

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

* The Sentinel *

By JANE McLEAN.

How fierce the glitter on the muskets' steel,
Where lines of infantry are drawn for war!
Tin soldiers answering to the cannon's peal,
While cantering officers ride on before.
A curly head dropped low; a paper hat,
Well crumpled, lies athwart the line's advance;
The sentinel asleep, unconscious that
His steeds of war around him restless prance.

Read It Here—See It at the Movies.

be Goodness

By Gouverneur Morris
and
Charles W. Goddard

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

John Amesbury is killed in a railroad accident, and his wife, one of America's most beautiful women, dies from the shock, leaving a very young daughter, who is taken by Prof. Stilliter, agent of the interests, far into the Adirondacks, where she is reared in the seclusion of a cavern. Fifteen years later Tommy Barclay, who has just graduated with his adopted father, wanders into the woods and discovers the girl, now known as Celestia, in company with Prof. Stilliter. Tommy takes the girl to New York, where she falls into the clutches of a noted press agent, but is able to win over the woman by her peculiar hypnotic power. Here she attracts Freddie the Ferret, who becomes attached to her. At a big clothing factory, where she goes to work, she exercises her power over the girls, and is saved from being burned to death by Tommy. About this time Stilliter, Barclay and others who are working together, decide it is time to make use of Celestia, who has been trained to think of herself as divine and come from heaven. The first place they send her is to Blumens, a mining town, where the coal miners are on a strike. Tommy has gone there, too, and Mrs. Gundorf, wife of the miners' leader, falls in love with him and denounces him to the men when he appears here. Celestia saves Tommy from being lynched, and also settles the strike by winning over Kehr, the agent of the houses, and Barclay, an enemy of Blackstone, who is also in love with Tommy. Tommy tells the story of Celestia, which she has discovered through her jealousy. Kehr is named as candidate for president on a ticket that has Stilliter's support, and Tommy Barclay is named on the miners' ticket. Stilliter professes himself in love with Celestia and wants to get her for himself. Tommy urges her to marry him. Mary Blackstone bribes Mrs. Gundorf to try to murder Celestia, while the latter is on her campaign tour, traveling on snow white trails. Mrs. Gundorf is again hypnotized by Celestia and the murder averted.

THIRTEENTH EPISODE.

Half an hour passed. Tommy shut off power, and brought the car to a stand at the side of the narrow road.
"Come, Celestia," he said, "and follow me."
He turned his back upon the road and stepped off boldly into the woods. Celestia followed him, walking as she had been told to do with swift tirelessness. And the Ferret followed her.
There is no need to describe that walk or the country through which it led them. It was just a walk as Tommy had told her of, long and fast. But it didn't tire her. It was for the most part along narrow, well-trodden trails, but sometimes Tommy took short cuts known to himself. When there was no longer light to see by, they rested, and Tommy put his coat around Celestia, and Freddie put his over her knees. They rested there till the moon rose, and then went on more slowly, but no less surely, until they came to the hold, upthrust mountain mass at whose feet Tommy had found the entrance to the famous cave.

the entrance of the cave. To Freddie he gave his knife and showed him how to cut balsam boughs for a couch and pillow.
"When Freddie gets enough," he said, "he will make you a bed, and you must lie down on it and rest."
To Freddie he said:
"Go back down the trail, and do your cutting there. I don't think Stilliter can have followed us, but if he has you will hear him coming. In that case, get back to the cave as fast as you can, and shoot into it if he is loud as you can."
Then he took from behind a ledge one of a number of candles which had served him on his previous visit, and the piece of chalk, lighted the former and proceeded to his work of exploration. His method was simple. Whenever he made a turning that might be difficult to remember or retrace, he made a chalk mark on the granite, according to a system of directing marks, which he had devised. So proceeding, and ever gradually ascending, he penetrated deeper into the mountain, his mind glowing with amazement at the subterranean marvel of nature, and with indignation at thought of the deceitful and irreverent use to which it had been just used by man.

To retrace his steps would be perfectly simple, because of the chalk marks. All he needed was enough light to see them by.
Tommy had entered the cave in ignorance of two things. The first was that there was another entrance to the cave, known only to Prof. Stilliter, and the other is but told perhaps in Tommy's own words. It was a piece of knowledge that came to him suddenly out of a clear sky, or should we say a dark cave. He stood stock still and swore twice.

Then he said to himself:
"What a confounded blithering idiot I am. All I had to do was to tell her to wake up, to come out of her trance, to be herself, and she would have obeyed. Better late than never, though." He turned suddenly to retrace his steps, and that move saved his life.

There was a deafening crash, and the bullet which was intended for Tommy's heart, drew blood from his hand and knocked the candle from it. The place was in total darkness.

Then Tommy heard Prof. Stilliter's voice:
"Got him, by God!"

Tommy had the sense to remain perfectly still. He even held his breath. Then he heard cautious footsteps, as one who groped in the dark, and then died away until there was no longer any sound at all. He went down on his knees and began to grope for the candle. Every sound wasted favored the chance of Celestia's falling into Stilliter's power. Tommy's mental state was half a groan and half a cry of impotent rage. If only he could have got his hands on Stilliter! What had become of Freddie the Ferret? Why hadn't he given warning? Oh, God! Oh, God!

