

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Climb Over Your Mountain of Trouble

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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If you had your choice today— to stay in a dark, foggy valley and slowly starve to death, or to climb a steep, long mountain road which required years of endeavor and fatigue, yet led to comfort and beauty at the top—you would, I am sure, start at once up the mountain.

No matter what boulders lay ahead, you would try to climb over. No matter what wild animals roamed over the mountain, you would face the trials and dangers sooner than stay in the valley and die a slow death.

This is precisely what you want to do now.



To give up all individual effort because there are trusts and monopolies in the land is to stay in the valley and die of inaction. To push on in a determined and never-give-up state of mind is to succeed in spite of everything.

If you chance to see some other pilgrim on the road, riding in an automobile, while you walk, do not jump to the conclusion that he is your enemy, and that he has robbed and cheated his fellowman to procure his method of easy locomotion.

Such thoughts will take your force and vitality away from the object you have in view, and will harm you, while you may wrong your neighbor. It would be well to find out how he came to own an automobile before you condemn him as a greedy monopolist. Perhaps he built it with his own skill and labor, paying honest dollars for the materials.

I have known a fisherman to get along a lifetime with a leaky boat and one oar, and to go about "sculling," thinking it was the only way he could do; while another fisherman, with no greater advantages, used his spare hours in studying machinery, and built himself a small launch, with which he explored deeper waters and caught larger fish. This man was not a monopolist and owed no poorer neighbors an apology for having better means of locomotion than they.

It has grown to be the habit of the unsuccessful to class all people who possess comforts and conveniences in one mass with the idle, selfish, and oftentimes dishonest rich.

There are millionaires who came by their wealth through criminal methods.

There are capitalists who grind the poor and wrong their fellow man. But it is well to remember that there are also honest, noble, unselfish people with fortunes, and capitalists who are a blessing to the world, to the laboring classes and to humanity.

No more unjust and absurd ideas ever existed than that mistaken impression of the very poor that all rich, or even comfortable, people are their enemies and their despisers.

Equally erroneous is the idea that only the poor have troubles, cares or hardships.

There are wealthy people who work fourteen hours a day with their brains and hands trying to do good to humanity.

There are men who have become the possessors of large fortunes through honest industry and perseverance, and who are bowed to the earth by the cares and responsibilities of life, and who lie awake nights while poorer men sleep, trying to decide just what is the kindest, wisest and most unselfish course of action to pursue.

To be the possessor of a comfortable sum of money does not mean to be dishonest or unkind, any more than poverty means honesty and unselfishness.

There are all kinds of people in both classes.

However poor you are, try at least to be just and fair in your estimate of others.

Justice is one of the pillars in character building.

Make yourself everything that is honest, noble, just and deserving as you climb the mountain of life, and be careful before you condemn your fellow men.

Wake up! See the magnificent opportunities which await the immortal being who is fully alive—and press forward to the goal.

WHOLE FAMILY TORTURED BY ITCHING RASH

KANSAS CITY, Mo.—"My husband had a rash all over his body, and soon the whole family was in the same condition. It looked scaly and raised up on the arms and body in his bumps. This trouble burned and itched so that it would nearly drive one crazy. It was always worse at night, so we could not sleep."

"We all had this trouble for about two or three years, and during that time tried many remedies and prescriptions with no results. We tried Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap and it RELIEVED AT ONCE and before the third jar of ointment had been used, we were all completely cured. It has been four months since we were cured, and there are no traces of the trouble."—(Signed) Mrs. S. A. Clarkson, 1529 Lawn Ave., Oct. 24 1914. Every drugstore sells Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap. For trial free, write to Dept. 33-B, Resinol, Baltimore.—Advertisement

The Up-to-Date Parisienne and Her Piquant Hat

Republished by Special Arrangement with Harper's Bazar



Scallops of blue moire ribbon and clusters of berries in faded reds and burnished browns are the novel trimmings evolved by Roger for this sailor of dark blue glace straw.

