

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Sold

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.
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Out of the window I look from my stall
For the last time, and I see them all.
Master and mistress, and children dear,
That have loved and petted me many a year:
And for many a year it has been my pride
To give them pleasure in drive and ride.

Never a blow from my master's whip;
Nothing but kindness from hand or lip;
A well-kept stable and stalls of state—
And whatever means comfort for me and my mate.
Shining harness, and trappings of gold—
And blankets and bedding to keep out cold;
Oh! a beautiful life we have had, I say;
But now it is over; they sold us today.

A monstrous creature whose voice and breath
Bespeak it a herald of horror and death,
Has taken our place. In the curve of the drive
Stolid and shapeless and unalive
I see it standing. In stable and stall
They are widening doorways and moving a wall
To give it shelter. Tomorrow we go
To a home and master we do not know.

We know not whither; we know not whether
We go divided or go together.
But we know we are leaving the things grown dear;
And we know a stranger will take us from here;
And stranger voices and stranger faces
Will make a desert of other places.

Out in the driveway my master stands,
Patting his monster with eyes and hands.
While mistress and children the praises sing
Of a stolid and shapeless and senseless thing.
It makes no answer with whinny or neigh,
Yet we are to go and the Thing will stay.

Out of the window I look from my stall,
For the last, last time, and I see them all.

Lack of Thoroughness Fault in Most Women

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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Lack of thoroughness is one of woman's faults. It is a surprising fact that few women who read are able to correctly state the meaning of sentences which have been clearly expressed by the author. Over and over the proof of this statement has been brought to the attention of the writer of this article.

Not many weeks ago an article appeared on this page regarding the alimony of divorced wives. The statement was most distinctly made that the mothers of children should receive money for the support of these children; but it was further stated, and is now repeated, that the woman who is not a mother (and whose health has not been destroyed by indulgence and luxury), lowered her dignity and her self respect in allowing a divorced husband to support her.

Special stress was placed upon the point that divorced women, who exploited themselves in public and carried on romantic affairs with other men while being supported by their divorced husbands, dishonored their own sex and disgraced the name of womanhood.

This article has brought loud complaints from many divorced wives, almost invariably bringing up the point that they possessed children and they saw no reason why the fathers of these children should not support them.

Why are women so inaccurate and inattentive when reading? Before they waste time, temper, stationery and postage stamps in writing a protest regarding an article, why do they not read it carefully and discover whether there is cause for the protest? One woman writes that she has been married twenty-three years to a man who began to spend his time and money in saloons during the honeymoon and has never discontinued the habit.

She had borne him a family of children, and performed all sorts of labor to help maintain the home, which he has rendered a little better than a purgatory. Now she is suing her husband for divorce and alimony for the support of these children.

This is quite right and just. A man should support his own children, but the fact remains a fact, nevertheless, that a higher and finer order of womanhood is indicated when a wife refuses to be supported by the husband whom she does not respect sufficiently to live with.

There is something shocking and even more than shocking in the prevalence of fashionably attired and flirtatious divorcees, who are paying their bills through alimony.

The wife of a continued drunkard complains a sin when she continues to live with him and produce offspring. An orphan asylum is a better home for children than the home continually frequented by a drunkard father.

Fortunately for the world and for the human race alcoholism is on the wane. One of the greatest events which ever occurred in the uplifting of the race has occurred during this terrible war in the abolition of drink from Russia. The edict and its immediately beneficial results have set the whole world thinking, and the temperance wave is touching all shores.

In the days of George Washington, the father of our country, drunkenness was fashionable. It is now a disgrace, and

the drunken man, either in clubs, drawing room, hotels or on the public streets, is less and less in existence. Our schools are doing much in this respect to help eradicate the evil; children are being taught the injurious effects of alcohol on the human system, and the new generation will grow up with a scientific understanding of the subject which will be, in itself, a protection.

The whole idea of the world seems changing on the subject of drink. In a medical magazine, Dr. T. D. Crothers writes a very interesting article entitled "Medical Abstinents Called For." The following extracts from this article would be universal interest: "Drinking families who have wine served at the table are beginning to call for total-abstaining physicians and drop the convivial doctor who is ever ready to join them in the social glass."

