

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Absentee Wives...

Another Right-O Story—
The Lesson of Summer-time

By DOROTHY DLX.

"Well," said the Bookkeeper, "the good old summer time is here at last. The summer widower has bloomed out in all his dazzling beauty on the roof gardens, and that's an unflinching sign that there is going to be a hot time in the old town."

"Yes," assented the Stenographer. "I saw a bunch of 'em last night looking like schoolboys playing hooky and frisking about like year-olds. Funny, isn't it, how the loss of his wife always chinks a man up?"

"The procession of hump-shouldered, listless, grouchy men going down to the Grand Central to see their wives off for the summer, and the same line of dead-game sports, with hats set at a wicked angle, who fox-trot away from the station after wife's car pulls out, always make me think of the 'before' and 'after' taking pictures of the patient medicine advertisements, while a six months' real widower always goes about looking as if he had got money from home."

"I don't see where the women who have nothing to do but keep house but into this vacation business, anyway," objected the Bookkeeper. "pretty fierce, I call it, for the wife who doesn't need it, to get a hike around to all the glad spots, when the poor husband, who needs a rest, has to stay in town and hold down his job."

"Oh, it's a double-action blessing!" exclaimed the Stenographer. "the wife is traveling for her husband's health."

"How is that?" inquired the Bookkeeper. "She's giving hubby a rest and a change," responded the Stenographer. "Any woman who has wrestled with the servant question for a year; who has thought out 1,000 regular meals, and a few extra ones; who has had to cater to a family that demanded Delmonico fare on a quick lunch expenditure, and had to sew, and twist, and turn and spraddle a dollar over a five-spot void, has earned a holiday."

"So has the husband, and if he can't get away from his business, the next best thing is to get away from the clack of his wife's tongue, the noise of the children, the everlasting monotony of home cooking, and the bondage of keeping records. It rests you, you know, to slip the collar."

"I should think too much Maria would get on a fellow's nerves," suggested the Bookkeeper.

"Sure thing," replied the Stenographer, "when people get to boring each other just for diversion and to live things up. If most couples were married only three days a week, instead of seven, matrimony would be a glad, sweet thing, instead of a scrapping-match."

"You have to get away from even the people that you love every now and then to get a focus on their virtues, just like you have to board for a while to get a line on all the comforts of home. That's what makes the summer vacation a life-saving station for married folks."

"Maybe you're one," assented the Bookkeeper.

"Oh, I'm Solomon all right," agreed the Stenographer. "you have to give absence a chance to make the heart grow fonder. When a woman starts off on a summer vacation, she is sizing her husband up as an ordinary sort of dud, who doesn't shave as often as he ought to, and has a measly little soul that doesn't soar above the stock market, and as she looks at him she wonders what made her marry him."

"Before she has been away from home a week she gets out his photograph and thinks how handsome and distinguished-looking he is. In two weeks more she has worked up a halo and encircles his noble brow with it, and by the time that summer is over he is once more the romantic hero of her youthful dreams."

"Same way with the man. If he is decent he runs a bluff about how sorry he is to see the wife go, and how lonely he will be without her; but in his heart he is thinking how he is going to whoop things up while she is gone, and how joyous it is going to be to come home any old hour at night without having to make a sneak-in."

"For the first week he tears things up with both hands. He makes a night of it with the boys and makes up with a headache and a dark brown taste of remorse in his mouth. He sits in a little game and gets sleepy and then he begins to find out that domesticity doesn't fit you to a rounder, and that if you are used to going to bed at 10 you don't want to be kept up until 3 a. m."

"He soon tires of having to think what he wants to eat at restaurants and when he finds out that he can't locate his clean clothes without a search warrant he begins to appreciate the love, fuzzy but reliable, that takes care of him, and by the time his Mary comes home in the fall she is once more the angel that he wooed and won, and he wouldn't trade her off for a whole pony ballet."

"I've noticed that the summer widower is a gutter," said the Bookkeeper. "Right-O," said the Stenographer, "and a promoter of domestic peace and happiness there is nothing like the summer vacation for wives."

"Lucky Dog!"

—And the Poor Hum 'n Can Only Envy Beauty's Beast—

By Nell Brinkley

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Lucky dog! to tag her about wherever she goes! Mary's lamb was lucky that way. Lucky dog, to be fetching and carrying for her—by her side in service from rosy dawn to purple twilight.

