

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Voice of the Voiceless Must Be Heard

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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I am the voice of the voiceless;  
Through me the dumb shall speak,  
Till the deaf world's ear be made to hear.

The cry of the wordless weak,  
From street, from cage, and from kennel,  
From jungle and stall, the wail  
Of my tortured kin proclaims the sin  
Of the mighty against the frail.

The same force formed the sparrow  
That fashioned Man, the King,  
The God of the Whole gave a spark of soul

To each furred and feathered thing,  
And I am my brother's keeper,  
And I will fight his fight,  
And speak the word for beast and bird,  
Till the world shall set things right.

It would seem that in this critical hour  
the clergymen of the world, who con-  
sider themselves God's mouthpieces,  
ought to be very careful in their utter-  
ances. There was never a time in the  
history of the world when the theo-  
logy stood on such shaking ground as  
it stands today. The edifice of or-  
thodoxy (as it has been presented by  
modern representa-

tatives) to the world rests on an  
insecure founda-  
tion. It must be  
rebuilt with better  
material. It seems  
incredible then  
that so prominent  
a man as the  
bishop of Oxford, the Right Rev. Charles  
Gore, should write a pastoral letter  
which will cause the house of orthodoxy  
to tremble still more dangerously, and  
make it seem an unsafe edifice to all  
large-hearted and right-thinking people.  
The bishop of Oxford has written a  
letter to his diocese prohibiting prayers  
for the animals engaged in war because  
he says: "It has never been the custom  
of the church to pray for other beings  
than those whom we think of as ra-  
tional." This is a distinct step back-  
ward toward bigotry, ignorance and love-  
lessness in religious thought. It is this  
sort of cold, unhumanitarian creed which  
has made the Church of England such a  
dead letter in the way of progress.

It was this sort of a creed and this  
sort of teaching which drove that great-  
brained and great-souled woman, Anne  
Besant out of the Church of England  
into socialism and made her, for a time,  
atheist in her feeling until she came  
into her own kingdom, that of sci-  
ence, all-loving and all-explaining theo-  
sophy.

If the world had taken no step forward  
in religious thought and had always  
rested on the slogan, "It has never been  
the custom to do this," where would hu-  
manity stand today? It was only by  
doing things which were not customary  
with the past generations that Henry  
Bergson came before the world and de-  
clared that animals had rights.

Until then "it had never been custo-  
mary" to pass laws which protected them  
from torture and abuse by their owners.  
But those laws are a part of the educa-  
tional and humane system of every civil  
land today.

The Church of England has a somewhat  
higher authority than the bishop of Ox-  
ford for a belief that animal life is dear  
to the Creator. Christ said, speaking of  
sparrows, "Are not two sparrows sold  
for a farthing? And one of them shall  
not fall on the ground without your  
Father." If all created life, even to the  
insignificant sparrow, is dear to the  
Father, would He not then be glad to  
have prayers rise from human hearts  
for all animal life? Perhaps the bishop  
of Oxford does not think that there are  
prayers enough to go around.

I would advise the bishop to read the  
great book, "The Universal Kinship." It  
is a scientific epic in the line of human-  
itarianism. Here is a quotation from it  
that would make better reading for the  
diocese of the bishop of Oxford than his  
pastoral letter:

"Look upon and treat all life as you do  
your own hands, your own eyes, your  
very heart and soul—with infinite care  
and compassion—as suffering and enjoy-  
ing the same Great Being with yourself.  
This is the spirit of the ideal universe—  
the spirit of your own being. It is this  
alone that can redeem this world, and  
give to it the peace and harmony for  
which it longs.

Oh, the madness and sorrow, and un-  
brotherliness of this mal-wrought world.  
Of the poor, weak, poisoned, monstrous  
natures of its children. Who can look  
upon it all without pain, and sympathy,  
and consternation, and tears? What an  
opportunity for philanthropy, if the  
"Almighty One" of our traditions would  
only set about it.

"Let us be true to our ideals, true to  
the spirit of universal compassion—  
whether we walk with the feathered  
forms of the fields and forests, the kine  
of the meadow, the simple swave on the  
banks of the river, or the outcasts of  
human industry."

