

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Ella Wheeler Wilcox on Loveless Marriages

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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THE WELL BORN.

So many people, people in the world;
So few great souls, love ordered, well begun,
In answer to the fertile mother need.
So few who seem
The image of the Maker's mortal dream,
So many born of mere propinquity,
Of lustful habit, or of accident,
Their mothers felt
No mighty, all-compelling wish to see
Their bosoms garden places
Abloom with flower faces.
No tidal wave swept o'er them with its flood,
No thrill of flesh or heart; no leap of blood,
No glowing fire flaming to white desire
For mating and for motherhood,
Yet they bore children.

God! how mankind misuses Thy command
To populate the earth.
How low is brought high birth,
How low the woman, when, inert as spawn,
Left in the sands to fertilize.
She is the means through which the race goes on.
Not so the First Intent.

Birth, as the Supreme mind conceived it, meant
The clear, imperious call of mate to mate,
And the clear answer. Only thus and then
Are fine, well ordered and potential lives
Brought into being. Not by church or state
Can birth be made legitimate.
Unless
Love in its fullness bless.
Creation so ordains its lofty laws
That man, while greater in all other things,
Is lesser in the generative cause.
The father may be merely man, the male;
Yet more than female must the mother be.

The woman who would fashion
Souls for the use of men and angels meet,
Must entertain a high and holy passion.
Not rank or wealth, or influence of kings
Can give a soul its dower
Of majesty and power.
Unless the mother brings
Great love to that great hour.

Just exactly what this correspondent
may mean by his plea is not made clear
in his petition.

I come to you pleading for the badly
born, whom society brands and marks
and sears, withering
and withering them
name and making
outcasts of them.
There seems no one
to speak for them
they too may be
wholesome and clear.

Oh, transfigure this
cry carried on the
wings of burdened
sorrow to thine ear,
into a song of sym-
phony, lighting up
the drear pathway
of the badly born
and turning the
damp gray hovering
over them into a fairer, better day.

There are many, many badly born
people on earth.

There are few well born.

Society does not brand or mark, or
sear the badly born, for very
many of the worst born are in society.

By worst born is meant those who are
born from parents who married without
love and who brought children into the

world without its legitimate stamp—the
Divine hall mark of birth.

The most important thing in birth is
to be born of a mother who loved the
father of her child, and who, therefore,
loved her unborn child and rejoiced in
motherhood.

Only a very small percentage of such
children can be found in any community
or any class.

In fashionable society love marriages
occur, now and then. And in those love
marriages, now and then a child is born
which is desired and welcomed. But that
is the exception to the rule prevailing
in such circles.

Just as it is the exception to the rule
in royal circles.

Princesses and princes have their mar-
riages arranged for them usually, and
the children born to such parents are
not well born, not stamped with the
Divine hall mark, even when they have
been desired.

Yet they oftentimes receive the honors
of earth.

A child born of parents who are in-
harmonious, and who do not welcome the
coming of the child, is indeed badly
born.

Children born of parents who are dis-
eased, in body or mind, are badly born.

Vegetable Hats

A Vegetable Stew.



Yet there is no being so badly born
who may not rise to usefulness, power
and happiness, if a FULL CONSCIOUS-
NESS OF HIS DIVINE INHERITANCE
FROM THE SOURCE of all life takes
possession of his mind and dominates his
thoughts and actions continually.

Let such a one say every morning on
rising:

"I am a Divine Being. No matter what
conditions prevent my hearing the stamp
of Right Birth, I am Divine; I have a
right to God's opulence; power, peace,
plenty are mine. All hindrances to my
possession of health, wealth and useful-
ness are swept away. I am circled by
Invisible Helpers and they shall lead me
into my Kingdom. I have my heart's
desire."

Let this assertion be repeated every
night before falling asleep.

And the badly born shall suddenly come
into a new birth and stand among the
well born. For mind is greater than
matter and God is over All.

THE KING OF DIAMONDS BY LOUIS TRACY

You Can Begin This
Great Story To-day
by Reading This
First

Philip Anson is a boy of 15 years, of
fine education and good breeding, but
an orphan and miserably poor.

The story opens with the death of his
mother.

Rich relatives have deserted the family
in their hour of need, and when his
mother's death comes Philip is in de-
spair. He looks over his mother's letters
and finds that he is related to Sir Philip
Morland. A few days later a terrific
thunderstorm brews over London. At
the height of the storm a flash of light-
ning sears a team attached to a coach
standing in front of a West End man-
sion. Philip, who has become a news-
boy, rescues a girl from the carriage
just before it turns over. A man with
the girl trips over Philip in his excite-
ment. He cuts the boy and calls a
policeman. The girl pleads for Philip
and he is allowed to go after learning
that the man was Lord Vanstone. Philip
then determines to commit suicide. He
borrows a piece of rope from O'Brien, a
ship chandler, and goes to his miserable
dwelling in Johnson's Mews.

