

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Mirabeau and King

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY

It was 124 years ago—June 23, 1789—that the great Mirabeau threw down his gauntlet at the feet of the king and challenged him to a duel for the liberties of France. The king had ordered "a royal sitting" of all the orders, before which he would tell them a thing or two in plain French.



On the morning of the 23d the sitting awaited his majesty in the Church of St. Louis. The king entered. He was saluted only by the nobility and a portion of the clergy. The third estate sat in gloomy silence. Anxiety was depicted on every countenance. It was as clear as day to every discerning person present that pretty soon there would be "something doing."

The king began reading "The Declaration Concerning the Present Session of the States-General," in which he announced his intentions to maintain the separate deliberations of the orders unless the Third Estate should come to his terms. Then, amid the blare of trumpets and the clanging of swords, his majesty went out, followed by the nobility and the higher clergy, the Third Estate sitting immovable in their places.

Soon M. de Breze, grand master of ceremonies, re-entered the hall. "Gentlemen," said he, "you have heard the orders of the king." The speaker of the assembly hesitated a moment. "I am about to ask for the orders of the assembly." Quick as lightning Mirabeau was on his feet, and looking M. de Breze in the eye, said to the trembling agent of royalty: "We have heard, sir, the intentions that have been suggested by the king, but as for you, who have neither place, nor voice, nor right to speak in this assembly, it is not for you to repeat to us his address. Go and tell those who send you that we are here by the will of the people; and we will not depart unless driven out by bayonets." It was the beginning of the great revolution which was to shake every throne in Europe and transfer all political power from the crowned heads to the people.

## Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

Pa took Ma & me to a moving picture show last nite. Pa sed that it was going to be a grate show becus Mister Art Beringer sent all the way to New York for the picters, & he wanted us to go espeshully to see a grate drama called Queenie, the Quarry Man's Daughter. So we went to the show & all the time they was showing the first picters Pa kep telling Ma & me to wait until they had the stone quarry picter. I saw the rehearsal of it this forenoon. Pa sed, & it is a pretty story. It seems that the father of the girl Queenie is a honest man & he does not like the girl's sweetheart, a Italian with a lot of munny that is going to marry her or foreclose the mortgage on the stone quarry. It is a grate plot, Pa sed, & the reason I am so much interested in it is becus I used to be a stone quarry man myself.

You did? sed Ma. Yes, yes, sed Pa. I used to be known as one of the most powerful cutters & lifters of stone that was ever in this sekahoon of the country. I have often thought, Pa sed, wen looking back over those old days, that I must have been living in a long ago age. I have often thought wen I was lifting blocks of stone about twenty feet long that I was a quarry slave in the days wen Mister Potomiy helped me to bild the pyramids, Pa sed.

Just then the picter began about Queenie, the stone quarry man's daughter. It showed a big stone quarry scene ware all the men was hurrying around and lifting rocks into wagons. Then it showed the Italian man wich was going to marry Queenie, & there was a scene ware she spurned him. Then he told her, in the picter, that he had a mortgage on her father's quarry & how he was going to sell it if she didnt becum his bride.

The hero of the play was a young Irishman that was handling a pick. Being a Irishman, he had a lot of time to listen to the talk between Queenie & the villun, becus he would swing the pick onst & then he wud lite his pipe & listen for a minnit or so, & then he wud swing his pick onst moar & lite his pipe long enuff to get the rest of the terribul story. Then the Irishman went over & slammed Queenie's lover in the mouth or smougant the eyes or sunware, & then him the revenge. Wen Queenie had went to git her father's luncie the villun stole sun diamante & calm behind ware the young Irishman was picking with his pick & put the whole lot of it oaver into the Irishman.

Then he ran away & sed with Patrick McGillicuddy out of the way the quarry shall be mine. But then Queenie calm jacked & started in trying to lift the rocks away, but she suddint stit any of them until her skreams attracted her pa, & he calm on the seen & began to throw the rocks rite & left. Ma, sed Pa, that reminds me of the way I used to throw those grate masses of granite into the wagons of the teamsters. I was so strong in those days, sed Pa, that I had to be careful putting on my clothes for fear I wud tare them.

