

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Recognition

By JANE McLEAN.

So you are Love, you person gracious lipped
And radiant! How strange! I scarcely fear
My heart in bondage, but your fingers tipped
With rosy warmth into my fingers steal.

So you are Love, full beautiful, I thought.
Your eyes might be the eyes that Pain would wear.
Or that your hair would be severely caught
Beneath the black cowl of the garb of Prayer.

And you are Love—a maid, no colted pure saint,
Nor with Pain's sterner gaze reproaching me.
But Life is Pain, and Prayer must bring restraint,
And so you save the soul, Love, of all three.

New Frocks from Paris

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The flower-leaf skirt was the sensation at the Paquin opening, but later versions have far more to recommend them, and one of the most effective is exploited in this skirt of black taffeta. Through the veiling of black lace one catches glimpses of the white mousseline de sole corsage embroidered in silver.

It was a happy thought of Paquin, this sleeveless jacket of irregular outline, for it gives the cachet to a gown of navy blue taffeta and Chantilly lace, hiding the lace corsage, but revealing the sleeves and shirt yoke of the lace. A cluster of roses has slipped from the corsage to the bottom of the skirt.

Something new in the way of a bolero is an achievement, and Paquin has succeeded in evolving a novel effect by tying the ends once at the front at the belt line and by opening it to display a collar and white mousseline de sole embroidered in silver. A band of tucking is inset in the skirt and bolero.

Serpents as Hypnotists..

They Can Not Only Hypnotize, but Can Be Hypnotized

By GARRETT P. SERVIS.

Not all the eloquence of enthusiastic naturalists describing the beauty of coloring and the grace of motion that characterize many serpents can persuade the average person to admire those reptiles or even willingly to put up with their presence.

There is no doubt that the choice of the serpent to represent the destroyer of man's happiness in the Garden of Eden was based upon instinctive repugnance for the lurking, malignant nature of the ophidian, whose lethal weapon is poison.

To the questionable sort of compensation which nature bestowed upon the serpent in its fangs was added another gift by way of corollary, the power of fascination. The existence of such a power has been strongly denied, and no doubt its manifestations have been exaggerated; nevertheless its reality seems to have been established. Cases of fascination by serpents of birds and other small animals have been too frequently reported to admit of serious doubt on the subject. Evidently it is simply a kind of hypnotism, and based, like human hypnotism, on the effects of rhythmical impressions made upon the nervous system.

Experiment has proved that the monotonous swaying of a glittering object before the eyes will throw many men and women into hypnotic sleep. When a serpent charms, or fascinates a bird or small quadruped it employs a similar method. It aways its head with glittering eyes, or sets the brightly colored coils into slight rhythmic movement, within sight of its victim, and the latter gradually yields to the influence.

But the most dangerous serpents are themselves subject to this very hypnotic control, a fact which is the basis of the proceedings of the serpent charmers of India, and those of other countries where venomous snakes abound. Music, or the monotonous repetition of musical notes, appears to be the most effective agent in serpent charming. It may be remarked that according to some observers, the sounds produced by a rattlesnake, and even the loud hissing of some serpents, have a hypnotic influence, or at least a sort of paralyzing force, due, probably, to terror. The cobras of southern Asia and the closely related rajahs of Africa will come out of holes, erect their heads and part of their bodies, and sway about in a kind of serpent dance when they hear the notes of a pipe played by a skilled performer. However, no cobra charmer ever has sufficient confidence in his control over his dangerous subjects to neglect the removal of their fangs. A cobra bite has been known to kill a man within a few minutes of its infliction.

Married Women and Young Adorers

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

There are scores of married women who find the attention of very young men agreeable—women who, perhaps, have watched the waning of romance in the eyes of their husbands and who, after a decade of years, when life has seemed verging toward the commonplace, suddenly realize that they possess the power to attract some younger man and to stir his heart with a feeling stronger than friendship. Almost every woman possessed of any mental or physical charms has had the opportunity for such an experience.

