The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Happiness

What It is, and How to Get It

By ADA PATTERSON

Happiness is a gentle exhileration of the soul—depending upon deep and frequent draughts of content.

It is largely a habit, in great measure a point of view. Happiness must not be confounded with joy. Joys dot pathway of life now and then, here and there. Happiness is a radiance that sheds itself upon it and that can be made continual. I was about to say perpetual, and will so say, for the habits of thought formed here assuredly persist in another sphere. Joys are inseparable from affections. Happiness may be apart from them and independent of them. Joys are occasional visitors, rapturously welcomed, and capricious as to their goings and comings. Happiness is a state of mind that can be attained by any one. Joys are accidents that may befall us. Happiness is a condition we ourselves create.

Reviewing the long procession of persons I have known so well that their soul states were readable to me, I rank as the happiest those who did not depend upon others for their happiness. Some of these were husbands, some wives, some parents, or brothers or sisters. The lives of all were interwoven with others in the commonest of life's relationships. But they did not lean upon the other individual in that tie as a ladder against the side of the house. It is omnious for such ladder against the side of the house.

It is omnious for such ladder if the house be a crumbling decaying one. There are ladders that have supports of their own, that are able to do their work of hoisting humans to higher positions, yet that stand sturdily upon their own support.

Persons wise, either innately or because they are of the rare folk who distill wisdom quickly from experience, do not expect to derive the full measure of their happiness from anyone. Having judicial minds, able to put themselves in another's place, they know that it is asking too much from anyone, to keep the cup of someone's else content full and sweetened exactly to his taste.

The ideal hero of a novel may perform this miracle, but no average human being ever did, aind most human beings are average. Except in one of the transient joy states no one has ever enjoyed being anyone's ideal, for being someone's ideal entails living up to the heights established by the dreamer. A young woman complained to me of the idolatrous feeling she had inspired in a distant relative.

"I hate being worshipped," she said. "It is so hard to live up to the plans and specifications." Therefore, wise folk do not idolize others because the wise are also just and they do not want to be idolized. They expect an average of human conduct from the persons closest to their lives, and without making their efforts too plain, try to raise the average by a good example of their own.

To them, friends are not a necessity, but a luxury. They enjoy them, but they can get on comfortably without them. Pain, taught by the defections of Sue or Harry, they have learned to stand alone. The first stage in the evolution that follows is bitterness. The second is plain. The last is happiness, that strong, calm happiness of self-reliance whose price is experience.

Continuing to review the procession of persons I have known close to the front rank of happy folk I see the group of those who know what they want. Happiness attends these because when we know what we want we go after it and get it. The world is crowded with wobble folk. They want this today and that tomorrow and yesterday they wanted something different from either; wobble folk are greedy folk. They want to corner life's joys. They would like to form a merger of all the desirable things of earth and be at the head of the merger. In youth, at the threshold of life, if everyone knew what he wanted everyone would be sure to secure it, for nothing can resist the continuous attack of the person who wants one good thing from life. We cannoe effectually ask of life many things at one time. **The secret of getting what we want is to let it be the one thing we** [illegible] day after day, night after night, through calm and storm, through successive seasons, and behold! when we have waited long enough some day the precious things become ours.

Life rebukes the greedy gatherer of benefits, but rewards him who counts upon one. Do we want success? Is that the neynote of our lives, the craving of our being, the cry of our hearts? Then, sometime, somehow we win it. Do we want love more than aught else. Then some heart assuredly will answer to the call of ours. But if we ask for success and love, wisdom, fame, we may miss them all.

Another class of persons who enjoy a serene happiness is those who have the consciousness of having done their best with the equipment which nature has given them. Every man and woman has a gift, if only for shoeing horses or making cheeses. He is happy who knows when evening sets its grey seal of silence upon his labors, that he has made good shoes and that each horse has gone forth from his blacksmith shop well shod. The woman who pushes back the last mould has the pleasant pride of having fashioned her cheeses as richly and firmly and cleanly as she could. The pleasure of the work consciously done is one of the greatest that life affords. Moreover, it is a permanent one. The rewards of our work may not seem to be what it deserves. But the deep satisfaction of doing our own work in our own way, no better perhaps, but a little different than any other has done it, no power nor combination of powers in the world can take from us.

