

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Only Cure

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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You may talk of reformations, of the Economic Plan.

That shall stem the Social Evil in its Course;
But the Ancient Sin of nations, must be got at in the Man.
If you want to cleanse a river, seek the source.

Ever since his first beginning, Man has had his way, in lust,
He has never learned the law of Self-Control;
And the World condones his sinning, and the Doctors say he must,
And the Churches shut their eyes, and take his toll.

And the lauded "Lovely Mothers," send their son out into life
With no knowledge-welded armour for the fight;
"He will make his way like others, through the Oat-field, to the
Wife;
He will somehow be led onward, to the light."

Yes, his leaders, they shall find him. On the highways at each turn,
(Since you did not choose to counsel or to warn),
They shall tempt him, then shall bind him; they shall blight, and
they shall burn,
Down to offspring and descendants yet unborn.

It can never end through preaching; it can never end through laws;
This social sore, no punishment can heal.
It must be the mother's teaching of the purpose and the cause,
And God's glory, lying under sex appeal.

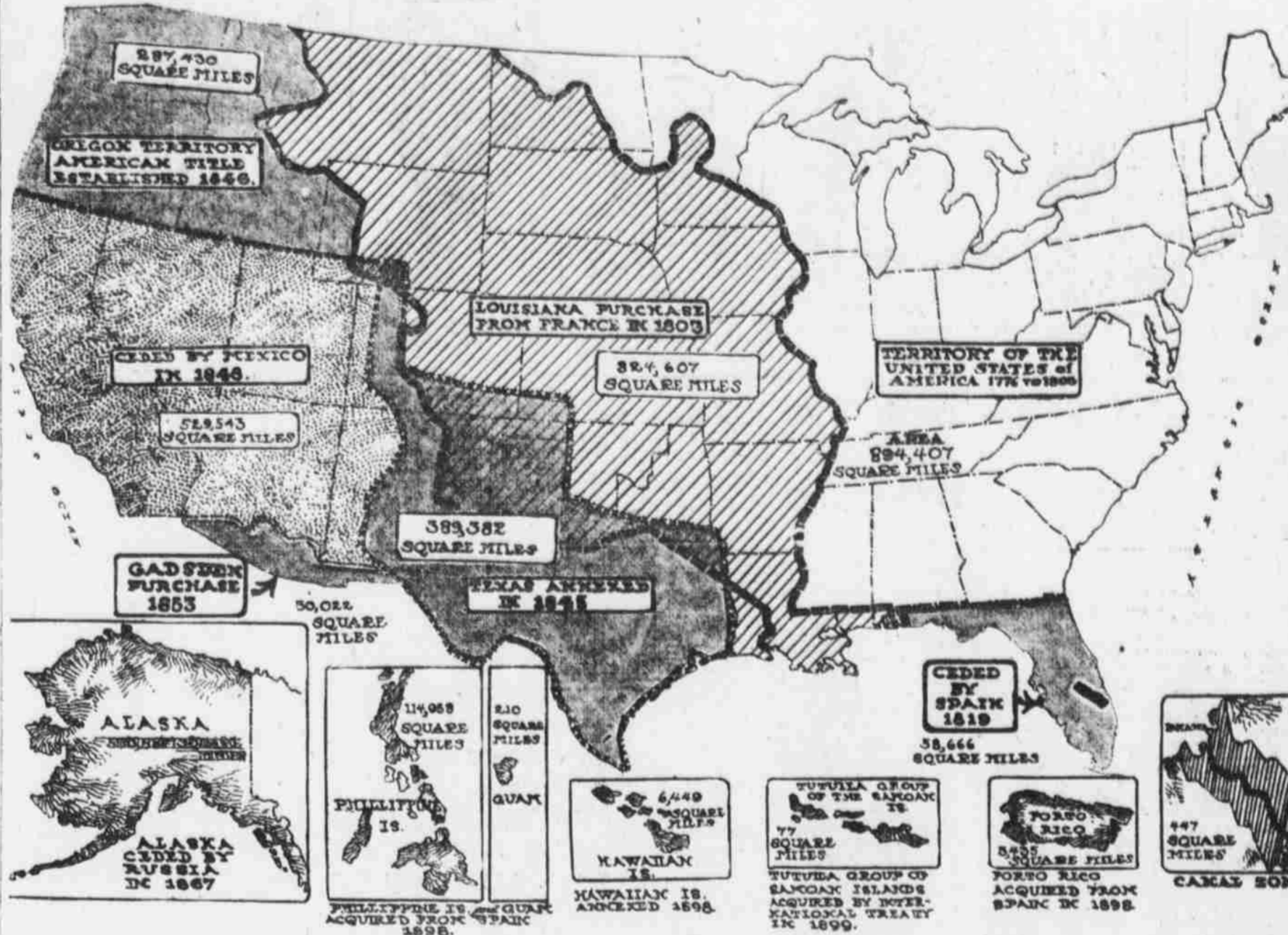
She must feel no fear to name it to the children it has brought;
She must speak of it as sacred and sublime;
She must beautify, not abuse it, by her speech and by her thoughts,
Till they listen, and respect it, for all time.

