



The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Interview With Ella Wheeler Wilcox on "The Battlefield of Love"



Abelard and Heloise Surprised by Fulbert, Heloise's Uncle.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

The world's great battlefields are always shrines for the tourists. Waterloo is yearly visited by thousands of travelers, and pilgrimages are continually made in our own land to Bunker Hill, Yorktown and Gettysburg.

When I went to France it was my desire to visit another great battlefield, a field where waged a strife that has resounded through centuries—that remarkable strife between religion and human passion, in the hearts of Abelard and Heloise.

Guide books point to the tomb of Pere Lachaise as all that survives of philosopher and pupil, lover and maid, husband and wife, monk and man; but it was my good fortune to learn more of the lives of this ill-fated pair than the translated volumes of their letters relate; and to see many of the places and objects associated with their names than the tomb at Pere Lachaise.

Guided through the mazes of the cemetery to the tomb of the immortal lovers by Charles Moonen, whose card and conversation proclaimed him "Homme des lettres," while he acted as professional guide, I learned an interesting fact.

"At Argenteuil," said Mr. Moonen, "you will find the old convent still standing, though no longer a convent, where Heloise received her first communion, and to which she returned afterward to take the vows for life."

So to Argenteuil the next day was the pilgrimage made; at first to meet with many discouragements and baffling contradictions from residents of that ancient and historic city of Paris, for Heloise lived long ago—and white poeils, and the savants, and the bookworms, and the dreamers of Argenteuil may all know her domicile, it was not my good fortune to meet any of them that first hour.

Argenteuil, in truth, is more noted for its excellent apparatus than for its lovers of romantic history. But, at last, a gentle-faced nun, telling her beads as she walked before a church door, directed me aright.

"It is No. 70 Boulevard Heloise, madame, and a private residence," she said. "Here in this church you will find some of the sacred relics taken from the convent when Heloise and her sisters in Christ were forced to leave and go to the paraclet. You must come and see them another day; we have services now, and they could not be shown."

Driving along the boulevard in the glorious sunshine, the story of Heloise came back to me, in all its force; that old story of mad love, sad suffering, and life-long sorrow.

Heloise had been sent to the convent of Argenteuil for the rudiments of her education, by her uncle, the Canon Fulbert. She had returned to his home (now No. 11 Quai aux Fleurs—where an inscription over the door commemorates the fact), a brilliant, beautiful young creature, who was famed for her intellect and learning, while still in the first flush of girlhood.

Canon Fulbert was proud of her attainments, and prouder still when she expressed a wish to study the philosophy of the great Abelard, then in the height of his fame, and chief of the school of Paris, the nucleus of what is known today as the great Sorbonne.

Abelard was 37 years old, Heloise a little more than half that age, perhaps; and one does not even need to recall the fact that the eleventh century was an era of licentiousness to understand how Abelard, in his intimate association with his beautiful pupil, stood in danger of falling from his pinnacle of religious power.

The Canon Fulbert, believing in the prudence and wisdom of his niece (as men believe only and always in their



Abelard and Heloise, from an Old Painting by R. Cosway, First Published in June, 1774.

own, and having faith in the sincerity of Abelard's ideals, permitted the philosopher to become a member of his household in order to give Heloise the full benefit of his instruction.

Not only was Abelard given the privilege of teaching the beautiful girl, but he was authorized to chastise her if she became indifferent or negligent. In his letter to a friend long afterward Abelard wrote:

"We were under one roof, and we became one heart. Under the pretext of study we gave ourselves utterly to love. We opened our books, but there were more kisses than explanations, and our eyes sought each other rather than the texts."

"Yet, sometimes, to still further deceive the uncle, I chastised Heloise as a bad pupil, but the blows were those of love, not of anger. As I grew more and more drunken with passion, I cared less and less for my school and my studies."

Undertook to write I produced only love verses.

Canon Fulbert discovered the affair between Abelard and Heloise and insisted that they be married. Abelard, in case such a marriage became public, would lose all chance of preferment in the church. Heloise, knowing this, protested against the marriage with him and objected as long as she could.

Nevertheless, Abelard, held by his promise to Fulbert, made Heloise his wife. She returned to Paris with her music after the ceremony and Fulbert, despite his promise of keeping the marriage secret, announced it to the world.

Heloise promptly denied it, knowing that public sentiment would condemn the real part of his desolation, while it would condone his amatory sin. So enraged was the uncle by her denial that he subjected the poor girl to the greatest abuses.

