

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## New Thought Creed Meets Every Situation

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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The wife of a clergyman has been reading "New Thought literature." She writes me in much distress because, while she is personally happier and more broadly religious than ever before, she finds herself accused of being a "heretic," a "dissenter," an "atheist" and "unbeliever," and many more unpleasant names are hurled at her by her husband's congregation.

This is an unfortunate situation, but it is one which will occur more and more frequently in the next decade. Annie Besant passed through a similar experience in England, when she found herself unable to believe in the doctrines preached by her husband. Unfortunately, the daily enmity of Mrs. Besant and her husband's peculiarities of disposition caused her to doubt her Creator for a time and sent her over into the ranks of the infidels, but she finally swung into line with true, practical religious thought and devoted her life to helping humanity to higher ground.

Some centuries ago Vasco da Gama was cast into prison for declaring there could be any country other than that mentioned in the Bible. He asked for ships to go and seek the lands he knew existed, and the council of whom he asked the favor put him in chains.

The world grows wiser slowly, and we must not try to force its development.

Neither must we arrest our own development to please any individual or any organization of individuals.

The lady who has written me ought to apply the New Thought principles to her situation and learn the power which was in serenity. She should think more than she talks. The creed of this New Thought is the most simple and beautiful and can only help her to conquer all seemingly aggressive and unfortunate conditions if she will be patient.

Let her say silently every day and many times a day:

"God is the Spirit—Love. All things and beings came originally from love. I am an expression of this infinite love, and nothing but love and goodness can be from me or come to me."

If she lives up to this thought every hour in the day she will not long be unpopular in her husband's congregation. She should avoid argument regarding creeds and dogmas. If obliged to listen to them let her say her little rosary over and over, mentally, until it absorbs all other ideas.

When asked point blank just what her belief is she should answer:

"I love my Creator with all my strength; I love humanity as myself, and strive to do as I would be done by all ways. When I fail I only renew my efforts. I believe in the divine nature of every creature and my desire is to cultivate that element in humanity and in myself. I believe all of success and health and contentment and kindness and unselfishness and cheerfulness and patience and unlimited love are the methods for development."

"I make it a rule to never go to sleep with a resentful or angry or jealous feeling in my mind, and when these emotions seek me, as they do at times, I drive them out with mental assertions of love and kindness. I fear nothing but indulging in cruel or unkind thoughts, and I believe my thoughts are shaping my future in this world and the next and that I must save myself."

If the questioner is not satisfied with this creed it will be useless to carry the discussion further and it should be dropped. Disputes on religious subjects are a proof that both the disputants have no religion worth talking about.

It is the daily life in the home, in the neighborhood, in the market place, in the shops that proves the worth of religion.

Live the new thought and you shall be loved and respected by the worth-while members of all denominations and all creeds and all men.

And those who know you will cease to ask what your faith is, since your life will show it is the creed of love for God and humanity.

It is not a one day religion, or one which depends upon a form or a dogma—it is one which must be hourly lived.

Live it and the world must recognize its worth and respect you.

## In-Shoots

Be sure you are right and then prepare for a lot of knocks.

The man who takes himself too seriously is courting unhappiness.

As a rule the wealthy man never gets credit for the honesty in his make-up.

Until an emergency is faced no man knows whether he is a coward or not.

A fair exchange is no robbery. But what's the use of trading without profit?

It is well to be forgiving, but do not lick the hand that smites, unless you are a dog.

Occasionally the male with a deep voice can shoot out a lot of falsetto nonsense.

If wicked man cannot sprout wings, he should at least try to cover up his tracks.

The philosopher is usually the fellow who provided "don't worry" rules for the rest of us.

Unless a paid member of the band, don't waste time tooting the horn for the other fellow.

The scandal monger, like the skunk, can for a time poison the atmosphere, but the odor soon blows away.

There is no conceit like that of the chap who imagines he can win the affection of a girl by simply toasting his shins before the old man's fire every night.

## "Layin' for Him"

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By Nell Brinkley



And there's an anxious and sleepy mother listening at the crack of a door, with her arm through their Dad's, and whispering whimsically, "Will they ever go to sleep?"—and "wouldn't they be long gone on any other night but this?"—Nell Brinkley.

## Our Ugly Ally, the Toad

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

I raise a voice for the generally despised toad. The toad is, personally, no favorite of mine, but I speak for him under a sense of plain justice, because the facts in his case, officially accumulated by the Department of Agriculture, appear to establish beyond question his right to be treated as a friend and ally of man in the struggle for existence. This being true, the well known and cruel-ness of the toad can no longer furnish an excuse for the contempt and dislike with which he is almost universally regarded. The blemishes of a friend, says an old philosopher, are comely to the eye of affection.

There is, perhaps, no other of man's animal contemporaries that has been the object of so many baseless calumnies and superstitious notions as the toad. He has been denounced as a poisoner of children with his breath; as a producer of warts on all hands that touch or approach him; as a bringer of untimely rain; as a wanderer of the brute world who cannot die, though imprisoned for ages in solid rock; as a natural magician, carrying a necromantic stone in his head with which mystical cures can be performed.

