

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Unknown

By JANE M'LEAN.

A road in a straight line clean and white,
That ends in the wide horizon's bow,
Bordered with fir trees, touched with light,
And footsteps hurrying to and fro.
Yet what pulse quickens along the way
Where thousands of people pass each day?

Another road like a ribbon dreams
Its twisting way in a narrow line,
And yet so garnered with joy it seems
To glint with a wondrous starry shine.
Who knows of the mysteries yet to learn
On the crooked road just beyond the turn?

Shakespeare--and the World War

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

Three hundred and fifty-one years ago today Shakespeare was born.

Two hundred and ninety-nine years ago today Shakespeare died.

On April 23 the great life came and the great life passed out of sight.

It seems a long time ago, for Shakespeare lived in the time when the not so very good Queen Bees was heir to the throne of her father, who also was not so very good.

A king's reign was once interesting or not, depending upon the women of the court.

This was true of the reign of Henry VIII, and he gave opportunity for queens second to none save Solomon.

These women claimed the attention of poets, artists, historians, couriers and courtiers, and the world.

The social and political center of interest in England in Shakespeare's time was the king's palace.

It was the hotbed where the seeds of ambition germinated, grew, flowered, fruited, died.

It was also the culture bed where vaulting ambition forced events to a premature birth, an early and tragic death.

Shakespeare never lived in the palace of the king, yet he knew better than any one inmate could what happened there.

He heard all the servants' gossip, as well as the no less interesting gossip of the attaches of the court who came to the theaters.

More than all and better than all, Shakespeare knew the human heart.

It was 261 years ago today that Shakespeare was born. This is not the same world into which Shakespeare was ushered.

Mary Arden Shakespeare had few comforts and no luxuries to give her babe.

The first porcelain dishes were not made until 1562 by the Wedgwoods for Queen Charlotte. Although Mary Queen of Scots, and her cousin, Elizabeth, were both considered artists in their use of the sword, yet each set indelicately, and with her fingers.

Even in king's palaces there was no steam heat, no furnace fire, no electric lights, no gas lights, no stoves even for cooking.

There were no steamships nor railroads, automobiles nor airships, neither telegraph nor telephone, no science, no business organizations.

The seas were imperilled by pirates, and the land infested with robbers.

Might made right. He was the richest man who had the strongest muscle and the most cunning brain.

Honesty was not the best policy for those who wanted success.

Justice was something dreamed of by a few idealists.

Kindness, tenderness, patience, affection, courtesy, gentleness, were ideals far, far away.

It was a rude, crude, barbaric world in 1564, "A mad world, my masters."

aces? They have multiplied. The seeds have been sown in other places as well. That is all.

"Vaulting ambition" is not confined to kings' palaces.

The original bed, however, has never been removed.

The possibilities for power, world conquest, are still great in the palace of the king.

See Europe.

Then read the play of "Macbeth."

Shakespeare says that "vaulting ambition" met Macbeth in the day of his success. It whispered to him of great conquest.

Success came, not singly, but in battalions.

And then began a system of organized espionage, preparedness for war.

Shakespeare presents dramatically the progress of the war spirit, the tragic, bloody path to victory.

He counts the cost.

"It will have blood, they say, blood will have blood."

"We'd jump the life to come. But in we still have judgment here; that we but teach bloody instructions, which being taught return to plague the inventor."

"From this moment The firstlings of my heart shall be The firstlings of my hand. And even To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done."

The castle of Macduff I will surprise, Seize upon Fife, give to the edge of the sword.

His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls That trace him in his line."

And one soldier speaks: "Alas, poor country! Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot be called our mother, but our grave."

"This was war in Shakespeare's time. How does it differ from Belgium's now?"

"Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes savagely slaughtered."

Then Macbeth's brain reaches a point where he gives this as argument to himself:

"I am in blood Stepp'd so far that, should I wade no more, Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

Later Macbeth said: "I have lived long enough; my way of life falls into the sea, the yellow leaf, And that which should accompany old age, As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends, I must not look to have; but, in their stead, Curses, not loud, but deep; mouth-honor, breath, Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not."

Three hundred years have had their entrance and their exit from the stage of time. Men and women have, each in turn, played many parts, and the only strange thing is that people of power have not yet learned that "vaulting ambition" overleaps itself and falls on the other side."

War writes in letters of blood so plain that every wayfaring man should understand.

"This even-handed justice commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice to our own lips."

What war forces to the lips of another must ultimately return, and he who forces must himself drink.

Shakespeare told the whole world the story and the consequences of war.

One might almost think that "all our yesterdays have lighted fools to dusty death," and will unless we learn the lesson now.

"Nought's had; all's spent."

Do You Know That

When crossing rivers the Cossacks, to avoid getting wet, throw the left stirrup leather across the saddle and the right stirrup leather in the opposite direction. Then, placing their feet in the reversed stirrups, they stand upright.

Your salary is your "salt money." Soldiers once received salt as part of their pay. When the salt was commuted for cash the latter was called "salerium," salt money, or "salary."

The Greeks held that the red rose derived its color from the blood of Venus, when she trod on a thorn of the white rose while going to the assistance of the dying Adonis.

"Sweating coins" is the practice of shaking gold coins in a bag until some portion of the metal is worn off. In this way a considerable amount of gold dust can be collected.

Maine was the first state which, by an act of its legislature, prohibited the sale of intoxicating drinks.

When first introduced into England, umbrellas were used by women only.

Cycles are often used for drawing Maxim guns.

