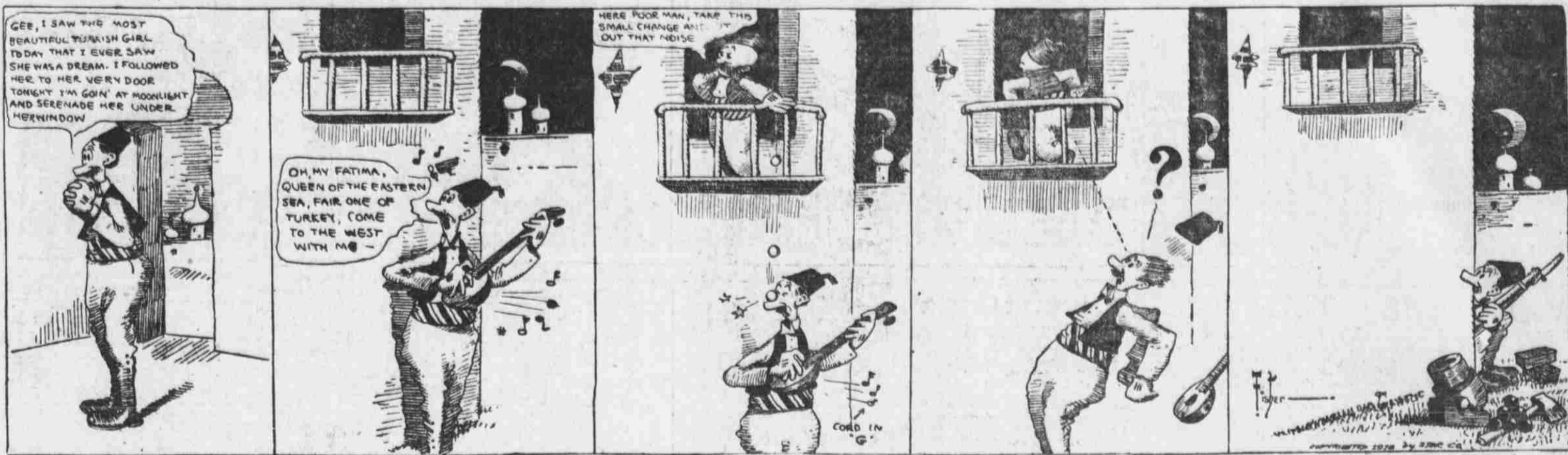


# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## O, Fatima! Come Out Only Once Again!

Drawn for The Bee by "Bud" Fisher



### Self-Control Makes You Master

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

**Thought Magnets.**  
Copyright, 1912, by Star Co.  
With each strong thought, with each earnest longing  
For aught thou deemest needful to thy soul,  
Invisible forces are set thronging  
Between thee and that goal.  
Tis only when some sudden weakness alters  
And changes thy desire, or makes it less,  
That this mysterious army ever falters  
Or stops short of success.

Thought is a magnet, and the longed-for pleasure,  
Or boon, or aim, or object is the steel,  
And its attainment hangs but on the measure  
Of what thy soul can feel.

"Ideas often come to you that uplift you greatly for a time. The way to make them permanent is to take hold of them by forming them into words and repeating the words until your subconscious self receives them and begins to build with them."

"For instance, a friend who had very set opinions about right and wrong, allowed herself to get very much wrought up when things about her went on in a way that to her seemed wrong. She tried to practice self-control, but never gained the victory as she desired until one day when the thought came to her that it was far more important to demonstrate self-control than it was to have everything go on about her as she thought it should."

"She did not want the idea to get away from her, so she wrote it down like this: It is not so important that things go as I think they should as it is that I should be master of them through self-control." Then she repeated this again and held it in the silence until the words became a habit in her and gave her mind a firm hold, so that in the next temptation to give way to her feelings, she easily gained the victory. You can

apply this to any kind of experience you may have."

Unify. If you are working among people whose manners and habits jar upon you, apply this rule and watch developments.

Once you control yourself you will be surprised to find how many things which annoy you will change or disappear.

