

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Law

Copyright, 1915 Star Company.
By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Your path may be clouded, uncertain your goal:
Move on, for the orbit is fixed for your soul.
And though it may lead into darkness of night,
The torch of the Builder shall give it new light.

You were, and you will be, know this while you are;
Your spirit has traveled both long and afar.
It came from the Source, to the Source it returns;
The spark that was lighted eternally burns.

From body to body your spirit speeds on,
It seeks a new form when the old one is gone,
And the form that it finds is the fabric you wrought
On the loom of the mind, with the fiber of thought.

Somewhere on some planet, sometime and somehow,
Your life will reflect all the thoughts of your now.
The law is unerring: no blood can atone;
The structure you rear you must live in alone.

You are your own devil, you are your own god;
You fashioned the paths that your footsteps have trod.
And no one can save you from error or sin
Until you shall hark to the spirit within.

Real Religion Found in Hindu Poet's Works

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

(Copyright, 1915, by Star Co.)

Alfred Bernhard Nobel, a Swedish chemist and physicist, was born in Stockholm in 1833 and died in Italy in 1896. Nobel left his fortune of \$3,500,000 to found a prize fund, the annual interest of which was to be divided into five equal parts (each amounting to about \$800,000, the sum available) to be distributed every year to the persons who, during the year, had done best in (1) physical science; (2) chemistry; (3) physiology or medicine; (4) idealistic literature; and (5) the advancement of universal peace; in 1906, the prize was awarded President Roosevelt for his initiative in the peace between Russia and Japan.

In 1913 the prize was awarded to Rabindranath Tagore, the Bengali poet, whose works both in prose and verse, rank among the great classics. Tagore wrote his poems in Bengali and translated them into English. The father of the poet was one of India's great spiritual leaders and was decorated by the people with the title of Maharshi (great sage). Rabindranath was the youngest son and began writing poetry at 12 years of age. He lived the life of a high-born youth of romantic temperament, until suddenly the "Divine Beloved" revealed Himself to the young man. In his own words he says: "A veil was suddenly drawn and everything I saw became luminous. The whole scene was one perfect music, one marvelous rhythm. It brought to the poet the fullness of life in its beauty and perfection which he had endeavored to give to the world in his lyrics. As a part of Indian nationalism, it is believed that his national songs have made such an indelible mark on the life of the nation that their influence will be felt as long as the name of India endures.

Tagore devoted his noble prize money to the development of a model school at Bolpur. Here is an exquisite little fragment from one of Tagore's poems: "Infinite wealth is not yours, my patient and dusty mother. But, you call to fill the mouths of your children, but food is scarce. The gift of gladness that you have for us is never perfect. The toys that you make for your children are fragile. You cannot easily fill our hungry hopes, but should I desert you for that? Your smile which is shadowed with pain is sweet to my eyes. Your love which knows not fulfillment is dear to my heart. From your breast you have fed us with life, but not immortality, that is why your eyes are ever wakeful. For ages you are working with color and song, yet your heart is not built, but only its sad suggestion. Over your creations of beauty there is the mist of tears. I will pour my songs into your mute heart, and my love into your love. I will worship you, your tender face and I love your mournful dust, Mother Earth."

And here are two more: "In the world's audience hall, the simple blade of grass sits on the same carpet with the unicorn and the stars of midnight. Thus my songs share their seats in the heart of the clouds and forests. But, you man of riches, your wealth has no part in the simple grandeur of the sun's glad gold and the mellow gleam of the rising moon. The blessing of the all-encompassing sky is not shed upon you. And when death appears, it pales and withers and crumbles into dust. At midnight the woe-bred ascetic announced: This is the time to give up my house and seek for God. Ah, who has held me so long in delusion here? God whispered, 'I, but the ears of the man were stopped. With a baby asleep at her breast lay his wife, peacefully sleeping on one side of the bed. The man said, 'Who are ye that have fooled me so long? The voice said again, 'They are God, but he heard it not. The baby cried out in its dream, nestling close to her mother's breast. God commanded, 'Sleep, fool, leave not thy home,' but still he heard not. God sighed and complained, 'Why does my servant wander to seeking me, forsaking me?'"

