

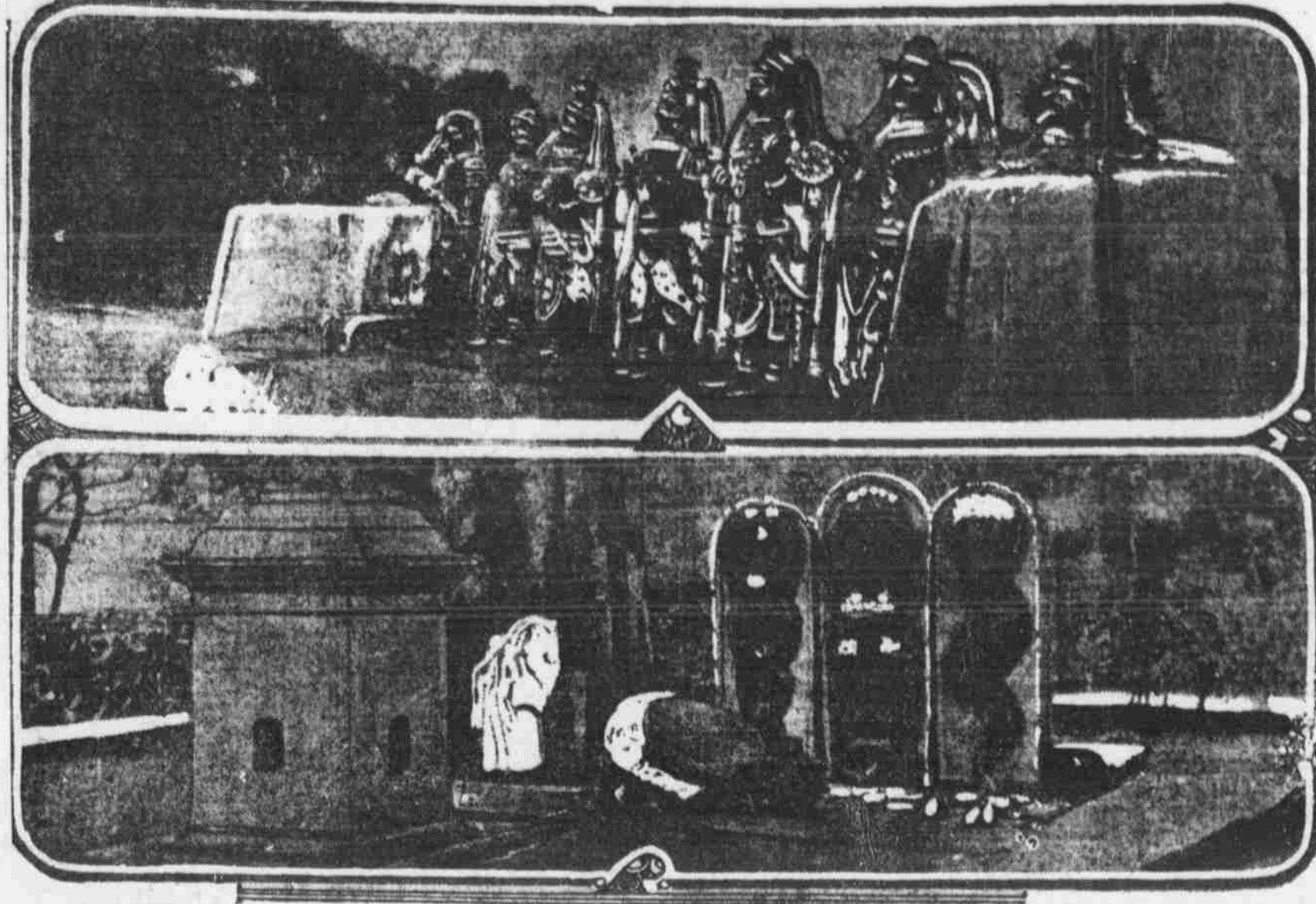
The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Worshipping King Cobra

A Startling Commentary on the Brutal Influence of Ancient Superstitions and Uncorrected Ignorance in One of the Oldest Inhabited Lands of the Globe

By Garrett P. Serviss

Seven Gods on a Raised Altarpiece in Southern India.



