

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Earth

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.
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To build a house, with love for architect,
 Ranks first and foremost in the joys of life.
 And in a tiny cabin, shaped for two,
 The space for happiness is just as great
 As in a palace. What a world were this
 If each soul born received a plot of ground:
 A little plot, whereon a home might rise,
 And beautiful green things grow!

We give the dead.
 The idle vagrant dead, the Potter's Field;
 Yet to the living not one inch of soil.
 Nay, we take from them soil, and sun, and air
 To fashion slums and hell-holes for the race.
 And to our poor we say, "Go starve and die
 As beggars die: so gain your heritage."

That was a most uncanny dream: I thought the wraiths of those
 Long buried in the Potter's Field, in shrouded shrouds arose:
 They said, "Against the will of God
 We have usurped the fertile sod,
 Now will we make it yield."

Oh! but it was a gruesome sight, to see those phantoms toll:
 Each to his own small garden bent; each spaded up the soil:
 (I never knew Ghosts labored so.)
 Each scattered seed, and watched, till lo!
 The Graves were opulent.

Then all among the fragrant greens, the silent, spectral train
 Walked, as if breathing in the breath of plant, and flower, and grain.
 (I never knew Ghosts loved such things;
 Perchance it brought back early springs
 Before they thought of death.)

"The mothers' milk for living babes; the earth for living hosts:
 The clean flame for the un-souled dead." (Oh, strange the word of
 Ghosts.)

"If we had owned this little spot
 In life, we need not lie and rot
 Here in a pauper's bed."

Wearing Mourning for the Dead

By DOROTHY DIX.

It is reported that the women of the
 foreign nations now at war with each
 other have been requested by their
 respective governments not to put on
 mourning for the members of their
 family whom they have lost in battle
 because of the psychological effect
 that the sight of black-robed women
 would have upon the public mind.



It is recognized
 that the spectacle
 of a country full
 of women dressed
 in mourning, each
 proclaiming by her
 garb the horrors
 and the dangers
 and heart-breaking
 sorrows of war,
 would kill hope
 and courage in the beholder and still
 further add to the gloom of a situation
 that is dark enough as it is.

Let us hope that out of the hideous
 wreck and ruin that is going on in
 Europe at least this small good shall be
 accomplished—that the wearing of
 mourning for the dead will be forever
 abolished. It is a custom that is in-
 defensible from every point of view. It
 is a gloomy superstition handed down
 from the past, by which we are hag-
 ridden and that is at war with modern
 faith and sentiment and taste and from
 which we should have the courage to rid
 ourselves.

To begin with, the wearing of mourning
 is either an unnecessary formality or a
 shabby mockery. Those who are really
 bereaved by the death of some loved
 one, for whom the breaking of some tie
 of affection has been the tragedy of
 tragedies, need no black uniform to ad-
 vertise their sorrow.

Their grief is written in the dulness
 of the eyes whose brightness has been
 washed away by unavailing tears, in the
 lines that suffering has etched indelibly
 on their faces. No floating crepe veil
 makes such an atmosphere of sorrow
 about a woman as does the presence of a
 living sorrow in her heart.

I have heard people say that when a
 woman lost her husband it was a pro-
 tection to her to dress in black, but the
 woman who is really widowed in soul
 has no need to put on the livery of sor-
 row to set her apart from the gay, the
 foolish and the flirtatious. The sanctity
 of a great grief is about her, and that
 is something before which the dull and
 the stupid and the most brutal do
 reverence.

If the wearing of mourning by those
 who really are heart-broken is mean-
 ingless, how scornful the mockery of its as-
 sumption by those who do not grieve,
 who wear a crepe veil not to hide their
 tears but their laughter. Why should
 a woman clothe her body in mourning
 when her soul is rejoicing? How often
 we see women dressed in crepe at the
 theater, at jolly restaurant parties, at
 teas and receptions, even dancing the fox
 trot.

Understand me. I make no cult of
 mourning. I see no virtue in unavailing
 tears. I perceive nothing but morbidity
 in nursing grief, and in shutting oneself
 away from the sunshine and the bright-
 ness of the world, because a shadow,
 however dark, has come across one's
 pathway. It is cowardice to sit down
 and whine forever over a loss, no matter
 how bitter it has been.

But surely this is the same of bad
 tests for those who have gone back to
 the gynaece of society to still wear the
 insignias of grief upon their backs when
 they have decked their faces out in
 smiles of enjoyment.

They must go on with their own lives
 even after life has ceased to seem worth
 living, and to do this they have put out
 of their minds, as soon as possible, the
 thought of their bereavement.

