

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Self Control, Greatest Asset

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

"My Dear Madam: An article on Self Control, with a few lines in verse that might be committed to memory would be of incalculable value to our girls and particularly to our young men, who so often commit deeds that can never be undone because of lack of this virtue. A MOTHER."

The mighty forces of mysterious space  
Are one by one subdued by lordly man.  
The awful lightnings that for sons ran  
Their devastating and untrammelled race  
Now bear his messages from place to place  
Like carrier doves. The wind leads on his van:  
The lawless elements no longer can  
Resist his strength, but yield with sullen grace.

His bold feet, scaling heights before untrod—  
Light, darkness, air and water, heat and cold—  
He bids go forth and bring him power and self.  
And yet, though ruler, king and demi-god,  
He walks with his fierce passions uncontrolled,  
The conqueror of all things, save himself.

Self-control is the quality most needed in human nature today, and the one most rarely found. Just in the degree that a human being develops the power of self-control he approaches divine power.

Just in the degree that a human being is self-indulgent, so he wanders away from the divinity which is within himself and from every high attainment that is worth while.

Self-control means the conservation of all the powers of mind, brain and body, and the ability to use those powers successfully for any high purpose.

Self-indulgence means the scattering of all these forces at their ultimate destruction.

Self-control should be taught first in the cradle and in the nursery. Instead, parents, nurses, governesses and teachers usually find it less taxing to encourage their charges in self-indulgence than to teach them self-control. The child who screams for his bonbons or his toys can be taught self-control by being left alone until he wearies out his mood, and later can be reasoned with and made to understand the benefit which will result from self-control. But such guidance and teaching are taxing to the elders, and therefore majority of children grow to adolescence and maturity without having been so taught.

One possessed of powers of observation

and who has made any study of human nature must wonder that so many decent human beings exist in the world with so little assistance and guidance, in the direction of self-control during early youth.

The control of the appetite in childhood and early youth is the first step toward self-control; the control of the mind in the habit of study is the next step to thoroughly master one lesson before another is begun, no matter how long the time given to the attainment of this end is of the utmost importance in the shaping of a child's character. But how many parents and how many teachers direct their energies to this end.

Our schools destroy the powers of concentration and lead away from self-control. Children enter our kindergartens almost invariably possessed of wonderful powers of concentration. They leave high school with very little of this quality remaining. The Bible tells us that "he who overcometh is greater than he who taketh a city." The greatest rewards are promised to those who overcome.

Self-control in its fullest sense means the overcoming of all that is weak and ignoble in their nature and the development of all that is highest and best. It is never too late to begin the attainment of self-control.

## What Trait Do You Most Admire in a Man?

By ADA PATTERSON.

"What trait do you most admire in a man?" a magazine is asking its women readers. I predict that there will be a remarkable sameness in these answers if the replies of the women readers are sincere; they will all be summed up in one word—manliness.

Every woman, be she feather-headed or of the cranial furnishings of a Minerva, a manly man. No, the adjective is not redundant. There are creatures masquerading as men who are without manliness.

That which every woman admires in a man and calls manliness is courage. Courage of mind, courage of body, courage of soul. A sight to which every woman responds is that of the man who is unafraid.

He must have the willingness and the power to attack the world and wrest from it those things which he wants. Women have falsely been classed as mercenaries because they are won by successful men. It is unjust to women to say that the dazzle of gold in their eyes blinds them to everything else. What women care for is less the gold than the power of wresting it from the tightly gripped fist of present day conditions. They are wooed by the might of the man against his adversaries, the conditions which encompass him. Often when a woman is being criticised for marrying a man for his money, she is loving him for the strength that is in him that has commanded that money.

Weak women suspect that the business world is a grim battle ground. Strong women know it. The woman in the home admires her lord, who goes out into it daily and brings home the spoils of commercial war, the wherewithal to feed and clothe and house his family, and to provide the emergency fund against the day of illness or trouble. The self-supporting woman admires him yet more, for it is with deeper knowledge of the fierceness of the combat. The courage of mind to attack and the force of will that keeps a man fighting for what he believes to be his own are winning elements with all women.

Courage of body is to a woman always admirable. A man won a girl's heart by coolly opening a suspected bundle that arrived that morning by mail, which looked as though it contained a bomb. Another man lost a girl's heart by the panicky manner in which he received the news that the sky scraper in which his office was situated, as one of the cells in a honey-comb, was burning. That a man should realize the danger and make hasty plans for escape is natural. That he should turn craven and hang out the distress signal of the white feather, is quite another matter. Every summer supplies its sheaf of news that girls having been rescued from drowning rewarded their rescuers by marrying them. Each of these girls would say, "I fell in love with a hero."

Courage comes, in large part, from conscious strength, cowardice from conscious weakness. That a man has in him the strength that defies the bodily dangers that frighten her always excite a woman's admiration. Therein, too, is her everlasting claim

to his chivalry, for she may acquire not one vote, but two or twenty. She may equal and distance him in some of the professions and arts. But the fact that she is of slighter frame and lesser vigor than he should command his service as the cry of a child stirs woman's protective instinct.

Courage of soul is the finest form of manliness and the finest women know it. Courage to take an unpopular stand because he believes it to be right; courage to face unjust criticism; courage to fight on though beneath a tattered flag; courage to do his life work with a smile and to die without a sigh—this kind of manliness that keeps alive the diminishing art of hero worship. So long as there are heroes there will be hero worship.

