

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Why Worry

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"The legs of the stork are long, the legs of the duck are short; you cannot make the legs of the stork short, neither can you make the legs of the duck long. Why worry?" says the Chinese philosopher.

The world is not at all as most of us would have it. In summer we who work in great cities must face long stretches of hot days when we sweat through our toil in sweltering discomfort.

But what do we accomplish if when the first hot day of July arrives we begin to worry lest this be the beginning of a "hot spell"? Neither heat nor cold is any the easier to bear because we worry about our ability to bear it.

Do you know why an aching tooth troubles you most at night? During the day your tooth has ached a bit, but you have been busy about your tasks and have had little time to spend in considering the pain, or if you did consider it at all it was to dismiss it with the idea that if it got unbearable you could run in at your dentist's office for a minute and seek relief.

At night how different the case of your tooth versus you! You lie down in fear lest it begin to ache and thus cause you suffering. You worry yourself into a state of weak receptiveness, where pain and jangled nerves may have full sway. You imagine how dreadful the pain will be when it comes.

All worry has as poisonous an effect as this! Never was there wiser motto than this one, popular a few years ago: "I have had many troubles in my life—and most of them never happened."

Troubles are always worse in anticipation than in fact. Sorrow, suffering, poverty, shame—any evil that befalls you—can be endured when the time comes for facing it. Strength is found for facing reality—or else one goes under and is finished! But for the waste and wear and tear and silly foolishness of tilting at shadows, there is no remedy—except just to stop.

Worry brings trouble nearer, makes it happen sooner, clouds hours that might well have been sun filled, weakens the power of ending when real trouble arrives. Worry nets you no gain, gets you no power. There is never an antidote for worry in action of a useless sort. It never sanely works out methods of avoiding evil. It is just flustered fright that cannot take proper precautions to prevent harmful happenings.

Why worry? There are many things in life that cannot be changed and that must be endured. Winter is bound to have

blizzards; summer is sure to have scorching sunshine, but against facts of climate and natural phenomena, against strong physical reactions and fatigue and pain and hunger and thirst, worry will not avail you.

Suppose you have not been sleeping well; suppose you have an uncomfortable habit of blushing, suppose you are tongue-tied in company; none of these things for others even more annoying will work on you any great harm. Men have lived to be 90 and have been sound and active in spite of not sleeping four hours a night on an average for thirty years.

People who blush or are tongue-tied and awkward in company often win friends through their very simplicity and shy sweetness.

I know a man who for ten years was a "merchant prince." During all that time he made himself miserable worrying about the possibility that he "might starve in a garret" some day. Recently he met with financial ruin. His worrying had not impelled him to take precautions or save for "a rainy day." But his worrying had clouded the ten years that might have been happy.

Why worry! There is no force for good in worry; no impulse to ward off evil or strength to combat danger. Worry makes nerves and wrinkles; it is the traitor who opens the citadel of your personality to evil; it wears you out anticipating suffering, so that you are not strong to combat it if it comes; it creates an atmosphere in which calamity flourishes.

When you have trouble that can be met by action or warded off by foresight, by all means act and plan. When you suspect or imagine an unpleasant possibility why brood over it until you have manufactured your own little "old man of the sea" to carry as a burden?

When you face facts of nature, of society, of your own personality, why worry about the way they are going to work out?

If you come over to some swift current over which there is no bridge perhaps you can turn and go some other way. If not there may be a ferry to carry you over—or perhaps you will find you can swim or even ford the waters. The evil you can imagine—the way out you may not be clever enough to conceive. Why worry?

"The legs of the stork are long; the legs of the duck are short; you cannot make the legs of the stork short; neither can you make the legs of the duck long. Why worry?"

"Old Flames!"

No. 1—His Mother

By Nell Brinkley

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There in the silver flame of the candle I see, night after night my "old flames." The man with the frosty cap to his hair and the subtle little shadows of the years that pile up falling on his face, smiled over his pipe and named them off for me.

