

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Bad World Conditions Made War Inevitable.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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If you listen you will hear, from east to west, Growing sounds of discontent and deep unrest. It is just the progress-driven plow of God. Tearing up the well-worn custom-bounded sod; Shaping out each old tradition-trodden track into furrows, fertile furrows, rich and black. Oh, what harvests they will yield When they widen to a field!

They will widen, they will broaden, day by day, As the progress-driven plow keeps on its way. It will riddle all the ancient roads that lead into palaces of selfishness and greed; It will tear away the almshouse and the slum. That the little homes and garden plots may come. Yes, the gardens green and sweet Shall replace the stony street.

Let the wise man bear the menace that is blent In this ever-growing sound of discontent. Let him bear the rising clamor of the race That the few shall yield the many larger space. For the crucial hour is coming when the soil Must be given to or taken back by Toll. Oh, that mighty plow of God— Hear it breaking through the sod!

It is useless to waste our vitality and our time in reviling any or all the European forces who have brought on this shameful war. As one who walks about among his fellow men for weeks with the germ of typhoid fever in his system must finally fall a prey to that deadly, so the greedy, lustful, power-craving world must fall a prey to war periodically. Here are some proclamations from the scriptures regarding war:



Proclaim ye this among the Gentiles: Prepare war, wake up to battle, let them come up; beat your plowshares into swords, and your pruning hooks into spears; let the weak say, I am strong. Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe; come, get you down, for the press is full, and the vats overflow; for their wickedness is great—Amos ii, 1, 2, 3, 4. Nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom; and there shall be divers places, where they shall be slain in divers places. And there shall be great tribulation, such as there was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be, and except those days should be shortened there could no flesh be saved; but for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened.—Matt. xxiv, 7, 21, 22. For this saith the Lord God of Israel unto me: Take the witness of this fury out of my hand, and cause all the nations to whom I send thee to drink it. And they shall drink, and be moved, and be mad because of the sword that I shall send among them.—Jeremiah xv, 16. And he shall tread among many people, and rebuke many nations afar off. And they shall best their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. But they shall sit every man under his vine and fig tree, and none shall make them afraid.—Micah iv, 3, 4. We may as well face the facts that present conditions were inevitable. The world has been preparing for them many years. Land monopoly has been one of the great causes which brought on this war. On December 23, 1914, shortly after Andrew Carnegie made his gift of \$10,000,000 to the International Peace Fund, Joseph Pels wrote to him, pointing out the fatal defects of his peace propaganda. In his letter Mr. Pels said: "You have given \$10,000,000 to an international peace fund. The object is worthy. The donor's intentions are good. But worthy objects and good intentions cannot alone make a gift a real benefaction. "Donations, no matter how large, to suppress evils, no matter how great, can accomplish nothing unless they should be used to remove the fundamental cause of the evils. "Aggressive warfare is always the result of what appears to be an economic necessity. "If the Carnegie fund be used to any extent in abolishing land monopoly, thus checking any possible repetition of successful appeals to commercial cupidity in support of land-grabbing schemes abroad? Hardly. A gift of \$10,000,000 to secure relief from malaria in swampy districts which could not be used to secure the draining of the swamps or the destruction of the mosquitoes would be just as effective as your peace donation." No attention was paid to Mr. Pels' let-

ter. Meantime Mr. Carnegie's \$10,000,000 might better have been given to the mosquito fund. Had it been given to aiding Mr. Pels' magnificent work of giving labor access to natural resources the great question of the unemployed in our land would be nearer solution. The vacant and partially used city lots and the valuable mining and agricultural lands held out of use on speculations are causing poverty, unemployment and low wages. The result is under-consumption of manufacturers' products, which manufacturers and merchants areambooled into believing can be remedied by forcing the people of weaker nations to purchase. Jean Jaures has said: "You cannot maintain the society of today; it is condemnable; it is condemned, and it can disappear either by the brutal force of blind violence or by the regulating and conciliating force of law." And here is an old German proverb which is timely just now: "A great war leaves a country with three armies—an army of cripples, an army of mourners and an army of thieves."

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Who is to Blame? Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 and was going with a young man of the same age. We had a quarrel and fell out, and now I am going with his best friend, who, I think, in time I would be able to love. Still I cannot stop thinking of the first young man, with whom I am very much in love. I have heard from a friend that he still cares a good deal for me, but, thinking I am to blame, will not make any overtures. Should I write to him? Love gets shipwrecked oftener on the stubborn contention, "I am not to blame," than on anything else. Since one must give in, show you are big enough to say you were wrong. The spirit with which he meets this avowal will show the manner of man he is and determine your future action.