Just so long as you are a servant to your own irritable nerves and whims, you will find the world is one succession of sharp corners against which you bridle yourself at every move. When you become master of yourself the corners will round into curves imperceptibly, but surely.

The same rule applies in your home. What attitude are you taking toward your own family and relatives and friends and toward humanity?

Are you posing as a martyr? Do you wear the resigned expression of a wronged creature who must submit to persecution, or a sullen, resentful one, or a belligerent one?

Are you thinking and brooding over wrongs and making yourself and others miserable in consequence? If you are doing any one of these things you are a criminal—far worse than many a convict behind prison bars. If you are disturbing the peace of your household, the comfort of husband, or children, or relatives, or friends by your temper, your complaints, or your sarcasm, then you are a murderer. It is a more unpardonable crime than many committed by people who are condemned by judge and jury, no matter how high your standing in church or community.

Perhaps you are a wronged, misused wife, and tell me your troubles have destroyed your nervous system and that you cannot help being irritable and cross and saying unpleasant things at times.

I tell you in reply that the most adorable, agreeable and angelic woman I ever knew was a wronged wife, a woman who had suffered every indignity and humiliation and neglect possible from a mean, brutal-natured man. Yet she made a heaven for her children and friends in her home.

She had learned this great law of becoming master of circumstances through self-control.

Although things about her were not to her liking, she made all these things seem as trifles before her calm self conquest. She said to her self, "Though my best love and my best faith, and my sweetest hopes have been thrown into the dust, I will not let myself go down."

"I have lost respect for the man to whom I gave my life's happiness; but I will not lose respect for myself; and I will show the world I can create happiness, even if I cannot find it where I hoped it would be, in my marital life."

Surely this was better than becoming sour, aggressive, complaining and pessimistic and making her presence dreaded by all her associates.

There was a great French writer who said, "If you have not what you like, like what you have."

But even if you cannot like your environment, you can make yourself a master of it; and refuse absolutely to be dominated by it.

You can grow and rise above it; and after a time, if you do this, the environment will change; and circumstances will alter to your will.

The whole philosophy of life is contained in that little sentence from "Emily."

"It is not so important that things go as I think they should as it is that I should be master of them by self control."

### CAN A POET BE A LOYAL LOVER?

By LILLIAN LAUFERTY.

To Phyllis and to Eleanor my poems I indite,  
His wife 'tis to Gemina Jane I'd really like to write.  
The editor, indifferent to my poor heart's  
Says, "Give them a romantic sound—the public likes that best."

Can a poet be a loyal lover?  
Small his fancy loval prove?  
If his pen must be a lover,  
Is his spirit true to love?

Well, Rosemund, Sybilla, Lucille and Marguerite,  
I rave o'er you and plead with you, and say I'm at your feet.  
I have to earn my salary—the reason's plain to see;  
I simply use you as the means to make her smile on me.

Yes, this poet is a loyal lover,  
And I hope it's very plain,  
While his errand pen's a lover,  
His heart is all for Jane.

## How the Pagan Tribes of Borneo Make the Deadly Blow Pipe--Some of Their Strange Tribal Customs

Massachusetts Bay Co.

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

The "Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay," in New England, received its charter from King Charles the First 24 years ago today.

During the years immediately following the voyage of the Mayflower the English settlements in Massachusetts were represented by a few scattered outposts at Nantasket and at the mouth of the Piscataqua, on Noddie's Island, and the Shawmut peninsula.

In 1628 John Endicott and 120 immigrants founded Salem, and then and there began the real work of the settlement of Massachusetts. The great man among the settlers at that time was the Rev. John White, the Puritan rector of Dorchester. It was White who obtained the famous grant by which the colonists were given a "tract of land consisting of all the territory included between three miles north of the Merrimack and three miles south of the Charles in one direction, and the Atlantic and Pacific oceans on the other." We are told that at the time this grant was made the opinion prevailed that the Pacific coast was not far west of the Hudson river.

