

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Every Mother's Duty to Study Her Children

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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When God had formed the Universe He thought Of all the marvels therein to be wrought, And to his aid then Motherhood was brought.

"My lesser self, the feminine of Me, She will go forth throughout all time," quoth He, "And make my world what I would have it be,

"For I am weary, having labored so, And for a cycle of repose would go Into that silence which but God may know.

"Therefore I leave the rounding of my plan To Motherhood, and that which I began Let woman finish in perfecting man.

"She is the soil, the human Mother Earth; She is the sun that calls the seed to earth; She is the gardener who knows its worth.

"From Me all seed of any kind must spring. Divine the growth such seed and soil will bring. For all is Me, and I am everything."

Thus having spoken to Himself aloud, His glorious face upon His breast He bowed, And sought repose behind a wall of cloud.

Come forth, O God! Though great Thy thought and good In shaping woman for True Motherhood, Lord, speak again; she has not understood.

The centuries pass; the cycles roll along— The earth is peopled with a mighty throng; Yet men are fighting and the world goes wrong.

Lord, speak again, ere yet it be too late— Unloved, unwanted souls come through earth's gate; The unborn child is given a dower of hate.

Thy world progresses in all ways save one. In Motherhood, for which it was begun, Lord, Lord, behold how little has been done.

True Motherhood is not alone to breed The human race; it is to know and heed Its holiest purpose and its highest need.

Lord, speak again, so woman shall be inspired With the full meaning of that mighty word— True Motherhood. She has not rightly heard.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

When anything is the matter with a plant, shrub or tree the horticulturist studies it to find the cause. Then he proceeds to give it much care and attention as will restore it to health and enable it to perform its natural functions in the plant kingdom.

When anything is the matter with a machine the mechanic applies himself to study out the cause and to find a remedy. The dressmaker who cannot make a garment fit sacrifices the time needed for rest and refreshment.

When anything is the matter with a child with just as great care and patience as the horticulturist studies his plants or the mechanic his machine. And the mother should consider it surely as great an obligation to give careful attention and serious study to a misfit mind in a child as the dressmaker considers it her duty to a misfit garment.

Here is a very interesting illustration of the subject under discussion: A mother asked that her boy be sent to an institution because he was incorrigible. The school teachers gave the boy a good record, both for class work and for behavior, while the mother insisted he was incorrigible. Harold, the boy, was asked for an explanation. Very slowly and reluctantly, but with an air of outrage and indignant rebellion, the boy replied, "She hits my dog."

A few more understanding questions soon brought forth the rest of the story. The puppy was the gift of a neighbor. He was now 12 months old, a mongrel foxhound, according to Harold. The boy had taught the dog to beg, to shake hands, and to fetch and carry, had built a kennel for him, and by running errands for the corner grocery had earned money for a collar and a leader.

But Harold's mother considered the dog a nuisance, and whipped him frequently. Occasionally Harold's sisters followed her example, and Harold could not stand having Rover beaten.

The mother, when she learned the result of the interview, admitted that since the arrival of the dog her son had given up loafing, for he was too busy now after school in taking the dog walking.

For the sake of her son she agreed to try to like the puppy. She kept her promise, and Harold, his indignity vanished, is at present endeavoring to earn the \$2 to obtain a license for Rover.

But for intervention of the right kind this tender-hearted boy might have been made brutal and his life might have been blighted by the short-sighted stupidity of an unthinking mother. It never occurred

## If a Fly Were as Big as a Man

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Kill a fly, but study him. He is a wonderful creature, though a menace and a nuisance. His muscles are as strong as steel, his nerve action is as quick as lightning. If you were proportionally as strong as a fly you could seize a beam over your head with your hands, and, with two tons of iron fastened to your feet, easily raise yourself, together with the attached weight, from the floor. This calculation is no mere guess; it is based upon experiments made by the Belgian naturalist, Felix Plateau, who harnessed insects and small animals of many kinds, in very ingenious ways, to ascertain their strength.

