

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Lullaby

By JANE M'LEAN.

Out in the twilight the banshee is calling—  
Calling to you in the wind and the rain;  
Here in the firelight your lids are a-falling,  
Sleep, for the banshee will call you in vain.

Hush, for the banshee outside is a-wailing—  
Wailing of life and the sorrows ahead;  
Sleep, while the dream lady's garments are trailing  
Over your eyes in the wee trundle bed.

## Epicurean Episodes

### Lemon Ice—Another Recipe for Use in the Privacy of the Family.

By DOROTHY DIX.

Among the easily prepared desserts that women are fond of making none is more popular than the various forms of frappe. Indeed, many housekeepers keep a supply of frappe always on hand, which they serve to unexpected guests, and to members of their husband's family, or his old friends, who drop in uninvited to dinner.



There is almost a limitless variety of frappes, as women vie with each other in the construction of this cooling dainty and each adds some little peculiar personal touch to the one that she hands out that gives it an individual punch and flavor. This gives a wide latitude in the construction of this dish, so that a frappe may be either bland and sugary, or acid and bitter, or peppery or singery, according to the taste of the maker. The only essential point is that it retains its frigid character.

Men are not fond of frappes and seldom return to a house in which they are served, but women seem to have an insatiable appetite for them, and often exchange frappes with each other as an indication of feminine friendship.

The most common variety of frappe is lemon ice, which is invariably served at family reunions on Christmas and Thanksgiving day, when we are all made happy by the remembrance that we will not have to forego with our dear near relatives again for a twelve-month.

Lemon ice is made by setting aside the milk of human kindness until it sours and turns to clabber. Into this stir all the lemons in the family, and then fluff it up to taste with a barrel of perfect candor and home truths.

Add to it the spice of such remarks as: "My goodness, Mary, how you have changed. You used to be such a pretty girl and had such a lovely complexion. I declare I wouldn't have known you if I had met you in a strange place." "Well, Jane, and so you haven't got married yet. Could better hurry up, or the last call for the dining car will be over." "That's a pretty hat you've got on, Bessie, but it's ten years too young for you, and I don't see how you can afford it on your husband's salary." "They do say that John is drinking too much and that Tom is no better than he should be."

Set this mixture to cool on the pantry shelf of the woman whose turn it is to entertain the family party and you will have a lemon ice that cannot be surpassed for tartness and chilliness.

Another form of frappe that is very fashionable, especially among the newly rich, is called Glace a la Anchoise. This dish requires a steady nerve in the one who prepares it, but it is admirable to pass around when the people you used to know when you were poor drop in to see you and want to talk over old times before your newly acquired English butler.

All frappes are, of course, cooling in their effects, but Glace a la Anchoise will reduce the temperature of anyone partaking of it from fever heat to below normal at the first taste. No friendship, however warm, has ever been known to survive one portion of it.

