

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## The Messenger

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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She rose up in the early dawn,  
And white and silently she moved  
About the house. Four men had gone  
To battle for the land they loved,  
And she, the mother and the wife,  
Waited for tidings from the strife.  
How still the house seemed! and her tread  
Was like the footsteps of the dead.

The long day passed; the dark night came,  
She had not seen a human face.  
Some voice suddenly spoke her name.  
How loud it echoed in that place,  
Where, day on day, no sound was heard.  
But her own footsteps "Bring you word,"  
She cried to whom she could not see,  
"Word from the battle-plain to me!"

A soldier entered at the door,  
And stood within the dim firelight:  
"I bring you tidings of the four."  
He said, "who left you for the fight."  
"God bless you, friend," she cried, "speak on!  
For I can bear it. One is gone?"  
"Ay, one is gone," he said. "Which one?"  
"Dear lady, he, your eldest son."

A deathly pallor shot across  
Her withered face; she did not weep.  
She said: "It is a grievous loss,  
But God gives His beloved sleep.  
What of the living—of the three?  
And when can they come back to me?"  
The soldier turned away his head:  
"Lady, your husband, too, is dead."

She put her hand upon her brow:  
A wild, sharp pain was in her eyes.  
"My husband! Oh, God help me now!"  
The soldier heard her shuddering sighs.  
The task was harder than he thought,  
"Your youngest son, dear madam, fought  
Close at his father's side; both fell  
Dead, by the bursting of a shell."

She moved her lips and seemed to moan.  
Her face had paled to ashen gray:  
"Then one is left me—one alone."  
She said, "of four who marched away,  
Oh, overruling, All-wise God,  
How can I pass beneath Thy rod!"  
The soldier walked across the floor,  
Paused at the window, at the door.

Wiped the cold dew-drops from his cheek  
And sought the mourner's side again.  
"Once more, dear lady, I must speak:  
Your last remaining son was slain  
Just at the closing of the fight,  
'Twas he who sent me here tonight."  
"God knows," the man said afterward,  
"The fight itself was not so hard."

## Fashions Change, but--



Luckily for mankind, woman's heart is the same in all ages.

## Dislocated Joints and Bunions the Penalty of Too High Heels and Too Short Shoes, says Madame Ise'bell

The Care of the Feet—Part VII.  
The most common affliction that comes from wearing a too short shoe is a dislocated joint and high heels used in walking will add to this trouble. A dislocated joint



means that the big toe bone, in place of forming a straight line with the side of the foot is turned in so that the joint sticks out in unlovely fashion and inflammation is apt to set up. A dislocated joint is supposed to be incurable without an operation, but this is rarely resorted to. There are several mechanical devices for this trouble and shoes shaped to correct the turning in of the big toe can be obtained. So if this trouble cannot be entirely corrected it may be largely mitigated.

A bunion begins as an inflammation on the joint, increases to a swelling which may develop a little corn in the center. Bunions are very painful if allowed to continue and as they indicate the joint is more or less out of correct line, the first step in the cure is to adopt a shoe of a size and shape that will keep the big toe in a line with the side of the foot. In order to preserve this straight line it is sometimes advisable to bring the first and second toes together with a strip of surgical plaster and sometimes an appliance made for this purpose is adopted. Local treatment is also necessary.

Begin treating the bunion by a ten minute soaking in a small foot bath to which a teaspoon of baking powder has been added. Dry and scrape the spot gently with an emery board, rubbing away all the dead skin possible. If the corn has formed, take the outsole knife and remove it or as much as can be extracted without pain or drawing blood. Do this every few nights.

If there is inflammation over the entire joint, apply hot applications of which hasten until it disappears. If the inflammation seems caused by the pressure of the corn and the joint is painful to the touch, paint the sore part about the corn with tincture of iodine, remembering not to apply this on any broken skin. Dust the place with a little dry boracic acid and cover with a piece of soft linen wet with carbolic vaseline. If it is necessary to wear a shoe, put over this a bunion protector which can be procured at any large drug store which will prevent the pressure of the leather on the sore spot.

If pus should form, as sometimes happens, apply hot fomentations until the pus has gathered in one spot; then press it out and wash well with peroxide of hydrogen. After the soreness and inflammation has departed the dry bunion can be treated.