Abelard, informed of the situation, sent Heloise to the convent of Argenteuil, and there she donned the robe of the sisters, with the exception of the veil, and lived

the two lovers still met, and this coming to the ears of Fulbert caused him to wreak a fearful vengeance on Abelard. Shortly after Abelard entered the monastery of St. Denis, and Heloise, at his wish, took the veil in the Convent of Argenteuil.

And now here was I approaching that very convent, no longer a convent, but an ordinary Parisian house set back in a court, and bearing the placard, "A Louer."

A pretty concierge walked in the garden, and when I explained my errand, her face lighted with sympathy, and taking down a bunch of keys from a nail on the inner wall, she unlocked the door of a room opening upon a small enclosed garden.

"This," she said, "was the sleeping room of Heloise. Her bed stood in that alcove. By the window was once a door which led to the confessional and outside was her garden, where she walked."

It was overwhelming—the thought of



The Flight of Heloise with Abelard.

it all. Here Heloise had first studied, a happy, brilliant, carefree girl. Here she had returned after her marriage to escape the cruelty of her uncle, and here had she taken her vows for life in the bloom of her youth, saying as she accepted the veil which shut her in forever from the world.

"Criminal that I was to bring such misfortune on thee, receive now my expiation in this chastisement which I must bear forever."

Even in that solemn hour it was her devotion to Abelard, not to heaven, which engaged her thought. It was many years before her heart was given to God.

Later I visited the convent again with a photographer, and was shown, by Mr. Jules Provins, its owner, the subterranean passage through which Abelard used to make his secret entrance, and the old worn stone staircase which his impatient feet trod.

This passage, now partly walled up, to form a cellar, used to extend through to the Seine, which is only a short distance from the convent. Mr. Provins assured me that Abelard made his entrance by boat, and showed me in the roof of the cellar a hook which had probably served as an anchorage for tying the bark of Cupid.

Mr. Provins did not seem to realize the fortune lying unused in his grasp. He desired to rent his property—for something less than \$400 a year, but could not believe that by making its history known and turning it into a goal for tourists, charging a franc entrance fee, he would soon be independent for life.

Argenteuil is only twenty miles from Paris, and thousands of tourists would gladly journey thither and pay their franc to see the place where Heloise lived, where she began the long martyrdom of Heloise, that terrible life of solitude and suffering for which she was so unfitted; that crucifixion of the passionate woman on the altar of the (for many years) indifferent recluse.

Sixteen years afterward she wrote to Abelard, "I took the veil to obey you—not to please God."

It was not from this convent, but from the Paraclet the famous letters of Heloise were written. There Abelard's body was brought after his death at the price of St. Marcel in 1142, and there Heloise was buried beside him twenty-two years later. No trace remains of the Paraclet; it was destroyed in 180 and the tomb and its contents conveyed to Pere Lachaise.

It is believed that Abelard and Heloise never met after she took the veil, save

during the public ceremonies attending the dedication of the Paraclet to her service.

Any other impression falls to the ground as improbable, after perusing the letters of Heloise written long years after she became a nun—letters which are reproaches for his absence and silence, during all those years—and wild petitions for his favor and affection; letters filled with burning memories of a love that would not die—and with passionate pleas for some word of recognition from the man for whom she had sacrificed honor, name, liberty and the world, in the morning of life.

Abelard travelled and gave discourses at various periods after he took the monastic vows.

Heloise wrote a book of rules for the women of the convents, which was blessed by the court of Rome, and entered into the constitution of all the monasteries of the time.

She was famed for her erudition and her wisdom during her era. But it is by her letters to Abelard that she is remembered, because those letters reveal the heart of a woman loving with absolute abandon, unselfishness and loyalty, and of consecrating her life to the memory of that love.

It proves how much greater is a lover than a philosopher, when we realize what a renowned man was Abelard in his day, yet how utterly he is forgotten save as the lover of Heloise. He was the first orator, the first philosopher, the first poet, and one of the first musicians of the twelfth century.

He was so broad and so brilliant and so courageous in his ideas that he brought a revolution into the religious world and antagonized the entire tradition-bound clergy. He was persecuted in consequence, but his name grew in glory, and his school of philosophy, the first to teach the liberty of human thought, could not accommodate his vast audiences, and he was obliged to address them in the open air.

It is no wonder that this man seemed to Heloise, then 17 years of age, a veritable god, or that she forgot the world in his love. And so great was that love, that it alone, of all Abelard's glory, is remembered today.

Philosophies change—religions alter—creeds die—the minds of men are revolutionized on these subjects, but love lives on, and passion endures—the same yesterday, today, and forever in the human heart. Only he who loves is immortal.

