

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Determination

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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There is something I cannot seem to get over. Both my children started high school and I was confident I would be able to see them through. My son wanted to be an electrical engineer and my daughter wanted to enter the medical department in some college or university. It was impossible. They were both obliged to go to work, and yet work has not always been provided for them to do. We are financially embarrassed constantly.



In their eagerness to obtain work they have lost the opportunity for an education. I have been unspokenly unhappy and despondent many years, and many times words that I have read in this column have proven a real salvation to me. They have given me strength to rise up and go on when it seemed at the very end. Can you say something to me now that will help me bear this great disappointment about my children?

"A BROKEN-HEARTED MOTHER."

Schools and colleges are not the only places where valuable education is obtained. This world is a great college and life is an assistant teacher. Young people who are eager for an education can obtain knowledge, culture and wisdom if their eyes, ears, minds and hearts are open to receive what each day has to impart. The reading of good books, the memorizing of good bits of prose and verse, the listening with attention to what people of education have to say, all help to cultivate the mind and train the speech in right methods of expression.

There are schools of correspondence which for a comparatively small sum offer excellent methods of education to those who are deprived of school advantages. Few of our greatest men and women have been college graduates. The young man who is absolutely determined upon making a place for himself cannot fail of final success if he allows nothing to discourage him. The same may be said of the young woman. Ambition (anchored on aspiration) is a plough which will cut its way through the furrows and prepare the field for the harvest which is sure to follow.

Abraham Lincoln and Benjamin Franklin were both poor boys with few advantages. To their names could be added that of a great galaxy of brilliant stars whose fame illuminates the earth today; men and women who, step by step, fight their own way from obscurity and poverty to recognition and prosperity.

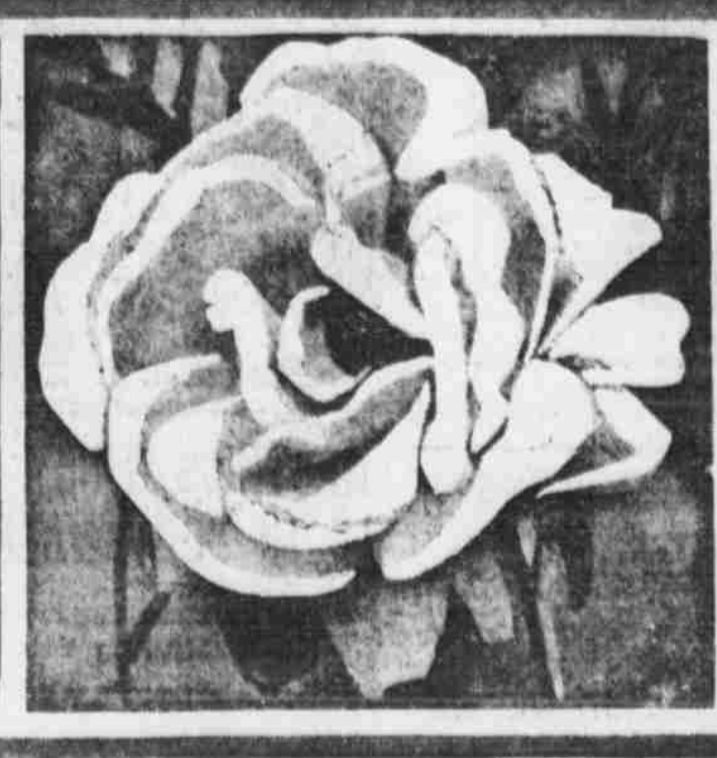
The Story of a Rose



The Rose at 6 A. M.



The Rose at 8 P. M.



The Rose the Next Morning.

Let this young man and young woman go to the public library and secure the biographies of great men and women; let them read them with care and ponder over the mental attitude which led these people to success. All that we long for, all that we wish to be, do, and have, lies in the mind; for the mind comes from God and goes to God, and he who realizes this fact and acts upon it cannot become a failure.

Here is a little rosary for a "broken-hearted mother" to say and teach her children to say every day:

I have the desire of my heart.
Man is the highest expression of God in earthly form.
All of God's powers are in man.
I am absolute health, unquenchable aspiration, limitless courage.
I am success.
I will be what I will to be because I derive my strength and power from the Great Creative Source.
I have my heart's desire.

Repeat this rosary many times a day mentally and reverently. Repeat it just before falling to sleep at night, and the first thing in the morning, and many times through the day. Keep the mind filled with a consciousness of power, peace and plenty. Your words shall not be void, but they shall go forth and accomplish that whereto they were sent.

Why the Indian Turned His Toes In

The North American Indian stands and walks with his toes turned in—every little boy can tell you that. But can you tell your little boy why the Indian toes in? He does it because he has only soft moccasins on his feet, and because in knots and prevent breaking down of



The Right and the Wrong Way to Stand.

the arch of the foot, putting his weight on the inner side of the foot, where it ought to be.

Observe that the barefooted savage and the chimpanzee are exactly opposite in their manner of walking.

