



# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



## True Purpose of Life is Self-Perfection

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

(Copyright, 1913, by The Star Co.) This is the material age, and it is necessary to think of material things in order to be able to play our part in life's great drama.

Now and then we are visited by a religious teacher from Oriental lands who gives no heed to what he shall drink or wear, and who tells us to do likewise. And to ignore the base thing called money. Yet these teachers have been brought to us on ships, and by trains, and some one had to pay their passage; and some one paid for their food and raiment while they were here.



One of these teachers, who scored us most unmercifully for our surd ideas, and bemoaned our lack of spirituality, traveled like an emperor, and some years after he went back to his native land and it was my good fortune to visit his country and to accept his invitation to afternoon tea.

He lived in the utmost elegance, surrounded with every luxury, and was waited upon by a retinue of servants, and I was driven back to my hotel in his fine motor car.

Yet there are thousands of holy men and priests in the Orient who live the simple life, in its strictest sense, traveling from place to place, eating berries and fruits, which grow wild, and varying the diet by food bestowed upon them as they pass along.

Some of these men are really holy—their hearts given wholly to introspection and meditation on divine subjects, and some of them are merely idle valetudines, who take this pose of religious devotee to avoid work.

In our country the climate necessitates more clothing than the one bit of cloth wrapped from breast to knees, which constitutes the costume of many of these holy men, and our people are less inclined to believe in the sincerity of the traveling priest, and correspondingly less generous in their impulses toward supporting such men. Therefore, the teacher who comes among us must be paid a salary or allow some of his friends to pay his bills, which amounts to the same thing. So even in our religions must money be considered.

Yet, while this is true, nothing is more vain than the pursuit of happiness through the possession of great wealth. More and more am I impressed with the small part which wealth plays in human happiness. Some of the most unhappy people I have ever encountered were dowered with every earthly boon.

During this season there has been a man, worth millions, possessed of bright children and a gentle-faced wife, yet the man's disposition ruined his own life and that of his family.

His face looked like the envelope of a forwarded letter. It was marked all over with the stamp of ill-temper and discontent. His wife's face expressed disappointment, weariness and fear, and his daughter was a pessimist and a cynic at 28.

They had traveled the world over, yet found nothing of interest anywhere, and for people they had little but criticism, even for one another. No day laborer's family could be more unhappy, surely.

A woman of wealth, and of marked physical beauty, with a young, handsome and gifted daughter, is forever seeking happiness and never finding it. The daughter is restless with ambition, and her face expresses irritability and discontent.

Both mother and daughter are looking out, never in, for happiness. Happiness is like a woman, and so long as the human heart is like a pursuing lover she turns her face away.

When the lover ceases to pursue, and busies himself in other ways, happiness looks and smiles. The object of life is not personal happiness—it is self-development, self-completion.

Keep that in mind, oh you who seek joy! No matter whether you are rich or poor, the idle tourist or the day laborer; the spender of unearned inheritance or the wage earner. The object of life is the development of the best in you.

Once you realize this, happiness will be possible to you. The very realization brings it nearer.

Until you do realize, believe and know it to be true, nothing can give you happiness. You will seek, and seek vainly, for lasting pleasures. As fast as you attain some desired object, its value will depart, as soon as a joy is secured, it will perish. But once you understand that life is given you as a season for self-development, the great searchlight of the soul will fall on the way to happiness, and you will know that you are on the road.

It is useless to say that in order to develop your best self you must have money and a chance of advancement. That is not true. It is not substantiated by the history of great souls. The most noble, the most successful, the most admirable, the most beautiful lives in the world's galaxy were not those who from youth to maturity found the conditions by which they were surrounded to their liking.

## The Reason She Said "YES"

Copyright, 1913, by American Journal-Examiner

By Nell Brinkley

## The Exclusive Set

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

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When a business man attains a certain income, a speculator "strikes it rich," or a manufacturer secures a monopoly, or any impetuous son of earth is struck by lightning and receives a legacy, straightway he moves his household to the other side of town. And for this man's family, when they go, the scenes that knew them once know them no more forever.



They do not say good-by—and the friends they once had are no longer theirs; the neighbors with whom they used to chat over the gate read of them in the social events column, but they never see them. The grocer who once was so friendly to them is dead; the jolly butcher is forgotten—all are gone—faded and swallowed up in the misty past; that past so full of work, and struggle, and difficulty; that past of youth and hope, and the end for which they toiled and longed for has come. The golden gates has opened—they have moved to the other side of town.

Men who have incomes of \$4,000 or more (say in Buffalo) make hot haste to live on Delaware avenue; in Pittsburgh it is the East End; in Cincinnati, Walnut Hills; in Cleveland, Euclid avenue; in Chicago, Hyde Park; in Boston, Commonwealth avenue; in New York, uptown. And in these social migrations there is something pitiful, for the man who goes can never return of his own free will, and to be forced back by fate is to suffer a humiliation that is worse than disgrace that comes through crime.

