

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Lethe

By JANE M'LEAN.

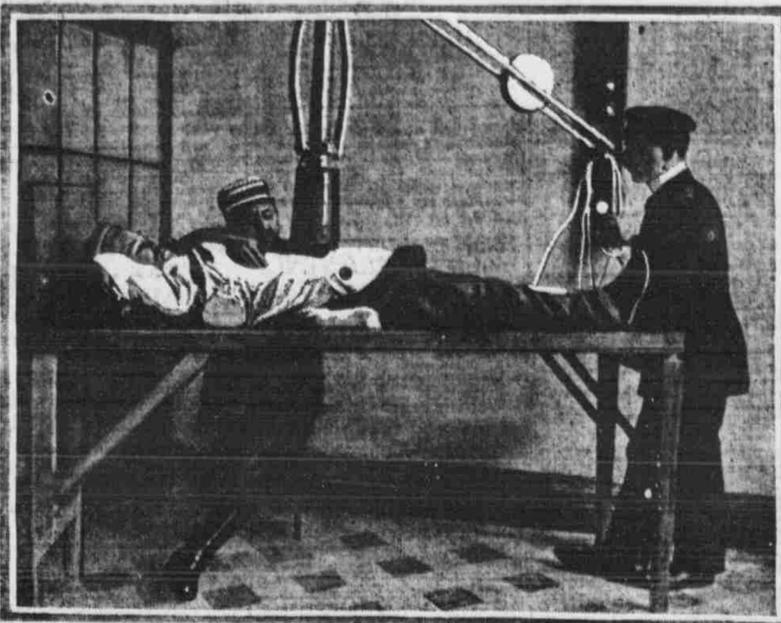
Death wore so fair a presence and he trod with scarce a sound.  
How could I know his footsteps on the petal-covered ground,  
Where silken silence spreads its net and dusky dreams abound.

Time dragged his veil behind me, a pall of pain-racked hours,  
Death strewed the rosy path ahead with apple blossom showers,  
And all the air was rife with song and sweet with dying flowers.

I would have seized the chalice to my breast and quaffed away  
Death's potion of forgetfulness, but Life must say me nay.  
Shipping her cold hand into mine she bade me work and pray.

## Electro-Magnets as Surgeons

How Splinters Are Removed from Wounded Soldiers



An Electro-Magnet Extracting a Shell-Splinter from a Wounded Soldier—An Operation in a French Hospital at Bordeaux.

These photographs show an apparatus devised by a well known French surgeon, Prof. Bergonie, here seen applying it to a wounded soldier in the Grand-Lebrun hospital at Bordeaux. A radiographic apparatus traces the movement of the splinter through the flesh. In the photograph underneath the dark portion of the splinter is due to part of it overlapping in two exposures, one made before the magnet was applied and one after, showing the splinter slightly higher.

## Graceful Graduation Gown of Mull an Inspiration for College Girls



A GREEK reflection is found in the drapery of the shaped flounce that may be regarded as peculiarly befitting the gown of the graduate.

For the college girl who is seeking inspiration for a graduation gown a suggestion may be obtained from the above sketch. The material is of sheer mull, the scalloped edge of the skirt being bound with white satin by way of a simple decorative touch. A Greek reflection is caught in the drapery of the shaped flounce which lengthens the bodice. The flounce is headed with fine embroidery, which also appears across the V implement of the front. The sleeves are in bishop effect, permitting a half-revelation and half-concealment of the arm beneath.

## Hearts I Win :: Another of the Right-O Stories

By DOROTHY DIX.

"Eureka! I have found it," exclaimed the Bookkeeper triumphantly, as he laid down the newspaper he had been reading.

"Found what—a sure tip as to which way the cat is jump in the stock market?" inquired the Stenographer tartly.

"Better than that. I have found out how to make a killing with the female sex," replied the Bookkeeper complacently.

"You know, no matter that sort of a bluff he throws, every man in his secret soul yearns to know what particular line of soft talk a woman will fall for, and I have just ascertained the never-fail brand that will make women come and eat out of your hand when you feed it to them."

"How did you get wise?" asked the Stenographer.

"By improving my mind by reading the newspapers," said the Bookkeeper.

