

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Merry Month of June

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By Nell Brinkley

Be a Singer of Songs

By ADA PATTERSON.

Out of the mass of tragic incidents connected with the sinking of the Lusitania stands a two-line statement in one of the newspapers. It was said by one of the survivors:

"We were in a boat for two hours and a half. Terrible things were happening all around us. We sang 'Tipperary'." They sang "Tipperary" while they baled out their collapsible boat, that filled and turned turtle three times before they got control. They sang "Tipperary" albeit they may be sure with strained and shaking voices, while frantic figures about them rose and sank for the third time. They sang:



"It's a long way from home, it's a long way from home, while their aching eyes scanned the uncertain horizon bounding their blue, watery waste, for black specks that might become a ship of rescue.

There were many acts of heroism that day within sight of the green Irish coast. A man of millions said: "Let us go and save the kiddies," and himself went to his death. Another man said: "Why fear death. It is the most beautiful adventure in life," and the next day when they found him his face reflected the peace of one whose soul has looked upon great beauty. These were sublime acts and utterances. But there was a simplicity in the words. "We sang 'Tipperary'." That sent a stinging stream of feeling against my eyelids.

Such a foolish, brave meaningless song. You've heard it and you've wondered where the meaning had tucked itself away beneath the mass of words. But the melody was different. Its straightened your backbone. It started the sluggish blood bounding through your veins. It brightened your eyes. It painted a becoming flush in your cheek. Because it put hope in your heart.

We should be singers of songs. Our voices may be discouragingly off key. We may be as tone-deaf as was poor Tribby, who had to be hypnotized before she could "carry a tune." Nevertheless we can sing enough to put a song into the hearts of those about us.

Brave survivors of the Lusitania, who sang instead of wailed. We have the power that invented courage, for the example you have given us. Remembering you we can sing, though in silence. We may sing "God give me courage to do and strength to bear," instead of the foolish "It's a long way from home," but both are songs and both will hearten us.

The greatest value of singing is not what it does for us. Though there is much worth in the reflex action of the song, just when we force ourselves to smile we after awhile feel like singers. But it is our right and duty to sing a song into the hearts of others.

Maybe we will never vocalize it. It may be that no one will hear you. But you can set the hearts of others singing by giving their hand a stronger clasp. By a smile that isn't a mere machine-made product, but a ray straight from a soul full of good will. For it is a hard march, and sometimes a long one, and the last of it is dark and lonely. Well will it be for us if we are greeted on the other side by an orchestra of those in whose hearts we once placed a song.



Spring's a jolly time, fresh from her skins and Winter burrow; she means primroses and woolly lambs and the end of misty rains; blue scudding skies with cottony clouds floating over, the far-coming of the popcorn man; she's the wild maid in the story who burns Winter's thongs away from your wrists and lets you out into the sun again when you thought you'd die in darkness and cold—and yet when she goes

we don't cry! That's because a lovelier lady follows—June. When Maytime slips out of our gate, looking back over her delicate shoulder, her primrose garments fluttering their last until another year. In at the same gate, brushing her very robe, golden and warmly scented and loaded with flowers, against pale May, comes June—singing, snapping her fingers, more tender of sky and air, mocking, bringing warm

waters for the body that would a-swimming go, merry of eye, rich in color, May's lovelier sister, half Springtime, half Summer. Spring promises things and gives us a peek at them—but June comes with a magic sack and an open palm. So that is why we dance Spring in and out again, and laugh at her farewell Pete!—NELL BRINKLEY.

Read It Here—See It at the Movies

The Goddess

The most imposing Motion Picture Serial and Story ever created

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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 kidnaps the beautiful 2-year-old baby girl and brings her up in a paradise where she sees no man, but thinks she is taught by angels who instruct her for her mission to reform the world. At the age of 15 she is suddenly thrust into 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 recognizes 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. That night, Stilliter, following his Indian guide, reaches the island, found Celestia and Tommy, but did not disturb them. In the morning Tommy goes for a swim. During his absence Stilliter attempts to steal Celestia, who runs to Tommy for help, followed by Stilliter. The latter at once realizes Tommy's predicament. He takes advantage of it by taking not only Celestia, but Tommy's clothes. Stilliter reaches Four Corners with Celestia just in time to catch an express for New York, there he places Celestia in a room where she is hidden by the interests. Tommy reaches Bellevue just before Stilliter's departure. Tommy's first aim was to get Celestia away from Stilliter. After they leave Bellevue Tommy is unable to get any hotel to take Celestia in owing to her costume. But later he persuades his father to take her home. She falls into the taxi he finds her gone. She falls into the hands of white slaves, but escapes and goes to live with a poor family by the name of Douglas. When their son Freddie returns home he finds right in his own house, Celestia, the girl for which the underworld has offered a reward that he hoped to get.

SIXTH EPISODE.