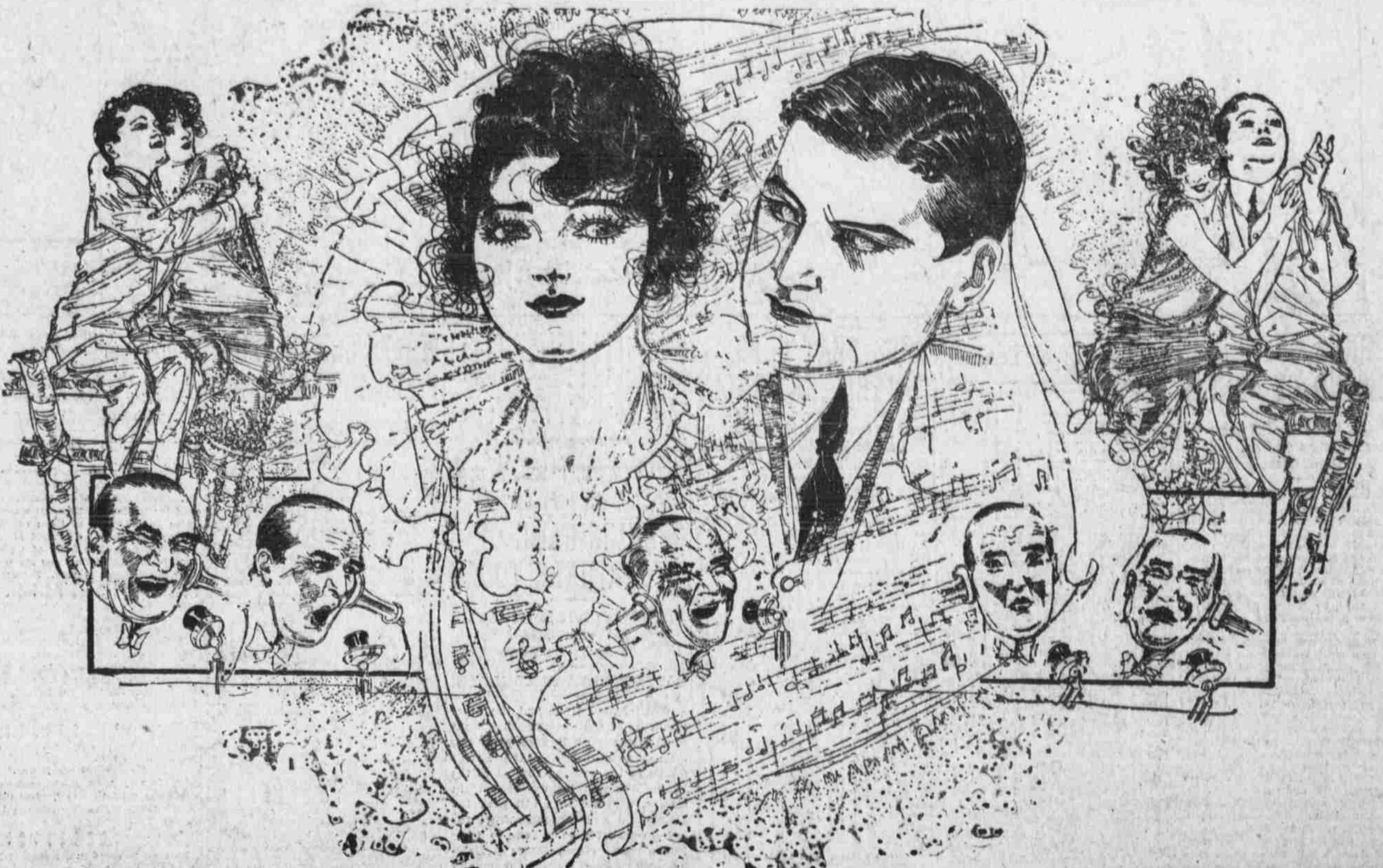
Oh, this poor world, this poor, suffer-  
ing, ignorant, fear-filled world. How can  
men be blind or deranged enough or cold  
and satanic enough to be unmoved by  
the groans and anguish, the writhing and  
tears, that come up from its unparalleled  
afflictions?

