

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Statue

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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A granite rock in the mountain side
Gazed on the world and was satisfied.
It watched the centuries come and go,
It welcomed the sunlight, yet loved the snow;
It grieved when the forest was forced to fall,
Yet joyed when steeples rose white and tall
In the valley below it, and thrilled to hear
The voice of the great town roaring near.

When the mountain stream from its idle play
Was caught by the mill wheel and borne away
And trained to labor, the gray rock mused
"Tree and verdure and stream are used
My man the master, but I remain
Friend of the mountain and star and plain,
Unchanged forever by God's decree
While passing centuries bow to me."

Then all unwarned with a mighty shock
Out of the mountain was wrenched the rock.
Bruised and battered and broken in heart,
It was carried away to the common mart.
Wrenched, and ruined in peace and pride,
"Oh, God is cruel," the granite cried,
"Comrade of mountain, of star the friend,
By all deserted—how sad my end."

A dreaming sculptor in passing by
Gazed on the granite with thoughtful eye:
Then stirred with a purpose supremely grand
He bade his dream in the rock expand.
And lo! from the broken and shapeless mass
That grieved and doubted, it came to pass
That a glorious statue of priceless worth
And infinite beauty adorned the house.

Tiring of Too Kind Husbands

By DOROTHY DIX.

"What do you think of that woman out west who has just gotten a divorce from her husband because he always gave her everything she asked for and never opposed her in anything she wanted to do?" asked the Stenographer.

"I think she didn't know a good graft when she had one, and it should be the foolish house for hers," replied the bookkeeper.

"Yes, maybe so," said the Stenographer. "Of course matrimony with a husband like that would be like long grand song, but it would lack pep and ringer, and be apt to get on a woman's nerves."



"Huh, I should worry for that sort of a woman," remarked the Bookkeeper.

"Well," returned the Stenographer, "consider the matter. What would be the fun of working a husband for imported millinery if all you had to do was to ask for it and get it? It would be like taking pennies away from a blind baby."

"For my part," commented the Bookkeeper, "I should think that the elastic limb that could be pulled without trouble, or howls of agony, would be about the most attractive attribute of desirable qualities that a husband could carry. At any rate, in all the tied-up couples I know, the thing that seems to annoy the wife most is the difficulty of extracting the coin from the family treasurer."

"That's true," agreed the Stenographer. "When a man marries he endows his wife with all his earthly goods, but as a general thing she has to 'entormform him to get carfare out of him. But it's the doing of this that gives sport and zest to domestic life. Every time a woman flim-

flams her lord and master out of a bunch of the long green she experiences all of the thrills of artistic burglary successfully pulled off."

"Did you ever notice how a married woman goes to work to get what she wants?"

"She doesn't demand it as a right or ask it as a favor. She acquires it by subterfuge. Say she has set her heart on a new dress. She goes and picks it out. The next morning at breakfast she steers the conversation around to the subject of clothes. Hubby, being wise, says nothing. At dinner hubby perceives that all his favorite dishes are set before him. Wife observes in a casual tone of voice that Mrs. So-and-So has a new dress. Business of profound thinking on hubby's part.

"Wife remarks what a good, noble, generous man, and what an ideal husband Mrs. So-and-So has. Still nothing doing from hubby. After dinner, in the living room, wife tearfully opines that she's afraid hubby's business must be bad, and if it is of course she doesn't want to even think about a new dress. Husband grunts and wife wipes a few furtive tears away. Hubby suggests, apparently of his own volition, that wife needs a new suit, and wife falls upon his neck in triumph.

"Now do you suppose that woman would have missed all of that scene for any money? Do you think she would have enjoyed having that dress hurried at her the minute she suggested she wanted it? Not on your life. She feels that she has been a regular Tallyrand to her boomer husband into giving it to her, and every time she wears it she throws bouquets at herself to think how clever and diplomatic and deep she is."

"Women are queer fish," observed the Bookkeeper.

"Well," said the Stenographer, "there's one thing you don't want to forget: Married life for the majority of women is a dead level of monotony, in which they depend on their husbands to furnish the tabasco of existence. That's the reason that the too easy man is not a hot favorite with women. There is no sport, even if there is profit, in selling good breaks to blind farmers."

"I should have thought that that western man would have won out on one count, anyway," remarked the Bookkeeper. "The no argument proposition. Anybody makes a hit with me who doesn't contradict my statements or take issue with my opinions."

"Women are built on a different plan," said the Stenographer. "A woman sines and yearns to be contradicted, because that is the only way she has of finding out what she really thinks. A married woman never knows who she wants until her husband tells her she can't have it, and so, if he always agrees with her, the poor creature is completely at sea. It takes opposition to crystallize her opinions, and the husband who refuses to give this first aid to the undecided is a mean old thing."