From the heart they rested under ere they saw the light of day,
Must the daughters and the sons be taught this truth;
Till they think of it with wonder, as a holy thing always;
While love's wisdom guides them safely through their youth.

Oh, the world has made its devil, and the Mothers let it grow;
And the Man has dragged their thoughts down to the earth.
There will be no Social Evil, when each waking mind shall know
All the grandeur and the beauty bid in birth.

When each Mother sets the fashion to win confidence and trust,
And to teach the mighty lesson, Self-Control,
We can lift the great Sex passion from the darkness and the dust
And enshrine it on the altar of the soul.

Ten Steps in the Republic's Growth



THE map tells the story and points the mighty moral of the republic's growth. The entire territory of the United States today covers 3,730,217 square miles. We began with 894,407 square miles. This was the territory of the United States from 1776 to 1803—the original thirteen states. Since 1803 the republic has grown, has expanded its territory and advanced its power by the addition of 2,836,110 square miles!

In Ozark Country

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

I am writing this at Hot Springs, Ark. McCombs, the man who discovered Woodrow Wilson was born in Arkansas. My fellow worker in the vineyard, Ope Road, has advertised Arkansas by the right oblique in his amusing stories. Ope Ope!



Ope has a wonderful imagination. Also has that luminous literary light who wrote 'America's Masterpieces'.

"Through Arkansas on a Mule." These two merry rogues in buckram have put the state in a bad light before a good many people who look to vaudeville for their facts.

The truth is, Arkansas has more points to recommend it than any other single state in the union. In potential wealth Arkansas is our all-around rich state. It produces everything that is produced anywhere in America. It has climate and, incidentally, it has weather. It has lovely scenery—mountains, prairies, noble rivers, sparkling streams, vast forests and broad acres, which, when sickled with a plough, laugh a harvest, plus.

The people who live in Arkansas are a happy, generous, prosperous, intelligent class. They average well. Of course, there are all kind of folks in Arkansas, just as there are in Boston and New York City. But the idea of "Arkansians" wearing flowing blouses, through which the Summer zephyrs blow; that they chew infinite tobacco and can expectorate with accuracy at long distances; that the women all wear liney-woolsey, cheap snuff, and that the children are addicted to hookworm, is a fallacy generated in the peasant mind of the man who has never been there.

Arkansas is rich in mineral wealth. Gold, silver, zinc, tin, iron, aluminum, are found here in workable quantities. And strangest of all, Arkansas has a diamond mine that threatens to put Kimberley, South Africa, to the bad. And as for Hot Springs, they have no duplicate on the American Continent. The waters contain valuable medicinal qualities not to be found anywhere else.