"Here's an account of a divorce suit in which the departed husband testified that the gay deceiver who broke up his home and stole his wife away from him did so by calling her a poor, tired little kid, although the lady was as husky as Jess Willard, and weighed 230 pounds."

"That's the dope; that's the magic formula that you've only got to utter and the doors of the feminine heart will fly open before you. You poor, tired little kid! Do you get all the subtle implications in that? Why, it's a jibe—jibe to youth—and helplessness, and tenderness, and protection poured out at a woman's feet. By jinks, if I had a fat, middle-aged wife, and some man had witt' enough to say a thing like that to her, I'd say: 'Here, take her; you're a better man than I am.'"

"That man certainly was a head-liner in the Homeo class," admitted the Stenographer. "I guess there isn't a woman in the world, from Mrs. Parkhurst down, who wouldn't be flattered to death to be called a kid, and I know there isn't a mother's daughter of us who doesn't want to be sympathized with and told she's bearing a load heavier than she should, even when she's doing exactly what she wants to do. So I don't know that I blame the lady who eloped with a man with rumption enough to call her a 'poor, tired little kid.'"

"Sure thing, agreed the Bookkeeper, and the less she looked like a poor, tired little kid the more soothing to her feelings must have been the appellation. No doubt her husband, with the brutal candor of our near relations, had let her see that he considered her an able-bodied person, capable of doing a full day's work."

"Doubtless he had also remarked upon her belt. He may even have compared her invidiously with slim young maidens about half her age and a third her weight."

"Under such conditions how like balm upon a smacking wound it must have been to be called a 'poor, tired little kid.' Not even a monument of virtue could have resisted a sultor with such a honeyed tongue as that."

"There's one thing," observed the

Stenographer, "that I've noticed about most men and women, and that is that they'd rather be praised for their defects than their virtues. If you want to flatter a pretty woman, don't applaud her beauty, but hurl a few bouquets at her intellect, even if she hasn't got any more brains than a hen, and if you want to get a smart woman going, just hand her a few about her complexion and figure, even though she's ugly enough to stop the clock."

"Same way with a man, I know a doctor who's done wonderful things in his profession that have made him world famous, but the way to jolly him isn't to talk about his scientific achievements, but to praise his poetry—and he writes the worst verses you ever heard, and I know a successful literary man who purrs under your hand if you praise his clothes and tell him he's a second Beau Brummel."

"It's a funny thing, but it looks as if the less truth there is in flattery the sweeter it is and the more it goes to our heads."

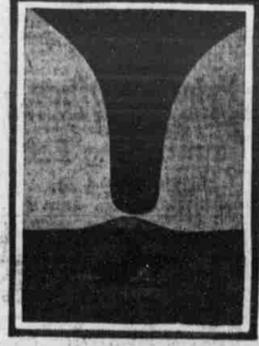
"Right-o," said the Bookkeeper.

Read It Here—See It at the Movies.



INTRODUCING EARLE WILLIAMS as Tommy Barclay ANITA STEWART as The Goddess  
Written by Gouverneur Morris (One of the Most Notable Figures in American Literature)  
Dramatized into Photo-Play by CHARLES W. GODDARD  
Author of "The Furies of Passion" "The Exploits of Kismet"

streaming with sweat, bade Prof. Stilliter leading by the hand a slim and lovely girl who carried her head like a princess. She was dressed in a white garment that fell in unbroken folds from her shoulders to her feet, like a Roman toga. On her bare feet she wore thin sandals, on her bare head a circlet of gold in which jewels flashed. Her mouth had an expression of celestial gentleness and smoothness, but her eyes, half shielded by their lids and lashes, were without expression. She seemed to Tommy like a girl, not of this earth, walking in her sleep. He had never seen a face so beautiful, so sweet or so touchingly innocent.



