

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

A Woman and Her Birthday

By ADA PATTERSON.

A woman awoke early on her birthday anniversary. In the clear, cold light of that first stage of the morning, when daylight and intellect are chill and revealing, she saw the truth as it was, without any softening of color or atmosphere.

She saw that by no trick of fancy, no subterfuge of toilet, could she be longer made young. For she was not young. The rank of calendar of her years was irrefutable proof. Even the latitude of thought of today permits regarding age, life's midsummer was fading for her. She might not dispute the fact that for her it was early autumn. Autumn in the rich purples and thickly veiling haze of Indian summer, perhaps, a period gracious but brief, but still autumn.

She was attractive still. The man who loved her believed it, and she, in the reflected light of his love for her, had believed it faintly. Always a woman is grateful to the man who keeps alive the welcome fiction of her irresistibility. But this morning, in the cold, all-revealing light, she believed him no longer. She was merely grateful that his illusion continued.

Her talent had been very dear to her. Too dear? She was not sure. But morning light showed her what she could not deny, that it had yielded her something of recognition, but not all of the fame and fortune that in her youth, pink and confident, had expected. Could she yet accomplish what she had determined, with the aid of this talent to do? Into her heart entered a new visitor, a faint, first misgiving, a doubt of her own strength, a fear lest the night overtake her ere the day of her endeavor was over. For the first time she was afraid. She feared what awaited her in the cold shadow, that waited for everyone, at the end of the road.

Yet, turning upon her pillow, her eyes and her soul staring into that cold first light of day, she said: "I begin to see," nodding to her pillow. It was because she had not encouraged the flowers of friendship to grow by that path. She had not watered them with sympathetic tears nor smiled enough into the faces that smiled into hers.

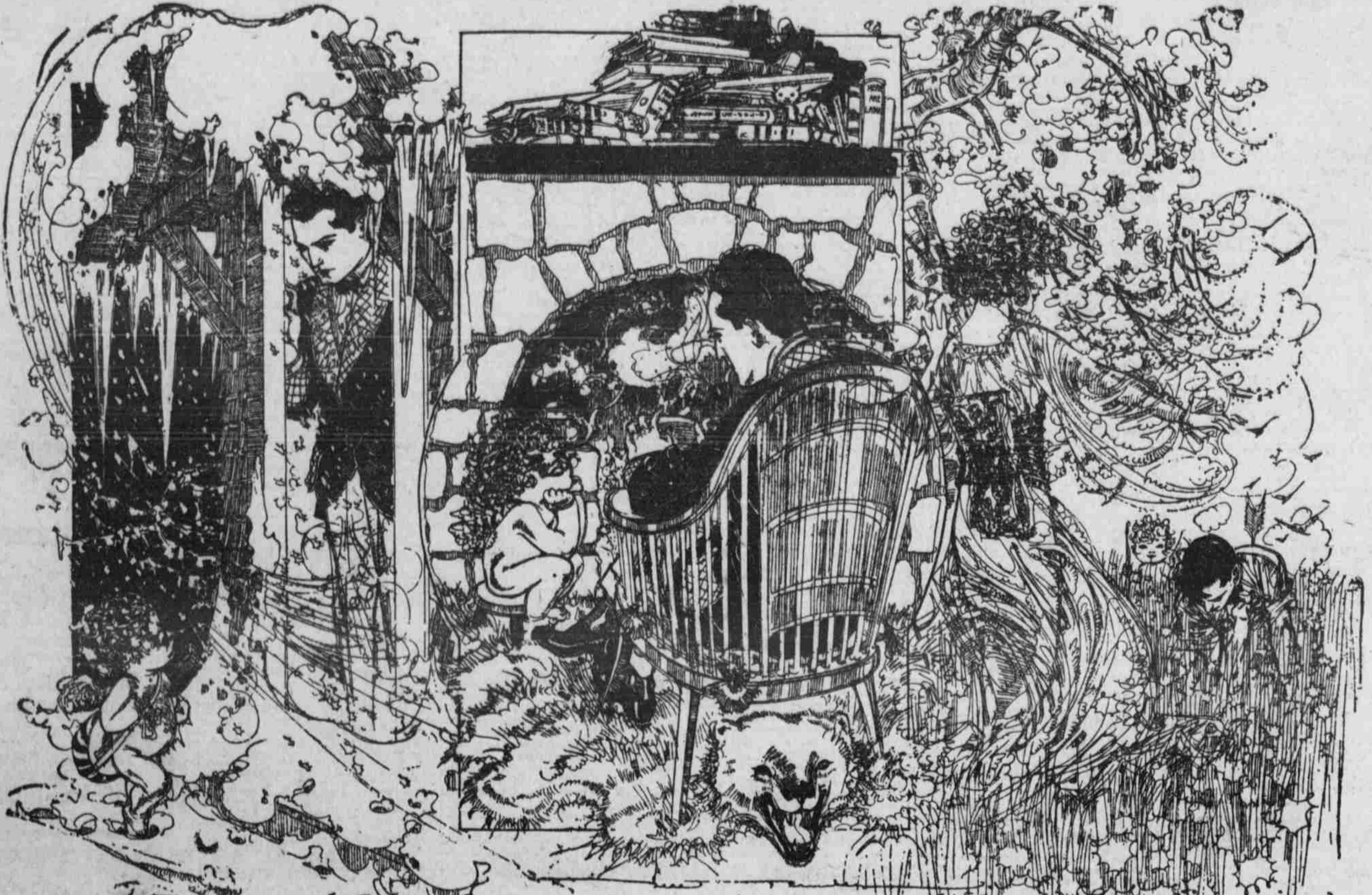
"I see now and I will be different," she said. But when she had bathed and breakfasted and read her letters, when the routine of a crowded daily life began, there was no apparent difference. And yet that day, and many days afterward, she said to herself, again and again, "I begin to see. I hope it is not too late."



