

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

"Hardy Annuals" * *

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By Nell Brinkley * *



They come with every Summer. And every Summer hotel has them blooming round the verandas and on the slopes; every home in the country, by the blue sea, or in the mountains, that can feed and have room for sets of weekend young people, is riotous 'till October with the gold and red, white and pink, blooms of Summer girlhood.

The variety of auto girl with wind-blown

veil and a way of snuggling into the front seat that lures a fellow on to speed.

The yachting girl, a sea flower that blooms best on a schoolboy's catboat or a millionaire's floating dream. Salt sprays her lashes.

Just the fluffy fringed variety that blows in the wind and laughs a lot, and wears high-heeled shoes and ribbons. A lacy flower.

The golf runner. A lovely vine that covers wide territory—seen on the rolling hills where

the turf is green and short. Has jackets of vivid scarlet and yellow and green.

The rare silken restaurant flower—seen at gay indoor places at tiny tables, on white walks, at races, where the music is always playing, at garden parties, where it isn't too lonesome or courted.

The girl who loves-a-horse. A clattering, trim, bareheaded little blossom in shiny stems. She blooms everywhere in the Summer time—

from the blue Pacific to Central Park, New York.

The darling variety who decorates the dances. The creature in a wisp of satin and tulle held on the shoulders by a pearl, a blowing, slim thing with grace amazing, who never seems to feed or sleep or need the rain and sun, but thrives and glows in the hot air of the ball room.

The tennis girl. Strangely confined and thriving, oddity, too, for a flower, on a square of white sand fenced in by high nets. All white and lively.

The sea bloom. A black anemone. A shiny, sleek flower, with two floating arms and legs, almost always black, trimmed in bands of other colors, very lovely and very deadly. The sea is a-swarm with it close to shore.

—NELL BRINKLEY.

Read It Here—See It at the Movies.

The Goddess

(Copyright, 1915, Star Company.)

FIFTH EPISODE.

Mary greeted Tommy with a kind cool cheerfulness, which did not make in the least unhappy, and then she took to Fitch with an intimate caressing way of voice, which instead of making him any more friendly, only caused him to smile inwardly. Then, pointedly, she asked Tommy if he had called cause he had nothing better to do, or some special reason, and then, of course, Tommy had to make his appeal out to Celestia. To this, Mary Black-out listened with a cool face, and a hot air, and Fitch, withdrawn into the embrasure of a window, out of which he extended to look at the street below, with raised eyebrows and a cynical smile. "Tommy," said Mary, when he had finished, "you grow more obnoxious every day. And I can see how this wild-girl night in the Adirondack mountains appeals to all that is noble in you. But ally—" she raised her eyebrows and smiled with irritating superiority.

"But in simple language," she went on, "what you say about her amounts to this: She is good-looking, she is out of your mind and she doesn't wear enough clothes."

Fitch overheard and laughed. "Don't," said Tommy, "don't condemn me out of my slumy words. Please see, Mary. You can't help wanting to be her. And if you won't help her, there's no other girl I can go to. Take it in for tonight, won't you? Just for a time's sake."

Mary appealed to Fitch. "What ought I to do?" she asked.

Fitch came forward with a judicial air. "I congratulate you, Tommy," he said, "with a sort of a man-of-the-world ('you go dog') tone of voice. She beck her head out of the cab window at now to speak to a new-boy, and hat you say about her looks is all too true. But why a show-girl should be found running loose in the Adirondacks, her show-girl costume I don't know, unless somebody took her there, and—"

cast her off. Suppose I give you a note to a manager?"

"I'm not going to get angry if I can help it," said Tommy. "I know it's a queer story; but please be a little careful."

Meanwhile Mary had, gone to the window, had caught a glimpse of Celestia and felt her heart fall her with rage and jealousy. But she controlled the expression of her face admirably and returned slowly to the two young men.

"My dear Tommy Steele," she said sweetly, "the proper place for that, revealingly beautiful young creature is the nearest police station."

Tommy drew a long breath to quiet his anger. Then he said gravely: "I'm always wrong about everything. Why, I always thought that you had a heart, charity and common sense. And I was even wrong about that."