Secrets of the Universe Revealed by Color. Our Eyelashes Are Primitive Spectroscopes.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The miracle of the spectroscope is repeated before our eyes every day and every night without our recognizing it.

If people were more observant and more accustomed to think about the meaning of what they see, great discoveries would be as plentiful as diamonds in a Kimberley pipe.

A man said to me the other day, "What is all this color that I see when I squint my eyes and look at an electric light?" I replied: "It is the greatest revelation

that man has ever had in the physical world—it is spectrum analysis. Your crowded eyelashes become an astronomical instrument and analyze the light for you into its primary colors. The multitude of narrow slits through which the light passes as you squint your eyes, act like a diffraction grating and change the direction of the various waves of light, in accordance with their length.

The red waves are long, one 25,000th of an inch in length and they keep on without much change of direction, but the violet waves are short, one 57,000th of an inch in length, and they are considerably turned out of a straight line. All the intermediate waves, from orange, through yellow, green, blue and indigo, decrease in length, and are more and more turned aside as they get shorter. The consequence is that you see through your nearly closed eyelashes, a band of colors, which is nothing but the famous spectrum of the astronomer."

By the discovery of that spectrum and the reasoning that it led to, we have found out what the sun and the stars are made of. Every known element of matter, when it is made to shine, gives out wave lengths peculiar to itself. Spectroscopic instruments, more perfect than the eyelashes, reveal these special waves in the light of the sun and the stars, and by that revelation enable us to detect the incandescent clouds, composed of the hot vapors of iron, copper, nickel, platinum, carbon, calcium, sodium and many other substances, which glow in the atmosphere of the heavenly bodies. We find these things in stars so far away that their light may require a thousand years to come to us, although it flies with a speed of 186,300 miles per second.

Look around you, when you enter a brilliantly lighted parlor with crystal chandeliers hanging from the ceiling. The mysterious spectrum flashes at you from a hundred different directions at once. The glass crystals of the chandeliers are also spectroscopes, and they, too, separate the various colored waves, though on a somewhat different principle. They act not as diffraction gratings, but as prisms, but the effect is nearly the same. When light goes through a prism the red waves are less bent out of their course than the orange, the orange less

than the yellow, the yellow less than the green, the green less than the blue, the blue less than the indigo, and the indigo less than the violet. The result is that what was white light, with all its waves intermingled, when it entered the prism, comes out in beautiful sheaves of color.

A similar effect is produced by the beveled edge of a mirror, or the facets of a piece of cut-glass, glittering on a dinner table.

The beauty of jewels depends upon their spectroscopic powers. Every transparent substance has its own "index of refraction," which means its peculiar power of turning light waves aside. The diamond, as the king of gems, possesses this power in the highest degree. Calling the refractive index of all 1.50, that of glass is from 1.51 to 1.71, according to its density, while that of the diamond is 2.457.

This property alone furnishes a means of detecting the genuineness of a diamond. Taking advantage of its high refractive power, and shaping its facets accordingly, the jeweler can vastly increase the brilliancy of a diamond by proper cutting. He can bring about internal reflections that make the stone blaze as if its atoms were all afire.

The shimmer of colors in an opal is due to the existence of invisibly minute facets, which split up the light waves and scatter their hues in delicate, intermingled rainbows.

Nature has been doing these things for thousands of years, in plain sight, before man found out that he could use the principle on which she acted to uncover the secrets of the universe. Very likely she is giving us many other equally valuable hints which we are still too stupid to understand.

A Famous Conflagration

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

The burning of Sardis, the royal city of Asia Minor, by the Athenians and Ionians 2613 years ago, March 24, 599 B. C., was attended by larger results than any other fire that was ever kindled on this earth. The "Great Fire" of London, the Chicago fire, the Boston fire, as well as all the other fires that might be mentioned, pale into insignificance. The historical consequences duly considered, before this fire of Sardis.

The Ionian Greeks, inhabiting the islands along the Asiatic coast, were, at the time indicated above, subjects of the Persian king. But it is difficult to hold the Greeks in bondage. The Greek is, and ever has been, a great lover of liberty, and whenever ill fortune placed him under foreign rule, he has always chafed like a caged lion.

It was not strange, therefore, that the Ionian Greeks thought of revolting against the great oriental despot, Darius. The start was made by Aristagoras of Miletus. Aristagoras applied for aid to Sparta, and was turned down with the

cut reply that "Spartans would engage in no undertaking that would carry them a three-months' journey from the sea."

Aristagoras then turned to Athens and was successful. Touched by the envoys' story, the Athenians immediately voted to send a fleet of twenty ships to aid in the good cause of Ionian freedom.