"And there's another objection to the too agreeable husband."

"What's that?" asked the Bookkeeper.

"It takes away woman's excuse for not doing the things she doesn't want to do. I would so love to give to your noble cause, but my husband won't let me," says the woman squeezer. "My heart is with you, and I would join your Society for the Preservation of Superannuated Cats, but my husband has such a prejudice against cats, says the woman woebecher. 'I'm dying to have you visit me, but my husband is so nervous he can't stand company,' says the woman who wants to avoid an unwelcome guest, and so it goes.

"The chief advantage of having a husband is that he is such a good scapegoat, and no sensible woman wants to be married to a man so amiable she can't even lay things on him."

"Have women no ideal of a husband?" demanded the Bookkeeper.

"Oh, yes," replied the Stenographer, "but they don't want to marry it."

"Right-o!" agreed the Bookkeeper.

ECZEMA ON HANDS ITCHED AND BURNED

Especially the Finger Joints. Would Crack and Bleed. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment Healed.

Hotel Summers, Minneapolis, Minn.—My eczema troubled me most in my hands, especially the finger joints. I felt as if I were tearing the flesh off. It first appeared as a rash and it itched and burned. The joints would crack open and bleed at times. I could pull small pieces of scaly skin off and then the parts would be very tender. Several of my finger nails came off. Cold water soiled to make the eczema worse.

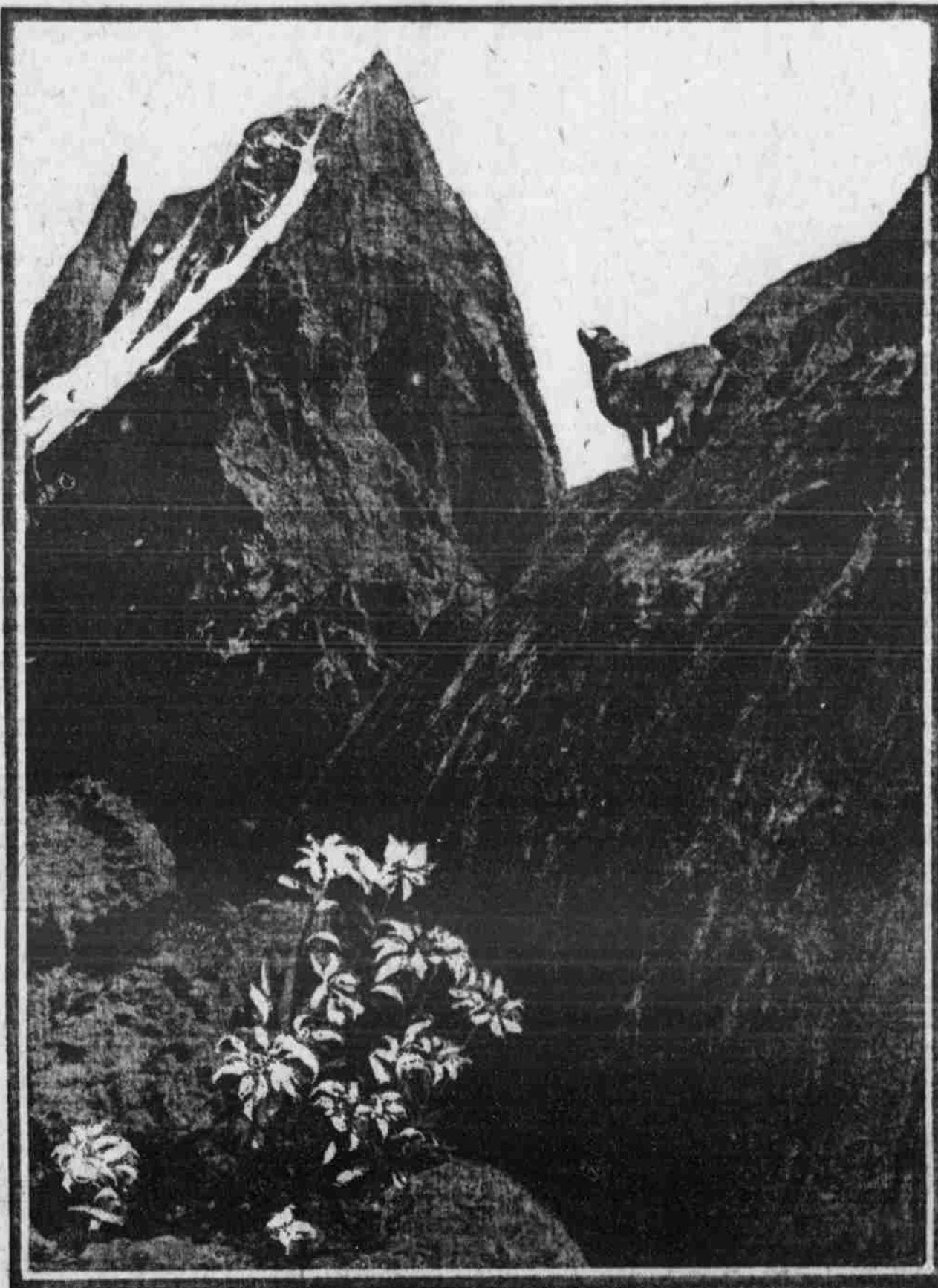
"An old friend told me to use Cuticura Soap to wash with and Cuticura Ointment on retiring at night. I did and now I have not the slightest itchy feeling, not a mark or scar. Cuticura Soap and Ointment healed me." (Signed) George Lowther, Oct. 8, 1914.

