

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Those Who Live in the Past

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

The past was goodly once, and yet, when all is said, the best of it is that it's done and dead. Duty and work and joy—these things it cannot give. And the present is life, and life is good to live. Let it be where it fell, far from the living sun.

The past, that goodly once, is gone and dead and done.—HENLEY.

For all who live the time is now; the day is here, and opportunity lies ahead. Why then grieve over things in the past that we may well wish undone, but that for all our wishing are accomplished facts?

If the man who is stricken with blindness were to sit and grieve over the fact itself instead of trying to adjust himself to new conditions and to learn to use his other senses to take the place (as far as possible) of the one he has lost, would not his life become wholly desolate?

It is only in adjusting yourself to the conditions of your present circumstances—whatever they are—that there lies any chance of your finding life worth living. Yesterday's blunders belong to yesterday along with yesterday's hopes and fears. Because those hopes and fears and blunders were part of your experience yesterday, you may be a little different today—but you have a new set of problems to face today, and you must not distract your own attention from them to worry over the way you met yesterday's situation.

Yesterday is finished. It is not a piece of knitting you can unravel to do over and do better. It is as irrevocable as nature. You cannot stop flowers from coming if certain seeds are planted and fertilized—you cannot prevent weeds from springing up under certain conditions. But learning what produces flowers and what weeds, you can be careful about the conditions you produce.

So with your yesterday. They produced certain things. Don't worry about them unless they do you harm. Don't let your past be a hindrance to you. Instead, use it as a bit of experience on which to build a better future.

Perhaps you are ashamed of your past. But shame won't be a factor for future growth if you merely wallow in the muck of what you wish had not been. It has been. You have not your yesterday to live over and better. But your today you have now, and your tomorrow you will have soon, and there is nothing in your past to prevent your living them well.

Don't repeat your past blunders. But no more must you dwell on them in memory. Give your attention to making your today and tomorrow so splendid that your yesterday in the great balance of life will be outweighed and will not count.

## In-Shoots

We always like to quote threatening Scripture when it applies to the other chap.

In these days of enterprises it is better to get room on the ground floor than at the top.

The man who believes everything that he hears will do well to stop up his ears part of the time.

When experience will turn an honest man into a rogue it is better to remain unacquainted.

The fellows who are always complaining that the town is slow seldom display a disposition to move out.

It is always necessary to gamble in order to get something for nothing.

When a man is charitable through life the world is charitable at his death.

When in litigation it is best not to be the economical in the matter of lawyers. Some persons object to revivals evidently from the fear that heaven will not be exclusive enough in future.

When a fellow becomes so religious that he cannot enjoy a circus street parade piety is indeed a burden.

## WOMEN CAN HARDLY BELIEVE

### How Mrs. Hurlley Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Edon, Mo.—"I was troubled with displacement, inflammation and female weakness for two years. I could not stand on my feet long at a time and I could not walk two blocks without enduring cutting and drawing pains down my right side which increased every month. I have been at that time purple in the face and would sink the floor. I could not lie down or sit still sometimes for a day and a night at a time. I was nervous, and had very little appetite, no ambition, melancholy, and often felt as though I had not a friend in the world. After I had tried most every female remedy without success, my mother-in-law advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so and gained in strength every day. I have now no trouble in any way and highly praise your medicine. It advertises itself."—Mrs. E. T. HURLEY, Edon, Missouri.

Remember, the remedy which did this was Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For sale everywhere. It has helped thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down sensation, after all other means have failed. Why don't you try it? Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

## "Mr. Dooley" on Hyphens and Other Sorts

Republished by Permission of Hearst's Magazine for June, in Which It is One of a Number of the All-Star Features

"This year ye'er little Packey won't shoot off any firecrackers because it's th' foorth iv July, instead he'll be cillybratin' th' anniversary uv th' fall iv Sedan, or th' king's birthday, or th' day th' Bastoel was pushed over, or th' czar's birthday, or Ranaazan or whatever makes the Japs glad they're Japs."



Mr. Hennessy lives between holidays in wistful expectation of the next one, so it was no surprise to Mr. Dooley, when one bitter day in May, he suddenly asked: "What are ye goin' to do on the Fourth iv July?"

