The Bee's Home Magazine Page

MY THREE WISHES

"I Would Choose Abundant Health, Infinite Wisdom and Loving Service," Says Dr. Bowers.

By DR. EDWIN F. BOWERS.

Were Fortunatus to grant me the fulfilment of three wishes I would choose abundant health, infinite wisdom and loving service.

If happiness be freedom from pain, as Shoppenhauer says, it postulates automatically a vigorous, physiologically active body and mind. With superabundant health and a clear mind one may well say, with Iago, "The world's my oyster." A Pope or a Thoreau might succeed, handicapped by a body whose "muddy vesture of decay doth grossly close them in," but they are the exceptional negations of the rule. So thoroughly convinced am I that physical health, mental health and moral health are all inextricably mingled that I hesitate not to aver that the stupid and the vicious are merely sick.

If some radical change could be effected in their economic environment—if they could have good nourishing food, seasonable clothes, cleanly, sanitary habitations and pure air—a large percentage of them would recover their mental and moral health.

Secondly, I desire infinite wisdom. I crave knowledge, so profound and all-embracing, that my word would be authority in respect to the solution of the World Problem. I would read clear the Riddle of the Universe, and settle, once an for all times, these vexing transcendentalisms and metaphysical ills.

I would grasp the secret of the development of the cancer cell and stamp out this terror. I would know the causes and cure for progressive anemia, infantile paralysis, paresis and the obscure neuroses whose end is madness. I would be qualified to distill some "sweet oblivious antidote—to cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff that doth weigh upon the heart." I would wrest the secret from Nature's vasty storehouse—of the opsinins, chromasones anti-bodies, auto-genetic serums and all the wonderful defensive agents which are automatically generated to overcome disease.

And when I had this splendid knowledge I would impart it to the intrepid host in all parts of the world, who with scalpel, culture tube and microscope—in noisome dissecting room, plague-infested regions of horror, or in the stilly depth of the night, toil, sacrifice and slave that humanity may be benefited.

If, working heart and hand with these heroic souls, I could help stamp out disease, and the suffering and sorrow caused by disease, my second wish will have been fulfilled.

And this suggests the third—which is that I may be granted to be of service.

First—perhaps because, as Herbert Spencer says, all actions are fundamentally selfish—to those dear to me, to those who look to me for love, care and attention; and then, to my brothers and sisters everywhere—of all colors, creeds and conditions.

I would ask power, influence and opportunity to help them.

I would have every man to receive due return for his labor. I would take the poor unfortunate off the streets, put her at some congenial work, or under God's blue sky in the open places, make her economically independent, earning her living honestly with hands and brains. I would take the criminal, the pauper, the thief, the drunkard, place them in clean, wholesome surroundings, cure them of their mental illnesses, develop in them self-respect and racial-respect and send them back to useful, productive life.

And all this only that the "Dawn of a Tomorrow" may be hastened by a century or two. For disease is to be conquered, and the infinitesimally small foes of mankind overcome.

Poverty and the horrors and cruelty of our present barbarous economic system will be abolished. The gaunt specre of starvation, the grisly phantom of suicide and the forbidding walls of an inhuman eleemosynary institution will be banished to the limbo of the past. Economically compelled vice will be wiped out by altering the financial status of working girls and women.

The greedy, conscienceless hyenas in mill, factory and shop who grind the bodies and souls of defenseless women into dividends will be scourged by the lash of public opinion into something more nearly resembling human beings.

Also, a normal, clean, well-fed man does not get drunk from choice. Abolish poverty, and with it abolish the larger percentage of crime and drunkenness in the world.

Could Fortunatus make me instrumental in bringing about these "consummations devoutly to be desired" my three wishes will have been granted.

Making Good

By THOMAS TAPPER.

I.

It has often been said that it is useless to tell the average American boy the story of a great genius and of his success, because there is nothing in common between them.

This is a great and curious mistake. Every boy in the United States is born with a great chance. He may take the chance and win. Or, he may shake his head and say: "No, a quiet, easy life for me." Or we (by which I mean society) may bury that boy so deep in a humdrum life that neither he, nor anyone else, sees the chance that belongs to him.

