



The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Here and Now

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.
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Here in the heart of this world,
Here in the noise and din,
Here where our spirits were hurled
To battle with sorrow and sin;
This is the place and the spot
For knowledge of infinite things,
This is the kingdom where Thought
Can conquer the prowess of Kings.
Wait for no heavenly life,
Seek for no temple alone;
Here in the midst of the strife
Know what the Sages have known.
Stand not aloof or apart;
Plunge in the thick of the fight;
There is the street and the mart—
That is the place to do right.
Not in some cloister or cave,
Not in some kingdom above—
Here on this side of the grave,
Here we should labor and love.

So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind,
'Tis all the sad world needs.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox on Getting Ahead—The First Step is to Do Your Work Well—Don't Despise Any Occupation—Character the Foundation of All Success

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX
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The very first step toward getting on in life is to do the work before you to-day in the best manner and with as much perfection as it is possible for you.

It may be work which you feel is beneath you; work which is un congenial and distasteful; but the only way to reach better employment is to do the thing you know must be done, and rise by the accomplished task to something beyond it.

You who are employed in any kind of work, no doubt consider your life full of hardships. You wish you were in a position to hire help, and then you feel you would be happy.

But stop and examine yourself, and think whether you are doing very much to make your employer happy.

Are you studying your special order of work and mastering it in such a way as to be a real assistant?

If you are an office boy, you should in a week's time, at the longest, learn what your duties are, and you should be able to do them regularly and promptly without bothering your employer by questions which have been answered before.

I know a business man who went to his office with his mind burdened with important matters which needed his concentrated attention for several hours.

His office boy had been given a message to deliver, and came back from the elevator to ask again about the address, as he feared he had mistaken the number.

A clerk had been given a parcel to post in a box, but he had mislaid it, and came to the employer to ask if he had seen it.

When found, the object was discovered to have a slight blemish. It was the business of the clerk to remove the blemish, but to find a duplicate object, but he interrupted his employer to ask what should be done about it.

Then the office boy came back to say that the man he was sent to see had moved, and to ask how he should go to his new address, by elevated or trolley.

Neither the office boy nor the clerk realized the absolute criminality of his conduct—for it is a crime to steal and take what is not ours; and another man's time and brain energy are not ours when we are paid to help him keep them for his own uses. It is doubtful if the boy or the clerk will ever be in a position to understand the matter, since by their failure to use their own wits and do their own work they will not be able to reach any responsible position in the world.

Now, whatever you are doing, do it with all your mind and force and energy.

Do not despise your occupation and wish you had a higher calling, and rush through what you are doing in a slipshod manner, nor shift it upon other shoulders. If you are a clerk, or a housemaid, or a secretary, or a cook, or a stenographer, or a government, or a man or woman of all work, find out in the beginning what your duties are to be, and get at them and get through with them without bothering anybody.

Consider your duties the important ones of the world until you have them accomplished.

No matter if you are a bootblack or a floor scrubber, go about the shoes and the floor in dead earnest.

Do not ask anybody to find your shoes brush or your floor mop for you—find it for yourself. Do your own work, do it well and if you have ambitions for higher employment, expect it. It will never



come to you if you half do what you are now attempting.

Try to be broad-minded enough to realize that those who employ you need your efficient aid, and that unless you can take all mental anxiety about your work from them you are only half earning your salary or wages, and are guilty of a species of dishonesty when you take your pay in full.

If you are paid for carrying mortar up a ladder and your employer has to go along behind you each trip to see that you carry it, you should share your wages with him.

It is exactly so in every other department. If you make your employer do half your thinking for you, you only earn half your money.

Your life may seem a hard one, and his easy; yet you will never make your lot better by shifting the duties he pays you to do upon his shoulders.

Even if you are working for an unappreciative employer, you are not losing anything by doing all your duty, mentally and physically; you are building your own character, and that will lead to better positions for you by and by.

Think about whatever you are doing, and if you are merely sent upon an errand, let nothing prevent your accomplishing it short of an earthquake or a tidal-wave.