If to do good is to degenerate welfare,  
then to cause welfare to a horse, a bird,  
a butterfly, or a fish, is to do good just  
as truly as to cause welfare to men.  
And if to do evil is to cause unhappiness  
and ill-fare, then to cause these things  
to one individual or race is evil just as  
certainly as to cause them to any other  
individual or race. And if to put one's  
self in the place of others, and to act  
toward them as one would wish them  
to act toward him, is the one great rule—  
the golden rule—by which men are to  
regulate their conduct when acting toward  
each other, then this is also the one  
great rule—the golden rule—by which men  
are to regulate their conduct toward all  
things. There is no escape from these  
conclusions, except for the savage and  
the fool.

## "The Only Girl"

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By Nell Brinkley



## Success is in the Man, Not the Nature of His Work

By DOROTHY DIX.

A man wants to know how a person  
can determine the kind of work that he  
is best fitted to do, how to choose the  
particular occupation in which his  
energies and abilities will find their most  
profitable outlet.

I can best answer  
this question by re-  
peating the reply  
that one of the  
wisest and most  
successful men in  
New York made to  
me when I asked  
him if he thought a  
certain line of busi-  
ness offered a good  
opening for a lad in  
whom I was much  
interested.

"Any business is  
a good business  
and offers brilliant  
opportunities," re-  
plied the wise man;  
"it doesn't make a  
particle of differ-  
ence what occupation a man goes into.  
It's all in the man himself. You can  
find fame and fortune in any hole and  
corner of the working world if you hunt  
for it hard enough."

This latter day Solomon is right. Suc-  
cess is in us. It's in the punch we put  
into our work, and not in the work it-  
self. We make our opportunities, and we  
write our own price tags.

It doesn't matter what we do, if we  
only do it well enough.

Of course, there is this much excep-  
tion to that broad statement: There are  
a few professions, such as music, painting,  
writing and acting, to which one must  
have been dedicated before ever he was  
born in order to achieve any great suc-  
cess. No amount of human industry and  
striving could make a tone-deaf man a  
Carnegie or Paderewski, or a color-blind  
man a Whistler, or turn an unimaginative  
man into a Kipling, or convert a  
heavy, stolid wooden-faced man into a  
Henry Irving.

Yet many misguided men and women  
think that they can become great and  
famous artists and writers and painters  
and actors merely by their aspiring to  
these careers, and there are no tragedies  
in life more bitter or more pathetic than  
that of the near geniuses who starve  
along year after year, trying to do the  
thing they hate not the talent to do,  
failure and disappointment always their  
portion, because they have entered them-  
selves in a race they were not meant to  
run.

But how are the man and woman who  
years to stand in the center of the stage  
in the spotlight, or to see their names in  
print, to know whether they are of those  
predestinated to act or write? Mark  
Train once gave a piece of advice to a  
literary aspirant that has always ap-  
pealed to me as the last word in common  
sense on the subject. He said:

"Give everything that you can write  
to any respectable paper that will publish  
it for two years. If at the end of that  
time some magazine or newspaper does  
not want to buy what you write, be sure  
you have chosen the wrong calling and  
get busy at something else." These words  
are apples of gold in picture of silver.

and if, after having given the so-called  
fine arts a reasonable trial, the public  
does not clamor for their work, the em-  
bryo writers or actors do well to accept  
the world's verdict on their ability and  
turn their attention to other fields.  
There are also certain people of definite  
talent who are called to their care-  
ers, whether it be law, or medicine, or  
sailing the seas, or selling dry goods.  
They could not be happy doing anything  
else. They must do that one thing  
whether there is any profit in it or not,  
because their whole interest lies in it.  
It is the breath of their nostrils, with-  
out which they cannot live.

These are the most blessed people in  
the world, because there is no other joy  
in life equal to that of doing the work  
we like best and in which we find our  
fullest expression. Also these people are  
almost always successful, because they  
put their whole heart and soul into doing  
the thing they love; they are always  
thinking of how to do it better and better,  
and that invariably leads them to the  
goal.

