

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Gold Witch

Being the Adventures of a Golden-Haired Heiress
No. 11—Surprises Are Not Always Unpleasant

By Stella Flores



The little Gold Witch did not go to next afternoon, which was Sunday, some of their main topic of conversation was their ideal. The Gold Witch had little think of Tom. And she had not seen

the big department store dance. But the of the girls came to tell her about it, new floorwalker. All agreed that he was interest in the new hero. She could only him for a year.

The next morning she was amused dressed up as much as the rules would that floorwalker! She smiled to herself day was nearly over when one of the girls The Gold Witch turned, and found herself

to find all the girls in the store were allow. So many things they said about to think how his ears must burn. The nudged her. "There he is," she said, facing Tom!

Beauty

Frances Starr Talks on Magnetism



Miss Frances Starr.

By MAUDE MILLER.

Such a dear, bewitching native little lady is Miss Frances Starr, who is playing in "The Secret," which such distractingly pretty ways and so much real common sense back of it all.

"I think beauty is based on a process of evolution," she said, smiling up at me with her whole heart in her eyes. "That is, we seek beauty, beauty is youth, and eternal youth is gained through one thing only, mental activity. So to begin at the foot of the ladder to work our way up, we must first keep mentally active—this will keep us young, and with youth in our possession beauty will too eagerly crown us with her laurels. All this means that we cannot approach beauty directly—it is like a problem in algebra. If x equals y and y equals z, then x equals z."

"That is just the trouble with most people of today; they all reach out for beauty; they must have it immediately at any cost; they are not content with a roundabout process and consequently they never really attain it. Immaturity is the result, not youth in its truest, sweetest meaning."

"And now the secret of learning how to keep mentally active? Oh, yes, I believe absolutely in secrets. I think a beauty secret is valuable simply in its suggestion. You know if a person has a beauty secret and believes in it implicitly, a benefit of some kind is bound to be the result."

"And so, my secret of keeping mentally active is simply this: Be interested in everything, no matter how trivial. Make up your mind to see good in every thing and to be able to deduce something of personal importance to yourself in everything modern and up to date. This will give you an interest in affairs of the

light. On other occasions his next task was to light a fire. By sheer force of habit he gathered together some sticks and bits of paper and arranged them in the grate. But the task was likewise to him. It was absurd to seek any degree of comfort for the few minutes he had to live. Better end it at once. Moreover, the storm was sweeping up over the East End with such marvelous speed that the lightning now played through the tiny room with dazzling brilliancy, and the wretched candle burned with blue and ghostlike feebleness. The cold of the house, too, began to strike chill. He was so exhausted from hunger that if he did not eat soon he would not have the strength left to carry out his dread purpose.

He sprang erect with a mocking little laugh, picked up the candle and the piece of rope and climbed the stairs. He paused irresolutely at the top, but, yielding to an overwhelming desire, went on and stood at the side of the bed on which his mother had died. He fancied he could see her lying there still, with a smile on her wan face and unspoken words of welcome on her lips.

A flood of tears came and he trembled violently.

"I am coming to you, mother," he murmured. "You told me to trust in God, but I think God has forgotten me. I don't want to live. I want to join you, and then, perhaps, God will remember me."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Getting Out of the Ruts Onto New Roads

By ADA PATTERSON.

Are you making new thought paths this year?

Have you driven along a country road just as the winter was "breaking up"? Then you will know exactly what I mean.

The ruts of that road have grown too deep, "hub deep" a farmer will tell you, and he will add that it is a risk to the wagon bed to drive longer in the old ruts. So, with a mighty bumping and thumping and grinding, he swings laboriously out of the old road and makes a new one. He starts new tracks and the wagon wheels roll lightly and easily along them. If the ruts of our thought paths have grown too deep that is what we must do with our minds, turn to the right or left, form new paths, avoid the old, worn ruts.

We will know that they are too deep if we find our thoughts recurring too frequently to one subject, if our friends

tell us we dwell too much on one theme, if we and others begin to suspect that we are one—there are institutions filled with strange eyed people who have submitted to the tyranny of one idea, that we are religiously riding a hobby. It is possible to determine that we are wearing too deep paths in one direction, as we can see at a glance the great gashes the too frequently travelling wheels cut into the soil of a roadbed.

I know a woman who has been thinking too much about money. It is possible to do that even in this age of cruel competition and the unrelenting pressure of necessity upon our heels. The woman's thoughts would turn from a conversation about the sewing circle, about her sister's orphaned children, about the weather, about the last tidbit of neighborhood scandal, to the subject of her bank account. People had begun to look significantly at each other when some one broached economy. A too frank neighbor told her she was tipped on the subject and another neighbor's governess talked of "obsession." There was much reason for the woman being interested in economy. Her long life had been a tollsome one. She had had, by way of a horrible example, a spendthrift father.

the kind of a man who takes things so easily that all the rest of the family had to take them heavily to keep the family, including himself, out of the almshouse. This type was photographed in the once popular song "Everybody Works but Father." Yet years afterwards when our own fortunes were established and we were further entrenched by a permanent habit of saving, the woman realized that the pendulum had swung too far. She realized that the habit had become too deeply rooted, that its root was a taproot, drawing from her conversation, her thoughts, her interest in all else.