"The Arch Traitor"

Copyright, 1915, Intern'l News Service.

By Nell Brinkley



WANDERING MINSTREL SEES AT BACHELOR'S DOOR FOR SHELTER!

THE BACHELOR TAKES HIM TO HIS HEARTH AND HEART—AND THEY BECOME CLOSE AND MERRY COMRADES!

AND ONE SPRING DAY ON A RAMBLE THE TRAITOR WINGS THE BACHELOR THROUGH THE BACK WITH A POISONED ARROW!

There is one—the son of the Lady of Beauty who rose white-and-gold out of the sea—who wanders about the face of the Winterland with a melody box strapped by a pale blue ribbon (pale blue is the color, you know, that is supposed to be man's weakness) to his cold little back (what is a blue knee and a frosted toe and icicles on his lashes if a bachelor-man or maid is to be snared by it?) and he'll likely come begging some day or other at your door.

There are folk on the soft green isle with the blue lakes like bits of sky gemming it over who believe in the "Little People" still. But even if they're wrong and there are no more of them, brown and green, tucked away under tree roots and tweekin' your oopple over

your eyes as you pass after dusk—there's one who is "own brother" to them, playing the wandering minstrel through the world with a pack of tricks under his golden-feather kopf that would make the fairy people blush pink with shame for their stupidity.

He can smile the frost out of your heart—he can squeeze a rainy tear if he just wishes as much—he can look all things at once and more than that, too—unutterably desirable, piteous, merry, gentle and tender, provocative, so wee, and harmless; and you think you'll never sleep again if you cannot have him and his music beside your hearth 'til the weather's sweeter out.

If you are a sour bachelor who hugs your loneliness close and will own no other but a one-seated (selfish) car, don't open your door at

all when you hear a voice like a baby-bird note outside in the storm! If you are one who's busy being famous you may just "keek" out at him long enough to tell him where there's a man down the road who has leisure (for it takes time to be a good lover, you know) and bid him adieu and good luck.

And if you are poor! Too poor! With gaunt pockets and far-apart dollars—what can you do but tell him your fire is thin and just warm enough for one, and that you have only bread and cheese and cannot afford kisses?

But don't forget to be clever—for Danny is a Kobold—a Witch—a traitor fairy who'll win in if he can.

For what will happen—see above.—NELL BRINKLEY.

In-Shoots.

The small man looks smaller than ever when he accidentally lands on a high perch.

When some fellows raise thunder they are called patriots. Others are placed in the nuisance class.

You can never convince a fat-retainer divorce lawyer that marriage is a failure at any stage of the game.

It is sometimes difficult to determine whether it is the villain of the play or the author who deserves dire punishment.

THE CHARM OF MOTHERHOOD

Enhanced By Perfect Physical Health.

The experience of Motherhood is a trying one to most women and marks distinctly an epoch in their lives. Not one woman in a hundred is prepared or understands how to properly care for herself. Of course nearly every woman nowadays has medical treatment at such times, but many approach the experience with an organism unfitted for the trial of strength, and when it is over her system has received a shock from which it is hard to recover. Following right upon this comes the nervous strain of caring for the child, and a distinct change in the mother results.