This last is referred to in Shakespeare's line: "The toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in his head." Dr. Brewer, in his "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," quotes an old English writer as saying: "There is to be found in the heads of all old and great toads a stone they call berax, or stelen, which, being used as rings, gives forewarning against venom."

These fabled toad-stones, for no naturalist of today will grant that any such thing really exists, were said to bear always a figure resembling a toad on their surface, and it was believed that a touch of a toad-stone cured the bites of venomous animals. In a collection of antiquities at Lonsborough there is a silver ring with a reputed toad-stone set in it, and the legend connected with this ring avers that the stone "sweats" and changes color when any poison is brought near it.

But, while most of the strange beliefs have only a fanciful foundation, that which concerns the remarkable longevity of the toad and its ability to resist starvation and close confinement derives a little support from scientific experiments. In 1771 M. Herissant imbedded three toads in plaster, and placed them for safe

keeping in the archives of the French Academy of Sciences. After eighteen months, when the plaster was broken open, two of them were still living. The English geologist, William Buck and, imbedded a number of toads in cavities in sandstone and limestone. Those in the sandstone were found dead after thirteen months, while those shut up in the limestone lived nearly two years. Popular stories of toads jumping out of rocks that have been blasted open, and in which they must have been enclosed for centuries, are common, but scientifically unauthenticated. Still, there is no doubt that toads are long-lived and very resistant to ordinary causes of death other than violence.

One fact which gives them a certain title to human sympathy is that they are great lovers of home. Where they were born they stay, if they can. Mr. A. H. Kirkland of Boston, who is one of the chief champions of the toad as a useful animal, says that he has convincing evidence that two toads have occupied doorways in two different towns for twelve

and twenty-three years, respectively. The widespread belief that little toads sometimes rain down from the sky is based, Mr. Kirkland thinks, on the fact that young toads have been concealed under stones, rubbish and leaves during the sunshiny hours and suddenly come forth by hundreds when an unexpected shower occurs.

But now for the evidence that the toad is really an ally of man in his war against noxious insects. This depends entirely upon examinations of the food that toads consume, as shown by inspection of the stomach. They are decidedly "carnivorous," since no less than 88 per cent of their food is of animal origin and consists mostly of insects noxious to man.

It remains to tell how he gets them. Since most of them are alert and lively fellows. The secret of his success is in his tongue, which is long, and, what is even more to the purpose, is hung at the inner instead of the outer end. Consequently it acts like a lasso, which he flings with lightning speed and unerring aim.

## The Locked Out Children

By ADA PATTERSON.

Have you a locked in heart? Whether or not you are sure about it, let me tell you the story of the locked out children.

A congressman's wife was suffering one morning from the locked in condition of the heart, which some of us call worry, and which others call self-centredness. At all events, there are moods in which we are apt to lock the world out and ourselves in and brood upon these things which are not as we would have them.

And the last state is worse than the first; for no good ever comes of such brooding. The locked in condition is always a bad one. Our spirits, like our physical selves, need air and wide spaces and freedom of movement, and the eye of the soul need to look outward rather than inward. A friend called, bringing in with him a fine whiff of tracing outer air and told a story.

"Such an unpleasant thing happened in the neighborhood. Not two blocks away from either of us. Just half way between your home and mine. It's true that

one-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives."

"What is the story?"

"The congressman's young wife felt the turning of a key in the lock. The door of her heart was opening a little."

"It happened in one of the near temptations. The woman is a widow, she has two children, a little girl, aged 4, and another little girl of 6. She has to go out every day to work. She is afraid that if the children are left in their miserable home something may happen to them. The house might be burned or some heavy piece of furniture might fall upon them. She is a poor, shy thing, who doesn't speak their language. The kindergarten in the neighborhood is full. So she did what she thought was best. She locked the little ones out. A neighbor found them crying in the hall in the evening at 8 o'clock. They had been staying in that dark hall with a sandwich apiece since 7 o'clock that morning. The door of the listener's heart swung wide.

"Something must be done," she said.

"And the best time to do it will be during Christmas week."

She emptied her heart of other considerations, she filled every chamber of it with the little locked out children. There were many of them in her district that her husband represented, she found. She set to work. She energized tremendously upon that problem.

The result is that a huge new armory building in that quarter of Greater New York will be open on Christmas and New Year's day and all the days be-

tween, from 10 in the morning until 9 at night.

A Christmas tree and playground and sand piles and warm luncheons and comfortable fires will be provided for the locked out children and their kind.

The week will be one great throbbing joy to the children who would otherwise be Christmasless and joyless.

Isn't that the way, I wonder, to unlock the locked in heart? Isn't the key of it a little child's craving for joy?

The chamber of the heart may be

gloom-filled. The key may be rusty.

But why not let some little child turn that key?

What if you have a quarrel with life? What though its conditions are not what you would have them? Try to get some child's feet upon a happier path. Let it turn the grating key. You will be surprised at the strength of its weak little fingers. So strong are they it may be that they will make you forget why you locked that door.

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