

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

A Rainy Night

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.
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When the fingers of rain on the window pane
Tap, tap, tap,
And the feet of the rain run over the roof
In the dark of a Summer night,
Then out of their graves old memories creep
And they steal up into the house of sleep
And they rap, rap, rap
On the door of the heart till it sets a light
And opens the portal and spreads the board
For the waiting horde.

Then the great, wide world seems all astray
With the ghostly shapes of the things that were.
A Pleasure that perished, a dead Despair,
An old Delight and a vanished Care,
A Passion that builded its funeral pyre
From the worthless timber of brief desire,
A hope that wandered and lost its way
In the dazzling beams of its own bright ray,
With long-gone Worries and long-lost Joys,
Come stealthily creeping with never a noise
(For the things that have gone on the road to God
When they turn back earthward are silence-shod);
And they enter the hearts' great living room
When the rain beats down from a sky of gloom
In the dark of a Summer night.

And they tell old tales and they sing old songs
That are sweet, sweet, sweet:
While the fingers of rain on the window pane
Beat, beat, beat,
And they feast on the past and drink its wine
And call it a brew divine.

But when in the east the darkness pales
And the edge of the cloud shows light,
The ghosts go back with a silent tread,
And only the heart knows what they said
In the dark of the Summer night.

Dogs Buried in Costly Graves; Babies Suffer

Hundreds of Infants Could Be Saved with Money Which is to be Spent on Cemeteries—Queer Sort of Philanthropy.

By DOROTHY DIX.

A rich woman has given \$5,000 to establish a dog cemetery on Long Island, and the opening of this aristocratic burying ground for pampered Flolos is to be accomplished with much ceremony, with a dog standing at the gate to receive the first canine funeral that takes place.



What do you think of that? Isn't it enough to make even a dog howl with disgust? What sort of a heart can a woman have who gives \$5,000 to build a mausoleum for dogs, when there are tens of thousands of starving babies at her very door? What kind of a queer, distorted philanthropy can prompt such a gift that puts the welfare of a dead animal above that of a live human being?

to the broad highway, where they can make their own way toward success. The hot summer is upon us in which the babies of the slums sicken and die, mainly because they are undernourished and their poor mothers have not the means to buy good milk for them or the wit with which to keep what they do buy fresh and sweet.

Hundreds of these babies will perish within the next three months who could be saved if the \$5,000 that is going into this cemetery for dead dogs was spent on establishing pure milk stations where good milk would be given away to the needy. Go down any of the streets of the East side on a hot, sweltering day and look at the white, pinched faces of the little children whose only playground is the blistering sidewalk and whose every breath draws in the maldorous, contaminating air that reeks of garbage cans and decaying fruits and vegetables and all the evil smells that abound where human beings live too closely crowded together.

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Read It Here—See It at the Movies

The Goddess



Mary and Tommy Sit Down to Have a Quiet Talk About Celestia By Gouverneur Morris and Charles W. Goddard

Synopsis of Previous Chapters. After the tragic death of John Anesbury, his beautiful wife, one of America's greatest beauties, died. At her death she left behind her a beautiful 3-year-old baby girl and a bundle of money. The girl, Celestia, was raised by a man, but she was taught by angels who instructed her for her mission in the world. At the age of 15 she is suddenly thrust into the world where she meets Tommy. Tommy goes to the Adirondacks. The interests are revealed for the first time. Celestia meets the little Anesbury girl, as she comes forth from her paradise as Celestia from the Adirondacks. Tommy finds it an easy matter to rescue Celestia from the hands of the Adirondack men. They are pursued by Stilliter and escape to an island where they are hidden.

Tommy's first aim was to get Celestia away from Stilliter. He was unable to get any hotel to take Celestia in owing to her costume. But later he persuaded his father to take her. When he goes out to the taxi he finds her gone. She falls 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 Celestia 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 wanted, 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 Harry Barclay, who undertakes to persuade him to give up the girl. Tommy refuses, and Celestia wants him to wed her. He can not do this, as he has no funds. Stilliter and Barclay introduce Celestia to a cottage of healthy miners, who agree to send Celestia to the Adirondacks.

The wife of the miners' leader involves Tommy in an episode that leads the miners to lynch him. Celestia saves him from the mob, but turns from him and goes to see Kehr.

TWELFTH EPISODE. Other trains were making whirlwind tours of these United States. Not every capitalist was on the side of capital. A badly frightened and very able man in the White House was fighting for his political life. Into the arena there came at last a dribbling of genuine patriots, who, like their forefathers, were ready to give for their country their lives, their sacred honor.

It wasn't all smooth sailing by any means. Still, no movement had ever made such progress in so short a time, and the end was not in sight, nor the beginning of the end. A man gaining in strength from day to day, among those who stood for the old order of things and opposed Celestia, was Tommy Barclay. He had a great fervid quality of honesty which no one could doubt, and he had to look on his face, very lean now from short nights, hard work and the constant buffetings of trains, of a young hero who has set himself to do to death a dragon that is ravaging a country-side. With experience and practice had come quick initiative in emergencies, ease and the better

Parents and Child

How Ideas Differ on Punishment

By Virginia Techum Van De Water.

