

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Oh, Poor Sick World!

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Lord of all the Universe, when I think of You,  
Flinging stars out into space, moving suns and tides;  
Then this little mortal mind gets the larger view,  
And the carping self of me runs away and hides.

Then I see all shadowed paths leading out to Light;  
See the false things fade away, leaving but the True;  
See the wrong things slay themselves, leaving only Right;  
When this little mortal mind gets the larger view.

Cavillings at this and that, censor, doubt and fear,  
Fly as fly before the dawn insects of the night;  
Life and Death are understood; everything seems clear;  
All the wrong things slay themselves, leaving only Right.

The World has walked with fever in its veins  
For many and many a day. Oh, poor, sick World!  
Not knowing all its dreams of greed and gain,  
Of selfish conquest and possession, were  
Disordered visions of a brain diseased.

Now the World's malady is at its height,  
And there is foul contagion in its breath.  
It raves of death and slaughter; and the stars  
Shake with reverberations of its cries,  
And the sad seas are troubled and dismayed.

So it must rave—this sick and suffering World—  
Until the old secretions in its blood  
Are emptied out and purged away by war;  
And the deep-seated cankers of the mind  
Begin the healing process. Then a calm  
Shall come upon the earth; and that loved word  
PEACE shall be understood from shore to shore.

Shriek on, mad World! The great Physician sits  
Serenely conscious of the coming change,  
Nor seeks to check the fever; it must run  
Until its course is finished. He can wait.  
In His vast Solar Systems He has seen  
So many other worlds gelidous,  
He feels but pity for His ailing charge,  
Not blame or anger. And He knows the hour  
Will surely dawn when that sick child shall wake,  
Free from all frenzied fancies, and shall turn  
Clear-seeing eyes upon the face of God,  
Then shall begin the true Millennium.

Lord of all the Universe, when I think of You,  
Then this little mortal mind gets the larger view;  
Then I see all shadowed paths leading into Light,  
Where the wrong things slay themselves, leaving only Right.

## To Live is to Fight

French Biologist Says Nature is Revealed in Its Struggle Against the Force of Gravity.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

To live means to fight.  
This may not be agreeable to universal  
peace advocates, but it is the avowment  
of science.

In his new book on  
"The Mechanics of  
Life," Felix Le Dan-  
tec, professor in the  
Sorbonne, with  
whose atheistic  
views I have no sym-  
pathy, but toward  
whose scientific  
knowledge all the  
world is respectful,  
lays down this law:  
"The essential vital  
act is an act of de-  
fense."  
I find Mr. Le Dan-  
tec's development of this theme to be  
as interesting as a good story and a  
great deal more important.



He takes a walk on the seashore when  
the tide is out and, dipping up a crab  
from the wet sand with his cane, he  
throws himself into a fencing attitude  
and begins to make passes, at the as-  
tonished and irritated animal. The crab  
faces the music and, with his pincers  
erect, is ready for his aggressor at every  
turn.

Mr. Le Dantec's scientific soul (al-  
though, in strictness, he would deny that  
he has any soul) is delighted.  
"One would say," he explains, "that

the cane and the crab are united by an  
invisible mechanism so that to each  
movement of the end of the cane cor-  
responds instantly, and with precision, a  
movement of the crab, thanks to which  
the defense is always directed exactly  
toward the enemy."

Now this conduct of the poor crab  
badgered by an inquisitive and imper-  
tinent savant is, Mr. Le Dantec finds,  
"perfectly anthropomorphic." This is to  
say, in plain words, just what a man  
would do in similar circumstances, and  
he likens it in particular to the sparring  
of a pair of boxers in the boxing ring.

Those who have followed Mr. Le Dan-  
tec thus far may not see that they are  
much advanced toward a comprehension  
of the statement that all life is a fight,  
or an act of defense. But follow his next  
step and you may at least find new food  
for thought.

The examples of the irritated crab and  
the watchful boxer are, he admits, open  
to the objection that in them intelligence  
enters into play, and what is wanted is  
proof that life exhibits the same defensive  
acts and attitude when intelligence  
is not in question. The proof he offers  
will surprise you. Here it is:  
How does it happen that a man, a  
young lamb or chicken, stands erect?  
This phenomenon is the result of a  
prodigious assemblage of factors. One  
may say that all parts of the individual  
collaborate to produce the vertical atti-  
tude, and if this co-ordination of parts  
is destroyed, as by a sudden congestion,  
or a pistol shot, the animal falls. The  
cause of the erect attitude is the attrac-  
tion of gravitation.

