

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Birds of a Feather

Street Sparrows

By Nell Brinkley

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Men of Might

By ELBERT HUBBARD

God sends great men in groups. From about 1740, for the next sixty years the intellectual sky seemed full of shooting stars.

James Watt was watching his mother's tea kettle to a purpose; Boston harbor was transformed into another kind of Hymen's dish; Franklin had been busy with his kite and key; Gibbon was writing his "Decline and Fall"; fate was pitting the Pitts against Fox; Hume was challenging the worshippers of a fetish and supplying arguments still bright with use;



Voltaire and Rousseau were preparing the way for Madame Guillotine; Horace Walpole was printing marvelous looks at his private press at Strawberry Hill; Sheridan was writing autobiographical comedies; Garrick was mimicking his way to immortality; Gainsborough was working the apothecaries of a hat; Reynolds, Lawrence, Romney and West, the American, were forming an English school of art.

George Washington and George III were linking their names preparatory to sending them down the ages; The Jefferson was writing a constitution and formulating a public school system; Boswell was penning undying gossip; Blackstone was writing his "Commentaries" for legal lights unborn; Thomas Paine was getting his name on the black list of orthodoxy; Burke, the Irishman, was publishing his brogue so that he might be known as England's greatest orator; the little Corsican was dreaming dreams of conquest; Arthur Wellesley was having presentiments of coming difficulties; Goldsmith was giving dinners, with waiters for servants;

Warren Hastings was defending a suit where the chief participants were to die before a verdict was rendered; Captain James Cook was travelling around the globe and giving humanity new lands; while William Herschel and his sister were showing the world still other worlds, till then unmaped.

So much for the unforgettable year of 1740, at mention of which our hearts thrill.

Now, the next great date in history is 1914. Around this date will swing and center the names of men who have made their impress indelibly on the times.

For instance, the name of Thomas A. Edison will never die. You cannot look out of a window in any civilized city of the world without seeing the effects of the handwork and the brains of this man, Edison, born in the little village of Milan, O. Not a railroad plows the waters, not a railroad train runs anywhere, that does not avail itself of one or more of this man's inventions.

Another immortal name is that of George Westinghouse, who invented the air brake.

The effect of the work of James J. Hill is shown from St. Paul to Seattle, a distance of 1,700 miles, in 1,000 towns, cities and villages.

Then come George M. Pullman, Elbert H. Gary, Andrew Carnegie, John Wanamaker, Nathan Straus, Alexander Graham Bell, J. Pierpont Morgan, Wilfrid Laurier, Thomas Shaughnessy, William Van Horne, Marshall Field.

All of these men did things, and are doing things, for even those who are dead have souls that are still marching on.

At present the artists, writers and orators are playing pinheadso. The strong men of this age are inventors, builders—business men. This is their distinguishing mark—molding humanity, ministering to the thoughts and needs of the time, and making of the world a better place because they are here.

And my opinion is that we are on the eve of bigger things than the world has ever seen.

Perhaps the greatest discovery of the age is the fact that truth is an asset and a lie is a liability.

It is getting grained into the nature and habit of every man that what Plato called "The Reality" does not lie in ease, rest or self-indulgence, but in action, work, play, study, laughter, love. Life must be affirmative.

To Darken Hair Apply Sage Tea

A few applications of Sage Tea and Sulphur brings back its vigor, color, gloss and thickness.

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea with sulphur and alcohol added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and luxuriant, remove every bit of dandruff, stop scalp itching and falling hair. Just a few applications will prove a revelation if your hair is fading gray or dry, scraggly and thin. Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get the ready-to-use tonic, costing about 50 cents a large bottle at drug stores, known as "Weyth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," thus avoiding a lot of fuss.

While wavy, gray, faded hair is not sinful, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness. By darkening your hair with Weyth's Sage and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it does so naturally, so evenly. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hairs have disappeared, and, after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and luxuriant.—Advertisement.



Two birds of a feather—on forbidden ground of Paradise! For it seems that sunny, guarded gardens, where flowers blow and the dust of the street is only a distant rumor, gardens behind high walls with wrought-iron gates, are not for those two little street urchins—the dusty, scrapping, rakish, hustling sparrow and that other, who is just as ragged, rakish and scrappy and who has just as hard a time

finding food and soft spots and a bit of beauty to sweeten its brown bread of life—the street child.

But sometimes some careless somebody leaves the gate open—just a rift in the iron screen that the street-baby usually has to blink through to see the marvels within—leaves it open to the street—a tiny, forgetful place, where a narrow little body may slip into the glory of fairy-land.

And sometimes there is no gardener to stone the ragged little brother of the street-baby, and it, too, dips into a gorgeous taste of real Bird-Country. And while one urchin leans and watches the goldfish flirt in darting gleams below the water lilies' rosy cups with widened beauty-hungry eyes, the other dips its humble beak into the cooling mirror and ruffles its feathers with delight.