"A financier who left a large sum of money to a hospital suddenly withdrew his legacy. When pressed for an explanation he declared that many of the staff of the hospital were drinking men, and their work would necessarily be inefficient and careless, and in the business world he would not put in any money where drinking men would have any kind of control. It was too risky."

"He would renew his legacy, with great additions, if the hospital authorities would accept it with the provision that all members of the staff should be total abstainers. This has been under consideration for the last year."

"The president of a railroad company found his wife at a seaside resort being treated by a very eminent expert. At the table he noticed that this physician ordered a bottle of wine and later he saw him take a drink in the barroom. He discharged him at once, and when questioned by his friends, answered: 'I should not allow a switchman or a towerman on my road to use spirits, and I have given orders that they be discharged the minute they are found guilty. How much more important it is that I should guard my family from the dangers of this source.'"

"Incidents like these are increasing all over the country. Medical men trained to give the best service on health matters are called for. The unhealthy, the beer-drinking, the alcoholic and tobacco-smelling doctors reap the intelligence of the man or woman who is looking for ideals. There is no sentiment in this, and it may not be expressed, but it is growing constantly."

Is not this encouraging for the world?

In-Shoots.

A fair exchange is not beneficial to anyone in particular.

The great white way is always the easiest route for the sucker.

Glory that is plentiful enough to go around is seldom appreciated.

The real hero who parts his hair in the middle never looks his part.

Of course, it is always easy for us to forgive the other fellow's enemies.

The truthful diplomat as a rule has a hard time keeping up with the job.

Be orderly. Every genius may be a slouch, but every slouch is not a genius.

It takes a lot of courage to acknowledge our mistakes in the presence of an inferior.

The Lord loves a cheerful giver, and the chances are that He also admires the fellow who does not find fault with the donation.

The Goddess

The Most Imposing Motion Picture Serial and Story Ever Created.

Read It Here—See It at the Movies



Tommy tries in vain to induce the hotel manager to take Celestia in.

(Copyright, 1915, Star Company.)
FIFTH EPISODE.

Dr. Sargent turned somewhat impatiently, but on perceiving that Tommy belonged to the world of wealth and fashion, and was not a reporter, his manner changed to one of brusque courtesy.

"I've only just discovered," said Tommy, "that Celestia—I am not at liberty to tell you her real name, but she wasn't the simple reason that he didn't know what it was—is being held here until her friends can be discovered. I am one of her friends and I have come to take her away."

Dr. Sargent shook his head slightly, and said something in which Prof. Stilliter's name occurred.

"Yes, I know," said Tommy, "but there is a great difference between being interested in a case and being interested in a person. Prof. Stilliter is interested in her mental state. And I—well, I'm interested in her."

"I have no authority to turn her over to you. Don't misunderstand me, but I don't even know who you are."

"I can't tell you who she is," said Tommy, "it wouldn't be right. But I'm Thomas Barclay, and I can really give very satisfactory references if I have to."

Dr. Sargent smiled new in a coolly friendly manner.

"You don't have to," he said. "I know you—I know Mr. Barclay very well indeed, and still as long as Stilliter brought her here, and told me to keep her until he sent for her, I don't really see how I can let you take her away. Of course, I know she would be in good hands—why not wait till I can communicate with Stilliter?"

"I have no use for him," said Tommy, "any more than he has for me. If you let Celestia go with me he will probably be angry, and yet the rights of the matter are entirely on my side."

"I don't wish to be indiscreet, but is she a relative of yours?"

There was a good deal of Irish in Tommy's smile. And his eyes twinkled brightly as he said:

"Not yet."

"Not yet? I don't think I quite understand."

"Why," said Tommy, "it's very simple, I am engaged to her."

If he had been the most truthful young man in the world he might have said: "I am engaged to her, but she isn't engaged to me."

Still for a moment Dr. Sargent hesitated. Then he smiled and said: "After all, she is not under detention. She's as sane as I am, except for the hallucinations about a heavenly origin, and if you want to take her away, and if she wants to go with you, I have no right to interfere. Just wait a moment, will you?"