"Th' Fourth iv July," said Mr. Dooley. "Why, th' Fourth iv July? Why don't ye ask me what I'm goin' to do on th' ninth iv November? How do I know what I'm goin' to do on th' Fourth iv July, ye gomerit? Oh, Oh! yes, yes, yes! I see what ye mean now. Well, I'm goin' to pull down the blinds an' stay in dures. It'll be no day this year fr' wan iv us old Pilgrim fathers to show his face in th' streets."

"I'd be accused iv bein' unpatriotic and maybe some Bohemian-American wud give me a lick over th' head with a shovel. I expect th' mayor to paste proclamations on th' fences callin' on all Americans to keep their homes that day oibles compelled be business to go out an', in that case to refrain fr' any offensive utterances like 'The Star Spangled Banner'."

"The Fourth iv July ain't th' national holiday this year. No, sir, an' I ain't sorry. Th' war has cost us wan national holiday, but it's give us a dozen. Ye'er little Packey won't shoot off any fire crackers this year to remind th' five department that wan 189 years ago Jawn Hancock set down at a desk an' grabbed th' of gesequill fr' th' hand iv Benjamin Franklin an' wrote his illustrious monicker at th' top iv a document that declares that all men are free an' ake! until they get their first meal."

But instead iv th' he'll be up ariv iv th' mornin' cillybratin' th' anniversary iv th' fall iv Sedan, or th' king's birthday, or th' day th' Bastoel was pushed over, or th' czar's birthday, or Ranaazan, or whatever occasion it was that makes

th' Japs glad they're Japs. "At my time iv life it's hard fr' me to turn a new son. But I'm gettin' our national anthem be heart. I know th' 'Wacht am Rhein' fr' m hearin' Schwartzbomestator sing it these thirty years. 'Gawd Save th' King' is familiar to me because th' English sth' chune fr' m us. I can't sing th' wurruds because they might stick in me throat an' choke me, but I'll hum it. An' I know th' 'Marsellaise' be heart. I learned it fr' a German army-chit, an' was wance arrested fr' warblin' it during a street-car strike."

"Owas Arms, citayen! furing voo batty on March on, march one, uh sank imper. Ah, bravies, nose along." "Woy's that fr' a Fr-rinch-American?" "But I don't know th' Anshreen national anthem or th' Rooshyan or th' Sarvyan, if they have wan, an' I s'pose they have, fr' many a nation has a national anthem that hasn't anny shoes. I'll larn all these fr' m neighbors, an' when I go to th' laundry fr' me shirt an' cuffs next Saturday I'll ask ISS Long to play fr' me with his wan dhrus, stick whatever patriotic wall th' Japs put up. An' be this time next year I'll be as good as German-Anglo-Rooshyan-F'r-rinch-Anshreen-Bilgian-Sarvyan-Jap-Amert-can as iver partikularly renounced allegiance to the haiser, czar, impropr, king or mikedyoo."

"I niver put a hyphen in me nationality before. I was born in Ireland, which makes me a native American, I say fact, so Hogan says. An' Ireland ain't in this war. There ar'e a lot iv Irishmen in it, but they were seeloced by th' national sportin' instintiv iv th' race, an' because they like th' brave little Frinch-ies who took th' wild geese in hundrends iv years ago, an' made jokes an' markeesses iv th' an, has always been on th' best iv terms with us, both iv us

thinkin' we'd get together some day an' take a kick at Perfidious Albion." "Gallagher, th' fr-r-wurrucker who was sint to Fr-rance a few years ago to help make a bridge—be can throw a rivat as far as Ty Cobb cud throw a base ball—tells we that whin he said he was fr-rish he had to struggle to keep fr' m bein' kissed by a bricklayer with a gadgee."