Likewise, if a fly were as big as a man, and retained his relative strength, he could kill tigers with his hands and split asunder the jaws of lions with much more ease than Samson did. If you were as quick as a fly you could let an oncoming express train traveling a mile a minute, come within a foot of your nose and then dodge it! Strike at a fly that is lazily circling with a playmate before your eyes and observe with what nonchalant ease he avoids your blow and instantly returns to his play.

In fact, the swiftest motion that you can make is to the motive rapidly of the fly as the gait of a strolling walker to the dash of an athlete in a hundred-yard sprint. It is no more of an effort for the fly to escape than it would be for you to step from in front of a slow-moving steam roller. He would be highly amused if he thought you were trying to hit him.

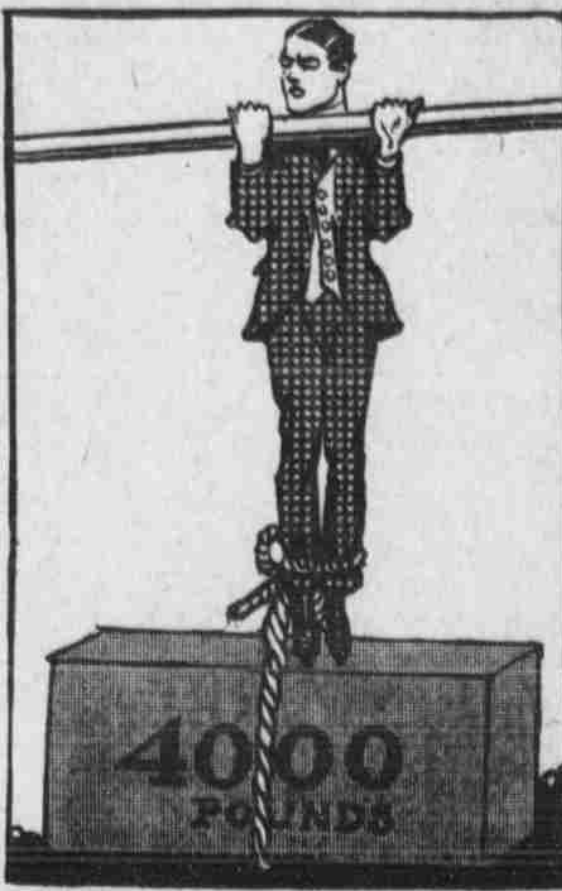
This quickness of the fly is in itself a proof of the excellence of its muscles. If our muscles were subjected to similar applications of force they would snap like pack-threads. And yet a fly is a tender body, and tested by our greater total strength, its members give no indication of extraordinary tenacity. It is, of course, his slight weight which permits the fly to move so swiftly. If a fly were composed of material so dense that he equalled a man in weight, its motive power would be unable to lift him, or even to enable him to stand on his legs.

The same method of comparison shows no less interesting results in the case of other small, or minute, animals. A bee, it has been calculated, is relatively, thirty times as strong as a horse. When harnessed to a weight, and compelled to draw it, a bee can exert a pull equal to 180 times its own weight.

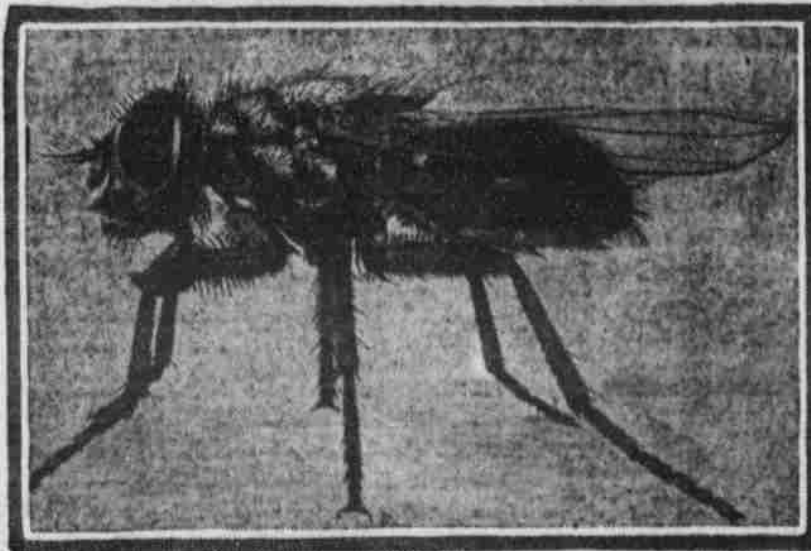
Ants and beetles exhibit astonishing strength in their daily work. The little ant-lion will put a pebble on its head, weighing possibly as much as itself, and with a sudden jerk, project it out of its conical den to a distance equal to a dozen or twenty times the tiny creature's own length. This is as if a man could seize a 150-pound weight, balance it on his head, and with a flip of his neck muscles, hurl it 100 feet away.