Now, in view of all this interesting story and work of a great man so recognized by the whole world, the following press clipping from a Minnesota paper requires but little comment: "Prayers by all Christians for the conversion of Rabindranath Tagore, the Hindu poet and winner of the Nobel prize for literature, were urged here by Rev. E. C. Horn of Trinity Methodist church, at the Methodist ministers' weekly meeting today at the Young Women's Christian association. This suggestion followed a talk by Prof. Leroy Arnold of Hamline university upon the beauty of the Hindu poet's works. It is a marvel that the Hindu religion, the worst of all religions of

which I know anything, could produce such a man," said Mr. Horn. "It was announced that Billy Sunday will come to Minneapolis." The Messenger, Theosophical magazine, says: "Hinduism has produced its Tagore, Christianity its 'Billy' Sunday—a case of cause and effect which speaks for itself."

It is well-nigh incredible that in this enlightened age and progressive hour of thought so medieval a state of mind can exist as in the case of the Rev. E. C. Horn. Christianity is not helped by such utterances. The Methodist church is not helped. God save the world if such great souls as Tagore are all to be "converted" and merged into "the little end of the Horn" of Methodism.

Henry Broth privately printed and published in 1913 a very interesting book with the interesting title "Tolerance in Religion," which can be recommended to the Rev. Mr. Horn. Its foreword says: "An elevation of the whole race to a higher social conditions can only be attained by religious toleration."

Again it says: "There are people who from mere ignorance of the ancient religions of mankind he adopted a doctrine more un-Christian than any that could be found in the pages of religious books of antiquity—namely, that all the nations of the earth before the rise of Christianity were mere outcasts, forsaken and forgotten of their Father in Heaven, without a knowledge of God or a hope of salvation. History and its horrible descendant, fanaticism, have long possessed this beautiful earth. It has filled it with violence, drenched it with human blood, destroyed civilization and sent whole nations to despair." If there is ever to be a universal religion, it must be one which will be inclusive, like the God it will preach, whose sun shines upon the followers of Christian or Christ alike; which will be Brahmin or Buddhist, Christian or Mohammedan, but the sum total of all these, and still have infinite place for development. It will be a religion that will have no place for persecution or intolerance in its polity, which will recognize a divinity in every man or woman, and whose whole force will be centered in aiding humanity to its divine nature.

The Girl Who Flirts

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Don't flirt! Don't risk chance acquaintances! Don't encourage what you take for admiration on the part of people you happen to pass on the street! Don't ever permit strange men to talk to you, or even to imagine that they might if you choose. The girl who flirts lays herself open to a number of charges. That she is undignified and lacking in modesty is true enough. But she sacrifices dignity and modesty because she is desperately lonely and has no better way of making acquaintances. But there could be no worse way of making acquaintances—and it means that hardly ever will she make friends. The girl who flirts gives the man with whom she flirts what he considers a right to go on being free and easy with her, since that is how he began to know her. She classes herself in with women of no dignity or even moral standards. She flirts brings upon herself unpleasant familiarities which the man she has so lightly met either imagines she will welcome or sees to test her. She cuts herself off from knowing fine men, since they would be almost ashamed to have as a friend a girl who other men can sneeringly claim they met through flirtation. If because you like a man's looks you let him talk to you, and he turns out to be an unappealing person whom you should never have known, you have placed yourself in the way of two dangers. The "unappealing person" can boast that he knows you and knows you because you were weak enough to permit him to sneak into your life by way of a cheap flirtation. In flirting a girl sacrifices reputation and the right to demand dignified treatment, for the one chance in a million that the man who meets her lightly and idly and to gratify the fancy of a moment is going to be worth knowing, or to believe that she is worth knowing.