"I larned most iv me Frinch fr' m h'm. I can see a fellow fr' m me own dear Ros-

common in th' threnches, cuddlin' his rifle up to his cheek, an' sayin': 'I think I cud shoot just as straight if thim Dutch was th' same nationality as me gin'ral. How about you, Looey?' 'Avick too mong cool, Mike, says th' ally. I see th' ps-apers a month ago that a tur-rible, ragin' Scotchman had lept into th' threnches an' single handed an' alone with th' butt end iv his gun had kilt ten Germans an' led two back captiv. I was jealous, mind ye, fr' me cousin Mike had held th' record up to that time an' I didn't want to see it pass out iv th' fam'ly to a Scotchman. Th' ps-aper didn't give th' name iv this infurated Caidonian. I wondered was it Mac-donald or Cameron or Douglas or Halg and Halg. It came out iv a week. Th' name iv this dauntless Heelander, this fearless fighter, this brave, brave, le-ad fr' m bonny Doon, was Dennis O'Leary."

"It is too bad that there's no such thing as complete happiness in this imperfect wurrud. As Hogan says, there's always a fly in th' butter. Here's th' grandest commotion th' wurrud has iver known since th' first Barnhardt clouted his neighbor over th' head with a stone hammer. A noble shindig that makes all th' wars iv Alexander, Joolyous Cezar an' Napoleon th' Greatest look like a game iv checkers at th' Y. M. C. A."

"It appears as though 'twas made specially fr' our tastes an' inclinations as a race. An'-best iv all—th' Irish ar'e asked to fight alongside th' people like most in th' wurrud. But whin they go to do it, in an' behold, they find thimselfs fightin' fr' th' people they like th' last in th' wurrud. It's th' bad luck iv th' race that'll follow us fr' iver. But ye'll niver make me cross with an Irishman who fights alongside a Fr'ranchman no matter what wurrud country he fights agin—bar wan."

"But here I am ramblin' along like a southern congressman. What was I sayin'?" "Honor bright," smiled Celestia. "It was then no longer necessary for Freddie to take sudden action. If Celestia was going to live on in the same house it would be a simple matter at some propitious moment (when she wasn't looking at a fellow, for instance) to turn her over to Sweetser."

His proposition was this: Sweetser had paid \$1,000 for Celestia and had lost her. He had said to Freddie in effect, 'Get her back. There's money in it.' How much money was there in it? Suppose there was so much, how could Freddie turn it into more? Probably Mrs. Baxter would also pay money to know what had become of Celestia. Freddie knew that his father needed more money to pay the rent, and the bright spots in his brain began to work. First he went to Sweetser. "Well," said Sweetser, "I shouldn't wonder, I said Freddie, 'if I was going to find her, I got a clue. 'Good.' "How much money is there in it?" "A dollar."

Freddie simply smiled a sad little smile, turned on his heel and started to walk away. (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

"What is international law?" asked Mr. Hennessy. "It is this," said Mr. Dooley, shaking his first under the astonished Mr. Hennessy's nose.

"International law ye'er grand aunt," says th' British government. "It is to say it may be contrary to th' wurrud iv international law, but not to th' spirit which is that we shud look out fr' th' interests iv civilization. We cannot let ourselves be bothered by th' niceties iv 'loodycal' deceptions whin civilization is at stake. An' they grab."

"But whin th' Germans th' different I don't know why it is, but they can't lie. They've had lots iv practice, but it does thim no good. Th' German government has gone systematically to wurruk to improve th' quality iv its output. It has conducted labaryry experiments on an extensive scale."

"It has sint its young diplomats abroad to England, Italy, America, Japan an' Greece to study th' craft. It has pro-jecced, at times, an article that whin th'ried on its own people seemed successful. But whin they attempt to use it in international practice it always explodes in their hands."

"A German can no more sit thim a boltermaker cud mend a watchspring. It is far too delicate a business fr' thim. Last summer th' Germans said: 'We're goin' to march through Biljum, because it's th' aiselest way, an' it's none iv annybody's dam business anyhow.' Thim all th' wurrud bolterd 'shame,' an' so Germany blushed an' ashamed an' says: 'Well, if ye must know, th' reason we attacked Biljum was because we had information that ferocious country was about to climb into us,' says they. 'Whin did ye get this information?' Th' day before yisterdah,' says the German government. Maybe they'll do better after this war."