When a rich man—say in Albany, Syracuse or Boston—loses his money, and his family has to "come down," the sympathetic souls of earth shed tears for the glory that is gone. We tell how he has to give up all—he gave up his horses, his billiard tables, his club, his solid plate; he discharged his gardener, his coachman, his butler. He is now keeping books for \$5 a week, and his wife is looking for her own work, and we relate how his children are now compelled to attend public school.

On questioning a good many men who have taken part in the social exodus, I find that the responsibility, Adam-like, of the change is thrown entirely on the woman: "My wife was dissatisfied and we had to go." Not once could I ever get a man to acknowledge that the question of pride, the desire to parade his success, or the hope of a better social position for his daughters ever weighed in the scale.

The women of the exodus tell me that the reason they moved to Commonwealth avenue was because the sewerage was imperfect in the old home, the water was bad, the air full of smoke or the neighbors' children so very, very rude.

And in various instances these worthy mothers, following the example of their husbands, unload the responsibility on their children. "When Mayme came home from Wellesley she could not stand it here," or, "When George got back from Harvard he found the society so awful dull."

And right here let us note this prevalent fact: The first effect of college life is often a desire to separate from the old companions—a drawing away from a plain and simple; a separation from the mass and a making of cliques; an unwilling for life's commonplace duties, and the forming of a condition that makes riches a necessity and their loss a calamity.

Have your beautiful things, of course—why not? Encourage the workers in art and use your money to decorate and beautify; but do not think that these things will benefit you if you join the social exodus and make hot haste to the distance between you and those who are less fortunate. Owners of art must build not to spite finance. Show the marbles that fill your niches and the canvases that glorify your walls to those who seldom see such sights; give your education to those who need it, your culture to those who have less, and you double your treasure by giving it away.

### Is a Wife a Family?

Is a wife a "family"? Married men laughed right out loud when they learned that the court of appeals has been asked to answer this question, the lower courts being unable to agree in the matter. That the valuable time of the highest tribunal in the state should be taken up with a question which any beneficent could answer with his eyes shut and both hands tied behind his back has provided no end of merriment for the matrimonial captives.

"The wife is always the family," said one married martyr. "When there are no children she is the head of the family. If the judge or the court of appeals doubt whether one woman can constitute a family I'll send them a few assorted Christmas bills. They'll be convinced that my wife is a color." If they wanted to give the court some real work why didn't they try to find out what part of the family the husband is?—New York Herald.



And Love Mouthed to the Girl "That is You Two, Many Years Away. Love is Not a Short Thing—It must Last—Years Are Long—and You Must Know to Be Content."

Betty wasn't sure—n-n-not quite! She knew that her heart literally turned over when she heard his footsteps ringing along toward her house on a cold January night—she knew she turned pink to the ears while she saw a name like his on a shop window—she knew that even if it rained like the dickens on her pet hat and made pulp of it—if he was along she wouldn't care.

That last almost made her know—but she wasn't quite sure. N-n-not perfectly.

But the twilight time he asked her with one black sleeve about her white neck and a rather worried lift to

his brows—Love beat his wings in the dusk behind his back head and frantically pointed a fat fore-finger at an argument he had summoned from thin air.

Into the dusk behind the pleader's back there grew a misty picture—a bent old man with thin white locks and black-live eyes brooding under white brows, under his aged throat a low collar and a dingy, fat, black tie. And the lines in his face were deep like scars. In the hollow of his shoulders, filling it with her ample little body, hands demurely folded over her generous belt, plaintive-faced, frosty-haired, seamed of face and thin

of lip—with her once lovely throat fallen and the luring curve of her cheek a hollow, nestled a little old lady.

And love mouthed to the girl—"That is you two—many, many years away. Love is not a short thing—it must last—years are long—and you must know to be content. Do you KNOW? Will you care THEN?"

And Betty dragged her misty eyes away from Love's bit of sorcery, the picture faded and she looked back at the worried, dark eyes coaxing her own and answered "YES." And that was the reason why.

NELL BRINKLEY.

## DOROTHY DIX SAYS: World's Progress Marked by the Cult of Happiness

—Living Are No Longer Sacrificed to the Dead.

By DOROTHY DIX.

There is one feature of modern progress that has not attracted the attention it deserves, and that is that people are happier and more cheerful than they used to be.

In the past, in America at least, piety and gloom were synonymous terms, and the more melancholy the individual the more religious he or she was esteemed. It was thought that to be cheerful showed you to be light minded, and those who laughed easily, especially women, were looked upon with suspicion as being

no better than they should be. When people met together they told each other their troubles, and women enjoyed themselves by mingling their tears when they gathered for a pleasant afternoon.