—NELL BRINKLEY.

Ambition Against Discontent

By REV. LAWSON CARTER RICH.

Did you ever feel discontented? Disappointed? Discouraged? Thoroughly out of sorts with yourself and your surroundings? Sure that you were meant for something better than your present condition, and yet quite unable to impress that fact upon your unsympathetic neighbors? Disheartened by the ever-undeniable fact that there was little or no uplift in your environment? Who is there among us who has not suffered from experiences like these? It seems to be part of the very fibre of our mental and moral makeup.

The great question is, what effect are these serious struggles that go on within us to have upon our daily life, and upon our ultimate success or failure? It seems as if there were ever within us the call of an unsatisfied ambition, and it is very poor economy to try to pass it over by the cold dictum of disapproval or to seek to forget it by the aid of the opiate of pleasures that seem to lull us away from our disquieting thoughts. Persons who are keenly alive to the emotions to which I have alluded may be affected in quite different ways. The one continually frets because of the unsatisfied ambitions of his soul, and tired by repeated disappointment is ever seeking to throw the blame on others while he makes excuses for himself.

Perhaps after a season he grows disheartened, makes up his mind that it was all a mistake—that ideal of his that stirred his heart so strongly in by-gone years—and he settles down to a dull discontent which hopes for nothing and is seldom disappointed in finding what it expects, in the dreary monotony of a disappointed struggle for existence.

The other, disappointed in his attempts to rise above the level in which he finds himself, takes it out upon his neighbors in ceaseless vituperation. He is not cowed by his failures, he has been stirred to a fearful capacity for hate. He hates the successes of those whom he considers his more favored companions. He grows to hate mankind as a whole. Nothing delights him so much as the disclosure of some shortcoming in the lives of those of whom he feels have got the best of him in his life struggles. He finds genial associates in those who, like himself, desire nothing so much as to tear down what others have built up and thus reduce all to the dead level of his own existence.

Now, I am willing to maintain that neither of these two results is worthy of the best that is in man. The spring does not rise higher than the fountain, and that deep spirit of unrest which once swayed all my life, all my activities, is

part of a royal heritage that belongs to me, a human being, the highest work of an almighty God. I may be mistaken as to the particular destiny for which I was intended, but I cannot be mistaken in the fact that my gaze is meant to be upward, and that longing for the betterment of self is a real, true part of my nature. Science and religion are perfectly at one on this all-important point. The student of the working of God's laws and the student who seeks to know direct from God himself what man is meant for agree that man is created to struggle, and by struggling to rise to higher things.

But you say, my tired brother, that sounds very well and is pretty to listen to, but the circumstances of my life are sordid and low and mean. The struggle to keep from starvation is as much as I can attend to, and the glamour of a distant hope is but an ignis fatuus, which has already well nigh led me to despair. Ah, but isn't the trouble, my brother, not with the conditions of your life, but with the use you make of them? Take, for example, the life of some man whom the world today esteems as great. At the present moment our minds are directed toward Lincoln, and surely if ever there was a life that seemed to have the power of an idea in animating a man to overcome the hard conditions which seem so unsumountable, it is the character of that martyred president whom we are growing to love more and more as the days grow into years and the years into centuries.

My work today is not the whole of life, but it is my opportunity of proving at this moment my true worth. I don't care whether my duties are in the little pent-up kitchen, where my soul seems crushed with the never ending round of dull monotony, where I long for God's sunshine and the inspiration of joy, and appreciation of friends, and starve without them; or whether the fierce struggle

Do You Know That

Correct time is announced every even hour in the port of Lisbon by means of two lanterns placed on iron columns 100 feet high. The lanterns each have three faces measuring 4.5 feet by 5 feet.

A knife with six parallel blades has been invented for slicing bread in quantities.

On Russian railways telegraph poles are protected against decay by soaking them for several months before use in strong brine.

with my competitors in the business world seems to banish every high ambition save the pursuit of gold, I can make of the circumstances of my dull existence day by day an opportunity to prove that my soul is truly great, and I am willing to leave the future in the hands of the great Architect of all things, and recognize the fact that what I have to do this minute is quite within my reach. This hunger for higher things makes us admire heroes, at least, when we are sure that they no longer stand in the way of our own advancement. The Christian church tells us of the greatest of all heroes of history. We are told that when God would give to the world this pattern man, who has stood the scrutiny of all the ages since His birth, and now shines out more conspicuously prominent and perhaps dearer to the human heart than ever before, he did not create a body out of the dust of the earth, a body worthy of this highest type of humanity.

