

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Away

By JANE McLEAN.

You are a child of fortune, and the surge is in your veins
Of life wild and unbounded and the drive of heavy rains;
The pot of gold fast hidden where the rainbow cuts the blue
The lure of wild adventure, for the winds are calling you.

The tears that sting your eyelids and the sob that chokes your throat
Are Nature's golden dowry when you answered to the note
Of the throbb of life within you and the swallows winging south
And the wild lift of the ocean and the salt spray on your mouth.

Take up your cloak of wanderlust, the minstrelsy that lies
Within the wide marsh spaces and the glint of quiet skies,
And know that there are myst'ries in the lure you never knew
Along the gypsy roadway—for the winds are calling you!

Read It Here—See It at the Movies.



By Gouverneur Morris
and
Charles W. Goddard

Copyright, 1915, Star Company.

Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

After the tragic death of John Amesbury, his proud wife, one of America's greatest beauties, dies. At her death Prof. Stilliter, an agent of the interests who have the beautiful 5-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 isolation to reform the world. At the age of 15 she is suddenly thrust into the world where agents of the interests are ready to pretend to find her.

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 the girl from heaven. Neither Tommy nor 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.

Tommy's first wish was to get Celestia away from Stilliter. After they leave he believes Tommy is unable to get any boat to take Celestia in owing to her costume. But later he persuades his father to keep her. When he goes out to the boat he finds her gone. She falls into the hands of white slavers, but escapes and goes to live with a poor family by the name of Decker. When their son Freddie returns home he finds right in his own house, Celestia, the girl for which the underworld has offered a reward that he hoped to get.

Celestia secures work in a large garment factory, where a great many girls are 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" overhearing 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.

After rescuing Celestia from the fire, Tommy is sought by Barclay, who undertakes to persuade him to give up the girl. Tommy refuses, and Celestia wants him to wed her directly. He can not do this, as he has no funds. Stilliter and Barclay introduce Celestia to a coterie of wealthy mining men, who agree to send Celestia to the rollers.

After being disinherited, Tommy sought work in the coal mines. He tried to head off a threatened strike by taking the miners' leaders to see Barclay, who refuses to listen to them. The strike is on, and Tommy discovers a plan of the owners to turn a machine gun loose on the men when they attack the stockade. This sets the mine owners busy to get rid of Tommy.

The wife of the mine's leader involves Tommy in an escapade that leads the miners to try to shoot him. Celestia moves him from the mob, but turns from him and goes to see Kehr.

ELEVENTH EPISODE

That so many of the strikers had had the narrowest kind of an escape from being blown to pieces by dynamite did not make their feelings for Kehr and his men

FARMER'S WIFE TOO ILL TO WORK

A Weak, Nervous Sufferer Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Kasota, Minn.—"I am glad to say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done more for me than anything else, and I had the best physician here. I was so weak and nervous that I could not do my work and suffered with pains low down in my right side for a year or more. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now I feel like a different person. I believe there is nothing like Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for weak women and young girls, and I would be glad if I could influence anyone to try the medicine, for I know it will do all and much more than it is claimed to do."—Mrs. CLARA FRANKS, R. F. D. No. 1, Maplecrest Farm, Kasota, Minn.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should be convinced of the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health by the many genuine and truthful testimonials we are constantly publishing in the newspapers.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

any friendlier, but one thing was certain, if harm came to the girl who had risked her life to warn them of their danger it would have to come to her over their dead bodies.

Whenever she went among the strikers she was welcomed with a kind of gallant adoration. Something about her seemed, when she entered a room, to pull the rudest and the most ignorant men to their feet. Everywhere she went she preached her gospel, softened hearts and made men and women hopeful of better things. Her room was the kitchen, the front steps, the shade of an elm. She was indefatigable. No mind, however feeble, was unworthy of her greatest pains. Little children she took upon her knee and talked sense to them. And presently only those who were naturally bloodthirsty and who loved violence for its own sake talked openly of attacking the stockade. It seemed to Celestia that the strikers' demands were not unjust, and she determined to end the strike by persuading Kehr and the men he represented to meet their demands.