Happy are those persons who are unlonely. Among the concepts of the state of perpetual punishment is that of an utter hopeless and perpetual loneliness. A great teacher used to say: "Let me never hear one of my pupils complain of being lonely. No intelligent person ever need be lonely. The resources of the developed intellect are so many, thoughts are such good fellows, we should never sorely miss frequent association with other persons." An old clergyman said in my hearing, "My child, whatever sorrows the world may heap upon you, be comforted by the fact that you have a well trained mind." We lean always toward pity for the only child in a family. We think of him as self-centered, introspective, of an age far in advance of his years, a child that has been cheated of most of his childhood because his companions have been those of another generation. Yet there is compensation for this state even in a child, and that is his self-sufficiency. Such a child will never know loneliness. He will never fear the bogies of the less self-reliant. The spectre of loneliness will never stalk through his soul.

The Restless Spirit

By MRS. FRANK LEARNED.

Author of "The Etiquette of New York Today."

Early in life it is well to realize that the spirit of restlessness must be resisted as an enemy to a normal condition of mind or body. Many people think that to achieve results they must hurry—make a stir. Good work and hurry do not go together. Clear thought and flurry cannot dwell in the mind at the same time. The person who succeeds in life has steadiness of mind, self-discipline and quiet thinking. The mind that is not flurried by events or activities balances the person who achieves good results. The mind that is clouded by flurry cannot face oppertunities or solve problems.

Some persons think that they impress others with their importance by talking about being terribly busy and telling of the rush in which they live. There is no time for any pleasant, friendly interchange of thought. They are "going on" somewhere and have not a moment to stop. One feels, when talking with them, as though one were whirling along in a motor or on an express train.

To live in a state of unrest and reverish excitement is not conducive to happiness. It is better to try to do a few little things which are worth while than many of the things which require a continual drive and are a waste of energy or time—and certainly waste of peace of mind.

There are numberless little tasks of every-day life which need to be done. A good way to cure restlessness is to do them, and to do them as well as we can. It is a very pleasant thought that there is generally something that each one of us can do, some very little thing, perhaps, some small, lowly task or act, but which no one else can do; or there is some one to whom no one can be quite as useful as we may be. Too efetn we neglect those little things which are plainly before us, almost asking to be done.

A girl who is on the watch for the little duties at home and does them cheerfully and gladly will find that they help to make happiness.

It may not seem a great thing to go on an errand for a mother, or to spend an hour in mending, or in arranging a room, or putting a desk in order, or making a delicious dessert to please a father; but perhaps these are some of the little daily things demanding to be done. Any form of work is worth doing, and if it is done in the right spirit it is sure to brighten our own lives and the lives of others.

The trouble is that the spirit of restlessness creates a desire to do anything else but what is the affair of the moment. There is a discontent with present surroundings, a visionary longing for which one may be totally unqualified.

A girl must try to see very clearly what are her duties at home and whether she is needed there before she determines on an independent career away from home. A very old and sweet saying is a great help in time of doubt as to action: "Do the duty that is nearest. The second duty will already have become clearer."

To The Young Expectant Mother

'Women of Experience Advise the Use of Mother's Friend.

There is a certain degree of trepidation in the minds of most women in regard to the subject of motherhood. The longing to

possess is often contradicted by the inherent fear of a period of distress.

But there need be no such dread in view of the fact that we have a most noble remedy in what is known as Mother's Friend. This is an external application that has a wonderful influence and control over the muscular tissues of the abdomen. By its daily use the muscles, cords, tendons and ligaments all gently expand without the slightest strain; there is no pain, no nausea, no nervousness; what was dreaded as a severe physical ordeal becomes a calm, serene, joyful anticipation that has its impress such as our foremost teachers of Eugenics are striving to drill into the minds of the present generation.

In almost every community there are women who have used Mother's Friend, and they are the ones that recovered quickly, conserved their health and strength to thus preside over families destined by every rule of physiology and the history of successful men and women to repeat the story of greater attainment.

Mother's Friend is prepared after the formula of a noted family doctor by the Bradfield Regulator Co., 138 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

Write them for their instructive book to expectant mothers. You will find Mother's Friend on sale by all drug stores at $1.00 a bottle.

Science

Egypt a Hundred Centuries Ago Brought to Light at Tarkhan

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Civilized people lived in Egypt ten thousand years ago—so long ago that the North Star, which, from the days of the Phoenician navigators, when commerce was young, until our time, has guided ships at sea, was then many degrees from the pole of the heavens, while another and a brighter star glittered not far from the north point of the celestial sphere!

The excavations recently made by Prof. Petrie of the British School of Archaeology have established this fact, which must appear very astonishing to those who still retain the old belief that the world itself is only about six thousand years old.