Then Freddie went down to see if Celestia was still there. She was. He had almost walked his legs off, but he was still game. So he went and fetched Sweeter and showed Celestia to him through a crack in a door. "How'd I get her?" "Tomorrow at 10 o'clock, Nelly and me'll be at work; pa's going to a meetin', and I heard her say she'd stay home and do chores."

Not without difficulty Freddie col-

lected the \$20 which Sweeter had promised him. With even more difficulty he wrote a note to Tommy Barclay and Mrs. Baxter and O'Gorman.

He wrote: Be at my house (and he gave an address) at a few minutes before 10 o'clock, and I'll take you to her. FREDDIE THE FERRET.

F. S.—Bring the money you promised, or I won't.

All Freddie's victims except Sweeter met in part of Freddie's house at a little before 10 o'clock. One glance at O'Gorman was enough for Sweeter. He knew that he had lost out and he slunk off, cursing wickedly.

Freddie opened the front door and said: "Walk in."

They walked in. Then he showed them into the parlor, and there was Celestia. But she wouldn't go away with Tommy, and O'Gorman had no authority to take her away.

"That's up to the professor," he said. But when Stilliter found that she was with good people and wouldn't go with Tommy he was contented to let matters rest where they were, as you shall read.

Celestia's real work had begun. Often upon the lips of the older Douglas, and always in his heart, was the belief that Celestia was divinely inspired and of divine origin. He would tolerate no other theory from any one. To Celestia's theory of "world-reform he listened devoutly and in an humble way.

Mrs. Douglas and Nelly also believed that Celestia had come from heaven. Freddie, however, knew better. He knew that she came from Mrs. Baxter's, but for some reason or other did nothing to spread this knowledge. And, indeed, in his own way he began to worship her. Friends and acquaintances of the Douglas family came to the home out of curiosity and remained to listen, to wonder. Her effect upon these simple-minded folk was extraordinary. They asked no questions. Her word seemed to them the last word. But when they carried that word to others who had not seen her it was not so convincing always. It was her eyes more than her logic that won minds to her way of thinking.

She looked no longer like a Greek goddess, but like a simple working girl. And yet she remained magically lovely to look at and commanding.

Stilliter, after ten minutes' talk with Mr. and Mrs. Douglas (during a short absence of Celestia), concluded that she could not be in better hands. Indeed, it had been in a similar family that he had

intended to place her. "She says," said Douglas, "that every man lack of us ought to have a real share in the country. That we must treat misery and poverty not as necessary evils, but as epidemics, and stamp 'em out. And I tell you the man who runs on that platform will get a heap of votes in this district. Nobody ever tries to argue with her. You listen and believe."

Stilliter reported to Barclay and the other members of the triumvirate. And those who had begun to lose faith in Celestia once more became enthusiastic.

"Don't hurry her any," said Barclay. "Let her doctrines spread from the house she's living in, slowly and naturally, until she has a real following. Then when we do begin to advertise her it will be more effective and cheaper."

"I'm only afraid of one thing," said Stilliter. "She is interested in that boy of yours, Tommy Barclay, and when she is with him she seems to shake her mind almost free from the control that I had been establishing over it all these years. I thought that I had made her quite proof against falling in love and all physical temptation. But it seems not."

"Any young man," said Barclay, grimly, "who seems to be making trouble for her will have to be sent away somewhere and kept there."

But Celestia, having begun to make converts, was engaged in the work and had no longer the leisure, or, indeed, the wish to waste her precious time philandering with individuals.

When Tommy had finally traced her to the Douglas's he went often to see her, for it was hard for him to be away from her at all. But, as we Americans say, "she did not give him a good run for his money." She appeared calmly fond of him. But she was no longer a complete stranger to the world and its ways. She hardly ever "happened" to be alone when he came to see her, and she seemed always on the point of doing something or other in which he could not take part. If he wanted to talk of their adventures together she would draw him into arguments on social questions. But where she succeeded so easily with others she failed with Tommy. The great eye had no effect on the young man's mind, only on his heart. He loved her more and more, but he did not flinch from telling her that he thought her schemes for the benefit of mankind were impracticable and foolish.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Ugly Duckling Must Make Most of Her Consolation Prize

Plain Woman Need Not Lack Attention from Men If She Makes Most of her Talents

By DOROTHY DIX.

A homely girl writes me a letter in which she despairingly asks:

"Is beauty the only asset that counts in a woman? Am I doomed never to be sought after or loved by a man because nature did not give me a peaches and cream complexion, and lustrous hair, and large ox-like eyes? Is there no hope for the ugly girl?"



Of course, it would be very easy to tell this ugly duckling that to be a swan isn't such a glorious thing as she imagines, and that pretty is as pretty does, and that it is better to have a lovely character than it is to have a willow figure, and that beauty is only skin deep, etc., and again, etc.

These time worn platitudes are, however, mendacious. Beauty may be but skin deep, but it is all of us that shows, and no matter what is said to the contrary, good looks are woman's one best asset, the thing that gains for her attention, and consideration, and all of thequisites of life without her ever having to lift a finger in her own behalf.