He looked down upon a humble house in a lowly village and there beheld a sweet young woman busy about the concerns of a little country home. We may picture to ourselves just how humdrum and commonplace these duties doubtless were. The people were poor. There were the same domestic toils for Mary as make up the special duties of the home of the poor today. People who have visited the hamlet of which we speak, tell us that there is shown to the curious visitors the well in the middle of the town, known as the Virgin's Spring, where Mary used to draw the water and bear it home upon her head to supply the household needs from day to day.

It was to this obscure home and in this humble Virgin the message came that she was to be the mother of the greatest figure in the history of the world, and we can be sure that the reason she was a fit mother for this illustrious Son, was because she had fulfilled the obligations of her life before the great call came to the fullest satisfaction of Him who held her destiny in her hand. There is a tremendous stimulus in the contemplation of scene like that, and we may all do well to profit by it and find the true incentive that gives the zest to life. The highest ambition is the parent of the truest humility; it makes one realize that our ultimate aim is so high that we need a power far beyond our own for the accomplishment of so transcendent a work; that if we are truly to be co-workers with Almighty God himself in the working out of the great scheme that rules the universe, the task is far too great for our unaided efforts, and we may confidently rely upon a power divine to help us in all our needs.

The Ogre Jealousy

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Most people, when making a summary of their own good points, assure you seriously, "I haven't a particle of jealousy in my nature," and most people in making this statement are telling vast untruths. Unfortunately, "particles of jealousy" seem inherent in the average human being. And there is probably no more contemptible petty vice and no more dangerous leading to major viciousness than this same quality of jealousy. The most usual form of jealousy to take is that of begrudging the right of one's loved one to care for other people besides one's self. A loving and otherwise happy wife will make herself miserable because of her husband's affection for a favorite brother, for some congenial comrade, or even because of a fancied interest in some of her women friends, or in some girl he meets in a business way.

A girl will be miserably jealous of her sweetheart's mother or of some old friend he chances to mention to her.

Men, too, are prone to this vice and when they are subject to it is all too likely to take a violent and dangerous form. But when women with nothing better to do but devote themselves to being jealous of all sorts of "phantom rivals," they succeed in destroying their own peace of mind and that of practically every one who comes within the radius of their mismas of contemptible feelings.

There is probably no cure for jealousy except the swing of the pendulum of one's common sense toward sanity, kindly judgment and the saving grace of a sense of proportion.

Jealousy takes two forms—that of fearing the known and seen and that of suspecting all the vast realms of the unknown. The wife who fears all the people of whom her husband talks affectionately, and the man who dreads the individuals over whom his sweetheart waxes enthusiastic, are alike absurd and illogical.

The woman who resents the existence of people whose influence she suspects of swaying her lover's mind, and the man who conjures up fancied rivals, are after all fighting nothing more serious than their own fevered imaginations. If these sufferers would only say to themselves, "after all, I am merely calling into being things that probably do not exist, and am looking for trouble that I may actually cause by thinking it long enough. I certainly won't be so silly as to face imaginary rivals, and to waste my own energies in fighting battles with enemies who don't exist," they might very easily dismiss the foolish shadows

that skulk in the land of evil shadows cast by their own minds.

If there are real rivals for one's affection in the world, it would be very sensible to save one's energies for a conquest of them, and not to waste one's self tilting at shadows. Fancied rivals exist only in your own brain. Make sure that the shadows they cast do not become perceptible to the eyes of your beloved; for then, indeed, "phantom rivals" may become living realities.

As for real rivals for your affection, sitting about and hating them while you resent your beloved's disloyalty, can only accomplish one thing. It will kill your faith in true love and cause you to doubt your own power to inspire it. Instead of belittling and hating the person who attracts the wandering fancy of the one you love and forcing him to secret meetings and all the thrill of a clandestine affair, drag the thing out into daylight and its cobweb illusions will go.

The mistake that most jealous people make is to sit and brood over their jealousy itself. The real way to fight the thing is first to make sure there is a cause for it, and then to set about removing the cause. Don't hate your rival, don't distrust your faithless admirer, but

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Too Young.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 17 years old, well educated, and good-looking. I have a splendid future before me, because of which I do not wish to bind myself foolishly. I am very much in love with a man of 40 years, which is not merely a childish infatuation, but a love which has grown since my early days. This man is well educated, refined and in every way able to support a wife comfortably. My parents approve very much of our union. However, I hesitate, because of our difference of age and also of faith. Would you advise me under these conditions to attempt an untried enterprise? I also wish to add that our affections are mutual. C. C. C.

I consider a girl of 17 years far too young to marry. This, however, is merely a personal opinion, and perhaps since your parents approve of your marriage and you have faith in the durability of your own feelings, it would be well for you to marry the man you love in spite of your extreme youth and his verging on middle-age. Don't let your ambition and the desire and hope for something better stand in your way. But if you feel with me that a child of 17 years ought not to mortgage her life to a man of 40 years, don't let yourself be talked into the marriage.

LOOK YOUR VERY BEST



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