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The Lode Star of the Alps

The Edelweiss, Often Called the Most Dangerous Plant in the World



Here is seen the Edelweiss as it grows in its natural surroundings. Photographs of it under such conditions are rare. It can be easily cultivated

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The Edelweiss, or "noble-white," has, with considerable truth, been called "the most dangerous plant in the world." The statement that it has cost many Alpine climbers their lives is undoubtedly exact. Ordinarily its starry white flower is only to be seen in the most inaccessible spots, at great altitudes, on steep mountain sides, guarded by precipices which even the sure-footed chamois would avoid.

As a member of the greatest order in the vegetable kingdom, that of the Compositae, and a relative of such familiar flowers as the daisy and the black-eyed Susan, there is something singular in the slowness and aristocratic aloofness of the Edelweiss. And this seems all the more remarkable from the fact that it can be cultivated with ease in any ordinary garden. But when thus cultivated it loses the characteristics which cause it to be sought after with so much deadly risk in the Alps.

These characteristics are the amplexure of the flower, its pure, snowy whiteness and the peculiar woolly down that covers the leaves of the plant, and the involucre, or ring of bracts, surrounding the flower-head. The Edelweiss exhibits in a marked degree the curious tendency of Alpine plants to increase the size, the fragrance and the brilliancy of their flowers, while their stems and branches are dwarfed.

The surprise and admiration excited by the first specimens of the Edelweiss encountered by the Swiss and Tyrolean mountaineers led to a popular superstition concerning the plant, and for generations it has been regarded as the emblem of purity, and the most suitable of all gifts to a bride from her bridegroom. There could be no stronger inducement than this to lead adventurous spirits into dangerous places for the sake of obtaining the coveted flowers. Every canton has its local traditions and poetical legends about the Edelweiss.

The flower appears to flourish best on limestone, its roots spreading widely in the cracks of the rocks, and it is comparatively abundant among the limestone ranges of the eastern, or Tyrolean, Alps. It grows also in the Pyrenees, and has been found in Siberia. Since the modern influx of tourists in the Swiss Alps the Edelweiss has become scarcer, and laws have been passed to protect it.

There is an element of mystery in the

ascend of high mountains by this plant, the vast majority of whose botanical relatives dwell amid the warmth and abundance of the lower world. The delicate stems with which it protects itself shows that it has yielded to the necessity of adaptation to its icy environment; but why should it ever have climbed so high, and sought so frigid a home? There is plenty of limestone in the valleys below, and experiment has proved that the plant can be forced to

grow there, but when left free to follow its own bent the Edelweiss seems to disdain all lower levels and all commonplace surroundings and will grow, of its own accord, only high among the wintry peaks and in places where one almost needs the grip of its twisted roots in order to obtain a foothold. It is easy to see in this aspiring nature of the wonderful plant the origin of the almost superstitious regard in which it is held by the inhabitants of the Alps.

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Do You Know That

An elephant has more muscles in its trunk than any other creature possesses in its entire body.

The three greatest beer-drinking countries are the United Kingdom, Germany and Denmark.

It is claimed that there are seven of Shakespeare's autographs in existence.

In thirty-one consecutive days 46 inches of rain recently fell in Dhargawata, India.

Not until the reign of Queen Elizabeth was the donkey introduced into England.

Tending the Rose of Kindness

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

The art of being kind is a very simple one which most of us consistently refuse to practice. We seem to think that self-love and dignity demand that we impress the world with our own importance by being very haughty and superior to it. But noble are the people who are afraid or insecure in their social position that they dare not be amiable to whom they choose. Your true aristocrat has no thought of criticism or misunderstanding.

One of the finest women I know went back to her home town after a lapse of twenty years. Up the street came a steeping old ragpicker whom she, together with all the children in the place, had known in her girlhood. Mrs. W. stopped and spoke to the old man with perfectly unaffected interest in his wife (who had worked for her mother) and his daughter, who had been in her own class in public school. The poor old man fairly beamed. I am sure that bit of unaffected friendliness brought sunshine to his days for a long while to come. Mrs. W.'s companions laughed at her, but her only reply was: "How could you expect me to be unkind to a poor old man I had known when I was a child?"

