

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Woman Without Faith a Mental Monstrosity

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

(Copyright, 1915, Star Co.)  
The woman who proclaims herself without faith in a Supreme Being and immortal life is a mental monstrosity. As well might she go forth proclaiming the fact that she was afflicted with some physical deformity. A spiritual quality is far more important in the make-up of an admirable woman than great intellectuality.



Men may not so express themselves, since men are afflicted with cowardice in these matters, but however materialistic a man may be, he is repelled by the atheistic materialism in woman.

The woman who finds herself questioning the existence of an over-ruuling Power in this great universe should endeavor to cultivate the spiritual quality, and to put her mind in touch with the strong souls who have solved these questions to their own satisfaction.

Sir Oliver Lodge, one of the leading men in the scientific world today, may well be listened to when he says: "I tell you with all the strength and conviction I can muster that we do perish after death, and that those who have passed on before us communicate with us, and that I have talked with friends of mine on the other side. I know that man is surrounded by other intelligences. If you once step beyond man there is no limit until you come to the infinite intelligence himself. Once having gone beyond man you go on and must go on until you come to God."

"But it is no strange land to which I am leading you. The cosmos is one. We here on this planet are limited in certain ways and blind to much that is going on, but I tell you that we are surrounded by beings, working with us, co-operating and helping, such as people in visions have had some perception of, and that which religion tells us saints and angels are. That the Master himself is helping us is, I believe, literally true."

Another shining soul who has given her life to the study of these questions, Anna Besant, says:  
"This one thing is sure: Man is today a living soul, over whom death has no power, and the key of the prison house of the body is in his own hands, so that he may learn its use if he will. It is because his true self, while blinded by the body, has lost touch with other selves, that death has been a gulf instead of a gateway between embodied and disembodied souls."

So great is the accumulation of proof regarding worlds beyond that it seems almost like a phase of arrested mental development when a human being declares himself an atheist. If you desire to make the best possible use of this life, to attain the highest results in your chosen work, to be helpful to humanity, to realize happiness, then seek to develop faith in the overruling supreme intelligence and a belief in the lives to come.

Take a little time alone each day. Just before retiring is perhaps the best hour to choose. Sit quietly by yourself, with closed eyes and lifted heart; ask only for light and guidance; make your mind like that of a little child who goes to its parent for comfort and protection; let no day pass without entering the tower room of your mind. In that tower room permit no thought to enter but the desire for an uplifting illumination.

There is a room serene and fair,  
All pallid with light and air,  
Free from the dust-world's noise and fust—  
God's tower room in each of us.

Oh! many a stair our feet must press,  
And climb from self to selflessness,  
Before we reach that radiant room  
Above the discord and the gloom.

So many, many stairs to climb,  
But mount them gently—take your time;  
Rise leisurely, the stairs to run,  
Not so the slightest footstaple done,  
Rise leisurely, the stairs come tread  
Reveal the mountain peaks of God;  
And from its upper room the soul  
Sees all in one united whole.

He who seeks for knowledge which shall bring faith in its train shall surely find it if he climbs often to the tower room of his own being.

## This Monarchy Endures

By Nell Brinkley

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This monarchy never totters. High above all the courts of the world, democratic and aristocratic, sits on a cushion of his mother's patient making His Serene Happiness, Emperor of the Home and Ruler of the Warm, White Bottle, just anybody's baby. Here for once is a head, a soft head with feathery hair, that lies easy wearing a crown! Here for once is an Emperor's eyes like lakes of joy! Here is a king's mouth untouched by care and pain! Here a czar whose heart is on wings!

The Monarchy that Endures—that will never crumble and sink in upon itself like a rickety house—that is not gilt on the outer door with an interior of dust and death. Here is a ruler who aways truly by divine right, and his palace is the world—his ceiling touches the blue paint of the sky—the sides of it vanish remotely in the light of the sun and the moon and its foundations are rooted in the Valley of Deepest shadow, where the mothers who bear him walk for a little while. His—the King!—NELL BRINKLEY.

