

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Inspiration

By ANN LISLE.

I had a lighted lamp to bear;
I held it high that all might see;
None seemed to look—or looking, care—
It grew a leaden weight to me.

No more I tended then the flame,
But sought instead gay paths of light.
Into their glare my dim lamp came—
I wondered once I'd thought it bright.

On that gay path no flower was sweet,
No wild bird trilled in roundels;
No cooling shadows laved my feet,
No soft nights followed hectic days.

And sadness caught my tired heart,
My eyes were wet with bitter shame;
Lo! in my hands the lamp still burned—
Still flickered there that lambent flame.

I set that lighted lamp on high
In joy, tho' men might never see;
The radiance reached the starry sky,
And kind eyes smiled and beckoned me.

Breach of Promise Suit is Block to Matrimony

No Other Thing on Earth that Makes Majority of Women So Ashamed of Sex as Demand for Damages to "Wounded Heart."

By DOROTHY DIX.

An announcement that a woman has been awarded \$12,000 in a breach of promise suit will fill adventures with fresh impetus to the sentimental drafter. It will be a judgment upon a woman to sue for damages to her heart. There is no other such effective discourager of matrimony as the breach of promise suit. It blocks all of the approaches to romance, for if a man must do his courting with the fear of the law before his eyes, if he suspects that his lady love is keeping tabs on his lies and adventures, he will not venture to write a billet doux to consider how it will sound when it is read aloud in court by an unsympathetic lawyer, why none but the foolhardy will venture on hazardous undertakings as paying attention to a woman.

This woman, with her own hand, will have killed the goose that lays the golden eggs, and cut herself off from the chance of catching a husband, because many a man who begins by playing in love ends by falling in love in earnest. The path of flirtation runs straight to the altar.

Romance to the contrary, Cupid does not often shoot at sight. A man may be ever so strongly attracted to a woman, but before he undertakes to stand for her bills for life he wants to get well acquainted with her, also to analyze his own heart, thus, and to do this he must have freedom to advance or withdraw. If he suspects that the maiden has a breach of promise suit to spring out upon him like a Jack-in-the-box, he will be scared off from the attempt.

In all good truth, there is no other thing on earth that makes the majority of women so ashamed of their sex as when they hear that a woman is suing a man for breach of promise, for a breach of promise suit is either blackmail or vulgarly unseemly.

There is even a kind of grotesque humor in the phraseology in which such suits are cast. It is enough to make a cynic laugh when one reads of a man "trifling with the tender affections and the guileless innocence" of a woman, or a woman "trifling with the tender affections and the guileless innocence" of a man.

There is no doubt that the man who wins the trusting heart of a young girl and then forsakes her who loves and rides away—richly deserves to be punished for it. But the woman who suffers such wrongs are not the ones who bring the suits for breach of promise.

A woman whose heart is really broken doesn't take it into court. Her one sure instinct is to hide it. Her delicate susceptibilities have, indeed, been trampled under foot, but she knows that no money can buy her back the love she has lost.

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The Goddess

The Most Imposing Motion Picture Serial and Story Ever Created.

Read It Here—See It at the Movies



Barclay tries to persuade Tommy to give up Celestia.

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

After the tragic death of John Amesbury, his prostrate wife, one of America's greatest beauties, dies. At her death Prof. Stilliter, an agent of the interests of the beautiful 25-year-old baby girl and brings her up in a paradise where she has 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 pretend to find her. The one to feel the loss of the little Amesbury girl most, after she had been spirited away by the interests, was Tommy Barclay.

Fifteen years later Tommy goes to the Adirondacks. The interests are responsible for the trip. By accident he is the first to meet the little Amesbury girl, as she comes forth from her paradise as Celestia. He takes advantage of her for his own ends. Celestia, the girl for whom Celestia recognizes each other. Tommy finds it an easy matter to rescue Celestia from Prof. Stilliter and they hide in the mountains; later they are pursued by Stilliter and escape to an island where they spend the night.