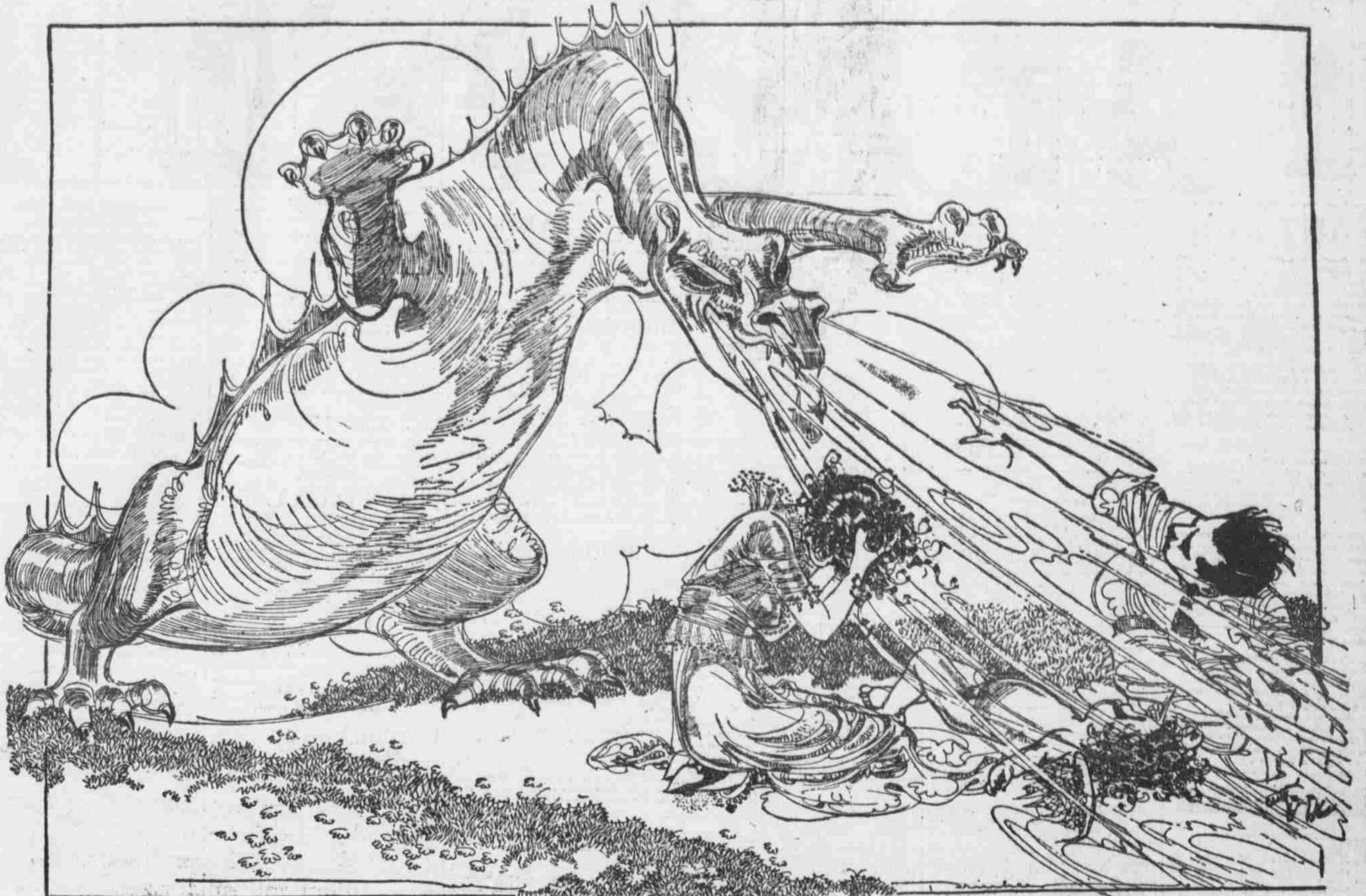
But Ma & me found out today that Pa was lying, becus Ma's cuzen is a quarry man, Jimmie Trudden, & wen Ma asked him if Pa ever lifted a rock Mister Trudden, wich had known Pa since childhood, sed Yes, he used to lift rocks wen they wasent too heavy to throw at em. Ma galy me a quarter if I wud tell Pa wat Mister Trudden sed. I didnt daft to tell Pa, but I got the quarter first, anyhow.

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## Jealousy Slays Love

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By Nell Brinkley



Poor little Love lies sleeping the last sleep of the dead, While tears and sighs and weeping storm on above his head; For the breath of the green-eyed monster has singed him with fatal fire, And man and maid must shrink dismayed at the death of their Heart's Desire.

Poor little Love has perished 'neath the claws of the Monster Grim, And the lovers who should have cherished have wantonly murdered him. For the doubts of the Jealous Monster first torture, and then conspire With maid and man; for when doubt began 'twas the doom of their Heart's Desire.

LILIAN LAUFERTY.

## Electricity

Is a Miraculous Force—But There Are Even Finer, More Remarkable Forces in the Universe

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

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No less authority in electrical science than Thomas Edison is reported to have said: "If electricity is a substance or fluid of any kind, I have not been able to find, see, weigh or in any manner sense it." Electricity is a force, and students of physics generally are more and more inclined to the belief that there is no such thing as electricity.



