

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Read It Here—See It at the Movies.

The Goddess

By Gouverneur Morris and Charles W. Goddard

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Synopsis of a series of chapters.

After the tragic death of John Amesbury, his private secretary, one of America's greatest beauties, dies. At her death, Prof. Stilliter, an agent of the International Business, the beautiful, great-old beauty, and brings her up in a paradise where she sees no more. But that is not the end of her story. She is taken to a mansion to reform the world. At the same time, a beautiful young girl, the girl who was the subject of the story, is taken to a mansion to reform the world. Fifteen years later, Tommy goes to the Adirondacks. The interests are responsible for the trip. By accident, he is the first to meet the little American girl, as she comes forth from her paradise as Celestia, the girl from heaven. Celestia recognizes each other. Tommy finds it all very queer to see Celestia from Prof. Stilliter, and they hide in the mountains, later they are pursued by Stilliter and escape to an island where they spend the night.

Tommy's first aim was to get Celestia away from Stilliter. After they leave Stilliter, 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 slaves. But even so, she is able to live with a poor family by the name of Douglas. When their son, Freddie returns home he finds right in his own house, Celestia, the girl for which the underworld has offered a reward that he hoped to get.

Celestia secures work in a large garment factory, where a great many girls are employed. Here she shows her peculiar power, and makes friends with all her girl companions. By her talks to the girls she is able to calm a threatened strike, and the "boss" overhearing her is moved to grant the girls what they wished, and also to right a great wrong he had done one of them. Just at this point the factory catches on fire, and the work room is soon a blazing furnace. Celestia refuses to escape with the other girls, and Tommy Barclay rushes in and carries her out, wrapped in a big roll of cloth.

The wife of the miners' leader involves Tommy in an escapade that leads the miners to lynch him. Celestia saves him from the mob, but turns from him and goes to see her.

TWELFTH EPISODE.

"Stilliter was her teacher, and one other man."

"What man?" asked Tommy.

"His name doesn't matter. Just before it was time to bring her to earth, he—well, they caught him trying to make her kiss him, and ever since then he's been dead."

"Her memory tells her of no physical life or wants, only of a wonderful, incapable disembodied serene state of happiness and holiness. There was a voice—to which all bowed down in worship. That voice told her at last that she must depend to earth and do as she—has done."

"What an extraordinary story!" exclaimed Tommy, "but incredible."

"No," said Mary, "not in the least; extraordinary, if you like; but not incredible. You don't know Stilliter. Her name before they took her to heaven and named her Celestia was plain—Amesbury."

At that name a host of old and poignant recollections flooded Tommy's mind. For the second time he sprang to his feet.

"My God," he cried, "my little Amesbury girl. Of course she is. A hundred times I've been on the verge of that knowledge—and yet because it was impossible that she should be—the definite knowledge never really came to me. For heaven's sake!"

"Now do you believe me?" asked Mary, coldly.

"I must, Mary. But how did you find this out?"

"It doesn't matter. I wormed it out of somebody. Now, what will you do?"

"I'll go down to Celestia and tell her about herself, and shake her faith in herself."

"You'll need proofs."

"You think so? I'm not sure. Are there any?"

"I can't produce any. But—"

