

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

New Thought Rosary of Content

Few Convincing Phrases Which Form "Beads" of Truth and Wisdom

By E.L.A. WHEELER WILCOX.

Copyright, 1915, Star Company. One of the oldest and sweetest customs among the religious denominations is the telling of the beads of the rosary. The Buddhists, the Mohammedans and the Roman Catholics have preserved this custom, whose origin cannot be traced, so remote is it.

There is something poetic and beautiful about it. Without question the habit has been helpful in bringing the minds of religious devotees under control and developing the power of concentration.

New thought, which takes its central ideas of the unity of life and the divinity within from the oldest religion known to history, can be made still more potent by the introduction of the rosary idea.

No beads are necessary—written phrases will serve the purpose—and let each earnest soul, seeking to find the light and to develop the latent powers within, provide its own rosary.

Are you discouraged and given to melancholy and nervous moods? Do you feel that everything goes against you, and that the future holds nothing but sorrow for you?

Then let this be your rosary. Write down the phrases and put them where you can see them as you sit alone for your moments of concentration. "String your beads" of these sentences:

- I am peace absolute.
- I am serenity.
- I am happiness absolute.
- Life holds nothing but good for me.
- I am realizing all my heart's desires.
- After you have learned the words by heart you will not need the written rosary. It will become a part of your thoughts.
- You will say your rosary over as you walk on the street or sit in public conveyance, or drive in your carriage or in your car, and you will find such strength and power coming to you as you never dreamed of possessing.
- If you are worried about your health,

or about your financial condition, add new beads to the rosary and say:
I am health, energy, vitality.
I am prosperity and plenty.
Opulence is mine, and the wisdom to use it wisely.

Everything I do succeeds, and I am filled with vitality and strength.
Familiarize yourself with these words and make the rosary a part of your daily mental and spiritual exercises.

A worried and despondent business man who believed he was born to misfortune acceded to the wish of a friend and carried the rosary she wrote for him in the pocket of his coat, and he never again felt the despondent mood approaching.

After a time his nerves were less tensely strung; he was calmer and more philosophical. That was all.

Then came a complete business failure, and he said to his friend: "You see, the rosary did not work. I am born for failure."

But right after the failure came the best fortune of his whole life, and it came through the failure; just as the erection of a fine marble building waits upon the destruction of a cheap, wooded structure of timbers.

Health, happiness, success and power have come to many lives through the repetition of one of these new thought rosaries. String one for yourself, of such mental qualities as you crave and such possessions as you need for your happiness and usefulness.

The explanation is perfectly logical and natural. You simply bring the vibrations of your mind to chord with those of universal good. You cease to make a discord in the mental and spiritual realm.

The calls of your brain undergo a physical transformation by your change of thoughts, and "As a man thinks, so is he" proves to be literal fact as well as a divine assertion.

If you feel the romance of your domestic life fading, if love seems to be dying in your home, make yourself a rosary to help bring the happiness which is the earth's vestibule to heaven.

Read it Here—See it at the Movies.

Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester.

A special arrangement for this paper is a photo-drama corresponding to the installments of "Runaway June" may now be seen at the leading moving picture theaters. By arrangement with the Mutual Film Corporation it is not only possible to read "Runaway June" each week, but also afterward to see moving picture illustrations of 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 Rive, a wealthy married man. She escapes from his clutches with difficulty. Ned, learning of June's designs, vows vengeance on him. After many adventures, June is rescued from river pirates by Durban, an artist. She poses as the "Spirit of the March," is driven out by Mrs. Durban and is kidnapped by Rive and Cunningham. June escapes, tries sweatshop work and is discovered by her landlady.

FOURTEENTH EPISODE.

In the Grip of Poverty.

CHAPTER I.
The cold eyes of the dumpy landlady suddenly warmed. They had caught the glimmer of a diamond.
"Wait a minute!" she called. "I think I'll take a chance on you, after all."
The beautiful young girl averted in the doorway. Mrs. Waters caught her by the arms, put down the heavy bundle under which the girl had bent and led her to a chair.
"You need a cup of tea," the landlady rattled on, and her eyes strayed cornerwise to the tapering white hand, upon which gleamed a sparkling solitaire. The girl also wore a bright new wedding ring!