But the Rev. Mr. White did not stop with the securing of this grant from the council. Assisted by his partners in England, he began negotiating for the scheme which, when matured, should place the colonists upon a safe and substantial footing, and victory came with the granting of the royal charter which created the Massachusetts Bay company—the real beginning of New England.

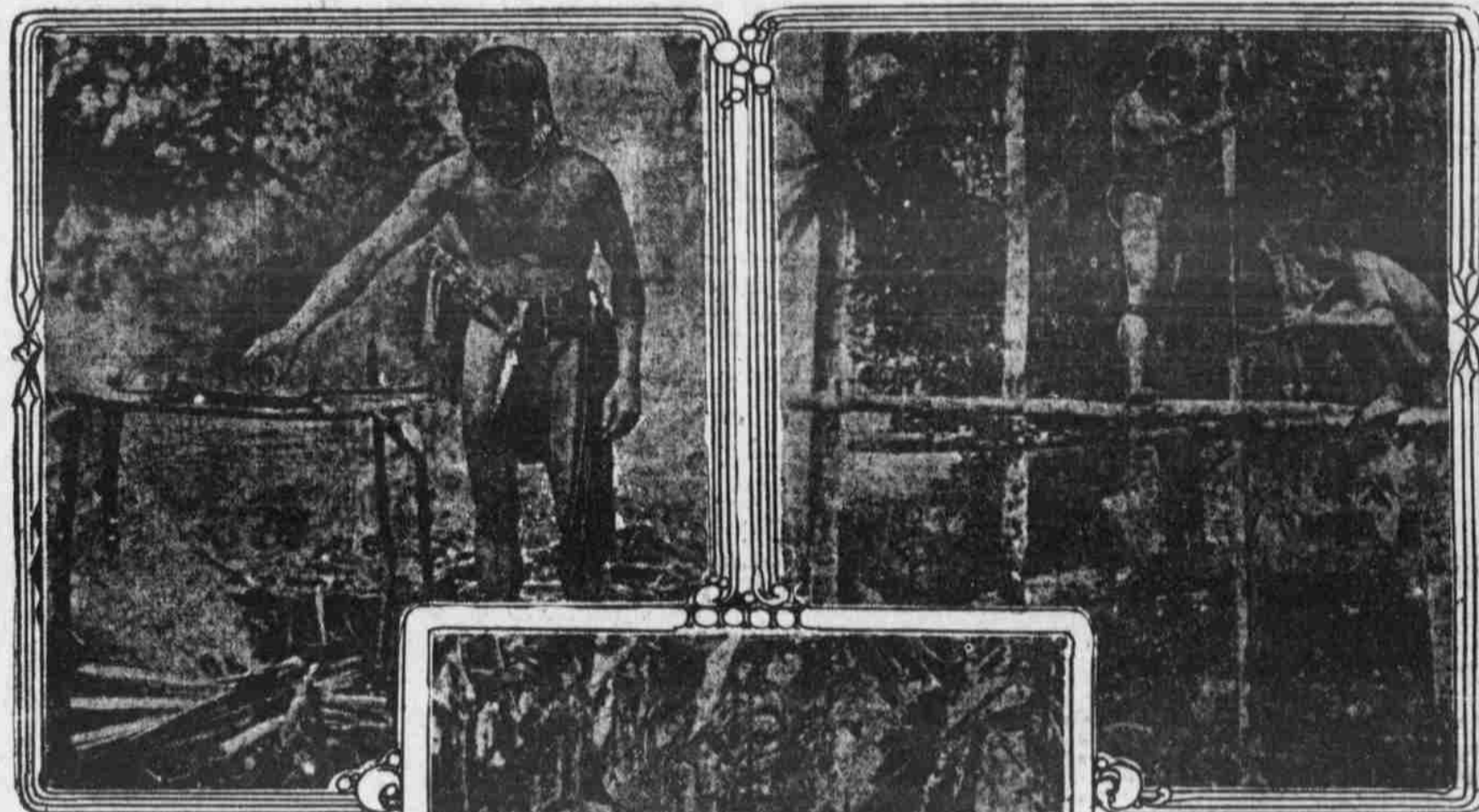
King Charles probably paid no particular attention to the charter beyond the mere act of signing it, thinking that it was merely another trading company, or something of the sort, and after seeing to it that the charter was "made no laws contrary to the laws of England," forgot all about the matter.

