

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## World's Greatest Schoolmaster

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

Aristotle lived 350 years before Christ. He was a native of Macedonia, which was then a province of Greece.

When a boy of 17 he walked to Athens, a distance of 220 miles, in order to attend the school of Plato.

Aristotle had been a mountain guide and a mountain climber, so a little walk of 200 miles was nothing to him.

All of his life he was an out-of-door man.

Plato and Aristotle were associated as pupil and teacher and then as fellow-teachers for over thirty years. They finally separated on the relative value of poetry vs. science.

Aristotle was the world's first scientist. He made the world's first geological collection; the first herbarium, and the first zoological garden—barring that of Noah.

Very much of our present scientific terminology goes back to Aristotle.

We have busts in honor of Aristotle, modelled from life by his pupils.

His head was not remarkable for size, neither were his features handsome. He was always a countryman, always a workman. His form was lean and bony, his hands large and strong.

The plan of teaching adopted by Aristotle was so simple that the school board of Athens could not understand it, and finally Aristotle was exiled from Athens. He taught by setting his pupils to work; they collected natural specimens and talked about them. He was the friend and companion of his pupils. Instead of disciplining them he loved them.

Aristotle said, "The land that produces beautiful flowers and luscious fruits will also produce noble men and women."

That is to say, man is a product of soil and sunshine, just as much as is the tree. Man's body is over 70 per cent water. Man gets his strength from food evolved from the ground and more, perhaps, from the electricity in the atmosphere.

Alfred Russell Wallace says that man's first education came through the domestication of animals. Through the responsibility of caring for animals, and the exercise of forethought for their protection, he evolves himself.

Friedrich Froebel, who was a forester before he was a school teacher, said that through the care of flowers and trees men evolved their own spiritual natures. Years after he had said this, Froebel was surprised to find that Aristotle, twenty-three centuries before, had said the same thing.

Prayers for rain are good, but an irrigating ditch is more reliable.

The nations that have made the greatest impress on civilization have been those that lived in dry and arid districts and not those located amid the bounteous natural gifts near the swamps and jungles where things grow lush and lusty.

On the arid plains the danger of miasma and disease are minimized. By the aid of irrigation man controls the supply of moisture. He plants the things he cares for. He selects, rejects, crosses, breeds and devotes his talents to scientific cultivation.

Egypt was a land of canals. Assyria grew great, prospered and ruled the world because it knew how to apply water to desert land.

Egypt and Assyria went down to their death when their citizens forsook their gardens and flocked to the cities to have a good time, leaving the land where grew the flowers and fruits to slaves.

Greece grew great on taxes from men who knew how to irrigate. The climate and soil of Greece was the same as that of California—vast mountains and arid plains.

Through the garden of Plato ran a diverted stream, whose waters were cold and sparkling, from the mountains.

Plato was under the ditch; for Acadamus, who owned the ranch, had banked his all on a canal which finally made him one of the millionaires of Athens.

Here it was that Aristotle lived, where the sky was blue 300 days in the year, amid the lavish and laughing luxuriance of land, where God supplies the sunshine and man the water.

Here it was that he wrote, "The land that produces beautiful flowers and luscious fruits will also produce noble men and women."

Read it Here—See it at the Movies.

## Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

By special arrangements for this paper a photo-drama of "Runaway June" may now be seen at the leading picture theatres. By arrangement with the Mutual Film Corporation it is not only possible to read "Runaway June" each week, but also afterward to see moving pictures illustrating our story.

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### FIFTEENTH EPISODE.

#### "At Last, My Love!"

#### CHAPTER III.

There was a gay dinner party at the New York cafe that night. The Blye Stock company entertained their departing star and her friends. Ned Warner sat beside his happy June. There seemed an extra affection that night between Father and Mother Moore and Bobbie and Iris Blithering, and Tommy Thomas was the gayest of the gay. The eyes of the white-mustached Orin Cunningham twinkled incessantly, and heavy T. J. Edwards sat with a smile on intense satisfaction on his thick lips. The feature was finished without an accident, and the first of the films was fine. Bobbie Blithering and Blye took an instant liking to one another. The old feud was entirely forgotten.