And he turned upon his heels and left the room.

It was getting dark and something had to be done quickly.

"Celestia," said Tommy, as he entered the cab, "I'm going to try my father. We've had a sort of row, but we're very fond of each other, and we've a dear old housekeeper, and she'll look after you."

"And your young friend—Mary—what did she say?"

"Nothing interesting or important," said Tommy.

Celestia was silent for a few moments. Then in a small voice she said: "Nobody wants me. I'm a terrible trouble to you. Your father won't take me in. I know he won't. And I know that I wouldn't be happy when I turned into a human being. They told me I wouldn't. But I didn't know how unhappy and lonely I'd have to be."

"Tommy, deeply touched, suddenly took her in his arms and kissed her. For a moment she lay against him, and her lips moved against his. Then she freed herself with sudden energy and exclaimed: "I mustn't—I mustn't!"

"Why mustn't you, Celestia, dear?"

"Just because I want to so much, so I know I mustn't!"

"Celestia," said Tommy, "if my father won't take you in—there's one person left—me. I don't want to take advantage, but if only you could love me the way I love you, we'd just go and get married quietly—and you couldn't be lonely and unhappy."

"I didn't come down to this world to marry," said Celestia, and she sighed.

In his heart, beating wildly and excitedly, Tommy thought, "But you will."

And he ran up the stairs of Barclay's house, hoping that the man he called father would refuse the protection of his roof to Celestia.

But Barclay, notified by Sullister of Celestia's evasion with Tommy, was only too anxious to detain her until she could once more be turned over to the professor's guardianship.

This was more important than any risks to his plans which he might be running in having the girl in his own house. So when Tommy, looking very mealy, told his father about Celestia, that one said at once: "Poor thing—poor child—of course we must take her in and think afterward."

"God bless you for a brick," cried Tommy, and he dashed off.

around all you like, you'll find nothing so good to keep fruit jar rubbers from cracking, and jar lids from sticking, as 3-in-One. Put a little on when sealing jar. A Dictionary of 100 other uses with every bottle, 10c, 25c, 50c—all stores. Three-in-One Oil Co., 42 N. Broadway, New York

Woman, Not Man, Pictured as Atlas

By WINIFRED BLACK.



Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor, has carved in stone a new Atlas. This Atlas, for the first time in the history of sculpture, is a woman, and she carries upon her back the world. A great ideal, Mr. Borglum, a magnificent idea, and one that will live, because it has its beginning in the very depths of truth.

Men make the world. They change and fashion it to suit their whims and fancies, but it is a woman who carries the burden of it upon her shoulders.

If all the men in the world died tomorrow, we should have a pretty bad time of it, we women. We should be lonely and heartick and homesick enough in all conscience, but it would go on being a rather pretty world and rather a comfortable world and rather a civilized world, after a fashion, for all that, for a time.

If all the women should die today it would be six months till the men were living in caves and killing each other with war-clubs.

"Why are women always so hard upon other women who do not do right?"

How many times have you heard that question and in how many ways have you heard it answered?

There are leading answers: "It's the usual protest against the so-called."

"Marriage is a secret society and all the women in it regard with suspicion and dislike all the women outside of it."

And there is some truth in the joke, just as there is some truth in most jokes, or we wouldn't laugh at them.

There's the emotional answer: "Women is the finer vessel, and when she breaks she breaks to finer pieces."

There's the indignant answer: "It is not true. Women are better friends to women than men ever dared to be."

All true—the answers—and all false, too, every one of them.

I wonder if any of us realize how many shallow things spring from the deepest impulses of the heart?

I never knew a man—a really fine man—who could be harsh in his judgment upon a woman, no matter how wicked she was.

"She's weak," he says: "she is timid; she is defenseless; she would be good if she could, but she can't. I am sorry for her."

And when the other women hear him and look at each other in tolerant amusement the man shakes his head sadly and says to his brother man: "How intolerant they are!"

And all the time he does not understand in the least.