But perhaps the prize for strength belongs to the Mediterranean crab of which I have read, that can support 400 times its own weight. If a man could do as much he would be able to lift thirty-six and a half tons. Even the indolent oyster is a prodigy of muscular power. According to experiments that have been made, it takes a force equivalent of nearly

if a man had the relative strength of a fly he could raise himself by his hands with a weight of two tons on his feet.



If a fly were as big as a man he could kill tigers with his hands and split apart the jaws of lions.



forty pounds to force open the shell of a large oyster. A man endowed with proportional strength would be able to hold, with his hands, an iron door, against a pull of five or six tons. The endurance of insects and other small animals against fatigue is equally surprising. Some migrating birds remain on the wing during flights of 1,000 or even 2,000 miles. Nearly all birds possess immense "wind power." Many can race express trains without getting out of breath. This kind of power is not confined to animals smaller and less weighty than man. Horses cannot only outrun human athletes but they outlast them in wind, although they have several times more weight to carry.

Still as a general rule, large animals are proportionately less strong than small ones and capable of less continuous exertion. Nature long ago found her upper

limit in this respect and showed that she allowed the gigantic creatures of former geologic ages to go into extinction. They were too big for the conditions of life on a planet where the acceleration of gravity is thirty-two feet and a fraction per second.

On Mars, where the acceleration is only twelve feet the limit is probably higher, and on the moon, with an acceleration of about five and a third feet, higher still. Those are the worlds for fat men who would be spry! On the other hand we have not yet found the lower limit of magnitude for living forms on the earth, though nature doubtless knows where it lies. The microscope still reveals smaller and smaller microbes. And what might not our astonishment be if we could harness a microbe and calculate his relative strength! As to his power of endurance, we know that only too well already!

## The Selfishness of Man

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Most women are sooner or later driven to the conclusion that men are cruelly selfish creatures, and there is a certain amount of truth in the accusation, although the cruelty is premeditated only by men who are also brutes.

The stronger creature ought always protect the weaker—a man is stronger than woman both physically and in the intricament of power the world has given him. That he abuses this power very often is due to heedlessness and lack of knowledge, rather than to any conscious desire to be cruel.

Selfishness on the part of men generally means following the line of their own desires without consulting the wishes of the women whose joy comes from their hands. I know a kindly-souled man who responds with the utmost tenderness and sympathy to the cry of pain or sorrow. He hates to see the woman he loves suffer. It fairly tortures him to know that she has a headache. At all times he feels as if all the world should admire and cater to her.

But he expects her to find her joy in his joy. He takes her to see all the comic operas of which the city boasts, and he actually does not know that the one thing she really enjoys is a good melodrama. Probably the melodramas would not bore him—he might even enjoy it—but he simply doesn't know or care to find out whether the woman he loves has individual tastes quite outside the realm of the things he likes to do.

This masculine quality of taking it for granted that what pleases you pleases those you love exaggerates itself into a heedlessness of individuality that goes far to wreck marriage. When a man says "I love you, I want you," he thinks all is said, and he expects the woman who loves him to fall promptly and gratefully into his arms. It seldom occurs to him to wonder if he can make her happy, once he is fairly sure that a given woman can make him happy. With calm lordliness he expects belonging to him to reflect benignant sunshine back on his beloved.

He may be unselfishly kind and gentle and tender, but it is according to his own ideals of kindness and gentleness and tenderness that he proceeds. When a woman wants a dandelion all the American Beauties in the world will mean nothing to her. And a diamond necklace is cold comfort to the woman whose one desire is for a caress or for a sympathetic word.