Kneeling Before the Snake Goddess in Southern India.

Look at the photographs here of the strange gods in India, and then reflect upon the fact that these things have their uncounted thousands of devout worshippers now, even now, who we are apt to think that the light of science and free intelligence has penetrated all parts of the inhabited world.

Superstition and its mother, ignorance, have relatively lost ground, but still they control, in the aggregate, almost as many million minds as they did a century ago. No man can find a better proof of the world's crying need of education, education in the broadest and most liberal sense, not in any narrow sectarian sense, than is furnished by a glance at these pictures of what actually exists today in southern India, one of the oldest inhabited quarters of the earth.

The peninsula of India hangs down from the vast belt of the Himalaya ranges, the highest mountains on the globe, like a great funnel, and that funnel is filled and packed with humanity, tracing its origin back to the earliest recorded time. The Hindoo people, according to the opinion of the anthropologists, are our own blood cousins, belonging to the root stem of the conquering and civilizing white race.

These repulsive Indian idols thrill the souls of their worshippers with a mystic sense of some menacing power possessed by the image itself. India contains one of the most evil creatures in the entire range of the animal kingdom, the dreadful cobra-diecapello, the very Chan of venomous serpents, to whose fatal bite about 2,000 human beings fall victims every year in Hindustan, as the annual statistics of the government prove; and it is but natural that the image of this fearful snake should find a conspicuous place among the idols worshipped by the ignorant natives. Carved in stone, or bronze, placed upright against the front of an altar, the snake goddess of southern India, with its trembling worshippers bowing down before it, with their faces in the dust, offers a type of human unreason and abject superstition that should act like a trumpet call to all those who would help, however little, in the great work of educating the world.

Fashion

Two Charming Styles Fully Described by Olivette So That You Can Copy Them



Hanneton gabardine is used to develop this delightful spring dress, on the left, for the young girl. And Hanneton means, in simple English, "Maybug," which in nowise detracts from the beauty of the frock.

The kimono bodice has a three-quarter sleeve, finished by a high cuff made of two bands of the material and trimmed with two horn buttons, and undersleeve of white linen, cherry-dotted, is bordered by a softening edging of tulle. Deep plaits are laid over each shoulder. The same linen makes a pretty rolled collar above a vest of the linen and net.

At the back the material is folded into a high standing collar, and from this falls a straight panel.

The belt is of white leather, fastened by three buttons of cherry-colored enamel.

The skirt is a one-piece model, straight at the back, and has an apron front formed of deep box-plaits.

This study, on the right, in black and white, combines simplicity and distinction in equal parts.

The bodice is a simple blouse of heavy silver white faille. Two points of black velvet are united to form the pointed revers, and are held over the shoulder by rhinestones. An ostrich feather band borders these revers, crossing the chest in a slightly lifted line.

The skirt is a one-piece model, draped up at the hip line to suggest the pannier drapery. Bands of white ostrich feathers hem the gown, following the line of the rounded train and the high slit at either side.

Many charming color schemes will suggest themselves—silver gray with orchid velvet, deep cream with American beauty, wheat yellow with vanilla brown, or rose and old blue would be very lovely—but for sheer charm we recommend the combination of the softest silvery Nile green and a dull leaf green velvet.

If the price of ostrich feather trimming is prohibitive, try fluted ribbon or a ruche of soft chiffon. The shade of this puffing should always be a soft pastel coloring or white, like the original model.

OLIVETTE.

THE PROFESSOR'S MYSTERY

by WELLS HASTINGS AND BRIAN HOOKER WITH ILLUSTRATIONS by HANSON BOOTH COPYRIGHT 1911 BY THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