But such investigations as those of Prof. Petrie carry the same overwhelming conviction to the reasoning mind as that which has caused all intelligent persons to accept the conclusions of geology concerning the millions upon millions of years that the earth has been inhabited by a great variety of animals, some of whose descendants, but little changed in their forms, are codwellers with us today upon this ancient planet.

The nature of the excavations made by Prof. Petrie in Egypt may be clearly seen in the photographs which are here reproduced.

There you see the beautifully carved tables of stone and of alabaster, the animal figures, the sphinxes, the specimens of pottery, and the granite sarcophagi, or coffins, which that wonderful, prehistoric people made for themselves.

There, too, you see some of the skeletons of the "sacred" animals which they honored with burial ceremonies hardly less elaborate than those which were devoted to their kings, queens and rulers. Prof. Petrie and his assistants have uncovered not less than 800 ancient graves, none of which are less than about 6,000 years old.

All of them tell the same story, viz: that so long ago as that men had already learned many of the arts which we often think are peculiar to times included within the limits of written history. They could not merely build strong and beautiful structures of masonry and carve statues and shape vases and excite the admiration of architects and artists today, but they knew the use of the most precious metals, and formed exquisite ornaments of gold and silver.

These things must set one to thinking, for we know that arts and sciences are long in being developed, requiring thousands of years, and that no civilization can grow up except as the result of many centuries of slow advance. How far back, then, should we have to go in order to find the real beginning of Egypt? Ten thousand years must be but a step in that long march of human progress! The poles of the heavens may have swung more than once completely round their great 26,000-year orbit since the land of the Nile began to bloom with cultivation, and its human inhabitants started on their upward course.

Nothing can be more interesting than these delvings into the past history of the globe since man came upon it, and the farther that unwritten, but still not unrecorded, history stretches back the more the wonder grows, for every new discovery plunging deeper into the ages shows that we are yet far from the starting point.

Upper Picture—Carved Table of Stone from Egypt of 10,000 years Ago—Middle Picture—Skeleton as Found by Prof. Petrie—Lower Picture—Carvings and Remains of the Ancients.

Ten Commandments of The Summer Wife

By DOROTHY DIX.

Arise sister, gird up thy straight front, put glad raiment upon thyself and take thy vacation; yea, take it though thou hast to fight for it with tooth and nail for she that hath wrestled with the robber that lieth in wait in the butcher shop and the despoiler who abideth in the grocery store and who hath provided the wherewithal her family is fed three times a day for 365 days, needeth to slip the yoke for a space while the galled place health.

2. When thou takest thy vacation, go it alone. Be not as those foolish wives who say, "I have never been parted from my husband, and lo, where he goeth there will I also go," for belike thou hast gotten on thy husband's nerves and he would fain have a rest from thee.

3. Reflect that nine months of the year can a man rejoice and be exceeding glad to be married. Ten months can he steel his heart with fortitude to endure it, but on the twelith month he noticeth that his wife's nose is crooked, and he knocketh her cooking. Therefo e, get thee hence on the twelfth month, and when thou shalt return to him and he will make a feast at thy coming.

4. Stay not too long, though, on thy vacation, for it is not good that a husband should be left alone to his own devices until he can find the secret spot wherein the clean shirt hideth itself and the fresh collars are secreted. Verily it was written in the Book of the Prophets that a little absence maketh the heart grow fonder, but too much absence incline th it to another skirt.

THEY SHALL MOCK THEE.

5. When thou rockest in the chair that swayeth back and forth on the Summer hotel gallery, boast not thyself of thine automobile, and thy butler, and thy social prestige, and the diamonds thou hast left behind thee in thy husband's safe; for the women thou braggest to are the Daughters of Missouri, that even require to be shown, and they shall mock thee behind thy back as a liar.

6. Tell not the secret of thy life. Reveal not the weaknesses of thy husband, and pull not forth from thy closet the skeleton where it is hidden because thou happenest to stroll in the twilight with a sympathetic sister, for lo she shall tell that tale to another, and she shall repeat it to still another, and scandal shall be heaped upon thy name.

GO IT ALONE.

HE IS AS A PHONOGRAPH.

7. When thou playest bridge, get thee a strangle hold upon thy purse, for peradventure the society dames with whom thou sportest shall shear thee even as a lamb is sheared on Wall Street, and thou shalt have to write home for more money.

8. Take not the lone Summer man away from the maidens when he fleest to thee as to a temple of refuge, because thou already hast a husband and cannot expect him to marry thee. Flirt not with such an one, but stand thou to one side and give the virgins their chance, for lo in these days a husband is scarce and hard to come at.

