

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## The Goddess

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## "Way" of Picking a Mate :

In This "Right-O" Story the Stenographer and Bookkeeper Discuss a Hunch.

By DOROTHY DIX.

"One of the things that I have never been able to jump out," said the Bookkeeper, "is the hunch that women marry on."

"Nobody knows why they, themselves, married the individuals they did," replied the Stenographer. "How, then, could they guess the riddle of anybody else's wedding. But what specific matrimonial mystery have you got in mind?"

"I refer," replied the Bookkeeper, "to the system that women use in picking a running mate. Last night I went to a wedding where the bride was one of those little pieces of Dresden china, bric-a-brac and the bridegroom was a big fellow that you would know at a glance would smash all her ideals and trample all over her feelings every time he moved."

"What did she do up with him for instance of some long-haired Ankers in her own class, who'd have been subject to the same brand of thrills and shudders that she throws? What made her see her affinity in a guy that looked like a prize-fighter instead of Alcegon, the poet?"

"And that isn't all. Every day you run across women who are so swell in their dress they look like a dolly hint from Paris, yet they have married men who have to be chloroformed before you can get them into a clean collar."



"I know college girls who have gone out of their way to pick out husbands who never read anything but the market report, and the sporting page in the newspapers, and whose pronunciation gave their wives the faints every time they open their mouths."

"Also I have observed that when a demure, pious little saint hunts up a soulmate, she espouses a rouser every time instead of the fire escape that you would think she would be just due to wed. And what I want to know is why this is thus."

"Oh, when a woman marries, she marries to gratify her leading passion," returned the Stenographer, "that's the answer."

"And what's her leading passion?" inquired the Bookkeeper.

"The mania for reforming things," responded the Stenographer, "when a woman falls in love with a man she isn't attracted by his virtues, but by his faults."

"She doesn't say to herself, 'How noble and upright he is, and what a peaceful and happy life I shall have if I marry this perfect creature.' Oh, no, she exclaims to her beating heart, 'What awful neckties he wears! What horrid taste he has in dress! How he smells of highballs and tobacco, and what a picnic I will have in reforming him.' And chortling with glee, she grabs her victim, and rushes him to the altar."

"It's the same spirit that makes a woman run up her Paris dress, or an imported hat that she's paid \$50 for as soon as she gets it home, just for the pleasure of altering it even if she ruins it!"

"Maybe you're on," says the Bookkeeper, "but why doesn't a woman marry the kind of a husband she wants in the first place, instead of trying to cut him over by her own pattern?"

"Because," answered the Stenographer, "if she did she would miss all the fun of making him do the things he doesn't want to do, and never expected to do, and give up doing all the things he doesn't want to do, and has been in the habit of doing."

"I'm not explaining the why of this, but it's a fact that the very first symptom of tenderness a woman feels toward a man is when she begins to think how she would have his hair cut if she was married to him, and make him wear another style of collar."

"If there was a perfect man, he would live and die a bachelor, for no woman would have him. He wouldn't interest her at all."

"It must be pretty lonesome for the women who don't marry, and have nobody to reform," suggested the Bookkeeper.

"It used to be before women elected themselves to the office of public guardian to the universe," responded the Stenographer.

"Now the spinsters who have no legitimate prey take out their propensity for reforming things on the world, instead of an individual husband. He's a great graft, and they get lots of fun out of it without really interfering with men's habits."

"If women are so keen on reform, why don't they reform some of their own vices?" asked the Bookkeeper.

"Reform?" replied the Stenographer, "consists in preventing other people from doing the things you don't enjoy doing yourself. That's why we women have organized anti-drinking, anti-wearing and anti-smoking leagues—but no anti-gadding or anti-bridge-playing societies, or Christian Women's Temperance Talking unions."

"Right-o!" exclaimed the Bookkeeper.



Mrs. Baxter, looking at the beautiful Celestia, determines to aid her to escape.

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### FIFTH EPISODE:

"You're so good to me," said Celestia, and she smiled very sweetly, and in the midst of the smile yawned and showed all her beautiful white teeth, and a moment later, laying her head on a cool silk cushion, she fell sound asleep.

So sleeping she looked more beautiful than a maiden of this earth. Perhaps she dreamed that she was back in Heaven, for about her mouth there seemed a kind of celestial expression.

"My God! My God!" exclaimed Mrs. Baxter, "ain't she beautiful? And to think that she has to be food for swine!"