Madame Ise'bell

## Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

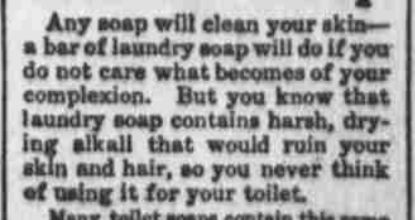
He May Be Sky.  
Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been keeping company with a young man for the last year. When we are alone he is very attentive, but when company is given people the impression that he does not care for me.  
Will you kindly advise me how to treat this young man, as I think a great deal of him and do not want to give him up?

Possibly this young man is shy or has some hesitancy about publishing his affections to outsiders. Treat him as you always have and don't worry about what society thinks of his affection for you. You must measure that by the respect, kindness and affection of his attitude toward you when you are alone.

Love and Faith.  
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of 22 and am contented good looking and attractive. I am in love with a young man two years my junior, and he in return says that he loves me.

Now, Miss Fairfax, how can I tell if this young man is really in love with me?  
EDITH M.

When a man says he loves her, the girl who cares for him ought not to doubt him if he treats her with absolute respect and never suggests that she hide their affection from her own mother.



Is your skin tender? Try Resinol Soap  
Any soap will clean your skin—a bar of laundry soap will do if you do not care what becomes of your complexion. But you know that laundry soap contains harsh, drying alkali that would ruin your skin and hair, so you never think of using it for your toilet.

## The Blight of Wealth

Poverty Has Wrecked Many Homes, but Wealth is Often Just as Much a Menace to Domestic Life as Poverty

By DOROTHY DIX

We are all familiar with the old adage that says, "when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window." It is true. When the stomach is pinched with hunger, people do not bother about the state of their hearts. Shabbiness chokes sentiment to death, and the bill collector slays romance.



To be successful a marriage must be adequately financed. A husband and wife might love well enough to die for each other, but when it comes to the strain of living together in a poverty that keeps every nerve strained taut with anxiety, they soon fall out of love and begin to reproach each other for having brought this disastrous fate upon them.

We are all familiar enough with the sad spectacle of poverty wrecking a home, but we fail to take into account that wealth is often just as much a menace to domestic life as poverty.

Yet, such is the case, especially among those whose prosperity seems to carry a blight upon family life with it. At any rate, it is one of the sardonic jests of our times that a new-made millionaire always requires a new wife to match the new furniture in his new place.

A poignant illustration of the fact that wealth can be as dangerous as poverty to love was afforded by a divorce case that recently came up for trial. In her plea for divorce the wife told a pathetic little story of how she and her husband married when they were young and had only a little money, and of how they lived above the store and she did her own housework and kept the books at night, and helped with the shop when she had a moment to spare and of how they worked and hoped and planned together.

**La-Grippe and Colds**  
In La-Grippe and Colds, Anti-kamnia (A-K) Tablets are unexcelled, as they soothe the system, soothe the nerves, and bring the rest so greatly needed by nature to restore the system to health. Physicians have used these tablets for over twenty years, in the treatment of colds, fevers and grippe, and have found no other remedy more useful in these conditions. Anti-kamnia Tablets are so inexpensive, so pleasant to take, so safe and so effective, that they are used in all conditions where there is pain, that A-K Tablets should always be kept in the house for the time of need. Many of our blood physicians obtain perfect results in the treatment of colds, fevers and grippe, and colds, by cleansing the system with Epson salts or "Aetoids," a very good cathartic, putting the patient on a limited diet, and administering one A-K tablet every two or three hours. This treatment will usually break up the worst case in a day or two, while in milder cases, ease and comfort follow almost immediately. These tablets are also unexcelled for Neuritis, Rheumatic Pains, the Pains of Women, Indigestion and Insomnia. All druggists have them.

The husband had business sagacity and year by year he went farther and farther and got a bigger store each time and then a chain of stores and became wealthy. "I was poor," said the wife. "He was so tender and kind to me and loved me, but when he got rich he began to neglect me and run about with gay companions and to take pretty young girls to the theater and in his automobile. He has been ruined by his wealth. It is his money that has broken up our home."  
Such stories are not uncommon. When wealth comes in at the door, love flies out of the window more often than we know, for the siren who alienates the affections of nine American men out of ten from their wives is no other woman, but the love of money.

