The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Lethe

By JANE MILEAN.

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.

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 fump in the stock market?" quired the Stenog-rapher tartly.

Better than that. I have found out how to make a killing with the female sex," replied the Bookkeeper omplacently. "You thow, no matter that sort of a hauff he throws, overy man in his scret soul yearns to know what particular line of soft talk a weman will fall for, and I have ust ascortained

he never-fail brand that will make women come an eat out of your hand when you feed it

"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 deserted 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 masic formula that you've only got to utter and the doors of the feminine heart will ly open before you. You poor, tired little kid!' Do you get all the subtle implications in that? Why, it's a libse ion to youth, and helplessness, and tenderness, and protection poured out at woman's feet. By jinks, if I had a fat, middle-aged wife, and some man had her, I'd say: 'Here, take her; you're a

better man than I am.' " "That man certainly was a headiner in the Romeo class," admitted the Stenographer. "I guess there isn't a roman in the world, from Mrs. Pankhurst 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 gumption 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 scothing 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

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

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

There's one thing," observed the

Advice to Lovelorn

Make Him Prove Hitsself. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am in love with a young man and I knew 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, sever 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 Fairfex, 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 got married secretly, before my sweetheart shows me that he can support me, and whother it is right on his part to eak me to do such a thing.

The incentive of winning the sixt he

The incentive of winning the girl he thoroughly understand, that subject is nonestly and seriously and with all his there is just one man in the world for might I am a hearty disheliever in se-you, everyone of you is under the imunhappiness. Marriage is a sucred and serious thing and ought to take place take care of you and has won you.

Don't Worry About It. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of it ards. My parents have no objection to y entertaining boys, but as most boys not like music, and that is the only ing I can think of, I feel very awited when they visit me. J. N. L. You are very value to their the can be a servery of When your boy friends come



Electro-Magnets as Surgeons How Splinters Are Removed from Wounded Soldiers



Graceful Graduation Gown of

Mull an Inspiration for College Gire

the goes of the graduate.

GREEK reflection is found in the A drapery of the shaped Houness that

may be regarded as peculiarly befitting



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

"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 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.

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-

people better and happier. I'm to begin

She looked about her as if she ex-

"It is a long way from here," said

"Then I ought to start at once. Will

Then Prof. Stilliter came back on the

"What the devil are you doing here?

he examined. "Now don't get angry, old

"I'm not angry," said Tommy, "and

Then Prof. Stilliter sank his voice to a whisper. "Her mind," he said, "is in

chap. This is one of my patients and"-

"One condition of her mind,"

She shrank from his proffered hand.

Stilliter turned from him impatiently

'Come Celestia." he said, "we'll go away

"Celestia," sald Tommy, "don't you

"Don't be afraid, then." said Tommy,

"Tomray Barclay," said Stilliter, "you

In a flash Stilliter had drawn a polished

crystal from his pocket and was forcing

keep out of this or you'll get into trouble

you show me the way, please?"

"Why, yes, of course.

don't call me old chap.'

want to go with him?"

"No." she said.

She did not gtir

"you shan't.

pected to find it somewhere among the

with New York. Where is New York?"

Read It Here-See It at the Movies.

INTRODUCING EARLE WILLIAMS ANITA STEWART

Stenographer, "that I've noticed about most men and women, and that is that they'd rather be praised for their de-

fects than their virtues. If you want to

flatter a pretty woman, don't applaud

her beauy, but hurl a few bouquets at

her intellect, even if she haan'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

"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 achieve-

ments, 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

"Right-o," said the Bookkeeper

to stop the clock.

Beau Brummel.

Gouverneur Morris Dramatized Into a Photo-Play by CRABLES W. GODDARD.

Author of "The Perils of Pauline"

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTER.

After the tragic death of John Amesbury, his prostrated wife, one of America's greatest beauties, dies. At her death Pref. Stilliter, an agent of the interests, kidnaps the beautiful 3-year-old baby girl and brings her up in a paradise where she sees no man, but thinks she is taught by angels, who instruct her for her mission to reform the world. At the age of 18 she is suddenly thrust into the world, where agents of the interests are ready to find her. By an accident the hero sees her first and hides with her in the Adirondacks.

SECOND INSTALLMENT.

SECOND INSTALLMENT. "Well, I'm jiggered," said Tommy. I the next best thing. Now what the devil from head to foot. is Prof. Stilliter doing in this part of the

saw the professor. He appeared to be no longer in sight. colishing something on the sleeve of his great diamond. Whatever it was, Prof.

cliff and disappeared. But Tommy was not to investigate those bushes at the foot of the cliff. He was within a quarter of a mile of earth. them, walking swiftly and quietly along an old lumber trail, when suddenly his as well as I do." quick ear caught a sound of footsteps caught a glimpse of something white that heaven." moved. He stepped quickly into a thicket of alders, crouched low and to all in- mad as a hatter. How terrible! And yet tents and purposes was blotted out of she looks same." existence

or the man.

streaming with swent, came 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 were thin sandais, on her bure 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 expression 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.

