

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Voice

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

I dreamed a Voice, of one God-authorized,
Cried loudly thro' the world, "Disarm! Disarm!"
And there was consternation in the camps;
And men who strutted under braid and lace
Beat on their medaled breasts, and wailed, "Undone!"
The word was echoed from a thousand hills,
And shop and mill, and factory, and forge,
Where thrived the awful industries of death,
Hushed into silence. Scrawled upon the doors,
The passer read, "Peace bids her children starve."
But foolish women clasped their little sons
And wept for joy, not reasoning like men.

Again the Voice commanded: "Now go forth
And build a world for Progress and for Peace.
This work has waited since the earth was shaped;
But men were fighting, and could not toll.
The needs of life outnumber needs of death.
Leave death with God. Go forth, I say, and build."

And then a sudden, comprehensive joy
Shone in the eyes of men; and who thought
Only of conquests and of victories
Woke from his gloomy reverie and cried,
"Aye, come and build! I challenge all to try,
And I will make a world more beautiful
Than Eden was before the serpent came."
And like a running flame on western winds,
Ambition spread from mind to listening mind,
And lo! The looms were busy once again,
And all the earth resounded with men's toil.

Vast palaces of Science graced the world;
Their banquet tables spread with feasts of truth
For all who hungered. Music kissed the air,
Once rent with boom of cannon. Statues gleamed
From wooded ways, where ambushed armies hid
In times of old. The sea and air were gay
With shining sails that soared from land to land.
A universal language of the world
Made nations kin, and poverty was known
But as a word marked "obsolete," like war.
The arts were kindled with celestial fire;
New poets sang so Homer's fame grew dim;
And brush and chisel gave the wondering race
Sublimar treasures than old Greece displayed.
Men differed still; fierce argument arose,
For men are human in this human sphere;
But unarmed Arbitration stood between,
And Reason settled in a hundred hours
What War disputed for a hundred years.

Oh, that a Voice, of one God-authorized,
Might cry to all mankind, "Disarm! Disarm!"

Do Battles Incite Storms?

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Do rain and thunderstorms commonly follow great battles?

This old, but always interesting, question is asked again, now that the world is expectantly listening for the roar of the greatest battles in all its history.

The scientific answer is in the negative, because there is not on record a sufficient number of observations concerning the character of the weather after battles to warrant definite conclusions, and also because such observations as do exist were not made in a scientific manner. The verdict is "not proved."

But it is within the range of possibility that a sympathetic investigation would show that the great battles do affect the atmosphere in such a way as to produce local weather changes of a more or less pronounced character. There are two things which might be supposed to have a special tendency in that direction; first, the long continued and violent agitation of the air by discharges of artillery, musketry and rapid-fire guns, and second, the introduction into the atmosphere of great quantities of smoke, dust and gases from the guns and the burning shells.

It is well known that atmospheric moisture condenses about minute particles floating in the air, and such particles

also play an important part in the electric phenomena of the atmosphere. This being so, the air over the battlefield may become charged not only with condensed watery vapor, but with electricity to such a degree as to bring about either a quiet downfall of rain or a thunder shower.

For a considerable number of years in the wine growing districts of France, where thunderstorms are frequently accompanied by destructive volleys of hail, hundreds of so-called "hail cannons" have been systematically employed in bombarding the sky whenever threatening clouds appear in order to prevent the formation of the dreaded hail. While scientific investigators have generally pronounced this system of defense against hail theoretically ineffective, thousands of wine growers have expressed great confidence in it and have continued to use it.

They say that the shocks and the atmospheric swirls produced by the discharge of a similar kind may be produced. The electric disturbance produced by a battle may be enormous. Still they are contradictory and puzzling circumstances. The alleged effect of the "hail cannon" is immediate, that of the thunders of the battlefield is remote, following hours after the shock has passed. It is not affirmed that the "hail cannon" can produce rain out of a clear sky; but that it exactly what the cannonading of contending armies is believed by some to be able to do.

Since neither of these popular beliefs is accepted by scientific authorities, the general public must take such evidence as it can get and judge for itself. Science does not say that these things are impossible; it only says that they are improbable.

Household Hints

In hot weather place the butter in a bowl, then put the bowl and butter into a larger dish containing as much salt and water as will come to within half an inch of the top of the butter bowl. Cover lightly with a piece of white paper or muslin to keep out the dust and put in a cool place. Always before unwrapping butter hold the parcel under the cold water faucet for a few seconds, and you will find that the paper will come off without even the slightest bit of butter adhering.

The best way to clean hair brushes is with spirits of ammonia. No rubbing is required, and cold water can be used just as successfully as warm. Take a teaspoonful of ammonia to a quart of water, dip the hair part of the brush without wetting the wood, and in a moment the grease will be removed; then rinse in cold water, shake the brush well, and dry in the air, but not in the sun. Soda and soap soften the bristles.