That's you! Brushing against her skirts. Sometimes having her soft fingers in your hair. Hearing her laughing voice in your ear. Teased by her, loved by her, often knowing the bliss of her fragrant hair bent low over your face, and the joy of her wreathed arms

around your neck. Lucky dog! while I, who need her more, must pass along with a calm face above my stormy heart and be content to be just wounded by her eyes as by the goes! —NELL BRINKLEY.

Read It Here—See It at the Movies.

The Goddess

By Gouverneur Morris and Charles W. Goddard

Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

John Anderson is killed in a railroad accident, and his wife, one of America's most beautiful women, dies from shock, leaving a young daughter, who is taken by Prof. Blackstone, who is interested in the Adirondacks, where she is named Celestia. Tommy Barclay, fifteen years later, who had just quarreled with his supposed father, wanders into the woods and discovers the girl, now known as Celestia, in company with Prof. Blackstone. Tommy takes the girl to New York, where she falls into the clutches of a noted promoter, but is able to win over the woman by her peculiar hypnotic power. Here she attracts Freddie the artist, who becomes attached to her. At a 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 Bitumen, a mining town, where the coal miners are on a strike. Tommy has gone there, too, and Mrs. Gundorf, wife of the mine's leader, falls in love with him and denounces him to the men when he spurns her. Celestia saves Tommy from being lynched and also settles the strike by winning over Kehr, the agent of the bosses, and Barclay, Sr. Mrs. Blackstone, who is also in love with Tommy, tells him the story of Celestia, which she has discovered through her jealousy. Kehr is named the candidate for president on a ticket that has Stilliter's support, and Tommy Barclay is named on the ticket. Kehr is elected, and Celestia, who is in love with him, wants to get her for himself. Tommy urges her to marry him. Mrs. Blackstone bribes Mr. Gundorf to try to murder Celestia, while the latter is on her campaign tour, traveling on a show white train. Mrs. Gundorf is again hypnotized by Celestia, and the murder averted.

Stilliter 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 no longer back. Freddie the artist has followed him closely, and Tommy is not far away, having been exploring the cave, hoping to find Celestia there.

Stilliter 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 is the first to follow Freddie into Stilliter's glasses and leaves him blind. Freddie takes Celestia, and Tommy, and Stilliter builds a fire to attract them. The fire spreads and he flees before it falls into a lake and drowns. Tommy and Celestia return to New York, where they find Sturdevant to be a big meeting that Celestia has returned to heaven.

FIFTEENTH EPISODE.

Why didn't he shoot down the financiers as they delighted on the car? His hands were so cramped from gripping the tires he could not have held or pointed a gun; there were shaking like leaves of poplar trees in a wind. He was in acute physical pain. But, lying on the ground, writhing with exhaustion, he began to recover little by little from the ordeal through which he had passed, and he was able to keep an eye on the car and on the shadowy men

whom he hated, and to listen to what they had to say to each other and to the fisherman whom they roared from his bed, and who finally, for a prodigious sum of money, consented to venture out in the easterly storm that was brewing and carry them and their luggage to Gull Island.

The name of his little schooner was the Mary Nye. It was at the end of the long wharf, half unloaded. No, he had given up fishing; there was more money in coasting. They couldn't start at once; he would have to get his crew together—two men and a boy. Had they really come all the way from New York? They must be hard set. Better come to the house. He'd root the misses out of bed, and they'd give them coffee.

Barclay gave some orders to his driver, and much money; also he gave much money to the other man on the box, and he shook hands with them both and thanked them for their devotion to him, and told them that their future would be his care.

Then the car went one way and the financiers and the fisherman went another, and presently Gundorf, doubled half over, like a man crippled with rheumatism, rose from his hiding place and hobbled off in a third.

The Mary Nye lay in the lee of the long wharf near the end. It was a dirty little ship. Amidship was a hold, formerly used as a container for cod-fish; it still stank of them. The hatchway giving access to this hold was open, and into it Gundorf descended. It seemed to him, after exploring the schooner from stern to stem, to offer the best means of concealment. The little cabin aft was cleaner. It would be the choice of the triumvirate for their own quarters.

Gundorf was half crazy with fatigue. In a far corner of the hold he found a pile of sacking and flung himself down on them. But there was something hard among them that hurt him. He groped for this, and found that it was a powerful, two-handed augur, fixed with an inch and a half bit.

He pushed it to one side and in a moment was sound asleep. Barclay was restless; the cabin was stuffy and verminous; he preferred the deck and the open air. So it happened that in passing the main hatch, in a full of the wind, he heard a sound as of a man snoring. He had left Semmes and Sturdevant complaining of the discomforts of the cabin. Captain Nye was at the wheel, the two men and the boy forward.