Many a woman who lives in a \$75,000 house, and who has a charge account at all the leading stores, and her own limousine, has nothing else but these. Every particle of interest her husband has is given to his business. Every thought he has is centered on his business. Every atom of affection he possesses is twined around his pet schemes. His idea of enjoyment is putting through a difficult deal, and when he spends a happy evening it is with his business associates.

His wife has ceased to count for anything in his life and she knows it. No longer needs her, as the poor man needs his wife, and the curse of money has blighted that household just as surely as the direst poverty could have done.

Another way in which wealth is a menace to the home is that it makes every rich person a shining mark for the envious and ambitious. He has known nothing of the arts of femininity, only the one plain woman he has married and who has been more helper than sweetheart.

Suddenly he finds himself with plenty of money, with plenty of leisure to divert himself and with a wife who does not know how to either laugh or spend money, or any more about how to amuse a man than she knows about the differential calculus. Then comes along someone who has youth and beauty, and a honeyed tongue that talks flatteries and cajoleries and who can wonder that the man proves an easy mark.  
Once upon a time I reproved a woman whose husband was making a big salary for her extravagance. "The only way to keep your husband in New York is to keep him so poor that no other woman wants him," was her reply. One cannot recommend that method of self-preservation to her wives; still it is undoubtedly true that the rich man is in continual danger and that nothing makes for the preservation of the domestic virtue so much as a thin pocketbook.  
The moral of all of which is that the wife who loves her husband and who wants to enjoy his companionship may well echo the prayer of the Psalmist who desired neither riches nor poverty.

## The "Laughing Cure" for an Aspiring Poet

It is Quite Right that Each Individual on Earth Should Take Himself Seriously, But to Take One's Self Seriously Does Not Mean Being Morbid or Pessimistic

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

(Copyright, 1914, by The Star Company.)  
There lives in New York City, No. 234 East Eleventh street, a very gifted poet whose name is Nelson Gardner. This poet is unquestionably possessed of a very high order of talent. His ideas are lofty and his method of expression at times almost Shakespearean, but Nelson Gardner's poetry has not gained the public ear. He has sent many striking poems to various editors and publishers and they have been refused.



This has caused the young man to become extremely melancholy, pessimistic and self-centered. He has written a great many letters to the newspapers, calling down punishment upon the heads of the blind critics who failed to appreciate his gifts. Here is one example of his prose and poetry which he recently sent to an American newspaper:  
"A poet of the highest rank now is living, and I, that am he, write to protest against the prolonged denial of my work. As some slight evidence of the lyric gift I claim, the following fragment, selected from a poem containing seven and seventy stanzas in all, forthwith is presented:

And do the gods no answer give to prayer?  
Shine not protecting deities above?  
Naught build for man to worship or to love?  
Yet, and we learn devotion from each dove.  
Whose wings like snow are white; for all bright things  
Likewise are sacred, and the heart hath  
That stretch unto the stars. Then kneel  
O spirit that was doubtful, and adore!  
I am prepared to appear before any literary tribunal and prove in one hour's recital how excellent is my art; yet do I feel that never will such hearing be accorded. I must pay with my life the prophet's debt to envy, and not while I live will my song be accepted."  
Here are two more of Nelson Gardner's really fine poems which have been refused by the editors:  
The dying spirits dance, and likewise drink  
And perish of their own fulfilled desire.  
For reveals vice upon destruction's brink,  
And out of pleasure builds the fool his pyre.  
The very stars be instruments of ire  
Wherby is darkness evermore removed.  
And man, though far from orbs so far removed,  
Still must reverse those hierarchies of light.  
That, while they garnish, also govern night.

When, after many mediocre years,  
By reigning Scribes and Parisians made  
The poet that is prophet too appears,

Through guise most humble is his glory  
Not proud in his approach, nor yet serene.  
But like a martyr, bleeding, doth he march,  
With only heaven for triumphal arch,  
Till high as Calvary he dares to climb.  
Where sorrow makes his utterance sublime.