And so, then, a-bas the hookworm. Also, a-bas in Ope and his partner in literary crime, the hoodlum Shakespeare who misinterpreted through Arkansas on his long-suffered Pegasus! Let the silence swallow them both.

De Soto and his army were the first white men to visit Hot Springs. In Hot Springs Creek there are remains of a dam, evidently built by white men and it is believed that this was the work of De Soto. It was the first attempt to pit the Hot Springs on a sanitary and hygienic basis.

There is a legend that Hot Springs was neutral ground for all Indian tribes. Here even the enemies met and were friends, for the time being at least. No war was made upon the sick and the unfortunate. And the precedents still prevail, thanks to the government of the United States.

Thomas Jefferson knew the great secret of mutuality and reciprocity. It's a little queer that we can't write the history of the United States without quoting Thomas Jefferson. He is our one great democrat, and, happily, we are catching up with him.

Arkansas was a part of the Louisiana Purchase. Thomas Jefferson knew the value of the Hot Springs, and in 1804 he sent an exploring party to the springs to make a map of the surrounding country and report on the quality of the waters, and to find out if there was anyone in possession.

So to Thomas Jefferson we must attribute a prayer of gratitude for Hot Springs, Ark. It was his desire that the springs should not be polluted; that this, as the Indians, proclaimed, should be neutral ground. It should belong to all of the people all of the time.

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Dreams of Childhood

By WINIFRED BLACK.

The little boy was fast asleep. And such a room as he slept in—the new yellow trolley car stood at the very threshold, the "fast freight" with its red engine and heavily loaded box cars was on a siding at the foot of the bed; the new Christmas tree stood in readiness close by the big chair; the Indian suit was hung on the bottom rail of the bed, and the fireman's red helmet at the head. But, what on earth! He was wearing the cowboy "chaps"—wool and a full half-yard wide—the rope in his chubby hand, the blue flannel shirt buttoned over his pajamas. He must have gotten up and dressed himself over again before he really went to sleep at all. Yes, there was the gun in its holster!

How could he sleep in comfort with all that realia on! But sleep he did, and smiled while he slept, and turned and passed his fat hand lovingly over the woolly "chaps," tightened his fingers on the beloved "rope" with its cunningly fashioned running noose, smiled again and slept on sounder than ever.

Happy dreams, Little Boy—Daredevil Dick! I mean—may you rove over boundless prairies all the happy night and rope the biggest steer seen or heard of by mortal man.

May your faithful pony bear you away, away, far into the glorious west, and may the thud of his flying hoofs strike terror to the hearts of all roving evildoers, for aren't you there to avenge, Daredevil Dick?

What is the name of that pony of yours? "Let-er-go!" Fine, just the name for him. "Let-er-go," and may the lightning be as sunshine to the twinkling of his flying feet.

Dear me, I had a pony once—in my dreams. No, mine wasn't a pony—mine was a Spanish barb—whatever sort of horse that was. He was black as jet, with waving mane and tail, and his name was "Spittfire"—not Spanish exactly, but still it was his name.

When I rode that Spanish barb I wore, if you please, a dress of rose pink satin

draped with costly lace of cobweb fineness. There were diamonds in my tumbled golden curls, and my cheeks were scarlet, as were my scornful lips. I had eyes of midnight that were like flashing stars when I was angry, and melted to soft moons when I was pleased.

No one would ever have suspected any of these things who looked at me. I was to the ordinary eye just a red-headed, hatchet-faced little girl in short petticoats and my Spanish barb was just a hitching rack in the hitching stalls back of the old church—but, pshaw, such people as that didn't see.

They didn't really see that she who rode beside me on the next hitching rack was not the minister's daughter, but a lady of high degree—the Lady Pearl of Pearl Island, where her estates lay. Her steed was of Arab lineage—a mare, brown as a chestnut burr—and she who rode her was clad in blue sash looped and beaded all over with priceless pearls.

