactly as we would be done by. The need to understand that the human race is one body; and that when we do anything which harms or hurts one individual, we harm all individuals, ourselves included. Just as we harm the body, when we injure any member, hand, foot, eye or ear. When we stop and think about the world, the whole process of life becomes very pitiful. Each, being born upon the earth, is striving for happiness, from the cradle to the grave, in his own way. According to his light, he is doing the best he can. He does not know it, but the only satisfying things which he can get out of life are peace of mind, self-respect and the love of his fellow men. Nothing he can obtain without these things, nothing he can achieve or become, is of any real value. No man can be happy without those three blessings. Any man can be happy with them. Even though he is saddened by the sorrow he sees about him; the sorrow which results from striving after the needless things of earth; after more than we need; after what does not belong to us; after the possessions of others. There would be no war; no industrial problems; no prisons; no poor houses; no white slaves; no sex sins; if men and women all set forth early in life on that threefold quest—for peace of mind, for self-respect, for the love of their fellow men. That is all any soul is seeking; that is all there is in life worth living for. Yet is there war and strife; and hatred; and sin; and sorrow and anguish; and misery and poverty. Because men have not yet learned that there is only one need in this world. And the need of the world is love.

A Briton of 15,000 Years Ago

The "Halling Man," Who Was Contemporaneous with the Mammoth, Had a Brain Larger Than the Average Today

By GARRETT P. SERVIS

One of the most interesting of all finds of the remains of prehistoric man is that recently made near the village of Halling, on the shore of the river Medway, in Kent, England. It is the complete skeleton of a man whose body had evidently been buried by his friends, in the place where it was found, at least 15,000 years ago. So perfectly are the bones preserved that it requires but the slightest exercise of the imagination to see this prehistoric gentleman standing before us as he was in life, clothed in his rude skin garments, which other discoveries have indicated were the fashion in his time. That it is no misnomer to call him a "gentleman" is proved by the noble outlines of his head and face. The skull and face bones are exceedingly well shaped and finely modelled, and careful measurements show that he possessed a brain above the modern average in size. He must then, in all probability, have been a marked man in the ancient community in which he lived. Relics of that community have been found near the site of his forgotten grave, upon which a dozen historic races have unknowingly trod, for he had already been sleeping there not less than 15,000 years when Julius Caesar, with his legions, invaded Britain. These relics consist of extensive remains of ancient fire-hearths, with specimens of flint implements, such as were used in the Neolithic, or "later stone" age. The hearths were situated about thirty yards away from the place where the skeleton lay, and in the earth layer im-

Battle of Friedland

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY

The great battle of Friedland, fought 106 years ago, June 14, 1807, between the French under Napoleon and the Russians under Alexander I., lifted Napoleon to the height of greatness—a height upon which he might have lived and died in undisturbed security had his good sense been equal to his genius. The elder Pitt once declared that he would "conquer France in America," and Napoleon purposed to "conquer England on the continent." England was the real enemy, the one real obstacle in the way of his ambitious purpose, and it was to "conquer England" that he instituted the Friedland campaign. He proposed to conquer her by isolating her, and the first step toward this end was the "flanking" of Germany and Russia. Napoleon knew men like a book, and in all probability, the results of Friedland were just what he had figured on. Beaten at Friedland, Alexander I. agreed to negotiate in person with the victor, but so much puffed by his success in the historic raft at Tilist, and Napoleon played with the czar as a child plays with a string. The treaty of Tilist, which was steadily drawn up, gave Napoleon all that had been asked for. The king of Prussia was made to resign great slices of his territory, and the provinces that were left to him were made to pay heavy sums as compensation to France. The districts west of the Elbe, with others, were handed into the Kingdom of Westphalia and given to the conqueror's youngest brother, Jerome. All trade between Prussia and England was forbidden. As for Russia, it was agreed that she should be and do just as Napoleon wanted. Napoleon's new creations in Europe—the Confederation of the Rhine; the Kingdoms of Italy, Naples, Holland and Westphalia—were to be recognized, and all that was put down in black and white was agreed to by secret conventions. Such was the situation at the conclusion of the royal conclave on the raft at Tilist. It was for Napoleon the very pinnacle of human grandeur. He seldom, if ever, in the whole history of the world has a man been so powerful, so feared, so close to earthly omnipotence. It was a time full of glory for Napoleon and of danger for Europe. As a level-headed historian observes, never were the liberties of Europe more directly threatened than by this union of the two representatives of despotic rule. But the "Robbers of Tilist" were reckoning without their host. They forgot the glorious fact that human nature is always adequate for every emergency, and that the very stars in their course fight against the wrong and in favor of the right. There are always to be found great men who are also good, and such men in Prussia and England, and finally in Russia itself, combined to save the liberties of the people from the destruction with which they were threatened.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

It Would Object. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 19 years of age and engaged to be married in two years to a young man three years my senior. I would appreciate your advice as to whether it would be wrong on my part should I go out with other young men during this long period. We do not wish to have our engagement known for some time and as I should not care to change anything, I would, therefore, appreciate your advice. ANXIOUS.

It is possible that you could go with other men and remain true to him, but it is not possible that he will believe it. If you accept the attentions of other men you will pay for them by having to placate a jealous, fault-finding lover. Do you care enough for the other men's attentions to pay this price?

