

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Breaking of Chains

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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The thought of the world is waking out of a slumber deep and long, and the race is beginning to understand how Right can master Wrong.

And the eyes of the world are opening wide, and great are the truths they see;

And the heart of the world is singing a song, and its burden is "Be free!" Now the thought of the world and the wish of the world and the song of the world will make

A force so strong that the fetters forged for a million years must break.

Fetters of superstitious fear have bound the race to creeds that hindered the upward march of man to the larger faith he needs. Fetters of greed and pride have made the race bow down to kings; But the pompous creed and the costly throne must yield to simpler things.

The thought of the world has climbed above old paths for centuries trod;

And cloth and gown no longer mean the "vested power of God." The race no longer bends beneath the weight of Adam's sin, But stands erect and knows itself the Maker's first of kin.

And the need of the world and the wish of the world and the song of the world I hear,

All through the clanging and clashing of bells, this wondrous time of the year;

And I hear a sound like the breaking of chains, and it seems to say to me,

In the voice of One who spoke of old, "The Truth shall make men free."

Schools Should Abolish Test Bogie

By WINFRED BLACK.

The tests are coming again. I can tell it by the color of the Little Girl's cheeks, or rather by the lack of color, and by the hunted look in the Little Boy's eyes.

We used to call them "examinations" in my day, and how we did hate them!

No quaking miscreant ever trembled at the galleys' foot more miserably than I shrank at the door classroom on the morning of examination day.

I hated arithmetic, and knew I wouldn't "pass" in that, so I didn't worry about it.

The worst is always bearable when you know it is the worst and make up your mind to it.

But history I liked, and language and spelling and literature and geography, but what boded that? Not a thing in the world, not a thing.

I could rattle off the presidents of the United States as glibly as the market man rattles off the names of the vegetables on his stand, but let there be some question in the examination about who came from where and I was almost sure to put Lincoln before Washington and John Adams down somewhere with Rutherford B. Hayes.

I don't know a thing about it and don't pretend to, but I should think a teacher could tell by everyday recitations how much a child knows and what grade she belongs in. Why not?

The melancholy days have come, the test time for promotion.

Be gentle with little daughter, mother, when she comes home tearful and easily moved.

Be patient with little son when he is sullen and doesn't answer the moment he's spoken to.

He isn't sulking. He's adding on his fingers under the table.

When daughter starts and flushes at your voice she isn't guilty of some heinous crime, she's just trying to remember what to do when a greatest common denominator doesn't act the way the greatest common divisor thinks best.

It's a matter of something almost like life and death to the little girl to know whether her paper is marked 67 or 73, and you can't expect her to pay much attention to little things like food and sleep and light-hearted laughter.

She's all alone in the dark, poor little thing, and there's a bogie after her, a great, goggle-eyed bogie, with big teeth and clutching hands. Pity, she hears his feet behind her in the room, and his name is "The Test." I do hope she gets away from him alive.



The Season's Garden Party Frock

Has the Usual Ethereal Character

A Great Deal of the Charm of Ensemble Depends Upon the Choice of the Hat.



Summer wardrobe plans include at least one garden party frock, which is usually of an ethereal character almost suited for the ballroom, except that the neck is high, the sleeves long and the characteristic train is absent.

Fashion introduces lovely nets, organdies, sheer voiles and the revived cotton marquisettes for the frock that one will wear when bidden to a lawn fete or for tea on the veranda. In color, white and cream are in the lead, but there are exquisitely flowered fabrics, dainty in coloring and which the young girl will choose in place of the all-white gown.

The illustration shows a French frock of cream net combined with all-over embroidery. The latter is employed for the tabard panel of the front and back of the bodice, and this is elongated to give length of line to the figure.

At the sides the bodice is slashed, and there are introduced wide loops and floating streamers of a cerulean hue whose intensity approaches that of the provincial blue of the Italian sky.

There is no collar, since fashion has done away with the neck covering for youthful frocks.

A great deal of the charm of the ensemble depends on the sort of hat chosen to crown the garden party frock. The one in the picture is a fine straw hat fluted brim of net.

Is There Such a Thing as Luck?

Many People Think So and Carry Netsukis as Charms.

By GARRETT P. SERVIS.

"Is there such a thing as luck, in the common conception of the term?"—A. L. C.