And every morning of your life say a little prayer of gratitude to the invisible powers for giving you something to do. No matter how distasteful the work, how inferior to the employment of your imagination, be thankful for it; and know by this sense of gratitude that you are preparing your mental ground for better things.

Horticulturists and tillers of the ground fish in the salt water for seaweed and cast it on the earth to fertilize it.

Cast your net into the ocean of infinity, and bring up the seaweed of thanks for what you have; and from the soil of your soul will grow rich new harvests.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

He Will Not Improve.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Among my numerous male acquaintances I have one whom I think I could learn to love, and who I know loves me. He has often spoken of marriage to me, but I hesitate on account of his peculiar actions. He very often says and does things which hurt my feelings, after which he immediately turns around and apologizes and claims he does so because I do not show that I love him. Can a fault of this nature be remedied after marriage? DOUBTFUL.

The reforms that women have accomplished after marriage are so rare that it is past belief that any girl has faith in her ability to reform any man. If this man has no regard for your feelings now, he will have less after marriage. You are seeing the best of him now.

Probably Neither.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young woman of 18 and am deeply in love with a young man with whom I have been keeping steady company for the last nine months. Having asked me not to go with any other man I have been true to him. While at a social the other evening his attentions withdrew from me toward another young woman of whom I think a great deal. Do you think this was done to hurt my feelings or to test my love? He conducted me home and treated me as usual.

BROKEN HEARTED.

It is more probable that the other girl interested him for a moment and he forgot you. You are only 18, too young to give a promise of any kind to a man. Please do not take this affair so seriously and please see less of him.

Forget Him.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of 16 and greatly in love with a fellow two years your senior. He has taken me to many places, but some weeks ago he didn't call on me as usual. When I meet him he speaks very cold to me.

AN ANXIOUS GIRL.

You are too young to be seriously involved in a love affair. Try to forget him, and in the future don't lay your heart at the feet of every man who shows you any attention. Believe me, it does not pay.

"The Golden Age"

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By Nell Brinkley



Nell Brinkley Says:

"The Golden Age" when her wakened eyes have seen eighteen summer skies, the leanness of childhood is softened into firm curves, but childhood's impatient grace is still in her hurrying steps; the wondering woman looks out of her eyes aside with a lingering belief in fairies; love she has not yet known, but there is about her the beating

of his scented rainbow wings; her cheeks are child-flesh yet, firm and hard and faintly colored; her lips are babyishly smooth, but she has put her hair up for good and her skirts down to her ankles; the lure of newly found woman ways and the tomboy who sits on the floor on her curled-under feet, meet in her distracting young person. She trails a chiffon gown in a pretty queenliness at the "hop," and climbs a fence the next morning in scorn

of a gate; her busy little heart dreams ahead to womanly things and a full life, and yet still yearns to climb a tree. In her all the delectable things of the child, the look, the faith, the freedom, the whole heart, the tireless wonder, mingle with the lovely things of the woman-awakened eyes, the out-held hand for what life has to give, the growing wisdom, the reaching mind—mingle and make for a golden minute in her life.

The Oriental, the singer, the dealer in lovely words, would say to her: "She is a tree of rosy blossoms, the tree between the slim, thin-leaved springtime and the season of rich fruit. She is this, the bloom of the tree, that blows and is gone so soon—the golden age between spring and summer. She is entirely sweet." The golden age is a breathless, fragile instant when the baby and the woman kiss.

Self-Righteous Early Risers

By VIRGINIA T. VAN DE WATER

Perhaps there is no more self-righteous person to be found than the early riser. He is in the same class as the man who, when the thermometer is near zero, makes it his boast that he takes a cold plunge every morning of his life. He smiles with superiority at the person who involuntarily shudders at the thought.

