

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Make the Years Generous

They Have Accumulated Wisdom, Power, Health, Beauty, Wealth and Happiness; Wrest These Virtues from Them

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Just as you think of the years, just as you make use of them, so will be their attitude toward you.

Realize, first of all, that you are greater than the years; greater than time; greater than eternity; because you are part of the vast cause which made them all.

Realize next that the years have accumulated wisdom, power and knowledge of health, beauty, wealth and happiness, and that your part lies in winning from them the laws governing these things.

So long as you regard time as a cruel monopolist who will wrest from you all your dearest possessions and give you nothing in return, you are preparing the way for such fears to materialize.

But it rests with you to make the years generous and benevolent instead of grasping and cruel.

The years may be compared to droves of wild horses. If you fly in terror before them they will trample you under their hoofs, but if you tame and harness them they will carry your chariot to the summit of success.

Again we may think of them as adepts, and masters; dwelling in the temple of life, ready to impart their wisdom to those who come reverently to them; those who bring patience and faith in the search of eternal truths.

It has been the custom of the foolish world for ages to think, talk and write of beauty, joy and happiness as pertaining only to early youth.

This same foolish and mistaken world has educated women in the idea that each year, after her first score, comes to her as an enemy—a highwayman—bent upon robbing her of all she holds most precious.

It has taught man to regard as a limited one his period of mental and physical prowess; and so these false and unwholesome traditions have helped to hasten the race into premature decay and death.

The wise individual faces each year with expectancy and courage, mingled with reverence, yet with an inner consciousness of superiority.

Expectancy of new revelations of life; courage to meet whatever comes; reverence for the accumulated wisdom which the years carry, and a sense of superiority through the knowledge that mankind is the highest expression of the creative power yet evolved, and the possession of a thinking brain and a loving heart place him in the rank with the lords of the universe.

On her birthday morning every woman should talk with the year which is coming as with a friend who is crossing her threshold to bring her gifts. Let her say: "Oh year, I welcome you. Let me come close to you; let me walk beside you and listen to all the secrets which you keep in your great soul for my sharing. You can teach me the divine laws of health, beauty, peace, usefulness and consequent happiness. You can teach me order and system in all my ways. You can impress upon me the power which comes through the exercise of patience; the strength which results from cold rains and bitter frosts; the pleasure which lies in giving of my strength to others; and the dignity and pride which accompany the preparation of beautiful and appropriate apparel for each season.

"If I breathe your pure air, if I live according to those natural laws which govern you, if I accept the spring, the summer, the autumn, the winter of life as perfect expressions of God's bounty, then I, too, may grow in beauty and charm and splendour as the year grows. You have come to teach me these truths, you have come to help me, and I will be richer and happier from your association. And I will be able to understand your laws of perpetual rejuvenation and to illustrate them."

Each man should welcome the year which adds maturity to his life as a teacher who has come to instruct him in power and knowledge of the deeper meanings of existence. He should expect to grow in strength and worth and to make a nobler example of his life with the passing of each twelve months.

Those who face the years with such resolutions, and who determine to be the recipients, not the losers, in their encounter with time, will find life growing richer and more interesting as they pass from early youth into maturity and from maturity into the still larger field of wisdom afforded as they climb the western hill.