"'Twas international law?" "It is this," said Mr. Dooley, shaking his fist under the nose of his astonished friend.

"International law ye'er grand aunt," says th' British government. "It is to say it may be contrary to th' wurrud iv international law, but not to th' spirit which is that we shud look out fr' th' interests iv civilization. We cannot let ourselves be bothered by th' niceties iv 'loodycal' deceptions whin civilization is at stake. An' they grab."

"But whin th' Germans th' different I don't know why it is, but they can't lie. They've had lots iv practice, but it does thim no good. Th' German government has gone systematically to wurruk to improve th' quality iv its output. It has conducted labaryry experiments on an extensive scale."

"It has sint its young diplomats abroad to England, Italy, America, Japan an' Greece to study th' craft. It has pro-jecced, at times, an article that whin th'ried on its own people seemed successful. But whin they attempt to use it in international practice it always explodes in their hands."

"A German can no more sit thim a boltermaker cud mend a watchspring. It is far too delicate a business fr' thim. Last summer th' Germans said: 'We're goin' to march through Biljum, because it's th' aiselest way, an' it's none iv annybody's dam business anyhow.' Thim all th' wurrud bolterd 'shame,' an' so Germany blushed an' ashamed an' says: 'Well, if ye must know, th' reason we attacked Biljum was because we had information that ferocious country was about to climb into us,' says they. 'Whin did ye get this information?' Th' day before yisterdah,' says the German government. Maybe they'll do better after this war."

"'Twas international law?" "It is this," said Mr. Dooley, shaking his fist under the nose of his astonished friend.

"International law ye'er grand aunt," says th' British government. "It is to say it may be contrary to th' wurrud iv international law, but not to th' spirit which is that we shud look out fr' th' interests iv civilization. We cannot let ourselves be bothered by th' niceties iv 'loodycal' deceptions whin civilization is at stake. An' they grab."

"But whin th' Germans th' different I don't know why it is, but they can't lie. They've had lots iv practice, but it does thim no good. Th' German government has gone systematically to wurruk to improve th' quality iv its output. It has conducted labaryry experiments on an extensive scale."

"It has sint its young diplomats abroad to England, Italy, America, Japan an' Greece to study th' craft. It has pro-jecced, at times, an article that whin th'ried on its own people seemed successful. But whin they attempt to use it in international practice it always explodes in their hands."

"A German can no more sit thim a boltermaker cud mend a watchspring. It is far too delicate a business fr' thim. Last summer th' Germans said: 'We're goin' to march through Biljum, because it's th' aiselest way, an' it's none iv annybody's dam business anyhow.' Thim all th' wurrud bolterd 'shame,' an' so Germany blushed an' ashamed an' says: 'Well, if ye must know, th' reason we attacked Biljum was because we had information that ferocious country was about to climb into us,' says they. 'Whin did ye get this information?' Th' day before yisterdah,' says the German government. Maybe they'll do better after this war."

"'Twas international law?" "It is this," said Mr. Dooley, shaking his fist under the nose of his astonished friend.

"International law ye'er grand aunt," says th' British government. "It is to say it may be contrary to th' wurrud iv international law, but not to th' spirit which is that we shud look out fr' th' interests iv civilization. We cannot let ourselves be bothered by th' niceties iv 'loodycal' deceptions whin civilization is at stake. An' they grab."

"But whin th' Germans th' different I don't know why it is, but they can't lie. They've had lots iv practice, but it does thim no good. Th' German government has gone systematically to wurruk to improve th' quality iv its output. It has conducted labaryry experiments on an extensive scale."

Read It Here—See It at the Movies



(Copyright, 1915, by the Star Co. All Foreign Rights Reserved.)

Synopsis of Previous Chapter. After the tragic death of John Amesbury, his prostrated wife, one of America's greatest beauties, dies. At her death Prof. Stilliter, an agent of the interests behind the beautiful 2-year-old baby girl and brings her up in a paradise where she sees no men, but thinks she is taught by angels who instruct her for her mission to reform the world. At the age of 16 she is snatched away to the world where agents of the interests are ready to pretend to find her.

The one to feel the loss of the little Amesbury girl, most, after she had been spirited away by the interests, was Tommy Barclay.