The woman waddled away, and June opened the bundle of pants which she had brought with her and began to sew.
"Put 'em up!" the bustling landlady with a neck like a crocus cried. She lifted the garment from June's lap and tossed it aside. "You can't make a living sewing pants. A pretty girl like you ought to get a nice job in an office. Here's a cup of tea. I got for you from Mrs. Parsons and a morning paper I got from Mrs. Keddie. Drink your tea while I hunt you a job." And energetically she turned the paper inside out. My goodness! she had been about to drive away this beautiful girl! And with that costly diamond ring on her hand and a brand-

new wedding ring! "I'll lend you car fare if you want it."
Within two minutes more she had her new lodger bundled out of the door and on her way "to hunt a job." Within two minutes after that a luxurious limousine had stopped in front of the new home of the runaway bride. The door opened, and a man with a white mustache sprang out, followed by a dark man with a black Van Dyke. They dashed for the entrance, but a noise halted them. The sound came from the back of the car and was made by a large round lump which clustered around the spare tire. The lump was the private detective, Bill Wolf, and the man with the white mustache, who as the driver of the luxurious limousine ran back to him was covered with dust. The driver, a wide faced Italian, grinned as he saw that the involuntarily faithful sleuth was firmly attached to the tire covering by his cravat, which was entangled in a strap.

"Well, why don't you help me, you big wop?" complained the trapped detective.
"Help you? Sure!" The driver jumped behind Bill Wolf and kicked him with a sound like the beating of a carpet.
"Scat!" called the black Van Dyke man, Gilbert Rive, and the grinning Italian ran to him.
Gilbert Rive noticed up the street. There he saw toward them a family cab, on the front seat of which, beside the chauffeur, sat a handsome colle, June Warner's husband. The black Van Dyke man whistled in the ear of the driver, and the gleam of joy came into the Italian's narrow, slitted eyes.
Beautiful June Warner, more appealing than ever in her plain little black dress and her fragile pallor, entered the door which was lettered "Elizabeth Sawyer—Real Estate and Investments," and found herself in the railed off reception space of a large office which was alive with the hum of energetic business.

A thin, stiff-necked young woman came out and went directly to the beautiful girl with the plain black dress.
"Will you come in?" she invited with an unexpected agreeableness, and she led the way into the very center of this web of industry.

The family car stopped at the curb with a slam, and the colle, Brouner, was on the ground. From the car sprang the young husband of June Warner, his laws the stern father and the gentle mother of June, her bosom friend, Iris Biechering, and Bobbie.
"There's in there!" called a dusty voice. It was the well-known and justly famous private detective, Bill Wolf, still attached to the luxurious limousine by his strong cravat, but no one heard him. The party had rushed into the dim hallway.

June Warner's eyes brightened as she entered the private office of Elizabeth Sawyer. That pleasant featured woman sat at a desk piled high with a litter of letters. As she passed the desk June saw, standing amid the papers, the portrait of Elizabeth Sawyer, a tall, good-looking man and three handsome children.
As New Warner rushed impulsively in from the street a figure sprang from the dim hallway. That figure was Scatt, and, closely pursued by the party from the family car, he tore across the big vacant room which occupied the ground floor and dashed through a heavy iron door, and the pursuers pined after him. It was that dark, handsome man with the black Van Dyke slipped from his concealment beneath the stairway, slipped lightly across the abandoned banking room and banged the iron door, sitting the heavy crossbar into its place.

The Lakewood Girl



Wherever the smartest and most congenial there will be noted the beflounged dress in one of its manifold varieties. At Lakewood was seen the gown depicted in the above sketch. It shows a moderation in the flounce fullness, which will be welcomed by women whose figures do not permit the bouffant expression of fashions Paris has imposed on the American woman this spring.