You Can Begin This Great Story To-day by Reading This First

Prof. Crosby casually encounters at a suburban railway station, Miss Tabor, whom he had met at a Christmas party, both being there for the Ainsleys. On the way they trolley is wrecked, near the Tabor home, and there Crosby goes to spend the night. After retiring he is summoned and turned out, to find accommodations at a nearby inn, no explanation being given. He encounters Mr. Tabor in a heated debate with a rough looking Italian the next day, and learns the Italian is one Carucci. Later at the Ainsleys he meets Miss Tabor again, and they are getting on familiarly, when Dr. Walter Reid, Miss Tabor's stepbrother turns up, and carries her off home. Crosby is warned he must not try to see Miss Tabor again. He persists, and is invited to accompany her on a midnight trip to the city, where they rescue Sheila, Miss Tabor's old nurse, from the effects of an assault committed on her by Carucci, who turns out to be Sheila's husband, in escaping from the city with Sheila, they have a brush with the police, but avoid being detained or identified. This gets the newspapers into the game, and one of the reporters, who comes closest to the trail, turns out to be Maclean, an old pal of Crosby's, who is persuaded to supply the Tabor name, and to assist in clearing up the mystery. In the meantime Crosby has gotten into the good graces of the Tabor family, has learned that it is Margaret who wedded Dr. Reid, while he is in love with Miriam, who answers to the family pet name of Lady. He and Maclean locate Carucci working with a gang of grauers near the Tabor home, and manage to stir up quite a row with him, when Sheila intervenes. Crosby returns to the Tabor, where he gets into an intimate conversation with Mrs. Tabor, only to be interrupted by Lady and her father. As a result of the conversation that followed Lady is left with her father, who seems unduly excited, while Crosby and Mrs. Tabor go to have a smoke and talk over the situation. Tabor explains that his

wife's health has been shattered since the death of a daughter several years prior, and that conditions are becoming unbearable. Carucci is the storm-center, and they agree that he must be gotten rid of. Sheila is to help Crosby go back to town and encounter Maclean, who has dug up some information as to Carucci. Maclean explains the situation, that is leading up to the solution of the mystery. It involves a visit to a spiritualistic seance, which Crosby makes under Maclean's guidance. It develops the medium pretends to produce the spirit of Mrs. Tabor's dead daughter, the wife of Dr. Reid. Leaving the seance of the seance, Crosby sees Carucci on the street and follows him to a drinking place, where the Italian meets Dr. Reid and a giant, and drinks are served for three. It becomes apparent that Reid has a scheme on foot for Crosby notes that Carucci's drink is drugged, while neither of the others is drinking. A large roll of money is handed to Carucci, who collapses and is carried out. The giant comes back with the money and gives it to Reid. Crosby accuses Reid, and they quarrel. Reid has planned to have Carucci shanghaied; Crosby meets Sheila and tells her what has happened to her husband. She tells him of the death of Miriam Tabor and her infant child; and lays the blame on Dr. Reid, who she says on the telephone by Tabor, and goes to her more than a doctor. While Crosby is puzzling over Sheila's story, he encounters Mrs. Tabor, who tells him Mrs. Tabor has started for town alone, and asks Crosby to keep track of her. Crosby encounters Mrs. Tabor and goes with her while she keeps an appointment with the man Reid had twice taken secretly to the Tabor home. After the interview Crosby takes Mrs. Tabor to the depot where he encounters Sheila, and to her he gives his charge. On calling the Tabor home by phone, he gets hold of Dr. Reid, who seems put out by what Crosby learns. Crosby encounters the mysterious stranger about to enter a train to go to the Tabor, and follows him.

Now Read On

CHAPTER XXI. Concerning the Identity of the Man with the High Voice. (Continued.)

Seventy-ninth and Eighty-sixth streets blurred past without a sign. There a little beyond the latter I caught sight of the local, and gradually we drew alongside. He was still there, drumming idly on the windowpane with his white fingers, and looking disinterestedly straight across at me. I had a momentary impulse to conceal my face, until I remembered that he had never seen me. So for a second we stared at each other, puzzled and puzzled, the one utterly unconscious of the other. My train passed forward with increasing speed, while I counted the cars—one—two—three—he was in the fourth. Either he must come into Ninety-sixth street or get off at Ninety-first; and the chances were in favor of my finding him still in the train at Ninety-sixth.