Elections were coming on, and the best way to secure the labor vote was to see that labor's envelope was better filled than ever before. With a new form of government in control of the nation's most disinterested and able men there would be such a saving of national waste that doubling the pay of every laborer in the country would be but a drop in the bucket.

Tommy could not see any possible good in Celestia's form of millennium. He felt that, innocently, of course, and with the best intention, she was trying to betray labor into the hands of capital, and he fought her doctrine tooth and nail. But what she seemed to offer was so glittering and alluring to the poor and needy that Tommy's opposing arguments found few listeners in Bitumen.

Celestia preached that government of the people by the people for the people has been proved a gigantic failure, for two excellent reasons: First, it isn't by the people, and second, it isn't for the people. The fathers who set down some very noble aspirations in black and white, were instantly succeeded by politicians, who twisted those aspirations to their own ends. We are today a government of the people by the politicians and for the politicians. Patriotism, if it isn't dead, has gone to sleep. There are patriotic Virginians, patriotic Vermonters, too, but there are very few patriotic Americans. If the great city of New York under the threat of the enemy's guns was mired of a billion dollars. In tribute, do you think the states far from salt water would care? They'd make a loud noise with their newspapers, but a majority of their patriotic inhabitants, I think, would laugh in their sleeves. And this sort of thing is the fault of the politicians, who have bedeviled all the clear eyes.

That every city of the size of Pottawatom should have a postoffice twice too big for it is not doing anything for the people. A navy powerful enough to protect the Atlantic coast and the Pacific coast from any enemy or group of enemies would be doing something for the people. The salaries of congressmen and senators and pensions paid without reason or justice would go far toward eradicating consumption. As it is the money is absolutely wasted. If some congressmen and senators are able and patriotic 90 per cent of them are the opposite, and render really able and patriotic legislation out of the question.

No business run as these United States are run could possibly be a success. No employee of such a business could be blamed for falling in respect for his employers or in loyalty to them. So we want our country to be respectable and a success, or don't we? Let it be run with the same American efficiency which the Standard Oil Company has been run and nobody will be poor and no part of any city will be dirty and full of disease.

If there was no waste there would be plenty of money for everybody, or at least of the things money can buy. Celestia was insistent on this, and personally I am hanged if I don't think she was right. The Lord God gave us the apple tree. The kinder it will be to you and the more it will give you. But maltreat it—let sod shut off air from its roots, let horses and cows chew its bark half off, let hovers riddle it, San Jose scale strangle it, tent caterpillars defoliate it, and still it will for many years persist in giving you something. Not the eagle should be the emblem of America—a meek-hearted, treacherous bird—but the noble and generous apple. Belgium, I dare say, could be kept alive for a month on the apples which rot on the ground in Westchester county every autumn.

As we waste the apple so we waste everything else—raw materials, finished product, health and brains.

"When His Ship Came In"

By Nell Brinkley

Copyright, 1915, Intern'l News Service.



"Oh," says Youth to me, with "Treasure Island" under his one arm and "Aucassin and Nicolette" under the other. "Oh, why is it 'ships' don't 'come in' with our fortune aboard? Dear Lady, did Romance truly die once—and are all the stories we read only memories of her? Why must I meet the girl I'm going to love, perhaps at a crowded dance, with my collar wilted wet from Castle-poking and my hair as though I had been in swimming, with her little nose beaded with dew and her breath coming so fast she can't hardly repeat my name?"

Maybe I'll even meet her at a table with a mob of chattering people in bare shoulders and icy gems, with men stuck in between like magpies in black and white, my eyes lifting to hers for the first wonderful time when Romance ought to be right there with all her lovely things—over-over Chicken Southern Style! (Though I must say it would be colored with Romance to meet The Girl's eyes over the chicken my mother can make. And I reckon any girl would find dreams a-plenty in her Destiny's eyes when it was over frozen strawberry Mousse!) (Oh, Youth, but your Tummy lies, after all, close to your heart. Maybe it's your own fault that your ship doesn't come in as you would have it.)