You can make a woman believe that it is impossible to hoe corn all day in the hot sun and go to a dance all night the night afterward, dance every dance and enjoy it.

You cannot make a man who has done this very thing believe that it is impossible.

He knows whereof he speaks, that's all. The woman who works from dawn till dark, without diversion of any sort, without any hope for tomorrow for herself and does it for the sake of her family of little children, knows that no honest woman is ever compelled to do wrong just to keep alive.

She knows whereof she speaks.

A good woman is intolerant of a weak woman, not because she thinks the weak woman did not try to be strong, but because she knows that she did not try hard enough.

For every woman who has had her own way to make in the world understands just exactly what a bitter struggle that way is almost every second, and because she does understand, and because she did fight her own way through the briars and out of the thicket—fight desperately—she cannot spend much time in soft sympathy for the woman who stays at the bottom of the bill because she did not have the courage even to try to climb.

"What is it the old hymn says: 'A charge to keep I have.' That is the song that every woman either consciously or unconsciously learns by heart before she is 10 years old.

All that is best, all that is finest, all that is noblest in the world is in charge of women.

If we women fail, what will become of the children?

The man may shift his part of the burden; he may throw off the load of care he has assumed; the woman must carry hers to the very end.

How did you carve your woman Atlas?

Mr. Borglum? I should like to see it. Is she stumbling now and then? Do her shoulders bow? Is the hope and joy of living faint in her face? Or does she walk as most women do, singing and smiling, although her heart is sore with grief?

I saw her the other day, the little woman whose husband had deserted her. She's teaching to make a living for her children.

And when she is through school she runs home and gets dinner for her children, and late at night she sits and sews for them. And they are all she lives for, all she thinks about, all that she loves.

And she is one of the best story tellers I ever heard, and at the teachers' meeting she is the life of the party, and one of her little girls told me, just the other day:

"When mother comes into the room it is as if the sun were shining."

Is it of such a woman as this you thought when you made your Atlas, Mr. Borglum?

I hope she sings as she walks, your Atlas. I hope she laughs and straightens her shoulders and says:

"It is not heavy, this that I carry upon my back. I could bow it into the air like a bubble if I wanted to."

"And he would carry it for me—the man I love—if I would let him; but he is just a little child and he could not bear the weight of it, and so I love to carry it to the end."

For, oh, we love the pride and the honor of it—the carrying of the burden of the world—and the power and glory of it, and we would not be rid of it if we could.

Wealthy, Too Often Thoughtless of Poor

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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The gulf between people of wealth and the world's toilers can never be bridged until some method is found to awaken the brains and hearts of the wealthy class to a better understanding of those who work for a living.

The most indifferent, inconsiderate, thoughtless and careless people on earth when it comes to the paying of bills and the liquidating of debts which are justly due are the people who possess fortunes and large incomes. The poor and the modestly comfortable classes are far more keenly alive to their obligations in these matters, and they pay their debts with much greater promptness than do people of wealth.

Ask any of the music teachers, teachers of languages, dressmakers, tailors, merchants and tradesmen in the land, and they will corroborate these statements.

A young woman music teacher said recently: "My patrons are almost all people of wealth. They employ me for their daughters, wives and sisters, and make no protest at my prices. Yet when I present my bill at the end of a term the greater number of my patrons compel me to wait six, eight and even twelve months for a settlement."

"This is in order that their money may continue to draw interest during that period of time. Meantime I am obliged to keep continually in debt, and when their money is received it goes to pay for what one generally terms 'dead horses'."

"The few people of modest means who

employ me are far more thoughtful and considerate."

There seems to be something in the possession of great wealth which creates a hardening of the heart and a blinding of the spiritual vision toward others less fortunately situated.

A French teacher, popular among the ultra-fashionable circles of New York City, a few years ago was obliged to give up his rooms because his patrons went to Europe for the summer owing him money. He had relied upon it to pay his rent in advance. Innumerable cases could be cited. It is not the exceptional situation; the exceptional case is that of the wealthy man or woman who promptly pays a debt.