"They're good people, Ned," whispered the happy June. "And they were so good to me!"

Ned beamed down at June with delight in every infection of her voice, in every turn of her beautiful head, in every fleeting expression of her lovely countenance, in every glance of her lustrous eyes.

Up rose Gilbert Blye at the head of the table. In his hand he held a small shining object. He made a wonderful speech about it, a speech full of wit and senti-

ment and good will and things which made everybody happy, and with an extraordinary flourish of words he presented that watch to the little runaway bride.

Amid whacking applause the little runaway bride made a blushing speech of acceptance; then there was a whispered consultation between herself and the deserted groom, begun by a suggestion from the latter. Then up rose the beaming Ned Warner and made a manly speech, a generous speech, a speech full of heart bursting happiness, and amid great applause he presented that tiny watch to the dark, handsome, black Vandyked Gilbert Blye.

Then up rose Bobbie Blithering and looked at the clock and motioned to the head waiter.

"Well, it's train time," he proudly announced.

"Good-bye, June, dear!" And Iris Blithering, jumping from her chair, threw her arms around June's neck and sobbed happily.

"Here are your tickets, Ned," called smiling-eyed Father Moore, tossing over an envelope, and at that moment the doors of the private dining room opened, and in marched Aunt Debby and Marie, laden with white ribboned honeymoon luggage.

June's mother was at the farewell dinner, and she smiled, with Father Moore, at the thought that the happy couple did not know that on the back of the Moore car which was to take them to the railroad station to finish their uncompleted honeymoon was this legend:

"Just Married. Bouncer leaped in as the rice began to shower upon the embarrassed bride, and Mother Moore whispered:

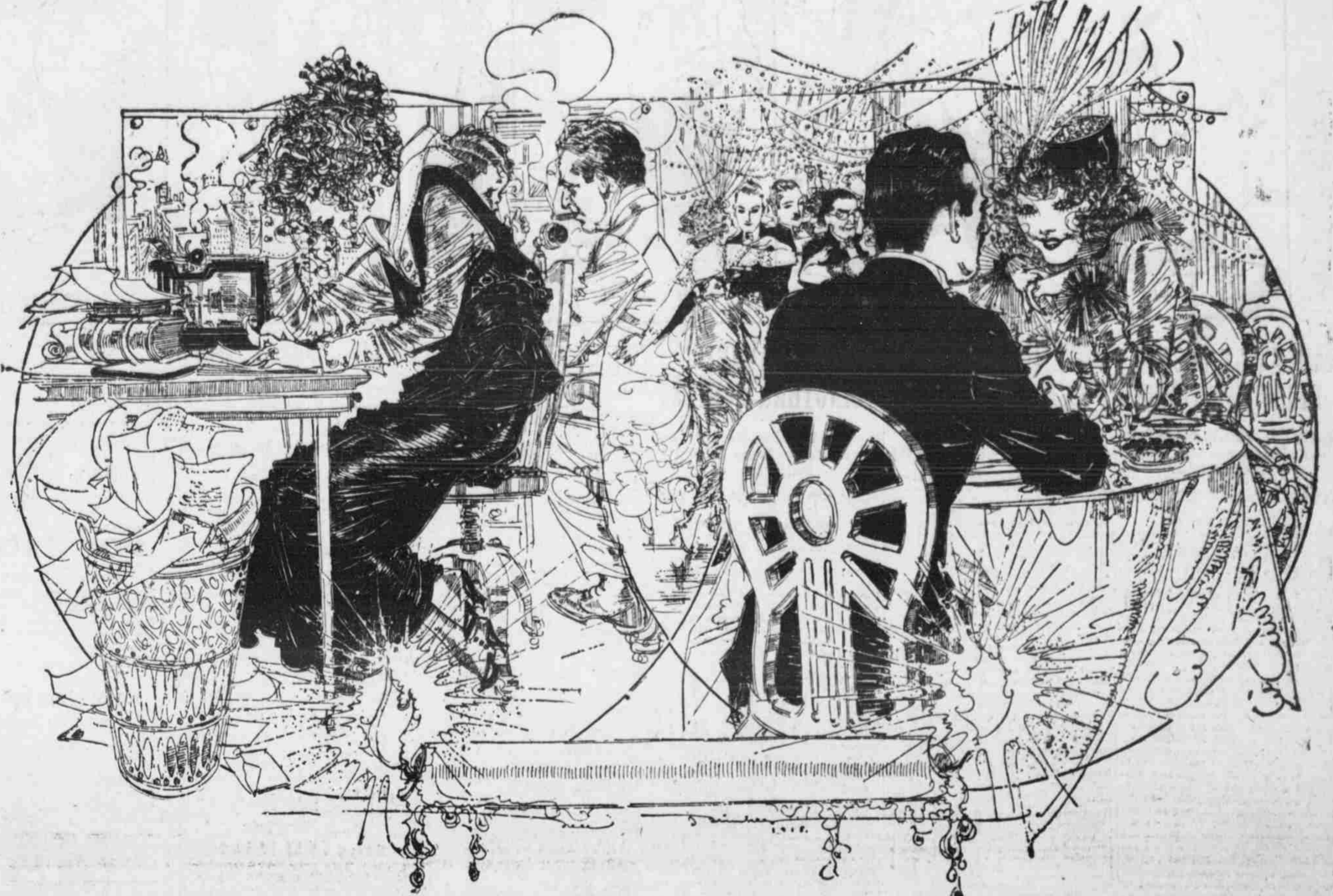
"June, dear, don't forget your purse."

