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 sliken slience 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 quired the Stenographer tartly.

Better than that. I have found out now to make a killing with the female sex," replied Bookkeeper complacently, "You no matter that sort of a huff he throws, overy man in his secret soul yearns to know what particular line of soft talk a weman will fall for, and I have just ascertained

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 deperted 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 open before you. You poor, tired little kid! Do you get all the subtle implications in that? Why, it's a libaon to youth, and helplessness, and enderness, and protection poured out atwoman's feet. By jinks, if I had a fat, middle-aged wife, and some man had wit shough 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 headiner in the Romeo class," admitted the Stenographer. "I guess there isn't a woman in the world, from Mrs. Pankjurst down, who wouldn't be flattered to leath 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 sumption 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 oubt 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 invidiously with alim 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 honeyed tongue as that."

There's one thing," observed the

Advice to Lovelorn By BEATRICE PAIRPAX

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.

nomething.

Now, my dear Miss Fairfax, your kind advice would be greatly appreciated, at 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.

loves ought to make a fine man labor men; and when the time comes when honestly and seriously and with all his there is just one man in the world for sider. might I am a hearty disheliever in se-you, everyone of you is under the imtake care of you and has won you.

Don't Worry About It.



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



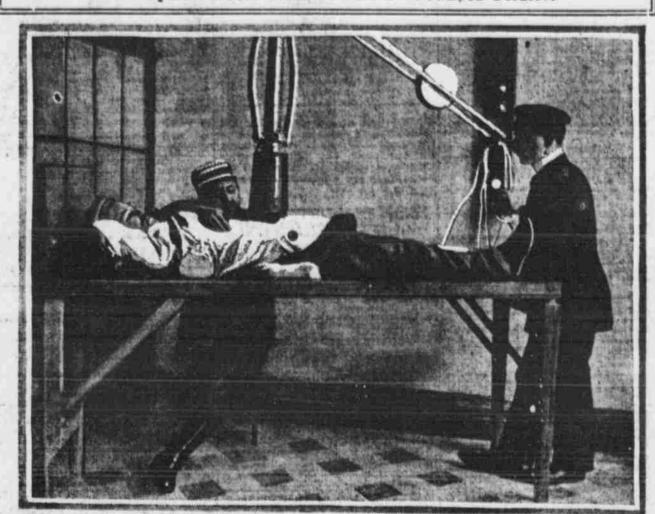
Graceful Graduation Gown of Mull an Inspiration for College Gire



Stilliter far enough from Celestia, he quietly reached in under the rain of For the college girl who is seeking inblows and disarmed him. In other words. spiration for a graduation gown a sughe removed those great black rimmed gestion may be obtained from the above spectacles without which the great paysketch. The material is of sheer mull. the scalloped edge of the skirt being "Perhaps I'm doing wrong," said bound with white satin by way of a Commy, "but that girl's afraid of you

simple decorative touch. A Greek reflection is caught in the This model maintains the vague lind drapery of the shaped flounce which through the waist which has been the lengthens the bodice. The flounce is mode since Paquin instituted the waistless headed with fine embroidery, which also | fashions, almost a decade ago. These, appears across the V implecement of the front. The sleeves are in bishop effect, adoption of the straight-front corset, for

course, came as a logical result of the permitting a half-revelation and half- which Mmc. Bernhardt is gratefully held



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 seen applying it to a wounded soldier in the Grand-Lebrun hospital at Bordeaux. A radiographic apparatus 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.

lestin, sleep.

the early twenties.

and I'll take a chance."

Tommy simply stepped forward and

enocked 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 thiete in

He retreated slowly, guarding himself.

and then, when he thought he had drawn

He led her back to the trail and along it.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

chologist was blind and helpless.

He darted to the girl's side.

Read It Here—See It at the Movies.

DHIOUGORTHI 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 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

"Same way with a man. I know

loctor who's done wonderful things in

his profession that have made him

world famous, but the way to jolly him

lan'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 (One of the Most Notable Pig-Dramatized Into a Photo-Play by CHARLES W. GODDARD. Author of "The Exploits of Elaine"

(Copyright, 1915, by Star Company.) Copyright, 1915, by The Star Co. All Foreign Rights Reserved. SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTER. SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTER.
After the tragic death of John Ameabury, his prostrated wife, one of America's greatest beauties, dies. At her death Prof. 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. the next best thing. Now what the devil from head to foot.

world?" saw the professor. He appeared to be no longer in sightclump of bushes at the very base of the saked bim an estonishing question.

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 "Of course," h esaid, "you know that an old lumber trail, when suddenly his as well as I do." caught a glimpse of something white that heaven." moved. He stepped quickly into a thicket "Ob, my Lord," said Tommy, "she's Come Colestia." 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

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 hare 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. Tommy like a girl, not of this earth, walking in her sleep. He had never seen a face so beautiful, so sweet or so touch-

ingly innocent. Having passed Tommy's hiding place, Prof. Stilliter turned from the trail and led the heavenly vision to a sort of natural seat that overlooked a quiet pool from which Tommy had often taken trout.