In a few minutes he returned with Celestia. She had been very angry with Tommy because he had not come out of the water to rescue her from Stilliter, but the sight of him now dispirited all that remained of her wrath. She took two steps toward him, holding out both hands. And she exclaimed: "Oh, Tommy! I'm so glad. You did come, didn't you?"

"Just as quickly as ever I could," said Tommy.

Dr. Sargent had drawn back smiling.

"Lord," he thought, "what a handsome couple."

"I've got a taxi outside," said Tommy. "Can you be ready in a few minutes?"

"I'm ready now."

Tommy lifted a long raincoat which he had brought with him from the arm of the chair in which he had been sitting.

"Will you put this on?" he asked. "I'm afraid New York isn't used to Greek clothes, and we don't want a crowd, do we?"

"No," said Celestia, "just as two."

She turned to the doctor and said: "Thank you," she said, "for deciding that I'm not a lunatic."

Tommy put her into the taxi and

they drove up town; Celestia asking a hundred questions a minute about everything which interested her, and Tommy was answering her questions as fast as he could and trying to decide what he had better do with her. Beyond getting her away from Stilliter, he had no very definite plans.

"Celestia," he said, suddenly, "at first the doctor didn't want to give you up, and I'm afraid I told him a white lie." The young man blushed as he spoke. "I told him I was engaged to you, and, of course, he believes that you are engaged to me. And, of course, you aren't unless you want to be."

"Are you engaged to me?" she exclaimed.

"Yes," said Tommy, "it happened suddenly, on the island. I'm engaged to you for always."

"Then you must love me."

"I do," said Tommy, "I do."

"You say you love me, and then you say you don't believe what I tell you."

"Meaning about heaven and all?" he asked this, very humbly.

She nodded and said:

"I haven't really tried to make anybody believe but you. But I've looked at you hard, and willed you to believe, and you

won't. I don't understand. Anybody else would."

"Did the doctors, Celestia?"

"I didn't try to make them. It isn't necessary yet. I must get a little used to the world, mustn't I, before I can help it?"

On any other point she seemed as rational as any other young girl who was seeing the great city of New York for the first time. But it began to look as if she would have to spend the rest of her life in the taxi. No hotel would take her in. Her clothes amounted to no more than an opaque right gown, with a raincoat thrown over it, and her bare feet caused almost as much excitement and distrust as her beauty. Tommy tried two hotels in which only women guests are received. Then, leaving Celestia in the taxi, he tried other hotels. In each case he thought it would be simple to explain Celestia to the room clerk and get temporary accommodations for her, and in each case he found that it was quite impossible, and his feeble attempts caused him to feel like a cross between a fool and a criminal.

Finally it occurred to him to try his friends. Surely, he thought, Mary Blackstone will take her in. If I ask her to do

it, for old time's sake. So he told the driver to drive to Senator Blackstone's residence.

Leaving Celestia in the cab, Tommy learned that Mary Blackstone was at home, and would see him, and he hurried upstairs to the little sitting room. He had not counted on finding Fitch with her; it was one of those unexpected findings which take the wind out of a man's sails, so to speak; and Tommy, full of what he had to say about Celestia to one person, found himself, for the moment, almost tongue-tied in the presence of two.

In her heart Mary still cared more for Tommy's little finger than for Fitch's whole body; but her mind had been opened to ambition, and she had steered it against him. When a girl has determined that she will not make a man happy, it is often her instinct to do the opposite. But Mary made the mistake of supposing that Tommy was still in love with her. Girls usually do make this mistake about men who once loved them, even if in the interim the men in question may have weathered half a dozen romances, and been married two or three times apiece.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

The Light that Defies the Storm

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

No great victory has ever been won without enthusiasm. The defenders of a citadel need only determination and stubbornness to enable them to hold their position. But to take the offensive and to storm any fortress needs the white heat of supreme enthusiasm.

The force of enthusiastic hope and enthusiastic endeavor has saved many a lost cause. Depression slinks away before the force of bright-eyed desire to be up and doing. How many of us enquire quickly about each new opportunity that touches our horizon. But the cold winds of waiting may chill our first ardor and the frost of no results may even destroy it. But it is only counterfeited enthusiasm that so easily perishes. The genuine feeling endures in the face of hardship and slow accomplishment and conquers by force of steadfast determination to reach its goal.