"Here," thought Barclay, "we've got a stowaway aboard. Some poor son-of-a-gun of a warf rat, I suppose."

He stroled aft. "There's someone asleep in the main hold," he said. "The hell there is!" "You can hear him snoring if you listen at the hatchway."

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Devotion to astronomy, the most inspiring of the sciences, often begins through an acquaintance, casually made, with some conspicuous and brilliant constellation, or some



superlatively bright and beautiful star. Many men and women have been led to the lifelong delight of knowing the stars by having Orion, or the Great Bear, or Sirius, or Capella, pointed out to them, in connection with the immortal stories that those names recall.

There is another side of astronomy which is only for those endowed with scientific tastes and abilities, but the "geography of the heavens" is for everybody and, frequently, it serves as introduction to the entire subject, in all its aspects. Even if astronomy consisted only of a knowledge of the starry heavens as they show themselves to the naked eye, and of the tapestried history of the thoughts, dreams and heroic ideals of early nations which mythology has woven among the stars, it would furnish one of the noblest occupations for human intelligence.

Look up at the sky tonight, and see how it is studded with pictures marked out there by man's imagination long before Homer sang the "Iliad." Man's marks on the face of the earth become obliterated by the passage of time, but not so in the sky. There they remain as bright today as when they were created.

The glittering figures of the great heroes, the dragons and heroines of Grecian and Mesopotamian mythology whirled nightly overhead as earth spins around, just as they have been doing for countless centuries. The constellations are the most lasting of all man's works. They are the only truly enduring monuments that he has ever made in memory of his ideals. Books and pyramids perish, but the constellations remain, and some all-embracing world remembrance mysteriously preserves their original sanctification through the flood of change continually sweeping over the earth.

It is marvellous how the image of the antique world continues to be reflected up into the starry heavens from behind the horizon of ages so remote that when they were on the meridian of time recorded history had yet not begun. Take for instance the stars known as Castor and Pollux, the leaders of the constellation Gemini, the "Twins." The Castor and Pollux of mythological history were the brothers of Helen, the faithless queen of Sparta, whose flight from her husband, Menelaus, and elopement with Paris to Troy, were the cause of the Trojan war, a war to which no historian can assign a date. While the long war continued Castor and Pollux died, and a constellation was formed in their honor, and their names were attached to its two brightest stars. Now, note how deeply sunk all this is "in the dark backward and abysm of time."

The Pleasure of Knowing the Stars

before the birth of Christ, you will find the following most interesting reference to the twin stars of the Spartan brothers, which shows that even in the days of Euripides the constellation Gemini was of unmeasured antiquity:

"Troy has been captured; Hecuba, the widowed queen of King Priam, who was killed, together with his son, Hector, by the terrible Achilles, bewails her fate (she was doomed to be carried off as a slave by the wily and hated Ulysses), and then, with burning indignation, turns to denounce the falsehood of Helen, who has just proclaimed that she was an unwilling follower of her paramour, Paris, Hector's unworthy brother.

"Hia!" exclaims Hecuba, "my son carried thee off by force, thou sayest. What Spartan saw this? What cry for help

didst thou ever raise?—though Castor was still alive, a vigorous youth, and his brother also, not yet amid the stars!"

Who does not feel the added charm that attaches to those stars from the knowledge that Euripides and his contemporaries knew them by the same names that they bear today, and that through the greatest period of Greek history, during the centuries when Greece illuminated human annals for all time with its galaxy of genius, every Greek child read the story of Castor and Pollux, written with stars on the spanned zone of the Milky Way.

At this season of the year the stars of the "Great Twin Brethren" are low down in the western evening sky, but overhead, and all around the visible firmament, there are other storied stars and constellations, any one of which will serve to recall the age-long association of man's thoughts and fancies with the celestial blazonry above. Mr. Barritt's monthly sky map will show you what to look for at any time. Just now, for instance, full in the south, resting upon the meridian, is Virgo, the celestial figure of Virgin Justice, still wearing its pure white star gem which bears its own name, Spica, and which, according to ancient Hesiod, ruled the world with peaceful sway in the mythical Golden Age, and refused to quit it in the less brilliant Silver Age that followed; but when the war-loving Prassen Age succeeded, with its spectacles of human slaughter, then, at length,

"—loathing that race of men, she winged her flight to heaven."

"Why am I slowing down?"

—and then you sit there wondering why—when the wonder is that you have kept the pace so long. For the rush of business with its countless worries falls so heavily on a man's nervous system.

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