

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Awakening

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

I love the tropics where sun and rain
Go forth together, a joyous train,
To hold up the green, gay side of the world,
And to keep earth's banners of bloom unfurled.

I love the scents that are hidden there
By housekeeper Time, in her chests of air;
Strange and subtle and all a-rife,
With vague lost dreams of a by-gone life.

They steal upon you by night and day,
But never a whiff can you take away;
And never a song of a tropic bird
Outside of its palm-decked land is heard.

And nowhere else can you know the sweet,
Soft, "Joy-in-nothing" that comes with the heat
Of tropic regions. And yet, and yet,
If in evergreen worlds my ways were set
To see the wonder of waking trees:
To feel the shock of sudden delight
That comes when the orchard has changed in a night
From the winter nun to the bride of May,
And the harp of spring is attuned to play
The wedding march, and the sun is priest,
And the world is bidden to join the feast.

Oh, never is felt in a tropic clime,
Where the singing of birds is a ceaseless chime
That leap o' the blood, and the rapture thrill,
That comes to us here, with the first bird's thrill.
And only the eye that has looked on snows
Can see the beauty that lies in a rose.
The lure of the tropics I understand,
But, ho! for the spring in my native land.

Don't Believe in Fairy Tales, Girls

Dorothy Dix Warns Young Women Workers to Beware of Dreams and Fiction Princess—Face Truth and Work Up with Man in Own Sphere of Life

By DOROTHY DIX.

If I could say one word more earnest than any other to working girls, it would be this:

Don't believe in fairy tales, girls.

The story of Cinderella and the Fairy Prince is fiction. It never happens in real life. It never happened to any girl. It assuredly is never going to happen to you; so get the silly idea out of your head and get down to the real business of life.



Do you know why the working girl so easily falls a victim to the wiles of any well-dressed man? It is because she still believes in fairy tales.

She really lives in a romance that she makes up for herself. In it some god-like male creature, who is a happy combination of a matinee hero and a philanthropic millionaire catches a glimpse of her at her counter, or in her cashier's wicket, or over her sewing machine, and he falls madly in love with her, and marries her, and takes her off to live in a golden palace on Fifth avenue, and she becomes a society queen, and has her pictures in the newspapers every day.

That's the stuff the working girl's dream is made of, and she's so anxious to find this Fairy Prince that she fits his cap on every man she meets who looks like what she considers a "well." He doesn't even have to be a deep, dark, subtle villain to deceive her. She deceives herself into believing that a street flirtation means an overwhelming passion that she has inspired in the man's breast; and that a few joy rides and a dinner or two at a restaurant, and a summer excursion means marriage in the end.

Many a girl has wakened up from her dream of the Fairy Prince to wish that she had never been born, and to find that her hero had just been amusing an idle hour with her, and when he had tired of her, had thrown her aside like a broken toy, careless whether he had wrecked her life.

Quit dreaming, girls. Wake up and face the truth, and that is that they rarely marry out of their class. They may find the working girl pretty and piquant, and her very unconventional diverting, but when a man of family, and wealth, and tradition marries, he almost always picks out for a wife a woman who knows how to give dinners and run an establishment, and who can add her fortune and her social prestige to his.

Of course there are exceptions to this rule, but the average working girl has just as much chance to be elected president as she has to marry a millionaire.

Look with suspicion upon every man above your own grade in life who offers you attentions, girls. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred he is a wolf in sheep's clothing, and he has exactly the same intentions toward you as a hungry wolf would have toward a defenseless lamb.

Another great harm that girls' artless faith in fairy tales does is that in looking out for the Fairy Prince, who never comes, they only too often overlook the honest young suitor who is on the ground, and who would make a million times better husband than any romantic hero. Naturally, if you were expecting to suddenly be snatched away from your daily grind to a state of luxury you would turn up your nose at the prospect of a little built for two.

That's why many a girl turns down the good, honest-hearted young mechanic or clerk, who can offer her only the love

of his heart and the work of his hands and the chance to build up in life with him. Her silly head is filled with fool dreams about being a millionaire's bride, and by the time she wakes up from her dream her chance of real happiness has gone.