Tried to Reconcile Them. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 24 and my wife is 23. She often visits my mother and meets my married sister. My wife says her feelings are often hurt by what my mother says, or by the preference in the way she treats my sister. I try very hard to maintain peace. I really do not think my mother means any harm. PERPLEXED HUSBAND. The tie of blood naturally makes your mother fonder of her own child than of her son's wife. Your wife must conquer her jealousy of your sister. A little tact in suggesting to each that the other really cares for her will do much to bridge the gap.

Kissing Under Difficulties. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 and have been keeping company with a young man three years my senior for the last two years. Four months ago we became engaged. In a quarrel not long ago he said he thought it was proper for him to kiss me each time he entered my home, but as it happens, there always are a number of my family around, and for this stated reason I do not approve of it. BLONDE. He is an unusual young man if he wants to kiss you under such circumstances, but as your engagement sanctions such a form of greeting you should not be averse to it. That is, if you owe him.

Faery-Fruit

The Golden Apple of Contentment

By Nell Brinkley

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In all the faery stories they never name it—never call it by any name so we may know it. The Golden Apple that princes are always searching for—that maids are riding the world over to find—beyond the land that lies East of the Sun and West of the Moon—beyond the Iron mountains—asking the Eagle if he has seen it, begging the West Wind to try and remember where it is, bribing the Mother of the Moon to tell all she knows about it! Always in faery tales they are hunting Golden Apples, and the Apple never has a name. Always out of faery tales we mortals are hunting the Golden Apple, too. But it has a name, and that is Contentment! The faces we pass, the millions on the city street, have a questioning look, sleep-walker's eyes, and the hopeful smile of the seeker. Each is an employer dragging after him his outfit. Sometimes he has money to help him find it, and sometimes all his pack holds is a good disposition and the capacity to work. Some jog gently along, doing their best, taking a bite of the cake of pleasure now and then, and seeing a bit of beauty as they go, bending to soothe the troubles of a little child, taking time to see the rose-paths as well as the jagged roads, and trusting that, somehow, they may get a glimpse of the Golden Apple some day!

Some just sit down by the road and wish! They believe in the wishing-cap, this crowd. But wishing never got anybody the Golden Apple—except in Faery tales! Some are just good. "Be good and you'll be happy!" But all the world searches, each with a different theory, each in a different place, all with faces daft, for the slim little quivering tree whereon there glows the fruit of Content. Oh, there are clusters of fruit on it sure enough—and many of us have to be content with what we happen to shake down—Happiness, Good Fortune, Plenty, Love, Success. But there's only one Apple of Content, I think. It hangs high and is gilded. And, side by side beneath it—equally earnest, blood-sisters in the lust for Content—the Darling of Wealth shakes the tree with white-gemmed hands, while the Girl Who Earns Her Salt pitches frantic stones at it gleaming in the sun. "You have too much," says the Girl Who Earns Her Salt to the Darling. "That's why you can't get it." "You haven't enough," says the Darling back. "I will give you more and it will help to rain it."—NELL BRINKLEY.

The Pursuit of Happiness Not So Hard to Find, Provided One Knows the Way to Appreciate Life.

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Most of life's happiness comes incidentally. The minute you pursue happiness you find it an elusive jade who delights to lead you a wild-goose chase and to taunt you with the unpleasant consciousness of the sort of classification into which the chase is leading you. And how is a mere goose to know when she is happy if ever the chase is successfully terminated? Pursue your daily tasks and duties honestly and faithfully and sometimes in the midst of them comes a wonderful "feeling"—"This is my work, I created this, I did that." There is exquisite happiness in this feeling of accomplishment. But it is never happiness you have pursued for itself. It came incidentally as a result of labor honestly performed. We catch happiness when we are least dreaming of it. Sometimes we find it in the approving glance of kind eyes; sometimes it lies in our own consciousness of attainment; sometimes the scent of a flower gives us an exquisite emotion; and often the knowledge that to others we have brought full happiness gives us a beautiful knowledge of the desired of all humans. But circumstances cannot make you happy or unhappy. What counts is how you react to them. Happiness cannot come from without. It has to be born in your own soul.