Winter Fiction

-:- -:-

Drawn for The Bee
by Hal Coffman



Our Animals as Early Explorers Saw Them



This Gayly Caparisoned Creature is Meant by Aldrovandi (1637) to Represent the Nine-banded Armadillo.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The pictures made by primitive men on their cavern walls to represent the animals of their time are often as good likenesses as are the more elaborate drawings and engravings produced in Europe in the sixteenth century of the animals of America. In both cases the imagination has necessarily played a large part. Mr. Charles R. Eastman has collected in the Journal of the American Museum of Natural History a considerable number of such pictures to illustrate what he calls the "beginnings of American natural history," and some of them are reproduced on this page.

It is very interesting to know that Columbus was a careful observer of the strange animals and plants of the new world he had discovered, and that, with his own pen, he described the alligator, the iguana, the manatee, the West Indian dog, together with many species of birds, trees and plants. But it was more than 100 years after Columbus' discovery that the artists and engravers in Europe began to picture the American animals in books and on the borders of maps. Then, too, long and somewhat fanciful descriptions of the strange beasts of the new world began to appear, and were read with much wonder.

The animal that excited the most astonishment seems to have been the "Su," a name which, it now appears, was applied to the opossum. The description of the Su, given in an old book, is highly amusing. "It is of a very deformed shape, and monstrous presence, a great raven and untamable wild beast. When the hunters that desire her skin set upon her, she freeth very swift, carrying her young ones upon her back and covering them with her broad tail. Now, for so much



The Seal, Somewhat Conventionalized by Van Brussel, and Passing Under the Guise of "Sea-Lion" (1799).

as no dog or man dares to approach near unto her (because such is the wrath thereof that in the pursuit she killeth all that cometh near her), the hunters dig several pits or great holes in the earth, which they cover with boughs, sticks and earth, so weakly that if the beast chance at any time to come upon it she and her young ones fall down into the pit and are taken." Compare this with a modern description of the opossum from the American Encyclopedia: "The opossums are arboreal, omnivorous animals, ranging in size from that of a cat to that of a mouse. The young are numerous, and remain with the mother until well grown, clinging to her fur and being carried about as she scurries among the branches, with their tails tightly wound about hers, or about her limbs or neck. "On the ground the movements of the opossum are slow and awkward." To this add that they counterfeited death when threatened with danger, and you will see how the old writer, just quoted, got fact and fancy thoroughly mixed. But the same thing happened with almost all the descriptions and pictures of American animals that were put forth in Europe within two or three hundred years after the discovery of Columbus and his successors. There was always

a substantial basis of truth, proving that an effort had been made to ascertain and record the facts, but exaggeration and falsification inevitably crept in. The tendency to see a monster in everything that departs from the forms that the eye is accustomed to is universal. Even in the time of Sir Walter Raleigh people in England, and on the continent of Europe, spoke with bated breath of the terrible animals believed to inhabit the wilds of America. It was thought that the old world had nothing to match them, but it required centuries to bring to light the real fact that America is relatively lacking in beasts of prey of the first rank. It has no lions, no tigers and no giants like the elephant. Its glazly bears, which might contend successfully in battle with the fiercest of Asia's or Africa's carnivores, are not hunters and slayers of big game, and remained unknown until a late period. But if they had been encountered by the early explorers, who can imagine the fearful descriptions and drawings that they would have given rise to? Yet there were some among the new animals that America introduced to the world's attention which were so extraordinary in appearance that it was practically almost impossible to exaggerate their looks. For instance, the toucan,

How Tuberculosis Cost New York City \$10,000,000 a Year

(Prepared by the Bureau of Public Health Education, of the Department of Health, City of New York.)

In order again to remind the public of the fact that tuberculosis is still the most pressing health problem of the day, health authorities throughout the United States, aided by the various anti-tuberculosis societies, are now observing "Tuberculosis Week."

That such a reminder is needed is not open to question, for it is generally recognized that a period of apathy has followed on the tremendous enthusiasm evoked by the anti-tuberculosis campaigns conducted some eight or ten years ago. Despite the strenuous work of these ten years, and the annual expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars, one-seventh of all persons who die, die because of a tuberculosis infection.