For the last earthly journey is not a descent, but a climb, for those who take

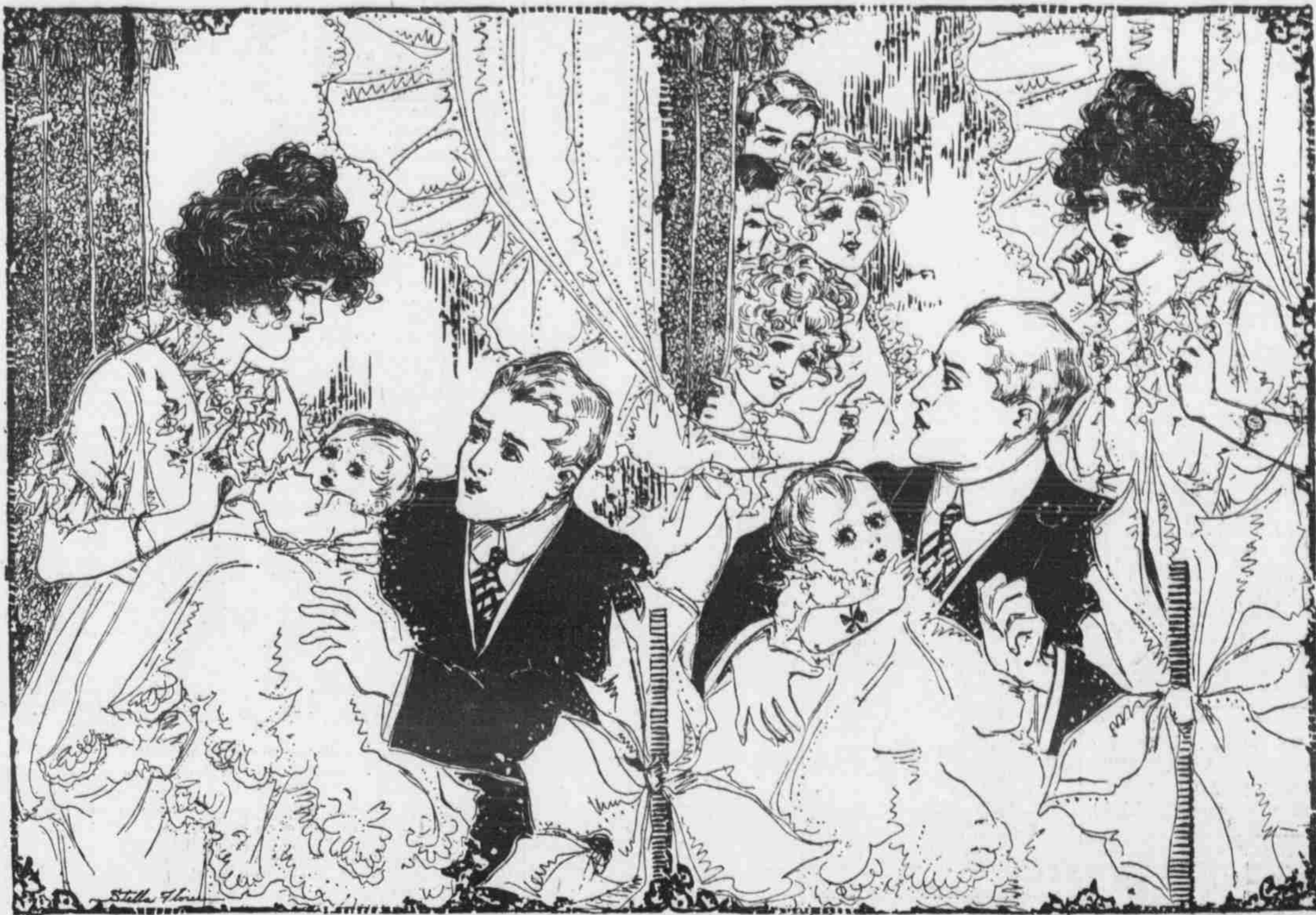
Bashful Bob

The Amusing Adventures of a Shy Young Man

No. 5—He Finds Some Things Are Too Good to Last

By Stella Flores

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It was a seven days' wonder that Bob at last was calling on a girl. He found her one afternoon, all alone, taking care of her friend's baby while she was out. She had seen him coming just soon enough to send away the crowd of young folks that were there. But one of them had spied Bob, too. She made Bob hold the baby, to his great consternation. He had never held one before. It was really quite wonderful in its way, and after the first panic he looked at it more carefully.

Just when he was beginning to half enjoy the tiny marvel of softness, and as Orchid—that was the girl's name—was noting how his lashes matched the baby's in length, and that his eyes were quite as blue, the crowd came back. A snicker from behind the portieres revealed them. "That wasn't funny!" Bob flared. "I didn't ask you to come, anyway," she replied, her cheeks scarlet. And neither knew that the other was sorry two seconds later.

Woman's Thoughts About Woman

Great Consolation of an Imagination in Marriage—Why Widows Wear Veils—The City of Loving a Dog

By DOROTHY DIX.

Sympathetic women are the world's pillow-cushions.

It is strange that the woman who prides herself on always speaking the truth so seldom tells anything but an unpleasant truth.

For a woman to be without some one to hate makes her almost as lonesome as to be without some one to love.

Women achieve more to spite their enemies than they do to gratify their friends.

There are so many women in the world who are pure gold—with a dull finish.

Some widows wear veils to hide their grief. Other widows cover their faces with veils to conceal their joy.

The test of a woman's cleverness consists in never letting her husband find out how clever she is.

Our husbands respect us for our virtues and admire us for our strength of character, but they never love us so well as when we are making three-ply idiots of ourselves.

Men judge women as a whole. Women judge men by an individual, and both standards of measurement are wrong.

When God made woman he gave her imagination as a consolation prize, so that she would never have to see her husband and children as they really are.

A woman's definition of a true friend is another woman who will stand for the stories about her children's smart sayings, with retailing by repeating what her infant prodigies do and say.