A dear friend of mine suffers the tortures of unhappiness from the things she manages to imagine. If a friend is preoccupied and not as enthusiastic as usual she suffers tortures from the thought of losing the friendship of that individual. If one of her friends happens not to communicate with her for a few days, she immediately decides that the ties of friendship have been loosened. And she manages so to imagine herself as truly into unhappiness as if it really existed. Happiness is largely a matter of being at peace with yourself and the world. It is well not to expect too much of life; not to be afraid of it, and so far as possible without self-deception to see some good in it. The evil must always be regarded as something powerless and temporary which will in time defeat itself. Taking life and oneself too seriously is a fine way to manage to be very unhappy. Much of the day's measure of unpleasantness is a passing thing—a phase of no importance. If the essentials of life are sure the subordinate things do not count greatly. It is so easy to magnify trifles—to worry about the possibility of unkind criticism from others. It is so easy to find little flaws in the amber and from a focusing of attention on them to take such a distorted view of the amber that its clear yellow light will be no longer beautiful. To be happy, be glad of the chance life offers you for work and achievement. I find earth not gray, but rose—Heaven not grim, but fair of hue; Do I stoop? I pluck a posy. Do I stand and stare? All's blue So say's Browning. In the fact that the stars light the midnight sky, in the love-liness of the daisies dotting the midsummer fields, in softness of the winter snow crystals lies exquisite happiness for many a soul. Life is full of benefits. Contentment is within the reach of any one who is not morbid—and happiness is there for the taking of any one who lives life sanely and well.

The State of Preparedness

By ADA PATTERSON.

Statesmen are hurling back and forth opinions as to whether the United States should hold herself always in readiness for war. When statesmen disagree the public is likely to be puzzled. But whatever the statesmen and diplomats conclude as to the wise course for this country there is no doubt whatever as to the individuals who compose the nation. Everybody should be prepared for that war of life which is change. The short-sighted, the lazy-minded, the weak-willed, give no thought to change. That everything will remain as it is they take it for granted, and when change comes it finds them not ready.

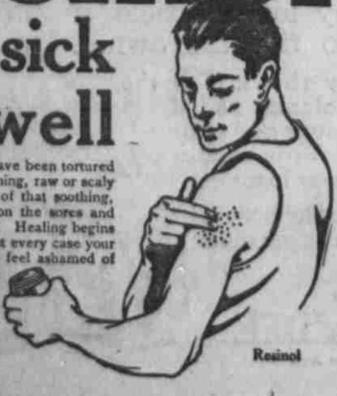


Some "proverbs" are strong, truthful, inspiring. Some are weak and unavailing. Of the weak and unavailing kind is the ancient advice, "Don't cross a bridge until you come to it." That proverb should be amended to read "but cast a sharp eye on its timbers before you try to cross it." In its unamended form it encourages sloth of mind and body. It is the first step in the well-trodden path to the poorhouse. A great man perished in the sinking of the Lusitania. His death was proof of the wisdom of his own speech, "I am always thinking of what may happen and what I shall do if it does happen." He disobeyed his own injunction, sawed across it. Had he really thought of what might happen on that journey he wouldn't have taken it and the world would not have been poorer through its loss of a man to whom it had given, and from whom it had received much. The man or woman of balance is usually in a state of preparedness. The man is ready to meet the note which he made payable on demand. The woman has her ice box or pantry so well stocked that the invasion of a friend or two an hour before dinner doesn't throw the household into a panic. Last week a self-supporting woman, well known and of generous salary, lost her job. It was one of the fortunes of war, for business is war. A quarrel with her employer, a holding out for a concession that he would not grant, indignation on her part, obstinacy on his, and they parted. "I've quit," she said to me. "Why so tragic about it?" I asked with soothing intent. "There are other posts of the same kind. You are healthy and capable. You can get one."

"But," she complained, "if I have to live without salary for three or four weeks it will be dreadful. I will have to borrow." I had heard a dozen times that this business woman was wealthy. "She had invested well," my informants said with cheerful conviction. There were reasons for this assurance. She lived in an expensive apartment. She kept an automobile, not a little runabout that she herself guided through the maze of the city streets. Her automobile was a touring car and had a chauffeur attached. She dressed richly and showily. I noticed, while she talked, a pair of all-pipers with buckles that would have cost more than an average week's salary. "Yes, I'm broke," she said. "You see I've always lived well. I've had some obligations. But I could have saved it spite of them and I didn't. I never expected that this would happen." But things do happen, strange things, unexpected things, events that are overwhelming if we haven't anticipated them. Floods, fires, failures, illness, death, estrangement, business upheavals, that change the map of a life. And we should have in mind these possibilities and resolve what we will do if they transpire. Preparedness isn't worry. It is self-respect. It is use of our cranial furnishings. It is the dike raised against the encroaching waters. It is life, fire insurance. It is the money in the bank for the illness fund. It is that best of all sight, foresight.

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