

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Bringing Up Father

Copyright, 1913, International News Service

Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



Ella Wheeler Wilcox Says:

Common Sense and Logic Are Our Most Valuable Possessions

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Copyright, 1913, by Star Company.

It is a great thing for the reformer and the altruist to use common sense and logic with his ideals. Next to logic, they are the most valuable qualities for any human being to possess. Extravagance and wastefulness are sins; so are stinginess and parsimony. The woman who wears expensive gowns is only once, and devotes her whole energies to the purchase of new costumes, sins against her best self and good taste. The woman who wears old and cheap clothing when she can afford to procure new garments sins against good taste and good sense.

There was a man of fortune who was so economical that he fructified his invalid wife about in a wheelchair to save the expense of a carriage when the physician recommended a daily drive. He believed equipages were wicked extravagancies. He committed a greater sin than the man who sports three motor cars, if the money which purchased them came honestly and he used them for the benefit and pleasure of others as well as himself.

There is much that needs righting in the world today, much that is being righted, and great changes are imminent. Never were so many intelligent and capable people working together in their various ways to better humanity as now, and never was the condition of the working masses so hopeful. Read any reliable history—Tom Watson's History of France, for instance—if you want to rejoice that you live in this age and not in any other past era. Never since the spiritual man took on material form and began to evolve back to the spiritual has there been such hope for struggling souls as now. Had as the worst conditions of the laborer are, they are better than were many of the best conditions for thousands of years.

Humanity is coming into the consciousness of its own divine power to change and alter any system which is oppressive. Give it faith in itself and in the overruling God of Justice, and leave sorrowing hearts with their faith in worlds beyond—where love shall find its own. These worlds exist.

But while we live in this body let us try to look on the sane side of every question, on all sides, and avoid becom-

ing warped in judgment, or fanatical or incredible of holding a just and fair opinion on any subject of the day.

Many people who are clamoring for the simple life, and who are condemning every phase of luxury, fail to realize that all luxury is comparative, and that to the native Indians of America the simplest house and clothing would seem luxuries, and a bathtub and a swimming tank inexcusable extravagancies.

Back to nature is a popular phrase, but there is a dividing line in each mind between the possible and impossible limit of that journey backward.

One man may insist that the proper boundary lies in sleeping out of door. Another on an outer balcony, and still another may be quite satisfied with a good sleeping room well ventilated. Yet the Indian would consider all these conditions far from nature. Only by rolling himself in his blanket on the earth could he feel he was back to nature.

One woman may feel she is dressing simply if she wears a shirtwaist and plain skirt, and another may feel she is equally simple in her attire if she wears an artistic creation made by a good dressmaker who lives by her trade. But the squaw would consider the garments of both superfluous, since blankets were cheaper and simpler to adjust.

Since nature adorns its animals and birds and fish and insects in such beautiful attire, and in such splendid colors, it would seem that man was not presumptuous or vain, if he believed he had the right to provide himself with attractive apparel.

Man has been given the mental power to obtain whatever he wishes. He was born naked, but even the most fanatical reformer can not say that he believes he was intended by nature, or nature's God, to remain naked.

And if he is to be clothed, surely it is his privilege to decide upon the style and coloring of his garments.

And it should be his pleasure and aim to make himself agreeable to the eye as God has made the lesser animals.

The world in which we live is opulent. There are trillions of precious gems in our rocks and seas; our fields are fertile; our industries are unlimited; and better still, and more important, man's powers of achievement are unlimited. He can do and have, and be, whatever he wishes, if he will recognize his own possibilities.

And no powers or principles or monopolies can stop him or hinder his progress if he determines to go ahead.

Therefore, let each one of us think largely, live wisely, work justly, and win worthily.

And let us not limit our achievements by narrow ideals or parsimonious rules of life.

Up-to-Date Gowns and How They Are Fashioned



On the left an afternoon dress composed of a small, loose coat of "orange" velvet and of a skirt of pale gray silk cloth.

The coat is cut kimono style, fastened on the side by a hook. A broad shawl collar is faced with gray silk cloth and the cuffs, which finish the sleeves, are also lined with gray silk cloth. There is a pocket on each side.

A small blouse of white net shows ruching at the neck and at the wrists.

The skirt is a long tunic, crossed in the front and caught up at the waist by large gatherings. The left side of the tunic is caught up by a few folds under the other. The underskirt is plain.

On the right a small afternoon coat of "Havana" taffeta. It is gathered over an empicement making points over the shoulders and falling rather low over the arms. Broad openings make the armholes, which are edged by a small flat ruching which hides the setting of a second sleeve of Chantilly lace, lightened at the wrists by three ruchings of taffeta, and finished by a high flounce over the hand. The fulness of the coat is caught up at the bottom, giving a curved effect and finishing in back in a small tail and edged by a small flat ruching.

A huge jet book fastens the bottom. Two small revers of taffeta and a broad collar of black Chantilly complete this coat.