9. Listen not to the man who wandereth on the beach with thee in the moonlight and who sayeth, "Would God I had met thee in time," for behold he is but a phonograph with one record, and hath already said the same thing to 881,735 other women. Also he draweth but twenty-five bones per in a department store, whilst thy husband hath skill with the shekels, so that thou adornest thyself in purple and split skirts therewithal.

10. Forget not that gossip stalketh through the halls of a Summer hotel, seeking whom it may destroy; therefore bear thyself as though thou posest in a moving picture film and converse as though thou consortest with a dictagraph. So shalt thou meet thy husband with a glad smile when he cometh down on the Saturday afternon train, and thy heart shall not quake with fear when thou thinkest of what one of the old cats who knit pink sweaters in the hotel lobby may reveal unto him.

Selah.

Evolution Again

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

And now what has happened, or occurred, taken place or appeared? My mail is changing again; questions on evolution are coming with increasing rapidity. What has once more started up the doctrine of evolution? No hypothesis ever encountered so many ups and downs. The roarings of wars of words surge in the papers, magazines and books of the world, for a time, die out and remain quiescent during an interval and then lurid flames of conflict burst forth. And now the serenity of this summit is disturbed and the tumult is heard above the clouds.

These are the flying shells: Q. "Is the theory of evolution true?" "Has the doctrine of evolution been proved?" "Is evolution settled in science?" "Is Darwinism a teaching of science?" "Do colleges and university courses include evolution?" "Do animals really change into other kinds?" "Have all agreed to evolution, or are there those who oppose?"

And these are the woes, not in Pandora's box, but in the Mount Lowe mail sack. The answer is that there are those who still oppose the teachings of evolution in many of its branches. For evolutionists are divided among themselves. For some write that they believe in the existence of a Creator, while others say virtually that all things evolved themselves. Still others hold that the Creator started the process of evolution, and then retired, leaving all things to evolve by means of laws impressed upon matter. A few believe that matter itself, or the properties thereof, are a law unto themselves; a refinement of this being that the properties are the laws.

Having been asked for an opinion, I give this: Nothing exists but electrons—these were created by a Creator, and the Creator is entirely mental, is mind. All matter, whatever be its nature, all objects, were formed later of the created electrons, also by mental force. All attributes, qualities, properties and specific characteristics of all types, phases, elements or kinds of matter were imparted or impressed by the Creator of electrons, beside which all other things in existence are secondary.

Evolution referred to in these questions relates to changes, advances, recessions and again advances in plants and animals—that is, in the organic world. The change of one kind, type or plant of one animal into another has not been proved. Take hundreds of kinds of pigeons as mentioned on page fifteen of Darwin's "Origin of Species." They vary most remarkably, but they are all pigeons. Horses are widely varied, but no matter how they differ, the horse plan exists in all.

Now, I assert, dogmatically, if the reader pleases, that the first cell that produced a pigeon was created by a creator, entire mental; likewise the horse and every other living being from an animal so small that 50,000 of them side by side would fill out a line one inch long, to the largest geologic period fifty-ton beasts, terrestial or aquatic. And not one in original cell structure, attribute or quality has changed, evoluted, developed, mutated or merged into another of different type or kind.

It is within primordial cells that true mutation or change is to be searched after. This search has been made, but cellular evolution has not been discovered. The great founders of the doctrine of evolution do not make extreme claims like some of their followers:

Complete materialists, those who believe that matter is eternal, therefore not created, will find the significant words "creation" and "created" on page 82, volume II of "Origin of Species," thus: "Single Centers of Supposed Creation.' We are thus brought to the question which has been largely discussed by naturalists, namely, whether species have been created at one or more points of the earth's surface. Undoubtedly there are many cases of extreme difficulty in understanding how the same species could possibly have migrated from some one point to the several distant isolated points where now found.

"Nevertheless, the simplicity of the view that each species was first produced within the single region captivates the mind. He who rejects it rejects the very causa of ordinary generation with subsequent migration and calls in the agency of a miracle." I would erase the word "supposed" and substitute the word "creation" for the word "miracle in the above.

The theory of evolution of one kind of plant or animal into another kind is not true. I am out of touch with colleges at present, but believe that all teach evolution, mutation, variation, selection and changes in many of their forms, but doubt if any professor, if asked by a student this question, would answer "No." Q. "Does a Creator exist?" Some might reply: "I do not know—this is unknowable."