(The End.)

## Burning the Candle at Both Ends

By Nell Brinkley

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It soon burns to the middle, it does. Just twice as fast as it would if you let one end rest between whites. If your white candle, fat with youth, stands unlighted all day long—as some fortunate (?) maids' do—then, Mademoiselle, you can touch the match to it night after night, blaze away at the rallies of fun that begin after twilight has purpled the big town. But the bright candle of youth is so apt to flare and glow with all its strength—it doesn't save—it dances and burns and glows and uses its core as fast as it can. And if you are one of the great swarm that fills the early morning trains on the way to the hive—if you peg away in crowded, humming offices and shops all day long—

burning your candle—please believe me, for I know—at its highest and brightest from 8 in the morning until 5 and 6 at night—burning it hotly, brightly, so your little shine may stand as high and as steady and make as big a circle of light in the working world as the other candles that burn—then leave one end in the firm socket and leave your candle dark most nights. For if you work—and aren't there a lot of us—what?—and get a step nearer the heights your eyes are on—if you even keep the shelf you have won—you have to burn your candle all day long. And you can't burn it at the other end, bright and hard, half the night long, without getting to the middle in a hurry—or else the working end goes out.

It's an old-told tale, and it's been robed in many words to make

the dose taste differently, but, just the same, sleep is the high god a girl should worship. He gives her the shine in her eyes—the clear brain that can think in a straight line—the steady hand—poise—surety—and keeps Youth laughing from her eyes. Don't use too much of your treasure—Night! A little—and then climb into your bed and lose yourself—quite dark. If you do that your candle will sit in its golden socket—and when you play you will use of the glowing end that burns by day. But if you look about over your shoulder at Destiny and—when he isn't looking—light your rich torch at the other end, too, your entire light will burn out quickly—and of daytimes the blaze will be wavery and dazed and low. No girl has done it yet and won—so how can you?—NELL BRINKLEY.

## Why Many Marriages Fail

Thinks the World is Too Mercenary

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

A very clever young lawyer recently informed me that he would not marry until he had an income of \$10,000 a year and a big nest-egg to tide him over the possible loss of some important client's patronage. This extravagant viewpoint is fairly characteristic of our times. Coming from the lawyer to the man in mercantile life, and so on down to the day upon which one may safely marry gradually decreases. But modern standards of what a young couple can start out on are vastly different from those of our parents' day.

Girls are trained to demand luxury as an integral part of their life. Men have accustomed themselves to think of women as lilies of the field who toil not, but who, by the elegance of their railment, suggest the prosperity of the man who is paying for it.