Showing the little mound or wave formed by the tissues as the metal fragment nears the surface of the body; the final application of the electro-magnet to extract a shell-splinter.

said in a tone of command: "Sleep, Celestia, sleep."  
Tommy simply stepped forward and knocked the crystal from Stilliter's hand, and Stilliter turned upon him with a howl of rage and attacked him with a shower of windmill blows. Tommy was no longer a small boy, but an athlete in the early twenties.  
He retreated slowly, guarding himself, and then, when he thought he had drawn Stilliter far enough from Celestia, he quietly reached in under the rain of blows and disarmed him. In other words, he removed those great black rimmed spectacles without which the great psychologist was blind and helpless.  
"Perhaps I'm doing wrong," said Tommy, "but that girl's afraid of you and I'll take a chance."  
He darted to the girl's side. "Are you afraid of me?"  
"No."  
"Then come."  
He led her back to the trail and along it.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

## Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Make Him Prove Himself.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am in love with a young man and I know my love is returned. Our parents have agreed. Everything was satisfactory until lately, when he lost his position. He says that unless I get married to him secretly, he won't try to get work and will leave town, never to come back; but if I do as he wants, he will try hard to get a job and see that he comes to something.

Now, my dear Miss Fairfax, your kind advice would be greatly appreciated, as I told him I would give him my answer as soon as I see your answer printed in the paper—whether you think I would do right to get married secretly, before my sweetheart shows me that he can support me, and whether it is right on his part to ask me to do such a thing.

HEART-BROKEN.

The incentive of winning the girl he loves ought to make a fine man labor honestly and seriously and with all his might. I am a hearty believer in secret marriages. They generally result in unhappiness. Marriage is a sacred and serious thing and ought to take place with dignity and the knowledge of one's nearest and dearest relatives. Put him on his mettle—to be ambitious enough to get a fresh start and to be able to marry you openly because he is able to take care of you and has won you.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of 14 years. My parents have no objection to my marrying a boy, but as most boys do not like music, and that is the only thing I can think of, I feel very awkward when they visit me. X. L.

You are very young to think of entertaining. When your boy friends come they ought to be glad to hear music. There are games, such as letters, chess, etc., which are entertaining and educational.

## Woman's Ignorance of Man

By AN EXPERIENCED BACHELOR

My Dear Girls—If there is one subject more than another you all believe you thoroughly understand, that subject is men; and when the time comes when there is just one man in the world for you, everyone of you is under the impression that you can read him backward. Your mother held this view before you, as some of you may have noticed. The amusing part is—that is to a bachelor—that generally speaking you are absolutely and entirely wrong; you do not understand men, not even a man, or the man.

We men are not like books of stories in one volume printed in large type; we are more like—so far as you fair ones are concerned—books in the lavish Chinese language, where you don't even know where to begin to read, and in which every letter or symbol possesses at least a dozen quite distinct meanings. For some extraordinary—I was about to say reason, but lack of reason is the correct expression, a woman will believe what another woman says about mankind far more readily than she will credit

the statement of a man, who as such is bound to have wider and deeper knowledge of that portion of humanity of which he is a part than the most erudite woman can possibly have acquired as an outsider.

Take, for example, that supremely ridiculous assertion—doubtless evolved by some member of your charming sex who couldn't tell neck of mutton from string of beef—that the way to a man's heart was through his palate (please note that I have put this more delicately than the woman in question). "Feed the brute!" has the currency of a proverb; the absurd sentence was snatched up by your sex as a hungry monkey will grab an empty nutshell.

Another widespread fallacy is the belief that men are very dense where you are concerned. Many of you cherish the fiction that we are incapable of drawing the simplest deductions; that if we try to add two to two in any feminine affair we shall get a wrong total. Most of your little subtleties are transparent—charmingly so. Very often—but all the time you put us down as blind.

And you make such quaint mistakes, too. You will often snub a man who is all, or at any rate, most of the world to you—I don't mean on purpose, but unconsciously, or without being able to help it; while you will give open encouragement, without in the least intending to, to a man who might go up in a home-made aeroplane for all you cared. And you do this all the more if the all-the-world man is present. This sort of thing sometimes gives you a headache for a day or for anything up to a week, according to whether you are a thank-goodness-I-can-leave-any-man sort of girl, or anything up to the rare and precious one-life-one-love type.

At the same time it is quite right and proper that you should study man. Here you have a vast subject, and one as interesting as it is great. Do not lose sight, however, of the fact that you are a mere student and must always remain as such, though some of you will doubtless become more advanced than others—unconsciously, of course, that you prosecute your studies with sympathy, intelligence and perseverance.



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