

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Men-Made Gods

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX
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Said the Kaiser's god to the god of the Czar:
"Hark, hark, how my people pray:
Their faith, methinks, is greater by far
Than all the faiths of the others are:
They know I will help them slay."

Said the god of the Czar: "My people call
In a medley of tongues; they know
I will lend my strength to them, one and all.
Wherever they fight their foes shall fall
Like grass where the mowers go."

Then the god of the Gauls spoke out of a cloud
To the god of the King nearby:
"Our people pray, tho' they pray not loud;
They ask for courage to slaughter a crowd,
And to laugh, tho' themselves may die."

And far out into the heart of Space
Where a lonely pathway crept,
Up over the stars, to a secret place,
Where no light shone but the light of His face,
Christ covered His eyes and wept.

Remember the Kiddies

By DOROTHY DIX.

A tempest in a teapot can wreck things as completely as a storm at sea. Temper and pride can blast lives as utterly as the wickedest sin can.

Here's a story to prove it. A young couple—both under 30—have been married four years, and have a little girl 3 years old. Both husband and wife are upright, honorable people, but they are undisciplined, and lack self-control, and so they quarreled about all sorts of foolish things and got upon each other's nerves, until last summer they decided that they would be better apart and separated.



The wife went to live with a married sister. The husband went his way, and the child was given over to the care of the maternal grandmother, who remained a very friendly terms with her son-in-law, despite the separation between him and his wife. Both of the little girl's parents visit her continually, and to both of them she puts up a ceaseless plaint, "Where is my papa? Where is my mamma?" as the case may be, and "why don't you live here, like my grandmamma, and my handpaws do?" "What you have your mamma's dear," the mother will soothe her by saying. "Yes; but I want my papa, too," the child will wail, "I want you 'fof at the same time, and I want my home."

The child's cries have gone to the father's heart. He realizes, perhaps too late, that the first duty of parents is not to themselves, but to their children, and that so child is getting a square deal in life that isn't reared in its own home, and under the watchful and loving care of both its father and its mother.

In the light of this new knowledge, and with the pathos of his baby's cries for her own ringing in his ears, all of the petty squabbles and spats over nothing seem very small to the man, and he is trying to get his wife to come back and make a new start in a new home that will be built on a securer foundation than the old one.

Let us hope that the woman has gotten her reason, too, and that she will accept the olive branch her husband is holding out to her. In the heat of a quarrel nothing on earth looks so much like a cool oasis in the arid desert of matrimony as divorce does. Just to be rid of the nagging, of the fault finding, of the perpetual espionage, of the grinding tyranny of the never-ending fights, how alluring the very thought. Just to be free to live one's own life unhampered, what bliss in the prospect.

Temperatures at the Poles

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Question—"At the time when such animals as mastodons and other large animals lived in the northern part of this earth, was it then warm at the poles? If so, why is it cold today? An science has proved that the sun's rays squarely strike the poles, once a year, for a short time, then again, why are the poles constantly frozen?"

Answer—Yes, the climate was surely very mild at the North pole, for in the stomachs of the huge beasts exhumed in northern Siberia, undigested remains and seeds of plants were found, but these plants now grow only in temperate and even near tropical zones. And the cold snap came on suddenly, for the creatures had no time to escape the moras in which he was feeding and reach the higher ground.

The cause of this sudden cold is unknown. Ignatius Donnelly and others advocate the theory that large quantities of stone and drift fell on earth from frigid space. But astronomers cannot prove this.

The axis of the earth is inclined to the plane of its orbit at an angle of 23 degrees 27 minutes, therefore the rays of the sun do not fall squarely upon either pole.

Question—"How is oxygen kept constant in our atmosphere?"

Answer—This is one of the most remarkable adjustments of nature. Animals appropriate oxygen from the air, giving out carbonic acid gas. Plants appropriate this gas and pour forth oxygen.

But the quantity of oxygen mixed with the nitrogen is the same in proportion in air in all parts of the world.