No wonder modern marriages are so frequently failures. No wonder married men of 45 years are seen trailing around outside their own homes. No wonder women old enough to know better are found feverishly pursuing attention and admiration. Marriages that are based on love is denied and the heart is starved that a certain standard of affluence may be reached, the resulting marriage is bound to go on the rocks.

It is neither sentiment nor sentimentality, but cold fact that human beings crave love and affection.

By the time the young lawyer has reached the \$10,000 standard he sets himself; when the business man acquires the \$5,000 he insists on; or by the time the clerk has risen to the \$2,500 he thinks necessary, one of two things has happened. Either the heart denied its natural heritage of love, marriage and a home satisfies itself on unworthy emotions, or emotion denied atrophy and the once warm and loving nature settles into a mold of cold calculation.

The girl who doesn't love a man enough to live with him in a small flat and do her own work, even though she is used to a mansion and three maids to wait on her, does not know the meaning of "for better, for worse." The woman who is not sufficiently interested in her husband's life work to help him do it by sharing his life's burdens has no real, lasting love for him. "For richer, for poorer" means something. A millionaire's riches may vanish over night, and then

the woman he only knew how to win by rich gifts and luxury is all too likely to turn from the ardency of a wife which never knew love and is now denied the golden rain that made it a land of milk and honey.

If the model man wants to have a fair offering to bring his wife, let him bring her love, high ideals, clean living and sympathy—that will make her feel rich indeed. But all the cold dollars in the world will not buy her deep feeling and lasting emotion, such as are needed to be the foundation of love and marriage.

Men seem to encourage women to become well-dressed maudlins and then turn from them after a few years of matrimony have proven that a tailor's model may be all external glitter with no deep, satisfying feelings with which to respond to or to kindle love.

Men dare not offer to the well-dressed woman their demand has created a life in which she must be dowdy and go without luxury for them. Women are afraid to marry poor men, and then by dressing badly to be forced to throw away the line of beauty with which they caught their fish.

The whole system is based on false and mercenary standards. Luxury, elegance and show have come to take the place of heart, home and happiness. The poor young man who could win love with his fresh, young emotions and enthusiasms is afraid to ask for it, so he waits to marry until he can buy it. But what would once have been a free gift to his lovely young manhood turns out to be a very poor purchase when his outworn and cynical older years buy it.

Men spend their youth in grubbing for gold and they expend the young love and enthusiasm that ought to belong to one woman in the world on a score of trifling emotions. When they are ready for love they are no longer capable of it. They buy, and are disappointed in the beautiful cold creature who is the finished product of their own mercenary social system. So they turn around and buy themselves more shame—the cleverly simulated love of the woman whose business it is to pretend successfully emotions she knows all about, but cannot feel.

The best of life ought to come through love and marriage. Marriage ought to mean a safe harbor, sunlit and placid. From this man and wife ought to put out together for occasional happy excursions into the big sea of life. And

they never would be seen leaving the harbor if it were sunlit and happy and if love had piloted them into port.

A girl who really loves a man will gladly join her lot with his, and, acting as partner as well as wife, help him to succeed. This is one of the greatest

secrets to make wedlock happy as well as holy, and one of the biggest ties that bind man and wife together.

No man has a right to set himself a coldly mercenary standard of the amount he must have on which to marry. No man has a right to deny the girl he loves

a chance to work by his side and sacrifice for his sake. In loyal love all through life he can more than repay her. But if he cheats her of her right to love instead of luxurious support and himself of a chance at really being loved, there is no way of ever making up the loss.

## Help others to buy of you by buying of them

If the manufacturer can't sell goods, he can't buy labor.

If the workman can't sell his time, he can't buy so much to wear and to eat.

If the farmer can't sell his wheat to the workman, the farmer can't put money in the bank.

The more we all buy the more we can all sell. The quicker we start it, the sooner will come the sunshine.

Let's all heave-ho together and begin at once to buy these immediate needs whose purchase we have been delaying. Start again the wheels of progress.

## Buy-It-Now

This is the time of all times for the U. S. A. to make vast strides. Let's all get busy.