That attraction acts as an aggressive  
force which is resisted by the living body.  
If there were no attraction of gravitation  
there could not stand erect because  
he could not fall.

The same opposition to gravitation is  
shown by a tree. Because the earth's  
attraction tends to pull it down the tree  
grows up. Its life is a fight against  
gravity, a struggle against an opposing  
force. A lifeless object like a stone  
yields to gravity and falls down because  
it is drawn down. The living object, by  
virtue of the principle of life, reacts  
against the force and stands, or grows  
up when gravity pulls it down.

## Experienced Women Advise Mother's Friend



Because it is so perfectly safe to use  
and has been of such great help to a  
host of expectant mothers, these women,  
experienced in this most happy period,  
advise the use of "Mother's Friend."  
Applied externally to the abdominal  
muscles its purpose is to relieve the  
tension upon the cords and liga-  
ments resulting from muscular expansion.  
Beneath the surface is a network of fine  
nerve threads and the gentle, soothing  
embrocation, "Mother's Friend," is  
designed to soothe the muscular  
fibres as to avoid the unnecessary and  
continuous nagging upon this myriad of  
nerves. It is a reflex action.  
Thousands of women have reason to  
believe in this splendid help under the  
trying ordeal of motherhood. Their  
letters are eloquent evidence of its great  
value to women. In use for many years  
it has come to be a standard remedy for  
the purpose.  
There is scarcely a well-stocked drug  
store anywhere but what you can easily  
obtain a bottle of "Mother's Friend" and  
in nearly every town and village is a  
grandmother who herself used it in earlier  
years. Expectant mothers are urged to  
try this splendid assistant to comfort.  
Mother's Friend is prepared by Brad-  
field Regulator Co., 410 Lamar Bldg.,  
Atlanta, Ga. Send for our little book.

## Never Tell Your Wife of Her Faults

Just Make Her Believe She's the Realization of Your Fondlest Ideal of Womankind, and Life Will Be Sweet.

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By DOROTHY DIX.

"Sally is a fine woman, but she has a  
number of little faults, and you should  
tell her of them," said the man's mother  
in speaking to him of his young wife.

"Not on your life,"  
responded the wise  
husband, "far be it  
from me to tell any  
woman that I have  
observed certain  
flaws and weak-  
nesses and blemishes  
in her character or  
person. And still  
farther be it from  
me to make these  
invidious remarks to  
my own wife. Who-  
ever tells Sally of  
her imperfections, it  
won't be me. I have  
observed too many  
husbands and wives  
who thought it was  
their sacred duty to  
tell each other of their faults, and they  
either wound up in the divorce court or  
spent time wishing they had the courage  
to hike out to Reno."

"And I don't blame them. None of us  
are particularly keen on the society of



band, and that he considers her an  
earthly angel that condescended from her  
high estate to marry him.

"But let him commence telling her of  
her little faults and weaknesses, and the  
jig is up. She knows the halo of romance  
has been smashed into smithereens when  
he commences to talk about her getting  
fat and to wonder why she doesn't dress  
like some other woman. She knows that  
her pedestal has been knocked out from  
under her when he calls her attention to  
the burnt roast and watery vegetables,  
and tells her that she is a bum house-  
keeper, and about the worst financier  
that ever came down the pike, and that

The small  
black velvet  
hat is still  
dominating,  
as shown by  
this militant-  
looking af-  
fair,  
redeemed  
from harsh-  
ness by the  
airgrettes  
of heron.



This capeline of black velvet has draped crown and a "puff" of fantasy feathers posed at the right.

will not waste time in dancing attendance  
on you. If you do care for him, and he  
is worthy of you, you should not let the  
fact that he is poor and untrained in city  
ways make any great difference. Time  
will cure that. But whatever you do, do  
it with kindness and he will remember  
you or that, if for nothing else.

### Make Your Own Reputation.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of  
twenty and am very unhappy. This un-  
happiness is due to my brother's bad  
reputation. He is considered to be very  
bad. My parents, the rest of the family  
and myself are refined and well-behaved.  
Whenever I go out in company the peo-  
ple usually bring up the subject of my  
brother's actions, which makes me feel  
that if I were dead I would be much hap-  
pier than listening to the remarks that  
people make in reference to him. I can't  
talk to anybody about this, for I feel  
very much ashamed. I can't hurt my  
parents by asking them what to do.