## Woman's Lack of Humor

Too Bad They Cannot See Funny Side of Drunken Husband or Regard Beating as Playful Jest

By DOROTHY DIX.

To everyone who takes an altruistic interest in the feminine sex it is bound to be a matter of profound regret that women have so little sense of humor. They miss such a good joke in not being able to see themselves.



What else, for instance, has ever been so sardonically humorous as the spectacle presented by the suffragettes of starving themselves to death to spite a government that wouldn't give them the vote?

Or what could be more amusing than woman's idea of enjoying herself at her club by sitting in a deathly dull essay on the "Amient byzantine Empire," that some sister club woman has dug out of the encyclopedia?

And isn't it a scream that the majority of middle aged wives are actually going through all sorts of torturing exercises, and enduring starvation diets in order to keep themselves thin and lithe to retain the affection of fat, bald, rheumatic, hay-winded husbands?

These and a hundred other feminine peculiarities—to say nothing of the spectacle of a stout lady in the present style high water skirt—add to the gaiety of nations, and it is heartbreaking to reflect that the poor dears, who furnish so much amusement to others, miss the joke themselves.

It is, therefore, gratifying to notice that the feminine lumen of humor is beginning to grow, and that lovely women is at last coming to the place where she can enjoy a joke on herself, which is, as everyone will agree, the acid test of genuine appreciation of fun.

The proof of this is furnished by a lady who recently had her husband arrested after he had beaten her every day for a week until she was battered and blue and had both eyes bugged up.

At the trial, however, she withdrew her charge of assault and battery, stating, in explanation of her change of position, that she had found out that her husband was merely whipping her for fun, and to prove to a friend with whom he had made a wager that he could beat her every day for a month.

"Had I known that, at the time," added the humor-loving wife, "I should not have had him arrested, but would have helped him to win his bet, but the mix-up came through his not having let me in on the joke!"

Of course, many husbands complain that their wives do not catch the point of their witticisms, and so the wife who can take a drubbing as a playful bit of

repartee will certainly do much toward making matrimony a merry jest. This new attitude of women should be hailed with rapture, for there is no doubt that it will do more than anything else to lessen the domestic tension and change life from a tragedy into a farce-comedy. Everything depends on the point of view, and if women can only learn to look at matrimonial contretemps humorously instead of pessimistically their happiness and peace of mind are assured. For example, take the very common case of the husband who stays out at night with the boys and comes home gloriously tanked up.

Very few wives have ever seen anything in that situation except tears and anguish. Yet on the stage the maudlin fellow with his hat smashed in, his collar off, who staggers around from one side to the other, is considered so excruciatingly amusing that he gets round after round of applause.

If women's sense of humor has reached the point where they can see a joke in a beating, may we not anticipate the day when the drunkard's wife will joyously wait up for her spouse's return for the purpose of laughing at his funny efforts to find the keyhole, and thus one of the common sorrows of life be eliminated?

How much, too, it would do to brighten life if wives could only learn to regard their husbands' remarks about the household bills as more facetiousness! It is, really, when you come to think of it, absurdly funny for a man to ask his wife what she did with that quarter he gave her week before last, or to expect her to keep house on air, and it's nothing but women's lack of the sense of humor that has prevented them from enjoying these domestic jokes.

Certainly, if every man were court jester to his wife, and she regarded his criticism on her housekeeping and his flings at her lack of management, and her general vanity and weaknesses as an amusing monologue, she delivered for her special reading, she could save herself many a pang she now suffers. It is better to laugh than to cry, and to have your funny bone tickled than it is to have your feelings hurt.

And think of the hilarious time women could have if instead of being worried into their graves by their Nanas, and Hildas, and Dinahs, and their mother-in-laws, they could see that the servant problem, and the mother-in-law question are funny instead of tragical, and that in wrestling with them they are being permitted to dip into two of the perennial fountains of humor. Likewise, that when their children are bad and mischievous they should laugh with them, as with the Katzenjammer Kids in private life.

