

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Dog Heroes of the Alps

Garrett P. Serviss Tells of the Wonderful St. Bernards

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The dog is an admirable and useful animal—outside of cities. His whole nature unfits him for city life, and under the influences of that life he degenerates. Among the noblest of all dogs in character and appearance are the celebrated St. Bernards, whose history is a remarkable example of what training and environment will do with animals.

The St. Bernard dog takes his name from the old hospice of St. Bernard, which was established nearly 1,000 years ago, on the summit of the pass bearing the same name, which leads from the valley of the Rhone, at Martigny in Switzerland, over to the Italian side of the Alps. It is the pass over which Napoleon led his army in 1800. It is said to have been in use by the Romans 1,000 years before Christ.

The famous hospice, or asylum of refuge, was established by Augustinian monks, led by St. Bernard of Meuthon, and it owes its celebrity largely to its dogs. It would not be easy to find another instance of the development of a new and distinctive breed of animals as a part of the daily work of a religious institution. For hundreds of years the monks of St. Bernard have devoted themselves to the service of travelers going over the Alps, and first of all to the aid of unfortunates lost in the snows of the pass. In the performance of this self-imposed duty they early found need of the assistance of dogs, and many centuries ago they began to develop the type of dog known to us as the St. Bernard.

The precise time and manner of the origin of the first St. Bernard dogs are not certainly known. It is said by some that the stock came from the Spanish side of the Pyrenees. At any rate, it seems to have been demonstrated that the original breed is extinct and that the present strain was developed by the monks from a cross between some mountain dog and a Great Dane. The original type is said to have been kept pure until about the first of the nineteenth century. Fifty or sixty years ago English dog fanciers began to import St. Bernards.

Monks of St. Bernard and a typical life-saving dog of the Alps



The Hospice of St. Bernard in the Alps. The dogs have their home in the building to the rear and they soon produced a type quite different from that found in the Alps. The strong, devoted, hard-working, muscular, long-winded companion of the benevolent monks, accustomed to find or break a way for his masters to the side of some strayed traveler lost and perishing in the mighty snows, found himself transported to an enervating climate, put in a kennel or upon a bench, to be petted and admired and subjected to the attentions of professional or amateur breeders, whose only object was to make a useless out of a very useful animal.

The consequence was that the sort of St. Bernard dog finally produced in England was quite different from his forebears on the snowy mountains. He grew larger, heavier, and less active. His colors and his "points" were developed

WHETHER or not the idea has evolved from the soldier or is coincident, the belt is to be seen on all of the smart tailor coats for women. Its introduction has introduced the box-plated peplum, which gives the upper part of the coat a strictly Eton jacket effect.



Whatever other changes fashion may bring in a few weeks hence, the probabilities are strongly in favor of the retention of belts and peplums for both suits and dresses. The little "trotter" indicated in the sketch is made of dark blue serge—that perennial favorite—and has all the air of smart simplicity that creates for it a worth while vogue.

Following the latest style edicts, the skirt is devoid of trimmings and conforms to the umbrella contour, of which we shall see and hear more as the weeks pass and the newer fashions are presented. It is very short, which is something in the favor of the wide skirt.

Slim, narrow lines, characterize the coat, and these are accentuated by the box-plated peplum, which extends the length to an inch or two below the hip line. The pleats are flatly pressed so that the line is not perceptibly "thickened." The belt adds a girlish note. It is composed of dark green and dark blue suede, completed by a buckle of metal directly in front.

The buttons are of metal and relieve the garment of the charge of severity which might otherwise attach thereto. The hat worn is of very dark blue satin, placed a little to one side of the head and trimmed with a "fluff" of dark blue malle. The gloves and shoe tops are white. Made of white serge, with patent leather belt and with hat in white and black combination, this model would be quite as attractive as the original in blue.

Al Grogg's wife watched that transition in him with amazement, the drooping of the eyes, the lowering of the flat, the drooping of the shoulders. And a small young woman in a fluffy evening gown had done this thing!