Many a neglected wife of a rich man tries to smother the ache in her breast by piling point lace and diamonds on it.

The only happy women are those who have genius for little things and an insatiable thirst for small beer tattling.

Some of the choicest jewels in many a wife's collection were bought by her husband for her with conscience money.

In the strange scheme of justice it is the bad women who avenge the wrongs of the good women.

Only fools laugh at a woman lavishing her affection on a dog. The discernant weep at the spectacle of a heart so poor that it has nothing but a dumb brute to love.



toll from the years instead of paying it. We should not talk of going down into the valley of death or old age.

We should stand upon the summit of a hill from where we behold the world we have traversed and the shining peaks of the world beyond, whither we are going.

Expect much of the years. Then set yourself to work to aid those years in giving you what you expect.

Where Mohammed Got His Start

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

It was at Hedr, 1,201 years ago, March 25, 32, that the prophet delivered the unanswerable argument to those who were striving to belittle him.

At the head of 306 of his black-eyed Arabs he pitched into 90 other Arabs, who were foolish enough to call him a "humbler," and when he got through with them they were not even humbugs—they were non-entities. The unbelievers were utterly annihilated, and after the cold-steel argument at Hedr every denizen of the desert looked upon Mohammed not only with respect, but with all becoming veneration.

Hedr cleared the way, and seven years later Mecca fell and the Casaba opened its unresisting gates. Lord of Mecca, the camel-driver stood supreme, and from the roof of the temple the Moudhim cried out: "There is no god but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet."

As if by magic there sprang into existence an Arabian nation; the warring tribes were united, the thousands of idols suddenly propped out of sight and the mighty personality of Mohammed fused the hitherto discordant fragments into a living and harmonious whole.

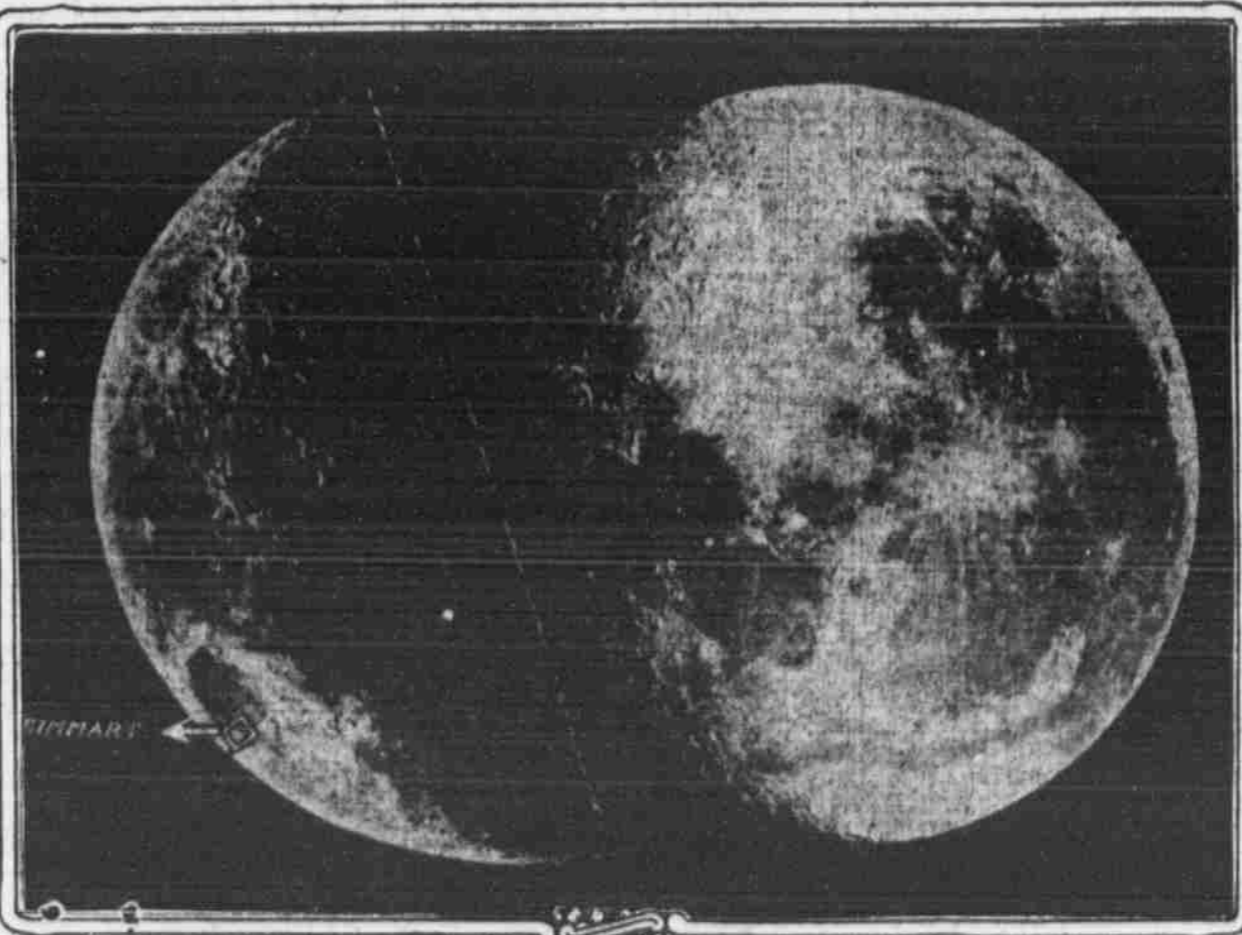
And then a wonderful thing happened, a thing so strange that even today, twelve centuries afterward, we have not ceased to be astonished by it. An obscure country, esteemed by the civilized world as being beyond its boundaries, a savage desert inhabited by wild nomads, inspired by the words of a poor camel-driver, rises up all threatens the conquest of the earth. Led on by the enthusiasts of the prophet, they reduce the followers of Zoroaster to a few scattered communities, invade India, tread under foot the ancient Brahmins and Buddhists, wrest from Christianity almost the whole of her eastern possessions, subjugate with lightning-like rapidity Egypt and Africa, and, crossing the straits of Gibraltar, established themselves in Spain and Southern France, from which vantage ground they prepared themselves for the conquest of all Europe—when, as fortune wills, they are stopped at Tours by the mighty hammer of Charles Martel.