In all good truth, women have always taken themselves too seriously, and an appreciation of humor would save them much trouble. And it would prevent them from making fools of themselves so many, many times.

Read it Here—See it at the Movies.

## Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

By special arrangements for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the installments of "Runaway June" may now be seen at the leading moving picture theatres. By arrangement with the Mutual Film Corporation it is not only possible to read "Runaway June" each week, but also afterward to see moving pictures illustrating our story.

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### SYNOPSIS

June, the bride of Ned Warner, impulsively leaves her husband on their honeymoon because she begins to realize that she must be dependent on him for money. She desires to be independent.

June is pursued by Gilbert Blye, wealthy married man. She escapes from his clutches with difficulty. Ned searches desperately for June, and meeting Blye's designs, vows vengeance on him.

### ELEVENTH EPISODE.

In the Clutch of the River Thieves.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

This second dated by the accusation, but suddenly he let out a yell. Mechanically he had reached to his vest pocket, as was his habit when the "chaunce" bag was there, and he discovered his keys. "My diamonds!" he yelled. "It's gone!" And his face turned white as he looked around the tense group. Slowly comprehension came to him. "You framed me!" he suddenly shouted, pointing a trembling finger at Big Ben. "You copped my diamonds; then you planted this clear-cut holder on me, didn't you?"

"You're a liar!" bellowed Big Ben and swung for the runner. He was thrown back as he dashed to Big Ben's head, and he dashed unopposed at his scorching opponent. With a roar of rage Big Ben

caught the descending wrist, wrested the weapon from it and plunged it to the hilt in Big Ben's breast!

There was a piercing shriek from the attic and a tearing of boards. The woman, quick of mind as she was of body, was the first to comprehend what that might mean. She sprang to the ladder, but as she went she cast a backward glance at the lifeless man on the floor. There was no shudder in her, only cold triumph.

"It's a girl! She's on the roof!" cried the woman as she gained the attic. Lean Jake was the first out of the door and Big Ben just after him. They rounded the corner of the hut in time to see June jump from the roof and dart for her boat. It was the woman who caught her.

"Let me go!" implored June. "I won't tell."

Those last three words would seal her fate in the mind of any murderous thief. Big Ben had caught her roughly by the arm, and now he looked inquiringly at the others.

"Drown her," advised Lean Jake, who was more full of fear than a thief should be. "She knows too much."

All three of them looked at the water. It spread far into the marshes, and it held its secrets well and long. Without a word Big Ben swung June up in his arms and started with her to the water's edge, while she uttered shriek upon shriek.

A shot and then another shattered June's piercing shriek, and down she crashed from the boat, safely amid the little cutter, with Chris Christmann at the wheel, revolver in hand. "Hands up!" yelled a strong voice, and another shot started the air of the

marshes. Gilbert Blye! He stood up in his racer, and over the wheel bent heavy Edwards, his eyes narrowed and his thick lips firmly set.

Big Ben had dropped June at the first shot and had reached for his revolver. Lean Jake had dropped flat on the ground behind a boulder, but before Big Ben could return the fire of the oncoming boats from the Hilarity he was confused by a shot from another quarter, and through the reeds of the marsh there pushed a narrow steed gray motorboat, in which stood a tall man with a soft hat and a loosely knotted cravat.

A stranger! And he was nearer to the helpless June than her pursuers from the Hilarity. She ran toward him like a deer, and as his driver drew close inshore June sprang into the boat.

"Murry!" she cried. "Please hurry!" The man, evidently an artist, from the canvases and folding easels in his boat, followed her terrified gaze as she glanced back, her terror divided between the murderers on the island and the men in the boats. The artist lowered June to a seat beside him, and, with a word to the driver, they darted away toward the channel. A shot whizzed over their heads as they started, and shot after shot resounded from the upper channel.