What is the common conception of the term? Doubtless it is that luck means the interference, for or against the person concerned, of some superior, superhuman or incomprehensible power, acting outside the ordinary laws or processes of nature. Taken in that sense, I answer that there is no such thing as luck. But this is merely the statement of my personal, reasoned belief, and it so happens that just at this moment there is brought to my attention a remarkable series of photographs, some of which are here reproduced, which represent, in material form, the contrary belief of a vast number of people, who think not only that there is such a thing as luck, but that it can be harnessed and controlled and carried about in the pocket or hidden from a nockchain or watchchain in the shape of a little ivory, stone, wood, bone or metal idol or image.

The objects herewith shown are Japanese "netsukis," or mascots, carved in ivory or bone, and thousands upon thousands of such things have been made, sold, given away and faithfully carried and devoutly believed in, not merely on the Oriental shores of Asia, but in Europe and America.

The belief in mascots is another form of the belief in demons. You can see that by simply looking over the figures. Many of them, and especially those to which the greatest power is ascribed (as, for instance, the long-armed monkey and the monkey wearing a striped cap and holding a finger in his eye) are clearly intended to represent hobgoblins, like the monsters that we see on mediaeval cathedrals, and which were supposed to be chained there and rendered harmless by their imprisonment within holy precincts. It is an extremely perilous thing to believe that you are lucky. It breeds "the



These netsukis are carved in ivory or wood. Some, like these above, are heirlooms in Japanese families.

haughty spirit that goeth before a fall." It invariably leads to disaster sooner or later, because it supercedes activity and induces carelessness. On the other hand, the belief that you are unlucky is a dose of mental morphine.

Read It Here—See It at the Movies

The Goddess

The most Impassioned Motion Picture Serial and Story ever created

INTRODUCING EARLE WILLIAMS as Tommy Barclay ANITA STEWART as The Goddess

Written by Gouverneur Morris (One of the Most Notable Figures in American Literature)

Dramatized into a Photo-Play by CHARLES W. GODDARD

Author of "The Perils of Pauline" "The Exploits of Elaine"

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Synopsis of Previous Chapter.

After the tragic death of John Amesbury, his protegee wife, one of America's greatest beauties, dies. At her death Prof. Stilliter, an agent of the interests, kidnaps the beautiful three-year-old baby girl and brings her up in a paradise where she sees no man, but thinks she is taught by angels, who instruct her for her mission to reform the world. At the age of 13 she is suddenly thrust into the world here agents of the interests are ready to pretend to find her.

The one to feel the loss of the little Amesbury girl most after she had been spirited away by the interests was Tommy. In a few days, however, he found himself living amid luxurious surroundings in the interests' mansion.

Time in his right brings manhood to Tommy and great expectations to Barclay, who has planned to have Tommy marry into wealth. But Tommy's lack of interest in Barclay's business affairs changes matters. Barclay meets with success in breaking up the match he had really planned. Turned down by the girl Tommy goes to the Adirondacks to forget the affair while there he meets by accident Celestia.

THIRD EPISODE.

"And I feel as if my face were on fire, too," she complained.

"Feverish," thought Tommy with dismay. And then he said:

"Stand still a moment and let me look."

He noticed for the first time the extraordinary whiteness and delicacy of her skin. It was as if she had always been veiled from the sun.

"You're getting sunburnt," he said with concern. "That's what's the matter."

"Oh, the sun," she cried. "The sun! Do show it to me! I've heard so much about it."

"Isn't there any in heaven?"

"How you talk, why heaven is so far off."

"Well," said Tommy, pointing, "that's it!"

"That!" exclaimed Celestia—but she could not look the sun in the face for more than a fraction of a second.

"That!" and she burst into laughing.

"Do you know what I thought that was?" she said.

"Why? I thought, of course, that that was the gate to hell. And so that's the sun, and it's burning my face?"

She touched her face with her fingers and then looked at their tips as if expecting that the burn had come off on them.

"I've got some stuff at my camp that will take the burn out," said Tommy. "Look out for that green stuff. It's got thorns and you can't afford to tear that dress."

They began to climb the eminence on which Tommy's camp was perched and with every step Celestia showed increasing fatigue. He walked a little behind and at one side, now helping her forward and upward with an occasional touch of the hand between her shoulders and now with a steadily maintained pressure.

"Of course I'm not used to walking,"

she said: "I'm sorry. I suppose I'll got used to it."