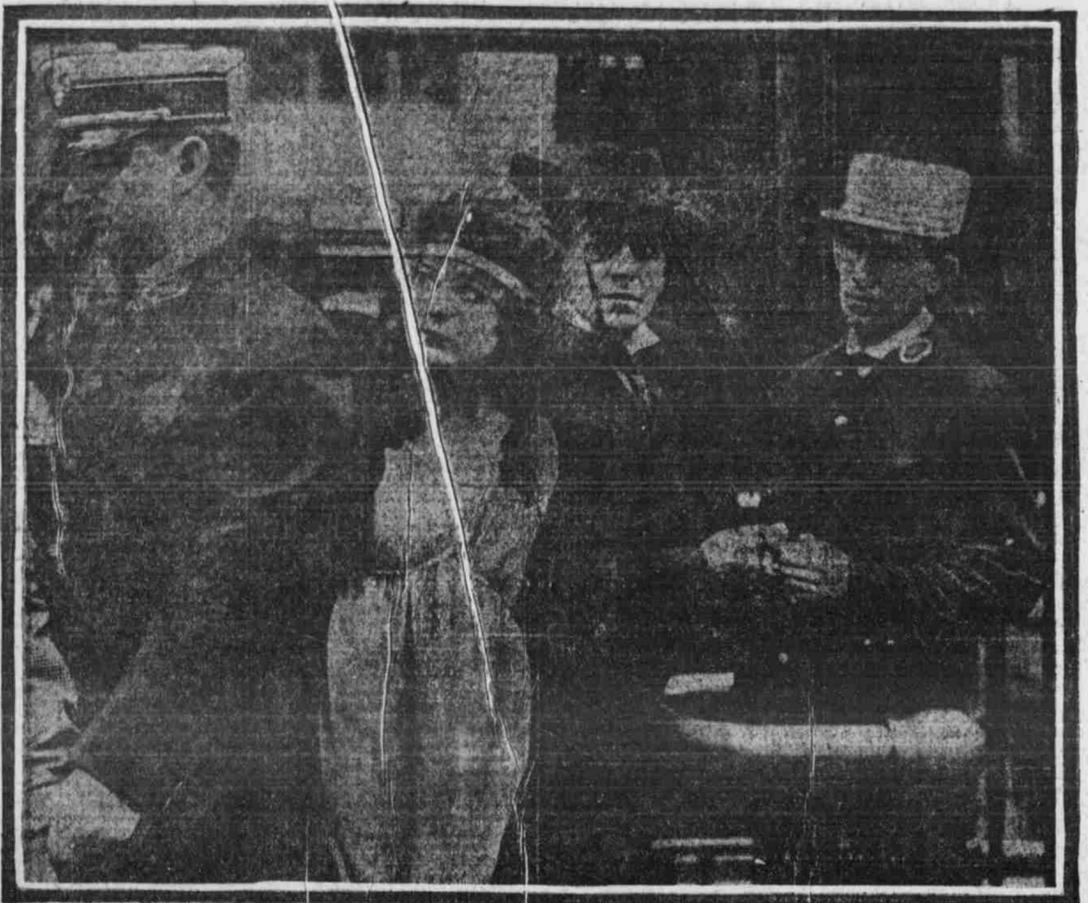
To make Glace a la Anchoise, take an unlimited quantity of anchovies, a large wad of money, or a small amount of reputation, and blend these well together. Flavor with ingratitude, a forgetfulness of past favors, throw in a large chunk of selfishness, and spice it up with social aspirations to taste.

This mixture will congeal of itself, until it gets to be so cold and hard that you have to chip it off with a pocket-knife. Serve this dish to the man in Squeedunk who lent you money to get to New York to take the job that was offered you, and who is still foolish enough to think that you remember him now that you are the president of a bank. Above all, never fail to treat the woman in it who used to help you do your washing when your baby was sick and you lived in a tenement instead of the St. Squeegis, where

## The Goddess

The Most Imposing Motion Picture Serial and Story Ever Created.

Read It Here—See It at the Movies



### Prof. Stilliter Sees Celestia Off to Bitumen.

By Gouverneur Morris and Charles W. Goddard

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

After the tragic death of John Ansbury, his prostrated wife, one of America's greatest hostesses, dies. At her death Prof. Stilliter, an agent of the interests of 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 pretend to find her.

The one to feel the loss of the little Ansbury girl most, after she had been spirited away by the interests, was Tommy Barclay.

After a year later Tommy goes to the Adirondacks. The interests are responsible for the trip. He did not desire to meet the little Ansbury girl, as she comes forth from her paradise as Celestia, the girl who is to reform the world. Celestia recognizes each other. Tommy finds it an easy matter to rescue Celestia from the hands of the interests. They are the mountains, later they are pursued by Stilliter and escape to an island where they spend the winter.

That night Stilliter, following his Indian guide, reaches the island, found them in the morning Tommy goes for a swim. During his absence Tommy attempts to kiss Celestia, who runs to Tommy for help, followed by Stilliter. The latter takes advantage of it by taking not only Celestia, but Tommy's clothes. Stilliter is angry. Tommy, with Celestia just in time to catch an express for New York, there he places Celestia in the hands of the interests. Tommy reaches Bellevue just before Stilliter's first aim was to get Celestia away from Stilliter. After they leave Bellevue, Tommy is unable to get any hotel to take Celestia in owing 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 Douglas, who escapes and goes to live with a poor family by the name of Douglas. When their son returns home he finds right in his own house, Celestia, the girl for whom the underworld has offered a reward that he is able to claim. Celestia secures work in a large garment factory, where a great many girls are employed. Tommy, who has a 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" overhearing her is moved to grant the relief the girls wished. After being dismissed, Tommy refuses to escape with the other girls, and Tommy Barclay rushes in and carries her out, wrapped in a big roll of cloth.