The man with the white mustache paid no attention to Big Ben as he steered his swift little cutter around the island and struck into the lower channel after the artist and the beautiful young girl who had escaped from the attic. Ned did the man with the black VanDyke waste any time upon the astounded thieves as his boat, too, whizzed around the curve. Lean Jake raised up from behind his bowdler as the boat shot by, and the three—Babe, Big Ben and Jake—looked at each other in bewilderment.

Another boat came swishing down past the island. It was driven by a blazing-eyed little chauffeur with a blue moustache, and he was shouting at the top of his voice. Behind him sat a sturdy woman with high cheek bones and a will

## Advice to Lovelorn: By Beatrice Fairfax

A Cure for Distrust.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 24 and have been "keeping company" with a man for almost three years, during which time we have been considered a most devoted couple.

While I am not beautiful, still I am attractive, and wherever we go I always make a good impression. Am very much in love with the man in question, but somehow he does not seem to have strict confidence in me, which almost kills me. I have positively been very truthful with him, and as a matter of fact have even told him things which could have just as well been left unasked at the risk of my own happiness.

Would you be kind enough to let me know what I can do to prove to him that he does mean everything to me and that his insane jealousy is uncalled for, or do you think perhaps after all my good efforts and love for him have been or will be in vain?

A CONFIDENT READER.

There must be some indirect ranking in the mind of your friend—some unexplained action or affair over which he is brooding. Have a plain talk with him. If he cannot be convinced of your loyalty and if you are sure you are worthy of all faith, decide whether you are willing to suffer unjust suspicion for the sake of your love, or whether you will forego your love rather than suffer the torments

of a jealous lover. There is one way to win absolute faith—that is absolutely to deserve it. There is one way to overcome distrust—that is to be eternally loyal. If you are willing to devote yourself faithfully to the task of overcoming this suspicion, you are likely to win. It depends on your own determination and patience.

Are You Sure?

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18. About a year ago I was employed as stenographer in a concern where my employer is a married man. About nine months ago he told me he was going to get a divorce as soon as his wife, who is very sick, improved. He told me that he loved me and I reciprocated his love.

The doctors say his wife will not live long. He has told me this, and has asked me if I would not wait for him. I told him that he is very mean to talk about marriage to me when the doctors look for the death of his wife. He said he did not care for his wife in the least and drifted into marrying her. I told my mother all about this and she said that I should wait for him if I loved him, which I most surely do.

At this time there is another young man calling on me at my house, who loves me much. He is a very nice young man, but I have very little feeling for him.

I consider it a very gross piece of business to be waiting for a woman to die in order that you may marry my husband, but this is only a little ruse shameful than waiting for him to divorce her in order that you may marry him. However, since your mother approves of this match and you love the man, I hardly feel as if you need my advice as to what to do. Can you trust yourself at all to make a wise choice? Are you sure you are not despatched by the thought of having a man who is so much your senior and your mother's brother, showing you affection?

### TOMORROW

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| For               | Price   | For                    | Price  |
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| Brussels rug, 6x9 | \$0.25  | Willow Fiber rug, 8x10 | 50c    |
| at                |         | at                     | \$7.75 |
| <b>One</b>        | \$7.50  | Velvet rug, 27x34      | \$1.05 |
| <b>Day</b>        | \$8.75  | Velvet rug, 36x72      | \$2.75 |
| <b>Only</b>       |         | Velvet rug, 6x9        | \$0.50 |
|                   |         | Velvet rug, 9x11       | \$1.50 |
| <b>Satur-</b>     | \$1.85  | Velvet rug, 9x11       | \$1.50 |
| <b>day,</b>       |         | Ingrain rug, 12x15     | 2.00   |
| <b>March</b>      | \$2.75  |                        |        |
| <b>27,</b>        |         |                        | \$0.50 |
|                   |         |                        |        |
|                   | \$10.50 | Ingrain rug, 9x11      | \$4.50 |
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