The third rack in the hitching stalls back of the old church was an Arab charger, white as the driven snow, with eyes of flashing fire, and a mane like crinkled silver.

The rider of this glorious steed was yeulet Ysabel, proud and stately and noble to an amazing degree, and she wore a dress of shining white satin looped and hung with deep hearted rubies, and her long hair was pinned to the bottom of the train, each strand with a cross of burning rubies.

All this we knew, we three who ran to the old church every day when school was out; to all others we were just three queer little girls, with nothing in particular in the way of looks and no adornment that to us was so real.

Madge, Pearl and Ysabel, we rode far, far away in our brave satin sparkling with gems; far away into that land of dreamy glory that lies always just outside the door in the lives of happy children.

I saw Ysabel, the haughty, the other day; she was just coming from school, where she had been to see why her youngest wasn't doing so well as he might in spelling.

Pearl, the princess, has just returned from Europe. She teaches Greek in a big eastern college. I wonder if the young ladies ever realize that she is the Princess Pearl. Sharp anxieties have reached her heart in the passing year—anxieties she never dreamed of when she donned her dress of satin leaved with pearls and rode her Arab mare.

Deep sorrow has come to Ysabel. I saw that written in her eyes the other day, though she smiled and held her head bravely. And Madge, she of the golden curls wreathed in diamonds; she of the eyes of midnight, with the crimson cheeks and lily brow. Poor Madge, I'm afraid those eyes have been wet with some weeping tears since she rode Spittfire. But I'm glad we rode the Arab steed and the Spanish barb; I'm glad we wore the gem-crustal robes of satin; I'm glad our glorious eyes flashed and our proud lips curled.

I'm glad, too, that the little boy wore his "chaps" to bed last night and slept with his beloved "rope" close in his hot little hand. I know now that he who looks like a round-faced toy to me is really "Daredevil Dick, the Terror of the Plains," who would not hesitate to enter into single combat with a grizzly bear, or to take issue with a whole band of the deadliest Indians that ever whooped.

Dear Daredevil Dick, asleep in your cowboy suit! Happy dreams, Dick. May some of your dreams, the noblest of them, come true!

As for me, when I lie down for the long sleep, what shall I take with me for company? I wonder! Through the long silence, the long, long night, what dreams, what hopes, what fond illusions? And will there be some one to stand beside me and smile kindly at the little treasures I have upon my heart there in the long stillness?

Girl a Candida-e for President of France

Who Dares Now to Say that Woman is Not Man's Equal



JULIA LATHROP.

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

Mlle. Deniseard has announced her candidacy for the presidency of the French republic.

Mlle. Deniseard, who is young, tall and vigorous, admits that she doesn't think she will win the election, but she is going to run, just the same, and the press and people have greeted her candidacy with interest and with courtesy. Her candidacy has even been recognized by the French Chamber of Deputies.

Five years ago even any woman who presumed to think of herself as a possible candidate for the presidency would have been hooped at.

Today even the most conservative newspaper opposed to woman suffrage, has admitted editorially that Mlle. Deniseard's candidacy was at least more hopeful than that of one of her rival candidates of the male sex who is being boomed by a French daily paper. The feminine portion of the press hails Mlle. Deniseard's candidacy as prophetic of the time when a woman will occupy the presidential chair.

Why not? As Mr. Shaw says: "You never can tell." At the present moment women are engaged in almost every occupation which was once supposed to be entirely given over to men. There are women soldiers in the Bulgarian and Serbian armies who have seen active service during the present war, notably Sophia Yovanovitch. There are women blacksmiths plying their trade as successfully as men.

There are licensed women chauffeurs, women pilots, woman aeronauts, women policemen and others doing men's work, but generally getting women's wages, in all parts of the world.

As to the woman in politics, we are just getting used to the fact that we have a woman in the Colorado house of representatives and another woman senator in the same state. Mrs. Helen King Robinson is a senator and Mrs. Frances



MRS. ELIA WILSON, MRS. HELEN R. ROBINSON, MRS. FRANCES L. LEE.