The monkey walks with all his weight resting on the outer part of his hind hands or feet. This he does because he wants to keep the inside of the walking hands soft and pliable, so that he may use the hind legs to hold onto branches of the trees. He walks very little, and his hind hands have no instep to break down.

The Indian, on the other hand, toes in, putting his weight on the inside of the foot, on the well-developed muscles just below the big toe. And the arch of his foot never breaks.

Well-meaning mothers spend hours saying to their children, "Turn your toes out." You might just as well say, "Break down the arch of your foot." The young girl standing with her toes turned out is doing her best probably to follow the advice of her mother or of some dancing master. And the girl with her feet straight is perhaps criticized constantly—but she is standing correctly.

Advice to Lovelorn: By Beatrice Fairfax

Appeal to Their Manhood.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a stenographer and the only girl among five men. Because I allow so familiarly they make it very hard for me. I have stood this for nearly two years, and now it is getting unbearable. I hold a good-paying position and would not like to leave it, as I am a poor girl and every cent I bring home is a help. My parents know nothing about this, if they did they would insist on my leaving, which would mean more suffering and hard work for them.

DISGUISED.

Suppose you ask these men if they won't be a little kinder to a fellow worker. Tell them you are sure they cannot guess how hard they are making your position, which you need. Try to come to a mutual understanding. It is just possible you have offended, too. Appeal to the sense of fair-play and decency inherent in men who are real men.

Do Not Accept.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young girl of 18 and am employed as a private stenographer by a downtown broker. My employer has asked me several times to take lunch with him, but I have always refused on the basis that I don't think it proper that I should dine with a gentleman over three times my age who is married and has three children.

Will you please let me know if I am doing the right thing by not consenting to his request?

E. H. P.

It would be very wrong of you to accept the invitations of your employer, who is a married man. No good can ever come of such a friendship. It would be likely to cause the wife and children suffering and your reputation if not your happiness. Make your refusal firm but pleasant.

From Photographs Taken in a Space of 24 Hours

A Fictionless Fable

By ANN LISLE.

There was once a woman who woke on a spring morning and found she had no desire ever again to rise. The sunlight streamed in at her window and the nesting birds twittered outside in the vines that clambered up the side of her house. A pear tree in bridal white waved and curled against a lake blue sky. But the world was all ash gray to the woman who lay in the great four-poster bed, and she herself a cipher in the morn.

So she sent for her best friend and for her fiance to see if either of them could cheer her. And the best friend wore a hat of maline, under which her eyes gleamed like sapphires, and the lover was azure from his brisk walk across the park. So the world was all ash gray to the woman who lay in the great four-poster bed, and she herself a cipher in the morn.

Presently a radiant young being blocked her doorway. "I am the doctor's son," said he. "He's out of town, so I ventured over to see if you would trust such a very young doctor."

And the woman felt she could trust the very young doctor.

At the end of a week the sky was blue again, and the pear tree bridal white and the birds sang loud enough to the woman's heart to hear. Then one morning said the very young doctor, "I've my car outside. What you need is sunshine and fresh air—and some who cares enough to protect you from the cold winds."

The woman looked at him for a moment and then she turned her face to the wall. "Go alone, boy," said she. "I've a contagious disease—it is world-weariness. Run along now. You can't help me a bit. I need a much older, wiser doctor."

And the very young doctor did not know that the woman who was world-weary had saved him from a very bad spell of sickness.

Do You Know That

Dutchmen are the heaviest smokers in the world, and they are followed by the inhabitants of the United States.

Shaving was introduced among the Romans about B. C. 200. The first razor was deemed the entrance into manhood and celebrated with great festivities.

All Indian regiments wear the turban, except the Gurkhas, who wear a little round cap.

Over a third of the total area of Holland lies below sea level.

Believers in Signs

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"What is the meaning of a stamp placed upside down on the left-hand lower corner of an envelope?" writes J. W. K. I should say it meant that the writer was a very silly person, guilty of extremely bad taste. The stamp language I do not know, and of my lack of knowledge I am proud. Of what possible use can it be to litter one's mind with such nonsense as languages of stamps and flowers, and all the silly subtleties for sending messages that might far better be conveyed in sane human fashion?

Every day I get numerous letters begging me in all seriousness to explain the language of flowers, the secret of what day in the week is best for a marriage, the usefulness of wearing one's birthstone, the signal code of stamps on letters and numerous silly and useless minor superstitions.

The meaning of these questions is that far too many of us have no serious interests in life, no constructive desire to do things, and stand or fall by our own ability or merit. Too many of us, if not actually superstitious and foolish enough to interpret chance occurrences as bearing on our own lives, still imagine that by talismans and charms and secret rites we can get ahead a bit in love or work.

The language of flowers is beauty. The

day of the week for a marriage is the one you happen to select. Wearing your birthstone won't get you a promotion in business if you waste time doing your work in admiring your jewel. The little "stunts" you do or don't do may amuse you and are well enough if you relegate them to their place with childish play like that of the days when you had a secret language of the "boyish girls" type.

But don't try to make any of this nonsense mean anything—some people will think you silly, and the time you waste in making codes and signals belongs to the more serious business of finding out what work and life and responsibility mean.