Too often this opportunity has been seized, and the youth has been led on to make a young fool of himself, which flatters the woman's vanity, while she has been quite unconscious that she herself was playing an old role of an older fool.

Occasionally a woman possesses the good sense and the pride and the self-respect to curb impulses of the too romantic youth before they develop into an adoring swain into a delightful friend. One such man tells of the treatment received at the hands of a married woman with whom he became hopelessly in love, shortly after leaving college; and he shows her letter written in answer to an impassioned mislaid which he sent to her one night after sitting beside her a dinner.

Not till years afterward did he show the letter—oh, when it was first received, it hurt his pride and wounded his vanity.

Here are some extracts from her letter—a letter which it might be well for many a woman to copy and use in similar situations: "It happens to be a woman whose heart life is complete," wrote the lady. "I have realized my dreams, and I have no desire to change them to nightmares. I like the original role in life's drama, too; and that of the really happy and well-behaved wife seems to me less hackneyed than that of the misunderstood woman who needs a friend.

"I find the steady flame of one lamp better to read life's meaning by than the flaring light of many candles. You are passing through a phase which comes to nearly every youth. Yet, are in love with love, and your affectionate nature is in that transition period where an older woman appeals to you.

"Being crude and unformed, a mature mind and body attract you. Any middle-aged man of your acquaintance will tell you that he had a similar experience at your age. "If you had been thrown with any other woman just as you have been thrown with me, the same result would have followed. So while I am not flattered by your feeling for me, knowing it to be no trouble to my attractions, I am glad, for your sake, that it was myself and not some less happy or more selfish woman who would have allowed you to proceed along the path of youthful folly.

"Few boys of twenty-two are capable of knowing what they want in a life companion, and ten years from now your ideal will have utterly changed.

"When you say that you wish you had met me when I was free, I am obliged to smile; for when I was free you were rolling a hoop along the pavement and wearing knickerbockers.

"If I were free now, think how ridiculous it would make you and me to have you an acknowledged lover. How shortly you would awaken from your illusion—which you call love—and see me

as I am, twelve years your senior.

"Men of your age have married women of my age, and for a year or two, perhaps, they have been happy; but when the man reached my age and the woman was still dozen years his senior, the man reached my age and the wretched, almost invariably.

"It is an unnatural situation; and you want to thank God and me that it is an impossible one for you. "Your heart will no doubt experience many loves before you find the mate intended for you by the Divine Power. "Do not take yourself or your youthful passions too seriously, and do not let yourself be compromised by a married woman; and do not allow yourself to compromise one.

"You will find many restless wives, ready and willing to take the romantic attentions of a handsome youth; but they are not women who will be worthy influences in your life.

"Put this letter away and keep it until you can write and thank me for it; you will be able to do this in time. "Do not answer it; and when we meet by my good sensible friend, and one I can introduce to my husband, for only such do I care to know."

It was after the young man was happily married that he showed this letter to his friends and permitted these extracts to be given to the world.

Fitting and the Price

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

The point of the old quotation is that in spring the young man's fan lightly turns to thoughts of love! And, sadly enough, few girls place the emphasis where it belongs. Spring is the season for flowering all through Nature, and young hearts seem then to blossom in the fulness of life's sunshine. But it is bitterly sad that weeds are often attractive to the untrained eye that does not distinguish them from worthier blossoms.

In the urge of young desire for love and the warmth of loving, too many boys and girls rush madly into the spring garden of life and pick weeds. One of the most noxious weeds I know is that of flattery. Think of the utter danger of rushing into a love affair or a friendship with someone of whom you know nothing more than that the color of their eyes or the cut of their coats pleases you!

Would you invest all your savings in a cottage that had only a pretty fence to recommend it? Wouldn't you insist on going beyond the fence to inspect the cottage? Wouldn't you see that you had a clear title and make certain that your new home had not recently harbored a smallpox patient?

How dare you risk letting someone into the circle of your precious youth if you know nothing of his moral and physical and spiritual fitness to companion you? Squander your fortune and you may save or earn another. Taint your youth and your whole life must bear the stigma of that evil.