MOST UNFORTUNATE GIRL.  
The people who criticize your brother  
and so shame you are neither loyal  
friends nor well-bred. Don't permit such  
individuals to grieve you. You must be  
strong enough to make your own position  
in the world, so that people will judge  
you apart from your brother's demerits  
and entirely on your own merit.

people who criticize us and tell us home  
truths. Of course, we know that, being  
human, we must have little blemishes,  
but we live in the fond belief that we  
keep them covered up so that the general  
public isn't even aware that they exist,  
and it's always a shock when we find out  
that some eagle eye has ferreted out the  
little rotten spot in us.

"Think, then, what a blow it is when  
we find out that we haven't fooled even  
our nearest and dearest, and the one  
whose affection we had supposed made  
him or her blind to our faults."

"I tell you many a time it gives love a  
death wound from which it never recov-  
ers."  
"There's a perfectly good reason why  
husbands and wives should never tell  
each other of their faults. It is this: It  
is absolutely necessary for a husband to  
believe that he is a paragon in his wife's  
eyes. It is absolutely necessary for a  
wife to believe that she is the realization  
of her husband's fondest ideal of womankind.  
All the glamour and happiness of  
matrimony is bound up in this faith."

"The man must believe that his wife  
looks up to him; that she thinks he is  
more or less of an oracle, that his judg-  
ment and his knowledge of the world are  
to be trusted, and that when she married  
him she got a matrimonial prize."  
"Believing this the man is enabled to  
throw out his chest and swell around  
home, and indulge in the bosom of his  
own family in a species of perfectly inno-  
cent vanity that is very soothing in his  
egotism which gets plenty of battering in  
the outside world. Other people may not  
appreciate him, but thank God, his wife  
knows a real man when she sees one,  
and so he is happy and contented, and  
adores his wife for lavishing upon him  
the soft soap that everybody else with-  
holds."

"But what happens if wife begins tell-  
ing him of his faults? Her balloon of  
self-esteem, and the whole thing col-  
lapses. When your wife corrects your  
grammar, and your table manners, and  
tells you where to sit down on the street  
cars, and informs you the reason you  
don't get rich is because you haven't  
got enough initiative and ambition,  
and that you show low taste in the se-  
lection of your friends, you know that you  
are no longer a roddike creature to her.  
You are a miserable human shrimp, and  
under that knowledge your very soul  
shrivels up and dies within you."  
"And it's just the same way with a  
woman. No matter what misfortunes or  
hard times marriage may bring to a  
woman she is happy as long as she be-  
lieves that she is beautiful to her hus-

band, and that he considers her an  
earthly angel that condescended from her  
high estate to marry him.

her nerves are nothing but temper, and  
that if she was a reasonable human being  
she'd try to act like one and control her-  
self."

"Women don't know it, but the strong-  
est hold that any wife has on her hus-  
band is his artless belief that he has  
got her fooled into thinking that he is the  
greatest man on earth, and she breaks  
this strange hold when she begins tell-  
ing him of his faults. Men never realize  
it, but the difference between marriage  
being heaven or hell to a woman is her  
faith that she's still a dream to her hus-  
band after she's fat and forty, and when  
he wakes her up from this dream by re-  
minding her of her weaknesses, she pays  
him back by getting jealous."  
"That's why the critic on the hearth  
generally busts up the hearthstone. Let  
somebody else tell your husband or your  
wife of his or her faults. It's too danger-  
ous an occupation for the married."

## Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Hopeless.  
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man  
23 years of age. I have met a number of  
young ladies, all are lovable in my  
opinion. One is musical, another is  
domestic, a third an actress. Which shall  
I marry? UNDECIDED.  
If your heart doesn't tell you what wo-  
man you want, I can not. Do not delude  
yourself with the notion that you can be  
in love with three women at once. Your  
indecision is proof that you are in love  
with neither.

Improper.  
Dear Miss Fairfax: Is it proper for a  
girl to drink root-beer at drug stores or  
cafeteria, as a refreshment or not? I  
shall thank you for your advice.  
It is not improper for a girl to partake  
of harmless refreshments in a public  
place at any time.