There is nothing more charming than a happy and healthy mother of children, and indeed child-birth under the right conditions need be no hazard to health or beauty. The unexplainable thing is that, with all the evidence of shattered nerves and broken health resulting from an unprepared condition, and with ample time in which to prepare, women will persist in going blindly to the trial.

Every woman at this time should rely upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism.

In many homes once children there are now children because of the fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound makes women normal, healthy and strong.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.



Read It Here—See It at the Movies

The Goddess

By Gouverneur Morris and Charles W. Goddard

Copyright, 1915, Star Company.

Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

After the tragic death of John Amesbury, his protegee wife, one of America's greatest beauties, dies. At her death Prof. Stilliter, an agent of the intergalactic empire, the beautiful 20-year-old baby girl and brings her up in a paradise where she sees no man, but which 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.

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 the 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.

Tommy's plan was to get Celestia away from Stilliter. After they leave Bellevue Tommy is unable to get any place to take Celestia in owing to her costume. But later he persuades his father to keep her. When she goes out to the taxi he finds her gone. She falls into the hands of white slavers, but escapes and goes to live with a poor family by the name of Douvales. 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.

After rescuing Celestia from the fire, Tommy is sought by Hanser Barclay, who undertakes to persuade him to give the girl. Tommy refuses, and Celestia

TWELFTH EPISODE.

And at that moment there was a sound of footsteps just outside the tent. The foot which made the sound belonged to Freddie the Ferret. With his usual good luck he appeared to have arrived in the very nick of time. Prof. Stilliter was not at that time to receive the kiss for which his greedy mouth was waiting.

"Wake up!" he said in a disgusted voice. Celestia put her hands to her eyes, woke, and couldn't remember just what had been said.

"I think I'm too tired to talk," she said. "So I see," said Stilliter as Freddie entered the tent. "Better rest then."

And the psychologist withdrew, quite sane again and rather badly frightened. An open flapped tent was certainly no place for making love by violence; yet for a moment the cautious man had lost all thought of self-control and all fear of consequences.

It was on the afternoon of the next day that Barclay, Sturtevant and Semmes came to Blitzen with a whole trainload of capitalists, and hideable men expert in politics. The entire town—almost the entire township—was at the station to meet them. Several brass bands played different patriotic airs at the same time and doubters and skeptics were carried off their mental balance by the excitement and the shouting. Swaying and tottering above the heads of the crowd were all sorts of banners and transparencies, variously inscribed and emblazoned:

wide open, and shorn of its warlike barbarities, the crowd marched, pushed and scrambled, headed by the bands, and having in its midst a number of broken-down, funeral looking hacks in which, four and four, rode the most pompous and distinguished looking visitors, smoking long black cigars and smiling and raising their hats whenever the crowd called upon them by name.

When the head of the procession came near the tents of Celestia, set back from the road on a little knoll, it halted, and every man bared his head and began to shout her name. The shouting brought her presently to the door of the main tent—a slender, girlish figure all in white, whose eyes shone with excitement and triumph, whose mouth smiled with ineffable sweetness, and who waved to her followers and adored a white and slender hand.

Even at that distance her effect upon them was magical. Hats which looked as if they had grown on their wearers' heads for years, as fungi grow on stumps, came off, and were waved violently or thrown into the air. Throats grew hoarse with shouting. Then she backed from their sight into the big tent, after one last wave of the hand.

And they, because they knew that she would come to them later in the stockade and speak to them and fill their hearts full of hope and courage, allowed her now to withdraw from their sight, and after one more minute of shouting they took up the march once more, and went roaring toward the stockade—late strikers, late strike breakers, capitalists, politicians, men, women and children, all wild now, with excitement and enthusiasm—the two most contagious diseases in the world.

Celestia stood meanwhile in the center of the big tent; and she too was trembling with excitement and enthusiasm and the sense of personal triumph. And she looked so young and innocent, and beautiful, that for a moment the frown faded from Tommy Barclay's forehead, and the ache from his heart.

spoil it all now, will you? You'll be somewhere in the crowd there where I can see your face, when I stand up to speak, won't you?"

"It goes to my heart," said Tommy. "To see how they love you. It goes to my heart to see how happy their love makes you. But I can't go to the stockade to be a face in the crowd. I'm afraid things might go to my head."

"I was so happy," said Celestia, "and now I'm not so unhappy."