But the truth of the matter is:

Every American boy has a great opportunity.

This is the first fact you must believe in, and stick to, and insist on, and look for, and never lose faith in, and be true to all the days of your youth.

When this fact (and truth) is firmly fixed in your mind, what next?

BEGIN AND MAKE GOOD.

In these four words are expressed all opportunity, all success, all work and all play.

They are short words, and easy for you to remember.

II.

Now, about the genius:

To begin with, you rarely hear of him until he is a great man, or until he is dead. But the story of his life is so full of simple truths that apply to you, oh average American boy, that he is your best friend and teacher.

What are these simple truths?

1. He believes in himself and in what he wants to do.
2. He makes good his belief in doing, that is, in keeping busy.
3. He never gives up.
4. He does not know what it means "to finish," for he is always pushing forward.
5. His motto is: Do it the best I know how.
6. He rarely thinks of fame.
7. But always of making good.

Now, these seven truths could be extended to seventy, and every one of them is a reasonable truth for you, average American boy. As a list of rules, there is not one of them you cannot follow. They are just as necessary to you as they were to Columbus, or Lincoln, or Palissy, or anybody else.

In their cases, and in yours they aim to secure one result: to bring out what is in.

Columbus had a new world in his mind. He brought it out.

Lincoln had a new social order in his mind. He brought it out.

Palissy had a new pottery in his mind. He brought it out.

The genius is the one who knows he has something in his mind, and who never quits until he brings it out.

This shows us that it pays to know about the genius; not merely to know what the genius does; but how he does it.

Now, about making good.

Its fundamental principles are three in number:

1. Be true.
2. Be honest.
3. Be busy.

The things to be true to are: (1) Your belief in the opportunity that belongs to you. This will keep your nature sweet, wholesome and hopeful.

(2) The power you posses. This will make you self-reliant, masterful and earnest.

The things about which you must be honest, are, first, your power. It is your power, a sacred possession given to no one else. Second, your work, which is what your power does. It is that something in your mind which you bring out.

The things about which you must be busy are best called essential things. They are work and play.

Work is your power shown up to other people. It succeeds when you are true and honest to yourself.

Play is your power also, but turned in another direction. All you need to do is to play so that you are still true and honest, and then play is worth while. It never becomes mere idleness, for you never forget yourself.

Every great genius has worked and played. These are also your privileges.

Every great genius has had to decide some day which he will do the most, work or play.

And, again, this is also your privilege.

Poor Daysey Mayme

By FRANCIS L. GARSIDE.

If Daysey Mayme Appleton were to fall in the river, and drown, and her body be picked up twenty miles away, the police would have a hard time determining her name, for the clues would be as tangled as a drunken spider's web.

Her own underwear is embroidered "D. M. A.," but she borrows so often from her mother that half she wears is marked "C. B. A." in indelible ink, and here of late so many things come from the laundry marked wrong that her lingerie bears every known combination of letters from A to Z.

Her handkerchiefs bear the letters C., H. and G., indicating that she was once engaged to marry men whose names begin with those letters, and she got ready for the wedding. She carries a watch engraved "Darling," given to her by her father before he knew her so well; "M. V. O. P." is engraved on her watch charm for a secret society at school, no one knows just what; her ring contains initials denoting a society in her church, and if she is still holding on to her novel and umbrella when fished out, they will be found to contain the initials or names of some neighbors, for Daysey Mayme goes to a neighbor's every day to borrow a book, stays till it rains and then borrows an umbrella with which to go home.

True, her monogram is on her belt pin, her shopping bag, her breastpin, her bracelet, a ring and a hatpin, but a web woven by a spider suffering with delirium trements would be easier to follow than the combinations engravers make of one's initials.

Men and women who have sat opposite Daysey Mayme in the street car, and have tried to make out her initials from the various monograms in view, have been known to clap their hands wildly to their heads and rush out of the car.

The alphabet holds high carnival on Daysey Mayme, but not a letter would serve as a means of identification if anything happened to her.