But every woman dressed in mourning
 is a living reminder to each of us of our
 loss. She opens afresh the grave of
 husband, or wife, child or parent, friend
 or lover. At every step of her way she
 is a missionary of sorrow, and for this
 reason, if for no other, women should
 cease wearing mourning.

The practical aspects of the case are
 equally convincing. Doctors will tell you
 that the wearing of mourning is most
 unhygienic, and is the cause of the nerv-
 ous breakdown of many women. They
 are grief-stricken by the death of their
 dear ones, and they visualize their loss
 and keep it perpetually before them in
 the somber garments they put on, and
 this adds to their depression until the
 physical reaction often ends in serious
 illness of mind or body.

Why should we put on black to adver-
 tise to a cold and careless world that
 one we loved has died? Why should we
 remind others of their loss? Nobody wants
 to do it. Every woman shudders at the
 thought of donning the funeral garb.
 It can do no good to those who have
 passed into the great majority of eter-
 nity, and who, if they can see us, must
 smile at our nursery.

We wear mourning just because we
 are slaves to a convention that we have
 lacked the bravery to break away from.
 May the war give us courage to do so,
 and do away with the mourning garb.

The Goddess

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 Story Ever Created.

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The Home Terror

By GARRETT F. SERVING.

His scientific name of *Scutigera Por-
 cepe*, which seems to mean, in its twisted
 Latinity, "the shielded, or bucklered,
 pincher." His everyday name is the House
 centipede, and that also is tarred with
 Latin—and with or-
 der, too, for he
 hasn't really got a
 hundred feet or
 legs, although he
 has got enough of
 them to make any-
 body jump when
 they are all flut-
 tering at once, in
 a mass of motion,
 like the trembling
 appendages of an
 artificial spider
 formed of wire
 strings.



A full-grown
 house centipede, from the ends of his
 antennae to the ends of his longest rear
 pair of legs is about five and a half
 inches in length, while his breadth
 measured in a similar manner, is nearly
 two inches. But, perhaps nine-tenths of
 the enclosed space is nothing but air.
 A centipede is five inches long in the
 same sense that a wire fence is four feet
 high. His legs are graduated in length
 from three-quarters of an inch to two
 inches and a half. His thin, flat, grayish-
 yellow (a fighting color) body is from
 an inch to an inch and a half long. There
 is a fringe of fifteen legs on each side of
 the body, the hind pair being twice as long
 as the longest of the others. These legs
 are furnished with spiny hairs at the
 joints, which make them so much the
 more repulsive. They move in unison
 with a wave-like undulation, which also
 gives you a creepy feeling. The creature's
 head is relatively large, and furnished
 with powerful jaws, that inflict a pain-
 ful bite, which may be poisonous, but
 rarely has a serious effect on human
 beings.

In houses the beast prefers bathrooms,
 but sometimes hides behind furniture,
 and when dislodged dashes out with sur-
 prising rapidity, "often," says Mr. Mar-
 shall, of the entomological bureau, "dart-
 ing directly at inmates of the house,
 particularly women, evidently with a
 desire to conceal itself beneath their
 dresses." It seldom bites unless cornered,
 and a little ammonia removes the irrita-
 tion, except in rare cases.

In-Shoots

People who take pride in saying just
 what they think generally think mean
 things most of the time.

There is something wrong with the life
 program of the individual who cannot
 smile before noon.

The man who falls to land on the re-
 form wagon when out of politics is apt
 to be near his earthly finish.

When a woman who has married the
 man to reform him completes the job
 he is usually an uninteresting subject.

It is better to go it blind than to wait
 forever to be sure that you are right
 before going ahead.

Celestia refuses Tommy's plea to leave her new home.

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Synopsis of Previous Chapter.

After the tragic death of John Ames-
 bury, his prostrated wife, one of Amer-
 ica's greatest beauties, dies. At her death
 Prof. Stilliter, an agent of the interests
 kidnap the beautiful 2-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 16 she is suddenly thrust into the
 world where 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 Barclay.

SIXTH EPISODE.

Tommy's first aim was to get Celestia
 away from Stilliter. After they leave
 Bellevue Tommy is unable to get any
 hotel to take Celestia in owing to her
 costume. But later he persuades his
 father to keep her. When he goes out
 to the taxi he finds her gone. She falls
 into the hands of white slavers, but
 escapes and goes to live with a poor fam-
 ily by the name of Douglases. When their
 son Freddie returns home he finds right
 in his own house, Celestia, the girl for
 which the underworld has offered a re-
 ward that he hoped to get.