Treat Him Fairly.  
Dear Miss Fairfax: There is a young  
man in my town, who seems to be dead  
in love with me. My boy friends call  
him country Jakey and for this reason I  
hate to go with him. I like to try him  
down, because he thinks I do it because  
he hasn't got money enough to take me  
to places like the other boys could. The

## Chapeaux Plain but Smart

Simplicity is the Keynote of These Creations, but They Gain in Distinction from This Very Fact.



This capeline is of black satin with a soft semi Tam o' Shanter crown. Its only ornament is a great pearl pin.

## When the Horseshoe Wasn't Lucky

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

It was exactly 100 years ago, March 27,  
1814, that General Andrew Jackson had  
his famous fight with the Creek Indians  
at the "Horseshoe bend" in the state of  
Alabama.

It was one time  
when the horseshoe  
wasn't lucky—to the  
red man—although it  
was a red letter  
day for "Old Hic-  
kory," a by no means  
unworthy prelude to  
the glorious 8th of  
January, 1815, at New  
Orleans.

Of the various In-  
dian tribes that  
were to be found in  
the North American  
continent when the white man first  
touched its shores, the Creeks were, with  
the single exception of the famous "Six  
Nations" of New York state, by far the  
most formidable. In fact, they may  
well have been called the Ironquills of the  
south.

Intelligent, resolute, strong in numbers,  
courageous and resourceful, and always  
led by men of superior sagacity and will  
power, the Creeks offered a real problem  
to the palefaces who would conquer  
them.

Time and again it was demonstrated  
that the Creeks could fight, and long was  
the list of white men who bit the dust  
before the copper-colored braves along the  
big southern stream finally bowed  
their heads to the inevitable.

In 1813 the country was started by the  
shocking massacre at Fort Mimms, in  
which the entire garrison, including the  
defenseless women and children, were  
ruthlessly put to death. That atrocious  
piece of work thoroughly aroused the  
people, and in looking around for some  
one who would put a quietus upon the  
red men, they were fortunate enough to  
pitch upon Jackson.

Undertaking the task with the vigor that  
always characterized him, Jackson drove  
the Indians from place to place, and  
finally cornered them at a point in  
Alabama known as the "Horseshoe bend."

With consummate skill Jackson so  
placed his forces as to cut the Indians  
off from every means of escape, and  
then, falling upon them with his fron-  
tiermen, literally annihilated them. It  
was a horrible affair. Over 800 of the  
red men were killed on the spot. The  
wounded were few in number. Jackson  
told his backwoodsmen to aim true—and  
they obeyed him.

Almost before the smoke of the san-  
guinary conflict had settled, the few who  
were left were glad enough to make  
peace, and the "Creek question" was set-  
tled for all time—as the Mexican question  
would be settled if "Old Hickory" was  
in authority.

Every reader of American history re-  
members with mingled sorrow and pride  
the story of the old Chief Weatherford,  
the greatest of the Creek leaders. Ap-  
pearingly suddenly before General Jack-  
son as he sat in his tent surrounded by  
his officers, Weatherford, erect as a  
Norwegian pine, folded his arms and  
said: "I am in your power; do with me  
as you please. I have done the white  
people all the harm I could. I have  
fought them, and fought them with all  
my power. My warriors are all gone  
now, and I can fight no more. When  
there was a chance for victory I never  
shook for peace. There is none now, and  
I ask it for the remnant of my people."

The battle-scarred old chief stalked  
saddly out of the tent and disappeared in  
the forest, and along with him vanished  
forever the power of the Creek nation.

## Get a New Flavor In Your Cooking

Three meals every day will soon put  
any cook at wit's end for variety in the  
food—if she doesn't realize the value  
of seasonings.

# STONE'S Spices

are used by hundreds of housewives in  
a great many dishes, such as vegetables,  
soups, stews, meats, salads, etc. They  
put an improvement in the flavor of  
ordinary foods that stimulates every  
appetite. Famous chefs and skilled  
foreign cooks use spices liberally in  
preparing food. If you haven't yet  
tried it with Stone's Spices you have a  
new surprise coming.

Be sure to get Stone's Spices. They are the  
select of the tropics—high flavored, rich in  
aromatic oils. Buy them from your grocer.  
Always 10c a package.



Pepper, Selton Cinnamon, Cloves, Mustard,  
Ginger, Allspice, Cayenne Pepper, Sage, Nutmeg,  
Whole Mixed Pickling Spice, and all others.

STONE BROS., Des Moines  
Blenders of the Famous Old Golden Coffee