The pretty girl gets the partners at the dance, the invitations to places of amusement. Let a pretty girl and a homely girl apply for the same position, and the pretty one gets it. A dozen men will spring to their feet to give their places in a crowded street car to a living picture, while the chronic can hang herself on to a strap. A pretty wife is treated as a parlor ornament, while a plain-faced one is expected to find her proper place in the kitchen.

There is no use in arguing about the value of good looks to a woman, but because a girl has missed getting the capital prize in the feminine lottery is no reason why she should go into social bankruptcy. The thing for her to do is to make the most of her consolation prize.

While it is true that the homely girl starts into the race of life with a heavy handicap, and the beauty has a long start on her, it is not impossible for the little Plain Face to overtake her and win out. To begin with, the beauty has often but one charm—her looks. Nature isn't as unjust as she seems, and when she

lavishes an extra amount of outside adornment on a woman's head, she generally skimps on the inside furnishings. There are a few exceptions to this rule, but they are very few. If you will think over all of the Venuses you have ever met you will recall that most of them were dull as dishwater, and the most boring of companions.

Here is the homely girl's opportunity. Realizing that no man will consider her a piece of bric-a-brac which he can spend an evening in admiringly contemplating, it is up to her to read, and study, and observe until she acquires a line of conversation that will make people forget whether her eyes look like burnt holes in a blanket or violets drenched in dew.

The ugliest man in England, a man of grotesque face and figure, was the most noted lady-killer of his time, and it was his boast that if you would give him fifteen minutes start of the handsomest man in the world he could cut him out with any woman.

The same thing is true of women. A pretty face may catch a man's eye and snare his fancy for a time, but the woman who can keep a man interested is the one that can hold him, and of whom he never tires.

The second advantage the homely girl has over her pretty sister is in the matter of vanity. The whole circumstance of a beauty's life tend to make her self-conceited and selfish. She feels that adulation is her right, and that she should have the best of everything and everybody should be subservient to her whims.

Men hold pretty much the same views concerning their own prerogatives that the beauty does about hers, and so when the two meet there is apt to be a clash. That's where the ugly girl has her innings again. She is willing to study a man and try

to please him, instead of having him break his neck trying to propitiate her. She's anxious to burn incense before the man instead of expecting him to get busy with his joss sticks at her feet. She's ready to hurl bouquets at the man instead of haughtily declining to accept a few tributes from him. And this explains why ravishing beauties so seldom make good marriages, while so many plain looking women capture matrimonial prizes.

Still another advantage that the homely woman has over the beauty is that as the beauty grows older she fades, while as the plain woman grows older she nearly always gets better looking, so that often two women, one of whom was pretty and the other ugly at 20, have changed places at 40.

The middle-aged beauty whose hair has lost its luster, her cheeks their roses, her eyes their brightness, her form its lithe grace, is a pitiful wreck of her former self, but the homely woman who never had any beauty except that of the mind and soul is at the very height of her charm, and her intelligence and sympathy make her even physically attractive.

Therefore let the homely girl not mourn as one without hope, but set her heart to work to cultivate her mind and heart with the assurance that intelligence and companionableness are a pretty good substitute for beauty, and that when an ugly woman is fascinating she is the most fascinating woman on earth.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

That Should Be Easy. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man of 22 and have been keeping company with a girl of 20 for the last year. When I first met her she loved me madly. Now I find she doesn't love me as much as she did. I like her very much, but I find there is another girl I love with all my heart, and she in turn returns my love, so will you be kind enough to tell me what to do? LOVED ONE.

If the first love has grown cold for both of you and you love a second time and are loved in return, how can you ask what you should do? Take the one you love, of course.

COULD NOT STAND ON FEET

Mrs. Baker So Weak—Could Not Do Her Work—Found Relief In Novel Way.

Adrian, Mich.—"I suffered terribly with female weakness and backache and got so weak that I could hardly do my work. When I washed my dishes I had to sit down and when I would sweep the floor I would get so weak that I would have to get a drink every few minutes, and before I did my dusting I would have to lie down. I got so poorly that my folks thought I was going into consumption. One day I found a piece of paper blowing around the yard and I picked it up and read it. It said 'Saved from the Grave,' and told what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for women. I showed it to my husband and he said, 'Why don't you try it?' So I did, and after I had taken two bottles I felt better and I said to my husband, 'I don't need any more,' and he said 'You had better take it a little longer anyway.' So I took it for three months and got well and strong."—Mrs. ALONZO E. BAKER, 9 Tecumseh St., Adrian, Mich.



Not Well Enough to Work. In these words is hidden the tragedy of many a woman, housekeeper or wage earner who supports herself and is often helping to support a family, on meagre wages. Whether in house, office, factory, shop, store or kitchen, woman should remember that there is one tried and true remedy for the ills to which all women are prone, and that is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It promises that vigor which makes work easy. The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

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