A strong emotion seized Mrs. Baxter. It was fear, pity and remorse.

She wished almost that she had never seen Celestia. But not quite, for Mrs. Baxter was a very practical woman.

"No use crying over spilled milk," she murmured. "Ang now to change her into a traveling dress."

She left the room hurriedly and came back with all that was necessary to change Celestia from a Greek goddess to an American girl. But her hands would shake, and it took her some time to find how Celestia's dress was fastened, and longer to undo the fastenings. She had no sooner succeeded than she drew back sharply with a kind of muffled groan.

Then she looked again.

Suspended from Celestia's neck by a narrow ribbon, was the smallest, oddest little rag doll in the world.

"I do not know what silent chords in the wicked old woman's heart were touched by the sight of that doll. I only know that she gave a kind of a howl of grief, and then she began to say in a kind of hurried sing-song: 'Must hurry—must hurry—must hurry.'"

She found the strength to half carry, half drag Celestia down the front stairs and to half life, half tumble her into a huge trunk that almost blocked the front hall. Before she closed and locked the trunk, she flung into it the ten one-hundred-dollar bills. And then she tried to compose herself against Sweetener's arrival.

He was punctual to the minute. Mrs. Baxter opened the front door herself. Beyond Sweetener, drawn up at the curb, she could see the express wagon and the trusted porters that he had brought with him.

"Everything all right?" he whispered. Mrs. Baxter closed the door.

"Sweetener," she said, "she's gone. When I went back with the oranges she was gone. She must have smelt a rat, Sweetener. She must have seen your eyes in the peacock's tail. See, I had everything ready; here's the trunk waiting for her."

Sweetener looked at the trunk. He could think of nothing better to do.

"Well, then," he said, "how about the thousand?"

have to go away. I can't keep you here, it wouldn't be right. It wouldn't be safe."

Celestia's great eyes asked questions to which Mrs. Baxter gave no direct answer.

"I've done all I can for you," she said. "I'm very sorry I can't do any more."

It did not take Celestia long to eat her breakfast and make her exceedingly simple toilette. But during these processes she thought and thought, until things became clear to her, and she knew that she had been in grave peril.

Mrs. Baxter burst into sudden tears at Celestia's departure.

"I may never see you again. But I'll never forget you—oh, I've been a wicked woman; but I'll try not to be wicked any more—and it's you that done it."

And she thrust the bills which Sweetener had given her into Celestia's hands.

"I came from Heaven to help you," said Celestia simply. "Good-by and God bless you."

Her eyes bright as stars she went out into the early sunshine, and walked slowly in an easterly direction, and heaved high and the band of jewels gleaming brightly across her brow.

By the time she had passed under the first line of elevated tracks a crowd had collected about her. They did not show her any disrespect at first, perhaps because she had such a royal look of self-sufficiency. But as the crowd increased, persons in its outskirts who could not see her well, began to make themselves unpleasant. And this example began to be followed by those who were nearer to her. She was not angry or frightened, but progress became more and more difficult, and she looked this way and that for a way of escape.

"The door of a mean little house stood wide open. Furniture was being carried out of the house, and there was a middle-aged woman who kept dabbling her eye with her apron.

Celestia made a dart for the open door, the crowd now hoisting and threatening, reached it, closed it behind her, and was alone in a narrow hallway with the woman who wept.

"What is the trouble?" she asked gently.

"The woman's eyes widened with wonder as she looked upon her chance visitor.

"My husband is sick with a broken arm. We can't pay the rent and the landlord is throwing us out into the street."

"Oh, but he mustn't do that," said Celestia. She was still holding the bills which Mrs. Baxter had given her.

"Where is your husband?"

"Almost in a state of coma Mrs. Douglas, for that was the woman's name, led the way into a room from which everything had been taken but one chair. In this sat a middle-aged, patient looking, blue-eyed man, his right arm in a sling. At his side stood a pretty girl of about the same age as Celestia.

"See," said Celestia, "here is lots of money. A good woman gave it to me. And, please, will you help me for a little while, because I have no place to go, and you look like good people."

Douglas had never seen so much money at one time.

"Who are you, m'm?" he asked.

"Where are you from?"

His eyes were blinking rapidly with awe and wonder.

"I am Celestia. I have come from heaven to help you."

He looked into her eyes on his knees before her.

"Before God," he said, "I believe you."

Then as suddenly as he had knelt he rose and hurried from the room, groping with his left hand as if he was blind.