Fifteen years later Tommy goes to the Adirondacks. The interests are responsible for the trip. By accident he is the first to meet the little Amesbury girl, as she comes forth from her paradise as Celestia the girl from heaven. Neither Tommy nor Celestia recognize each other. Tommy finds it an easy matter to rescue Celestia from Prof. Stilliter and they hide in the mountains; later they are pursued by Stilliter and escape to an island where they spend the night.

Following his Indian guide, reaches the island, found Celestia and Tommy, but did not disturb them. Tommy is unable to get any hotel to take Celestia in owing to her costume. But later he persuades his father to keep her. When he goes out to the taxi he finds her gone. She falls into the hands of white slavers, but in his own house Celestia finds a reward which she had been offered a reward that he heard to see.

FIFTH EPISODE. "He's broken down," said Mrs. Dooley in a voice full of tears and awe, "and he don't want you to see him any. Just

excuse me—please—a minute—he's my husband."

And she, too, left the room, and Celestia was alone, but not for long. Her quick ear caught the sound of a stealthy movement.

"You, Freddie, Sweetser had said, 'if you drop eyes on that girl you bring her to me, understand. There's money in it.' And he added with a kind of fierce jocosity, 'Bring her dead or alive.' But Freddie the Frog had understood both the words, and not the jocosity. So when with his usual bull luck he found the object of his search, right in the parlor of his very own father's house, he cast about for a weapon with which to subdue, or, if necessary, to kill her. There was money in it."

When Celestia turned and saw him, he had in his right hand a heavy table leg, and upon his half-wit face a scowl of the utmost ferocity.

"Don't be afraid," said Celestia, calmly. "I won't hurt you."

"And that was almost the last thing that Freddie's vaguely working mind expected her to say. "She," he thought, "ought to be afraid of me. I am a man, she is a girl. I have a club, she hasn't. I am to take her to Sweetser, dead or alive. I can, crack her head like an egg, so, why does she tell me not to be afraid? Why does she say she won't hurt me? Maybe she's got a gun. Maybe she knows something."

All the while her magnificent, compassionate eyes held him spellbound. He heard something fall heavily to the floor. He looked to see what it was. It was his club. He tried to pick it up, but seemed to lack the necessary muscular control.

"What's your name?" asked Celestia. "Freddie Douglas."

"Do you belong in this house?" "Yes, ma'am."

"Then we must be friends, because I belong here, too."

"You ought to live with us."

Celestia smiled. "Honor bright," asked Freddie enthusiastically.

ful. Years fr' th' Anglo-Saxon principals iv international law. J. Cecil Hawkins-Hawkins.

"In another column I read: 'Herr Editor: Though born in Germany I am a good dale more loyal son iv America than anny was born here. I wish to write dispassionately, fr' we Germans are not in argument, though brave as hungry tigers in battle. We are nacrally a fair-minded, cam an' gintrous people, who on'y want a place in th' sun where we can put up our feet on th' table."

"It is in this spirit iv open-mindedness that I say that th' statement in ye'er ps-apor that th' kaiser has a cold in his head is a base, foul, calumnious lie paid fr' be British gold. It is a lie. D'ye hear me? A lie! I dare ye to come outside an' deny what I say. Let th' low money-grubbin' Yankee's, who ar'e lickin' th' boots of Britain, beware. We Germans have stood enough iv ye'er slavish subservience to ye'er masters. Wan more peep iv sympathy fr' accused England an' the sixteen million sons iv th' dear Fatherland in this ignoble country will not be responsible fr' what they do."

"I love America aber Deutschland aber alles. Yeers in th' spirit iv fair play, Doctor Ovgogoo Schmitt, Captain Eekth Ward 'German-Republican Marchin' Club."

"An' so it goes. No wan threatens us though we had a right to be on th' map. Maybe we haven't. On'y th' old pastry-cook down th' street in cheerul an' emilial all the time aven whin he's readin' the casualty list in th' Courser day's E-tats Unia, though th' tears ar'e in his eyes."