Don't let your hunger for love and companionship lure you into taking it from any good-looking stranger you pass. Don't flirt. Don't strike up acquaintances. Don't take chances with your reputation and happiness and character itself. Youth cannot weigh and gauge the characters of all it admires. The most evil people are those who are clever enough to appear charming. When you let yourself be lightly loved, when you allow yourself to be approached by anyone who chooses to steal acquaintanceship with you, you risk their disrespect and so prompt the effort to smother you in evil.

An introduction is a guarantee. The person who makes it stands sponsor for the new acquaintance brought into your life. You still may weigh and judge—but you do it under the protection of dignity. Society has made rules for its own protection. Break them and you pay. One of the rules is, "Don't flirt." Obey it, for it is founded on wisdom.

Do You Know That

Profile likenesses are due to the vanity of a Roman emperor who had but one eye.

The nutmeg is the second and innermost kernel of the fruit of a tropical tree.

The cross was in some sense a religious symbol among the heathen before the Christian era.

Britain's biggest bell is Great Paul, which hangs in St. Paul's cathedral. It weighs nearly seventeen tons and is rung by the efforts of four men.

English submarines fly from their periscopes a flag on which is a skull and crossbones when they succeed in destroying a vessel belonging to the enemy.

Soldiers have orders never to look up at an aeroplane which is flying above them, as nothing is more conspicuous to airmen than men's faces.

The Goddess

The Most Imposing Motion Picture Serial and Story Ever Created.

Read It Here—See It at the Movies

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 2-year-old daughter, who is taken by Prof. Stullter, agent of the interests, far into the Adirondacks, where she is reared in the bosom of a cavern. Fifteen years later Tommy Barclay, a young man who has quarreled with his adopted father, wanders into the woods and discovers the girl, now known as Celestia, in company with Prof. Stullter. Tommy leaves the girl to her father, who is a miser, and Barclay, who is a student of the law, decides 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 Sturtevant, a mining town, where the coal miners are on strike. Barclay has gone there, too, and Mrs. Gundorf, wife of the miners' leader, falls in love with him and denounces the strike. Barclay, who is named as candidate for president on a ticket that has Stullter's support, and Tommy Barclay is named on the miners' ticket. Stullter 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 a snow white train. Mrs. Gundorf is again hypnotized by Celestia and the murder averted. Stullter hypnotizes Celestia and lures her into a deserted woods, where he forces her to undergo a mock marriage, performed by himself. He notifies the triumvirate that Celestia is not coming back. Fredy the Perret has followed him closely, and Tommy is not far away, having been exploring the cave, hoping to find Celestia there. Stullter fires at Tommy in the cave and thinks he has killed him. He then tries to force Celestia into a mock marriage, but Freddie interferes and in the fight that follows Freddie gets Stullter's glasses and leaves him blind. Freddie takes Celestia to find Tommy, and Stullter builds a fire to attract assistance. The fire spreads and he flees before it, falls into a lake and drowns. Tommy and Celestia return to New York, where they find Sturtevant telling a big meeting that Celestia has returned to heaven.

FIFTEENTH EPISODE.

In the morning she went with her husband to the western cliffs, and she had her first look at the ocean—gullily sunbathing, white-manned—under a gray and puffy sky. The wind blew in their faces—a cut-

ting, wet wind, the beginning of an easterly storm.

In short, it was about as nasty a morning as you could ask for. But to Celestia and Tommy the weather seemed heavenly, and expressly manufactured for lovers and love-making.

Soon after Tommy's departure, and before the triumvirate could complete their arrangements for the retreat to Gull's Island, the streets continent to Gordon Barclay's house and the streets in the neighborhood began to fill with men and women, who looked like the dress of the city.

But it was immediately in front of the house that the crowd was thickest and most menacing. Here men made fiery, unbridled speeches and were cheered on the spot; and here the police, erect, unperturbed, superb in danger, wondered in their hearts if they were going to live through the day.

