

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

People Involved in the War

By CHARLES H. PARKHURST.

There are factors in the European problem less obvious than some, and which are certain to play a considerable part in the final solution. It is natural to lay the prime emphasis upon the exclusive, emphasis upon such resources as appeal to the eye and as are readily calculable, such as the numerical strength of the competing forces, accumulation of the material implements of war and abundance of food supplies. Nor are any of these to be cheaply estimated as contributions to ultimate success.

There is no military officer but that will realize how large an element of truth there is in the famous dictum of Napoleon that "God is on the side of the heavy battalions." But history affords a number of marked illustrations of the fact that the scale may be turned by means and appliances apparently less ponderable than those just mentioned, and the wise man had an understanding of this when he wrote that "the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong."



If we take into account only the numerical strength of Russia we are surprised at its inability to make head against the armies of the emperor. To those whose sympathies are with the allies, Russia has proved a great disappointment and is likely to continue to prove such. There is no appreciable limit to the number of men Russia can put into the field, but saying nothing of the relatively undisciplined character of its soldiery, Russia does not mean to a Russian all that Germany means to a German. Its civilization is of a different type.

A Russian's loyalty to the czar is a different thing from a Prussian's loyalty to William. Such considerations cannot be exactly measured or accurately weighed, but they tell tremendously. The czar by a wise and genial policy might have established in the hearts of his people an even stronger attachment than William would be able to do, for the natural tendency of the Russian is not simply to be loyal to his sovereign, but even to regard him with worshipful affection. We may consider that the weakness which Russia has thus far demonstrated should be regarded by the czar as being in part a sort of retribution which he is suffering in return for the despotic distrust which he has shown to his people.

Next to soldierly discipline, nothing counts in battle like loyalty to a leader and enthusiasm for the cause, and there appears to be no sufficient reason why either of those motives should operate effectively in the heart of the average Russian soldier. The efficiency of the German army amazes the world, and it is to the allies a great grief; it is something that is difficult to analyze, and whose continuance, therefore, it is impossible to forecast. We might explain it by love of country were it not for the German's passion to emigrate and settle elsewhere.

No one can tell what would happen were the pressure suddenly removed that holds the mass of the population under the weight of governmental ordinance that makes itself felt in every aspect of individual, social and political life. It is that that has compressed the German army into an immense fighting machine, as indifferent to assault as the Krupp engine which is hardly more mechanical than the artillery that work it.

The durability of the French army lies less in its numerical strength than in the Frenchman's thrift, his belief in unshaken independence, his passionate fondness for France his memory of the year '70. All of this creates a personal caliber that differentiates the Frenchman of today from the Frenchman of fifty years ago almost as much as steel is differentiated from putty. He clings to France with the fervid devotion of a Swiss, clinging to his mountains, which makes him so hard to beat that he does not know when he is beaten.

The Englishman has taken the war very collectedly, but is at least stirring in his dreams, and if he lasts long enough will become thoroughly awake, and once awake he will not sleep till the finish. He is like a piece of knotted oak timber, slow to catch fire, but impossible to extinguish, with the grip of a bulldog whose instinct it is to die rather than let go.

The following is Galworthy's characterization of him:

"I freely confess that from an esthetic point of view the Englishman, devoid of high lights and shadows, coated with drab, and superhumanly steady on his feet, is not too attractive. But for the wearing, tearing, slow and dreadful business of this war, the Englishman, fighting of his own free will, unimaginative, humorous, competitive, practical, never in extremes, a dumb, inveterate optimist, and terribly tenacious is equipped with victory."

Matters thus hastily specified do not stand out as conspicuously to the eye as certain others that are more frequently commented upon, but they all enter into the problem and must not be dissociated from other more obvious factors. To the foregoing, however, it should be added that the purpose of God is one element in the problem to which a large place should be accorded in the estimates of those who look upon the Almighty not as an inactive spectator of human events, but as one who rules in the midst of events and makes the activities of men the instruments of his intentions.

Without dramatizing at all, it is enough to know that God's thought is toward what is inspiring, that His interest is in it and that His energy is exercised along the line which His interest lays down, and that there is no use in offering prayers that will cross that line; so that whether the supplications of the allies will tell with more effect than those of the Teuton, or vice versa, will depend upon which of the two it is that pursues purposes most in accord with the purposes of God, and which of the two it is that cherishes ideals most closely consonant with the divine character. It is poor religion to count God out in making out our inventory.

Exclusive Designs from a Famous Paris Milliner

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Parents and the Child

By Virginia Terhune Van De Water.

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The natural courtesy of small children is conspicuous by its absence. Some mothers insist that to demand from a very small child good manners is unkind.

There are people who love children as a class. Others love them, as they love grown people, for their attractive and pleasing qualities. The youngster who is ill-mannered is seldom lovable.