"But I try to look on the bright side," said Daysey Mayme, putting buckles on her slippers engraved with a big A. "Nothing in the world is wasted, and these letters serve a purpose. Little children, riding on the cars with their mothers may learn the alphabet on some fashionable attired girl like me, and save the cost of lettered blocks and primers. It is a grand, ennobling thought to feel that I am an educational bureau."

Sherlocko the Monk :-:

By Gus Mager

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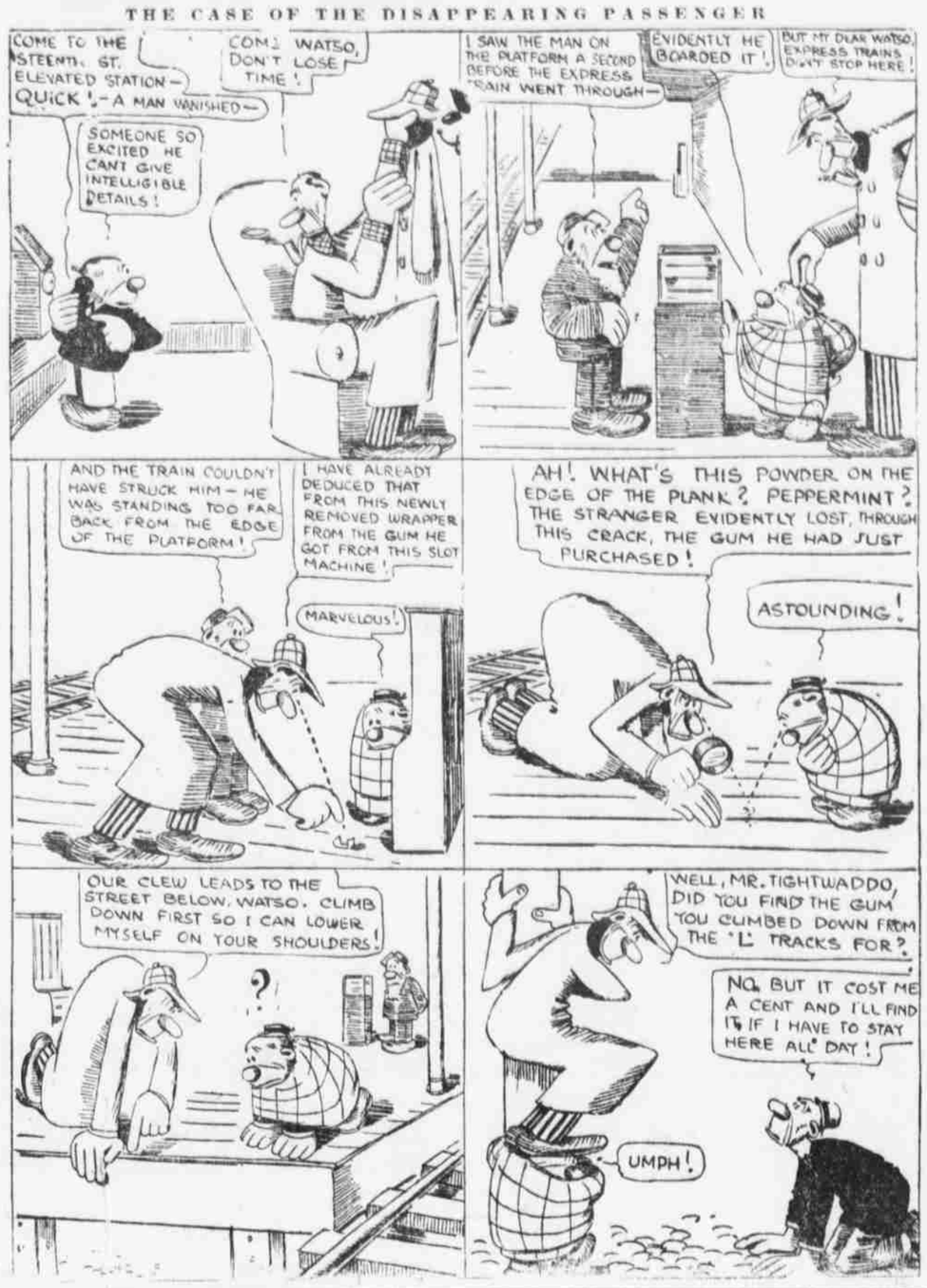
THE CASE OF THE DISAPPEARING PASSENGER



YET IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE!