WOMAN IN BAD CONDITION

Restored To Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

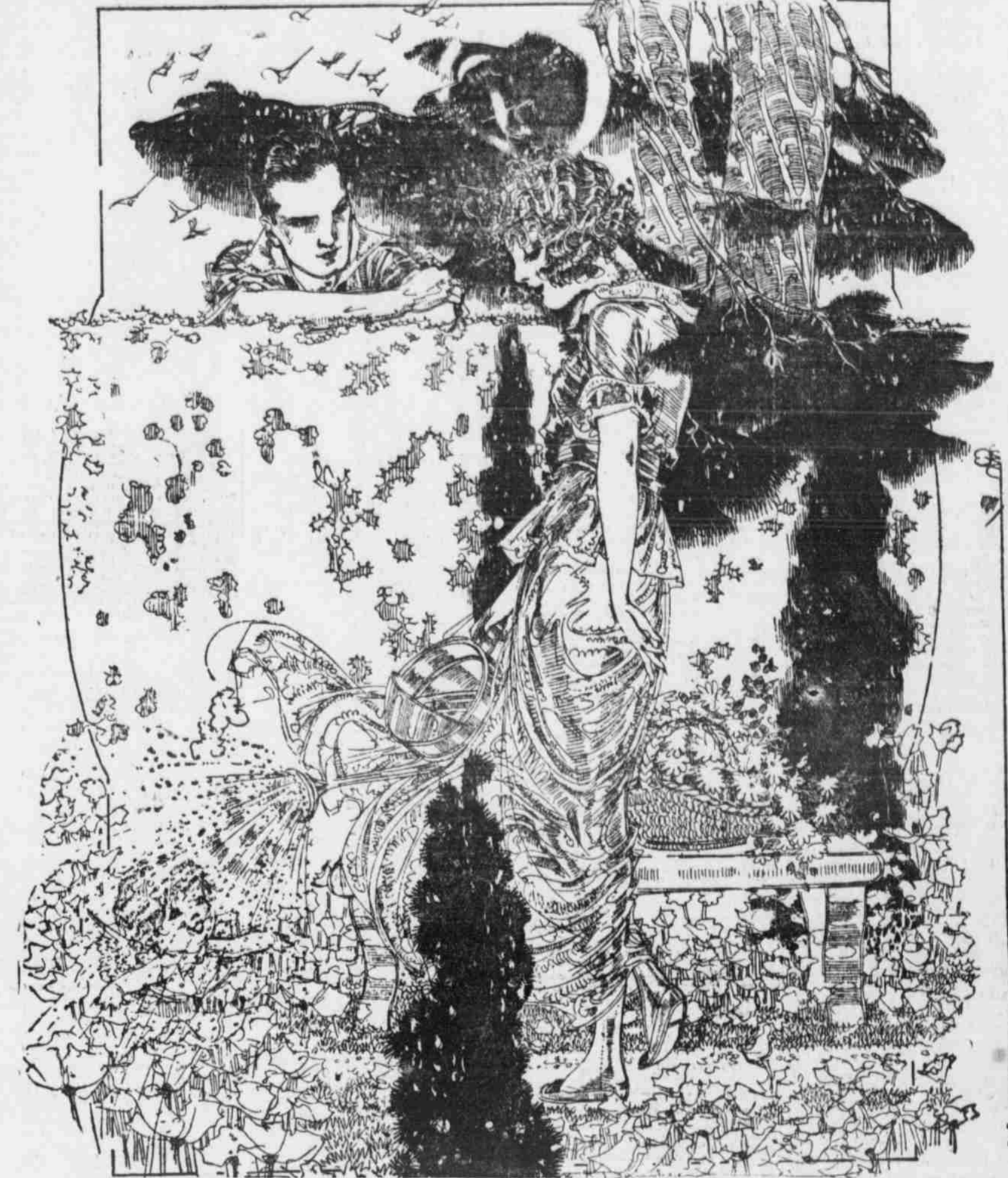
Montpelier, Vt.—"We have great faith in your remedies. I was very irregular and was tired and sleepy all the time, would have cold chills, and my hands and feet would blot. My stomach bothered me, I had pain in my side and a bad headache most of the time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me lots of good and I now feel fine. I am regular, my stomach is better and my pains have all left me. I can use my name if you like. I am proud of what your remedies have done for me."—Mrs. MARY GAUTHIER, 21 Ridge St., Montpelier, Vt.

An Honest Dependable Medicine
It must be admitted by every fair-minded, intelligent person, that a medicine could not live and grow in popularity for nearly forty years, and to-day hold a record for thousands upon thousands of actual cures, as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, without possessing great virtue and actual worth. Such medicines must be looked upon and termed both standard and dependable by every thinking person.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

"Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary—" ::

By NELL BRINKLEY
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"Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow," Mornin' Mary—thought I'd just lean over your hedge a minute to ask my same old question! How does your garden grow? Months ago I gave you some slips of Dreams. Slips from my own big Dream-tree. And you promised you'd plant them in your garden and give them a bit of sunshine and rain. You promised, and though you are contrary, you never break your word. Oh, Mary, how're the Dream-slips coming on. Don't go pink and turn your back. Some day you'll dig 'em all up and come to my garden to live when the Dream-slips blossom full.

"Mary, Mary, White Dream-slips, Quite contrary, And red Two-lips, How does your garden grow? And Dan at the head of the row."

—NELL BRINKLEY.

Women Made Rediculous by the Fallacy of Youth

By DOROTHY DIX.

The cult of youth has become an obsession with us," said a middle-aged woman, who is brave enough to still celebrate her birthdays. "The papers teem with columns of advice about how to keep young. Our mails are loaded down with circulars advertising all sorts of systems and exercises and physical culture and lotions, each guaranteed to keep us young if we will only use that particular specific against the encroachment of age.

"Of course, even the most ardent advocates of perennial youth realize that you can't keep the body forever young; that in spite of all the massage and cold cream and gymnastics in the world we are bound at last to acquire crow's feet, and gray hairs, and stooped shoulders.

