

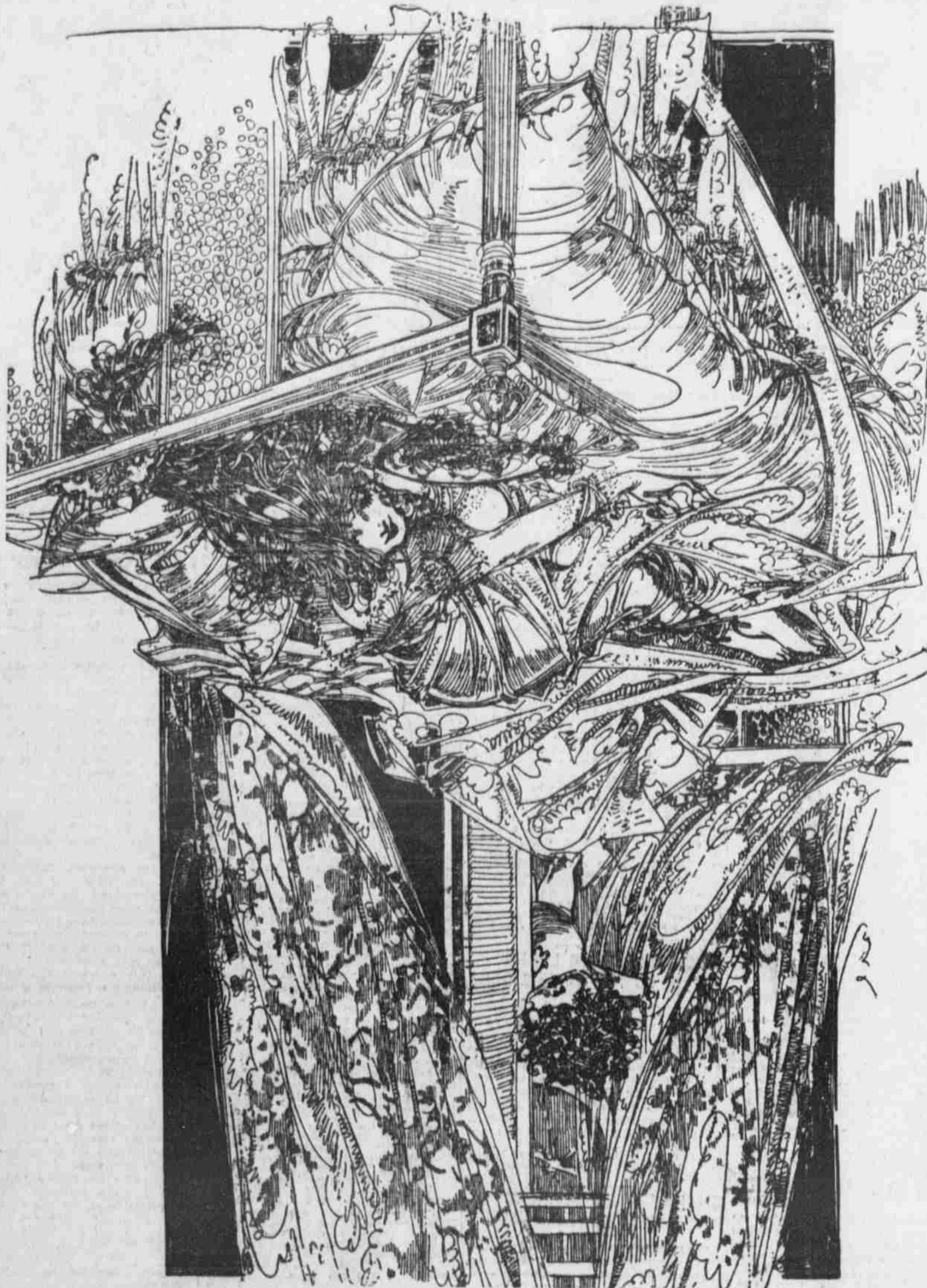
The Bees Home Magazine Page

"A Thief in the Night"

By Nell Brinkley
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Two Charming Paris Styles

Fully Described
by Olivette



AND THE VERY FEARFULLEST KIND



White net over white pongee makes this charming early summer model for the young girl's wear on the left. The blouse is a kimono with short sleeves that finish above the elbow. Two shaped flounces are used to ornament the sleeve.

The V-shaped décolletage is outlined by a soft frill of Valenciennes lace.

Wide ribbons of sailor blue and tango shades form a simulated bolero, which is in truth nothing but a girde. This has a huge finishing bow at the back of the waist, and a small basque of tango cliffon cloth falls over the waist line.

A second basque of Valenciennes is rounded at the back.