She resolved to drive her mental wagon in new tracks. She knew that one way to avoid thinking of a subject is to stop talking about it. Since the new year no one has heard her speak the word "savings" nor heard a single reference to her last savings bank deposit. There is no danger that she will swing to the other extreme. The thought paths are too deeply worn to become ineffaceable. Nor would we wish them to be. But they are less often traveled and close beside them are faint, new thought tracks. She had joined the Women's Civic Progress club in her town. The club has made her a

member of the committee to devise ways and means to prevent truancy of school children. It was she who suggested that children run away from school because they were ill nourished at home, and not having food enough in their stomachs to withstand the drain of study, they ran away to avoid the study. She had been arranging for an early first recess luncheon of milk or coffee and sandwiches for the little ones and is enjoying the fine glow of consciousness of work well done. Before the end of the year the thought tracks will be deeper, and if these tend to become too deep she can drive out and form new ones. The best road is the wide one, and the best mind is that which responds readily to many themes.

Another woman who has been twice married and twice divorced dwells continuously in thought upon the inconsistency of men. She believes that too common trait is universal. If she is a guest at a wedding, she pities the bride because she sees her smile fading into anguish at the bridegroom's prospective unfaith. If a girl, her heart, overflowing with her happiness, tells of her engagement, the woman tells her she must

choose between the lonely road and the certainty of heartbreak and humiliation visited upon every wife by every husband's polygamous propensities. The woman tars all the world of men and women with the brush of her own sorrow. She needs to get her wagon out of the rut, to lift it upon fresh ground and guide it along new tracks. She might try one of the accomplishments, the music of which she was so fond in youth, the amateur photography that has long attracted her, gaining a reading knowledge of French or German, or Spanish or Italian, but if she have not the opportunities or inclinations for these accomplishments, there is always the public library and the crushing closure of her bitter memories. Better than any of these, it would be to become interested in the cares or griefs of a different nature than her own. She would better give comfort to the woman whose worthy husband is dying, or to the child who is orphaned or the mother who is bereft.

Begin today. It is not too late. Every day is New Year's day when there is a wise facing about to be done.

THE 50 DIAMONDS BY LOUIS TRACY

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Philip Anson is a boy of 15 years, of fine education and good breeding, but an orphan and miserably poor. The story opens with the death of his mother, killed virtually by sorrow over the death of her husband two years before, and subsequent want and suffering. Rich relatives have deserted the family in their hour of need, and when his mother's death comes Philip is in despair. He looks over his mother's letters and finds that he is related to Sir Philip Morland. A few days later a terrific thunderstorm brews over London. At the height of the storm a flash of lightning scatters a team attached to a coach standing in front of a West End mansion. Philip, who has become a newsboy, rescues a girl from the carriage just before it turns over. A man with the girl trips over Philip in his excitement. He cuffs the boy and calls a policeman. The girl pleads for Philip and he is allowed to go after learning that the man was Lord Vanstone.

those against him who would have assisted him. For two days he was chosen to act as van boy for a parcel delivery firm. He earned a few meals, but in a fit of aberration induced by the sight of a lady who was dressed in a costume similar to one he remembered his mother wearing at Dieppe, he allowed a ham to be stolen from the rear of the van. This procured his instant dismissal with threats. Then he sold newspapers, only to find that every good site was jealously guarded by a gang of roustabouts who mercilessly bullied any newcomer. Personal strength and courage were unavailing against sheer numbers. His face was still swollen and his ribs sore as the result of being knocked down and kicked at Ludgate circus; at Charing cross next day he was hustled under the wheels of an omnibus and narrowly escaped death. So he was driven into the side streets and the quiet squares, in which, during three of four days, he managed to earn an average of eightpence daily, which he spent on food. Each night he crept back to the poor tenement in Johnson's Mews, his breakfast "home" amidst the solitude of empty stables and warehouses. The keeper of a coffee stall, touched one night by his woebegone appearance, gave him some half-dried coffee grounds in a paper, together with a handful of crusts. "Put 'arf that in a pint of water," he said, looking critically at the sodden mess

of coffee, "an' when it comes to a lile let it settle. I'll surprise you to find 'ow grateful an' comfortin' it tastes on a cold night. As for the crusts, if you bake 'em over the fire they're just as good as the rusk's you buy in tins."

This good Samaritan had repeated his gift on two occasions, and Philip had a fairly large supply of small coal, sent to his mother by the colliery company, so his position, desperate enough, was just bearable had he but sought to accustom himself to the new conditions of life. There was a chance that his wild broodings would have yielded to the necessity to earn a living and that when next a situation was offered to him he would keep it, but the occurrence of this stormy night had utterly shaken him for the hour. He was on the verge of lunacy.

As he passed through the dark archway leading to his abode the desolate stable yard was fitfully lit by lightning, and in the distance he heard the faint rumble of thunder. The elemental strife was beginning again. This was the second and more disastrous outbreak of the evening of March 13.

Although he was wet to the skin he was warm now on account of his long and rapid walk. When he unlocked the door another flash of lightning revealed the dismal interior. He closed and locked the door behind him. On the mantelpiece were a fatting candle and some matches. He groped for them and soon had a

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