That night, Stilliter, following his Indian guide, reaches the island, found Celestia and Tommy. When he goes out in the morning Tommy goes for a swim. During his absence Stilliter attempts to take Celestia to his room. Tommy, for help, followed by Stilliter. The latter at once realizes Tommy's plan. He takes advantage of it by taking not only Celestia, but Tommy's clothes. Stilliter reaches Four Corners with Celestia. Just in time to catch an express for New York, there he places Celestia in Bellevue hospital, where her sanity is proven by the authorities. Tommy reaches Bellevue just before Stilliter's departure.

Tommy's first aim was to get Celestia away from Stilliter. After they leave Bellevue Tommy is unable to get any hint to take Celestia in owing to her costume. But later he persuades his Indian guide to take her to the taxidermy. He finds her in a room full of white slaves, but escapes and goes to live with a poor family by the name of Doukias. When their son Freddie returns home he finds right before his eyes the girl for whom he had been searching. Celestia, the girl for whom the underworld has offered a reward that he hoped to get.

Celestia is in a large garment factory, where a great many girls are employed. Here she shows her personality. She is able to get into the hands of white slaves, but escapes and goes to live with a poor family by the name of Doukias. When their son Freddie returns home he finds right before his eyes the girl for whom he had been searching. Celestia, the girl for whom the underworld has offered a reward that he hoped to get.

SEVENTH EPISODE.

"But you don't, and you don't believe in her crusade. What is her idea—the usual thing? To destroy all existing conditions, lump the money, divide up, and begin all over again?"

"No," said Tommy, laughing. "That's what you think my idea is. Celestia isn't for destroying large fortunes (indeed some of them might become even more swollen if her doctrines became law). She believes that there is enough wealth in the country to make all the inhabitants clean and comfortable if we could do away with the waste of money; if in other words the United States were run to make money instead of to spend it. Possible, isn't it? And absurd."

"Why absurd? I have no quarrel with her theory."

"Of course not. You'd be one who would have to profit by it wily wily."

"The absurd part is to think that the great American people can be made to execute so drastic a change in their laws—with the politicians of all parties crying calamity. You see, Tommy—thinkers can only work as long as they can think, but politicians can and do work all the time. But there is more to this young woman than I had imagined. You say she has a following?"

"That grows by leaps and bounds."

Barclay appeared to be somewhat impressed. He did not speak for some moments, but studied the speaker and

tapped his knee with an ivory letter opener. Then he turned once more to Tommy and asked him a question.

"Where do you come in?"

"I'm very fond of her," said Tommy, simply.

"Huh!"

"Perhaps I should put it more strongly."

"Do you mean that you are paying her serious attention?"

"In so far as she will receive them."

"I'm very sorry," said Barclay.

"I'm sorry that you are sorry."

"At your age," said Barclay, "I had found myself seriously in love with a girl in her station of life I should have had pity on her."

"You haven't understood. I wish to marry her."

"I understood perfectly. But your friends are not going to recognize her as their equal. You can never feel upon terms of real equality with her associates."

"We should have each other."

Barclay laughed harshly.

"Have you any idea how long the love of the average young couple is sufficient to itself? Hate, jealousy, greed—these are enduring passions, but love has almost as much constitution as an orchid."

"There are exceptions."

"You have no right to try to prove that at the expense of someone you think you love, or at the expense of someone who for many years has been enduringly fond of you."

He smiled very kindly.

"Myself, sir?"

"Yourself. Better go away, Tommy. It will hurt, but not for long. Why not take a few friends for a cruise? I'll send you round the world, if you like. You can hobnob with maharajas and Malay potentates, catch mahseer, shoot tigers, race elephants—"

"Don't you think I'm old enough to know my own mind?"

"How about your career? She seems to be doing good in the world. Few are you don't want to spoil her life."

"Oh, it's no use arguing," said Tommy, rising. "I must marry her—if she will have me. Even if I thought it wrong and unfair, I am no longer a free agent."

Barclay shook his head.

"How will you support her?"

"Why?"

Barclay was still smiling.

"You've had a great deal of money to spend. What have you saved?"

"I'm not a mouse," said Tommy, "and you are not a cat. You are cutting me off, because you honestly think it will be for my good. Well, God knows I don't know how to make a living, but I can try."