But there are a great many people who  
have no special talent and no particular  
inclination toward any one special line  
or endeavor, and the question is how are  
these neutral and unenthusiastic individ-  
uals to find the thing they are best fitted  
for. Most of them don't find it, and they  
make failures of their lives because they  
are eternally changing, drifting from pil-  
lar to post, in the hopes that they will  
find something to do that will fire their  
fancies.

For such a one the real remedy is just  
to take the best thing in sight, and de-  
termine to make that, whatever it is, his  
life work; to quit changing, and to make  
up his mind that he is going to stick to  
that particular thing until he makes it a  
big success. There isn't any subject  
in the world so dull but what you can  
find a thousand interesting things about  
it, and any business is full of excitement  
and thrills in which a man really pits  
his own intelligence and craft and skill  
against that of every other man playing  
the same game and determines to win out  
instead of permitting himself to be merely  
one of those who were also present in  
the contest.

The excuse for failure oftentimes made  
is that a man was a square peg in a  
round hole. This is a confession of inef-  
ficiency. The thing for the square peg  
to do is to either have initiative enough to  
find the square hole for himself or else  
to whittle off his corners until he will  
fit his circle.

### In-Shoots

Friendship that is proved by introduc-  
ing one to a new brand of drink is not  
always desirable.

Nothing kindles the fire of suspicion  
quicker than an unnecessary explanation.

Sympathy is extended to the widow in  
many cases where congratulations would  
be more appropriate.

The fellow who travels the pace that  
kills has been known to give the innocent  
bystander a bump, too.

When marrying to spite some one it  
is difficult to spite the right one.

A bright, jolly, small musical lit-  
tle story running through—a plot  
that you care to see the end of. Isn't  
that something queer and worth  
traveling to find in a musical com-  
edy? It is not musical—and it is a  
clever little comedy—so the word  
musical-comedy is for once in many  
silvery moons the right word. It  
pokes aly fun at Romance, and yet  
it is kind and tender with it; its fun  
is clean and bright and blithe; it  
sings and dances and enthralls and  
goes the merry road that youth goes  
as it falls in love. Here is just a  
dash at the story. There are four

young chaps—all busy, all jolly, all  
clean and filled with the ideas and  
ideals that young chaps have; one  
(Kim) writes librettos with all his  
soul; one (Corksey) who is round  
and jaunty, is a broker; one (Fresh)  
is a sedate young lawyer; and one  
(Bunkie) is a long Scotchman (six  
feet four—honest truly) w/ a most  
uncanny way w/ him! And he  
bless us, is a painter. And a heap  
of other things that are perfectly  
delectable. Better never take your  
eye from his versatile face—for you  
might miss a change in it—and it's  
a wonderful face that he does won-

derful, fearsome things with. Well,  
these four, fall in love with one—  
very hard! And one by one they  
come with their tale of "The Only  
Girl" who has lured them away from  
the close-knit foursome that they so  
delighted in together, to the last one,  
who holds out and is scornful to his  
end—"Kim," the librettist. And the  
three marry and bring their troubles  
and their delights to him. And he  
laughs long and hard and sneers and  
sniffs and turns up his nose and  
swears that he and "Wilson," the  
silvery-voiced bird-girl who has com-

ers—and then he falls—and swears,  
even as the others—"But this is the  
only girl!"  
There are fourteen songs—a bit  
of dancing, straight comedy aplenty,  
countless gales of laughter, a small  
group of brilliant players, a pretty  
story and a witty one, Ernest Tor-  
rence's face that can carry on a  
telephone conversation without  
whispering even, so plainly it talks,  
and pretty women! It's rather hard  
to tell you just how charming "The  
Only Girl" is—for it has a plan and  
a story and a way of carrying it out  
that is not the way of its ancestors  
of Musical Comedies!  
—NELL BRINKLEY.

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means a better crop of stalwart men  
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or peace—and they cannot be built  
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boys and girls is

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