"More people are in such a state of mind," said Tommy, "that if you said the word they would march on Washington and try to pull the president out of the White House. I've hoped against hope. I've seen your power, known that you had it, and hoped that you didn't really have it. You made a little mark on the great city of New York, you will go back on the wave of your triumph here and sweep it off its feet, as you have swept Blitzen. If you go to the stockade and show yourself once more to those crazy people and speak to them you will start a campaign of revolution that will sweep a sufficiently sane country off its feet. I see you floating from city to city and from village to village in your special train, winning all hearts; persuading all minds, and spreading, as I think, upon my honor, the seeds of national disaster. In the name of all that is most sacred to you, Celestia, stop while there is still time. Speak to those people if you must, but tell them that you have been deceived, that they are the plaything of capital, and that they have been deceived; wash your hands of politics and sophistries; step down; resign. In the image of all that is noble and fine, you have created a monster. Don't breathe the final breath of life into that monster and bring it to life—a Frankenstein that even you can never hope to control once it gets on its feet, and begins to think murderous thoughts. If you go to the meeting in the stockade you will bring this monster to life. Have you no fear of the consequences?"

She shook her head primly, but with a little sadness.

"Celestia," he said, "back of these tents the woods run to the hills, the hills to the mountains. Will you come?"

For a moment it appeared that she hesitated.

"Won't you come?"

Then she drew a deep breath and stiffened her spine.

"I believe," she said gently, "that God sent me to do what I have done and what I am going to do."

The Mecca of Our Winged Hosts

Alaska the Eden Which Millions of Songsters and Game Birds Visit

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

You have never thought of Alaska as a summer paradise for birds; neither had I until I read the Audubon societies' delightfully surprising little book on "Alaskan Bird Life." There I learned that "the bird population of Alaska is not only extensive, but is more representative of the whole of North America than that of any other part of the continent."

This is an astonishing statement to make about a land where there are two or three months of summer and nine or ten of winter,

and no spring at all. Where the thermometer is capable of sinking 50 degrees below zero! Where rivers freeze to a depth of nine feet! Where, underlying vast areas, there is a never-melting layer of frozen soil, two or three yards thick! Where the ground, in winter, may, in places, be frozen to a depth of 100 feet! Where, in the southern portion, the sun, in mid-winter, stays above the horizon only four or five hours at a time, while in the northern portion there is a continuous winter night more than a month long!

But the short summer is crowded and humming with life, whose intensity varies in inverse proportion to its brevity. And into this little far northern world of amazingly beautiful flowers and exquisitely brilliant sunshine, of sweet, temperate winds and delicious garden odors, come flocks of birds from the south lands, to take their share in the delights of the sub-arctic Eden.

They have a road into it that is one of the grandest natural highways on the globe. It leads from western Canada down the great valley of the Yukon river, and by this route go and return many of the familiar birds of the United States. The migrant varietals are not troubled by the long, cold winters, for they fly back to more genial climes as soon as the chill begins to creep down from the pole.

Remaining only from mid-May to mid-July, they see nothing of the endless nights, but, on the contrary, enjoy the endless days. In June the twilight is so bright at midnight that one can read fine print, but the birds, both visitors and natives, are too wise to stay awake just because the sky refuses to darken. By 8 or 9 o'clock all except the nocturnal species are "abed," where they remain in seclusion until 5 o'clock in the morning. Mr. E. W. Nelson says that during the long twilight of the early summer nights he has often wandered for hours over the silent tundra east of St. Michael watching the sleeping birds on the numberless ponds as well as on the open land.

Alaska not only has multitudes of summer bird visitors, but also many natives, which remain all winter, notwithstanding the gloom and excessive cold. Among these is the Alaskan jay, called "Whiskey Jack," which is fond of entering winter camps and cabins, and needs little encouragement to become the playmate of man, while remaining by nature a voracious thief.

One of these jays will sometimes attach himself to a lonely camp dweller, will perch on his shoulder and accompany him in his journeys. Water ouzels, in midwinter, when the temperature sinks to from 20 to 30 degrees below zero, will dive through air-holes in the ice covering swift streams and walk along the bottoms seeking their food. These birds are clothed with close-set plumage, impenetrable to water.

Mallard ducks winter in some parts of Alaska. Charles Sheldon found hundreds of them in midwinter north of Mount McKinley, living at a point on the Toklat river where the swiftness of the current prevented the formation of ice, and where, consequently, they could reach the bottom, and feed upon dead salmon and on unhatched salmon eggs, lodged there.

In Alaska many of the wading birds and ducks are songsters in the mating season. Their songs, Mr. Nelson avers, are as musical as those of robins. The golden plovers, "admirable in their handsome breeding dress, utter an extraordinary musical series of notes. They stand like beautiful statues on the tundra as they give their song."

To Be Continued Tomorrow.