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Undignified.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 25 years old and recently through an older man friend of mine met a young lady three years my senior, who is married. As this lady is alone at home most of the time, her husband being a traveling man, she invites me over repeatedly on the plea that she is lonesome.

In response I have often gone to her home to spend an evening with her. Although our relations are most proper I have in my mind it is not more for me to continue to visit her and therefore ask you for advice.
"EDWIN."
A man of fine feelings ought not to permit a married woman to entertain him in her husband's home during his absence. You put yourself in a humiliating position and reflect on the dignity of both husband and wife. If these meetings occur without the knowledge of the husband, and of itself puts you in an absolutely wrong light. Unless he knows and consents you really must have nothing more to do with this man's wife.

The Right Thing.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been calling on a young lady for three months. Unfortunately the wheels of fortune do not seem to be going my way, and I informed her that I could not take her time up any longer. She is sweet and sensible and is only 18; yet when this explanation was given she explained that her valuable time had been taken up. Do you think that she can feel justified in making such a remark? I am at present with my father in business and am 23, and cannot possibly think of asking her to wait three or four years, although by that time I may be in a position to marry her.

Since you feel that even the lapse of three or four years may not find you in a position to ask this girl to be our wife, you have shown a fair and honest spirit in telling her of your position. It is absurd for a girl of only 18 to reproach you with "spoiling her chances." At that age she would do very well to have friends instead of suitors!

Yes.
Dear Miss Fairfax: Kindly advise me if you think it is proper for a girl past 17 to read a book on "Eugenics," given by a gentleman who thinks it is no more than proper.
ROSE.
Don't have any foolish, self-consciousness about reading a book which gives you the wisdom and information we all ought to be proud of, instead of the ignorance we so foolishly cherish. Read the book and learn gratefully and reverently the deep things it teaches you.

Summer-Loves :: :: By NELL BRINKLEY

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They are just as long as the carefully scratched words they draw in the sand. Ardent man and maid, sure with Kipling's enthusiasm, that "Love like theirs can never die," write the title of Love's Litany on the sand, the old sweet words, "I love you!" And Love, old Dan, you know, crouches long side and believes, too, what faith he has! that the sea will never come up and wash this out. But the sea laughs low, blue and lacy and lipping nearer and nearer. The tides reach and fall, and when a summer day is gone the sand where "I love you" was written deep is as smooth as a million other sands where the slipping sea washes in and out. There isn't a mark to tell. Summer loves! They don't always smooth away without leaving a mark on somebody's heart.
"She," mourned a man I know, "she was as sorry to go as I. I swear she had tears in her brown eyes—big brown eyes. And I watched the tail-end of her train pull out and draw and vanish away until even the smoke of it was a dream, and I never felt so lost-doggy in my life. The sun had gone out."
"She wrote once!"
Summer loves—oh la! NELL BRINKLEY.

Fictionless Fables for the Fair

By ANN LISLE. The Woman Who Wanted Revenge

There was once a girl who had very good things to recommend her but a very good mind and a refined nature. She had neither beauty nor fortune nor family position. But that elusive thing called charm was hers, and the most eligible man in her town fancied himself in love with her. The girl had a tender heart and the man's wooing woke in her a gentle emotion she fancied to be deep and enduring love.
She had a sweet voice and she began to devote herself to cultivating it. Suffering had put a tender strain into her singing, and work and determination helped her forge ahead. And all through the years of success the girl thought of the day when she would be the world's greatest prima donna and the family that had scorned her would kneel pleading at her feet.
She intended flinging them a few hundred thousand dollars to mend their shattered fortunes and then turning coldly away. She had almost as good a time with her dream of revenge as

Noblesse Oblige Among Working Women

Every Conscientious Girl Forced to Do More Than Her Real Share of Labor if Sex is Not to be Misjudged—Financial Emancipation, However, Well on Way.