Youth, in its first flush of proud consciousness, is likely to think it can conquer the world. But the enthusiasm that can make a whole life splendid is that which endures to the very end of life's disappointments and transcends them all. Cultivate the enthusiasm that endures. It will make a dull world brighter—it will make you a cheerful optimist, to which hopes lives and who has the power to endure disappointments in the light of the belief that all will yet be well. You give of your best when you are keen on the scent of what you are hunting in life.

The ardor that lightens work and brightens disappointments has its effect on your physical being. You are not jaded and tired with the boredom of one who feels that tomorrow has nothing to offer. But instead you write each day with the eager joy of one who has faith in his ability to achieve. Brain, muscle, will and spirit all must respond with their best when the motive power of enthusiasm starts them into action.

Enthusiasm is not content to stagnate. It demands to learn how to do. It is impelled from within to get on quickly—and it does! In work, in play, in vocation and avocation, enthusiasm not only points the road to success, but guides you along it at an earnest pace with unswerving purpose to reach the goal of accomplishment.

Without enthusiasm achievement is a colorless thing. And enthusiasm is not a gift of the fairies—it is a thing within your own power to cultivate and possess. Spur yourself with desire to do and with joy at what you have a chance to accomplish. Look steadfastly forever and ever more opportunity to count in the world. Go about your work briskly, with the feeling that you are assuredly to accomplish great things. You are not likely to disappoint your self. Your own enthusiasm will carry you high on wings of power.

Advice to Lovelorn

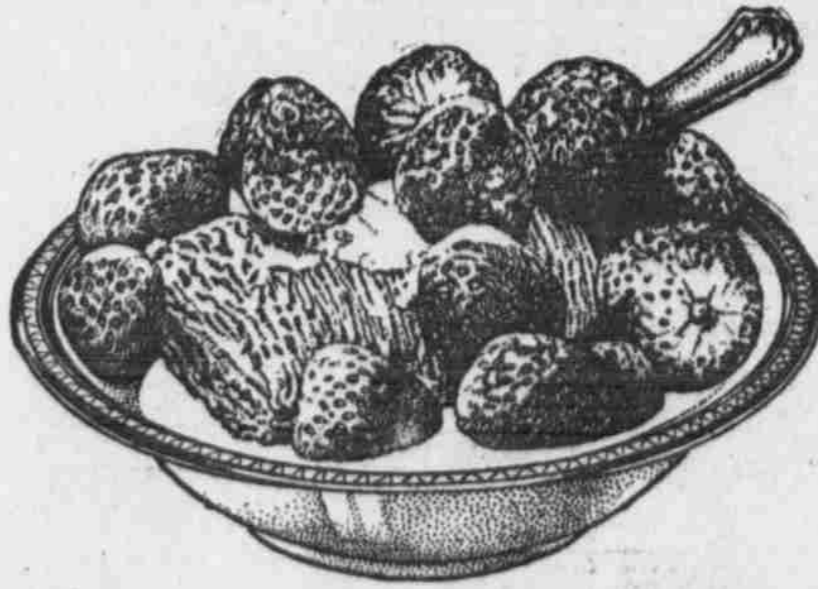
By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Invite Him to Dinner.

Dear Miss Fairfax: A friend of my husband's went to considerable trouble in developing and printing pictures for me, and I would like your advice as to what way I could show my appreciation for his kindness without creating any feeling on any side. Will you kindly suggest some inexpensive token to send in payment for the same? V. D. X.

Why not invite this thoughtful friend to dinner? It would be in very good taste to offer him the hospitality of your home, and in equally poor taste to try to make any payment even with a gift.

Your Summer Treat Nice, big, juicy Strawberries on SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT



A dish for the Summer days

Serve it for breakfast—Serve it for lunch—Serve it for supper
Serve it as a dessert for dinner

Heat the Biscuit in oven to restore crispness; cover with strawberries or other fresh fruit; pour over them milk or cream; sweeten to suit the taste.

Your grocer sells the biscuit and the berries