

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Kitty Courageous

The Thrilling Adventures of a Tomboy

-By Stella Flores-



"Oh, Miss Kitty!" screamed the maid into Kitty's ear, awakening and startling her. "There's a were-wolf out in the dove cote!" "Nonsense!" replied Kitty, as she sprang out of bed and rushed to the door as fast as she could, telling the maid to call for Tom, Kitty's brother.

"Well," said Kitty to herself, as she listened to the racket, "there's something in there."

As Kitty entered, a large white animal sprang at her, placing its forefeet on her shoulders. For a moment she was almost frightened, but she noticed something in the semi-darkness that made her laugh to herself. "No were-wolf ever wagged its tail," said Kitty.

"I'll just tie you up," she said to the intruder, and in a jiffy she had the animal securely fastened.

Just then Tom, her brother, arrived. "Marie calls it a were-wolf, but I think it's a collic," said Kitty. "You're right," said Tom. "It's Colonel Gordon's champion that was lost. You get \$500 reward. Huh!" he muttered, "some people have all the luck."

The Wisest Man

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Much men study, and much men write; And more men utter, and little men know. But the wisest man looks in for his light And sees for himself where the path should go. And the path should go through the forest of faith And blaze its trail to the brink of death. Many the rules that wise men give, To make us see what is right and wrong; But the wisest man is the one who will live By the law of love as he goes along. And he goes along through an endless May, Though Winter is rampant, who lives this way. Many the names the Great One wears: "Om," and "Logos," and "Holy Ghost"; But the wisest man is the one who cares Least for titles and loves the most. And he loves the most whose heart is aflame For the Mighty Maker who has no name. Many the creeds that wise men make, Based on "Mus'n't" and towered with "Must"; But the wisest man is the one who will take A simple religion of love and trust, For love and trust will carry men through Whatever the Fates or the Furies do.

The aim of the New York Institute for Psychological Research is truth—not cold material truth, but that which brings mental and spiritual unfoldment.

For four years we have met monthly, holding to no creed, but as individuals, men and women of pure, unbiased minds, seeking true manifestations of immortality and soul-illumination. We have had many remarkable demonstrations when we have felt the silent, subtle, inspiring truth of the oneness and universal harmony of all souls.



The president of this society says: "Our meetings, held in our lodge rooms are marked by dignity and a pervading spirit of sacredness. Great and lowly men and women alike find here the universality of mind, and we abide, for the brief time of each meeting at least, in the spirit of love and goodness, touched by souls that have gone on and upward."

"We differ from the London Psychic Society and other scientific (material) bodies, inasmuch as we do not seek material evidence, either solely or primarily, and also in that we are an open body—free to all."

"We have found much fraud and exposed it; we have found great truths and glorified them."

This is but one of innumerable societies all over our land organized for similar purposes—the purpose of finding spiritual illumination, to aid humanity in this life and to give it larger encouragement to look forward to the next sphere of existence with hope and joy. Surely we need not call this age a material or an ungodly one. We are in the dawn of the most wonderful spiritual era of the world. And America will be the center of the new golden age.

Quite recently nearly seventy people gave a whole afternoon to the discussion and thought of matters spiritual and benevolent. These people were of ages ranging from twenty to seventy, and they represented intellect, fashion and toil. There were men of power, women of high social position, people who had achieved things in many lines of endeavor, and others who lived more humble and obscure lives. During that whole afternoon the room where they congregated seemed to be alight with the pure flames of unselfishness and love of the creator and humanity.

No thought that was selfish, mercenary, base or unkind could have lived in that atmosphere. Such meetings must give a new impetus to right thinking and right conduct. Such companies of individuals may be found in the heart of our great cities all over the land. The people who compose them go forth to work, to make money, to attend social functions, to dance and to amuse themselves in the world of men, but the whole tenor of their lives is benefited and their impulses are elevated by these meetings.

Concerted thought on any subject is a mighty power.