Too many men divide the world sharply into masculine and feminine. After all, the world is made up of individuals—not of lords of creation and their dependents, but of thinking human beings, who, in spite of sex-differences, are equally capa-

ble of feelings, emotions, desires and preferences. The "little things" that mean so much to women generally quite escape masculine attention. If men knew or noticed they would probably not refuse to make the small concessions that mean so much to women. But they have an impatient way of sweeping aside trifles and telling women to be broadminded. They simply do not perceive many of the delicate little chances for kindness—and if they happen to glimpse them they sweep them aside as petty and trivial.

Real unselfishness consists very largely in putting yourself in someone else's place and in imagining what you would desire if you could exchange individualities. Men seldom do this. What they want strikes them as a paramount issue. I think they lose much of the delicate and exquisite joy to be found in perfect giving by this very inability to offer what is wanted instead of what they feel should be wanted.

But how royally they give the things that occur to them to offer! How willingly men slave for the luxuries which mean nothing to them, but which are important to the women who depend on them. How often men go about in shabby old suits of bygone tailoring while wives and daughters are smart in Fifth avenue clothes.

Unselfishness is a matter of the individual, rather than of the sex. There are plenty of cold, calculating women and there are stubborn and brutal men in over-abundant numbers. But a generalization that calls men selfish is not fair. A certain blindness—a certain heedless unconcern of the desires of others—a certain lordly taking for granted that what pleases Dorby will, as a result, please Joan, are all masculine characteristics. None of these things means actual selfishness—only indicates a certain lack of fineness of perception.

If, instead of growing indignant at the men they call selfish brutes, women would bring a little common sense to bear on the situation, they might pity them for the masculine blindness that prevents the highest type of sympathy and generous understanding.

And since sympathy and generous understanding are in the equipment of fine women—they are the selfish ones of the world—to realize their heritage in dealing with the boys-grown-up who are men.

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## The Goddess

By Gouverneur Morris and Charles W. Goddard

Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

After the tragic death of John Amesbury, his beautiful wife, one of America's greatest beauties, died. At her death, Stiller, an agent of the interests kidnaped the beautiful 3-year-old baby girl and brought her to a paradise where she was to be raised. At the age of 15 she is suddenly thrust into the world where agents of the interests are ready to protect her. Fifteen years later Tommy goes to the Adirondacks. The interests are responsible for the trip. By accident he is first to meet the little Amesbury girl, as she comes forth from her paradise. Tommy finds it an easy matter to rescue Celestia from Prof. Stiller and they hide in the mountains; later they are pursued by Stiller and escape to an island where they spend the night.

Tommy's first aim was to get Celestia away from Stiller. After they leave Bellevue, Tommy is unable to get any hotel to take Celestia in owing to her costume. But later he persuades her father to keep her. When he goes out to the taxi he finds her gone. She falls into the hands of a diavolo, but escapes and goes to live with a poor family by the name of Douglas. When their son Freddie returns home he has a fight in his own house, Celestia, the girl for which the underworld has offered a reward that he hoped to get. Celestia secures work in a large garment factory, where a great many girls are employed. Here she shows her peculiar power, and makes friends with all her girl companions. By her talks to the girls she is able to cause a threatened strike, and the "boss" overhauling her is moved to grant the relief the girls wished, and also to fight a great wrong he had done one of them. Just at this point the factory catches on fire, and the work room is soon a blazing furnace. Celestia refuses to escape with the other girls, and Tommy Barclay rushes in and carries her out, wrapped in a big roll of wool.

After rescuing Celestia from the fire, Tommy is sought by Balser Barclay, who undertakes to persuade him to give up the girl. Tommy refuses, and Celestia wants him to wed her directly. He can do this, as he has no funds. Stiller and Barclay introduce Celestia to a cottage of wealthy mining men, who agree to send Celestia to the resort.

The wife of the miners' leader involves Tommy in an escapade that leads the miners to search his hide-out. He is hidden from the mob, but turns from him and goes to see Kehr.