If there is another page in history like this it has not yet been discovered. And it was all the logical outcome of that little brush at Badr between the 1,200 wild Arabs of the desert



New Mystery on the Moon

Professor Pickering's Discovery of Strange Changes Going on There May Point to It's Being Inhabited



Two Actual Photographs of the Moon Taken with the Great Reflector of the Lick Observatory, Showing Eimmart Where the Strange Changes Are Taking Place

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

There is something new on the moon, or if it is not new it is newly discovered.

If it should turn out to be an evidence of the existence of life in the lunar world it would rank as one of the most sensational discoveries that astronomers have ever made.

An inhabitant of the moon would be a hundred times more interesting than an inhabitant of the planet Mars, because his world is a hundred times nearer to us. A wireless telegraph signal would go to the moon in a little over a second and a quarter. The moon is the only world outside our own where mountains, valleys, sea basins and vicinities are visible to us.

Now let us turn to the discovery that has just been made. It is announced by a bulletin from the Harvard college observatory, and it relates to observations made by Prof. W. H. Pickering at the Mandeville station of that observatory. Prof. Pickering is one of the astronomers who have long suspected that

if there is no other kind of life on the moon there is at least some form of vegetation. His latest discovery, however, seems to be concerned with something else than vegetation.

The immediate object of his observations is what is usually called a "crater," but which would be more accurately described as a "ring-mountain." In the northwestern quarter of the moon, close to the shore line of the dried-up lunar sea named the Mare Crisium, or "Sea of Crises," this crater, or ring-mountain, has long been known in lunar geography under the name of Eimmart. It is about twenty-five miles in diameter and encloses a flat plain, or circular valley, having a small hill in the center, while the precipitous mountain-rings rise at one point 16,000 feet above the floor of the little valley. This mountain wall shines with singular brilliance in sunlight.

Eimmart will be seen with its name attached on the accompanying lunar chart.

In January, 1913, Prof. Pickering noticed that the interior of Eimmart was extraordinarily bright, so much so that he called attention to the fact in the great astronomical journal, the *Astronomische Nachrichten*.

had become relatively dark, and this darkness continued all through the remainder of 1913, and also through January of this year. In February, however, it began to brighten, and during the earlier part of the present month of March its brightness has persisted, although up to March 19 it had not become as brilliant as it was in January, 1913.

Now, what causes these changes, and what are those brilliant objects? Is there something alive in Eimmart or is nature playing pranks there all by herself?

It does not follow that the moon is as full of life as the earth is, and the phenomena of Eimmart may have nothing to do with any inhabitants there. But if there are inhabitants on the moon it is hardly possible that they could resemble any of the animals dwelling on the earth, and for that very reason it might be exceedingly difficult for us to recognize their existence by any effects which they might produce upon their surroundings. As to seeing them directly, there can be no hope of that until telescopes are made a hundred times more powerful than any yet constructed.

