The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Creed Based on Love Man's Greatest Treasure

Person Who Tries to Break Down Humanity's Belief in Immortality Adds to Misery in World and Helps to Keep His Fellow Beings in Chains.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Copyright, 1915, Star Company Whoever has begotten by pure love, And came desired and welcomed into life, is of immaculate conception. He Whose heart is full of tenderness and truth. Who loves mankind more than he loves himself, And cannot find room in his heart for hate, May be another Christ. We all may be The Saviours of the world, if we believe In the Divinity which dwells in us And worship it, and nail our grosser selves Our tempers, greeds and our unworthy aims Upon the cross. Who giveth love to all, Pay kindness for unkindness, smiles for frowns, And lends new courage to each fainting heart, And strengthens hope and scatters joy abroad, He, too, is a Redeemer, Son of God.

forever, while evil dies of its own un-

worth after working out its law of effect

upon the doer, here or elsewhere. That

this creed might displease the religious

fanatic I can understand; but, strangely

upon a vain attempt to deprive me of any

of his education. My soul has mastered

the alphabet of immortality, and is learn

It cannot unlearn at your bidding.

Editorial

-for-

Women

By DOROTHY DIX

Scrutinize carefully her men friends, for

many wolves there be in sheep's cloth-

indiscreet young person can compromise

value your daughter's safety, turn a

character and antecedents of her middle-

These women have grown old and fat, Their Joints are stiff. They have lost

more are willing to blow in their money

on them for luncheons, and little dinners,

So the heartless, conscienceless woman

she can use for bait. Generally she

Apparently Mrs. Smartley has become

Mamle, as the cat looks after the mouse

back to her. No man will invite Mrs. Smartley alone out to lunch or drag her

Mrs. Smartley is perfectly aware of

this, and so she goes to the telephone

and calls up some man and says: "I've

got the prettiest young girl you ever

saw with me. Regular living picture

Just 20, and fresh as a rose. And dances

like a bit of thistledown. Don't you want

to meet us somewhere for luncheon, and

And the man goes because of the young

the girl is taken to places that no young

girl should frequent. She is introduced

taught to drink things she should never

Many a young girl is started on the

short of taking the final plunge has her

she has been given false ideals, and

Because of this danger, mothers, be

suspicious of your little girl's friendship

with older women. Don't let your inno

cent little daughter be used as a decoy

est possible peril to girlhood.

And many a girl who stops

afterward we can go to a dance?"

should never learn.

avordupois about a dance floor.

looks about her and picks out

and theaters, and cabarets, and suppers

searchlight of investigation upon

aged women acquaintances.

Here is a tip to mothers:

ing more of God's wisdom dally.

belief in life beyond this earthly span.

I have met many people who did not talk of their beliefs. I have met fanatics, and cranks even, who were silent regarding their ideas until asked to talk.

But I never met an atheist or any infidel who was not voluble and aggressive in argument, and insisted on talking on the subject of religion.

Thousands of believers in various creeds are contented to permit their fellow men other faiths, or no faith at all, thinking It is a personal matter between the individual and his Creator. The atheist, however, is violently op-

posed to allowing any man a faith in a Divine Power or a hope of immortal life. He will shout himself hoarse and black in the face in the effort to take away the nferting belief of a devout soul.

think any creed which teaches that the Overruling mind of this universe is cruel and petty in its treatment of the beings it has created should be destroyed. because such a creed makes human beings cruel and petty toward one another.

It was the preaching of the horrible old hell-fire doctrines of an ignorant age which made the first infidels and unbelievers. Because intelligent and just minds refused to accept the doctrine of infant damnation and the fall through Adam they were called atheists. They preferred that title to being classed among the believers in such a cruel God.