The phenomenon known as electricity may be likened to an echo. The impact of air waves, caused by the explosion of powder against trees, houses or rocks, causes a disturbance in the aerial elements that produces sound. Sound is a rate of motion. It is claimed by some of the advanced thinkers that there is a rate of motion that will always cause the effect known as electricity.—News Item.

One hundred years ago all the men of science would have pronounced the phopht of electricity a madman, a fool or a crank.

This invisible, unfindable, unweighable force is, nevertheless, today the most powerful, the most useful, the most important factor in modern civilization. It illuminates the darkness, without the inconvenience of nauseating gas, the annoying and uncertain match, or disagreeable and malarious oil. It sends vehicles along the track without the assistance of weary and suffering horses or sooty and suffocating coal fires.

It drives engines, it cooks food, it heats irons. It cures physical maladies and restores lost vitality to the system. It sends searchlights far out at sea, and locates the safe harbor for the confused mariner. It speeds the wireless message to its destination hundreds of miles away.

We are becoming accustomed to its miracles, for miracles they would surely seem to our ancestors were they to return to earth today.

And now, why should any man of common sense and good reason, in face of all these facts, dare scoff at the advanced thinkers and clear-seers, who say there are still finer, more intangible forces in the universe, which promise still more remarkable powers of usefulness to man than electricity?

The wireless message has become a fact and a factor in the business world. But the wireless message must have its machinery for sending and receiving. Why does it seem improbable that a

finer and more subtle essence will be discovered by and by, which will enable the doid to send messages, to light the darkness and to heal the sick, without the use of any mechanism of electricity? Indeed, why question that many people in this age already know the existence of this force and that it is already in use?

A little research, carefully and respectfully given, will prove that in every age, as far back as history will take you, there were wise men who knew of this spiritual force and employed it. The ancient seers of India called it Akasa. They said everything which exists is a form of Akasa. Coal is one form; gas, a finer form of it; electricity, a still finer; but the mind of man is Akasa in a yet more subtle shape, and the next higher and finer is the mind of God. So God, the Creator, Himself, is Akasa, and we are all a part of it.—Him.

Keep that thought in mind—fill yourself with it—and there is nothing you cannot do to better and brighten your own life and the life of the race. Awake every morning with a prayer of gratitude on your lips. Say, "I am Akasa, the divine Staff of God and His universe; I am a power for good, for usefulness, for health, for success!"

Say it over and over, no matter how depressing your conditions, how dark your outlook, how full of pain your body, how empty your purse. Persisting in the assertion will bring its results.

If you begin to think it ridiculous, absurd, unreasonable and foolish to make these assertions, just recollect how your ancestors scoffed at the idea of the telegraph, the cable, the telephone. Cyrus Field was made the butt of cruel jests for years, by the most brilliant men of the day, because he believed a cable across the ocean could be laid under water. But he persisted in using the "Akasa" of his mind in this thought and we know what resulted.

If you persist in using the Akasa of your mind in thoughts of love, usefulness, health and success, all these things will come to you. You shall have your heart's desire if you want it enough to bring it to you. It is all your own power. Added to your assertions, live them.

If you are made of the Akasa of God (and you are), do not overload your system with food; do not poison it with drugs; do not deaden it with narcotics. Eat simply, and only what you need to supply vital force and strength. "Eat to live; do not live to eat!"

Breathe deeply—fill your body with fresh air many times a day. Stand erect, as if you intended to look God in the face. Sleep with open windows. If you do all this, you will be what you will be, in spite of circumstances, environment and obstacles. For you are greater than all!

## Home

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

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The greatest words are always solitaires, Set singly in one syllable; like birth, Life, love, hope, peace, I sing the worth Of that dear word toward which the whole word fares—I sing of home.

To make a home, we should take all of love, And much of labor, patience and keen joy. Then mix the elements of earth's alloy With finer things drawn from the realms above, The spirit-home.

There should be music, melody and song; Beauty in every spot; an open door And generous sharing of the pleasure store With fellow pilgrims as they pass along, Seeking for home.

Make ample room for silent friends—the books— That give so much and only ask for space. Nor let Utility crowd out the vase Which has no use save gracing by its looks The precious home.

To narrow bounds, let mirrors lend their aid And multiply each gracious touch of art, And let the casual stranger feel the part— The great creative part—that love has played Within the home.

Here bring your best in thought and word and deed, Your sweetest acts, your highest self-control; Nor save them for some later hour and goal. Here is the place, and now the time of need, Here in your home.

## Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Go to Her Father. Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been going with a young girl for about two years. Her father objects to my going with her under any circumstances and wishes her to go with another young man whom she dislikes very much. I have always loved her and always will. For a while I thought she cared for me a little, but they have moved into another town, and he going with other young men (I think against her will). I have not been with other girls since I met her, and it seems as if I can't forget her. I don't intend trying to love any other girl on earth if her love proves untrue. What would you do under the circumstances?

BROKEN ARROW. Her father's objections must be overcome, and you can't overcome them until

you know what they are. Go to him like a man and tell him what you have told me. If you can win him, it will be easy to win the girl.

Wait a Little Longer. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 19 and crazy in love with a man of 23. For four months he has been devoted to me, showing by his manner he loved me, but never mentioning a word.

He then went away and we corresponded. He said he would be ready to be married in three years and asked me my future intentions. As last he quit writing. Lately I met a wealthy man who wants me to marry him, but I do not love him. I love the other man, who is poor. The first man may be waiting till he is financially able to care for you. You are only 19. Wait a little longer, and don't make the tragic mistake of marrying a man you do not love.

## The Scientific Explanation of Luck

Mathematics Teaches It Is Foolish to Depend on Caprices of Chance

By GARRETT F. SERVISS.

Here is a young man who writes to me on a subject that is always, more or less, fascinating to the human mind.

"Is there any scientific explanation of luck?"

I am a very unlucky person. Everything I try goes against me. I can't win a game of cards, or, anyhow, not often. The good cards always avoid me. I can't even pitch pennies without losing almost every time. Are some people born lucky, as I have heard—B. A."

To the first question I reply: "Yes, there is a scientific explanation of 'luck,'" and to the second: "No, people are not born unlucky, in the sense that you mean."

One of the greatest mathematicians that ever lived, the astronomer Laplace, wrote a book on luck, or, as he called it, "An Essay on Probabilities," and you should read it. It might keep you away from Monte Carlo if you should ever get money enough to go there, and it would certainly keep you from gambling at home. For the benefit of the young men of his time Laplace gave lectures on this subject in the normal schools of Paris.

In his book Laplace says: "All things that happen, even those that seem too insignificant to be connected with the great laws of nature, are as necessary consequences of those laws as are the revolutions of the planets."

That is simply a declaration that luck obeys law. If things seem to go against you it is not because of any occult influence standing in your way, but it is because the circumstances compel them to act thus.

You can control events if you can discover the causes underlying them. If you cannot discover the causes then you will fall out in a way which seems to you to be an effect of mere chance, and if the chance is not on your side you may think that some mysterious influence is working against you.

The simplest way to illustrate Laplace's "calculus of probabilities," whose principles he applied to all human things, not excepting the "moral sciences," is perhaps, to observe what happens when you throw up a coin. It must necessarily come down with either "heads" or "tails" uppermost.

If you could measure all the forces acting upon it—the twist, or pitch, or

twirl, the number of turns, the influence of air currents, the effect of inequalities of the table on which it strikes, etc., then you could predict which side would come uppermost. But if these forces are unknown, even mathematics can do nothing for you.

But mathematics can deal with the problem in another way. If your coin always fell heads up mathematics would tell you what your own common sense should reveal, that there was some constant cause, such as extra weight on one side, that governed the fall.

If it fell sometimes heads and sometimes tails, capriciously, mathematics would tell you that, while it could not predict the result in any particular case, it could assure you that, in the long run, there would be an equal number of heads and tails presented.

Mathematics arrives at its results by taking averages over exceedingly long periods of time. In fact, the mathematical theory, in its completeness, involves infinite time. And right here is where the young man who writes the letter makes his great mistake. He does not allow sufficiently for the element of time. He could continue to play cards for a million years (but it is to be hoped that he will not), he would doubtless find that he had won as often as he had lost—provided that the game was one of pure chance.

But the great value of such work as Laplace performed in developing the laws of probability is not in its application to games of chance, but in the warning which it gives against depending upon luck for anything. If mathematics must have infinite time as a basis in order to reduce the vagaries of chance to a regular law, how can any man expect, in the course of a brief lifetime, to strike a balance between favorable and unfavorable turns, over which he has no control? The apparent favors of fortune to him, though they may continue long, are, after all, mere results of hazard. His coin seems to take pleasure in always falling face up, but mathematics will inform him of the unflattering fact that the coin cares nothing for him, and will inevitably, when the undisciplined causes cease, just as unheatingly turn its back to him.

The thing for the "unlucky" young man to do is to look into himself and not into his luck. Instead of changing from one thing to another in search of something lucky, let him cultivate his intelligence and his will power, and select an occupation in which he can discern the causes that produce success or failure. Nature made him for something; let him find out what that something is, and then stick to it. After that he can snap his fingers at luck.