"If you are determined to push on to New York you will," said Tommy.

His quick ear caught the sudden appetizing cluck of a partridge.

"Let's see if we can get that fellow," he exclaimed. "You sit down and rest yourself, Celestia. Nobody hunts much in these woods, and the birds are tame as chickens."

But Tommy's first move was really the opposite of a move, for he stood as still as he could and listened. Now a partridge or a ruffed grouse, if you give him his right name, is a born ventriloquist.

First the partridge clucked to the right of Tommy, then to the left; then in front of him and then back of him. Tommy walked a few paces and once more stood still and listened. This time the clucking came from directly overhead, and Tommy looked upward in the dense branches of a young spruce tree, and after so looking for a few moments suddenly smiled. And although she did not know what Tommy was smiling at, Celestia smiled, too.

She sat down and leaned against the stem of a birch, her breath coming and going quickly, her great eyes following every movement that Tommy made.

Having located the partridge, Tommy "assembled" his trout rod, and with the end of the line, made a running noose. Then he began very quietly to poke the rod up among the branches of the spruce tree. An interested chuckling attested to the fact that more eyes than Celestia's were on Tommy.

Tommy, his right hand clasping the butt of the rod, his thumb breaking the reel, reached gradually higher and higher until his arm was extended to its full length. He added a few inches to his reach by standing on tiptoe. But even this was not enough. So Tommy bent his knees a little and then jumped.

Before his feet regained the earth a frightful scawking and flapping arose in the spruce tree, and then there was dragged from it what looked like a pinwheel going at top speed.

Hunger is the most cruel tyrant in the world. Tommy's thumb sought and found the base of an egg shell; there was a sharp scratch, one last wild whistling of the pinwheel, and then there was one cock grouse the less in the north woods.

But Celestia looked pointed now, and troubled.

"It has wings like an angel," she said, "only darker."

Tommy was just going to say: "It's got whiter meat than an angel," but stopped himself in time and changed to: "Even people who come here to make the world better, Celestia, have to eat."

And he slipped the dispirited bird into his pocket.

A few minutes later they reached Tommy's camp, and after he had given Celestia a cupful of spring water he cut fresh balsam boughs and made a thick mat for her to rest on, and rolled his coat and some other odds and ends into a pillow, so that she could watch him make the fire and do the cooking.

In the midst of this he remembered that she was suffering from sunburn, and he made her bathe her face in a lotion that smelt of camphor and niter and which burnt a little and then felt cool.

For lunch they had tea, biscuits (one of Tommy's most lamentable culinary failures) and the partridge. Cooked, he no longer looked like the victim of murder, but very beautiful and appetizing.

Celestia ate her full share and then lay back on her balsam boughs and watched Tommy fill and light a pipe.

"Why do you do that?" she asked.

"Wasn't the partridge cooked enough?" Tommy narrowed his eye at her and for some moments didn't answer. Then he said: "I don't know what to make of

you at all. First you say you come from heaven and act as if you did, then you talk and act like a regular girl, then you pretend that you never saw a man smoke before. And then—what are you trying to do to me, anyway? Is that really the only dress you've got in the world? Do you always wear a golden band around your hair with stage jewels in it?"

And then suddenly a light dawned on Tommy, and he smote his thigh in applause of his own cleverness.

"I know what you are," he said. "You're the queen of the movies. You're up here staging a show, and you got bored and let me run off with you for a lark. Prof. Stilliter has had something to do with the scenario. The heroine is supposed to be a little looney. That's you, Celestia—and you're practicing all the time on me. Well, thank heaven, it's only acting. Why, I really thought you were mad as a hatter!"

"No," said Celestia. "I'm not in the least angry. But I'm sure I don't know what you mean, but I like you when you get excited and talk fast and your eyes smile. It rests me."

Tommy shook his head at her and smiled approvingly.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

WOMEN FROM 45 to 55 TESTIFY

To the Merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound during Change of Life.

Westbrook, Me.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and had pains in my back and side and was so weak I could hardly do my housework. I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has done me a lot of good. I will recommend your medicine to my friends and give you permission to publish my testimonial."—Mrs. LAWRENCE MARTIN, 12 King St., Westbrook, Maine.