BY TOM POWERS.

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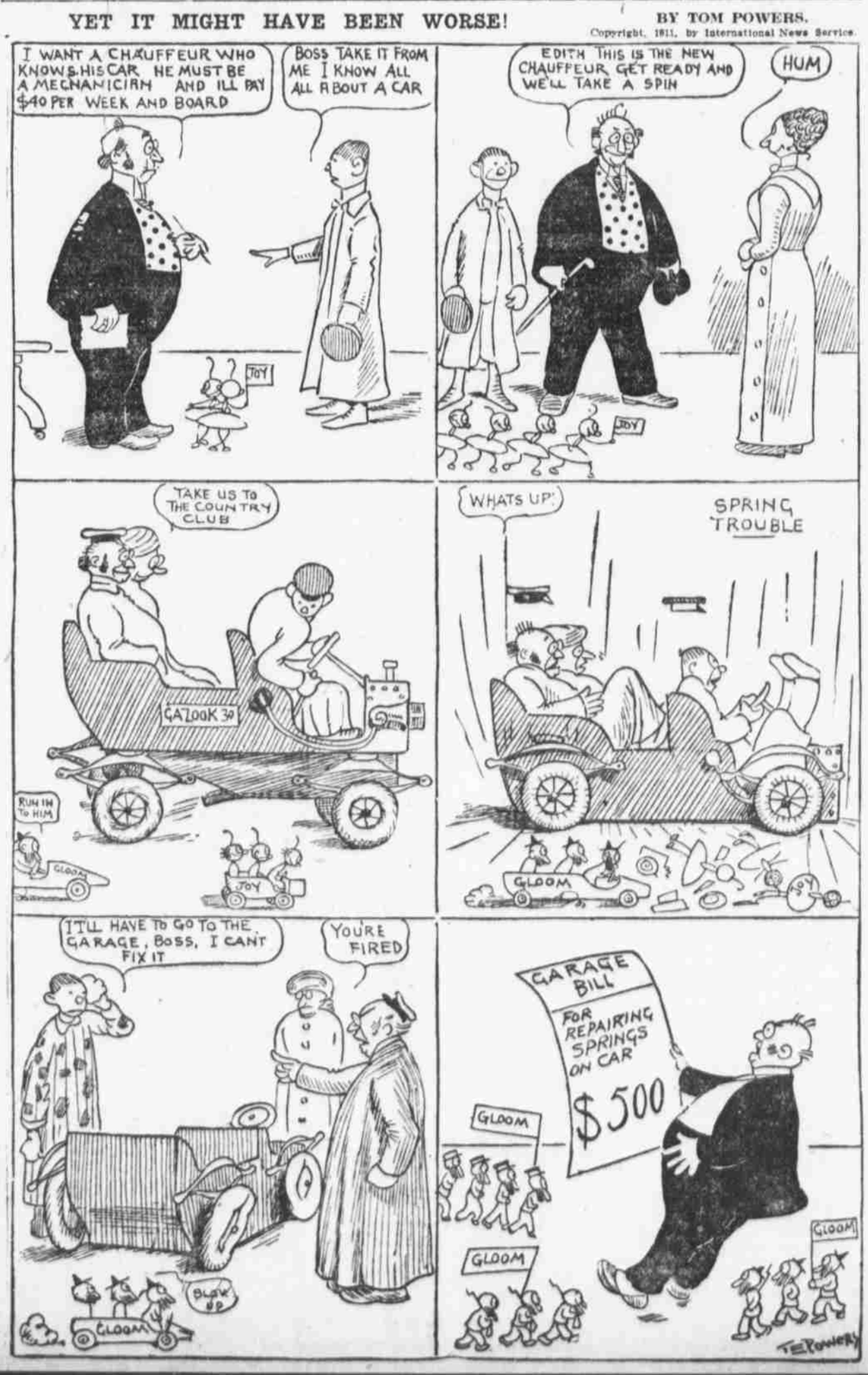


Astronimical Happenings in October

The sun rises at 6:21, 6:36 and 6:54 and sets at 6:07, 5:44 and 5:23, respectively, on the 1st, 15th and 31st. The days are 11 hours and 46 minutes, 11 hours and 8 minutes, and 10 hours and 29 minutes long on these dates.