A Story of Imperfect Hospitality

By LUCILLE CAINE

We all have acquaintances who press us to go and see them, any time—just when we like. But we rarely do like, because we feel that people who really wanted to know us better would fix a meeting in the immediate future.

These vague invitations, however kindly meant at the time they are made, are not meant seriously two minutes afterwards.

At least, that is the impression they leave with us, and we wonder whether these curious folks who deal so casually with the possibility of intimacy with ourselves treat all their acquaintances in a like manner. If so, their hold upon social intercourse must be a feeble one.

Apparently they do not consider anything worth a moment's concentration. This is a matter not of concentration but of taste. "Cake" requires explanation, and even then must be translated liberally. I remember, as a school girl, going with some girl friends in their home, at the end of an afternoon walk, somehow I took it for granted I should be asked to tea; their mother had certainly given me to understand that I was always welcome.

"Come in when you like, dear," she had said.

So that it was with uneasiness, as well as disappointment, that I perceived gradually that no refreshments was to be offered me. After a few minutes of strained conversation, and trying not to look as if the hands of the clock were at "tea time," I made my departure, puzzled both by the lack of hospitality in a kindly woman, and the troubled faces of my friends. The younger ones let me into the secret.

"Oh, we were sorry you didn't stop to tea," she said impulsively. "And it was my mother's fault; just because there wasn't any cake."

For the moment I could hardly believe my ears. It seemed so ridiculous that anyone should have minded offering a hungry girl of 15 years bread and butter and jam.

Here is a woeful lack of sincerity and of the kindness to understand. I turn with pleasure to the thought of a certain dear old lady, who lives in two rooms, is decidedly poor, and neither entertaining nor is entertained in the social sense of the word. She usually is "at home" and I always feel perfectly free to run up the flight of stairs leading to her pretty sitting room, knock at her door, and say in the most bare-faced fashion, "My dear Miss Brown, I've come up for a cup of tea."

And how gladly she gives it me, and what a good cup of tea it always is! "Cake?" No there is not any cake, unless you have sent a line to say you were coming. But there is definitely cut bread and butter and "fragile" china; there is a "homey" chair to sit in, and, beyond everything, there is a welcome, a quiet sincere, unostentatious welcome. Of course, I might have gone into a tea shop. But any woman who spends a great deal of her time as I do in "getting about" and knows the uneasiness resultant upon constant contact with strangers, will understand why I prefer to knock dear Miss Brown's standing, but not the invitation, to drop in just when I like.

Read It Here—See It at the Movies.

The Goddess

INTRODUCING EARLE WILLIAMS as Tommy Barclay ANITA STEWART as The Goddess

Written by Gouverneur Morris (One of the Most Notable Figures in American Literature) Dramatized into a Photo-Play by CHARLES W. GODDARD, Author of "The Perils of Pauline" "The Exploits of Elaine"

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Synopsis of Previous Chapter.

After the tragic death of John Amesbury his prostrated wife, one of America's greatest beauties, died. Her death Prof. Stilliter, an agent of the interests, kidnaps the beautiful 3-year-old baby girl and brings her up in a paradise where she sees no man, but thinks she is taught by angels, who instruct her for her mission to reform the world. At the age of 11 she is suddenly thrust into the world where agents of the interests are ready to pretend to find her.

THIRD EPISODE.

He returned in ten minutes, padding quietly, and found Celestia playing with the sand as if she had been a little child. Her eyes were bright with animation, and she had gotten sand on her forehead and in her hair. Perceiving Tommy, she tossed a double handful of sand into the air, and as the sunlight caught the myriads of bright surfaces, she said: "What is it? Oh, what is it?"

"Sand," said Tommy.

"Sand," cried Celestia.

"Didn't you ever play in the sand when you were little?"

"I used to play with diamonds and rubies," said Celestia. "Oh, but this is wonderful. See, you can write in it and draw pictures. Look, I am making the man Stilliter."