There was no actual violence until Gundorf arrived. He, high above the crowd on an improvised rostrum, roared for blood and vengeance.

Weapons began to flash.

Then the police tried to disperse the mob, and, after hard fighting and the breaking of many heads, were overpowered, passed over and swept aside. Then the crowd began to swarm over the tall iron gates and the spiked iron fence. One man slipped, and so impaled himself that when he finally tore loose and dropped to the ground he was in a dying condition. There was a fountain—a bronze youth, arms akimbo, who with puffed cheeks blew a fine spray of water. Him certain stray violent men pried from his base and used, swinging him by the feet and arms, to batter down the solid, heavy front door of the house.

This done the leaders rushed in, and for a moment were halted by the uncompromising dignity and grandeur of the hall. Facing them was a flight of marble steps. At the top of these stood Gordon Barclay. When the crowd recognized him they yelled like a pack of wolves. The corners of his mouth twitched with a kind of glassy contempt. He turned slowly and passed through a doorway that was just behind him, slammed the door shut and locked it. Not till then did he show a sign of fear or haste. Now, however, he ran swiftly through the library, out at the other end, and down a back stairway to the service courtyard. Here, headed for tall wooden gates in a tall brick wall over which wisecracks were festooned, stood a powerful limousine car. The engine was purring. On the box sat two brave and handsome young men in the Barclay livery. In the body of the car sat Semmes and Sturtevant. Sturtevant looked furiously angry. Semmes looked sea-sick. At the gates stood two footmen ready to fling them open. Most of the crowd was at the front of the house. In the narrow alley at the back there was only

a scattering of riffraff. One of the men on the box handled a double-barreled shotgun. In Sturtevant's hand, cocked, was a .45 automatic.

Meanwhile the bronze boy of the fountain came up the front stair, battered head first, and was used to ram down the door behind which Barclay had been seen to disappear.

The first man to enter the long rich library was Gundorf. He gave only a glance at the open panel which disclosed the inviting interior of a safe, or at the greenbacks and yellowbacks of all denominations which the wily financier had scattered about the room, on tables, on chairs, on the floor—such things were for children.

Raging for his comrades to follow him, Gundorf rushed the length of the room, found the back stair down which Barclay had retreated, and came in less time than it takes to tell it to the service court at the back of the house.

But nobody followed Gundorf. The open safe, the scattered bills, stopped men as a solid cliff might have done. Vengeance was forgotten, and the crowd began to loot.

When Gundorf reached the courtyard the gates were half open. On strong steel brackets fixed to the back of the car were two spare rims, with inflated tires. These formed a resting place for Gundorf's feet and a grip for his hands. But the first forward leap of the car, followed by a hair-raising swerve to the left, almost threw him off.

Shots were fired. The car went over something soft that screamed and that remained in the street after the car had passed, and thwacked like a newly landed fish.

Gundorf stood upon the spare tires and clung to them, and the lights of New York whirled by.

The scene of the riot was far behind. Up Fifth avenue the car raced. It was that hour before dark when in the summer traffic was light, and the face of the great Gordon Barclay at the window of the car was enough to make even the boldest traffic stop to think twice.

Through Central park, out Seventh avenue, across McComb's dam bridge, up Jerome avenue, through Fordham to the Pelham parkway, into New Rochelle and out, through Manaroneck, Rye, Portchester, the car flew. Gundorf clung to the spare tires. His feat was worthy of a better. Vengeance is not man's. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord."

The old fishing town of Giddings was dark as sin. The financiers, conferring, had determined to make this, rather than Missequid, their point of departure. They would be too late to catch the last boat for Bartlett's Giddings, with Missequid formed the base of a triangle, of which Gull Island was the apex. Therefore, if they could here charter some craft to convey them to the island, there would be a great saving of time.

The car ran half way through the little

town, turned a right angle and descended to the wharves, and here, in the darkness, stopped. Gundorf was the first to alight; he slipped into the shelter of a shed that smelt of fish and flung himself to the ground.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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(Emphasize the "Great")