The Girl With the Chronic Blues

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

A young man writes me:

"I am 20, and am showing affection for a girl one year my junior. I think a great deal of her. Every time I call at her house we have long conversations on different subjects, and she always seems to be in a pessimistic mood. Every time I take a walk with her she is always telling of how downhearted she is and disgusted at life, telling me many times that life is not worth the living. Now, I love this girl, and I can't seem to bear such talk. How can I keep her from speaking so hard about life? Every time I bring up a different subject she changes it to say 'What is life?' She is always saying she knows no change in her life, and that the older she gets the worse life seems to her."

"What can you do? You can thank a merciful Providence that you found out the girl you love is a dismal raven before you married her, and had to hear croak."

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

She Should Buy It. Dear Miss Fairfax: Is it proper for a young girl to buy her wedding dress, or should the young man make her a present of it?

The girl should buy her own clothes, of course. It would be very improper for her to accept anything so personal from any young man, though he may be her betrothed.

Not So He Feels It.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 16, and for the last year have known a young man two years my senior, with whom I kept company up to seven months ago, when we had a quarrel and parted. Now we speak, but he doesn't seem the same, as he is always throwing up to me what happened in the past, and treats me very coolly at times. Does he care for me or not?

He is so unfair, and shows such an unpleasant tendency to cherish a grudge, that I hope, for your own sake, you will cast him out of your heart.

croak, croak all your life. Evidently she has no troubles now beyond the imaginary ones that come to pessimistic youth. With marriage and years there will come troubles that are real. Can you imagine her wall and whine in those days? My dear young man, it is women like she who drive men mad.

That is what you could do. Thank a merciful Providence that you escaped, but, being in love and hopeful, you don't want to escape. You want this girl for your wife with this fault cured.

Take a leaf from Shakespeare, the greatest student of human nature the world ever knew: Read "Taming of the Shrew," and ponder while you read.

Then call on this somber-souled girl and groan when you hand her your hat, and from that moment till you take your departure do not admit by look or word that there ever was any sunshine in the world, or that there ever will be.

Get to the task of abusing life before she begins, and make your wails and sighs and moans and groans so deep, so profound, so mournful, that in comparison her plaints will be only the muttering before the storm.

Regret the day you were born; long for the cold tomb in every breath; srew with ashes the path from the cradle to the grave; express distrust of your friends; deprecate every ambition, and, in short, spatter black paint and trim with the habiliments of woe every subject that comes up. Don't do this occasionally, but always. Let your face resemble that of a hired mourner, and your talk sound like the wail of a lost soul. Make her know you feel like a grave that is forgotten and all sunk in; out-groan, out-mourn, out-wail and outweep her; surfeit her with gloom, and she will long, oh, how she will long, for the days when you laughed and thought life a pretty sweet thing, and well worth while.

If such tactics do not cure her, bestow your love elsewhere, for, take it from me, my dear young man, there is no fate in life worse than to all opposite a raven three times a day and hear croak, croak, croak.

It is such as she that makes life not worth the living.

For Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Gas or a Sick, Sour Stomach—Pape's Diapepsin

Time it! In five minutes your nauseated stomach feels fine—Stops fermentation.

You don't want a slow remedy when your stomach is bad—or an uncertain one—a harmful one—your stomach is too valuable; you mustn't injure it with drastic drugs.

Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its speed in giving relief; it's harmless; it's certain unfailing action in regulating sick, sour, gassy stomachs. It's millions of cures in indigestion, dyspepsia, gas-

tritis, and other stomach troubles has made it famous the world over.

Keep this perfect stomach doctor in your home—keep it handy—get a large fifty-cent case from any drug store, and then if anyone should eat something which doesn't agree with them; if what they eat lays like lead, ferments and sours and forms gas; causes headache, dizziness and nausea; eructations of acid and undigested food—remember as soon as Pape's Diapepsin comes in contact with the stomach, all such distress vanishes. It's promptness, certainty and ease in overcoming the worst stomach disorders is a revelation to those who try it.—Advertisement.

The Real Cause of Most Bad Complexions

It is a stern fact that no truly beautiful complexion ever came out of jars or bottles; the longer one uses cosmetics the worse the complexion becomes. Skin, to be healthy, must breathe. It also must open through the pores, its share of the body's efforts to get rid of impurities. Get an ounce of mercurized wax at your druggist's and try it. Apply nightly like cold cream, for a week or so, washing it off morning. To eradicate wrinkles, here's a marvelous effective treatment which also acts naturally and harmlessly. Dissolve 1 oz. powdered saffron in 1/2 pt. witch hazel and use as a wash lotion.—Advertisement.