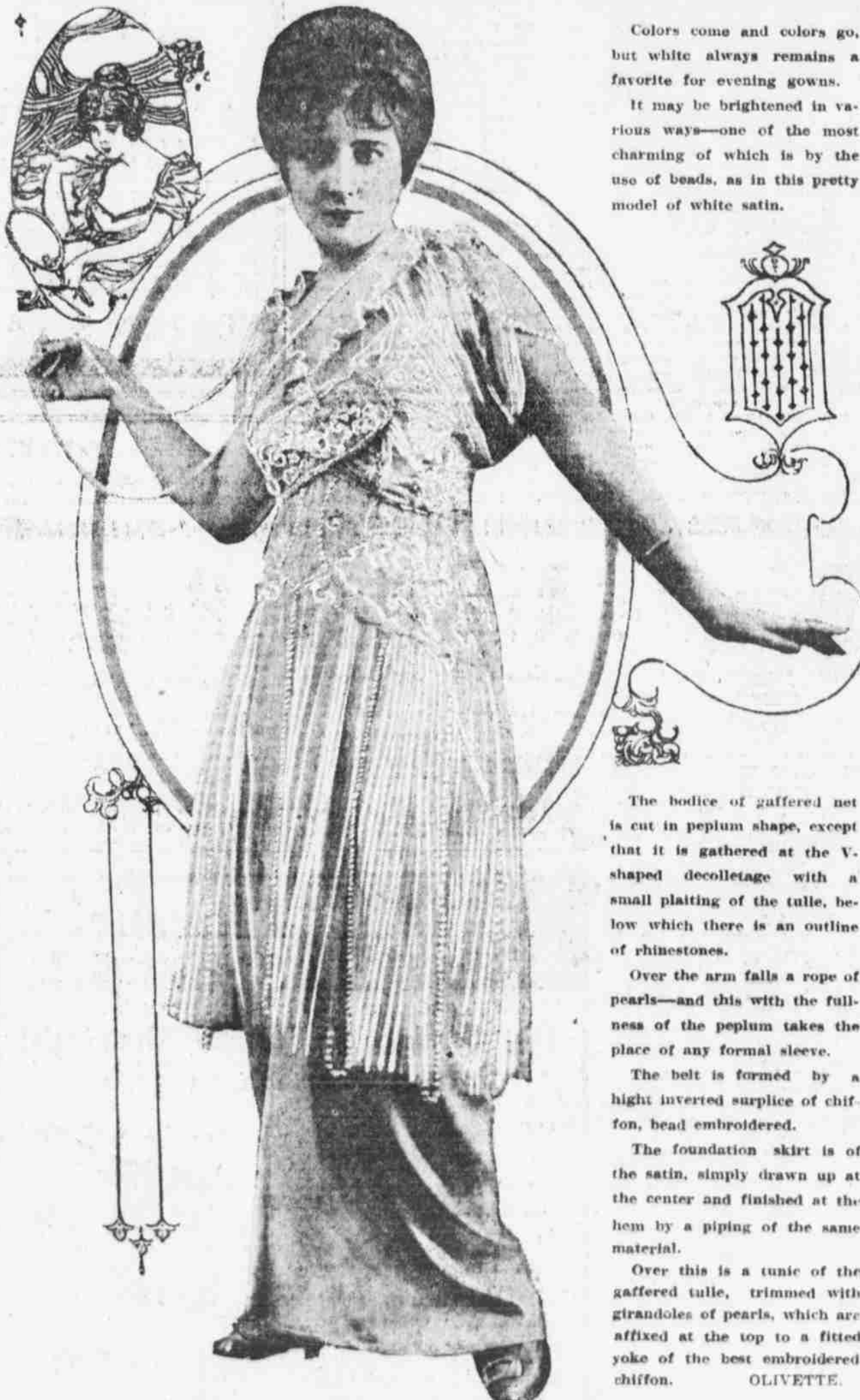
Our meetings are open to all who can bring with them— and attract—goodness, sweetness and love of nature and God. In this way we have shown many hundreds of aching hearts, young and old, the path to peace and life. H. SPENCER LEWIS.

The letter quoted above was written in reply to a query about the aim and methods of the New York Institute for Psychological Research. Much is said and written in these days of the ungodly and unspiritual state of humanity. A missionary of Africa who has been absent from America a score of years recently exhausted his vocabulary of uncomplimentary phrases regarding the material and unholy condition of the American people.