In-Shoots

Gumshoe fanaticism is usually the most dangerous of all.

Ignorance is more apt to stimulate argument than wisdom.

A faint heart seldom lands a fellow in a breach of promise suit.

Oratory consists in making commonplace thoughts seem like the musings of a sage.

Read It Here—See It at the Movies.

The Goddess

By Gouverneur Morris and Charles W. Goddard

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

After the tragic death of John Amesbury, his protegee, who is Amesbury's greatest beauty, dies. At her death Prof. Stilliter, an agent of the interests behind the beautiful Tommy, calls her and brings her up in a paradise where she sees no man, but thinks she is taught by the angels who instruct her for her mission to reform the world. At the age of 18 she is suddenly thrust into the world where all 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 from her paradise as Celestia the girl from heaven. Neither Tommy nor Celestia, however, are interested in each other. Tommy finds it an easy matter to rescue Celestia from Prof. Stilliter and they hide in the mountains where they are pursued by Stilliter and escape to an island where they spend the night.

That night, following his Indian guide, reaches the island, found Celestia and Tommy, but did not disturb them. In the morning Tommy goes for a swim. During his absence Stilliter attempts to steal Celestia, who is taking not only Celestia, but Tommy's clothes. Stilliter reaches Four Corners with Celestia. In time to go to New York, there he places Celestia in Bellevue hospital, where her sanity is proved by Dr. Barclay. 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 hotel to take Celestia or bring to her costume. But later he persuades his father to keep her. When he goes out to the taxi he finds her gone. She falls into the hands of white slavers, he escapes and goes to live with a poor family by the name of Froudes. When their son Freddie returns home he finds right in his own house, Celestia, the girl for whom the underworld had offered a reward that he hoped to get.

Celestia secures work in a large garment factory, where she meets many girls employed. Here she shows her peculiar power, and makes friends with all her girl companions. By her talks to the girls she is able to calm a threatened strike, and the "boss" overhauling her is moved to grant the relief the girls wished, and also to right a great wrong he had done one of them. Just at this point the factory catches on fire, and the work room is soon a blazing furnace. Celestia refuses to escape with the other girls, and Tommy Barclay rushes in and carries her out, wrapped in a big roll of cloth.

SEVENTH EPISODE.

Her eyes lingered a moment with Barclay's and he looked away. Then her lips parted in a serene smile, she looked slowly at each of the others.

"You don't look like evil men," she said. "But I have been told that you grind the poor, and that there is no mercy in you. But that's all rubbish, isn't it?"

Rubbish or not, they all looked a little ashamed of themselves.

"Of course you've made mistakes," she

went on sweetly, "but that wasn't malice, was it? It was ignorance. For you can't want the poor to remain poor, and the wretched, wretched. I have been sent to show you how this great world, which we call the world, may be clean and fit for human beings to live in. You shall ask me questions if you don't understand." And then she spoke for a long time, gently and persuasively, looking slowly from face to face, using simple words that children might have understood.

In a far corner of the room, Stilliter stood. His eyes never left her, and he looked like a man laboring under a great strain.

The effect of Celestia upon the capitalists was curious. At first they looked cynical and amused, but physically attracted to her. Then they looked interested, and then astonished. Only Kehr retained his expression of chafed conservatism. Now and then he asked a terse question, and did not seem convinced by her answers. But to the others, after a while her answers seemed unanswerable.

"And so," she finished, "I don't ask you to give up anything. You shall even have more if you must. I only ask you to help me win the others—to see that the billions which are wasted aren't be wasted—so that through cleanliness we shall do away with disease, and that through the general well being, every man, woman and child shall have a right to be happy."

"How about the constitution?" snapped Kehr.

"Some of you," said Celestia, "will sit in the convention which is to write the new constitution."

He gave a hoarse, harsh laugh.

"How about the solid south?"

Celestia shook her head at him as at a pigknacker and pig-headed child.

"We shall have to huffy it," she said. Then, her voice once more grave, and her great eyes sweeping the circle.

"Who is going to help me?" she asked.

"We shall need millions—millions in money—millions in brains."

Barclay stepped swiftly to her side, and with that same smile of gentle, old-fashioned gallantry.

"My dear," he said, "don't worry about that."

And he turned to the others:

"You have heard a new gospel in the world," he said. "If it's a pipe dream I'm crazy. Gentlemen—what she wishes can be done. And if you are with us, it shall be done."

One by one they came forward, like men in a trance, and shook hands with Celestia. All but Kehr.

"Anything to stand in with old friends," he said, "especially when that's the side your bread's buttered on; but if it's a question of believing that what we've listened to is anything but nonsense, you can count me out."

"We'll run you," said Barclay, "as senator from Pennsylvania. And you'll do as you're told."

Celestia laughed merrily.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

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Cream of Tartar and Sulphur, boxes, each15c and 25c
Aspirin Tablets, 2 dozen for25c
Hinkle Tablets, 100 for10c
Quinine Capsules, 3 dozen25c
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