But we have in the land today a more violent and aggressive class of atheistsmen who become abusive toward any one who expresses any faith in the contin-uance of life beyond the grave, no matter how broad may be the creed of that

Any man who in his own mind barbors a creed which condemns his fellow men to damnation for not believing as he does needs to be educated out of it, since ing. Keep a wary eye on her girl friends. he is adding to the misery of the world by his thoughts and helping to keep hu- to flock together, and one silly, loud

But any man who has a creed base, all who associate with her. But as you on love and kindness, no matter whether value your daughter's safety turn a it be Pagan, Jewish, Catholic or Protestant, and who exemplifies his faith by his actions, should be left to the enjoyment of it unmolested by the agnostic or

Personally I value my fixed faith in a their good looks. They can no longer Divine intelligence and in a succession of lives more than I value all other things which could be bestowed upon by the united powers of earth.

Could I have the wealth of all the But the women are still avid for masbillionaires of the world, the beauty of all culine attention, and for good times. beautiful women united in my person, the genius of all the greatest minds and undisputed power, yet be deprived of all pretty, fresh, innocent young girl that faith in any life beyond this and of any Creator, I would not resign my belief.

That belief is broad and unorthodox, set than her own, and less well off-a and is based on love. It tells me that love girl to whom the gift of a pretty frock is the creative power of the universe or two will mean much, and who is enand the reforming and healing power of chanted at riding in a timousine and humanity. That hate, anger and revenge sitting in a box at the opera. and selfishness are the only hell.

It tells me that heaven must begin here the patroness of little Miss Dowdy, and on earth, within our own hearts, or we little Miss Dowdy is so pleased and will never find it anywhere; that each grateful, and little Miss Dowdy's mother man is his own savior, and that unless he saves himself by thoughts and acts of of her friends, and tells how Mrs. Smartlove no one in heaven or on earth can ley just can't do anything without save him. It tells me that we build our Marnie, and what a privilege it is for own future lives hour by hour by our a girl to have as a friend a middle-aged thoughts and deeds, and that we will woman who takes her about with her dwell in "heaven" with the same order everywhere. of disembodies intelligence as we ourselves are. That prayer is merely wireless telegraphy through space, and is received by unseen beings and answered by methods not always understood by us. that Mamie is the lure that tolls men

Household Economy

How to Have the Best Cough Remedy and Save \$2 by Making It at Home

Cough medicines, as a rule contain a large quantity of plain syrup. A pint of granulated sugar with ½ pint of warm gets the old woman the pleasures that water, stirred for 2 minutes, gives you she desires and cannot get for heraelf as good syrup as money can buy.

Then get from your druggist 2% ounces Pinex (50 cents worth), pour into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with sugar syrup. This gives you, at a cost of only 54 cents, a full pint of really better cough to men she should never meet. She is syrup than you could buy ready made for \$2.50—a clear saving of nearly \$2. Full directions with Pinex. It keeps perfectly road to perdition by just such an older

It takes hold of the usual cough or chest cold at ones and conquers it in 24 hours. Splendid for whooping cough, life ruined by such association because hours. Splendid for whombronchitis and winter coughs.

It's truly astonishing how quickly it loosens the dry, hearse or tight cough and heals and soothes the inflamed membranes in the case of a painful cough. It also stops the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchial tubes, thus ending the persistent loose cough.

Acquired a taste for the bright lights that make domesticity every afterward seem doll and monotonous.

Just because these women are more sophisticated and worldly wise than a girl's own mother, their influence is greater than hers, and because they

Pinex is a highly concentrated com-pound of genuine Norway pine extract, ambined with guaiacol, and has been used for generations to heal inflamed membranes of the throat and chest. frankly preach the doctrine of living while you live, they make the most dangerous appeal possible to the youthful imagination and thus become the great-

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex," and don't accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

"Old Flames"

By Nell Brinkley

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In the candle of my flames glows the face of Mary. Mary! There is a name! Ivy and Ruth were blurred in my mind when the first years of high school came, and with them Mary. Here I was leaping ahead into the years—as a man's mind leaps ahead of him as he writes on the typewriter. I remembered nothing. I dreamed ahead.

Now-now-I am looking back-and wishing again for Ivy and the days of my old straw hat. Then-I was wearing my first long trousers and dreaming of top-hats. Mary came-golden of hairreal gold. Not the fine pale sun-color of Ivy's little gypsy head--but dusky-gold with a thread of brown glinting through. I seem to have been magnetized by woman's hair. Mary's was thick and soft, and deeply waved-and it hung in fat, stretchy ringlets over her shoulders. I will never forget how it fanned out from her face in the shape of a golden clock.