After rescuing Celestia from the fire, Tommy is followed by Barker Barclay, who undertakes to persuade him to give up the girl. Tommy refuses, and Celestia is taken to her father's home. He does not do this, as he has no funds. Stilliter and Barclay introduce Celestia to a college. After being dismissed, Tommy sought work in the coal mines. He tries to get off a threatened strike by taking the girls to turn a teaching gun loose on the factory when they attack the stockade. This sets the mine owners busy to act rid of Tommy.

### NINTH EPISODE.

The Trinitarian and Prof. Stilliter were together when Kehr's ophthoramus was handed to Barclay, and although they imagined that his contents were important they couldn't help laughing at its wording. Barkers won't bite. Your multistink, carburetor Tommy has tickled Aphrodite. Please pound his whiskers quick.

Tommy has spotted our plans. Please call him off quick.

"Well," said Sturtevant, "what will you do?"

"Kehr," said Barclay, "is blood thirstily anxious to teach the strikers a lesson. He being the man on the spot, I have felt obliged to give him a pretty free hand. But I am glad there has been no blood shed. It seems to me that this is a matter for Her to settle. Stilliter, can you make Her call this strike off and bring about a state of amity in Bitumen?"

Stilliter simply reached for a telegraph blank and wrote:

"Kehr, Bitumen, Pa.  
Am sending Her."

and signed it Barclay.

"What will you do about Tommy?" he asked. "He'll be even more in the way when Celestia gets there."

After a moment's reflection, Barclay wrote a telegram to Tommy:

"Come home at once. Must see you on important business."

These telegrams dispatched, Sturtevant and Semmes took their leave, while Barclay and Stilliter sat on for a time in silence. Barclay was the first to break it.

"You will have no trouble in persuading her to go?"

"She dislikes me, but she does what I tell her—only I don't tell her. I don't understand her aversion to me. She knows that I am with her heart and soul for the common good. And she is willing to work with me. But I repeat her."

Barclay smiled grimly.

"You have never made any great effort to please the ladies," he said.

"A mistake of youth of which I begin to repent in middle age. I have made the mistake of imagining that I could live and die an abstract intellect. It's my eyes I suppose. They made me hypersensitive."

"But you weren't born with weak eyes."

"No—when I was at college a retort burnt in my face. I had splendid eyes as a child. Nobody ever had a better physical equipment than I had—a strong body or a stronger brain. I am the kind of man who ought to marry and have children."

Both were silent again. Then Stilliter said:

"I've been giving the matter more and more thought. It seems to be a sort of duty."

Stilliter sat gazing off into space through the fret lines which gave him sight, and Barclay, a troubled smile on his lips, sat and watched Stilliter's face.

"You must have some one in mind," he suggested presently.

Stilliter gave a kind of guilty start.

"And suppose I have?"

"The smile faded slowly from Barclay's mouth.

and the door; "have I your word of honor that you will attempt nothing against her; that she will be safe with you, until her work is done?"

"You have my word of honor," said Stilliter, but the dog did not look this master in the eye.

At what was really in his mind and heart Stilliter had only hinted. His statement, however, that he was a perfect man mentally and physically, could not have been cavilled at. The easy, rolly polly strength of his youth had vanished. He was no longer covered by a porpoise-like thickness of adipose deposit, but looked hard, fit and trim, like an athlete. And his mind, clear as a bell, and capable at a moment's notice of tremendous concentration, was like a machine in the power of perfection. He was the most perfect man he had ever known; Celestia was the most perfect woman; and he could not but believe that offspring of a marriage between them would be more perfect still.

Ever since her return to earth he had brooded on this proposition. At first his scientific side only had inspired him. It

was a scientific duty for two such perfect human beings not to remain forever apart. He had brooded coolly.

But gradually her beauty and her indifference to him (it was more than a difference, it was positive dislike) had warmed him out of his coolness. He no longer wanted to marry her solely because he thought that such a marriage would be scientifically correct—but because he wanted to. Furthermore, he felt that he had a right to her. He had picked her out as a little child, and he was by way of making her the most famous woman in history, and the most useful. Surely she owed him something in return. Something? She owed him everything.