The early riser is, however, more of an annoyance to mankind at large than is the cold water plunger. If the latter chooses to take his dip each day, he inconveniences nobody but himself, and since he makes it his boast that the experience makes him "feel fine," it would seem that nobody is the worse for his practice. I have heard that there have been cases of persons with heart trouble who actually increased the undertaker's income by cold plunges taken in winter; but if this is so it only proves that an ill wind (or water) does blow somebody—even if it be the undertaker—some good.

But to return to our early riser. He will return to us every morning—at least the sound he makes will. If—"Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise"—he often gains these things at the expense of some of the comfort of his family.

Let us be fair and try to ascertain what particular virtue there is in getting out of bed two hours earlier than any-

body else does. If one does not want to get up, and only does so to mortify the flesh and chasten the spirit, that grace that is supposed to flow from acts of penance may come to the early riser. Yet I question whether it might not really do the soul more actual good if one were to forget self in consideration of the person who must hear one get up, and who needs—or, at least, likes a morning nap.

One man rises at 5 on summer mornings, tramps downstairs in heavy shoes, steps out on his veranda and, in stentorian tones, calls his dogs, whistling between calls. His neighbors, who do not breakfast until two hours after he starts off for his matutinal constitutional, are startled from health-giving sleep, and are hardly to be blamed if they vote him an annoyance, to say the least—especially so, at his whistles, the dogs all begin to bark in concert and keep up the chorus for at least ten minutes. Yet this man boasts of his early rising.

In an apartment house one suffers much from the inmate who would be "healthy, wealthy and wise." One such woman begins to move about her room, raises windows, pulls out and closes her folding bed, calls to her little boy in the adjoining room and, when he comes to her window and "drink in this glorious morning air"—which the youngster proceeds to do, accompanying the process by addressing shrill remarks to his mother

within the room or singing in a high key the few songs he knows. And all this at 6 a. m.! Is the student across the court who works until long past midnight, hopefully hard hearted if he turns over with a muttered imprecation against "that infernal kid?"

"But I can't sleep!" exclaims the early riser. Why waste morning hours in bed when I might be at work?"

If it is impossible for one to sleep, he might have at the side of his bed a biscuit or a bit of bread which he could eat to stay his stomach, after which he could read until time for the other members of the family to rise. Or, if he must get up and go to work, let him not fling wide his shutters with a bang and throw up his windows with a slam, causing the person in the next room to wake with a well, with something that rhymes with: slam!

After all, why may not that same person in the next room, who worked for two hours last night after the early riser was sleeping soundly, deserve just as much credit as does the early riser who works before breakfast? I notice that the late worker, at his desk at night long after the rest of the household are asleep, moves about his room in stocking feet when he prepares for bed, careful just any movement of his may cheat others of their slumber. The fact that he works at night does not give him the right to disturb those who do not.

I insist that, if people must get up early

in the morning, they should determine to awaken nobody else. The plea, "I cannot sleep!" is no excuse for lack of consideration. One mother was aroused in the morning by a step in the hall outside of her door. She glanced at her watch and saw that it was only 8:30. She had not slept well and had been in that last delicious nap that comes just before it is time to get up—the nap we all know and love. Her first thought was, "Somebody is ill," and she opened her door. In the hall stood her son, fully dressed. "What is the matter?" she asked. "Why are you walking about the house at this hour?"

"I couldn't sleep," was the aggrieved reply.

"But others could," the mother reminded him. "If you would allow them to."

The reproof was merited.

I do not care how early people get up in the morning—always supposing the practice does not injure their health—if they only do not make such a racket as to disturb others, and if (early risers, forgive me!) they do not assume the air of superiority over those who, perhaps, work just as hard, only at a different hour of the day from that which they choose as best for them. It may be—it probably is—best for them, but that does not mean that other people, weary and needing rest, are inferior beings just because they can sleep after the first crack of dawn has widened on the horizon.

Dr. Pankhurst's

Article on Convicts—A Visit to the Felon Ship "Success" is An Education—It Makes One Think—World Growing Better

By DR. C. H. PARKHURST.

When King Edward went aboard the convict ship Success he said: "The saddest thing about the ship is that it was in commission during the reign of my good mother."