"Perhaps—it's just as likely as not, the way things go—I'll see her first when my mouth's wide open with a yell when I'm fanning a foot ball game. And she will say, 'I'm delighted to meet you, Mr. Um-haha.' And I'll grin—and my day will have come! Oh, lady,

when my ship comes in, not my money ship, but the ship I dream of—why can't it come in in glory? Trotting the beach some stormy day, as I like to do—with the old gray sea throwing its mane and trampling the sand and boiling in like the dickens, if I saw a great yacht come ashore—or even, who cares, just a little coastwise craft—I who am a swimmer, who can ride the breakers like a playing porpoise, would fight my way out to her, where she pounded, and bring back with me out of the gray thunder and wreck a girl, sea-beaten and limp—my share of the rescue. And Love, unseen and smiling through the salt-wash blinding him, would wade out beside us. There's Romance! I would bring my girl out of the sea—if I could have my way—my bit of wreckage that I brought ashore! And, of course, she'd love me—they do in tales. Always!

"When my ship comes in! My dream ship with the girl that grows somewhere for me. If it only won't come in and dock at a regular pier, in regular fashion—and I there with regular flowers and a regular hat and clothes!"

So mourns Youth with "Treasure Island" under one arm and "Aucassin and Nicolette" under the other. Sighing for color and dream and adventure and the first blooming of Love under the sky of true Romance. Sighing that his "Ship Come In" in the fashion of tales. "Let me bring my girl out of the sea—instead of discovering her at a dinner table over Chicken Southern Style!"—NELL BRINKLEY.

Keep Your Eyes on the Heights :: Secret of Making Life Beautiful

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

(Copyright, 1915, by Star Company.)

Are you wise or unwise?

This does not mean, Do you know much of book lore and profound philosophies? There are many men in the world who are called wise in these things, yet who utterly lack wisdom of the way of right living. To be wise in daily life means to understand how to obtain and how to give the greatest amount of happiness out of each day.

This life may be compared to a string of beads. Each day is a precious bead, and if you tear it away from the string and crush it under your foot it is ruined and lost, and your string is just so much the shorter. If you slip the day gently off its string and place it carefully in a box, those who come after you may enjoy its intrinsic value.

Every day that you crush under the foot of ploom, anger, idleness or worry is a bead crushed and lost. All our lives are composed of little events, little cares, little anxieties, little duties, the big events only occur occasionally, the big

undertakings must be approached by small undertakings.

Do not for an instant imagine that you can be great in large things if you are petty in small ones. When you awake in the morning realize that your mental attitude, your voice, your face, your words, and your thoughts will have a certain influence upon the lives of those about you, in your home and in your place of business.

No matter how troubled you may feel over matters resolve to carry light, radiance and enthusiasm with you as you go through the day. Develop your will, shake off the fetters which seem to bind you and make a beginning in constructive thought. Refuse to fret, find fault or worry.

Say to yourself, "This day shall be a bright and successful day for me; this world is a good world, and peace, power and prosperity belong to me. Invaluable helpers are near and they are bringing me my soul's desire." Remember that every thought you send out from your mind is creating your future environment, and making what we call Karma for yourself and influencing the lives of others.

Some years ago there were four children reared on a western farm. The farm was never especially valuable and was never properly developed. All the children married and went into their own homes. The time came when the parents grew old and one died; then came the idea of dividing the "property." Two of the children signed away all rights in favor of a third, who was remaining in the old home.

But the fourth member of the family entered a wild protest, claiming that the matter was unjust and unfair, and finally an aged parent was haled into court and a feud and enmity and bitterness and hatred which covered a period of fifteen years ensued over that wretched little property, the value of which could not exceed \$5,000.

There are thousands of human beings, many of them believing themselves to be wise, cultured and educated, whose minds day in and day out do no more in the making of an eternal harmony of life than do the kittens walking over keys.

To worry and fret about the weather; to have continual anxiety about what you eat and its effect upon you; to be afraid of draughts and germs; to fuss over money affairs and dwell on thoughts of the injustice of the world as you see it illustrated in the prosperity of vice and the suffering of virtue; to resent the good fortune of your neighbor and excuse the thought, imagine it a high sense of justice—all this is making discordant sounds, like the "kitten walking over keys," and is wasting the two priceless things in the world—mind and time.