"Then they tell us that if we can't be young physically, we must keep young mentally. So we are adjured to associate with young people, and to keep on reading and studying, and going about so that we won't get wrinkles on our faces.

"Now I am one of the few who don't regard age as a curse, or even as a disgrace that you must try to conceal from the general public as long as possible. I don't even feel that growing old is a misfortune. Personally, I have enjoyed my lovely morning of youth. I have revelled on my busy, hard-worked noon-time of life, and I look forward with nothing but pleasure to a tranquil, quiet twilight of age when I can fold my hands and say that I have done an honest day's labor, and that it is ended, and I have earned a right to rest.

"But that is not the popular way to look at the age question. The general view is that we must keep young at any price, or at least try to fool the world into thinking that we are young, and the result is grotesque, as well as pathetic.

"Take, for example, the old women who

her corsets off, and her bedroom slippers on, and a good old-fashioned novel, instead of rushing from a restaurant to a theater, and the theater back to a cafe. But she doesn't dare to do it because she's got to keep young. She's afraid to indulge herself in the luxury of getting old.

"And perhaps the saddest thing about these women is that they have to accept the conversation of youth. Fancy a sensible woman of 55 or 60 having to tell her eyes and fables inanities at boys young enough to be her grandsons. It makes me sick to think of it. And yet every day I see some superannuated old flirt trying to act gay and giddy with men and pose as a charmer.

"Such women are disgusting, they are the greatest bores on earth, and yet if they only had enough courage to be their age, and talk like their age, they'd be interesting. Any woman who has lived fifty or sixty years has had enough of the vital experiences of life and seen enough of the world to make her worth listening to, if she is only not so afraid of dates that she expurgates everything worth while from her conversation.

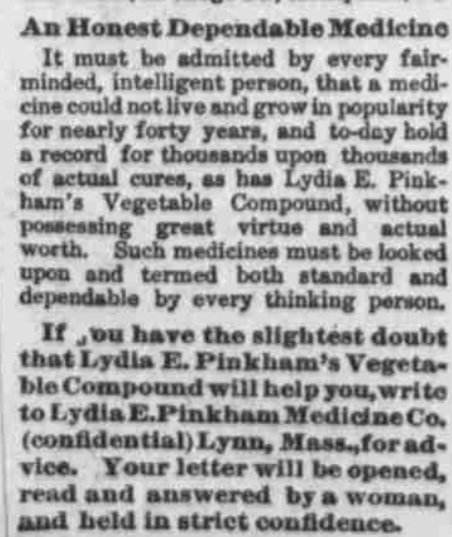
"That's one side of the tragedy of trying to be young when you are not young. There is a tragedy of the other side also—the tragedy of the people who are the

real Peter Pans of life, the people who never grow up in spirit, but whose bodies grow old.

"I know a woman like that, too, a pathetic old creature who is just as keen about going to every sort of amusement as any debutante, who is as avid of pleasure as a child.

"She wants to wear pale pinks and blues and flower-wreathed hats, because spiritually she's 15 instead of 50, and she keeps her family in a perpetual state of alarm, because, although she's crippled up with rheumatism and deaf and half blind, she's always giving them the slip and going off on some impossible excursion from which she is brought back in a state of physical collapse. And the way she frets against the limitations of age is pitiful.

"That is why I think the cult of youth is all wrong. Age is inevitable, and it seems to me that the wise thing is to welcome it as a friend instead of fighting against it as an enemy—for it is an enemy that is bound to conquer us in the end."



Lydia E. Pinkham

Advice to Lovelorn : By Beatrice Fairfax

Meaning of Wedding Rings.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I expect to be married soon to a young lawyer. I want him to wear a wedding ring. He said it is not the custom for men and he will not wear one.

I asked him why the women are compelled to wear a ring after their wedding and men not, and he said because women used to be slaves in the olden times, and that was why we have to wear wedding rings.

I think that men ought to wear wedding rings as well as the women. Your opinion will be greatly appreciated.

L. A. B.

The wedding ring actually is a survival of the barbarous times when men bought their brides. However, it is not thought of that way today, but is considered an endlessness of love's circle. The double ring service is very beautiful, and an increasing number of men gladly wear the token of their marriage. Women are not compelled to wear wedding rings, but are glad and proud to. Unless a man wants to wear this symbol of love I should not ask him to do so.