Or, if the word "know" is not desirable, the word "aware" may be substituted by those who do not like the stronger word. Man, normal, is aware that a Creator exists. I said this to a questioner once, and he replied, " 'Aware' is a stronger word than 'know.' " Now let me "dogmatize:" I know that a Creator exists and that it is mind.

Lowe Observatory, California.

The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

"I see in the papers that the prince of Wales got a call down from King George for indorsing a note and getting stung for $2,500," said the Head Barber.

"That's nothing," said the Manicure Lady. "Lots of princes has got stung for indorsing notes, and they wasn't all princes of royal blood, either. I seen that same piece in the paper, but it was quite a while ago. Gee, George, I'll bet he felt awful when the king of England bawled him out. A king's anger must be terrible to behold. That's what the historical novels tells, anyhow."

"I don't see how a king can be any madder at his son for monkeying with indorsed notes than any dad is with his boy," said the Head Barber. "A man can only get about so mad without getting apoplexy. A king can't call you down no harder than Paddy the Pig. There is only so many words in the English language, and a roughneck can say them as loud and as often as a king."

"Yes, there is a good deal in that," agreed the Manicure Lady. "You remember when I lost my purse last week, George. I was just as mad as a human being could be when I seen I had lost it. No king could have been madder. I could have bit the head off anybody that said I misplaced it, until I found it and knew I had been careless. Oh, well, what is money anyhow? Why should the king of England be sore at his son? The kid's grandfather was the same sort of a sport. He was more than a king, George, that Edward man. He was a regular guy. He knew more about the value of money than people thinks he did. He knew so much about the value of money that he knew it didn't have no great value at all. He had friends that was rich and friends that was poor, and he would stick to a friend that was poor just as surely as he would walk away from a pest that was rich.

"Wilfred says that he would have did the same as young prince of Wales did, only it wouldn't do the poor kid no good to endorse a $2,500 note. It makes an awful difference whose name is on the back of a piece of paper, George, it ain't the color of the ink or the penmanship or the pen it was wrote with. But I didn't have the heart to tell Wilfred that he would never be able to endorse a note, and I guess he don't care much for what little money he ever made, except to be happy with it. He wrote a poem yesterday and sent it to a magazine and this is the copy of it:

"I do not care for boundless wealth
Or anything it brings to me,
Just so long as I have my good health
And every songbird sings to me.
The richest brewer in the land
Is only rich in gold and silver,
And I, who have friends on every hand,
Their love all gold I would not kill for.

"Wilfred said that he knew 'silver' and 'kill for' was a bum rhyme, but he explained to me that there wasn't no real rhyme for 'silver,' and I suppose the magazine editor will let it got at that. Anyhow, them sentiments of his is about the same as mine. I don't know how much money Edward the Seventh had when he died, and I don't care, but there is a lot of people in the world that was made happier when he was here, and he will be talked about as a regular man just as long as he is talked about as a good king. I am afraid his son ain't much like him, with all his court doings and pomp, but I am glad to know his grandson is a human being."

"Here, too," said the Head Barber. "I wish somebody would endorse a note for me. The landlord is barking like a hound."

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Leave That to Her.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 21 and in love with a girl 19, and she loves me. Another man, who is much older, is trying to win her love, but she doesn't care for him. At present I am not settled, and it may take about three years before I can marry, while the other man can support her quite nicely. Have I the right to ask her to wait? S. J.

She loves you. She doesn't love the other man. If she is worthy of a good man's love she will wait indefinitely for him in preference to marrying a man she does not care for. Give her the right to decide, and see that you don't make her tired of waiting too long.

How to Wash Face to Preserve Its Beauty

(From Beauty's Mirror.)

The face should never be washed more than once a day, that in the morning, according to an eminent London physician. There's nothing like rain water for this, he says. If the skin is not over-sensative, cold water is better than warm. Dashing it over the face with the palms of the hands, aids in toning up relaxed skin. The face should be dried with a soft towel and not exposed to the outdoor air for at least a half hour.

Never use soap, but at night smear over the face some presolated buttermilk paste, rubbing it in gently and removing in the morning with cold water. It is more cleansing than any soap and contains no alkali. Its value as a skin softener and whitener is well recognized, and of course this applies to neck and hands as well as the face. Any druggist can supply good presolated butterfmilk paste, and it is far more convenient to use than a daily wash of buttermilk. It is more economical, too, so large an amount of the beautifying elements being concentrated in the paste.—Advertisement.