King George has his hair cut once a fortnight.

Warm baths are good for biliousness.

The Goddess

The Most Imposing Motion Picture Serial and Story Ever Created.

Read It Here—See It at the Movies



Professor Stilliter Hypnotizes the Coal Magnate Into Giving Away Money.

By Gouverneur Morris and Charles W. Goddard

Copyright, 1915, Star Company.

Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

After the tragic death of John Amesbury, his profligate wife, one of America's greatest beauties, dies. At her death Prof. Stilliter, an agent of the interests kidnap the beautiful 23-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 18 she is suddenly thrust into the world where agents of the interests are ready to pretend to find her.

The girl, following his instincts, reaches the island, finds 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, once realizing Tommy's predicament, he takes advantage of it by taking not only Celestia's 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 Bellevue hospital, where her sanity is proven by the authorities. 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 keep her. When he goes out to 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 Doustas. When their son Freddie returns, he finds right in his own house, Celestia, the girl for which the underworld has offered a reward that he hoped to get.

Celestia secures work in a large garment factory, where a great many girls are employed. Here she shows her peculiar power, and makes friends with all her girl companions. By her talks to the girls she is able to calm a threatened strike, and she is able to persuade her father to grant the relief the girls wished, and also to right a great wrong he had done one of them. Just at this point the factory catches on fire, and the work room is soon a blazing furnace. Celestia refuses to escape better than other girls, and Tommy Barclay rushes in and carries her out, wrapped in a big roll of cloth.

SEVENTH EPISODE.

"Take it to the light," said Stilliter, and he followed Kehr to the nearest window. Barclay nudged the man nearest him, and winked one eye.

"I am not rich," said Stilliter, quietly, "but I will give you a thousand dollars if you can find a flaw or an imperfection or any sort in that crystal."

Kehr brought the crystal so near his eyes that they had to cross to see it, and he began to turn it slowly this way and that. Stilliter kept up a running fire of comment in the same quiet even tone. Last, he said, "Why you must have had a bad night. You can hardly keep your eyes open better than I can. Turn and face them first, make a little bow. That's a fine fellow. Now then!"

Kehr spoke in a dull monotonous voice:

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I was easier to hypnotize than a chicken."

"Spoken like a man!" exclaimed Stilliter. Tears of laughter were running down Barclay's face. He wiped them away.

"Some of us do think this is a put up job, Stilliter," he said. "Make him do something more important."

"Well," said Stilliter, "we all know Mr. Kehr for a man who in money mat-

ters is conspicuously backward about coming forward. I might make him dance for you, sing for you, eat soap or stand on his head. Still you would think that it might be a put up job. It wouldn't cost him a cent."

He turned to Kehr and in a voice of command said: "Sit down at that desk in the first position of writing."

Kehr obeyed.

"Take a sheet of paper. Ink your pen. Prepare to write. Write as I dictate. Dear Professor, I. O. U. ten million dollars."

Kehr finished, and there was a craning of necks to see what he had written. The I. O. U. was passed from hand to hand.

Suddenly Sturtevant broke the silence.

"This," he said, "is only a scrap of paper. It hasn't cost him a cent—yet."

"True," said Stilliter, "well then," he turned to Kehr.

"Have you any money with you?"

"Yes."

"Say, yes sir."

Kehr did this, and then produced from an inner pocket a thick roll of yellowbacks surrounded by a broad rubber band.

"I think it would be pleasant if you distributed them among the gentlemen present."

He began to do so. When, suddenly Stilliter walked him.

Kehr looked at what remained of his great roll and his jaw dropped. He

stammered. Then his brows knitted and the sweat came.

Just then a door opened quietly, and Barclay's private secretary ushered Celestia into the room. The capitalists rose as one man. It was their homage to dignity and beauty. Barclay stepped quickly forward.

"Thank you for coming," he said. "We are busy men, and it is difficult for us to get to hear you. But from what I have gathered it seemed to me that they ought to hear you. And now," he smiled a kind of gentle old-fashioned gallantry, "you may tear up that I. O. U.," said Stilliter grandly. "But we shall keep the actual cash you have distributed as a souvenir of the occasion."

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Advice to Lovelorn: By Beatrice Fairfax

Give Him Up.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 20, and have been keeping company with a gentleman three years my senior for the last two and a half years. He says he loves me, and also promised to marry me, but lately when making an appointment he never keeps it, and stays away for weeks at a time, without letting me know what reason he has for doing so. Do you think his intentions are very good if he treats me that way? I love him and would like to know how to act in the matter.
M. A. L.

Plainly his love has grown cold and any attempt on your part to revive it will only hurt you more. Be proud and refuse to stand for such treatment. Don't write; simply ignore his existence.

He Is Not for You.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 and am keeping company with a young man two years my senior. He is a very nice young man, but at times I dislike him very much and at other times love him very cordially.
R. T. J.

If he were the man to make you happy you will love him all the time.

The Food for Human Beings

Dr. Wiley is America's greatest authority on foods and food values. In a recent magazine article he said: "I think you can live on wheat alone in the form of whole wheat products, but not on white flour alone. Milk is the wheat of the infant, and wheat is the milk of the adult. Indian corn, because of the amount of zein it contains, is not so well suited for growing animals as wheat."

But be sure you get the whole wheat in digestible form. All the muscle-making material in the whole wheat grain is made digestible and deliciously palatable in

Shredded Wheat

the food that is full of gimp and go—a vim-maker for the Summer days. Try it for breakfast with milk or cream, or for any meal with berries or other fruits.

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