Yet no one will suppose that this gracious Christian Queen was knowing to the horrors that were transacted there any more than she was to the tortures inflicted upon a class of convicts after being transported to Australia.

The story gathered from official sources of what was suffered on the passage and subsequent to arrival at the penal colony is bloodcurdling and lies as a heavy black blot on English history. Much as we may extol English character in general, English government has shown itself capable of atrocities that will cling for centuries to the records of British administration. It is written down black in the tragedy of Ireland and in the inhuman effort to crowd opium upon China.

A visit to the Success is not an amusement, but an education. One experiences something of the old agony over again when inspecting the close, gruesome quarters in which the prisoners were confined, the triangle on which they were tried up to be flogged, the cat-o'-nine-tails in a frame close by, by which the victim was scourged till his back was washed into furrows flowing with blood, only to be thrown into the bath and scrubbed with salt water. The implements of agony are all there just as they were 100 years ago.

On the first voyage, made in 1787, more than 100 died from close confinement in filthy cells, starvation and torture. Imprisonment, torture and hanging constituted at that date one of Great Britain's active lines of business. There were 40,000 capital offenses. The jails were so crowded and the hangmen were kept so busy that the overflow had to be shipped off to Australia, and as many as possible disposed of on the way.

It is to people's advantage to get into vital touch with some of the ghastliness of a century ago, and the ship is an admirable place for doing it. One acquires some idea that will never have to be learned over again. It is not funny, but it is wholesome.

The ship itself has more meaning than can be crowded into any book. There was shown me a letter written by the governor of Rhode Island, introducing Captain Smith to Governor Suizer, in which he says: "As an ancient and historic relic the Success is, I consider, a valuable educational factor in the history of prison reform." Governor Foss of Massachusetts writes: "I am very glad that the people of Massachusetts have had the opportunity to see the strides that have already been made toward better methods of treatment. I think you are doing a great public service by the exhibition of these horrible and obsolete prison methods."

There are two quite distinct thoughts that a thinking man will be likely to bring away with him after a visit to the Success. The officers on board who were responsible for the fiendish torments experienced by the convicts were men who had been brought up on English soil, who, so far as we can ascertain, had lived in Christian communities, and who, had their occupation in life been different and their duties of an administrative rather than of a penal kind, might have had the reputation and have possessed a character of consideration, sympathy and kindness.

Now that these same officials, citizens of a country at least nominally Christian, should not only have ordered the infliction of torture to the extent in some instances of 300 lashes delivered on the bare back, body and legs of their victims, but that they should have found amusement in the agonized shrieks extorted by the cat-o'-nine-tails, suggests that every soul comes into the world possessed of an undeveloped devil; that whether that devil will become developed to the point of exercising sacred authority over the soul that it inhabits will depend very much on the circumstances in which one's chances to be placed; and, furthermore, that the opportunity to deal with one's fellowman irresponsibly without fear and without restraint of law is perhaps the situation most likely to educate one into a condition of sheer diabolism.

That accounts for the barbarities that are sometimes practiced upon inmates of prisons and insane asylums.

When a man is so placed as to be able to cause suffering without being in danger of being called to account for it, the inner devil feels that his hour is come and that his chance has arrived.

There was an old lady, and a very saintly one, who found it her supreme joy to read and contemplate an illustrated copy of Fox's Book of Martyrs. It is not necessary to believe in total depravity, but it is safe to believe in fractional depravity and to take care that the fraction does not become total.

A second impression left upon one by a visit to the convict ship will be a confident assurance that as the world is growing older it is growing better. What occurred for scores of years on the Success and in the penal colony could not occur now for a single twelvemonth.

There are touches of barbarity still, but the eyes of the world are watching, and the heart of the world has grown sensitive to human anguish. There is no longer any continued place in society, in jail or in hospital for men who find devilish satisfaction in pure fiendishness.

We have not arrived at perfection, and we are far from having arrived, but we are on the road.