We remark—sometimes with regret, more frequently with self-congratulation—that we cannot see ourselves as others see us. I wonder if parents ever see their children as others see them. Not often, I fancy, if they did they would teach them the sweet courtesies of life.

A child is no happier for being allowed to eat like a little pig instead of like a small gentleman. We would not like our boys and girls self-conscious pigs, always thinking of their manners. Then let them learn from the first the correct way to handle knife, fork and spoon, to chew noiselessly, to reply politely when spoken to, in short to practice such behavior that they will always be at ease in the best society they may be called upon to enter.

Last week I was sitting on a friend's veranda, chatting with two little girls. I had never met the parents of either. When I arose to go into the house to get a bit of sewing, one of the children rose to her feet and remained standing until I was gone. A few minutes later, as I returned to the veranda, I saw that she had resumed her seat, but as soon as I approached she sprang up and stood until I was once more seated. Then she sat down. Her companion had remained at ease in a hammock, lolling back among the cushions.

Later, when the children had bade me goodby and taken their departure, I asked my hostess about them. She smiled at my question.

"I know why you ask why they are," she said. "It is because one has such pretty manners, and the other none at all. Isn't that it?"

"Yes," I acknowledged. "It is, I fancied that they must come of families in entirely different spheres."

"But they don't," my friend informed me. "The little girl whose courtesy is so marked is the daughter of a mother who has never permitted her to be discourteous. It is as natural for her to rise when an older person rises as it is for the other child to remain seated in a comfortable hammock."

The parents of the latter do not believe in trammeling the young. They say they will let Mary alone until she is old enough to notice the manners of others and to copy them."

Why? I wondered. Is any courtesy as perfect as that which is as unconscious as breathing? One of the most courteous boys I ever knew was taught to take off his cap to ladies by the time he was old enough to discard baby bonnets. Would he, as he grew older, have been any more comfortable in polite society if he had made an effort to remember to take his hat off?



Susanne Talbot has adapted the square veil of single mesh with circles embroidered by hand and uses it in a manner similar to the mourning veil, draping it over a Second Empire shape of old gold taffeta and holding it by a band of turquoise blue grosgrain ribbon drawn through a small mother-of-pearl buckle directly in the front.

Is there a significant meaning in the dove of corded silver which Susanne Talbot has permitted to alight on her hat of black satin? It is the only suggestion of decoration on this very wide sailor shape, though a tiny fold of the satin outlines the edge of the top of the brim.

Another toque shape Susanne Talbot makes of dove plumes in a dark green tone. Though the shape is a flat, a certain height is attained by raising the plumes on the left side. A band of dark green satin, identical in color with the plumes, reveals itself just where the hat rests on the head.

Keeping the Ledger of Life

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"Charge it, please," is easy to say. And when we pronounce those magic syllables that bring within our grasp the pretty possessions that were unobtainable if they had to be paid for at the moment of purchase, too many of us forget that there is a day of reckoning in every department of life.

For all we get we must pay. There is a price attached to everything. Life gives nothing for nothing. If at the moment you want a certain possession and you have not the means to pay for it—don't buy it. I have never seen the fun of paying for a pair of shoes the day they are sent to be resoled. If for some new and brightly desirable possession you are compelled to pay a bit more than you can afford, if its purchase means going without a few other things, the fun of owning that delightful new thing will cheer and compensate you for the taxing price you pay.

But when it is worn and useless, when you are in need of new possessions, there is the "Old Man of the Sea" of your debt to haunt you if at the time of purchase you pronounce that magic formula "Charge it, please."

Pay for what you get—when you get it. That will bring in its wake many habits of frugality. No one can be extravagant who never goes into debt. The most seemingly extravagant person is likely to be guilty of nothing worse than deciding which of several desirable things is most desirable and purchasing that which makes going without the others seem a worth-while sacrifice—if he has the habit of paying as he goes.

Habits are not particularly hard to form—and good habits are just as easy to get as are idle, useless ones. It is generally a matter of personal choice whether one forms habits of extravagance and waste or of common-sense frugality. And no step will insure your becoming a sane person who is a good manager and a wise purchaser than that of paying for what you get when you get it. Naturally you cannot then get what you cannot pay for. And so you modify your purchases to your purse and your needs come into the seeming of matching your justifiable power to gratify those needs.

So she got the "Charge it, please," habit—and as her bills mounted kept telling herself that she would retrench next month and pay when her expenses were less. But her expenses grew greater—not less. And she began to borrow from smaller. And she began to borrow from the wealthy man of her acquaintance. Her idea was still the "Charge it, please," one. She meant to pay him back—and it seemed simpler to owe him than dunning dressmakers and irascible department store managers. And in the end her debt to him actually swamped her on the reefs of her own weakness.