In each one of his numerous letters to the public press Mr. Gardner signs himself "The American Poet," and indulges in much dramatic and melodramatic utterance anent his verse. Here are two extracts:

"All the false hearts under heaven cannot prevent the coming of the day when the entire creations from which I above quote will fairly be placed before the great world."  
"Bitterly it reflects on prevailing conditions when verse so dignified must be offered in manner so aggressive. For this will the literary authorities that long have denied my work themselves be judged anon."  
Again he says:  
"In the following stanza I convey the

reason for my present denial and approaching doom:  
Appealing to impenetrable hearts,  
The harp whose note spurs highest throbs in vain,  
For kindness, when genius comes, departs.  
From lesser talent, that itself would reign;  
While often culture teaches mean disdain,  
Or graces that but gloss, and who shall  
The voice of verity, by we made wise,  
When pride proclaims the priest, and  
Engender song that sinks and art that nods.

"Though my songs be now disregarded, yet will they live hereafter with the lasting glamour of death."  
"THE AMERICAN POET."  
There can be no question regarding the literary merit of Mr. Gardner's verse. There is just one criticism which can be passed upon it. It is too much in one tone. However beautiful and grand a strain if music may be, if an entire composition is written in that one strain it soon wears the ear of the most enthusiastic music lover.  
Mr. Gardner needs to vary his music and to study different methods of expression, and he needs to entirely reconstruct his mental methods of thinking about himself. It is quite right that each individual on earth should take himself seriously; each one of us is an expression of Divine power, and we should not cheapen ourselves by undervaluing our importance in the great universal scheme.  
But to take one's self seriously does not mean being morbid or pessimistic, both of which appellations can be applied to Mr. Gardner's attitude. The laughing cure would be a very good thing for "The American Poet" to try. Let him stand before the mirror fifteen minutes every day and laugh at himself. Then let him try and develop more sympathy for editors in their troublesome and burdened lives and less sympathy for himself, instead of insisting that the world is going to be flung into the depths of shame and humiliation for having refused to recognize his talent.  
Let him declare every day of his life that his hour is approaching when he will be read and appreciated by multitudes. A man with such talents possesses the power to bring about their recognition if he uses the right mental weapon. Mr. Gardner should avoid thinking or uttering such sentences as the following, which he sent to a newspaper last February:  
"Before my coming there had appeared among the scribes of America but one true singer, Edgar Allan Poe. Him they virtually murdered. Now have they me, with as great a gift for the long poem as had Poe for the shorter lay, and behold, I also am doomed."  
This is a very foolish way for so gifted a young man to talk. It places him in the list of those whom Jack London has dubbed Sob-Brothers. Yes, the laughing cure is what Mr. Nelson Gardner, "The American Poet," needs.

## May and September

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"I am 35 years old and deeply in love with a man 20 years old, and I write to protest against the prolonged denial of my work. As some slight evidence of the lyric gift I claim, the following fragment, selected from a poem containing seven and seventy stanzas in all, forthwith is presented:  
And do the gods no answer give to prayer?  
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Naught build for man to worship or to love?  
Yet, and we learn devotion from each dove.  
Whose wings like snow are white; for all bright things  
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Still must reverse those hierarchies of light.  
That, while they garnish, also govern night.

When, after many mediocre years,  
By reigning Scribes and Parisians made  
The poet that is prophet too appears,

or so, and he will admire the very things that attracted Jeanette to him now.  
We all like to renew our youth. C. E. M.'s mature love and Jeanette are doing that in their affection for boys. They are holding on to youth with a last desperate grip. Fifteen years from now nature will repeat herself as history does. The men will renew their youthful interests in admiration for younger, prettier faces than those their aging wives can show. And everyone will suffer.  
The woman who marries a man fifteen years her junior exchanges years of struggle to cling to a semblance of youth of misery, and of desperate clinging to the things that attract—for a few years of joy.  
Everywhere we read of marriages of this sort that terminate badly. Jealousy and suspicion make the wife age faster than the years demand. The husband comes to hate the woman who has cheated him of his youth.  
Don't do it. A pretty woman of 35 years can find a man of suitable age—a man on whom she can lean—a man she can respect and venerate. A boy of 20 years had better attend to business for a few years and then look around for a girl of about 20 years who will feel for him the wisely respect that is necessary to make a happy marriage.

The postmen in Portugal save themselves much walking on Sundays by delivering letters at church.

It is estimated that 93 per cent of the ocean floor is entirely devoid of plant life.

The wife of a Bulgarian rarely goes out without her husband, does not receive callers in her husband's absence, seldom appears in a restaurant, a cafe or a place of public amusement, and never goes to any such place unless her husband accompanies her.

## Do You Know That

The postmen in Portugal save themselves much walking on Sundays by delivering letters at church.