Just as he is about to hang himself a
meteor flashes by the window and
crashes into the flagstones in the yard.
The boy takes this as a sign from heaven
not to kill himself. He then goes to the
yard to look at the meteor.

Now Read On

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His first exclamation was one of
thankfulness.

"I am jolly glad that things didn't fall

on my head," he said aloud, forgetting
that had its advent been delayed a sec-
ond or two the precise locality selected
for its impact would not have mattered
much to him.

"I wonder what it is," he went on.

"Is it worth anything? Perhaps if I
dig it out I may be able to sell it as a
curiosity."

A moment's reflection told him, how-
ever, that he would not be able to dis-
inter it that day, even if he possessed the
 requisite implements. On its lower side
it was probably still red hot. Through
the soles of his boots, broken as they
were, he could easily feel the heat of
the ground, so the experiment must be
deferred for twenty-four hours, perhaps
longer. At any rate, he was sure that
his mysterious visitor represented a re-
alizable asset, and the knowledge gave
him a sudden distaste for coffee grounds
and stale crusts. He resolved to spend
his remaining three halfpence on a break-
fast, and at the same time make some
guarded inquiries as to the nature and
possible cash-value of the meteor itself.
Evidently its fall had attracted no pub-
lic attention. The fury of the elements
and the subsequent heavy rain were ef-
fectual safeguards in this respect, and
Johnson's Mews, marked out for demoli-
tion a fortnight later, were practically
deserted now day and night.

Philip did not then know that London
had already much to talk about in the
recorded incidents of the two storms.
The morning newspapers were hysterical
with headlines announcing fires, collapse
of buildings, street accidents and lament-
able loss of life in all parts of the me-
tropolis. As the day wore and full de-
tails came to hand the list of mishaps
would be doubled, while scientific ob-
servers would begin a nine days' wrangle
in the effort to determine the precise
reason why the electrical disturbance
should have been wholly confined to the
metropolitan area. Philip Anson, a ragged
boy of 15, residing in a desolate nook of
the most disreputable district in the east
end, possessed the very genesis of the
mystery, yet the web of fate was destined
to weave a spell that would deftly close
his lips.

Meanwhile he wanted his breakfast.

He gathered thirty fair sized white peb-
bles and a few jagged lumps of the iron-
like material. These he wrapped in a
piece of newspaper, screwed up the small
package tightly, and placed it in his
trousers' pocket. Thinking deeply about
the awesome incidents of the previous
night he dozed his coat and did not
notice the packet of letters lying in the
chair. Never before had these docu-
ments left his possession. The door was
locked and the key in his pocket before
he missed them. It was in his mind to
turn back. In another second he would
have obeyed the impulse, had not a
mighty gust of wind swept through the
yard and carried his tattered cap into
the passage. That settled it. Philip ran
after his headgear, and so was blown
into a strange sea of events.

They are quite safe there, he thought.
"In any case it will be best not to carry
them about in future. They get so frayed
and some day I may want them."

Emerging from the haven of the mews,
he found the untidy life of the Mile End
road eddying in restless confusion
through a haze. The gaunt high walls
surrounding his secluded dwelling had
sheltered him from the blustering March
wind that was now drying the streets
and creating much ill-temper in the
hearts of carters, stall owners and girls
with large hats and full skirts. In a
word, everything that could be flapped
or shaken or rudely swept anywhere out
of its rightful place was dealt with ac-
cordingly. In one instance a heavy tra-
paulin was lifted clean off a wagon and
nearly lodged over the heads of the
driver and horses of a passing omnibus.
They were not extricated from its close
embrace without some difficulty and a
great quantity of severe yet cogent re-
marks by the wagoner and the driver,
assisted by the bus conductor and various
passengers.

Philip laughed heartily for the first
time since his mother's death. He waited
until the driver and the wagoner had ex-
changed their farewell compliments. Then
he made off briskly toward an establish-
ment where three halfpence would pur-
chase a cup of coffee and a bun.
In ten minutes he felt much refreshed

and his busy mind reverted to the for-
gotten package he carried. Thinking it
best to seek the counsel of an older
head, he went to O'Brien's shop. The old
man was taking down the shutters and
found the task none too easy. Without a
word, Philip helped him, and soon the
pensioner was wiping his spectacles in the
shelter of the shop.

"I dunno what the weather is comin'
to at all at all," he grumbled. "Last night
was like the takin' up the Rodan, an'
this mornin' reminds me uv crossin' the
Bay of Biscay."