From the bolero line of the girde in front falls a bunch of grapes in bowls of white Irish lace.

The net skirt is gathered simply at the waist and is puffed at the bottom by a small shaped flounce.

The underskirt of white pongee opens in a

deep V at the foot, where the fullness of the net frilling shades the line of the slit petticoat.

This charming tea gown on the right is evidently inspired by the quaint costumes of the Regency periods. It is developed in blue and light green moire taffeta.

The bodice is a kimono trimmed in a fichu of Malines lace, which falls in a deep point at the back, crosses in front and passes again to the back, where it fastens. A huge tassel of green silk finishes a passementerie ornament and falls from the shoulder. A circular flounce finishes the elbow sleeve.

Above the skirt there is a draped belt of taffeta.

The skirt itself is drawn in at the back with a decided tightness about the knees, above which the material falls in a lengthened bustle effect. Two circular flounces trim the bottom of the skirt with a decided upward slope at the back.

Passementerie forms simulated pockets at the back.

—OLIVETTE.

Opportunity

By Elbert Hubbard

By ELBERT HUBBARD
The greatest sonnet ever written by an American is the one entitled "Opportunity," by John J. Ingalls.
Master of human destinies am I,
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late,
I knock unbidden, once at every gate.
If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before
I turn away; it is the hour of Fate,
And they who follow me reach every
state.
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save Death, but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore:
I answer not, and I return no more.

Paul, going down to Damascus to persecute the Christians, was stricken with blindness, and when he recovered sight he saw things he had never seen before. It was a pivotal point in the career of Paul—also a pivotal point in the history of the world.
A few months ago the papers were full of news from Portugal. Revolution was rife, and the leader of this revolution, feeling positive that the tide had turned against him, committed suicide, when, lo! instead of disaster, victory was pounding on the gates, and his colleagues and comrades swept on over his dead body to the success which their leader had not foreseen.
Cato committed suicide on the eve of victory.
Over and over again we find men ready to give up at the pivotal point when, if they had just kept on one day longer, opportunity would have burst in the door.
On June 18, 1865, across the battlefield of Waterloo strode at least two big men. One was an Irishman and the other a Jew. Indeed, whenever anything special is happening you will always find an Irishman and a Jew around somewhere.
The Irish are psychic, but this time Arthur Wellesley, duke of Wellington, did not know whether he was beaten or not.
Nathan Rothschild heard the army of the allies singing as they built their camp fires. No French were in sight. Young Rothschild made a guess that the Irishman had won.
He pulled his saddle girth two holes tighter, mounted his horse and rode to tidewater, eighty miles, before the sun rose. He gave a note to a man in a fast sailing sloop, who carried this note across the channel and gave it to a messenger waiting on the other side.
This man sprang upon his horse, galloped away and carried the note to London, sixty miles, in four hours.
The note was to the brothers of Rothschild and contained three words, "Buy English securities."
They bought with all the money they had and all the money they could borrow. They stretched their credit until it was ready to explode. They bought at 4.
The official post followed twenty-four hours later with the news that the Corsican was in flight. English securities doubled.
This was the pivotal point for the career of the wonderful Rothschild.

It was also a pivotal point for the human race.
It was also a pivotal point in the career of Arthur Wellesley, the Irishman. It fixed his name in history for all time.
Some years ago in San Francisco lived two clerks who had a talking match with their employer. One of these clerks was an Irishman, the other was a Jew. They gave the old man advice unasked for, and he very promptly and properly fired them both.
It was a pivotal point for these two men.
They went down into Chinatown and started a store, employing only Chinese clerks. Whether they evolved pistills I cannot say, but both of them learned to

talk in Chinese and had the epigrams of Confucius at their tongues' ends.
They began to import Chinese goods and sell them to American stores. Later they moved over to China, and they now practically control all Chinese importations.
It was a pivotal point that made the fortunes of these young men—a pivotal point idealized, realized and seized upon.
Are things going bad with you? Well, see them up, look them in the eye, and then right about face. It may be a pivotal point in your career.
Everybody is "down" at times. The desirable thing is not to let the mood become chronic. Then, when opportunity arrives, seize it, and slide, glide and dip successward.

Poetry must not be dissected, analyzed and put under the slide in the hope of finding in it exact and concrete truth. The value of poetry lies in its suggestion, inspiration, not in what it says, but in what it makes you think.
The truth is, opportunity does not knock once on each man's door—it plays a regular tattoo continually, and because you miss one opportunity is no reason you will not catch the next.
One of the greatest things Herbert Spencer ever wrote was an essay entitled "The Law of Pivotal Points."
Down through the ages there are events that have changed the history of the world. For instance, something happened on April 15, 1776, when the British marched out of Concord—and not all of them marched back again.
In the lives of individuals there are pivotal points. We grow by leaps and bounds, by throes and throbs.
There may be long stretches of fallow time when seemingly nothing is accomplished. Suddenly, behold! we take a journey, we meet a person, we read a book, we hear a lecture. Loss comes to us in the way of fire, disaster, death, and forever after we are different per-

sons.
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The Bell Buoy

By LILIAN LAUFERTY.