I got out there, crossed over to the local platform, and waited. When the train came in, I was opposite the fourth car. The center seat was empty, and I sought in vain among the passengers thronging to the doors. Then I hurried back ahead of the crowd, and from before the ticket window ran my eyes again over the platform to make sure. Well, he had left the train at the last station; it was a question of seconds. I was in the street above in less time than it takes to tell it, and swung myself recklessly aboard a passing south-bound surface car, but a stream of trucks and automobiles blocked the track; and before we passed the next corner I jumped off and ran. Three blocks I went at the top of my speed, my breath growing shorter at every stride. And then, nearly a block away from the westward, I caught sight of the silk hat against the reddening sky.

back to you in an hour. Where do you live?"

"I told me in a dazed sort of tone, and I was wavering on my way almost before he had finished. The wheel ran abominably hard, and was so much too low for me that my knees barely cleared the handle bars; still, it meant all the difference between losing the brougham altogether and being able to follow it easily. All the way down to the fifties it led me, and eastward beyond Madison avenue, halting at last before a rigid-looking domicile whose lower window displayed a strip of ground glass with the legend: 'Immanuel Paulus, M. D.'"

Somehow, the name was indefinitely familiar, as the face had been. I wasted no time in surmise, but went straight up to the door.

"Was that Dr. Paulus who just came in?" I asked the maid. She looked me over cautiously.

"Who was it wanted to see him, sir?"

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Our teacher asked us to rite a essay on Ambishun & I asked Pa just what was the meaning of the word Ambishun. Dident yure teacher tell you? sed Pa. No, I sed, she told us to look up the word in the dickshunary & then rite a essay on it. I cudden find the dickshunary in the library, I toald Pa, so I asked you.

Well, sed Pa, I think it wud be a grate deal better if you let me rite yure essay for you, but if you think you can git away with it yureself, I will tell you can git the word meene & see how well you handel the subject. Ambishun meens determinashun to make yureself bigger & better than you are at present. It meens reaching out, striving for sumthing that is not at present within yure reach. It is not always a desirable thing to have, sed Pa, beekaus no less a man than William Shakespeare sed onst, wen he was talking to Oliver Cromwell in an English gin mill, Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away Ambishun.

never knew Oliver Cromwell. The Cromwell that Shakespeare ment in his play was Cromwell the servant of Cardinal Woolsey. Shakespeare made Cardinal Woolsey say that line to his servant. Deer me, sed Ma, you are getting thicker with every passing year.

Well, sed Pa, be that as it may, I am outlining to our littel son the reel meening of the word. Now go ahead, Bobbie, & rite a essay on the word Ambishun.

So I went to the library & this is what I rose.

Ambishun is one of the noblest traits of the human mind. Ambishun is what makes the soldier go forth to battel. It is what bids citizee. It is what makes grate biddings, grate ships & grate industries. Without ambishun, man wud be like a toad inside a mass of stone, neether able to move nor caring to move. Without ambishun Caruso wud still have been a Italian laborer, Harry Lauder wud still be a coal miner, Lillian Russell wud still have been jest a nice, pretty blond lady & the champion prize fight wud still have been a gentlemen.

Wanderlust

By CONSTANCE CLARKE.

A long stretch of road 'neath a sky half asleep. And the heart of a gypsy astirring in me. The call of the wild in the call of the deep. The longing to know and to feel and to see. To read in the stars with a catch of the breath. The laws of the infinite, measureless, vast; To feel through a life but the mystery of death. To know in the present the thought of the past. A road stretching into the great faraway. Pale stars still a-dream on an amorous sky, The call of a bird wheeling out on the gray. A chill in the breath of the wind rushing by. A stir like the rush of a far distant sea. The birth of a day with the night scarcely gone. The heart of a gypsy astirring in me. The call to be up and set away with the dawn.

To Regain a Healthy, Girlish Complexion

If you would have a clear, fresh, girlish complexion, one ounce of ordinary mercuro-lized wax will aid you in this direction more than she'ven full of cosmetics. It produces a natural beauty, completely absorbs a bad complexion, revivifies the healthy young skin underneath. Its work is done so gradually, day by day, that no inconvenience is caused. The wax is applied at night, like cold cream, and removed in the morning with soap and water.

Another valuable rejuvenating treatment—for wrinkles—is to bathe your face in a solution of powdered salicylic acid, dissolved in 4-pt. witch hazel. This has a remarkable action in smoothing out the lines and "firming up" the loose tissue.—Advertisement.

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