"It certainly was a fearful thunder-
storm," said Philip.

"Faix boy, that's a true word. It was
just like cold times in the hills in July,
where the devil himself holds court some
nights. But what's the matter? Didn't
you get that job?"

Philip laughed again. "I am not sure
yet," he replied. "I really came in to
ask you what this is."

With his hand in his pocket he had un-
twisted the paper and taken out the
white pebbles, which he now handed to
O'Brien.

"The old man took it, smelt it and ad-
justed his glasses for a critical examina-
tion."

"It ain't alum," he announced.

"No, I think not."

"Ah! it ain't glass."

"Probably not."

"Where did yer get it?"
"I found it lying on the pavement."

O'Brien scratched his head. "Tis a
square looking object, anyhow. What good
is it?"

"I cannot tell you. I thought that pos-
sibly it might have some value."

"What! A scrap of white stone like
that? Arrah, what's come over yer?"

"There is no harm in asking, is there?
Some one should be able to tell me what
it is made of."

Philip, from his small store of physical
geography, knew that meteors were ar-
ticles of sufficient rarity to attract at-
tention. And he was tenacious withal.

"I suppose that a jeweler would be the
best man to judge. He must understand
about stones," he went on.

"Maybe; but I don't see what's the use.
Tis a sheer waste of time. But if 're set
on findin' out, go to a big man. These
German Jews round about here are
omniscious. They don't know a watch
from a clock, an' if they did they'd chate
ye."

(To Be Continued Monday.)

Pointed Paragraphs.

Most of your friends will stand by you
as long as you have a dollar.

If a man and his wife are me, how
many was Solomon and his outfit?

A fool's idea of a good joke is one he
is able to put over on the other fellow.

When the warship hits a rock the naval
appropriation goes into the sinking fund.

A Weird Freak of Foreign Milliners Now Coming Into Vogue in Europe

Tempting the Donkey.



The Pot Herb Hat.

Accompanying these freakish pictures comes word from one
of London's society milliners that women's hats for this and the
spring season are being trimmed with vegetables.

"This was bound to come," says this millinery expert. "Rare
and refreshing fruits in the shape of cherries, grapes and apples
have frequently been fashionable in the past, so why not vegeta-
bles? They are, indeed, the only logical successors."

Now that the aigrette has been barred over here, the height
of luxury, it would seem, would be to invent some kind of a hat
trimming made of egg shells. These could be festooned or lined
around the brim of a hat in decorative style.

But who—who, even among our great millionaires, will not
turn pale at the bare thought that this rarest of luxuries will ever
become the style in hat trimmings?

The Conquest of Ireland

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

January 19, 1155, is the saddest date in
the annals of Erin; for on this day, of
the year of grace 1155, Pope Adrian the
fourth, Nicholas Breakspere by name,

and the only En-
glishman who ever
filled the papal
chair, issued the
bull which author-
ized King Henry the
second to go ahead
and conquer Ire-
land.

The bull, after
registering the com-
mon opinion of the
time, that "Ireland
and all the islands
upon which the sun
of righteousness has
shone, rightfully belonged to the blessed
Peter and the most holy Roman church,"
went on to approve Henry's project for
the invasion and conquest of Ireland as
one prompted by the "ardor of faith and
love of religion," and declared that the
people of Ireland should receive Henry
with all honor, and revere him as their
lord.

The conditions upon which Adrian's
bull was promulgated were, that all
ecclesiastical rights in the about-to-be
conquered country should be reserved
to the pope, and that Henry should en-
force the payment of 1 penny from each

house into the papal treasury.

With this authority back of him Henry
began making preparations for the in-
vasion of Erin, but unlooked for dif-
ficulties forced him to postpone the ex-
pedition for fourteen years.

In the meantime, however, circum-
stances were doing for Henry what he
was not prepared to do for himself.
Dermot of Leinster, having been de-
posed for his wrongdoing, appealed to
Henry for aid, who, instead of directly
aiding him, gave him permission to
raise forces in England.

The result was the expedition of
Strongbow, followed by that of Fitz-
Stephen, the end of which was the prac-
tical conquest of the Green Island; so
that when Henry finally went over to
Ireland there was but little for him to
do, save to personally proclaim his au-
thority.

Thus came about the conquest and
practical enslavement of the Emerald
Isle. The whole island, with trifling ex-
ceptions, was divided among twelve
English families. Strongbow taking
Leinster; Lacy, Meath; De Courcy,
Ulster; De Burgh, Connaught, and the
other six the rest.

Parcelling the lands among their ten-
ants of the English race, these feudal
lords expelled the native Irish, or "Grove
men" into the worst parts of the country
by incessant warfare. And so, for 150
years Erin's harp has sounded no note
of its ancient freedom.