"Hold on, Freddie: I was kiddin' you,"
 Freddie returned.

"You mustn't kid me. It drives me
 crazy. I shouldn't wonder if I could find
 her for this lips trembled at their own
 audacity" fifty."

Sweeter's face did not even show sur-
 prise.

"You take me to where she is," he
 said, "and I'll give you the fifty."

A dull spot on Freddie's brain tried
 to make him say, "all right, come along,"
 but a bright spot suddenly intervened
 and made him say, instead: "Alright,
 I'll find her sure."

"If you'd asked me that first I could
 have told you. But now I have forgotten.
 But it'll all come back to me."

Next Freddie went to Mrs. Baxter's
 home. A taxicab was drawn up at the
 curb and the front door was ajar. Freddie
 simply walked into the house. There were
 voices in the front parlor. Freddie simply
 stepped to the heavy portieres, which
 served the front parlor as a door, and
 stood listening.

"So help me God, I have told the
 truth!" Mrs. Baxter was saying, and
 Freddie judged she was crying.

"So help me Gaud-Mister-Mister-
 what did you say your name was?"

"Barclay."

"Mr. Barclay,"

"You see," said Tommy, "I got hold
 of the cab that you brought her here in.
 That's how I found that she was with
 you. I don't know if women like you ever
 tell the truth, but I am inclined to be-
 lieve you this time, Mrs. Baxter. Now,
 where in thunder can that poor child
 have strayed to?"

"Mr. Barclay, I wouldn't worry if I
 was you. She came to no harm with me,
 and I'm as bad as they make 'em."

"You don't know men!" exclaimed
 Tommy, bitterly.

"I don't know what? What I know
 about men that you don't know, Mr.
 Barclay, would fill the latest encyclopedia
 from cover to cover. Me not know men!
 I like that."

"Look here," said Tommy. "I believe
 you do know men and lots of other things.
 What would you do in my place?"

"I'd offer big money for news of her.
 Money acts quicker than lightning."

"Why," said Tommy, "I'd give \$1,000
 just to know that she was safe."

Freddie, the ferret, stepped into the
 room from between the portieres.

"She's safe!" he said, with fine dramatic
 instinct.

"Safe!" cried Tommy. "Where is she?
 You've seen her? Who is the young man?"

"He's called Freddie the Ferret," said
 Mrs. Baxter, "because he often finds
 things that other people can't. But,"
 she lowered voice a little, "he ain't to be
 always relied on; he's sort of half-witted."

But Freddie's bright spots were all on
 quill vive for once.

"I see her," he said; "a terrible man
 was just going to bust her over the head
 with a table leg, but she give him one
 look, and he beat it."

"Where is she?"

Freddie shook his head.

"She was safe when I last seen her,"
 he said, "but I don't know where she
 is, and I'd have to hunt for her. Didn't
 you say you'd give something just to
 know she was safe?"

"I did," said Tommy, "but I don't
 know she's safe. You find her and take
 me to her and you shall have a thousand,
 and more, too."

"You'll get twenty-five from me," ex-
 claimed Mrs. Baxter, "poor as I am."

A bright spot in Freddie's brain made
 the following calculation: \$50 plus \$1,000
 plus \$2 equals \$1,052, and more, too." A
 dull spot was for saying:

"Come along. I know where she is."
 But, as before, a bright spot intervened.
 "Where can I find her, quick?" said
 Freddie.

Tommy gave him his card.

"All right," said Freddie, "you'll hear
 from me soon," and he swung impor-
 tantly out of the room.

He had a new proposition now. How
 to take Sweeter. Mrs. Baxter and Mr.

Barclay all to Celestia at the same time,
 so that he could get all the money. This
 new proposition required very patient
 thinking, and he walked on and on with-
 out considering in the least where he was
 going. After a long time he sank down
 on a bench in Central park and took a
 nap. Sometime he dreamed of solutions
 to difficult problems. But he didn't think
 of them. He was waked by a hand on his
 shoulder.

"Why, Freddie, what are you doin'
 hereabout?"

"Dunno," said Freddie, what are you
 doin', O'Gorman?"

"Me, I'm looking for a beautiful young
 lady in a white dress, with a band of
 jewels across her forehead."

Freddie laughed aloud.

"Another!" he exclaimed. "What do
 you get if you find her?"

"I get a good bit, Freddie, and any
 one that finds her for me and tells me
 first gets half of it."

"I can find her," said Freddie.

"You've done queer things. Well, if
 you do, it's a go. You take me to her
 and we'll share and share alike."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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