Plaid ribbons are a trimming in themselves, as Roger has recognized, for she uses a green and navy plaid ribbon to brighten a blue straw toque and studs it with small rose-pink rosettes.

A new departure in millinery is the impression of breadth which Roger has given to this navy blue straw turban by the immense white wings arranged to flare at the sides.

Only the top of the crown of black straw is visible in this toque, encircled in inch-wide cerise moire ribbon, from which rises a black quill, giving a very chic effect.

Aside from the dark tones the most popular color is a new blue, which has been aptly dubbed Joffre blue. Roger has used ostrich tips in this fascinating tint for one of her newest hats.

Read it Here—See it at the Movies.

Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

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

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NINTH EPISODE.

Kidnaped.

CHAPTER I.

From his concealment amid the shrubbery Ned Warner rose to rush forward as the brilliantly lighted limousine, with its gay party of five, swept down the drive of the Villard home. His eyes were burning, he was breathing heavily and his fingers were curved like claws, for in a moment more he intended to grapple by the throat the black Vandkyed face bent smilingly over Ned's lovely runaway bride.

At that instant three shadowy figures sprang also from amid the shrubbery, two men and a woman. There was no outcry and scarcely any struggle. Ned Warner found himself suddenly seized from behind, a rough sleeve across his mouth, his arms pinioned. He was lifted bodily and thrown as Gilbert Blye, with the grace and gallantry only possible to a polished man of the world, assisted the radiant June Warner from his luxurious limousine.

The deserted groom, his head still held in a vise-like grip and his mouth stopped, saw his bride enter the house, surrounded by the gay group, the darkly handsome Blye on one side and the white-mustached Orin Cunningham on the other.

It was Marie who made the sign to slip in Ned's mouth. Then Marie slipped back to the house. The two men, one apparently a chauffeur, referred to as Henri, and the other, a gardener, picked Ned up and followed her. As they passed the brightly lighted library Ned saw June's collier greet her with the height of canine joy, saw Cunningham and Blye making friends with the dog, then saw the twinkling-eyed Cunningham sit in a cozy corner with June and begin an animated tea-table. The chauffeur and the gardener shrank back in among the bushes with their helpless burden.

There came a high powered racer whizzing down the drive. The man let himself in with a latchkey and, with his hands in his pockets, strolled nonchalantly into the parlor.

Mrs. Villard, talking with Gilbert Blye and Tommy Thomas, turned, and as she saw the newcomer her eyes widened imperceptibly and a look of concern flashed down across her gentle countenance.

"Well, Bert, you're a surprise," she said.

"That's my best trick," he drawled, kissing Mrs. Villard perfunctorily. "Hello Tommy! Howdy do, Blye?"

Villard was impressed as his eyes fell upon the fresh beauty of June.

"Mr. Villard, Mrs. Warner." The introduction was very cold, and again that concern flickered for a moment on Mrs. Villard's face as she saw her husband's eager interest. "My companion," she added, and Cunningham and Tommy Thomas, glancing at each other, smiled.

With a careless nod to Cunningham, Villard walked over to June and, taking her hand, held it while he smiled down at her with such obvious admiration that the helpless bound and gagged man beyond the library window lurched free from his captors and tugged at his bonds until they almost cut into his wrists.

Marie came back from the corner and motioned. The chauffeur and the gardener followed with the husband of the beautiful young girl, who was then smiling her courteous responses to the disolute Bert Villard. Marie sped quickly across the shadowy back lawn to the garage and opened the door.

"He's not to talk, and he's not to come near the house," she whispered as the

men passed her with their burden. She caught Ned's indignant eyes fixed on her, and that glare threw her into a panic. "Whatever you do, don't hurt him!" she hastily added. "Don't hurt him!"