And, indeed, with her forefinger for pencil, she made an excellent caricature of him.

"Who taught you to do that, Celestia?"

"An angel," she said simply.

"Well," said Tommy, "I've heard of people who could draw like angels—but oh, Celestia, aren't you a little tired of playing this heavenly origin business on me? I don't take any stock in it."

She looked at him with a sudden grave wonder.

"When I tell you that I come from heaven, you don't believe me."

"Why, Celestia," he said, meeting her gaze with equal gravity, "you're just a regular girl. Why there's blood on your cheek, where a deer fly has bitten you."

"You've got to believe me," she said.

and it seemed to Tommy she was trying to master him with her eyes.

"What are you trying to do to me?" he said.

"Hypnotize me?"

And then he laughed, and looked so brown and handsome and good natured that Celestia had to smile at him.

"Now, Celestia," he said, "I'm going to take you for a boat ride. But you've got to be all still—mighty still. You pretend that you're back in heaven listening to Israel, accompanied by Spieries."

But she spoke with a sudden sternness that made him very uncomfortable.

"Is there no reverence left on earth? No faith? It's high time that I came."

He helped her into the dugout, his eyes on the back of her head, enamored with the way her dark, strong hair met her straight, white neck, and as he paddled he kept saying, "Who the deuce is she, and what the deuce is she?"

And to the questions he could not find any answers that were altogether satisfactory.

Just as they were landing on the island there came to them once more, faintly, and from far-off the baying of the bloodhounds. Celestia gave Tommy a look full of anxious appeal.

"I don't be afraid," he said. "They are miles and miles from here."

So they were. All of them. Stilliter, the guides, the hounds, and the Indian who reloaded in the name of Old Man Smells-good, which if it referred to anything about him except his ability to follow a trail was an inappropriate name. They were all there, several miles away; but Old Man Smells-good was in the head of an exceedingly tall pine, which overtopped the rest of the forest, and from which the view was exceedingly fine and expansive. Old Man Smells-good had a pair of eyes that resembled a pair of telescopes. He could see anything that was in sight.

"See anything?" Stilliter called up to the Indian.

"No, see a damn thing," answered the Indian without changing his expression. As a matter of fact, by miracle of optics, he had just discovered Tommy helping Celestia ashore on the island.

Smells-good dismounted the tree and stood shaking his head.

"No see any damn thing," he said.

"Dog me good, Smells-good he think a little. Think up where um moe' likely to go."

The old fakir, he seated himself upon his heels, filled and lighted his pipe, and closed his eyes as if in deep thought.

Stilliter began to show signs of impatience, but one of the guides said:

"Better leave him alone, he's got a hunch likely as not."

Not until he had finished his pipe did Old Man Smells-good give any signs of what had been roiling on in his head. When he rose to his feet, he said simply:

"He find um soon," and started off in the direction of the lake.

Fifteen minutes later he knelt suddenly and appeared to bury his long, hooked nose in the ground. He rose after a moment's sniffing and said: "Me got um, sure." Then he ordered one of the guides to remain behind with the dogs.

And then he went forward, pretending to follow a trail, pointing to marks which "other couldn't see, for the simple fact that they didn't exist. Hearing, pretending to hear sounds that couldn't be heard, sniffing, kneeling, and poking his long nose into the ground. Once he poked it into a ground hornet's nest

and had a narrow and undignified escape from being badly stung.

He led them to the shores of the lake, and pointed quietly across at the island. Even Stilliter could see a pale column of smoke coming from among the trees.

"Bimeby, swim over," said Old Man Smells-good, for E. Fetch dug-out. Better wait till dark."

And they waited till dark. Then Old Man Smells-good, having been definitely promised an extra E for the waiting, stepped forth stark naked, except for a newly filled pipe, and slipped quietly into the lake.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Your Wife's Vacation

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