We had all gone mad, he said, over tall structures and fast speeding vehicles. He believed the simple savages were more spiritual minded than we, despite our lofty church spires and costly edifices of worship. It has become the custom to talk in this way. Yet never was there such a spiritual age as this before, and never were there on earth at one time so many people seeking God and longing for individual knowledge of Him as now. The greatest number of earnest intellectual seekers for a worthy god are in America. In the Oriental lands there are wise seers and adepts, men who have given their entire lives to the study of occult truths. But their wisdom has done little for the masses, for those masses are bound by superstition. Superstition which includes the blood offerings of fowls and animals at certain holy festivals and the perpetration of vermin and insects to propitiate the gods is not spirituality. India is honeycombed with such superstition. Yet the greatest knowledge of high spiritual truths is to be found in the old religions of India and among the few adepts and masters living there today. But in America, while we have fewer masters and adepts, we have many more intelligent and educated people who are breaking away from old traditions and are earnestly and patiently seeking for knowledge of immortality. In many of the tall structures, which are so often spoken of as a symbol of our ungodly ambitions, are rooms where weekly meetings are held for just such purposes as the letter above describes.

A Fashion in White

Described by Olivette



Colors come and colors go, but white always remains a favorite for evening gowns. It may be brightened in various ways—one of the most charming of which is by the use of beads, as in this pretty model of white satin.

The bodice of gartered net is cut in peplum shape, except that it is gathered at the V-shaped décolletage with a small plaiting of the tulle, below which there is an outline of rhinestones.

Over the arm falls a rope of pearls—and this with the fullness of the peplum takes the place of any formal sleeve.

The belt is formed by a high inverted surplice of chiffon, bead embroidered.

The foundation skirt is of the satin, simply drawn up at the center and finished at the hem by a piping of the same material.

Over this is a tunic of the gartered tulle, trimmed with grandioles of pearls, which are affixed at the top to a fitted yoke of the best embroidered chiffon. OLIVETTE.

Queen Summer

By LILIAN LAUFERTY.

The Summer is coming With piping and drumming And courtiers and pages to marshal her train. And the ocean waves breaking, The sands, thirst a-slaking, All welcome the queen who is nearing again.

The blue sky is smiling, The sun's heart beguiling, While tree tops are tossing their pennons of green; And Spring coaxes flowers In hedges and bowers To join in the chorus, "All hail to the Queen!"

A bridemaid is Springtime Of first fluttering wing time, She dresses the earth in its loveliest gown; While sunshine and shadow In hillside and meadow Of gold and of sapphire mold Summer her crown.

Dante

(Copyright, 1914, by Star Company.) By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

Dante, one of the "Big Four" in the world of literature, was born in Florence in 1265.

The immortal Florentine was primarily a man of action rather than words; a politician and statesman rather than a literary man and poet.

Intuitively as he finally became in the republic of letters, his original bias was toward statescraft and diplomacy, and but for the failure that overtook him in his chosen line the chances are that we would have had no "Divine Comedy," no "Purgatorio," "Inferno" or "Paradiso."

Following the natural tendency of his mind, Dante early in life entered the field of politics, and rapidly worked his way up through the minor positions until, at about the age of 30, he was recognized as being what might have been called "perpetual ambassador."

It is said that he was spokesman for his native city of Florence upon as many as fifteen different foreign political missions, and always acquitted himself to the perfect satisfaction of his countrymen.

By the time he was 35 years old he found himself installed by popular demand in the supreme office in his city, that of prior, or chief magistrate, the position that carried along with it the weightiest responsibilities and highest honors of any office in the republic. His activity was a baleful one so far as his political aspirations were concerned, and he was destined to be defeated almost before he had fairly made a start along the way of his choice.

Fifty years before the light of earth first kissed his eyes his city began to be rent by the bloody feud between the "Guelfs" and "Ghibellines." A noble youth of Florence—whose nobility did not keep him from being a scamp-engaged himself to marry a young woman of the



house of Amadel, turned round and married a daughter of the house of Donati, and thus was inaugurated the conflict which made Florence a living hell for more than a hundred years.

When Dante, eighty years after the first blood was drawn in this foolish but terrible feud, began his political career the ground swell of the strife was still pronounced. Everybody had to take sides. Neutrality was out of the question. Dante took his stand with the Guelfs, and at the battle of Campidoglio helped to give the power of the Ghibellines its death blow.

But the ancient animosities survived, and the old parties, taking the names of the "black" and the "white," kept up the fight with savage fury.

A year or so after Dante became chief magistrate the blacks got the upper hand in Florence, and the leading whites, Dante, of course, with the rest, were banished. Dante and fourteen others were declared to be outlaws, and statutes were passed condemning them to be burned alive if they should ever again come into the power of the dominant faction.