In the city of New York the deaths from all forms of tuberculosis have varied but little from 10,000 a year.

Year	All Deaths	Tuberculosis
1905	28,711	8,650
1906	28,293	10,156
1907	29,305	10,263
1908	30,477	10,147
1909	31,105	9,810
1910	32,742	10,074
1911	33,422	10,288
1912	34,008	9,881
1913	34,302	10,031
1914	34,800	9,800

Thoughtful students have long realized that more must be done to strike at the underlying causes of tuberculosis. In this city, particularly, we must continue to work for improving housing conditions. Our transit problem has a very definite relation to tuberculosis, and we will be measurably nearer our goal if we can provide decent suburban housing conditions accessible to the business centers. We are still far behind European cities in intelligent city planning. The conditions under which many of our people labor add greatly to the difficulties in the way of a solution of the tuberculosis problem. The increasing cost of food also deserves serious consideration.

On the basis of over 35,000 recognized cases of tuberculosis on register with the health authorities in New York City, and assuming that every 500 cases mean a loss of half a million dollars to the community, we have the appalling total of \$35,000,000 lost to New York City because of tuberculosis. Inasmuch as most authorities agree on from three to four years as the average duration of the disease, this means an annual loss to the city of at least \$10,000,000.

So far as the community himself is concerned, we need above all to provide employment under conditions which will not only conserve his health and strength, but will protect his fellow-workmen. Moreover, a method must be devised by which remuneration in such employment must be proportionate to the patient's needs and not merely to his earning capacity. A few experiments have been made in this direction, but no comprehensive plan has yet been inaugurated. Here is a splendid opportunity for one of our far-sighted millionaires!

Advice to Lovelorn

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Be Strong.

Dear Miss Fairfax: In social life and at business I have been made to suffer because of my disposition to flirt and be a good fellow. Invitations to go out with married men seem far from respectable to me. Also the silly methods of some worldly girls in coming up on the phone this type of man and "jolly" them for a half hour.

Both my brother and young man friend tell me to be broad, and very unfeelingly tell me I think my morals better than those of others.

I am a sociable girl naturally, but all this has changed me sadly. They say I am a dead-head and not a real flirt.

Don't let any would-be clever people who think lax moral standards distinguished influence you. Your own ideals are well worth preserving, and all really fine men and women will care far more for you because of these very good qualities which you now think are keeping your life from "being sociable." A girl who naturally has high standards and who willfully lowers them is sure to suffer torments of reproach from her own conscience as well as from the knowledge that worth-while people despise or pity her for her weakness. Take a firm stand for your principles and when you meet fine men you will find that they respect and like you. If your stand is strong enough you may have the joy of influencing the very people who now sneer at you.

Be Firm.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 23, with an income of \$100 a month. May 7 of this year I had a serious operation. The surgeon told me not to work for at least two years, as I am not able to stand any kind of a strain in my love life. I am a girl four years younger than I, and she told me I did not go to work in a few days she will not marry me. I have explained to her, but she says she will break our engagement if I do not work.

By all means do as your doctor bids you and do not risk your life for a girl whose attitude seems to be wickedly stubborn and unyielding. You must take a firm stand in the matter, and unless she shows heart and feeling enough to consider your health rather than her own wishes you had better break with her at once.

In-Shoots

At the age of 15 years a bog is more decrepit than a man of 80.

When harmony exists in a political party there are no offices in sight.

As a rule a man never forgets the spot where his hatchet has been buried.

Most of us would make a poor showing in the boots of the people we criticize.

The dog who wears an expensive collar is generally the most unfaithful of all.

The handshake that seems like warm friendship is often but the preliminary of a "touch."

Love in a cottage should not be confounded with existence in a shack during courtship days.

The boy who seems wiser than his pa never exhibits a disposition to get out and hustle for himself.

**THE
VANDERBILT HOTEL**
THIRTY FOURTH STREET
AT PARK AVENUE
NEW YORK

The most
conveniently situated hotel
in New York

At the
Thirty-third Street Subway

WALTON H. MARSHALL
Manager