Question—"Is it true that with the aid of an ordinary plain mirror one can see the moons of Jupiter?"

Answer—No. These moons cannot be seen by the unaided eye. Plain mirrors do not aid; they hinder a little owing to slight loss of light by reflection. It requires magnification to see the satellites of Jupiter.

Smart Hats from London

Felt and Velvet Being Worn and Small Shapes Prevail



Felt and velvet hats are seasonable and fashionable. Of these four attractive new models, the first, in black velvet, has a round crown and small brim, and is trimmed high at the back with violet and black feathers, a swathe of violet brocade silk trimming the crown. The second has a black velvet crown and white velvet under the brim; it is smartly trimmed with fur and pleated silk net. A jaunty little turn-up model of black velvet comes next, with white feathers springing from a ribbon cockade at the left side, and the fourth and last on the page is of white felt, with a soft white velvet crown and a band and wing mount of brown.

Rate of Rotation of Great Spiral Nebulae

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

We are living in a very petty part of the universe! Our immediate surroundings—sun, moon, planets—are of a secondary grade. The solar system is small and placed in a relatively barren region of space. There is no sun cluster near us, and the galaxy with its wreath of stars is remote so that we can only glimpse faintly the far away glory of its billion spheres like the glimmering reflection on the night sky of a distant metropolis.



Every fresh discovery in astronomy strengthens the impression of our loneliness and comparative insignificance in the great creation. New suns and new flocks of worlds are not being born in our neighborhood, but afar off, beyond the horizon of the light-years. The mighty spiral nebulae whirl their trillion-league arms, and scatter broadcast the flaming seeds of new stellar systems, deep in the profundities that engulf us as the ocean engulfs a sand-grain.

Yet even here we discern our physical littleness by that spark of universal intelligence which enables us to appreciate our real situation, and to aspire to some degree of comprehension of the vaster material systems about us. Astronomy teaches us that we are exceedingly small, but nevertheless akin to the greatest. The proof of this has been repeated by the discovery made at the Lowell observatory in Arizona.

The spiral nebulae are so far away that none of our means of measurement can get a sure grasp upon their distance, and yet, in spite of this, the astronomers in Arizona succeeded not only in seeing that those immense aggregations of strangely organized matter are in rotation, but even in ascertaining, in one case at least, the speed of the rotation.

They have found out that such a nebula in the constellation Virgo is whirling about an axis at the rate of 1,000 kilometers (more than 600 miles) per second. But so vast is the nebular mass (although it is a mere wisp of faint light in a powerful telescope) that a point on its circumference, traveling 50,000,000 miles a day, may not complete a single revolution in 1,000 years.

The manner in which this discovery was made, although already applied to other problems, is an astonishing evidence of the reach of the human mind. The waves of light were compelled to yield the secret. The process was, in brief, as follows:

When a light-emitting body swiftly approaches the eye the light waves are, in a sense, crowded together, and the result is a shift in the spectrum toward the violet end. If the body is receding the waves are drawn out, and there is a spectral shift toward the violet end. If the body is receding the rays are drawn out and there is a spectral shift toward the red end. If the body is rotating on an axis placed at right-angles to the line of sight the light from the side of the body that is rolling toward the eye is shifted toward the violet, while that from the side that is rolling away is shifted toward the red. The amount of this double shift is measurable if the rotation is sufficiently rapid, and, taken in connection with the known speed of light, it gives a means of calculating the velocity of the rotation.

This method has been applied in measuring the rotation of the sun, of the planet Jupiter, of the rings of Saturn, and of other similar bodies. The astronomers observed that upon a nebula whose form (that of a long spindle) suggested that it was a spiral in rapid rotation, like a wheel, with its axis lying across the line of sight.

The result justified the experiment. The spectral lines were shifted in opposite directions at the two ends of the tubular spindle, and the amount of the shifting gave the information that, as said above, the nebula is spinning at the rate of 90 miles per second.