She sat reflected in the pool, and looking straight ahead of her, and not seeing-if you know what I mean. Prof. Stilliter had let go her hand and was tiptoeing off, abarfloning her apparently, but when he had gone a little way no trees. turned and made curious passes in the air with his hands, and spoke suddenly in a voice of command, the one word, "Wakel"

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

toward the sound, but Prof. Stilliter had Again he lifted the glasses and again made good his tiptoed retreat. He was don't call me old chap."

olishing something on the sleeve of his Then Tommy, still trembling with wonthing flashed 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 great diamond. Whatever it was, Prof. vision smiled the sweetest, most bewitchpresently dropped in into his ing smile, and in the gentlest and richest pocket, forced his way into a dense voice that Tommy had ever heard she

> "Are you a man?" "Wily, yes," sald Tommy. "Then," she said, "this must be the

quick ear caught a sound of footsteps "I wasn't sure," she said, "until you "you shan't," and at the same moment his quick eyes fold me. You see I've just come from "Tommy E

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 shellsplinter,

with New York. Where is New York? She looked about her as if she expected to find it somewhere among the

"Then I ought to start at once. Will you show me the way, please?"

Then Prof. Stilliter came back on the What the devil are you doing here? he examined. "Now don't get angry, old is Prof. Stilliter doing in this part of the A stick cricked. She turned her head chap. This is one of my patients and"-

"I'm not angry," said Tommy, "and Then Prof. Stilliter sank his voice to a whisper. "Her mind," he said, "is in Norfolk jacket. Now and then the some- der and excitement, rose from his hiding an exceedingly critical condition. Now

> to me. She mustn't be upset." "One condition of her mind," said Tommy, "appears to be fear of you." Stilliter turned from him impatiently "Come Celestia." he sald, "we'll go away

She shrank from his proffered hand. "Celestia," said Tommy, "don't you want to go with him?"

"No," she said. "Don't be afraid, then." said Tommy, "Tomray Barclay." said Stilliter, "you

keep out of this or you'll get into trouble. She did not stir.

In a flash Stilliter had drawn a polished "I'm Celestia," resumed the vision, crystal from his pocket and was forcing Along the trail, his heavy baby face "and I've come from heaven to make the girl to look at it. As he did so, he

Woman's Ignorance of Man

My Dear Girls-If there is one subject more than another you all believe you or the man.

Dear Miss Fairfax I am a girl of it yeards. My parents nave no objection to my entertaining boys, but as most boys do not like music, and that is the only thing I can think of I feel very awis ward when they visit me.

We are more like-so far as you fair empty nutshell.

At the same time it is quite right and ones are concerned—books in the lavish Another widespread fallacy is the best proper that you should study man. Here life that men are very dense where you have a vast subject, and one as instant think of I feel very awis when they visit me.

T.N.L. we are more like-so far as you fair empty nutshell. taining. When your boy friends come | For some extraord nary-I was about to add two to two in any feminine af- as such, though some of you will doubt kind far more readily than she will credit the time you put us down as blind.

The incentive of winning the girl he thoroughly understand, that subject to be is a part than the most erudite woman to you-I don't mean on purpose, but

in one syllable printed in large type; sex as a hungry monkey will grab an precious one-life-one-love type.

By AN EXPERIENCED BACHELOR; the statement of a man, who as such is . And you make such quaint mistakes. bound to have wider and deeper knowl- too. You will often shub a man who is edge of that portion of humanity of which all, or at any rate, most of the world can possibly have acquired as an out- unconsciously, or without being able to help it; while you will give open en-Take, for example, that supremely couragement, without in the least incret marriages. They generally result in pression that you can read him back-punchappiness. Marriage is a sacred and wards. Your mother held this view beserous thing and ought to take place fore you, as some of you may have noticely the pression that you can read him back-place wards. Your mother held this view beserous thing and ought to take place fore you, as some of you may have noticely the pression that you can read him back-place wards. Your mother held this view beserous thing and ought to take place fore you, as some of you may have noticely the pression that you can read him back-place wards. Your mother held this view beserous thing and ought to take place fore you, as some of you may have noticely the pression that you can read him back-place wards. Your mother held this view beserous thing and ought to take place for your may have noticely the pression that you can read him back-place wards. Your mother held this view beserous thing and ought to take place for your may have noticely the pression that you can read him back-place wards. Your mother held this view beserous thing and ought to take place for your may have not the pression that you can read him back-place wards. Your mother held this view beserous thing and ought to take place for your may have not the pression that you can read him back-place wards. Your mother held this view best the pression that you can read him back-place wards. Your mother held this view best to take place the pression that you can read him back-place wards. Your mother held this view best the pression that you can read him back-place wards. Your mother held this view best the pression that you can read him back-place wards. Your mother held the pression that you can read him back-place wards. Your mother held the pression that you can read him back-place wards. Your mother held the pression that you can read him back-place wards. 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 nearcst and dearest relatives. But him a bachelor—that generally speaking you was through his pelate (please note that sort of thing sometimes gives you a on his mettle—to be ambitious enough are absolutely and entirely wrong; you to get a fresh start and to be able to do not understand men not even a man, woman in question. "Feed the brute!" to always, according to whether you are marry you openly because he is able to or the marry. has the currency of a proverb; the ab- a thank-goodness-I-can-leve-any-man sort We men are not like books of stories surd sentence was snapped up by your of girl, or anything up to the rare and

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 they ought to be giad 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 Ther there are games, such as letters, correct expression, a woman will believe of your little subterfuges are transpar- -assuming, of course, that you prosegurases, etc., which are entertaining and what another woman says about man- ent-charmingly so, very often-but all cute your studies with sympathy, intelligence and perseverance.



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 the great National drink.

THE COCA-COLATION ATLANTA. GA.

aer Plant Destroyed. day State Leather company and a quantity of manufactured stock destroyed by fire of an unknown the workmen was injured.

goods

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de clips were
manufacturers

and Dried Fruits

28-EVAPORATED

Ree Want Ads Produce Results.