The new colony increased rapidly. Men of wealth, character and learning came, and in the summer of 1630 there arrived John Winthrop and some 300 families. Winthrop was chosen governor, and from that moment the future was safe.

Of this remarkable man Fiske thus speaks: "Winthrop was at the time 41 years of age; having been born in the memorable year of the Armada. He was a man of remarkable beauty and strength of character, grave and modest, intelligent and scholarly, endowed with a moral sensitiveness that was almost morbid, yet liberal in his opinions and charitable in disposition. When his life shall have been adequately written he will be recognized as one of the very noblest figures in American history."

And the old Massachusetts Bay company was, with all its faults, one of the grandest things that was ever established on this earth—grander than any "ancient monarchy," grander than the Roman empire or the empire of Charlemagne, or any other organization or corporation known to exist. It was the means of establishing among men the ideas and convictions that were to regenerate humanity—ideas and convictions that are at this very time actually dominating the whole world. The great, all-conquering thought in the world today is that of democracy, the right of the people to rule, and it was that thought that constituted the cornerstone of the social and political edifice erected by the Massachusetts Bay company.

It is very true that, in all, nineteen persons were hanged for "witchcraft" in old Salem, and it is equally true that in the Massachusetts colony there were cases of persecution for religious opinions' sake, but just as the "spots" do not destroy the sun, these things do not seriously militate against the fact that the Massachusetts Puritans successfully founded on this old earth the first real, permanent, intelligent democracy, thus demonstrating the all-important fact that men are able to govern themselves.



A Kenyah making dart poison; to be used on the points of blow-pipe darts.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The whole world is getting to be so much alike now that the relatively few lands and peoples which retain a marked degree of individuality increase in interest in proportion to their rarity.

The great island of Borneo and its native inhabitants still possess most of their original wildness, and the account of them in Dr. Charles Hoare's and Prof. William McDougall's "The Pagan Tribes of Borneo" is full of curious things, which would have excited much less interest a hundred years ago than they do today, because then they would have seemed more in accord with the spirit and customs of the time.

Borneo is fascinating to the imagination because of its vast size, its location, with the equator passing directly across its center, its rich jungles traversed by rivers that are navigable far into the interior, its extraordinary population of birds, quadrupeds and insects, its hidden recesses which have never been penetrated, and its singular pagan tribes, some of whom are "head hunters," while others are among the most peaceable people anywhere to be found. But it is said that the head hunters do not practice their peculiar art through any love of bloodshed, but because success in it is essential to a good marriage.

One of the most curious things about these tribes of Borneo is the mingling of ingenuity with simplicity which they exhibit in their arts and handicrafts. They still get fire in the old savage fashion by rubbing dry sticks together. But, at the same time, some of them have invented ingenious "fire-pistons," which consist of a hollow cylinder of brass or lead, about five inches long and closed at one end, at the bottom of which they place a heap of dry tinder, and then compress the air above by driving down a wooden plug, which is suddenly withdrawn. This process produces a degree of heat sufficient to fire the tinder. The natives make these cylinders by pouring molten metal into a section of bamboo, where it is allowed to cool around a polished iron rod held rigid in the center to form the bore.

Still more interesting are their blow pipes, which form a very dangerous weapon, since they can with a puff of a man's breath project to a surprising distance and with a fatal aim small, slender darts, whose tips carry a deadly poison. With these they are accustomed to kill birds and other small animals. It is the more surprising that these primitive weapons should continue in use, since the Dutch and the English have been in control of the island for some hundreds of years.



Flattening a baby's head; a Malayan infant wearing the moulding apparatus across its forehead.