By DOROTHY DIX.
"Why do you work so hard?" asked a man of a very successful business woman. "You are invaluable to your firm and you could dictate to them about the things that you would do and you wouldn't do."
"I don't work just for myself," replied the business woman. "I am working for all the women in the world, and especially all the young girls who want a chance to make an honest living. I feel that I am a pioneer in the commercial world, blasing a trail through the forest of difficulties and prejudices that have blocked the way of the women who had to earn their own bread and butter."
"I am just as much a pathfinder for the women to come as the Pilgrim fathers or John Smith or Daniel Boone were when they started out to conquer the wilderness for the generations behind them, and things are going to be easier or harder for these women according to whether I make good or fail."
"Men are judged by other men individually, but men judge a whole sex by a single woman. If a man hires a man stenographer or bookkeeper or salesman who is incompetent and lacks judgment and promptness he promptly gets the unsatisfactory individual and gets somebody else. He doesn't say, 'I'll never have another man stenographer or bookkeeper or clerk around the place. They are no good. They can't spell for beans, and have no intelligence, and have about as much sense as a hen.' Oh, no, he knows that some men are trustworthy, and others are not, and he keeps changing until he gets the kind of a man that he wants."
"But woe to the girl stenographer or bookkeeper or clerk who makes mistakes, or is tardy. When her employer dismisses her he washes his hands of the whole female sex, and declares that women are no good in business, and haven't enough sense to understand a business proposition, and are unreliable, and he will have no more of them. So the girl who fails not only loses her own job, but she keeps other women out of good jobs."
"That's the reason I do more work than I have to, and fall to take advantage of privileges that are really my due, I am trying to keep the door of opportunity for women propped open by standing with my back squarely against it. Sometimes I am very, very tired and I would like to take a rest."
"Then I remember that one of the eternal objections that are always put forward against women in business is that they lack physical strength and endurance and I realize that I must disprove this by going on with my work, even though the men all around me are indulging themselves in nervous prostration. They can afford to be sick. A woman can't, for the sake of other women."
"I am called on to do many things personally distasteful to me in my work. The men who work with me 'kick' when they have to do things that are obnoxious to their tastes. I don't, because women are supposed to be flabby and whimsical and 'choosy' about their work, and I must break down this superstition by showing, as far as I can, that the woman in business can put aside her own preferences and be as impersonal a worker as any machine."
"The men with whom I work have nerves and tempers that get the better of them at times, but I keep my temper and nerve under an iron control, for if I should suddenly blow out in an emotional outburst every man about would call it hysterics, and say, 'What else can you expect of a woman?'"
"I believe that the greatest thing that has happened for womanly in thousands of years is the financial emancipation of woman which is beginning to take place now. It means a new heaven and a new earth for women. It means independence instead of dependence for them. It means hope instead of despair. It means a new interest and joy in life. It means even a right to their own bodies and souls, for, for the first time in the history of the world, no woman needs marry for support."
"But women can only come into this new freedom through the help of other women, and this is why every working woman not only owes it to herself, but to her sex, to do superlatively good work. Every time a woman fails she makes it harder for the other woman who comes after her. One foolish, frivolous girl who spends her time powdering her nose instead of doing her work, can close the doors of a big office to dozens of capable young women who might be earning good salaries in it."
"And on the other hand, one extra competent, level-headed, agreeable woman employs can convince any man for whom she works that women are a necessity and an ornament in any well regulated business house and thus secure opportunities to other women."
"So you see," added the business woman, with a smile, "we women who are leading in the feminine commercial invasion are not working for ourselves alone. We are working for all the other women who would never be able to get a foothold in the business world if we hadn't made good."

Nursing Grievances

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.
A grievance will grow in any kind of weather, provided it is fed upon imagination.
Most of us pride ourselves on being sensitive; a few of us are willing to acknowledge that we are quarrelsome. And yet the stop from being proud and easily offended to being exacting and disagreeable about it does not require seven-league boots.
One's dignity is never lowered by being willing to take for granted the idea that other people are fairly kind, loathe to hurt feelings and fairly square on honest in their attitude.
The nursing of grievances is one of the failings to which women are particularly prone. The woman who denies emotionally that she is a pugnacious person who looks for trouble will tell you with a splendid affectation of superior feeling that she is "so sensitive."
These sensitivities means selfish selfish. Very few of us are sensitive about some one else's feelings, however carefully we guard our own.
All too often we sacrifice friendships to our own "sensitive" inability to understand. The little rift within the lute of joy is frequently broken by a sensitive unwillingness to make a grievance out of a trifle.
All of us know that if you are looking for trouble it will be easy to find it. Few of us realize that having found a wee trouble, we are very likely to mull over and keep it until we have magnified it to intolerable proportions.
I once knew a girl who was sincerely in love with a man who loved her. Business called him out of town, and he made an engagement with her to meet him at 11 o'clock on the day of his return. The girl waited from 1 to 2, was met by his anxious lover, and departed in high glee. The man arriving on a delayed western train, put in his appearance at 1:30. This little incident served to break an engagement.
The man was aggrieved because the girl had not given him the benefit of the doubt, and waited. He nursed this grievance, brooded over it, and added imaginary situations to it until he had transmuted his sweetheart into an exacting, pugnacious woman who wouldn't give him the benefit of the doubt, and consequently didn't love him.
The girl began to imagine how easy it would have been for the man to get off at some way station and send her a telegram—she thought how he might have telephoned from the station at the moment of his arrival. She decided that it was a selfish brute who didn't understand women and who would probably make her miserable through utter lack of consideration. And out of her imagination evolved a man who was naturally inconsiderate of her, since he didn't really love her.
Out of practically any set of circumstances an equally and misunderstanding may be evolved by any one, who instead of bearing and forbearing proceeds to take the martyred attitude of one who is called on to endure so much.
Grievances generally are little weeds which might very advantageously be rooted up and left to perish. But with a little cultivation on the part of imagination, a little watering of tears, and a little fertilization from abused feelings, they sprout into fine crops of misery.
What we will do with our grievances is a matter for us to decide. I suggest rooting them all up and flinging them aside. There ought to be no room for them in the garden of any fine soul.

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