Still another harm that believing in fairy tales does girls is that it paralyzes their effort. Every employer will tell you that when a woman gets down to business, and gives up her mind to it, she can outdo almost all of her male competitors. Nobody can find out as much about a subject as a woman can when she really sets herself to investigate it. Nobody can remember so many details. Nobody is shrewder than a woman, or loves to bargain better. No man can be as fanatically intent on one subject as a woman can be.

All of the special sex peculiarities of women lend themselves to success in business, yet, in spite of these qualifications, women are generally paid less than men in business simply because their work is worth less. And the reason for this is that few women think it worth while to ever learn their business thoroughly because they don't expect to follow it except for a little while. They are depending on somebody else to come along and support them, and bestow upon them the money they want, instead of earning it themselves.

It's the fatal belief in Fairy Tales again, and if the time ever comes when girls realize that there's going to be no magic wand business in theirs, and that the only way that their serge suits will be changed into spangled robes, and their street car into a limousine, is by their own good work, then we shall not have to pass laws securing a minimum wage for girls. They'll earn a living salary, with frills on it, for themselves.

Do You Know That

In Labrador sealskin shoes are made for the dogs, which, attached to sledges, travel at great speed over the rough ice and need some protection for the feet.

A paper chimney, fifty feet high and fireproof, is a curiosity to be seen at Breslau.

Wood engravings of high class are made almost exclusively of boxwood and the large blocks are made of small pieces fastened together. The engraving is done across the end of the grain. Japanese wood prints are made on lengthwise sections of cherry wood parallel to the grain.

A considerable source of profit exists in the feathers of the golden pheasant, which are used in salmon fishing. These birds, which are natives of China, are the hardest of the pheasant tribe, and are not at all troublesome to rear in this country.

One of the most durable woods is acycaron. A statue made from it, now in the museum of Gizeh, at Cairo, is believed to be nearly 6,000 years old. Notwithstanding this great age, it is asserted that the wood itself is entirely sound and natural in appearance.

The amount of gold or any other metal coined in Paraguay is so small that it can with safety be entirely excluded from consideration. None whatever is in circulation at this time and the very few coins of Paraguayan origin outstanding are held as curiosities.

It is believed that the first pineapple forced in England was grown by Charles the Second's own gardener and was cut by the king himself.

It has been found that a bat can absorb and digest in one night food three times the weight of its own body.

Cremation establishments under the control of the government are to be found in all the chief cities of Japan.

The Goddess

The Most Imposing Motion Picture Serial and Story Ever Created.

Read It Here—See It at the Movies



The scene in the woods after the little girl has been stolen. Stilliter is with her, also the nurse, and in the background a guide.

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 a Photo-Play by CHARLES W. GODDARD,

Author of 'The Paris of Pauline' and 'The Exploits of Elaine'

(Copyright, 1915, by Star Company.)

FIRST EPISODE.

She never afterward recalled anything of the journey to the north woods which she made with Prof. Stilliter. The long automobile ride, the Montreal express held up between stations, the long drive into the woods, and after that, when they had come to the end of the road, the long, toilsome up and down hill tramp, through which she rode first on the shoulders of one man and then on the shoulders of another, until the party came to a wild spot at the foot of the cliff. Here, in the warm spring sunshine on ledges of rock a number of drowsy rattlesnakes were coiled in a horrid mass. She does not remember that here, as if waiting for her, were three men who wore black masks over their faces.

When the men who had brought her to the foot of the cliff had gone, with the exception of Prof. Stilliter, the three masked men removed their masks. So

that when Prof. Stilliter, withdrawn a little so that she should not see him first of all and be frightened, told her to wake up, she looked into the friendly faces of Barclay, Semmes and Sturtevant.

Barclay advanced with great ceremony, dropped on one knee before her and kissed her hand for all the world as if she had been a princess. Then Sturtevant came forward and did likewise, and then Semmes.