The making of one of these blowpipes is an interesting process. The native workmen split sections of tree trunks about eight feet long and trim them down with rough adzes to the form of round poles three or four inches in diameter. One of these poles is then set upright beside a platform, and a man standing above strikes it vertically with a small iron rod, the end of which has

been shaped to a chisel. By long practice the workman is able to hit again and again in precisely the same spot, and thus the rod gradually cuts a round hole centrally down through the pole. An assistant in the meantime, pours water into the deepening hole to float out the chips. It takes about six hours to bore a blow-pipe. When the boring is finished

Making the deadly blow-pipe; Kenyahs engaged in boring the shaft.

the interior is carefully polished, and a slight is fixed at the outer end of the tube. The poisoned arrows are about nine inches long, and vary from an eighth to a sixteenth of an inch in diameter. The workmen become so skillful that in making the bore they allow for the curvature imparted to the rod when it is held horizontally.

They also smelt and forge and cast iron and other metals, using the simplest tools imaginable. They mix the ore with charcoal in a clay crucible, and bring it to a white heat with bellows, which consists of upright wooden cylinders furnished with pistons to drive out the air. By working two pistons with alternate strokes a constant blast is maintained. In fact these Bornean smiths could have taught valuable lessons to Jules Verne's castaways on the "Mysterious Island."

One of the strange social customs observed by some of them is that of flattening the heads of infants by subjecting them, from the age of one month, to the pressure of a board fastened across the forehead. It is singular that a similar custom should have prevailed among Indian tribes in northwestern America, almost at the antipodes of Borneo.

### The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

"Mercy, George," said the Manicure Lady, "there has been an awful lot of news in the papers lately, ain't they?"

"I haven't saw much of the papers lately," added the Head Barber. "What is some of the scandal?"

"Oh, a lot of stuff about the Mexican government for one thing," said the Manicure Lady. "It seems that to govern themselves, something like the old gent with his temper. He went up in the air a mile last night when brother Wilfred asked him for six bits. He told Wilfred that the next time he asked for six bits he would make twenty bits out of him."

"I can't see for the life of me why it is that there is so much discussion and discord in the world, as the preachers say. We ain't here for long, goodness knows. Brother Wilfred is one that don't stop nickerin' the old gent's bank roll. But what puzzles me is why folks like to be all the time making trouble. Maybe it's the nature of the beast for men to be all the time stirring up strife, but I think if people would be more kind it would be a lot easier world to live in."

"It ain't always easy to be kind," said

the Head Barber. "I have saw the time that nothing would give me greater pleasure than to lean on a man's face and knock out two bicus pids and possibly a molar. You will find as a rule that the people in this world that is always preaching about being kind is either the folks that gets money left to them from some aunt in La Crosse, Wis., or guys that ain't got the nerve to be unkind. It always makes me think, when I hear a man talking about being kind, of the verse the Norsk Nightingale wrote:

"Speak gentle, it can better far  
To rule by love dan fear.  
If you speak rough you stand guide chance."

To get a smash on ear."  
"Oh, I don't know," said the Manicure Lady. "I think that it pays to be nice and kind if you can do it and keep the person to which you are talking to in a nice humor, so he will give you, maybe, at least a quarter tip after he has had his nails did."

"Now take today, George, for a illustration. There was maybe twenty grundles in here, and I was that gentle and kind to them that three of them loosened up and gave me a dime each for a tip. But, oh, you should have saw the nice, dark-haired gentleman that was in here to have his nails did when you was

out to lunch. He looked kind of distinguished and foreign, and he was the kindest you ever seen. When he talked he sort of purred, not a bit like the voices of you Americans and Irish. His voice sounded like silk feels. George, he told me that he thought a war like the war in Mexico was a brutal thing that ought to be stopped, and stopped quick, because, as he said, war is not kind, and he believed in kindness.

"That's the kind of men I like, George. And he gave me the first silver dollar I ever saw after I was through with his nails. The manicure was a quarter, but he gave me 15 cents for a tip. Look at this dollar, ain't it nice and new and shiny?"

"It is a Mexican dollar," said the Head Barber. "It is worth about 50 cents of our money."

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