To renew shabby coat collars, take a raw potato, peel it and grate it into a basin. Pour half a pint of cold water over it and let it stand until it has settled. Then take a piece of clean flannel, dip it into the clear liquid and rub the collar well.

"His Best Girl": Copyright, 1914, Intern'l News Service. : By Nell Brinkley



His mother. Sometimes he calls her "mudder," and sometimes her little name is "muz." Sometimes he can only curl his tongue around her name and produce something that sounds like the language of Far-Away Land and might be "murver." Sometimes it's the some southern "mammy," and the little westerner says "mama" short and quick.

And of all the wonder-look that artists try to catch and cannot—the looks they paint at and rave over and dream in the night of arriving at—the wonderest look of all is the divine one that a little

chap bestows on his "best girl." It calls his dimples and the gleams in his eyes; it shouts "I love you!" it whispers "I think you're the beautifullest lady they is;" it sings "I believe everything you say," and it dazzles, and adores, and caresses, and glazes, and questions, and covers her face, that he will remember in after life on the other side of the world as being made of velvet to his baby touch, with a look of blinding faith.

His best girl of yesterday, and this day, and tomorrow—his mother.

—NELL BRINKLEY.

Why My Husband Left Me

No. 4—A Wife Who Loved Not Wisely, but Too Well, Tells Her Story.

By DOROTHY DIX.

"I lost my husband," said the fourth woman, "because I loved him too much.

"One of the chief reasons why marriage is a failure is because women can live on love as a steady diet all of their lives, and still ask for more, while a man is as easily satisfied with affection as he is with sweets. He likes a little love, at the right time and place, as he does a mouthful of dessert, but it never occurs to him to make his whole meal upon it. It's women who are the chocolate cream sex.

"The wisest man that ever lived, and the one who had the most experience with women, exclaimed: 'Stay me with flaxseed, comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love.' "I never make a wedding present that I don't wish that I had the courage to have those words of Solomon illuminated in letters a foot high to present to the bride, for if I did I might save some other foolishly fond woman from making the mistake that I did—which was smothering my husband under so much affection that he suffocated in the domestic atmosphere.

sentimental, emotional and of a most affectionate disposition.

"The man I picked out to marry was practical, self-contained, without a shred of romance in his composition. Love was the whole of life to me. There were a million things more important to him. Love did not compare in interest to him, for instance, with business, or golf, or fishing, or base ball.

"I'm not saying he wasn't fond of me. He was in his way. I am sure that he cared for me more than he ever did for any other woman, and he was kindness and generosity itself to me. He lavished upon me everything in the world but one thing that I wanted most—and that was love. I adored him, worshipped him. I had no life except as it came to me through him. I simply did not exist when he was out of my sight, and so to be near him I became a sort of Old Woman of the Sea that he could never shake off, although I had too little sense to realize what I was doing, and that I must inevitably make him hate me, as we all do the burden on our backs.

"Of course, I walked and wept over this harshness, but it taught me nothing. I couldn't be with him during business hours. I was determined to be his companion during his hours of recreation, so although I loathe every form of outdoor sport, I tagged along at his heels over golf courses, and trudged beside him on fishing expeditions, and, as I know, spoilt every holiday for him. For I never learned to play a decent game of golf, or caught a fish, and was anything but a sport-sport on any outing.

"It must bore you to sit around, waiting for me to get time to take you to lunch, or to go home," he said at first. "Oh, no," I replied, "I am never bored when I am near you, even if I can't speak to you. I'd just rather sit and look at you than go to any play." "Well," he exclaimed, brutally at last, "you get on my nerves sitting around here, until I want to scream, and if you don't stay at home you will drive this whole business into bankruptcy. I don't pester around your kitchen. Do keep out of my office."

"Just for the sheer joy I had in looking at him I took to haunting his office until he was finally forced to forbid me to come to his place of business.

A Beraznia Hunter. A pleasant looking Irish woman walked into a store and asked the price of the collars she had seen displayed in the window. "Two for a quarter," said the clerk. "How much would that be for one?" "Thirteen cents." She pondered. Then, with her forefinger she seemed to be making invisible calculations on the sleeve of her coat. "That," she said, "would make the other collar twelve cents. Wouldn't it? Just give me that wan." Philadelphia Ledger.

"My husband, on the contrary, was an expert at all sorts of athletic stunts. Moreover, he was a man who was a man's man, and loved the society of other men, and it makes me wince to this day to think how much I must have bored him.