What Are the Real Wonders of the World Today?—The Greatest of them Are the Result of Treating the Mind as a Tool and Not as a Toy.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

"I am convinced," says an epistolary friend, that the Panama canal is the greatest wonder of construction that the world has even known and I don't see how it is ever to be exceeded, unless the United States should carry out Mr. Reiter's idea of diverting and controlling the gulf stream by means of a gigantic jetty thrown across the banks of Newfoundland. But I should like to know whether you regard such things as a true measure of the superiority of modern times.

Couldn't you make a list of seven modern wonders that would better represent the real progress of mankind?"

Of course, I can make such a list, and so can anybody. Our great mechanical triumphs are only a very limited expression of the advance of humanity. The greatest things that we have done are in the application of pure intelligence to the solution of problems presented by the visible and tangible world around us. The ancients were as good metaphysicians as we are, but our chief glory consists in getting out of metaphysical mists, and using the intellect as a tool instead of as a toy. Plato was a steam engine without a connecting rod. But we are not satisfied with seeing puffs of vapor driven out by a piston; we want to move something with our steam.

If I were going to offer a list of seven modern wonders, conceived in this sense, of the application of the mind to something outside itself, I should wish first to define the term "modern" and I would make it include the three centuries that have elapsed since the days of Galileo. The world has never gone backward since his time. He was the first great experimental philosopher, and when he dropped a ten-pound and a one-pound cannon ball from the Leaning Tower of Pisa, and proved, by ocular demonstration, that they took the same time to fall to the bottom, he overthrew forever the ancient method of drawing blind inferences about the physical world out of the mind, instead of using the senses as a test and the intelligence as a guide and interpreter.

So, I should head the list of seven modern wonders with the discovery of the Law of Gravitation, which Galileo began experimentally, and Newton completed mathematically.

To that law—although we do not yet know what gravitation is in its essence—we owe not only our accurate knowledge of the universe, but many of our great engineering triumphs.

Second on the list, in the order of time, might stand the invention of the telescope, which, as a means of research, must also be credited to Galileo, who worked entirely in the modern spirit of using the mind as a means and not as an end, in the exploration of the material world. By the invention of the telescope, and its corollary, the microscope, modern man enabled himself to penetrate, at the same time, the mysteries of illimitable space and the secrets of the realm

of the infinitely little. What the results have been everybody knows. We can now deal with millions of suns on one hand and billions of microbes on the other.

Third, let us place the development of the science of chemistry, which has taught us so much about the constitution of matter, and which, some think, may yet reveal the secret of life itself. To review only a small part of what chemistry has achieved would, in itself, require a long article. There is hardly any part of human life and activity in which it does not play its role. But there are certain things that have grown out of chemical experimentation which are, perhaps, worthy to stand by themselves in our list.

Among these I would put, as the fourth wonder, photography. Beginning as a means of obtaining pictures of the human face, more accurate in their details than the hand could draw, photography has now become a means of discovering things invisible to the eye, both upon the earth and in the heavens. The greatest astronomical discoveries of recent years have been effected by photography. By using the X-ray, and by selecting certain chosen waves of light, we can picture, by photography, things hidden behind barriers impenetrable to ordinary vision, and things on distant bodies in space which are veiled from the eye by the confusing effects of too many kinds of light.

Fifth, I would put the invention of the spectroscope, an instrument which enables us to analyze light and to use it as a means of investigating the nature of substances and bodies, not only upon the earth, but also in the sky. To the spectroscope we owe our knowledge of the constitution of the sun and the other stars.

Sixth comes the use of electricity, in telegraphy and in the production of light, and the transference of power. These things are so recent that everybody knows all about them, or, at least, knows what their nature is.

Seventh, the establishment of the law of evolution. The idea of some such law was dimly present in the minds of some ancient philosophers, but, after their manner, they never thought of testing it by close observation of nature. Most of them used their minds with about as much practical effect as a miller would use his mill if he merely set the wheels turning, grinding only air out of it. Darwin set mental milestones at work upon facts, ascertained by actual observation, and the result was a wonderful grid of knowledge which has transformed every department to science.

You will see, of course, that this is but an imperfect list of modern scientific wonders, but it covers many of the principal things, and, best of all, it promises others, and perhaps greater, triumphs to come.

Days for "Missing Boys"

By WINIFRED BLACK

"The season for missing boys has begun. Every day worried parents are asking the police to help hunt up youngsters who have developed the wander lust." So says a paragraph in the newspaper.

I'm not a little boy or a little girl either, but I do wish somebody would cut a few of the sweet strings that bind me to home and duty for a few days and let me go

a-wandering. We know where we'd go, don't we, little boy with the sea-gray eyes?

First, we'd follow the dog. Just let him loose from his long chain that holds him there in the little garden, a terror to belated milkmen and to early delivery boys, and follow wherever he would lead. Trust him; he wouldn't go far wrong. Would you, old fust? Look how his amber eyes sparkle when we speak of running away. Poor fellow, I wish you could. Where would you go first? Let's try it and see.