Outside the door Marie paused. Her eyes were distended until they were perfectly round, and her high cheek bones gleamed white. She put the knuckles of her right hand against her teeth and looked over at the garage. She pulled at the lobe of her ear with her left hand and looked in the house. She started back, and she started forward, and she turned around in a half circle. She was well nigh distracted with the weight of her great secret, was Marie. If she told Miss June that Mr. Ned was in the garage there'd be an end of everything, and maybe it would be all for the best, or Miss June might run away again from such comfortable surroundings, and it would be all for the worse. Marie sat down and pulled her thumb; then she jumped up and pulled the other thumb. The piano began a succession of silvery notes. June, and over her bent the inordinately tall Villard.

"Well," said the gardener in the dimness of the garage, as he brushed his arms. It was all the rest they needed. He turned ponderously toward their captive, whom they had deposited in a corner on a bench. The gardener's one word was a question, an exclamation of relief and an expression of complete and thorough bewilderment. He was a broad Swede, and his arms hung crooked with muscles.

"I know nothing," laughed the wiry little chauffeur. He was a Frenchman with an infinitesimal mustache and a quick eye and a childlike joy in everything. "The maid of the charming mademoiselle that there is a man near the hedge who must not come near mademoiselle, who must not speak, to whom nothing must be said, and all must be prompt! Voilà! I am Henri, and all of action, I call my friend Jens." And he tapped the huge Swede approvingly on the chest. "I bring my friend Jens swiftly by the mere force of my enthusiasm. We glide through the bushes, so like a snake, 'no! He weep up behind the interloper. We pounce upon him so, like a cat. No! Like a cat and a hippopotamus. We bear him to the earth. Mademoiselle trips lightly from her car, a vision, a dream, a ravishment!" And he wadded a kiss to the general abstract of beauty. "The charming mademoiselle is safe. The interloper is here. Voilà!"

Wide Jens reached his hand into his pocket for a pipe and glanced over to where Ned sat quietly in the corner.

"Well!" he said.

"Wait," replied Henri. "I shall sit here having a pipe, I shall smoke a cigarette; perhaps two, I shall think."

Ned Warner stirred impatiently. He gave another tug at the ropes which bound his wrist, but it was not an involuntary test. He must rest before he made another determined effort to free himself.

He gave a sudden wrench at his bonds, struggling so fiercely to loosen them that he rose and reeled toward the door.

To Be Continued Tomorrow.

In-Shoots.

Some abused wives can tell their troubles in a way that vindicates the husbands.

Man's wife and his barroom associates seldom agree as to his qualities as a good fellow.

A lot of artistic temperament could probably be cured by liver pills and digestive tablets.

Gratitude does not cost a blamed cent, yet some people are mighty stingy about exhibiting it.

Abdul Baha, Peace Prophet

By ELBERT HUBBARD

"Out of Persia comes Abdul Baha, who calls himself 'The Servant of God.' This man has diverted one-third of the population of Persia from Mohammedanism. Throughout all Asia, Europe and the United States there are constantly growing bodies of adherents to the faith of Abdul Baha."

This man comes to the western world on a distinct mission, and no one who meets him can doubt his sincerity.



The message he brings is the unification of the world in the bonds of brotherly love, and an understanding which means peace on earth, good will toward men.

According to Abdul Baha, we will soon live in a period of time that marks the beginning of the millennium—a thousand years of peace, happiness and prosperity.

After that Abdul Baha does not say what will happen, but he does not preach disaster.

He thinks that after the thousand years still better things are in store for us. He has the world-vision, and sees clearly this new time upon which we are now reaching. He uplifts the dawn of the great peace upon the horizon of the world. His business is to proclaim it.

The refrain of his message is always and forever: "The day of the Lord is at hand. God's kingdom of peace and love shall be established upon the earth, and the dreams of all the prophets and poets are to become true."

Literally, poetically and symbolically, the desert shall blossom like the rose, and the waste places shall be made green, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

One distinguishable and peculiar thing about Abdul Baha is that he does not make war upon, or even criticize, any other religious faith.

Every faith fits a certain attitude of mind. It is all a part of the work of the Creator, and it is good in its time and place, and at the right time it will be sloughed and left behind, and the imprisoned soul will burst its bonds, and the captive shall be made free.