Decidedly Not. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 30 years old and assume she is about 19 years old. Whenever I see her she gives me a pleasant smile. Would it be proper for me to approach her and thereby introduce myself. RAYMOND.

Such a procedure would be treating her with disrespect. You must wait for an introduction.

Certainly Not. Dear Miss Fairfax: My sister got married and I bought her some flowers. Should the groom be insulted because I bought them? G. B. J.

It was an attention kindly meant, and if the groom is sensible he will receive it in that spirit.



Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

There was two ladies up to the house last night. Both of them had daughters which is just going to get married; that makes them feel kind of love sick themselves. I guess, because that is all that they did all the time they was to the house, talk about love. Pa didn't like it a bit, because both the ladies was older than he is, & I have often herd Pa say that wimmen should talk about other topics than love when they sit middle aged, topics like church work or how much life insurance their husbands is going to leave them when they die. One of the ladies was named Misses Raymond & the other was Misses Belcher. Missus Raymond sed to Pa: I was just telling your wife befoer you calm in the room how sweet & innocent & girlish my little daughter looked today when she was looking over aim pretty hoan that her husband is going to make for her. Maybe you will be there a grate deal of the time. Wou't that be nice & comfortable? Ma sed to her. It will be pretty luff corn beef for her husband, sed Pa. The young lady's husband, I mean. Wife, sed Pa. I suppose you remember the time your loving mother calm here all the way from Wisconsin & started rite in trying to be the managing editor of our little hoan. Of course, you remember it, sed Pa. Will you ever fergit, sed Pa, the look of pained surprise that calm into her eyes when I explained to her, as gently as I cud, that she didnt have anything in the world to say about the management of my domestic affairs? If my memory doesnt fail me, Pa sed, & I do not think it does, she stayed only three days instad of all summer. You acted like a perfect cave man all the time she was here, I remember that, sed Ma. No wonder my poor mother seldom menshuns you in her letters. But as I was saying about my daughter, sed Missus Raymond, I coudnt help thinking as I sat there & saw her, a dainty bud with youth's fresh bloom on her cheeks, that no man in this world was good enuff to be the husband of so divine a creechur. Of course the man she is going to marry is a splendid young man & the vice president of a big bank. But even if he were the president of the united States, sed Missus Raymond, he wudnt be good enuff for my daughter. No man is good enuff for a woman around pay day, sed Pa. I have always noticed that when it gets near the first of the month my wife begins looking in my head for gray hairs & calling me her dear old boy, & the morning of pay day, Pa sed, she always follows me to the door and klaxes me aggrain & aggrain, with the luv lite shining in her eyes, & says Be sure & come rite hoan after you sit yure pay today, won't you, darling? I agree with Missus Raymond that her daughter or any sweet, good girl is too good for a man. Oh my daughter, sed Missus Raymond, I can't let her go, I jest can't, & my 45¢¢¢ too, sed Missus Belcher, & it seems as if sum monster of the sea was devouring me & hever to drag my daughter from her mother's arms. Then say both began to cry & Pa sneaked out of the room & went in the library where the side board is.

Awaiting The Joyful Sound

The Wonderful Music that Bursts Forth When the Stork Arrives.

That funny, little, brassy cry that echoes the arrival of the new baby is perhaps the most cherished remembrance of our lives. And thousands of happy mothers owe their preservation to health and strength to Mother's Friend. This is an external remedy that is applied to the abdominal muscles. It relieves all the tension, prevents indigestion and pain, enables the muscles to expand gently, and when baby comes, he is healthy and vigorous, and the mother is preserved without laceration or other complications. You will find Mother's Friend on sale at almost any drug store, as it is one of the standard, reliable remedies that grandmothers everywhere have relied upon. With its daily use during the period of expectation, there is no weakness, no nausea, no morning sickness, no pain, distress or strain of any kind. Its influence is truly remarkable, as it penetrates the tissues and renders them pliant and easily governed by the demands of nature. You will be surprised at its wonderful effect and at a grateful relief it affords. Especially to young women. Mother's Friend is one of the greatest of all helpful influences. You will find this wonderful remedy on sale at the store where you trade. They will get it for you. It is prepared by Bradford Higginson Co., 123 Lamar Building, Atlanta, Ga. Write them for a very valuable book to expectant mothers.

How The Body Kills Germs.

Germs that get into the body are killed in two ways—by the white corpuscles of the blood, and by a germ-killing substance that is in the blood. Just what this substance is, we do not know. The blood of a healthy person always has some germ-killing substance in it to ward off the attack of disease. The fountain head does not properly digest his food well soon for a long time. He tried every remedy that any one would suggest but found no relief. He then tried Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery which completely cured him. He has stayed cured now for two years, and I recommend this valuable medicine for indigestion of the blood.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a pure glyceric extract (without alcohol), of bloodroot, golden seal and Oregon grape root, stone root, macbracks and queen's root with black cherrybark.

"My husband was a sufferer from stomach trouble and impure blood," writes Mrs. JAMES H. MARTIN, of Frankfort, Ky. "He had a sore on his face that would fester and bleed, and would drop off in about a month, then another would immediately form. It continued this way for a long time. He tried every remedy that any one would suggest but found no relief. He then tried Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery which completely cured him. He has stayed cured now for two years, and I recommend this valuable medicine for indigestion of the blood."

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery regulates and invigorates stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules.