Oh many a maid as her boat skims by
Clings close to her lover's side;
"As the bell buoy peals to the far blue sky
Does he chant for those who died?"
And every lad as he shortens sail
Smiles if he love her well;
"The buoy is bidding our love All Hall!
To the tune of a wedding bell."

But still I chant and peal alone,
There on the waters grim;
I cannot laugh—I dare not moan—
Tho' the sea tear her from him.
Perhaps as for her my voice a prayer—
Perhaps as a wedding bell;
And he, who thought my message fair,
May find it ocean's knell.

And still I clang and call o' nights:
"Sailor, shoal is nigh!"
For I must sound to nearing lights
Where hidden dangers lie.
Restless never and ne'er at peace,
My voice must ever swell
With peal on peal that may not cease
For dirge or wedding!

The Thief of Love :: Good advice to a girl who that a married man loves her

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"I am 22, and am very much in love with a married man of 40. He does not love his wife, and says if I will marry him, he will divorce his wife. I cannot live without him. What shall I do?"

SUE.

This is one of many letters, all of the same purport, that lie before me. They are the saddest letters I am asked to read. The one hope in connection with many of them is this promise at the end of "Beesie's" letter:

"Tell me what to do. I want to do right. I promise to do just as you say."
Oh, all you little girls who love a man who has sworn at the altar "to love, honor and cherish" another woman "until death do us part," won't you stop and promise your struggling little souls right now to do "just as I say?"
And I say: Root this thing out of your life absolutely and utterly now and forever.

There are three people concerned in this sad triangle of wandering love. Let us consider them one at a time.

First the wife. Ten or fifteen years ago she was young and pretty and caught the fickle fancy of the "light of love" man who now turns his attention to you. She gave him her youth, her energy, her love and made him the focussing point of her hope and dreams.

Do you dare walk to happiness—if happiness it would prove for more than a fleeting moment—over the corpse of her love?

Taking your happiness over a dead body

isn't a pretty picture, is it? The thing you are planning to do is uglier and more hideous than that. It is the murder of love and hope in another woman's heart.

If you are selfish enough to be willing to do that you surely will consider your own happiness carefully.

Would you start across the ocean in a leaky boat that had once sunk in a little harbor voyage? Especially if it had an incompetent captain?

You laugh at the absurdity of this—but it is exactly what you are planning to do. The man who is letting his own "Ship of Matrimony" sink isn't a safe captain for your voyage.

The man who turns from the wife who has given him body, soul and spirit will turn from the girl who has only one of these to give. Even if you are sure you have the highest and best love to give, why risk it on a man who shows how little he appreciates such gift?

If the wife who won him honorably can't hold him, how can you, who took him when he was in honor bound to another woman, hope to keep him loyal to you?

Some day he will see a face that is younger and fresher than yours and that has the mystery and charm of the unattainable. Then you will lose him exactly as you galled him. And you will not have the consolation of the world's sympathy and comfort as had the wife from whom you stole him. Sneers and jibes and cruel taunts will wait for the thief of love who was not a clever enough trickster to hold her stolen property.

Not that he is worth holding—this man who managed somehow to falsely win

the love of two good women.

For I know that you are good women. All you little Sues and Beesies and Graces, who have been so grossly cheated into thinking that base desire is love, and good women you must remain.

Stop and consider the man for whom you are ready to risk so much. Even if he did marry you (and I sadly doubt if he means to) could you ever trust him? Wouldn't you feel that his weakness and disloyalty were part of him and a constant menace to your happiness. Of course, you would, for your common sense must tell you that there is a quality of shame and falseness and deceit in the nature of a man who had made love to you when bound to another woman. You would be wearily and warily waiting for the inevitable day when he would tire of you and go off on another dishonorable wooing.

You would awake to the fact that this man didn't want, wasn't worth and couldn't understand a good woman's best; and all women want the man they love to call out the best in them.

Save your best for the right prince who is surely coming. Don't behold him with burnt out fires of a dishonorable love in your heart and with the disgrace of that love shackling you to a "past."

You want your future, little girl. In being a married man's sweetheart there is a shameful present and a future of regret.

Send your counterfeit lover back to his duty and wait for lasting happiness. For as surely as you sow in another woman's tears you shall reap a harvest of sorrow in your own bitter tears.