Abdul Baha is now seventy years of age. He began his public work when 18. For just fifty-two years he has proclaimed his faith.

But from his forty-second year to his sixty-sixth—twenty-four years—he was in prison. But even his jailers dared not forbid him sending out his messages of faith.

In prison he was still in touch with the world of thinkers and the world of doers. He was treated with a reverence and awe that is not very difficult to understand when you meet the man.

Abdul Baha has magnetism, plus His zeal, enthusiasm, animation, hope and faith run over and inundate everything. No man can argue with him. No man can dispute with him. Every one who has to do with him—and every one does. He is what he is. He was born to this work, and for his work, and considers himself divinely appointed.

and in his mental attitude. He travels with a retinue of servants, secretaries and followers, all caftan-robed. Evidently he is well supplied with money. He has everything he needs and wants. Wherever he goes he rides in automobiles and stays at the best hotels. He is in touch with big people on an equality. Let him visit any bank, factory, office building, church, and everything is laid aside, and eyes bulge and ears listen until he takes his departure.

When he went to Washington and swept through the capitol, even the supreme court of the United States saw fit to adjourn; the house the same, and the senate, for a while, at least, forgot matters of investigation.

When Abdul Baha went to the White House one might have thought that he was going with the intent to take possession of it.

But his is not a kingdom of this world, so far as a desire to rule is concerned. Governments are mere matters of detail, matters of business, and they do not much interest this servant of God.

Yet, for the business genius of the west Abdul Baha has a great regard. He says we must teach the people of the east how to plant and sow and reap. The fact that America is supplying Persia automobiles, plows, reapers, threshing machines, traction engines, locomotives, trolley cars, proves, for him, his case.

And so he, in degree, repays us by bringing to us the message of love and good will.

War, he says, is to be done away with absolutely. The governments of the world are merely to be business institutions. We are learning what is best, and what is best is righteous and right. Sin is merely the wrong thing, and sin brings bad results.

There is no greater wickedness than that men should kill one another, destroy one another, seek to thwart and embarrass one another. Let every man live his life and do his work the best he can. We must be no cause of grief to any one. We must love humanity so much that we will be kind to all people, even to those who do wrong, having full faith that they, in time, will see that error brings pain, and love and unselfishness bring happiness and every good thing.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BRANTON FAIRFAX

Give Her a Chance
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 19 years old and deeply in love with a girl of my own age whom I have known since a small boy. Recently I found that she flirts and makes acquaintances too easily.

While out with friends I overheard a young man I do not know speak very disrespectfully of this girl. I struck this fellow, which caused considerable trouble. I am much in doubt as to whether I should continue my friendship with her as I love her very much. F. R. H.

Don't be uncharitable to the girl for whom you fought—don't you see you would be about as bad as the man you so rashly struck? You can do the girl far more good by remaining her friend and trying to have a good influence over her (in case she has not conquered herself) than by subjecting her to criticism and unhappiness if you suddenly gave up your friendship for her.

Tell Your Father
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 21 and am going out with a young lady, but my parents do not know about this. My father has chosen a wealthy girl for me, and he says I must marry her or leave the house. I have my parents very much, but I also love the girl I have chosen.

Tell your father of your love and try to have him meet the girl for whom you care. It may alter his ideas at once to know that you heart is engaged. In any event, it is worth your while to plead the cause of your own happiness. Don't yield too lightly to persuasion, but discuss the matter reasonably.

Mysteries of the Mind

Why Are We Sometimes Startled by Vague Memories of Having Seen Certain Places Which We Have No Recollection of Having Visited?

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

"Can you explain to me why sometimes when I do certain things which I have never done before, or visit places that I have never visited before, there seems to be a vague memory of having done or seen that thing or place at some previous time?" A. P. L., New York City.



The phenomenal state of mind of which you speak and which I have often experienced myself, has been regarded as a proof of either one or the other of two propositions, viz., either that the person concerned has had a similar experience in a former life, or that his temporarily "dissembodied spirit" has visited the place, or performed the act in question while he was asleep, or otherwise deprived of his usual state of consciousness.