It is inconceivable that a nebular mass whose circumference is moving at such a speed can remain unbroken. It must be tearing itself to pieces like an over-speeded flywheel. This is in accord with the appearance, presented by other spiral nebulae which he with their broad blades from which streams of sparks are being continually thrown off with fearful velocity and to stupendous distances. But until now no direct proof of their motion has been obtainable.

So much we have learned from our remote and insignificant corner concerning some of the mighty operations going on in the great active centers of creative energy in the universe. The meaning of these operations remains to be discovered.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Young Enough to Wait.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of 17, and for several months have received attentions from a young man six years my senior. I know that he loves me, and he loves me. As yet he is unable to afford me a home such as I have, but in a few years will be able. He has asked me to marry him, and I have consented. I have known his family for years. Now, I would like to know if I am not justified in waiting for him.

Answer—You are very young, but your letter shows a mature and thoughtful, so you are probably capable of feeling deeper than those ordinarily experienced by one of your years. Now, because you are only 17, you can afford to wait a few years for the man you love to work his way to success. But ordinarily I disapprove of the idea of a woman letting the best years of her life go by while she waits for some worthless and unreliable man to "make good." But you can afford to trust and wait for three or four years to come; in fact, you will be too young to marry before they have elapsed.

Don't Worry.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am in love with a boy and last September he told me he loved me very much. But about two weeks ago one of my best girl friends who was always making fun of him got him away from me and she tells me that he told her he loved her much more than he does me. I still go with the girl friend, as I always did. Please advise me what to do.

Answer—You are too young to be worrying your head about such matters. If you do not believe what the other girl says and the boy still treats you well, your cause for complaint seems to vanish at once. At all events, you should stick to your school books and not let silly thoughts of love or jealousy distract your attention from your studies.

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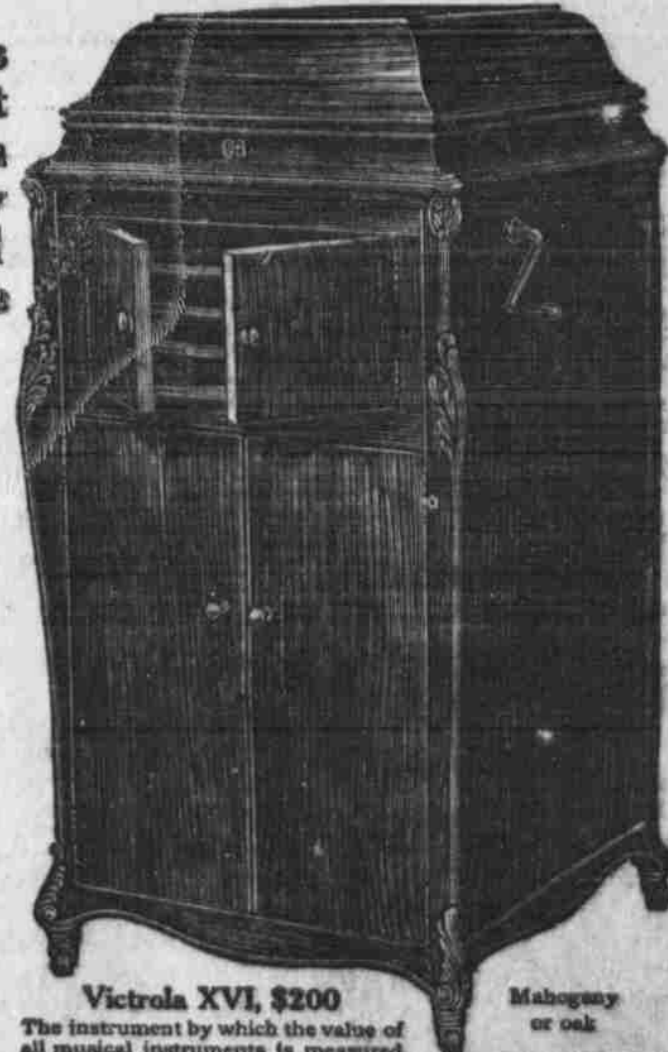


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