"My love also made me a tyrant to him and caused me to nag him to desperation. He was a big, husky fellow, self-reliant to the last degree, yet I was so tormented with fear that he would get run over by an automobile going to his office that I would telephone to know if he had arrived safely, and if he was thirty minutes late getting home, I was walking the floor with hysterics.

"I never let him see what he wanted for fear it would make him sick and I would ask him a thousand times if he was sure his feet were dry or if he was sitting in a draught. If he wanted to read his paper of an evening I wept because

Congeniality

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"The strength of friendship consists more in liking the same things than in liking each other."

Many a friendship, or love affair, or even marriage, has been shipwrecked on the rocks of dissimilar tastes and widely separated interests. Too many people who care for each other cannot analyze the reason for their feeling beyond "She's just my style," or "He just appeals to me." It is all very well to feel a tug at your heart strings and a glow in your blood when some individual is near, but if you try to build a lasting relationship on either of those symptoms you will find that the tug may pull apart and the glow fade.

Instinctively we often recognize friends-to-be or loves in embryo. Often we meet the new person and as their personality calls and ours answers, we feel there is some one I could like—not some one I do like, but some one "I could" care for.

And in that potential "could" opposed to one positive "do" lies the crux of the whole matter. Instinctive attraction is a splendid thing. The charm of one individual out of a group for a certain selected other, individual exists and can not be explained or put under a microscope and made perfectly clear and evident. But if friendship, love or marriage are each or all to develop from this germ of attraction, there must be a reinforcement of common interests, similar or at least sympathetic tastes and ideals and aspirations in common.

There is such a thing as making yourself congenial to the people for whom you care. Think how a mother encourages her boys to tell her of their victories in class room or on foot ball field, and listens to her girls discouraging of fox trots and tennis courts, even though her interests center in Browning clubs or cooking triumphs. She interests herself in the tastes and occupations of those she loves and so brings herself ever closer by sympathetic understanding that makes for congeniality. The boys say "Mother's a good sport" and glow with pride when they say it. The girls lovingly whisper, "Isn't mother a dear? She does understand." And their eyes glisten with tender tears when they think how dear mother is.

Mother is wise enough to make her boys and girls feel the congenial warmth of her love and interest. It would be wise for friends, lovers, husbands, wives and children to garnish their affection with the delicious sauce of congeniality and serve it at the wide board of sympathy.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Do Not Be Heartbroken.

Dear Miss Fairfax: The young lady whom I love, and I have every reason to believe loves me, recently at a wedding supper drew the thimble from the wedding cake. What about the tradition that pertains to this? Would you advise me to have any faith in it?

HEARTBROKEN. Don't let yourself become a slave to superstition. What if there is a saying that the one to draw the thimble in the bride's cake is sure to remain a spinster. Can a mere saying prevent your winning her love and marrying her? The only reason superstition has any power is because people are silly and weak and cowardly enough to submit to their fears. You don't have to be bound by any such notion unless you choose to.

An Act of Real Courtesy. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a man of 29 years and often meet a lady friend for whom I have lots of respect. I meet her off and on at "L" stations and on the street. While speaking, I keep my hat in my hand; passengers getting off and on train laugh or pass some remark. Kindly let me know if I am doing right? JACK. You are performing an act worthy of a real gentleman—a "gentleman of the old school" who is all too seldom seen today. Don't let laughter or sneers break you of the splendid habit of standing uncovered in the presence of a woman.

No Harm. Dear Miss Fairfax: I and my chum are high school girls. We are 17 years of age and both considered very pretty. People have been making remarks about us because we go to shows and dances with traveling men. We stay at the hotel and know that if I should give up a few remarks made? Is there any harm in this? BETTY AND JANE. If your parents know of where you go and who you go with, no harm is likely to result, other than that your little heads may get filled with some vain and foolish notions. However, girls who are still in school should not devote too much of their time going to dances, no matter who they have as escorts.

Declare Your Love. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man of 22 and in love with a girl of 20. She is very popular and as I love her, I do not wish her to receive attentions from other men, am not in position to marry yet, but will be soon. Will it be right for me to declare my love and if she accepts, will I have the right to stop such attentions if she does not accept, how can I win her love? LONELY. Tell this girl of your love. If she does not care for you, you must simply forget your desire to win her. If she becomes engaged to you she will, of course, cease receiving attentions from other men.

First and Best Call for Supper

Try a Faust Spaghetti dinner once in a while—you'll surely enjoy it. Cook with red ripe tomatoes for about 40 minutes and serve with grated cheese. If you don't say this makes a rare feast, a fine, savory, appetizing meal, you'll be a rare exception. A 10c package of this wholesome food makes a family dinner for seven—that's economy for you. Send for free recipe book. 5c and 10c packages. Buy today. MAULL BROS., St. Louis, Mo.