Having passed Tommy's hiding place, Prof. Stilliter turned from the trail and led the heavenly vision to a sort of

Expression and light came into the great eyes, and she looked about her with a kind of startled delight. Tommy haven't found a snake, but I've found for some reason or other was trembling

A stick crucked. She turned her head toward the sound, but Prof. Stilliter had Again he lifted the glasses and again made good his tipteed retreat. He was

Then Tommy, still trembling with won-Norfolk jacket. Now and then the some- der and excitement, rose from his hiding an exceedingly critical condition. Now thing fisshed brilliantly in the sunlight. place and walked slowly toward her, you just vanish, will you? and leave her It might have been a pocket mirror, or a Their eyes met, and the vision smiles the to me. She mustn't be upset." vision smiled the sweetest, most bewitch-Stilliter presently dropped in into his ing smile, and in the gentiest and richest Tommy, "appears to be fear of you." pocket, forced his way into a dense voice that Tommy had ever heard she clump of bushes at the very base of the saked him an estonishing question.

"Are you a man?" "Why, yes," said Tommy. "Then," she said. "this must be the "Of course," h esaid, "you know that

"I wasn't sure," she said, "until you and at the same moment his quick eyes fold me. You see I've just come from

"Oh, my Lord," said Tommy, "she's Come Colestia." "Tru Celestia,"

lestin, sleap.

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 thiete in the early twenties.

He retreated slowly, guarding himself, Stilliter far enough from Celestia, he

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?"

He led her back to the trail and along it. (To Be Continued Monday.)

said in a tone of command: "Sleep, Ce-

Tommy simply stepped forward and knocked the crystal from Stilliter's hand,

and then, when he thought he had drawn 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 paychologist was blind and helpless, "Perhaps I'm doing wrong," said

appears across the V implecement of the course, came as a logical result of the front. The sleeves are in bishop effect, adoption of the straight-front corset, permitting a half-revelation and half- which Mmc. Bernhardt is gratefully held concealment of the arm beneath.

simple decerative touch.

For the college girl who is seeking in-

spiration for a graduation gown a sug-

bound with white satin by way of a

gestion may be obtained from the above

sketch. The material is of sheer muli-the ecalloped edge of the skirt being A Greek reflection is caught in the drapery of the shaped flounce which through the waist which has lengthens the bodice. The flounce is mode since Paquin instituted the waistless fashions, almost a decade ago. The



akes, at who is the world use, but the great Nat.

Delicious

Demand the gent ——all the wise

THE COCA-COL ATLANTA. GA and as you lift the glass to your lips reflect that three million or more glasses of this wonderful beverage are consumed each day—making it indeed

Delicious and Refreshing



By AN EXPERIENCED BACHELOR, the statement of a man, who as such is . And you make such quaint mistakes, My Dear Girls-If there is one subject more than another you all believe you

Take, for example, that supremely in one syllable printed in large type; sex as a hungry monkey will grab an precious one-life-one-love type. we are more like-so far as you fair empty nutshell.

kind far more readily than she will credit the time you put us down as blind.

bound to have wider and deeper knowl- too. You will often anul a man who is edge of that portion of humanity of which all, or at any rate, most of the world be is a part than the most crudite woman to you-I don't mean on purpose, but loves ought to make a fine man labor men; and, when the time comes when can possibly have acquired as an out-unconsciously, or without being able to help it; while you will give open encouragement, without in the least inridiculous assertion-doubtless evolved by tending to, to a man who might go up some member of your charming sex who in a home-made aeropiane for all you fore you, as some of you may have no- couldn't tell neck of mutton from sirioin cared. And you do this all the more if with dignity and the knowledge of one's ticed. The amusing part is that is to of beef-that the way to a man's heart the all-the-world man is present. This nearest and dearest relatives. Put him a bachelor—that generally speaking you was through his palate (please note that sort of thing sometimes gives you a 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 or the marry. has the currency of a preverb; the ab- a thank-goodness-I-can-leve-any-man sort We men are not like books of stories surd sentence was anapped up by your of girl, or anything up to the rare and

At the same time it is quite right and ones are concerned-books in the lavish Another widespread fallacy is the hes proper that you should study man. Here Chinese language, where you don't even lief that men are very dense where you you have a vast subject, and one as inknow where to begin to read, and in are concerned. Many of you cherish the teresting as it is great. Do not lose which every letter or symbol possesses fletion that we are incapable of drawing sight, however, of the fact that you are You are very young to think of enter- at least a dozen quite distinct meanings: the simplest deductions, that if we try a mere student and must always remain For some extraord nary-I was about to add two to two in any feminine af- as such, though some of you will doubt ther ought to be glad to hear music, to say reason, but lack of reason is the fair we shall get a wrong total. Most less become more advanced than others Then there are games, such as letters, correct expression, a woman will believe of your little subterfuges are transpar. -assuming, of course, that you prose guesses, etc., which are entertaining and what another woman says about man-cat-charmingly so, very often-but all cute your studies with sympathy, intelligence and perseverance.