For the first time in history a woman—Miss June Adams—recorded a presidential nomination at a national convention last year. The significance of that act was felt all over the world, and gave a new impetus to the feminist movement in every part of the globe.

Women delegates sat in the 1912 national conventions of the republican and democratic parties—two ladies in each convention. Mrs. Florence Collins Porter of Los Angeles and Mrs. Isabella W. Blancy of California, sat in the republican convention, and Mrs. May Hutten of Spokane, Wash., and Mrs. Annie Hamilton Pitzer of Colorado Springs, and a sister-in-law of Champ Clark, voted for the democratic presidential candidate.

Mrs. Pitzer is one of the many thousands of women who take an active interest in politics, and whose efforts have been directed mainly in legislation affecting educational measures and child welfare.

Miss Julia Latrop, head of the United States Federal Children's Bureau, occupied a unique position in a new office created at the instant demands of the women of America.

Miss Jessie Townsend at 35 years of age, holds the purse strings of Atlantic City, as acting comptroller in the place of a man who was dismissed by the commission government, and the pretty blond girl is in full control of all the clerks in the department and the \$2,500,000 revenue of the city.

Massachusetts has a woman tax collector in the person of Mrs. Hannah Fairbanks Perham, and America's several women bankers are best represented by Mrs. Hetty Green.

There are women deputy sheriffs in most of the older suffrage states, and in these states women have been elected to the legislature as a matter of course, and to almost all public offices.

In 1910 the women of New Mexico got the school suffrage, and those of Norway have received municipal suffrage. In Germany, especially in parts of Wurtemberg, women engaged in agriculture voted for members of the chamber of agriculture and became eligible to that body.

Finland has had full suffrage since 1906 and sends women members to the Diet with unconcerned regularity. In Bosnia women owning a certain amount of real estate have a parliamentary vote. The same was granted to all women more than 25 years of age in Iceland.

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Breathe Hyomei and Cure Catarrh

No Cocaine, Opium or Harmful Drugs in Booth's Hyomei—It's Nature's Own Remedy.

Here is a sure way to get rid of Catarrh, hacking, snuffing, deaf all misery caused by the Catarrh germs. Get a HYOMEI outfit today, follow the instructions and breathe five times a day deep into your lungs the germ killing air through the little inhaler.

At night just before going to bed use the vapor treatment as directed. This treatment is prescribed by the best Catarrh Specialists in America and Europe to destroy Catarrh germs.

Booth's HYOMEI is Australian Eucalyptus and other splendid antiseptics. A complete outfit, which includes inhaler, is \$1.00; separate bottles, if the first does not entirely cure, can be obtained for 50 cents, and money back if you are dissatisfied. Just breathe it—no stomach dosing.

ARE YOU FIT TO MARRY?

Most People Are Not—So Eminent Scientists Say.

Do not marry if you are nervous and irritable. Do not marry if you are weak and dependent. Do not marry if you suffer from indigestion, constipation, sleeplessness or any liver trouble. More than half of the divorces and two-thirds of the failures in life can be traced to indigestion and constipation, for they are the parents of nervousness, sleeplessness and general debility.

I believe my Paw Paw Pills are doing more to prevent domestic troubles and financial failures, as well as bodily suffering, than any other medicine. They might be called the Peace-makers. They not only enable one to eat all they want, but they coax the liver into activity and carry off all the refuse matter through the bowels pleasantly and naturally.

My Paw Paw Pills are wholly unlike other laxatives or stomach remedies; they build up instead of tearing down. Melancholy and irritability cannot dwell in the same body with Paw Paw Pills. They are like ferrets, they chase out all discomforts and disagreements and bring good cheer.

Buy a bottle of your druggist, with the distinct understanding that, if you are not perfectly satisfied with the results I will refund your money.

MUNYON.