Mercury is morning star until the 25d, but not in good position.

Venus is morning star. It attains its greatest brilliancy on the 22d.

Jupiter is disappearing from the evening sky. It sets on the 1st at 7:41 and on the 15th at 6:54.

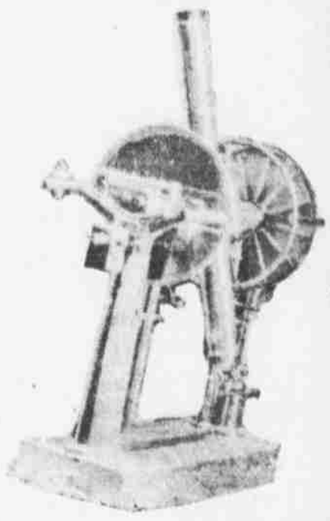
Saturn and Mars are in good positions neard the Pleiades and Aldebaran. They rise respectively at 8:01 and 8:59 p. m., on the 1st; at 7:04 and 8:07 on the 15th, and at 6:08 and 6:55 on the 31st. They reach opposition next month on the 9th and 24th.

There will be an annular eclipse of the sun on the 21st, not visible in the United States.

The moon is full on the 7th, in last quarter on the 14th, new on the 21st and in first quarter on the 30th. It is in conjunction with Saturn on the 10th and with Mars on the 11th, passing somewhat over four degrees north of both planets.

Brooks' comet will be an interesting object for a few days in the beginning of the month. It is a short distance beyond the end star in the handle of the great dipper. It appears to the naked eye as an indistinct star. A small telescope will be required to see the tail.

WILLIAM F. RIGGE.



CREIGHTON UNIVERSITY TRANSIT.

Latest Effects in Dress Trimmings

NEW YORK, Sept. 29.—Except for the marked widening of skirts there is no immediate change in dress outlines that could be called radical, but there are always the ever-new touches and finishings that give distinction to a costume. Perhaps the newest of such features is the crinoline sleeve, which spreads at the elbow with crinoline or featherbone. The long shouldered effects are also noticeable.

The latest craze for simple trimming is for buttons—battalions of buttons—marshaled down skirt and coat, the "last straw" being the placing of buttons down the hip seams of skirts, from belt to hem. The home dressmaker will be glad to know of their coming popularity. Under the evening lamp she may manufacture them by the dozen from the merest scraps of brocade, satin or velvet. Soutache braid is still the amateur modiste's best friend, so effective in quick decoration! Three strands just pleated together in the old-fashioned pleat will give a desirable edging wherever a braid or cord can be used.

For coat suits adjustable collar and cuffs of white broadcloth are exceedingly smart for special occasions, and they are marvelously becoming. White corduroy and white serge are also in high favor.

This illustration shows a simple gown for general wear, in which many of the new features of trimming are attractively figured. The narrow band outlining the yoke and sleeves, and the rows of buttons for garniture, offer possibilities which a clever woman can modify and adopt to any costume. This dress may be made in figured foulard, but will develop well in serge or camel's-hair cloth for winter wear.

There are a lot of fascinating new materials for fall and winter wear, some queer and many beautiful. The newest goods are the double-faced stuffs which are turned in revers for ornamentation. There are wool-back satins, satin cashmere, silk serges, henriettas and poplins; there are stylish diagonals, light serges, coarse tweeds, homespun, cheviot, basket cloth and new modifications of broadcloth; there are heavy French serges, Scotch plaids and mannish suitings in broad or narrow stripes.