Hastening back, Aristagoras gathered a force of Ionians, which, in conjunction with the men of Athens, made a descent upon the Istan coast, left their vessel at a point near Ephesus, and with characteristic courage set out upon an invasion of the Persian dominion. Upon reaching Sardis, the capital of Asia Minor, they made it a heap of ashes, and were thinking of their next move, when they suddenly found themselves in a predicament.

The united Greek force was a small one, and Artaphernes, the king's lieutenant in the province, was fast surrounding them with an army many times the size of their own. An instant start was made for their fleet, seventy-five miles away, but they were overtaken near Ephesus by the king's army and defeated.

oh king," he was told. He had a very vague idea as to who the Athenians were, but he instantly resolved to punish them, and he commanded those who waited upon him at table to say to him every day, "Remember the Athenians."

He did remember them—and the result was Marathon. And his successor remembered them—and the result was Plataea and Salamis and Mycale.

And out of the grand enthusiasm (a true "divine afflatus," if there ever was one) born of these victories arose the "Drama that was Greece"—the drama of Aeschylus and Sophocles, the eloquence of Pericles, the matchless sculpture of Phidias, the immortal painting of Zeuxis and Anaximenes; in a word, the first real civilization that the world ever saw.

It is interesting to give free reins to the imagination just here, and to ask ourselves the question: "Would all this have been had Sardis not been burnt?" It is hard to say, but I think not. One thing is certain, but for the burning of Sardis it would not have been when it was. Later on—we know not how much later—there might have come an "Age of Pericles," and following that an empire of Alexander, shaking the sleepy old Orient into life; but this is only conjecture.

What we know is this: The audacious Athenians burnt Sardis, and because they burnt Sardis the Hellenic monarch attempted the chastisement of them, which resulted in the Greek victories which created the enthusiasm out of which came the civilization that is still the miracle and glory of history.

Gypsy Call

By JEAN BROOKE BURT.

Gypsy wind, gypsy wind, over the hills away on the lure of the trail. Gypsy wind, gypsy wind, follow my dream.

To the Country of Love-Never-Fail. Follow it, follow it, Will o' the Wisp. And whither away to the land where fairies and flowers and thistle-downs speak. In a way I would fain understand.

Gypsy wind, gypsy wind, play in the hair of a dear little maid whom I know, And whisper her secrets I whisper to you.

And tell her the reason I go: Tell her, ah, tell her, wise Summer wind, Though I go to the end of the trail, My dear little maid will call me from there. To her country of Love-Never-Fail.

Ballad

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

You ask me if our love will change when you are old and gray; You ask me if our dream of bliss in time will fade away; And so I smile away your fears and kiss away your tears, For such a love as ours, dear heart, cares nothing for the years.

CHORUS: I must have loved you long ago when all the world was new, When o'er the flowers of Eden's bowers the birds all sang for you; In ages gone we knew the dawn of pleasure and of pain; I loved you then, I love you now, and we shall love again.

Last night I dreamed the sunset gleamed along the ancient Nile, And oh, your smile was sweeter far than Cleopatra's smile. We strolled along beneath the palms, and when the twilight came I kissed you long and tenderly; I kiss you now the same.



When the children come home from school give them a cup of hot bouillon made from Armour's Bouillon Cubes. It is just the thing to tide over the interval between close of school and dinner time; besides, it is good for growing, healthy youngsters. Made in an instant by dropping a cube in a cup of hot water. Beef or chicken flavor, with vegetables and seasoning. Grocers' and Druggists' everywhere. Write for free copy of Armour's Monthly Cook Book. Address Armour and Company, Dept. N38, Chicago.

Ask for Armour's Bouillon Cubes

You Can Depend on this Tooth Powder

It is not merely a polishing powder or paste—sweetened and highly flavored. It has real qualities that preserve your teeth and keep your mouth, gums and throat in healthy condition. You will like its appearance and taste and you will know it is scientifically correct.

MONOXIDE TOOTH POWDER OR PASTE

are as carefully compounded in our laboratories as are celebrated vaccines and anti-toxins. Monoxide makes unique among dentifrices as a cleanser, polisher and parador, and by liberation of oxygen destroys acids, tones up soft, tender, flabby gums, arrests decay, produces sound, white teeth and a clean, healthy mouth. It is soluble, contains no acids, grit, is a thorough germicide and a harmless bleach for discolored teeth.

Best druggists have both Monoxide Tooth Powder and Paste. If yours has not, we'll mail either one post free from our laboratories for you. A reliable booklet—"The Care of the Teeth,"—free on request.

THE MONOXIDE COMPANY
Deaver, Colo.