Late one afternoon she came home to her little city of tents, very tired, and lay down in a hammock under a shady tree to rest. In spite of her celestial origin, Celestia was very human, and just as attractive to a sticky house fly as any other human being. Such a house fly made a dead set for her, and she found it impossible to rest. She went into the headquarters tent, which was the biggest and coolest, and the day's work being over and the secretaries gone, she tried to rest there, and couldn't. She was tired and discouraged. She was tired because she had been doing too much, and she was discouraged because she was tired. Tommy had an uncanny faculty for dropping in upon her when she was in these moods. Possibly Freddie, the Ferret, had something to do with this faculty, for he worshipped Tommy. He that as it may, Freddie was about the tent when Celestia came in, tired. He vanished presently, and a little later Tommy appeared, looking very brown and many and refreshing.

Celestia heard his voice and called out to him, a little petulantly perhaps. Tommy poked his head in through the door of the big tent and greeted her loudly and joyously. The moment she saw him she felt a little rested.

Meanwhile Prof. Stiller, in his tent, reading a deep and thick book on "The Psychology of Government," heard the

two voices—and couldn't read another word. "Celestia," said Tommy, "you look so little and helpless and unprotected, curled among those curtains, that I'm tempted to pick you up, put you in my pocket and take you somewhere where you can't get into any more mischief."

"I dare you to try!" exclaimed Celestia. Then they both laughed and Tommy advanced into the tent.

So much articulate speech Prof. Stiller overheard, but no more. After that there came to him only the murmurs of one voice or the other, sounds which to a jealous man were more provocative of impotent rage than actual words would have been.

He stared at the book in which he was no longer able to read a word and "eat his heart out," as the saying is.

"One of these days," he thought, "she'll say 'yes' to that meddling fool and leave all my fine schemes high and dry. It really thought that, and sometimes I really do think it, I'd—"

Now the professor took off his eyeglasses and thought very hard indeed and looked very horrid and blind and evil. Every now and then he murmured to himself: "My God, why not?"

"So you dare me to try, do you?" said Tommy. Her eyes sparkled now; she was feeling very much rested.

"Yes, I do." As quick as any cat the young man leaped over and picked her up from the midst of the curtains as easily as if she had been a kitten, and so held her almost at the level of his chin. And now Celestia felt completely rested. It was as if she had received refreshing strength from Tommy's strong arms.

"Oh," he said, "if a deluded nation could behold you now!" "Put me down," she exclaimed, "somebody might see us."

"Of course they might," comforted Tommy. "The tent flaps are wide open. But I don't care if I never put you down."

"Tommy!" she exclaimed. "I should worry!" said Tommy, but when she began to struggle he put her down.

"And what did you mean," she asked, her great eyes flashing, but not with anger, and her cheeks flaming, "by a deluded nation?" "You don't look as if you could," said he, "but you've deluded several million people out of a hundred million, and it looks as if you were going to delude the rest. But you'll be sorry enough for yourself when they find out they've been deluded! Celestia, I've the most love for you that anybody in the world has for anybody, isn't that enough? You love me, don't you?"

"Yes, I do." "You ought to trust the man you love. You ought to trust his judgment." "I do about love. But—" "Oh, I know the rest that is coming. You think you see clear, but you don't. You're blind as a bat. But some day you'll see—you'll see when your own chance of happiness is gone forever and your theories have brought more evil on mankind than it endures now."

"Tommy," said Celestia, with a shudder and great seriousness, "how can you love and think me evil?" "You evil! You precious lamb!" She waved aside the arms that had gone impulsively out to her.

"If in your judgment I am going to bring more misery into the world than I am evil in your judgment, how can you reconcile that with loving me?"

Readily Found First Clue. "Did they find any clue to that mysterious crime the other day?" "Oh, yes," he said, "as ever the detective set eyes on the corpse they felt confident a murder had been committed."—Baltimore American.

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## In-Shoots.

At the proper time the meek-looking little woman can be as stubborn as a mule.

It is not proper to compliment the man in a hurry until you know where he is going.

A blast of trumpets heralds the birth of a third party. But no one over attends its funeral at the flimsy.