The young girl followed him.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

## Some New Ideas Dangerous to Women

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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Among the many privileges which the present era accord to woman is that of "developing the best within her" to use her own favorite phraseology.

It was the generally accepted idea in olden times that a woman must keep to her limited domain of wife or spinster, dependent upon husband or relatives for home and occupation, no matter what wealth of talent in other directions cried for utterance in her soul.

The girl who utilized her talents outside of the domestic sphere was regarded as "strong minded" and masculine. If not worse, and the married woman who dared write, sing, act or recite declaimed herself.

That was one extreme. We now seem to have reached the other.

There is an idea prevalent today that it is the duty of every woman to seek to "express" an indefinable something within her which shall establish her individuality.

To make "the most of herself" is every woman's ideal. It is an excellent one, but in pursuing it she needs to be very certain that her conception of "most" would not be estimated as "least" in the eyes of wisdom.

In America this desire for individuality is so prevalent that domestic obligations are frequently put aside as easily as household furniture is stored, with the wife and mother sets forth in search of "her best self."

In olden times, when a woman forfeited home and its duties for a career, other wives and mothers turned their backs upon her.

But the sex is broadening in sympathy and indulgence, and its charity is covering a multitude of sins.

A woman who has divorced two or three husbands and shifted her maternal

obligations upon other shoulders and pursues, in order that she may be free and untrammelled in her pursuit of her ideal, meets with a great deal of consideration at the hands of her sister women today.

"She had to pass through just those experiences," they say, "in order to evolve."

"What does a husband or a child or two count in the great scheme of self-development?" says another. "A woman must do what for her own highest good, no matter what sacrifices are made in the process."

A somewhat conservative lady spoke with regret of a friend who had devastated two homes.

"Don't think of her in that way," said another. "She is a woman of talent, and I feel she has a message to give to the world, yet she is struggling toward the light through all this experience."

The liberality of judgment is more commendable than the casting of stones. There is an elastic tendency to this modern philosophy which enables the woman of lawless impulses to hide her adventurous propensities under its shelter.

The liberal thought of the day regarding women is full of hope for the erring and remorseful soul, but it is too, when carried to an extreme, full of danger for the weak and unstable, and it is an excuse for the selfish.

"The best" within a woman was never developed, save through doing with all her might the nearest duties first.

Of course, there may be a diversity of opinions regarding these duties, but one's own conscience and common sense should be the guide.

It is not a duty to sacrifice life and strength to the service of a brutal, selfish and vicious husband, who has broken every vow he took at the altar, yet insists that his wife shall live up to the letter of her.

In such a case it is a woman's nearest duty to get as far from the man as possible, and not lay her future upon the same pyre which has consumed her past.

But the woman who allows her ambition and her vanity to lead her to sacrifice a good husband's happiness merely

because she feels she can shine on the heights of art with a more effulgent light alone (or with another man) violates a principle which disturbs the harmony of society. When she relinquishes her children for any aim or ambition, however exalted, no matter what her attainments may be, she has but repeated Eam's Largin of old.

"Look what she has achieved!" was said of one woman who had acquired fame and gold. "She had to fling away the trammels and ties in order to become just what she is."

But on a good man's life, and on the lives of innocent children, rested a shadow which, in some lights, seemed to be a stain.

There was a man who succeeded in an aim—a petty ambition from our standpoint, but no smaller than the founding of an empire or the winning of immortal fame must seem in God's eyes.

"This man wanted the road to the nearest village, three miles distant, to run through his property, because it would bring him an amount of money which seemed like a fortune in his small eyes. The man's property was all hills and valleys.

The selectmen planned to have the road go around these hills, over level meadows. But the man was strong willed, persistent, scheming. He succeeded and gloried in his success.

That was years ago. Today thousands of horses become knee-sprung and lame and apoplectic, scores of vehicles break down, wheelmen meet with accidents, and the nerves of summer residents and tourists become unstrung because of these hills and valleys, which must be traveled to reach town, the trolleys or the train.

Was this success worth to the man the price humanity has to pay for it?

It is our privilege to give up personal comfort and personal happiness, if we choose to do so, in order to accomplish a certain purpose.

There is no success in any line of art which can repay a woman for the knowledge that her child suffers at the mention of her name.

Let us be lenient in our judgment of such women, but let us not put them upon a pinnacle as beings to be worshipped and envied.

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