Most Improper.
Dear Miss Fairfax: A young lady, engaged, goes out bathing with her sister. While they are on the beach two young men they do not know, start a conversation with them. Was it proper for either or both of the young ladies to continue this conversation for half an hour? The engaged young lady states she sees no harm in it. I claim that this amounts to a flirtation, and that a young lady should speak to no gentleman, whom she does not know, or to whom she was not properly introduced.

Neither the engaged girl nor her sister should have engaged in a conversation with two strange men. It lowered their dignity in the eyes of the men with whom they so casually flirted—and it certainly was unworthy of their womanhood.

Making Life Beautiful

By ADA PATTERSON.

Yes, it can be done. Life can be made more beautiful, for each of us, by each of us.

I agree with you that life presents some sharp, ugly edges of actuality. But it is, at worst, like a jagged rock whose edges are hidden by a graceful carpeting vine. So some of the hardest facts of life can be softened by the twining tendrils of fancy. Its sharp surfaces and dun colors can be hidden by the brilliant tints of poetry.

Do not be impatient at the word poetry, practical man or woman who reads this. You may say very honestly that you hate rhymes. But you may be a poet without knowing it. A poet is one who sees the beauty in common place things, and translates them into a fine glow of appreciation of that beauty.

If your eyes filled while you watched a mother's faded eyes follow the son, taking train that day to the city to seek his fortune in that maelstrom where opportunities and temptations whirl past in equal numbers and with the same dizzying rapidity. If you saw the beauty of her self forgetfulness in giving the boy his chance even though she had a promise that she would never see him again, you are a poet for you have seen the beauty in one of the common-places of life. Try to find the beauty in every aspect of life. It is there. Seek it and you make life more beautiful.

Make life more beautiful for your son by placing an illuminated adage above his desk. For your office boy by placing a print of a good picture where his too often roving eyes will fall upon it. Not one of the traveseries from the comic sections. Not a pair of American athletes pummeling each other within a scrap of an inch of their lives. Place somewhere near his desk and frequent nose a little reproduction of a marine view. The ship with full sail on a smooth sea will feed his sense of beauty and stimulate his imagination in right directions.

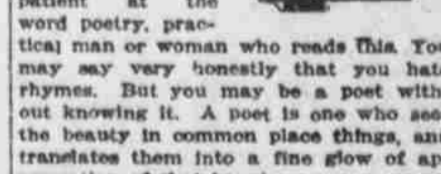
When all employers have grasped the truth that men and women work best when they are happy and that they are happier when they are within clean, fast surroundings, employers will banish dust and grime and will place their workers beside windows from which they can glimpse field or mountain, river or sea, or the far blue sky. Or, if these essentials are denied, there may be cheap, but good prints or mottoes pointing the way to some of the beauty of life. Convince a commander of a working army of this truth and he will spend hundreds of thousands of dollars in the surrounding of his workers inspiring and he will be "in pocket" by the experiment.

A word of appreciation can make the day glow with beauty. Tell a man of work well done. Tell a girl that the sun and fresh air have made her as fresh and wholesome as a daisy and you will not only have made beautiful her day, but you will have encouraged her to continue the sun and air baths that will make of her good, a sweet natured and a vigorous woman.

Appreciate that word of appreciation that is spoken to you about your own efforts, but don't expect it. This is a busy world and the busy folk in it may let an opportunity to speak such word pass. Strike the keynote of your own day and live up to that note. You have known a musician who asked you to name a chord for him, and, when you said, for instance "C-F-G" he built upon, emboldened, endlessly adorned the motif with his art and his fancy. So strike the note of your day by some fine thought.

He was a benefactor to humanity who invented the calendar where in a stimulating thought of some annotated thinker is revealed to you every day of a man's life. It is quite safe to take the pitch of your day from a key thought of Dickens or Robert Louis Stevenson, or Sir James Barrie or Arnold Bennett. Let the thought run through your day and color it with its hues, redeem its darkness, beautify it.

You can make your life beautiful. I care not who you are nor what your life is ugly or beautiful according to our thought of it. You like one person and dislike another. Outwardly they seem like enough, but within they are different. The difference is one of thought. What really matters is the thought life.



Ada Patterson

Resinol cleared away every pimple!

At least once a day—usually twice—I bathed my face for several minutes with plenty of Resinol Soap and hot water and applied a little Resinol Ointment very gently. I let this stay on for ten minutes or so, and then washed it off with Resinol Soap and more hot water, finishing with a dash of cold water to close the pores.

I was astonished how quickly the healing Resinol medication soothed and cleansed the pores, and left my complexion clear, velvety, and free from pimples.

Physicians have also used Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap for 26 years in the treatment of various burning skin-eruptions. Sold by all druggists; for retail free, write to Dept. 15-2, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.