We don't exactly expect people to be unkind in this world, but we are not a bit surprised when they are. It doesn't take a bit longer to speak to a girl behind a counter in a shop pleasantly—it doesn't interfere with the efficiency of her service—and yet how few of us are kind enough to do it?

Sometimes I think that the only reason that we are kindly is because we are afraid of being suspected of ulterior motives. Suspicion is such an ugly thing and rears its head with such omnipresent faithfulness to its cruel course that most of us have fallen into the habit of looking for it everywhere.

Surely, if it were not for the fear of being misunderstood we must be willing to be kind. Certainly we are none of us so malicious or coldly disdainful or severely proud in our consciousness of higher state that we hurt wilfully or because we are unable to put ourselves in the other chap's place. It is not possible that we don't know how to be kind—so it just must be that we are afraid to.

A pleasant smile, a kind word, a friendly greeting are such simple trifles. Any of us is capable of them. Any of us ought to be willing to give them freely. There are pain and sorrow enough in the world without taking on yourself the responsibility of inflicting any. If you are easily hurt and afraid of having your advances repelled, how about other people?

I know a girl whose friends criticize her because when she came into a room full of people she greeted everybody so pleasantly, and with such a show of interest that it was hardly possible to tell which were the friends she loved, which were mere acquaintances and which the people she only tolerated.

People harped for so long on her over-cordial manner that she set about curing herself of it. She got into the way of inhibiting her friendly impulses lest she be misunderstood. Finally she swung the pendulum so far in the opposite direction that in her fear of being thought gushing she became almost rude.

The next complaint against her was that "she hadn't pleasant manners at all," for when coldness and self-consciousness came to take the place of her naturally warm and cordial manner they weren't welcome. Naturally not. Even when we suspect people of shamming a bit we like them better smiling and amiable than gloomy and disagreeable.

Sincerity is one of the big qualities of life that should never be lost sight of.

But there is no reason why one cannot make kindness so much a part of his own nature that even to passing acquaintances it can be at once kind and sincere.

It takes so little effort to avoid hurting people. It needs merely an intelligent direction of your attention. Notice, for instance, if someone shivers a bit in a draft, and even if you have a hobby on the subject of ventilation, don't be so unkind as to sit calmly by while another individual suffers from the rush of cold air that pleases you.

Unkindness may be due to suspicion, but it is the twin sister of stupidity. Of course, it is very inefficient to make enemies of people who would be much more useful to you as friends. And unkindness leaves a train of resentment and dislike in its wake. Unkindness hurts and destroys and breaks down; it accomplishes nothing. Kindness, on the other hand, is just as simple to practice and far pleasanter to meet with. It generally brings kindness in turn. For the practice of it you have to start out with a definite feeling that you are not the only individual in the world who has rights and desires. Next add an intelligent observation of other people's tastes—of their strong and weak points.

Be generous enough to give people not the consideration and attention you might want or want them to have, but rather what they as individuals yearn for.

"The gift without the giver is bare," says James Russell Lowell. There lies the crux between mere giving and real generosity. If you give with your heart in the gift you give what is wanted and present it with a smile. The one true gift we all have in our power to offer is kindness. That means consideration, sympathy and an attempt at least at understanding.

I once knew of a wealthy couple who adopted a young girl. They were fond of her—they actually loved her. But they did not believe in taking a chance of "benefits forgot." They were always reminding the girl of how grateful she ought to be for what she was getting. Instead of that she was very unhappy because she felt constantly belittled in her own eyes and in those of all who met her.

No one meant to be unkind—but no one was wise enough or efficient or sympathetic enough to be kind in her place. The woman who adopted her thought that a beautiful home, good food, fashionable clothing and a chance to travel and see the world were magnificent things for a poor girl to have within her reach. But given to her without kindness, these things seemed a nauseous dose less easy to take than had poverty and hardship been.

In talking about it afterward, when she had gone back to her poor home and hard work, the girl said: "It never occurred to them once that I might like to face the dining room when we were living at a fashionable hotel. I always had to face the wall, and Mrs. X was so and couldn't have cared as much as I did for the gayety back of us! But she just didn't think that I was interested enough to have any tastes or desires of my own. I couldn't stand that. I didn't want to face the wall. At least now I can see what's going on in my world, even if it isn't a very big, fine one."

Perhaps Mrs. X. didn't mean to be unkind—but she succeeded very well. Most of us do when we give people what we think they ought to want.

Being kind is giving with your intelligence and the other person's nature constantly in view. It doesn't lie in letting a child eat itself sick on candy. It never means unintelligent over-indulgence. It means intelligently adjusting the other person's needs and desires to your powers of giving.

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