Smash! A geranium pot just missed Al Grogg's head and broke on the bedroom door.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Home Tragedy Due to Wife's Fortune

Husband Unwilling to Follow European Habit of Playing Gentleman on Helpmeet's Purse—Man Still Regarded as Provider in America. . . .

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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That is a sad little tragedy which happened recently in our land where a man divorced his wife because she had come into a fortune. It was not that the man objected to the money. He objected to the life it entailed. It seems they had been a happy couple living simple, plain lives, with modest pleasures which they shared together until the money came, through inheritance, to the wife.

Then the wife developed a taste for social diversions which entirely transformed her mode of living. The husband objected, feeling that it reflected



upon his dignity and manhood to adopt an expensive mode of life which his own private purse was not able to maintain. He felt that to play the gentleman of leisure on his wife's income would lessen his own self-respect, and subject him to the criticism of his former associates. Wider and wider grew the breach between husband and wife until it ended in a divorce court.

It is doubtful if any other land on earth could furnish us with a parallel case. Men in all the old countries view marriage and money from an entirely different standpoint. The dot of a wife is an important consideration in marriage over there, and young men without money, but of good family connections, are educated by their parents with a view to fit them for accomplished husbands of rich wives. A man considers it a creditable thing to have won a rich wife and to be able to demonstrate her wealth for her according to his own ideas.

From the American standpoint this is not a lofty type of manhood. As our country grows older our ideas and our ideals are gradually degenerating from these and kindred matters. Among our ultra-fashionable people the foreign view prevails in more or less extent, and men who seek rich wives are not scarce in our fashionable circles. But the good old virile ideas of man as the provider, of man the protector, are still extant, as this incident shows.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Give Him His Freedom.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 28 years old and the mother of three children. My husband and I are separated. I have refused to divorce him and so give him the satisfaction of marrying again.

I feel now as if my attitude was only one of vanity. Would it be finer for me to free him, since it is not love or any other deep emotion that has made me take this attitude?

A DOUBTFUL WIFE.

I am sure you know the one answer to your problem. You gain nothing by holding a man who has proven disloyal to marriage. Since you confess you are not capable of deep feeling, you are acting in a way that is not worthy of your own best feelings, and will not be at peace with yourself until you have given the man who wants it his freedom. True pride is a big, fine thing, and should make you unwilling to be tied to a man who does not care for you. The dignified thing to do is to sever all connections with the man who was not held by the sacredness of his marriage vows or by fatherhood itself.

It is to be regretted that the woman who such a case did not love her husband and her home more than she loved the giddy whirl of social life. It is to be regretted that a compromise could not be effected whereby the wife might enjoy to a certain extent the new pleasures and new opportunities her fortune afforded her, while yet giving the greater part of her thought, time and affection to her husband and home.

It is a curious quality of the feminine make-up that causes this hunger and thirst for social prominence. In all the things which life can offer to human beings there is no more tasteless, dead sea fruit than social prominence and power unless it has the background of a happy home and harmonious domestic relations. With that background all other pleasures may be enjoyed and leave no bitter taste on the lips afterward.

The woman who destroys such a background in order to attain eminence or prominence in anything is like an artist who would destroy his canvas and then try to paint his picture on empty air.

To make a home, we should take all of love, and much of patience, labor, and loam. Then mix these elements with earth's alloy. With finer things, drawn from the realms above.

The Spirit Home.

There should be music, melody and song Beauty in every spot, an open door, And generous sharing of the pleasures of joy.

With fellow pilgrims, as they pass along, Seeking for Home.

To narrow bounds, let mirrors lend their aid, And multiply each gracious touch of art, And let the casual stranger feel the part—The great creative part which love has played Within the Home.

Here bring your best in thought, and word, and deed; Your noblest acts, your highest self-control. Nor save them for some later hour of goal; Here is the place and now the time of need— Here in the Home.