This condition excites animosity in the minds of the world's toilers and does much to increase unrest. It would be an excellent idea if all teachers, merchants and tradesmen could combine in a union and respectfully demand better treatment and more prompt payments in their dealings with the rich.



Advice to Lovelorn: By Beatrice Fairfax

You Would Probably Be Happy.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 41, and five years ago my wife died and left me with three children. Lately a lady friend, whose age is 22, has been trying to make love to me, and frequently talked marriage, saying that if she should ever become my wife she would take good care of my children. She seems to be sincere, and all her people seem well pleased. Now I like this girl, but my only objection is the difference between our ages.

LAWRENCE H. W.

Since the girl loves you and shows it so frankly, I think you are quarreling with your good fortune in hesitating to make her your wife—if you love her. Don't do her the injustice of marrying her to get a housekeeper or a governess for your children. If you really love her you will be able to bridge the gap between your ages.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have a son 12, madly infatuated with an actress about 20. My husband and I are miserable over this. The girl has an ugly reputation, but so amount of kindly persuasion is of any avail. He says he will marry her in spite of everybody. She looks like his mother, least of his father. Everybody is ridiculing him because of his ridiculous infatuation. How can I save my boy? He will not see, hear or listen, and if he marries her his life is ruined. Even now he is only earning \$12 a week. Your help will be appreciated by a heartbroken MOTHER.

A situation such as you describe is fraught with danger. Every time you speak unkindly of your son's friend you arouse his jealousy to defend her. She probably makes him feel that he alone, of all the world, understands the finer side of her nature. Do you dare try the heroic measure of offering to be on his side and to defend her if he will wait a year? Perhaps if he sees her all he likes and the romance of having it a clandestine affair is gone he will give up. Have her at your house and have many other charming young people there too. Make the affair as commonplace and taken for granted as possible. Be kind to the girl you fear. No matter how she treats you, be unflinchingly patient and sweet. Make your son feel that you are his friend. Don't hurry him by too much opposition. Time is a wonderful aid. Be brave enough to meet the girl on her own ground. This is your only chance to influence your son.

In-Shoots.

Occasionally we meet a grouch who is miserable enough to be entertaining.

The way of the transgressor is not only hard, but blamed slippery.

Old age is the most effective reformer of all.

The fair, blonde woman may have a dark brown disposition.

The real American girl can propose to a fellow without saying a word.

It is frequently found that the bullfrog voice is accompanied by a tadpole intellect.

The healthy kid on one roller skate finds more joy than the dyspeptic magnet in a limousine.

The virtues of some men are never apparent until brought out by the criminal lawyers who defend them.

At 60 man knows that he didn't know what he thought he knew at 20.

Some people have virtuous dispositions without being able to even whistle a tune.

WOMAN COULD HARDLY STAND

Because of Terrible Backache. Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I suffered from displacement and inflammation, and had such pains in my sides, and terrible backache so that I could hardly stand. I took six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now I can do any amount of work, sleep good, eat good, and don't have a bit of trouble. I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to every suffering woman."—Mrs. HARRY FISHER, 1625 Doughton St., Nicetown, Pa.

Another Woman's Case.

Providence, R. I.—"I cannot speak too highly of your Vegetable Compound as it has done wonders for me and I would not be without it. I had a displacement, bearing down, and backache, until I could hardly stand and was thoroughly run down when I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helped me and I am in the best of health at present. I work in a factory all day long besides doing my housework so you can see what it has done for me. I give you permission to publish my name and I speak of your Vegetable Compound to many of my friends."—Mrs. ABEL LAWSON, 126 Lippitt St., Providence, R. I.

Danger Signals to Women.

Are what one physician called backache, headache, nervousness, and the blues. In many cases these are symptoms of some female derangement or an inflammatory, ulcerative condition, which may be overcome by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands of American women willingly testify to its virtue.

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around all you like, you'll find nothing so good to keep fruit jar rubbers from cracking, and jar lids from sticking, as 3-in-One. Put a little on when sealing jar. A Dictionary of 100 other uses with every bottle, 10c, 25c, 50c—all stores. Three-in-One Oil Co., 42 N. Broadway, New York

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)