Meanwhile, Tommy had been invited to live with the Gunshors, and had carried his belongings to their house. This was an unpretentious structure exactly like several hundred others in Bitumen. It differed only from the majority in the fact that it was one of the two end houses of a long row.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## Mysteries of Electricity

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

"What is the approximate time for the 'click' of a telegraph key to travel from New York to San Francisco on a direct wire—E. T. C."

A very small fraction of a second, but the precise time cannot be fixed, owing to uncertainty as to the existence, and amount, of retardation, which, in its turn, may vary with circumstances. The speed of electricity is supposed to be the same as that of light, 186,000 miles per second, and if there were no retardation on a direct aerial wire—and there is certainly very little—the signal should cross the continent in about one-sixteenth of a second.

On submarine cables the retardation is much more pronounced. Prof. Fleming Jenkin found, in experimenting with an Atlantic cable, that one-fifth of a second elapsed after contact had been made at one end before any effect was perceived at the other, and then the received current gradually increased in strength during about three seconds, after which it was steady. This retardation is due to the fact that before a signal can be sent to the other end of a long cable enough electricity must flow into the cable to produce a considerable "potential" (power of doing electric work), and this requires an appreciable time, sometimes amounting to several seconds.

This phenomenon is one of the greatest practical difficulties encountered in oceanic telegraphy, but it has been fairly well overcome by various devices.

Many years ago Wheatstone measured, as he supposed, the velocity of electricity, which he estimated to be 258,000 miles per second, or more than 160,000 miles greater than the velocity of light.

This estimate is still often quoted, but it was founded on a mistake. It has been shown that what Wheatstone really measured was not the velocity of elec-

tricity, but the time taken by a certain small quantity of electricity to flow through a conductor. Prof. Stivan Thompson says that there is no definite assignable velocity of electricity.

In aerial wires "the velocity of propagation is equal to the velocity of light, but in the case of slow vibrations, like those of telephonic sounds being sent through land lines, or cables, the velocity may be much less."

"Electricity holds many secrets which may some day lead to marvelous revelations. Like light, it is transmitted through the ether, and some men of science have believed it to be itself, a form of ether. The ether is regarded as something different from matter, and yet its vibrations, in the shape of light and electricity, affect matter. Evidently the two things, ether and matter, are not so different that they cannot and do not react upon each other. They might, in their relations, be likened to body and spirit. As the spirit, or soul, is supposed to be independent of the material limitations of the body, although it acts and manifests itself through the body, so the ether appears to be free of the ordinary marks of materiality, since we cannot detect it in any way except through what seem to be its effects upon material bodies."

The fact is that science has never been able directly to demonstrate the existence of the ether, any more than theology has been able directly to demonstrate the existence of the soul. Both of them are theoretical conceptions, and belief in the existence of an actual something corresponding to either of these conceptions rests upon inferences drawn from observation or from dogma. The theory of the ether, has an advantage over the theory of the soul in that the phenomena upon which it is based can be made the subject of experimentation. I do not know but that it might be possible to experiment with spiritual phenomena, also, in such a manner as to establish a basis for scientific belief in the existence of the soul.

Prof. Oliver Lodge thinks that he has already done this, and it is worth pointing out that Prof. Lodge seems to have been led to his investigation of spiritual phenomena through his speculations, and experiments concerning the ether and electricity.

## The Dissatisfied Working Woman

By ADA PATTERSON.

A woman is being subjected to the nervous strain and, in her case, to the ignominy of the course, because, she says, she had "gotten tired of working and would have married anyone to get out of it."

That is a particularly humiliating confession for the woman to make, particularly in view of the fact, that, as it turns out, she isn't married at all.

She opened from her home, and I must do them the credit to say that they don't talk so much about it. That dissatisfaction means one of two things, either that you are tired and need a new mental adjustment to your work; first such physical rest as a long sleep, a day out of doors or a somewhat longer vacation will give you; or then a pumping of new energy and interest into that work by a determined effort. Or if by such simple conjurings as these you cannot derive content from your work, it may be the wrong work for you and you need to seek that which is more in tune with your tastes. Be very sure that what you mistake for noble discontent is not mere laziness.