We have to get a perspective on the past to realize how different conditions are today and how we have cheered up without realizing it. We no longer mistake biliousness for sanctification. Indeed, there are several religions with millions of followers that are based on the cult of happiness.

For our souls' sake and our stomachs' sake we are adjudged alike by priest and doctor to think bright and joyous thoughts, and to dwell on the good in the world instead of the evil. People with tales of woe to tell find no ready listeners and are made to feel by the public attitude toward them that they are cowards and whiners, and if women have tears to shed they shed them in private where they won't afflict anybody else, nor ruin their own complexions.

Life hasn't changed, nor have its sorrows been vanquished. The griefs that have torn the human heart since the beginning of time have not been excoriated. Death still rules us, the treachery of those we trusted stabs us to the quick; riches fly out of the window and poverty crawls in through the crack of the door.

Women still keep lonely vigils waiting for the drag of a drunken footstep on the stairs; mothers bend above empty cradles

and gray-headed, old wives are deserted for younger and fairer faces. Nothing in the whole category of sorrows is changed, but somehow we have struggled up to a braver attitude toward life and a saner way of meeting our troubles.

Just as many terrible things happen to us now as ever happened to our forebears, but we do not let a single misfortune, however great, ruin our lives as they did. It isn't the fashion to be miserable, and so we make a bluff at cheerfulness. We should be as much ashamed to be pointed out as broken-hearted as we would be to be pointed out as having a penitentiary record.

Any of us who are middle-aged can recall two or three old ladies with long, sweeping black veils and mourning garments and melancholy countenances, who used to come and visit our mothers. They looked like ravens, and they spent the day in a perfect orgy of tears. When they went away our mothers would explain that these women had lost their husbands, or a child, or a mother, some thirty or forty years before, and that since that time they had never worn a stitch of colored clothes, or let up the perior window shades, or smiled. They had been monuments to grief. They had put in a lifetime carefully cultivating their sorrow, until they had actually become melancholy mad.

Where are those sable ladies today? You never see them. None of these Nibbles come and beseech our carpets with their tears. We wouldn't stand for such an affliction, and no modern woman, no matter what her grief, would think of burdening her friends with it.

Women as just as devoted daughters, just as adoring mothers, just as loving wives as they ever were, and when they lose parents, or children, or husbands they are just as grieved as any woman of the past ever was. But they no longer make a cult of sorrow. They no longer sacrifice the living to the dead, and instead of parading their woe before the public, they hide it out of sight, and try to add their mile of cheerfulness to the world instead of burdening it with their gloom.

In other days it was the fashion never to recover from any heart affair. If a man was flirted by a pretty coquette, or a girl was flitted by a faithless swain, public sentiment demanded that he should become a surly misanthrope who hated all women forever after, and that she should either pine away with a broken heart, or else live on a sweet, sad spinster. Nowadays we take an injury to our heart about as seriously as we do a pin prick to our fingers. It may hurt for the minute, but we apply a little of the antiseptic of some other woman's or man's society to the spot, and know that by tomorrow it will be entirely healed.

You couldn't find a broken hearted lad or lassie with a search warrant, yet people love just as honestly and truly as they ever did. They have simply recognized that all emotions are transitory, and that nothing is so easily transferable as the affections.

Even poverty used to be a greater source of misery than it is today. In

### A Question

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

"What makes men fight?" the young boy asked. His grandfather's eyes grew deep and masked. As the eyes of an old man sometimes will. When he dreams of Shiloh or Chancellorsville; When he dreams of the days he marched so well, And Antietam's gore, and Gettysburg hell.

The grandfather looked at a printed page That told of cholera, lust and rage— That told of things with a ghastly hint. Tales that the types shall never print; The thirst, the hunger, the pitiful ail. Said the old man, letting the paper fall, "You are only a baby, but tell me tonight What makes men fight?"

### Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Don't Do It. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 and deeply in love with a girl one year my junior. My love is reciprocated, I want to marry her within a year, to which she has agreed, but we want to keep our marriage a secret for at least a year or two because of my financial standing, which I anticipate will reach a different standpoint within a few years. Another reason for wanting this is because of my going away for about a year on a business trip. There would be no objections by her parents, but by own, because of my youth.

Two True Lovers. Divorce that plan from your mind at once. A secret marriage may be romantic, but it always carries with it a suspicion of doubt. No girl was ever honored by a proposal of marriage that in-

cluded the request that the marriage be kept secret.

### Not the Man for You.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of 18. Two months ago I met a man of 28 at a party. He has called to see me at my boarding place quite frequently. Last Saturday night we went to a dance, and while there he became jealous of another young man and he did not take me home. I have not heard from him or seen him since.

Marriage to such a man would be equivalent to sentencing yourself to serfdom for life.

Don't write to him, and do try to get him out of your mind.

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