Right about face! Set your eyes upon the heights, believe in God's ever-ruling power and in your own divine self—to do, to have and to be that which you desire.

In-Shoots

Blubbering sympathy is seldom more than skin deep.

Behind the blush of the early strawberry may be the flavor of the lemon. It is so with the girls, too.

Necessity of Young Men Developing Their Hidden Powers.

By REV. DR. CHARLES H. PARK-HURST.

In our last article addressed in particular to young men readers, we divided people into two classes, the valuable and the worthless, those who put more into the world than they take out of it, and those who take out more than they put in. To one of the other of the two classes every man belongs. When we talk about worthless people, however, we must not be understood to mean that they are physically, mentally or morally constructed of such rotten material as to be put beyond the power of being valuable and of making their worth count on the side of the man himself to take care of and turn to account. Anything less than that would argue injustice on God's part. We should argue out all right if we were as good to ourselves as He is good to us and had as much interest as He in our well being and success.

Every individual is in this respect like a gold mine deep buried under the soil. The gold is there, but no one is richer for its being there until, by man's effort, the mine has been worked and the hidden treasure brought out into the open and converted into some form of practical utility. And yet the owner of such a mine prizes it even before the shafts are sunk through which the metal is to be carried to the surface; and he prizes it and is willing to pay heavily in order to become the possessor of it, because knowing that however worthless the gold is so long as it remains covered, there is that there which, when uncovered, will become to him an immense source of revenue.

Now, the trouble with a lot of you young men is that you do not look upon your own hidden powers with the same kind of respect and warm appreciation with which a man, who has just become the owner of a mine, looks upon the hidden metal. He looks upon the gold even before he has seen it. You never do not look upon it. You never credit yourselves with being all that you are. You have not taught yourselves to realize all that it is in you to become and to do.

You exist, but do not live, because if you were really thoroughly alive you would grow and continue to mean more and more to yourselves and others. You set limits to your possibilities of character and accomplishment. There are no limits except those which you set. As some one has said: "The fault is in ourselves that we are underlings."

For a man to complain that he does not amount to anything in the world is no more reasonable than it would be for a farmer to complain that the corn which he is still housing in the cobbin is not yet ready to be harvested. That which hosts of unproductive young men most need is to have something happen to them that will arouse them from a condition of somnolence. The fault is not lack of power, but lack of wakefulness. Something happened to the city of Chicago a good many years ago and the result was that it got stirred out of its dreams. So of San Francisco.

The story is told of Sir Isaac Newton (I do not know what truthfulness) that he never became thoroughly alive and awake till some one kicked him just below the belt. The story may be true. There is no good reason why it might not be.

Even in the matter of physical strength no one quite realizes how strong he is till he falls into a hole where as has to gather himself together in order to get out. That accounts for the fact that a larger proportion of people born in straitened circumstances come to something than those who enter life under circumstances more comfortable. The productive ranks of society have continually to be recruited from families that had to struggle in order to get along. A young bird might never find its wings were it not constantly being flung out of the nest by the mother bird, who is sensible enough to understand that the fledgling will always remain a fledgling till something happens to it disturbing enough to make it a real bird.

The point I am making is illustrated in a lively way by saying that certain children immediately upon being born have to be spanked in order to start breathing. There are people that have been hit hard enough to set them taking a deep, life-sustaining breath. There is nothing the matter with them except that the machinery of their existence has never been really set a-running.

It is there, but no motive power has put its pressure upon it of sufficient energy to set it in operation. For that reason there is nothing so much to the advantage of an apathetic young man as to become interested in some big enterprise or to have put upon him some large responsibility. It helps him to find himself. He is made surprised by the discovery of what it contained in his own nature. The interest aroused in him stirs into wakefulness and into action the powers that had already existed in him, but that had been lying there like his gold in an undiscovered or unworked mine. There is nothing like a big purpose in life to develop a listless young man from a slumbering possibility into a splendid live activity.