## The Latest Paris Hats

Republished by Special Arrangement with Harper's Bazar



The Hats of the Hour in Paris—here they are. Maria Guy, the famous milliner, has selected her latest creations to be shown exclusively in Harper's Bazar and has posed them on the Woman of the Hour, the beautiful Forzane.

Through a veil darkly—a tete de negre tulle curtain—one sees the glorious eyes of Forzane, while the entire flesh-colored straw hat is clouded in a mass of the illusion.

When Maria Guy uses wings as trimming this season she poses them to give the effect of height rather than of width, just as she has arranged the white wings on this toque.

## Death of the World's Richest Man

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

There has just passed away in London the richest man in the world. Not only was he rich in dollars, but he was passing rich in brain.

And yet so quietly did this man live, and so thoroughly in hand were his affairs, that his death creates no disturbance in the world of business. Nathaniel M. Rothschild was a worth between one and two billion dollars.

This man traced a direct pedigree to Mayer Anselm and his wife, Letitia, who lived to make the century run, sane, sensible, and proud of her splendid family of five noble sons and five girls just as able, and their fine families. William the Elektor had turned his money over to Mayer, an obscure banker, who lived in the Red-shield, or "Rothschild," when Napoleon came marching that way.

The elector had remained in hiding for four years. And now, behold! came a pardon from Napoleon. This whole procedure was essentially Napoleonic. The Corstelan killed or kissed, as the mood took him.

William came out of hiding, back to Frankfurt, and was received by the people with open arms. He sought out Rothschild at his office in the Judengasse of the Ghetto in Frankfurt. The banker received him with quiet courtesy. "My money—my money, Mayer Anselm—the French have stolen it from you, I know," said William. "Spare me the details. I only come to you now for a loan—you will not refuse me—we were boys together, Mayer Anselm, boys together! Fate has smitten me sore, but now I have my name back and my broken estate—I must begin all over. The loan—you will not refuse me?"

The banker coughed gently, smiled, and answered: "I regret I have no money to loan. But the funds you deposited with me are safe. The best I can do is

to give you exchange on London, which such little ready money as you now possess, I have been expecting you to invest in the schedule. The practical will be at least a 3 per cent, makes me your debtor for a little over 2,680,000 thalers. My son, Nathan, in London, has the money subject to your check."

William started, started, clutched the counter for support, and burst into tears. He was taken to the residence part of the house, and Letitia served him with tea. William became calm, and then declared: "The principal, Mayer, I shall never touch. I should not know what to do with it, anyway. Pay me 2 per cent interest on it, and it is all I shall ever ask." And it was so done.

Mayer Anselm died in 1812, aged 62. To Nathan Rothschild, his son, credit was given for a financial stroke that lifted the Rothschilds out of financial competition.

It was in the spring of 1815. Napoleon had been banished to St. Helena and now returned like a conquering hero.

Would Napoleon do again what he had done before—trample the cities beneath his inconsiderate feet and pave the way for the people and the land among his favored ones?

Business was paralyzed. People were hoarding their money. England was trying to raise funds to strengthen its defenses, but the money was not forthcoming. Government bonds dropped to 30, and a new loan at 7 per cent had met with only a few straggling applications. The armies of the allies were gathering for a final struggle.

Nathan Rothschild had come to London with the fortune of William the Elektor for safety. Nathan now made his plans.

He called his cashier and gave him quick and final orders: "I am going across to the continent. I shall see the downfall of Napoleon—or his triumph. If Napoleon goes down I will send a letter to myself—a blank sheet, of paper in an envelope. When you get this buy English government bonds—buy quickly, but use a dozen different men so as not to stampede the market. We have a million pounds in British gold—use it all, and buy!"

He rode away on horseback. He left a man with a strong and fast horse every thirty miles from London to Dover. A swift sailing yacht waited at Calais.

Rothschild watched away the night of the 17th of June, circling uneasily the outposts of Brussels. He saw the Battle of Waterloo—or such of that mad confusion as was visible. He saw the French ride heading into that open ditch, and he saw the last stand of the Old Guard.

Whether Napoleon was beaten or not no one could say. "He'll be back tomorrow with reinforcements," mused said. Nathan Rothschild thought otherwise.

At nightfall he drew his saddle with two holes tighter, mounted and rode away. He knew his horse—he was turning off each mile in just five minutes. He rode a hundred miles in ten hours.

Rothschild's messenger was in London twenty-four hours ahead of the regular post. When the news reached London that the duke of Wellington had won, the banking house of Rothschild had no cash, but its safe was stuffed with English bonds.

Nathan Rothschild made his way leisurely back to London. On arriving there he found himself richer by more than £200,000 than he was when he rode away.

## Do You Know That

The four leading continental countries at war have a total wheat area of about 168,000,000 acres and a rye area of 102,000,000 acres. The war means probably a loss of 42,000,000 acres of wheat and rye in France, Germany, Austria-Hungary and Russia.

A recent census with regard to the legal profession in England and Wales showed that there were 4,121 barristers and 17,339 solicitors.

In China a man pays his doctor only while he is well. As soon as he falls ill the physician's salary stops.

In 1913 the expenditure on the chief items of food for the 3,872 animals in the London Zoo reached \$28,000. The visitors numbered 1,187,874.

The Siamese strive to have in their houses an even number of windows, doors, rooms and cupboards, for they have a superstition regarding odd numbers.



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