Although Prof. Stilliter had told her to wake up, the spell of the crystal was still upon her like drowsiness after sleep. To reduce her once more to a complete state of hypnosis it was only necessary for him to say quietly, "Go to sleep again."

What looked like a portion of solid cliff rose suddenly, without any sound, and disclosed a black passage that appeared to lead to the bowels of the earth. In the mouth of this passageway stood a handsome woman, a little under middle age. There was a diamond star in her dark hair, and she wore a white garment that fell from her shoulders in stately folds like those of a Roman toga. She came forward, caught the little American girl up lovingly in her arms, turned and, without a word, walked back into the passageway and disappeared. For a long time the sound of her rattled feet upon the rocky floor could be heard. Then the moving portion of the cliff slid slowly and noiselessly back into place, and the four men who remained without turned somewhat slowly to each other.

Barclay was the first to break the silence. "Gentlemen," he said, "fifteen years from today she will leave that cavern and bring the world to her feet—and to ours."

(To Be Continued Monday.)

Advice to Lovelorn : By Beatrice Fairfax

Be Friendly but Firm.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 17 years old and employed as a stenographer. There is a lad a young man working in the office who persists in attentions, such as taking me home, etc. I dislike him very much. Now, Miss Fairfax, will you please tell me how I can let him know I do not care for his attentions without hurting his feelings?

Tell this young man in a friendly, quiet way that you prefer to go home alone. If he is a gentleman he will not force his attentions on you further. If he still persists, tell him that you dislike being disagreeable, but that you will ask your father or brother to speak to him if he does not stop.

Too Self-Centered.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I wish you would tell me why I am not or cannot be popular with the fair sex. Am 24 years old, good looking, good reputation in this community, like to talk on politics, poetry, paintings, classical music, current events and subjects that leave one benefited. Can tell a good story and like to hear them. Like to attend parties if every one acts ordinary, and thoroughly

democratic. I have decided dialkies "Poplar music," "knockers," drinking and dancing, as I could not dance till midnight and do a good day's work the next day.

Perhaps you are a bit priggish, or self-conscious, or over righteous. I am sure that you are a man of fine principles, but maybe you have a way of trying to force the conversation around to your interests. Instead of thinking for yourself, suppose you try studying some girl—her likes and dislikes, her interests, her peculiarities and desires. In learning to please one girl you will come to have an unselfish liking for her sex that will probably win you its regard.

Take Her to the Theater.

Dear Miss Fairfax: About a month ago I became acquainted with a young lady two years my junior, whom I liked immediately because of her winning ways and radiant smile. How can I entertain her? I have a good position, C. O.

Why not invite the girl to the theater, and after you know her better, to dinner with her parents' consent.

Scientists Abandon Nebular Hypothesis

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

I have answered many questions in regard to the nebular hypothesis, but still they come. Here is another one from San Francisco:

"I recently said that Prof. Campbell of the Lick Observatory had refuted the nebular hypothesis, stating that stars (stars) were not evolved from planetary nebulae—that stars (stars) came first, this having been demonstrated by the speed of the sun—the older the star the swifter its motion. I should like to ask the following questions:

"1. How did the sun first come into existence?"

"2. Is the earth a part of the sun, thrown off into space, gradually cooling?"

"3. Do you think it possible that the universe was created by electrons (electricity) forming atoms, and atoms forming matter, the formation of all which being directed by the Master Mind?"

The nebular hypothesis of La Place has been abandoned in favor of the meteoric hypothesis of Lockyer, and planetary hypothesis of Chamberlain. All stars, planets and moons, by these two nearly identical theories, were made by the falling in from space of small celestial bodies, such as the meteors now falling on the earth.

Trillions of years ago there was a meteor moving in space. It is now in the center of the earth. Another meteor joined this by collision; then another; and this falling is now going on at a steadily diminished rate, so that comparatively few are now coming in, as may be seen on almost any clear night.

2. No; the earth never was a part of the sun.

1. My "pet" theory, so-called by hundreds of my correspondents within four years, is that mind created electrons. And the letters came in so many languages from so many parts of the world that I can translate the word "pet" only. Then electrons either formed every atom and molecule and object in the entire universe, of their own mighty knowledge, or were directed by a mighty knowledge from without.