Manston, Wis.—"At the Change of Life I suffered with pains in my back and loins until I could not stand. I also had night-sweats so that the sheets would be wet. I tried other medicine but got no relief. After taking one bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I began to improve and I continued its use for six months. I am now a different woman. I know I have to thank you for my continued good health ever since."—Mrs. M. J. BROWNELL, Manston, Wis.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled in such cases.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

Make a Study of Your Job Girls!

Dorothy Dix Shows Ambitious Young Women Workers How They Can Get Out of Minimum Wage Class. Real, Burning Heart Interest Counts for Much.

By DOROTHY DIX.

Listen, girls. Do you want to get out of the minimum wage class and into one that gets a comfortable pay envelope on Saturday night? There's a way. It's by studying your job.

And taking a real, burning heart interest in your work.

There's a lot of talk about women not being paid a living wage, and about woman's work not being paid as well as man's work. It's all very sad, and the saddest part of it is that it's the relentless working out of the law of cause and effect, and the reason that women are poorly paid is because so often their work is poor work.

When a woman does good work, when she puts intelligence and energy and alertness and faithfulness into her work, she doesn't have to grumble about her salary. For first-class work she gets paid first-class money.

The great trouble with girls who go out to earn their living is that they don't expect to work but a little while, and so they do not take the trouble to learn their job thoroughly, and they only feel the casual and perfunctory interest in it that one does in a makeshift. They look forward to matrimony as their real career, and so they work with only one eye on their task and the other roaming around in search of a husband.

"What's the use in learning to spell," says the stenographer to herself, "when I won't be in this peppy old office probably more than a year?" "What's the good of bothering my head about learning all about gloves, or laces, or stockings and all the details of salesmanship, when I'll be on the other side of the counter when I catch a husband?" says the shop girl.

"What's the need of speeding up of cultivating my ear and memory so they are super-accurate, when I'll be cutting out all of this 'hello' business when I get a home of my own?" says the telephone girl.

And because they hope and believe that their work is only temporary they do it in a listless, half-hearted way that really isn't worth any employer's good money. They complain that they get little pay. So would any man who turned out the same grade of work.

Believe me, girls, the solution of the minimum wage for the woman's problem is up to you. It will never be solved by law, but you can solve it by making your-



self efficient. That one word "efficiency" measures the distance between success and failure, between a starvation wage and a fat salary.

Do you ever stop and think that the difference between a \$5 a week cook and a \$5,000 a year chef is just the difference between a bad cook and a good cook? The woman who never bothers to learn even the rudiments of her profession, who takes no interest in it, who has no idea of what degree of heat it takes to cook a roast properly, who slams together milk and flour and lard and trusts to luck as to what sort of bread it turns out, will be a cheap cook to the end of her days.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Have More Regard for Appearances.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young girl, engaged, and am employed as a bookkeeper. I had occasion to go out of town with my employer on business, which took about half a day. He invited me to take dinner with him at a restaurant and I went. At another time he was out of town and phoned me to come to him, as he wanted to give me some business instruction. I complied with his request. Was it proper for me to take dinner at the one time and go out of town the second time at his request? Have been in his employ for three years. He is married.

If in the course of business you have to go out of town to meet your employer, you must regard it as part of your work. But be sure to keep in the role of business and not to act as a coquette girl. It would have been wiser to avoid dining with your employer under the circumstances.

Tell Her the Truth.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 20 and have been keeping company with a girl two years older for the last four years. I loved this girl very much for the first three years, and now my love is growing colder toward her all the time, and my salary is small and I must give my parents part of it, because they are poor and old. So I ask you for your advice about this situation. I should tell her and what excuse.

GEORGE.

Your letter is proof of the tragedy a long engagement always brings to the girl.

If you do not love her, of course you must not marry her. So tell her what you have told me, and be sure you never do such injustice to another girl.

Let It End.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I met a girl about two months ago and have thought the world of her. I am 15 years of age and get \$5.50 a week, with a very good future before me. Do you think I love her after only knowing her so short a time? She is 21. My folks discourage me.

YOUTHFUL.

You can't keep yourself on \$5.50 a week. You have not known her long enough. Your folks are right. It is worth to make a man of yourself and forget her.

KA-CHOO

Don't switch a germ-scattering duster. Put 3-in-One on cheese cloth and have a dustless duster. Keeps home bright, clean, sanitary. Gives a fresh look to everything. Try it. A Dictionary of a hundred other uses with every bottle. 10c, 25c, 50c—all stores.

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