Oh dear, to the bone mine. Your own particular mine, where all your buried treasures lie—and then to the shade of the peach tree to lie and gnaw—why you are a disappointment. Raffles—a distinct disappointment—you don't want to rove at all. You are like my friend, the banker, aren't you? He never gets time to leave his bone mine—I mean his bank—even to go fishing for a couple of days, for fear some one will find the mine—I mean the bank—and run away with some of his lovely bones. I mean his check books and things.

Poor fellow! And yet sometimes he

tugs at his chains just as you do, Raffles. I've seen him do it; and he frets and wishes he were poor, just for a while, and could afford to be idle.

Why doesn't he do it? For the same reason that you lie there in the shade this minute, Raffles, gurgling your old moldy bones. He's built that way and no man can change his form wherein he is cast. No, no more than a dog can. Bones for my friend, the banker; checks and stocks and bonds and worries, and plans and schemes.

Get a stick, little boy. A willow one if you can. Just the thing; how lithe and switchy it is. Where's your hat? Stick it on the back of your head. Hurrah! We're off to the wide, wide world, just you and I, and the wind and the sun and the flowering trees.

How green it is out here in the world. How softly green the grass is. What's that on the round hill yonder, a haw tree in full bloom? Why, I thought by this time the only place you ever saw a thing like that was in a picture in an art store or on a curtain at movies. See how round and smooth it looks from here, the haw tree, and white as a new

fallen snow. Whiff! what a pure, sweet breath of Eden.

Hark! Yes, that was a lark. Did you know they could talk, Little Boy? No, I don't mean in their language. I mean in ours. I've heard them do it. Once I went to see a staid man of science and on his desk I saw on either side a cage, and within each a meadow lark, for a prisoner. Why does he cage the poor things, I thought. The freest bird alive. Sweet, sweet, where was your nest with the speckled eggs—brown speckled brothers of the field divan? What! One of them opened his mouth, leaned back his speckled throat and fairly shouted, "I wish I was in the land of cotton," and I've never quite recovered from the shock.

They can all talk, the meadow larks, for they aren't larks at all, but stamings. Hark! There's a whole scattered family of them up there in the hawthorn on the round green hill. "Sweet, sweet; oh, life is sweet," that's what they sing this time of year, the meadow larks.

Hello, here's some velvet plant. They call it "mullin" in the botanics. Rub

your cheeks with it, Little Boy, and they will glow like a rose in bloom—and if you take a whole leaf of the velvet plant to bed with you, and whisper very softly what it is you love best, in the human heart, you will get that very thing whether it is courage or gaiety, or loyal devotion, or whatever. But you must not crush the soft leaf, otherwise you will wake up a coward or a hypocrite or a "down in the mouth" that nobody loves, or whatever is just the opposite of what you wished for.

We've cut and run, haven't we, Little Boy? And we're out—in the green, green world, with the wind a-singing and the flowers a-blowing. A fig for the banker and his bank. Who cares for lessons?

Ding, dong, dell! What a melancholy sound. Look, it calls from the little red house at the foot of the round green hill. Here they come, the children, for a few joyous minutes.

Ding, dong, dell, again. Why, they didn't have fairly time to shout once, when back they must go. A, B—ab. See The Man—Can He Shoot the Gun?

"Missing boys!" The wonder is that the whole world of boys isn't missing this morning.

MOST SICKNESS COMES FROM WEAK, INACTIVE KIDNEYS

Recent Reports Show Hundreds Suffer With Kidney Troubles and Don't Know It.

There are scores of nervous, tired, run-down people throughout the city suffering with pains in the back and sides, dizzy spells, weakness of the bladder (frequently causing annoyance at night), who fail to realize the seriousness of their troubles until such conditions as chronic rheumatism, bladder troubles, dropsy, diabetes or even Bright's disease result.

All this is due to weak, inactive kidneys. The kidneys are the filters of the blood, and no one can be well and healthy unless the kidneys work properly. It is even more important than that the bowels move regularly.

If you suffer with such symptoms don't neglect yourself another day and run the risk of serious complications. Secure an original package of the new discovery, Croxone, which costs but a trifle, and commence its use at once. When you have taken a few doses, you will be surprised how differently you will feel.

Croxone cures the worst cases of kidney, bladder trouble, and rheumatism, because it removes the cause. It cleans out all the kidneys, and makes them filter out all the poisonous waste matter and uric acids, that lodge in the joints and muscles, causing rheumatism; soothes and heals the bladder, and quickly relieves you of all your misery.

You will find Croxone different from all other remedies. It matters not how old you are or how long you have suffered, it is so prepared that it is practically impossible to take it into the human system without results.

An original package of Croxone costs but a trifle, and all druggists are authorized to return the purchase price if it fails to give the desired results the very first time you use it.

FRECKLES

Don't Hide Them With a Veil; Remove Them With the Othine Prescription.

This prescription for the removal of freckles was written by a prominent physician and is usually so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold by The Beaton Drug Co., also any of Sherman & McConnell Drug Co.'s stores under an absolute guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't hide your freckles under a veil; get an ounce of othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength othine; it is this that is sold on the money-back guarantee.