Since I first published this four years ago I have thought of every possible phase of the problem. I have asserted and state that electrons know when, where and how to wheel themselves into atoms of matter of their own volition and most astonishing wisdom, or are directed by an incredibly wise external force.

All of my publications since advocate directivity. The external excessively wise director I have called mind, and have used the word *mentaldia*, now incorporated in many foreign languages as written-mentals—the most important word now confronting man.

In-Shoots

Nobody loves a fat man with a lean pocketbook.

As a rule, the slimmer has to experience a physical and financial sweat before remorse ever grips him.

The greater the distance between us and the old homestead the more attractive it always seems.

If some one was around to crank their up occasionally a lot of fellows that we know would prove to be useful citizens.

If we must listen to the troubles of some one, those of a woman are generally more interesting than the woes of man.

Join the Swappers' Club

ADMISSION FREE!

MOST of us tire quickly of little things. Think a minute. Have you anything around your home or office that you don't want, but that somebody else may want? Then why not get rid of it right off? The chances are that somebody is in just the same fix you are in, and a swap may make you both happy. Go over what you have, and think of a few things you would like to have. Put it all into a little Want Ad in THE BEE and watch the results. You will get rid of a lot of useless things and profit by getting things you want. And it's great fun to swap, too. When you get home or to the office today, think of something and call at THE BEE office, Room 104, Bee Building, and let us explain the advantages of being a member of

THE SWAPPERS' CLUB

Petty Jealousy is Worst Fault

Copyright, 1915, Star Company. By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Whatever your profession or occupation, cultivate a spirit large enough to make room for others in your same line of endeavor. Nothing is so belittling to the human mind as petty jealousy. You will resent the inference, of course, that you can be guilty of petty jealousy. You will think your tendency to jealousy arises from a "keen sense of humor."

But when your competitors turn these same weapons upon you the situation seems altered. You call it jealousy and petty carping criticism. If you are a poet, an author, an artist, a musician or an actor, look for things to praise in those who are striving for the same goals which you are seeking.

So surely as you cultivate this quality of seeking for the good and the admirable in others, so surely will the good and the admirable develop in your own nature. Your work will improve, your capabilities increase. Generosity in thought brings generosity in judgment from the world at large.

Mean, petty, petty thoughts and impulses create a corresponding condition in one's environment. So, even from a selfish standpoint, it pays to be big and broad and generous minded. It does not matter if those whose work you appreciate and praise repay you with criticism and ridicule. Others will repay you in your own pure gold coin as you pass along your own path.

Nothing matters in this life so much as

the weeding out of everything mean and the developing of everything noble and great. So surely as you reach this consciousness and proceed along this mental course you will be assisted by the invisible helpers and given new power to achieve.

It is not expected that you should find everything in the work of your rivals admirable and worthy of encomiums. In all human endeavor we find good, better and best, poor, bad and worst work. But you can pass slightly over the latter trio, pausing only to encourage the toilers to better endeavor or to turn their attention to other employment wherein there is greater hope of their succeeding; and you can give the force of your thought to the good, better and best.

If in your secret soul you know that they are better than your own efforts, you will lose nothing by the open confession of the fact, and by that confession you will mount a stairway which leads you to a large outlook where greater forces will come to your assistance and help you to higher attainments.

If you are a mother, teach your children to look for some good thing in every one they meet, and for some happy event in every day, and to speak of these things before they sleep.

There is no greater kindness you can show your offspring than to train them in this mental habit.

Begin when they are first able to talk, and keep at the effort until they are firmly established in the happy method of finding life a picture book with a bright spot on every page.

Even your grown-up children may be directed by you in this manner. Instead of complaining about your life, of your inability to do what you wish for them, begin to talk of your blessings and of their blessings.

When they are inclined to find fault with destiny, try to divert their minds with some amusing incident until you see them laugh. Then remind them that it is a great blessing to be able to laugh. It is a wonderful thought, this mighty influence of a mother.