"Whenever you change your mind about Celestia, or give me a definite promise that you will not try to marry her, I shall be more than glad to put you once more upon your old footing."

"Well," said Tommy, "we've had a good many differences of opinion, but we've never quarreled, have we?"

"He held out his hand."

"My hat off," said Barclay, "to the best sportsman I have ever known."

But in his heart he thought that Tommy would very soon tire of earning a living, and his word went forth to the effect that he would not look with approval upon any institution which should offer salaried employment to Thomas Steele.

And from one institution to another this word spread like rumor.

But Tommy did not at once look for employment. Of course that, considering how difficult it is to find employment, would have been the sensible thing to do.

Meanwhile no less important a person But he did what a lover would do. He went at once to look for Celestia.

That Mary Blackstone had looked for Celestia and found her, descending from a \$12,000 car of foreign make she had rung

ful girl in the tailor-made suit was not altogether a stranger.

"Should I have made an appointment?" asked Miss Blackstone.

"Surely not. This is much simpler. Won't you sit down?"

Mary was careful to choose a chair which stood with its back to the light.

"I came," she said, "upon a most delicate errand."

"Yes."

"We have a mutual friend—"

"Mr. Steele?"

"How did you guess?"

"None of my other friends would be at all likely to be a friend of yours, too. All my friends in the world, so far, are either poor people or laborers."

All but Mr. Steele?

Celestia nodded.

"I've come to speak to you about him. He has as you know a great future before him. He is the heir of his father's

A Fictionless Fable

Being About the Ideal Marriage

By ANN LISLE.

There were once two brothers who had reached manhood's estate and felt it was time to take unto themselves wives. One had theories about marriage and the other was in love with a woman.

Said the theorist: "Opposites attract. I being a tall, slender blond, shall marry a short, plump brunette. That will be well from the eugenic point of view, and besides, we will afford a pleasing contrast to the eye of the beholder. I am fond of art, music and home life, so I shall wed a woman who likes outdoor sports, books and travel. That will give us a wide field of interests. I am phlegmatic and indifferent, so I shall marry a woman who is excitable and high strung. Then we will stimulate each other."

Said the lover: "I love my sweetheart partly because she is dear to me and partly because the same things are dear to each of us. We enjoy each other's pet enjoyments. We are outwardly a bit alike, too—I have heard people say we look almost as if we might be brother and sister—but we are more than a 'bit' alike in the mental traits. We like the same people. I like a great many of the characteristics in her I have always admired in myself. She is just enough shorter than I to reach my heart, and she is just enough plumper to be femininely alluring. We don't clash on opinions and we don't offer enough physical contrast to attract the attention of others—but we do attract each other."

So the theorist married his opposite and the lover married his counterpart.

And this is what happened: The opposites attracted each other—but not for long! The little brunette came to realize that her tall, thin blond husband made her look dark and chunky by contrast, and she hated to be seen out with him. He, on the other hand, found that a volume of poetry could not offer him solace for the concerts to which his wife would not accompany him. And a wife on the golf links is worth two on the hearth rug. Nor does ability to row a boat presuppose a talent for steering the matrimonial craft. And a tall, thin husband does not feel the same urge to take cross-country walks with his "tub of a wife" that a fiance knows about romantic strolling with his dear little "pleasingly plump" sweetheart.

So the theorist and his wife went their various ways—he with long, lachrymable strides roamed after a popular singer who could manage a chafing dish very well. And she, with perky nervousness, betook herself to a divorce court. For in the end, opposites attract—their likes!

And the lover and his wife went plodding along. She loved his sleek dark hair, and he adored the waves in her dusky tresses. And she thought his ruddy complexion the perfection of brunette splendor—while he loved the clear olive of her cheeks. She could just reach his heart, so he stooped down often to make it easier for her. They were so alike that they understood each other admirably.

And yet—being two separate humans, they knew the impenetrable solitude that every one has to suffer. Only it was easy to bridge differences with understanding. If he grew tired of Schopenhauer and wanted to read Ouida, she could understand that, for did not she often weary of grand opera scores and long to hear only fox-trots?