The smartest of autumn gowns show plaid facings, newer than the ubiquitous stripe, but not half so "chic." Sashes of surah or soft satin are a decided innovation for coat suits; they are of the same shade as the cloth or in black, and are either draped and fastened with stitches around the high waistline, or carelessly tied in military fashion.

Adventures of Piute Pete

By MILES OVERHOLT.

Piute Pete was in a reflective mood. "Mebbe you never fought a forest fire and mebbe you did," he said, "but you never saw me fight one, and that's what I am going to tell you about.

"You know, or mebbe you don't that I'm some prize fighter. I've knocked 'em out till you would think I was a legitimate child of the San Francisco earthquake and a Dakota blizzard. Honest, I used to be a double-barrelled holocaust and folks came from miles around to see me start graveyards.

"So when a forest fire started things, why, I rolled up my hands, spat on my sleeves and climbed over the ropes. 'Any time,' I says, 'I can't lick a forest fire that never was trained by Corbett,' I says, 'I'll quit the game and swear I was doped,' I says.

"But, say, there ain't no clinches, no uppercuts, no shortcuts, no nothing in this kind of a contest. I thought mebbe I could get in a punch below the timber belt and put it out on a foul, or mebbe land on its lumbar regions. It was quite a mill—quite a sawmill, if you don't mind. The flames were licking the trees, too, and you could hear their pitiful barks peeled o'er the night. It was sure sad.

"But when a pail of smoke as big as Jack Johnson grabbed be by the smokestack and a tongue of fire slandered me, why, I went out the back way and slammed the door.

"The trouble it, in fighting fires, there are no rules. Man would have to be a regular hose company to have a show—and, say, speaking of hose companies and shows, what's that got to do with a bunch of chorus girls, huh? Think it over."

To Bill Dahlen

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

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(William Dahlen has signed a new contract with Magnate Ebbets to act as manager of the Brooklyn team for four years.—News Item).

You used to be Bad Bill Dahlen
In the old Chicago days;
You used to lie on your back and cry
When the "ump" decided plays.
You used to jeer at Cantillon
And furrow Tim Hurst's broad brow.
You used to be Bad Bill Dahlen,
But you're Good Bill Dahlen now.

When you starred in Chicago's shortfield,
These were a few of your sins:
You tore the flap from an umpire's cap
And kicked him twice in the shins;
nYou steered your mates into mischief
Like a farmer steering a plow.
You used to be Bad Bill Dahlen,
But you're Good Bill Dahlen now.

For you've helped us out, Bill Dahlen,
In times when our need was sore;
And we hope that Ebbets will hire you
Over and over and o'er.
You have pushed the Cubs to destruction
As a Jasper might goad a cow.
You used to be Bad Bill Dahlen,
But you're Good Bill Dahlen now.

The Veteran on the Fire Horse

By WEX JONES.

So they're buyin' a bunch of autos—the old style is too slow?
A lot of motor engines—and the fire horse has to go?
Well, maybe the auto is better—a sort of an upward climb—
But I'm glad I'm near my pension, for it's not like the good old time.

Why, the horses we had was human—you couldn't fool 'em on calls,
And before the gong had stopped tinglin' they was ready out of their stalls;
And you didn't have to urge 'em, as they buckled down to their work—
In fact they was better nor humans, for some of the latter might shirk.

You'll not see the childer foolin' round them motors, I'll bet,
Like they always was with the horses, when the little cusses was let—
And the horse that would pull an engine like a freight car runnin' wild
Would step around like a kitten for fear of hurtin' a child.

Yes, maybe the autos is better, for it surely busted your nerve
To save a fool guy on the car tracks and kill your team with a swerve.
To see 'em crash into a pillar—it seemed kind of less than fair,
When they was doin' their duty, and the guy was just out for to stare.

It's a hardsnin' life in a way, this business of rushin' to fires,
But we all have a spark of sentiment—a spark that never expires—
So the horses we've pal'd with so long, perhaps they no longer will do,
But all the same I'm not sorry my own time is nearly through.