The inevitable beige color in the inevitable taffeta constitutes the fabric. The skirt is creased at intervals by flounces of the material. These flounces are gathered, as is usual with such decorations, and cut on circular lines so that the hem assumes a godet ripple to give the essential flare effect.

Each flounce is raised a trifle across the front to accentuate the undulating line. This is something of a new departure. Although this frock is entirely of silk, a pleasing result could be obtained by making the foundation of cloth and the godet flounces of silk.

The rage for white and black effects is excellently illustrated in a frock recently worn by Mrs. Arthur Gibb, at Hot Springs, Va. Even among the galaxy of modish gowns worn daily by patrons of the Homestead, that lady's was distinguished for its demure lines and its suggestion of the passing of the Lenten season, the latter conveyed in the gridle and cordings that trimmed the frock.

Turtles, flounces and other frobbelings found no place in the decoration of the Paris dress. Instead, the skirt was shaped on full circular lines that brought into effective play the two-tone shimmer of the yellowish-white taffets with the regular stripes of black.

A hat of brown leopon is worn with this fetching frock. The crown is low and round and it is trimmed with two maroon, whose wax-like petals approach the real blossoms in point of perfection, and whose creamy tones harmonize beautifully with the beige of the gown.

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At the hips the fullness was confined by a broad sash of violet satin—spring-time in tone and giving just the right note of relief to the basic fabric. The ends draped at the sides instead of at the back and they were embroidered in silver and violet floss in some conventional pattern.

The short sleeves seemed to indicate a return to a type never quite out of fashion and likely to be in considerable evidence as the warm-weather season advances; for they spell comfort and consistency and even the fashionable woman is never slow to avail herself of such style restatives.

The man who runs on the side lines, unless they run on to the main track, wastes his energies, smother his enthusiasm and usually falls in all that he undertakes.

The successful worker today is he who singles out from a vast number of possible employments some specialty and to that devotes himself thoroughly.

This is a poor country for the average man, and worse still for the untrained man or the miscellaneous genius. Everything is crowded—downstairs!

The men who get to the top over the heads of a know-nothing class are not always the men of conspicuous ability, but availability. The man who knows how to take hold of things by their handles has the call.

Young's phrase, "Time elaborately thrown away," applies to the man who attempts to know or do everything.

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As Dickens' friend would have us understand, "It's trogged does it."
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Eugenics and Illegitimacy

By REV. MABEL IRWIN.

That unclerical saint, Frances Willard, once said: "There are no illegitimate children, only illegitimate parents."

It would seem that this fact alone, when once recognized, would forever do away with the moral stigma that has always attached itself to certain children and which has "visited the sins of the fathers" with unwarranted vengeance.

It is to call to mind, "Suffer little children to come unto me," the forgetting of which should cause a professedly Christian social order to blush with shame.

The time has passed, it is hoped, when an unmarried mother was regarded as the accuser of the earth, and so treated. It is coming to be recognized that these are often the gentlest souls, the most loving and unassuming girls of all.

The specious pleas of the man who says he loves her, that this is the supreme test of her love, and that no priest or law can make her more his wife in the sight of God than she already is, leads her to take a false step.

The recent move in France—where there are tens of thousands of "unmarried wives and mothers"—to allow them to be married by proxy to their men now fighting in the trenches—is a notable example of the rapidly changing public opinion. The wife and children of such a soldier will in the case of his death come under the protection of the state. This seems but human, and worthy of emulation by the other nations at war.

In attempting to solve the problem of illegitimacy for America, however, we are dealing with a somewhat different condition. In France in order to marry the consent of the parents must be obtained; not always an easy thing to do. And in many of the other European countries a man may not marry till after he has served his military term.

In our country no such serious obstacles are put in the way of our young men. They have not the excuses which the men of other countries may plead. This brings us to consider the thousands of deserted girl-mothers in our own country, the problem of illegitimacy here. Is America leading in the world in its treatment of young motherhood?

The girl in times past has had to pay to the uttermost farthing for her misfortune of her folly, while the man has been allowed to go free—socially if not financially. When his fatherhood has been unquestioned, he has been compelled, sometimes, to bear some of the expense.