(Copyright, 1915, by Star Company.) A number of us were discussing a matter of which much has already been said—namely, keeping one's word to children. "Of course," said one woman, "one should try to fulfill a promise under all circumstances—especially to a child."

"It is not easy to do so always," objected another woman. "What about promises of punishment?" one man asked. I recalled something a certain grandmother used to say to her children about their little ones. "Be very careful," she counseled, "about making a threat—but when you have made one stick to it."

I quoted this bit of advice now: "There," said a wise father, "you have the secret. Think twice before you speak once, but when you have decided that you are right in promising a reward or a punishment, let nothing prevent your fulfilling that promise."

"Don't circumstances alter cases?" a mother asked timidly. "If you tell a child you will chastise him if he transgresses a certain law, of yours, should you carry out the threat even if the child comes to you and confesses that he has disobeyed?"

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Don't Look for Trouble. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 20 years old, considered beautiful and an artist's model. The artist for whom I am at present posing is constantly making love to me. Now, Miss Fairfax, this man bears a questionable reputation and I am sure his intentions are not honest. I have no parents or friends who could help me with money until I secure another position and do not know of any other means of making a living. Please advise me what to do—shall I leave the position, although I have no money saved, or shall I endure this man until I find another position?

Your advice in this will be highly appreciated. ELLEN. Your position is very difficult, and I advise you to look about for other employment at once, but in the meantime your own common sense and dignity will, I think, protect you. Could you discuss the matter simply and honestly with your employer and make him realize just how difficult your position is and how much it means to you to have your relations purely business?

Don't Marry an Idler.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Am a homeless girl of 22. I care for a young man of 25, and I think he cares for me. I was about to become engaged to him, when I found that he doesn't care much about work. I told him what I heard, and he said that he will try to work, but not so soon. Now, Miss Fairfax, would you break my heart to lose this young man?

DOWNHEARTED. It won't break your heart to give up your fiance if he is too lazy and shiftless to work. But it will break your heart to marry such a man and live a life of hardship and dreariness to which his selfish laziness would bring you. Unless he goes to work at once, don't risk your happiness and the future of the children you might bring into the world by marrying an idler.

That is Not Love.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 31 and have been keeping company with a young man for a year. At times I like him, and at other times I do not want him at all. Now, do you think this is real love? I think that I get tired of a person very quickly and would like to be with different ones. What you feel is fascination. Real love has an underlying basis of sympathy and understanding that keeps it from shilly-shallying around between like and repulsion. As long as you are fickle and like the diversion of the society of different boys, don't consider any of them seriously.

"You would find it out anyhow," the man laughed.

"Perhaps, but you might not," she insisted, "and even if you would find it out anyhow, does it not encourage a child to be deceitful if you make him pay the penalty of a fault his confessor?"

Her question reminded me of an occurrence about which I have often thought. It was not a hypothetical instance, but something that really happened to a child I once knew. I related the circumstances now to this group of friends.

In a few words the case was as follows: A small boy, aged 11, was in the habit of playing ball on the lawn in front of and close to his father's house. While indulging in this sport at different times he broke three panes of glass in various windows. At first his father reprimanded him gravely, but gently. After the third accident he had a serious talk with his son.

"See here, John," he said, "I know that you and your friends like to play ball on the lawn, and I do not object to your doing so as long as no mischief results. But I cannot have you breaking any more windows. You must remember that if you cannot have your game here without doing damage you must go elsewhere to play."

"All right, father," the boy agreed. "But if we don't break windows, may we play here?"

"Yes," the parent replied, "you may, but you must not come so close to the house as to smash anything. And, John, if you do break another window I shall punish you. Understand?"

"Yes, father, I understand." "Remember, I mean what I say. I have tried everything else to make you careful. You know I shall carry out my threat."

"Very well; that settles it."

Two weeks passed and all went well. The boys confined their games to that part of the lawn that was at a distance from the house. Then, when they had become over-secure in their immunity from accidents, they came nearer the house, and in batting a ball John drove it straight through a cellar window. While the boys were watching him he tried to act as if he did not care. But when his playmates had gone away, and his father had come home from business, John went straight to him where he sat in the library.

"Father," he said, "I broke another window." The father set his jaw resolutely. "I am sorry, son. You know what I promised."

"Yes, sir, I am ready."

And the father gave him a whipping. He said afterward that he would have proved himself a liar had he not done so. He also said that it was the hardest task he had ever had to perform. As I finished my recital there arose a chorus of exclamations. "That was a brute!" declared one mother. Another said, "He should never have made such a threat."

One man made himself heard above the others. "That last statement is beside the question," he remarked. "Even if the father should not have made the threat, it was made. This being the case as a man of his word he was compelled to thrash the kid. It was his manifest duty."

Of course, there were some who agreed with him. But there were as many dissenting voices. I wish I knew what the average parent would say about this matter. Leaving out the much-disputed and never-settled question as to whether a child should or should not receive corporal punishment, could this man, after having once pledged himself to a certain course, honorably avoid it?

(Be sure to read these stories. They are of interest to every father and mother.)



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