And every one said, "Isn't that a nice couple! How like each other they grow!"

And the moral of that is that if you are a little swallow breathing the air, there is no reason why you should imagine it your destiny to go plunging into a brook to consort with speckled trout!

WOMAN REFUSES OPERATION

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—Mrs. J. M. Kresch, 1300 West Broadway, Louisville, Ky.

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Two Pictures of Youth Contrasted

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

There has been a beautiful picture shown to the eye at one of the New York theaters. It is a charity benefit for little homeless children. The curtain went up and revealed three ex-quisite young girls in the morning of life, dressed in classic flowing robes of white, seated at three golden harps. The stage setting back of them represented a fair road, winding up a majestic mountain side. While the eye was dazzled and delighted with the radiant picture the ear was next enchanted with the heavenly strains of the "Angel's Serenade," played by the three young girls on the three harps, accompanied by one of them, who sang the air in a voice of rare sweetness.

The memory of this beautiful picture occupied the mind of the writer of this article when a friend said, "Come with me to the hospital. I want you to see some of the people in whom I am interested there." The first people to be seen were those in the nervous ward, men and women who, from various causes, were on the point of nervous prostration or more serious malady, and who had been sent by their friends or relatives to be studied by the physicians in charge. After their cases were decided upon they would be sent away to other institutions for further treatment. A brief time in these wards under the direction of the leading physician is convincing proof of the vast need in the land of further development along eugenic lines. A large percentage of the patients who come into these wards for examination can trace their troubles back to bad inheritance. The sins of the fathers and the mothers have developed paresis, insanity and epilepsy in the children. Alcoholism and sexual immorality, nicotine and drugs, all these have helped produce the wretched crop of human beings who are found in the neurotic wards of our institutions.

After viewing these wards the physician said: "Now do you want to see the 'dope' victims? They may interest you."

So we proceeded to the drug ward. And what a sight we beheld! More than half a hundred young men, all under the age of twenty, and some of them suffering from one cause—the use

of many cots in the ward and each cot contained a victim suffering from the first stages of this affliction, unable to sit up and in the greater part of the cases in a stupor. Others, attired in dressing gowns, were wandering about the room, patiently passing away the time until they were pronounced cured. One young man dressed in a trim business suit, quite normal in appearance, was about to take his departure that afternoon. The doctor questioned him for the benefit of the visitors regarding his case. "How long did you use the drug?" he asked, and "What caused you to begin the habit?"

"It was something over a year ago," the man replied. "I was a professional in the world of sports. A man told me I would have very much more speed and skill if I took heroin, so I took it and for a little time what the man said seemed to be true. Then I began to go down, until I landed here. Now, thank God, I am cured of the habit and shall never go back to it."

The other men in the room were the color of clay, devoid of all animation and vitality of expression. One by one the doctor questioned them, and one by one they all responded, "We began the use of the drug because we were told it would make us feel better, brace us up and give us more 'go.'" At least a dozen declared they had acquired the habit in the pool room. Not one claimed that he had taken the drug to relieve any physical ache or ailment.

When we realized that this is but one institution of hundreds in Greater New York, where similar congregations of unfortunate drug victims can be seen, we must awaken to the consciousness of the great menace for the race which lies in the drug habit. It is well to have laws, stringent and severe, for the punishment of all the monsters who sell drugs to their fellow beings, or who induce them to begin the habit; but that is only dealing with the habit after it is acquired. More important than this is the awakening of the minds of parents, teachers and friends to the danger which threatens the youth of the land. Youths and girls are frequently in the grasp of this octopus, while the parents are wholly unconscious of the situation—in fact, unconscious that such a drug as heroin exists in the world. Parents must awaken and learn the danger which lurks at their threshold. They must talk to their young children on these subjects and give them the protection of knowledge.

War we know is a great evil and threatens the destruction of hundreds of thousands while it rages in any land. But war is only periodical. The drug habit is ever with us and its menace to the country is today greater than that of war. Let us awaken and protect our young from a habit which renders existence far worse than death.