All through nature the same principle is illustrated. You have to pay for everything you get from life. If you go out in rainy weather in pumps and thin stockings and seek idly to charge up your damp feet to the seemingly endless account of your youth and health you are laying up a debt you must pay—and pay when least you are in the mood or condition to discharge past indebtedness. For the penalty of "Charge it" is that you must discharge your debt when it has mounted to huge proportions of payment for what seems in retrospect a little, trifling, silly purchase.

That is the horrible part of the "charge it" business. The price always seems unforgettably heavy—and the thing for which you are paying so light and inconsiderable a thing as to have its value forgotten.

"I'm sorry," Celestia was saying, "that I had to steal your audience away from you. It would have been more sport-

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 prostrated wife, one of America's greatest beauties, dies. At her death Prof. Stilliter, an agent of the interests kidnaped 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 13 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 aim was to get Celestia away from Stilliter. After they leave he believes 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 white slavers, but escapes to escape with the other girls, and Tommy Barclay rushes in and carries her out, wrapped in a big roll of cloth.

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

TWELFTH EPISODE.

As always, an orating crowd followed Celestia to her car, or, as on the present occasion, surrounded her to it. Beside Prof. Stilliter, she walked among them, talking with gentle persuasion to those nearest her. When she mounted the steps of her car they cheered her to the echo. She had to show herself several times and make little speeches before they finally dispersed and went about their business.

Tommy Barclay alone remained. He mounted the steps of the car and knocked on the glass of the door. Prof. Stilliter opened it.

"Could I see Celestia a minute?"

"I'm afraid not. She's dead tired."

But Celestia had heard Tommy's voice and came out of her state room, where she had gone to lie down.

"I'm not too tired," she called, "and I'd like to see him."

"But only for a minute," cautioned Prof. Stilliter, and then, with seeming reluctance, he withdrew and closed behind the door of the passage that led past the state rooms to the dining room end of the car. But the professor went no further. Having closed the door he applied his ear to a hole that he had bored in it for just such occasions as this, and listened.

"I'm sorry," Celestia was saying, "that I had to steal your audience away from you. It would have been more sport-

manlike to let you finish speaking and then to have tried to steal their hearts and minds away from you. Wouldn't it?"

"Yes," said Tommy, slowly. "I think it would, Miss-Amesbury."

Behind his door Prof. Stilliter started as if someone had stuck a knife in him. "Why Miss Amesbury?" asked Celestia. "Because it's your real name. I knew you when you were a baby. We were great friends. Then you went away. My father said you had gone to heaven—so you had, but only to a place that you were taught to believe as heaven. Then you came to earth—and I've recognized you. I wonder I didn't before. But I do now. There's no mistake possible."

"What utter nonsense are you up to now?"

"Sometimes little girls wear socks and chubby brown legs. The little Amesbury girl had a little round mole just under her left knee."

"So have I," said Celestia, "what of it?"

"Why this man Stilliter," said Tommy. "Who kidnaped you when you were a kiddie, has taught you to think, by mental suggestion, that you are what you think you are, instead of just a lovely girl of flesh and blood like the rest of us."

She shook her head and murmured something about "nonsense," but there was something too earnest and convincing in the young man's voice and manner that what he said could not but shock and distrust her.

"I'm sure you believe this, Tommy; but it's quite out of the question. I remember my heavenly home as if I had left it yesterday."

"You remember a mental condition, not a physical reality."

"There was a short pause. Then, 'What you've said ought not to bother me at all,' said Celestia. 'I don't know why you say it, or why you think it's true, but please don't argue with me about it now. I'm so tired that I'd almost like to believe it myself.'

Prof. Stilliter pricked up his ears at that; for he knew very well that wanting to believe a thing lives next door to believing it. If Celestia could be made to believe what Tommy had told her, her influence would be at an end. She would have to be got rid of. The professor trembled. The triumvirate would be fore putting her underground. So would he; but he would be for putting her, not in the grave, but back in those vast caverns whence she came, and where he, who had power over her, could visit her at his convenience.

He wanted the woman more than the triumph of that cause in whose interest he had trained her so painstakingly for so many years.

Let her believe. He might be willing

to help convince her. He wasn't sure. "If," said Tommy, "I can show you their cave—if I can find it—then would you believe?"

"I don't know," said Celestia. "I'm so tired. Please don't talk to me about it now." Then she smiled at him and said: "It's a wonderful invention, though. Find the cave first and then talk to me."

et gone to sleep. And, anyway, it was not in his mind to disturb her now. That would be for later, when the train was in motion and the lights out.

So at last he walked stealthily off to his own car and called for a big glass of brandy and soda.

Meanwhile Celestia lay on her bed, her hands folded on her breast, and her mind reviewing and reviewing the statements that Tommy had made.

And under the bed, trembling with hatred and excitement, lay Mrs. Gundorf, waiting for that time when Celestia's regular breathing should tell her that the defenseless object of her hatred was sound asleep.

So tense were Mrs. Gundorf's muscles that the handle of the stabbing knife which she had drawn from her stocking was wet in her hand.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

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