His tardy marriage of the girl—if marriage there be—is often regarded as an act of generosity on his part which leaves the girl-wife open to the stab-like reflection that he married her from compulsion rather than from choice.

Seventeenth century sins are each day being, lightly considered, if not condoned, by society in general, and by women in particular. How shall we account for this? Is there any possible reason why a girl is and should be held more responsible than the man in their common transgression against society and the child? She always has been so held, and statistics show, more responsible in America than anywhere else. Should she be? Must she continue to be?

Is there anything in the nature of the case that makes the mother of the race more responsible than the father for the conditions which call into being a child? If so, then we are bound to conclude that woman is man's moral superior; for it is commonly agreed that it is the superior that is the more culpable.

This may help us to a better understanding of what has been called "woman's injustice to woman"—an instinctive knowledge which held her sex more responsible—and give us a hint, at least, for the solution of the perplexing problem of illegitimacy.

Eugenics looks to the physical, mental and moral inheritance of the child. It goes back of all man-made laws and customs, questioning the man or woman as to their fitness to become parents at all. The basic element of fitness is found in natural love. When this condition is met, others may then be considered. What natural love as the recognized condition under which any child has the right to be born, the problem of unfathered babies will have been solved.

Map always protects—not "always"—the thing he loves. Any solution less than that of the problem of illegitimate parents may be put partial and punitive in character.

How to Live a Hundred Years

By EBERT HUBBARD.

Man is a dynamo. Also, he is a transformer and a transmitter. Energy plays through him.

In degree he can control it, manipulate it, use it, transmit it.

And the secret of being a good transmitter is to allow motion to equal emotion.

To be healthy and sane and well and happy you must work with your hands as well as your head.

The cure for grief is action. The recipe for strength is action.

To have a body that is free from disease and toxins you must let motion equal emotion.

Love for love's sake creates a current so hot that it burns out the soul.

But love that finds form in music, sculpture, painting, poetry and useful work is divine and beneficial beyond words.

That is, love is an inward emotion, and if stifled, thwarted and turned back upon itself tends to gloom, melancholy, brooding, jealousy, rage, disease and death.

But love that is liberated in human effort attracts love, so a current is created and excess emotion is utilized for the good not only of the beloved, but of the race.

Art is the utilization of love's exhaust. The lover out of a job is a good man for a girl to avoid.

Safety lies in service. All emotion that takes the form of ecstasy, with no outlet in the way of work, is dangerous.

This way horror lies. Emotion without motion tends to madness and despair. Expression must equal impression.

If you study you must also create, write, teach, give out.

If great joy has come to you, pass it along, and thus do you double it. You are the steward of the gifts the gods have given you, and you answer for their use with your life.

Do not obstruct the divine current. The college that imparts knowledge, but supplies no opportunity for work, is faulty in the extreme.

A school that does not supply work as well as facts is false in theory and wrong in practice.

Its pupils do not possess health, happiness or power, except on a fluke.

Emotion balanced by motion eliminates dead tissue and preserves sanity. For lack of motion congestion follows.

All sickness comes from a failure to make motion balance emotion. Impress and express; inhale and exhale; work and play; study and laugh; love and labor; exercise and rest.

Study your own case and decide to get the most out of life.

Realize that you are a divine transformer. Make motion equal emotion and you will eliminate fear, round out the century run and be efficient to the last.

And to live long and well is to accept life in every phase—evils death itself—and find it good.

The fear of death tends toward death. "That which I feared has come upon me," said Job thirty-five hundred years ago. And the same is true today.

People who are willing to go or stay, stay a long time.

When we learn how to accept life and find it good then the average man will live to five times the length of time that it takes to reach his majority; that is, five times twenty, or one hundred years.

Advice to Lovelorn: By Beatrice Fairfax

Introduction.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 21 years old and have been slightly acquainted with a girl five years my junior for eight months. I am desirous to try to gain her friendship without an introduction.