But work is the best friend a man or woman can have. It keeps up circulation. It is ballast from the pounding impulses. It keeps the feet on the ground. The feet wear out, but the head cool. A man's or woman's best friend is his or her job in life.

This foolish woman who has been performing the family washing and hanging it out to dry in the New York courts, says she hated an office and longed for a home. To that point the sympathies of everyone in the court room followed her. The world loves the woman who loves her home, and that rock of human nature will always remain.

But the woman was inconsistent. She married a man who offered her not a home, but wanderings in far countries. That she accepted him on these terms proved that the home longing was slight after all.

No sincere tears are being shed for her by persons of the newspapers that recite her woes. For she has recorded in the archives of the courts that she would have married anyone to take her away from her work. Thus she branded herself as a heartless and lazy. Moreover she branded herself as guilty of that sin beyond redemption among women, marrying for any other reason save love.

No woman need marry save for love in this year 1915. Work which this woman hated saved them from that degradation.

## In-Shoots

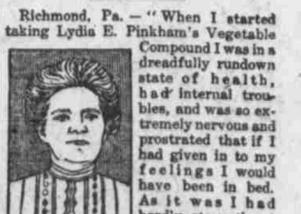
Hope often takes the form of foolishness.

The down-and-outer is not always out of hearing.

The head of the useless class is always bulging with theories.

## WOMAN WOULD NOT GIVE UP

Though Sick and Suffering; At Last Found Help in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Richmond, Pa. — "When I started taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was in a dreadfully rundown state of health, had internal troubles, and was so extremely nervous and prostrated that if I had given in to my feelings I would have been in bed. As it was I had hardly strength at times to be on my feet and... I did do was by a great effort. I could not sleep at night and of course felt very bad in the morning, and had a steady headache.

"After taking the second bottle I noticed that the headache was not so bad, I rested better, and my nerves were stronger. I continued its use until it made a new woman of me, and now I can hardly realize that I am able to do so much as I do. Whenever I know any woman in need of a good medicine I highly praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound." — Mrs. FRANK CLARK, 3146 N. Tully St., Richmond, Pa.

Women Have Been Telling Women for forty years how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored their health when suffering with female ills. This accounts for the enormous demand for it from coast to coast. If you are troubled with any ailment peculiar to women why don't you try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? It will pay you to do so. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

### It's Freezing

but the handle of the freezer has stuck. Hurry for the 3-in-One! It oils perfectly, freezes, sewing machines, tacking machines, typewriters, all light mechanisms. No grease, no dirt. A Dictionary of 100 other uses with every bottle. All sizes, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c, 1.00. 3-in-One Oils Co., 240 Broadway, N.Y.

## Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRBANK

Ask Your Mother.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am not 20 years old and engaged to a man of 21 years. Now, through a little misunderstanding with my mother, he does not call me at his home. In the past I have always given in my full salary at home, namely \$100 a month, and he has never called on me or given me for my board. I cannot do this as my mother needs every cent I save. He says he will part on account of it, if I don't do as he asks.

I love him and he loves me. I try to do as he asks me, to keep his love, and at the same time love mother and cannot do her injustice.

Now, what should I do—give him up, which I know would kill me, or do as he says? I really believe my mother needs every cent I earn.

## Make a Study of Yourself

Hold Up the Mirror of Honesty to Your Eyes.

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Have you ever held up before your character the mirror of honesty? Suppose you try it now, for never poet gave wiser advice than that contained in "Know, then, thyself—presume not God to scan. The proper study of mankind is man."

What you know of yourself ought to give you vast revelation for others. It ought to make it possible for you to measure life with sanity and to help you to work out your own relation to it. It is very easy to build up a little ideal of what you would like to be, or to dream of what you are going to do and to imagine that in planning you have creditably accomplished. It is easy to explain all your needs on the grounds of higher motives than you ever had.

Fetters may masquerade as sentiment, bitterness as honesty, malice as high-minded desire to save people from disillusionment. Don't hedge—don't quibble. Look yourself squarely and honestly in the face. Perhaps it will hurt when you see a bit of shifty dishonesty, a tendency to lie weakly out of scrapes, a narrow-minded attitude toward your neighbors and a jealous passion of rage for the love you want and don't get.