Read It Here—See It at the Movies

Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

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

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SIXTH EPISODE.

The Siege of the House of O'Keefe.

CHAPTER II. (Continued.)

"Al"—the woman's voice concealed a tremor—"can we pay Mrs. Villard anything on the rent today?"

"Ain't you got no money?"

"Why, Al, you didn't give me any money."

The man searched unsteadily through all his pockets. He finally discovered a half dollar and a dime.

"Never mind," broke in the soft voice of Mrs. Villard as she saw tears in the eyes of Mrs. Grogg.

Mrs. Villard, who had come to know life in many sordid phases, took June away.

"Have you an evening gown, June, dear?" asked Mrs. Villard in a matter of fact sort of way, and eyeing June solicitously as she made this abrupt change in their subject of thought.

"Yes," drawled June. "I'll get it tomorrow."

"We are to have guests this evening," and Mrs. Villard studied June's height and figure with a calculating eye. "I have a new little dinner dress which I am sure you can wear charmingly. You are to be my family, my dear," she rattled on to cover June's embarrassed half protests. "I want you everywhere with me. We shall have to do some shopping, you and I, one of these days. You like pretty things, don't you?"

"Why, of course," laughed June.

On the corner of Vander street and Duck alley was Ned, interviewing a skinny legged girl, who sniffed continuously, both while she was pulling up her stockings and while she was not. In her cheek was a wad of gum, and in her eye was all the live expression found in the eye of a dead fish. Ned Warner dredged for information for two sordid minutes and went away, and Officer Tierman walked straight over to the stocking puller.

"What did that guy want?" he demanded.

"He was satin' about a girl."

"This party described the girl, didn't he?"

"In-huh—sawed off blond. Say, what's it to you?" And she sniffed away.

Officer Tierman walked back to his post with a troubled brow, and he shook his long, narrow head as he looked after the industrious Ned Warner.

CHAPTER III.

June sprang suddenly from her little bench overlooking the river. Mrs. Grogg and her intolerable position persisted in jumping into June's mind and staying there. The guests had not yet arrived. The impulsive girl hurried down and out of the back door, across the beautiful rear porch and down the winding and twisting little steps toward the Villard cottages. Mrs. Grogg was sitting in the kitchen in stony silence when June arrived there, a silence from which weeping had long since passed.

"Sit down." And Mrs. Grogg gave up the unbroken chair. "Al's sleeping off."

"I just ran in," observed the girl.

"Yes, Tell Mrs. Villard that if Al gets home with any money tomorrow I'll save her out what I can."

"Oh, I didn't come about the rent!" June returned hastily. "I just ran in to see if there was anything I can do."

"No, there's nothing can be done. Al drank before I married him, and he drinks yet."

June's eyes contracted.

"Why does he have his own way about it?"

"Because he's my husband. I'm scared of Al when he's drunk."

"And you're not afraid of him when he's sober?"

"Well, no. There don't seem to be anything particular about Al to be scared of."

The horror of drunkenness—that was it! "I wouldn't be afraid of him!" June suddenly popped out.

The woman looked at her with widened eyes.

The door moved, and Al Grogg appeared in the doorway in his shirt sleeves, collarless, his hair tousled.

"What you got for supper?" he growled.

"Why, Al—I-I didn't think you'd want any." And the woman's voice was trembling.

"Oh, you didn't think so! Well, I want some supper!"

"Why, Al, I ain't got any money."

"Well, why ain't you? Come here!" His fist went up.

"Al!" A wall of terror was in the voice. June stepped swiftly from behind the stove and confronted the man, her small fists clinched, her cheeks flaming, her eyes blazing. She glared at him all her contempt and all her loathing and some-

Living on a Dollar a Week

Of course you don't want to live on a dollar a week. No one wants to do the sensible thing when it comes to the selection of food—but it's easy for the person who knows

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