When this fearful sentence was passed upon him, Dante was nearing his fortieth year, and it looked as though the star of the greatest man that Italy was ever to produce had gone down to rise no more.

If ever a man was "down and out" it was Dante at this time. Later on he was to write the awful words over the gateway of hell: "Let him who enters here leave all hope behind." It was probably in this period of his disappointment and outlawry, with a price on his head and the hounds of hate close at his heels, that these now famous words first burst themselves into his soul.

But a man is never dead until he is dead, and not until after the clouds are over one is it safe to make predictions as to one's possible fortunes in this world.

The outlaw went wandering over Europe, many thought aimlessly and without purpose. His earthly ambitions were dashed. Love's young dream was gone. So far as this world was concerned there was nothing left to live for.

But Dante refused to die. The temptation came to him to quit the game, but he beat it down and resolved to live. And as he wandered about Europe he began thinking of eternity, of God, and heaven, and hell, of the meaning and mission of the mysterious life we are living here upon this "bank and shoal of time."

Beaten in the world of practical affairs, he would rise up, rise up into the realm of imagination, the realm of poetry, and in the world of scientific thought he would be a king whose throne no Ghibelline could disturb.

The result was grateful to gods and men. The outlaw turned poet, and wrote one of the four greatest books in the world—the immortal epic which stands along with Homer's Iliad and Odyssey; Shakespeare's dramas and Cervante's Don Quixote.

Never did a man more gloriously "come back." But how funny it all is. The graceless scamp of a Buonelmonte deserted the pretty girl he had promised to marry; that desertion brought on the feud of the Guelfs and Ghibellines, that feud drove Dante from politics into poetry, and the result was the immortal epic which will afford men the finest intellectual pleasure as long as the world endures.

The Value of a Kiss

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"What," asks a girl, "is the value of a kiss?" The value of an article is the property which renders it useful, its price its importance to the one owning it, and for that reason no one may give a standard value to a kiss any more than one could give the standard value of a vegetable or a flower, which, in its season, is so prodigal of fruit and blossom as to be valuable, and out of season so rare as to be beyond cost. The kiss is a flower of affection that blooms most profusely during the courtship. In such a period the supply is unlimited, and increases instead of lessening with the demand. After marriage a kiss the training of centuries has prevailed and not the merit credit. The

instinct to bite was there, but, lacking the courage of their cave mothers, they wait till the back is turned, and then each bite the other. The kiss is more often valuable than it is valuable. We should regard it as priceless, and receive and bestow it only as a mark of great love, but we have cheapened it by the frequency and lightness with which we give it. It should follow the engagement ring; in the majority of cases it precedes it, and no engagement follows. It should be the young girl's proof of love for her sweetheart; too often each knows it has been given too many times to other lovers to have any significance beyond that of an overly trustful nature. Men have lost their lives for a kiss; more men have lost their reputations. It is responsible for sin, sorrow, suffering—and happiness. The foundation of one man's security is the undermining of another's. A man will refuse to kiss his wife, and

cast her out from his home, when another man kisses her. It is something which every man thinks he may give innocently, but which, when given by his wife, is evidence of guilt. It is something the value of which depends on every individual. The girl who wants her kisses to possess high value gives them rarely. The girl who kisses indiscriminately cheapens the value of the product and piles up humiliation for herself. The kiss is a delightful form of courtship which should be given less frequently, so that, perhaps, there may be a supply after the wedding is over. For it is then when the cheer it gives, the hope it inspires and the love it revivifies are needed the most.

Ask Her to Wait. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man 25 years of age and very dearly love a girl of 18, whom I have known for a long time and think my love is returned. At present I am serving my first enlistment in the navy. Do you think it would be advisable to ask her to wait at least a year before I will be in a position to marry. As I am very seldom at home except on a furlough? A. N. M. Since you are both so young, it would be quite all right for the girl you love to wait for you a year or even more.

Advice to Lovelorn. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young girl and have been keeping company with a young man for three years, and we are now engaged. Would it be proper for me to ask him what his salary is, and how much money he has saved, or shall I wait until he tells me? SALLY. Marriage is a partnership in which man and woman are equal. You ought to know just exactly what the conditions under which you start are going to be. Tell him very sweetly that you think it will be for your mutual happiness if you discuss your finances before marriage.