Her eyes were brown-velvet brown. And Mary's manner was as soft and velvety as her eyes. She had a thrilly laugh. I was 15 then-and Mary was, too. She sat in school far across the room from me-and I watched her golden head the first day and wondered shamedly if ever she might walk home with me. She wore little gray frocks-with red velvet on them. And her cheeks were like peaches-almost tea-rose pink

I carried home her books one day-and my heart beat in my throat like a fist there when her curls bobbed against my shoulder and the rustle of her skirts brushed me by. She walked with little steps and a swing to her soft shoulders that was a delight. She had an eachanting little habit of lifting her brows in the middle and crinkling her nose. I teased her, I remember, to call up this trick.

She was "strong on" science. And could draw crabs and grasshoppers in her notebook with a shine to their backs that left me stunned with admiration! So with my science she helped me-her gold head bent thrillingly close to mine.

I never kissed Mary. No. But sometimes-my mind almost thought of the wonder of ever doing it-and then veered away in a scared fashion. She it was who dragged me through science many a time when I teetered on the anguishing fence between a flunk and a passing mark-and gave me the little push that helped me to fall on the right side. I who was a master-mathematician proved the hypothesis of things to her bewildered little brain,

I took her to the school dances. And she went in pink and blue fluffy things that I had to be very careful of. For I still had boy feet. I carried her slipper bag. And I suspect-I know that at these state affairs she put talcum powder on her small nose.

Here came to me-the first soft lure of feminine ways and feminine things, and the belief in them. The soft lace at throat and elbows-the satin sheen of her girdles-the tucking in of her adorable chin like a bird's soft breast-the bows on her slippers-the tiny fan she carried and flirted softly.

My growing heart was enchanted with the wonder of Mary, who was a girl-girl! And here I first touched hands and cared to help a girl across rough places. Here I first eyed and pendered on Mary's smooth hands-her thin pink nails like bits of satin feld-spar-and approved of beauty and daintiness. Ivy's hands had been brown. Brown! And I hadn't cared. Now there were distinctly boy-hands and girl-hands-and mine look mighty big ! Mary shines in the fourth candle of my flames-the fourth-but Mary was the first glow

of the mysterious star-shine that woman means in man's cloudy sky. No. Mary didn't move away. I came east to college, I wrote to Mary-for a long time. And then-Mary married!

-NELL BRINKLEY.

Our Deadly Habits

No. 1-Drinking at Meals

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, M. D.

How many repetitions does it take for nonceuse to become accepted as the sacred truth? Not very many, apparently, provided that it is once enunciated with sufficient solemnity and perpendicularity of front. The world is full of "wise saws and modern instances," which most people accept as implicitly and un-questioningly as they do the law of gravitation-if they happen to know what

All that is necessary, apparently, is to get a thing said, a rule printed in the text books (and so-caffed scientific text books were just as bad as the village whisker club until twenty or thirty years ago), and then it does the rest and perpetuates itself automatically.

For instance, of all the popular rules of health which were preached to the young in the past, and indeed the present generation, none was more undisputed and more universally accepted an gospel, whether lived up to or not, than the dictum that you must not drink water with your meals; or, if you did, as little

Fortunately, like most of our creeds. none of us succeeded in living up to it. and now our perverseness and our heresy have been triumphantly vindicated.

The law has actually been tried out upon half a dozen different squads of student valunteers on both sides of the Atlantic, with the triumphant and unanimous finding, in every test, that the squad which drank the most pure water with their meals, ate the most food, did the best work, enjoyed the best health during the experiment, and got rid of-their food waste cleaner and better than those who drank small amounts of water

The squad that drank the least water, either none at all, or less than half a glars, came out at the foot of the list in every one of these categories.

In fact, there is every reason to shrewdly suspect that the real basis of this ancient saw was, like so many of our so-called health precepts about food, pure stinginess. Because the less water the household drank at their meals, the less food they consumed, and the lower the cost of their grocery bills.

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