"It's all right, mong view—he calls me that. It means 'of sport'—It's all right, mong view, he says. 'We don't want th' help iv ye'er hands or ye'er lips, but v' little pump in there,' he says, tappin' me on th' chest."

"But Schwatmeister is different. Nex to ye'er self an' Hogan he's about th' oldest friend I have in An-rohey road. I've often voted fr' him whin he was out of town. I've had as much condescension fr' him as fr' anny man iv me acquaintance. He has always been thractible, pleasant, an' docile—th' ideal German in an Irish neighborhood."

"But nowadays I don't care to say me soul is me own in his p'nsion. This mornin' I drooped in on him an' he told me that th' Germans had made America what it is an' that we were rapities fr' turnin' on our benefactors. He said the kaiser was th' gr-rreatest man in history. 'Did ye vote fr' him?' says I. 'Vote fr' him,' says he. 'He was sint fr' m h'mmel.' He said if it hadn't been fr' a fellow named von Stoben, George Wash'nton wud've been licked an' 'twas Gin'ral Frans Sigel that won th' civil war fr' us."

"I was goin' to say somethin' about Phibetrian, but I noticed a wild gleam in his eye an' also a bungstrider in his hand, an' I backed out iv th' dures."

"It looks to me, Hinnissy, as though th' trouble with th' Germans is that they're th' worst liars in th' wurrud. I mane be that th' poorest liars. They aren't thurly civilized because they don't realize that it's lyin' that makes th' wurrud go round."

"Th' Fr-rinch an' sharmid liars in th' national industry iv makin' liars, we Americans ar'e alert, able, commercial liars. Individually th' English do not lie. They don't say much fr' annything. But their government is magnificent in this ancient art. Whin they want to grab a country they say they're goin' to do it in th' interests iv civilization. 'But it is contrary to international law,' says some wan."

"International law ye'er grand aunt," says th' British government. "It is to say it may be contrary to th' wurrud iv international law, but not to th' spirit which is that we shud look out fr' th' interests iv civilization. We cannot let ourselves be bothered by th' niceties iv 'loodycal' deceptions whin civilization is at stake. An' they grab."

"But whin th' Germans th' different I don't know why it is, but they can't lie. They've had lots iv practice, but it does thim no good. Th' German government has gone systematically to wurruk to improve th' quality iv its output. It has conducted labaryry experiments on an extensive scale."

"It has sint its young diplomats abroad to England, Italy, America, Japan an' Greece to study th' craft. It has pro-jecced, at times, an article that whin th'ried on its own people seemed successful. But whin they attempt to use it in international practice it always explodes in their hands."

"A German can no more sit thim a boltermaker cud mend a watchspring. It is far too delicate a business fr' thim. Last summer th' Germans said: 'We're goin' to march through Biljum, because it's th' aiselest way, an' it's none iv annybody's dam business anyhow.' Thim all th' wurrud bolterd 'shame,' an' so Germany blushed an' ashamed an' says: 'Well, if ye must know, th' reason we attacked Biljum was because we had information that ferocious country was about to climb into us,' says they. 'Whin did ye get this information?' Th' day before yisterdah,' says the German government. Maybe they'll do better after this war."

"'Twas international law?" "It is this," said Mr. Dooley, shaking his fist under the nose of his astonished friend.

"International law ye'er grand aunt," says th' British government. "It is to say it may be contrary to th' wurrud iv international law, but not to th' spirit which is that we shud look out fr' th' interests iv civilization. We cannot let ourselves be bothered by th' niceties iv 'loodycal' deceptions whin civilization is at stake. An' they grab."

"But whin th' Germans th' different I don't know why it is, but they can't lie. They've had lots iv practice, but it does thim no good. Th' German government has gone systematically to wurruk to improve th' quality iv its output. It has conducted labaryry experiments on an extensive scale."

"It has sint its young diplomats abroad to England, Italy, America, Japan an' Greece to study th' craft. It has pro-jecced, at times, an article that whin th'ried on its own people seemed successful. But whin they attempt to use it in international practice it always explodes in their hands."

TAKE A BIT of cloth with a few drops of 3-in-One Oil Co. 42 N. 17th St. N.Y.