Would it be expedient to do so? I could know of no manner in which I could make a difference in her age? She is of a shy disposition and as neither one of us will give a hint as to how we should proceed to pursue.

Please advise me, as I respect this girl very much.

Since you respect this girl you must keep on trying to arrange a proper introduction. You will probably admire each other the more and feel that your friendship is built on a better foundation if you gain it with the dignified suggestion of an introduction, and not in the careless haphazard way in which people of questionable taste make friends.

You Never Know Your Luck." Dear Miss Fairfax: For some time I have been really in love with a young lady who is far above me financially, and she is the only daughter. Our ages are just about equal. My present salary is \$12 a week with excellent chances for advancement.

This young lady is willing to marry, but do you think we would be happy in a home of our own at my salary, when she

has been used to so much in her present home and am living with my stepmother. She doesn't quarrel with your good fortune. Since the girl who loves you is willing to forego a few luxuries for your sake, and is ready to live on your salary, which is a very good one, don't be too analytical about it all. Just marry her and proceed to work your way up.

The Stepmother. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 years of age and my stepmother hates me. She tells me that she hates me and wishes I would get out if her sight where she will never see me again. Would you advise me to leave home?

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 years of age and my stepmother hates me. She tells me that she hates me and wishes I would get out if her sight where she will never see me again. Would you advise me to leave home?

You are far too young to leave home. Try to win your stepmother's love. Go to her and tell her that you are just at the age where you need the advice and sympathy of a mother or other sister. Ask her if she won't stand in the place of one of these. Tell her you want to deserve her love and that if she will tell you of any offense you have even given her you will strive to avoid that in future.

If by your sweetness you can win her affection it will be a triumph of which you may be proud. If this fails, write me again.

Speaking Seven Languages and Looking for a Job

By MADISON C. PETERS.

Recently one of our papers ran this advertisement: "Wanted—Work of anything by a man of 27, speaking seven languages."

If this young man had had the courage to be ignorant of many things he would have avoided the calamity of being ignorant of all things.

It is not how much college you have gone through as how much of the college world wants to know.

The best diploma is the book of acts. The world always makes room for the man who can bring things to pass.

Our country is full of persons who can do many things fairly well, but do not know how to do one thing supremely well.

The best workers in many lines are foreigners who in the old world, devoted the early part of their lives to learning a trade or profession, and brought their superior workmanship with them; hence we seldom find such foreigners looking for a job.

The day of universal knowledge is past. The true measure of a successful man's learning today is the number of studies which he chooses to let alone.

Bread culture may be beautiful and manlyness admirable, but it is always the men with single aim and intense purpose, who concentrate their power, who are in demand when anything worth while is to be done.

It is not the diffused electricity but the concentrated thunderbolt that is terrible in its power.

He who knows everything is always looking for something. The specialist does not have to look for a job; the job is looking for him. To succeed you must be unanimous with yourself.

Agassiz was asked his opinion touching the chemical analysis of a plant. He answered: "I know nothing about chemistry." He was a naturalist. Even specialists have their specialties.

It does not pay to know everything. Only aphorisms are omniscient. The man who runs on the side lines, unless they run on to the main track, wastes his energies, smother his enthusiasm and usually falls in all that he undertakes.

To keep a gun from scattering put in a single shot.

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WAS MISERABLE COULDN'T STAND

Testifies She Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lackawanna, N. Y.—"After my first child was born I felt very miserable and could not stand on my feet. My sister-in-law wished me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and my nerves became firm, appetite good, step elastic, and I lost that weak, tired feeling. That was six years ago and I have had three fine healthy children since. For female troubles I always take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it works like a charm. I do all my own work."—Mrs. A. F. KRAMER, 1574 Electric Avenue, Lackawanna, N. Y.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the standard remedy for female ills.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should be convinced of the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health by the many genuine and truthful testimonials we are constantly publishing in the newspapers.

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.

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HELP For Shavers

Listen, all sore-faced shavers! For your comfort, do this: Moisten strip with 3-in-One before stopping. Wipe blades with 3-in-One after shaving.

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