My own impression is that the phenomenon is only a vague recollection, based upon a forgotten experience of actual life, or upon a dream, and helped out by the imagination. It is capable, as I well know, of producing a most uncanny effect. You go to some place where you have never, to your best knowledge, ever been before, and suddenly the thrilling conviction bursts upon you that you are standing amid formerly familiar surroundings, and you seem to realize certain characteristic details of the scene with startling distinctness.

Or, you perform some act (it may be a thing of no particular importance), and with lightning swiftness the feeling comes over you that you have done just that thing before in exactly the same circumstances, or—and this is a peculiar detail—you feel that you had once a prophetic warning that you should do that thing.

This feeling is no real, so vivid that a shiver of indefinable dread runs through the nerves. Often the surge of memory seems to come rolling from a far-off time mingled with disconnected scenes of your earliest conscious existence.

I think that the deception is largely based upon the constructive power of the imagination, set at work by superficial resemblances. In the infinite variety of arrangements by which the elements that make up the activities of life and the scenery of the world around us are disposed toward one another, it must inevitably happen that distant places occasionally bear remarkable likenesses to

each other, just as the faces of different and unrelated persons do. It is not the habit of imaginative minds to perceive and exaggerate resemblances until, in some cases, a false likeness is built up by the simple, and often unconscious, process of eliminating, or disregarding, the unlike details, and dwelling only upon the others.

This accounts, I believe, for the curious experience of finding oneself amid apparently familiar surroundings when visiting some foreign city, or other locality that the subject of the illusion has never visited before. The fact that these impressions usually are very evanescent is an indication of their origin from the temporary association of mental images.

When the illusion arises from untraceable sources, or from the impressions of a dream, it is an indication of the action of the "subliminal self," by which psychologists mean that part of our personality which operates "below the threshold of consciousness," i. e., without our being aware. Thousands of things pass before us which we do not notice, although they nevertheless stamp an effect upon our minds, without our knowledge. Many mysterious, and apparently supernatural, occurrences may thus be explained. The celebrated Dr. Abercrombie relates a curious instance showing how the mind sometimes records circumstances which leave no conscious impression, but may be suddenly recollected in a roundabout way, as, for example, in a dream.

A friend of mine was teller of a Glasgow bank, and one day a person entered demanding payment for a £5 draft. Several people were waiting ahead of him, but he was so impatient and boisterous, and stammered so annoyingly, that a gentleman in the line asked the teller to pay him and thus get rid of him. The teller did so, and the transaction vanished from his mind. Nine months later when the books of the bank were balanced there appeared a deficiency of £5, which no effort of the teller's could explain. But one night, in his dreams, the whole scene with the stammering customer sprang vividly before him. Then he went over the books again and found that he had unconsciously failed to enter the transaction. There is no doubt that often we see places and scenes with "unseeing eyes" which yet make an impression upon the subliminal mind, and upon being seen again startle us with an appearance of inexplicable familiarity.

Everyone owes it as a duty to himself, for the sake of preserving the sanity of his mental operations, never to seek a "supernatural" explanation for any phenomenon. Nature contains the keys to all her "conundrums, if we can but find them.

Do You Know That

A new floating crane of 270 tons capacity has arrived at Panama.

The total enlisted strength of the army of the United States of America is limited by law to 100,000.

So long ago as 1714 a patent was taken out in England by Henry Mils for a machine for impressing letters singly and progressively as in writing, whereby all writings may be impressed in paper so exactly as not to be distinguished from print. His machine was very clumsy and practically useless, however.

Of the total world production of commercial cotton in 1912 the United States contributed 69.9 per cent. Next to cotton is the most valuable crop grown here, and it is the largest single item of export.

Princess Mary speaks French and German fluently.

All the Victoria crosses are manufactured from cannon taken from the Russians at Sebastopol.

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