The Bee's Home Magazine Page

How U. S. Women Met War Situation

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Although there has been no war raging in America, this country has felt the shock of the European struggle. Many men who have been receiving large revenues or moderate revenues through international interests have been obliged to curtail expenses and dispense with all save the necessities of life.

One interesting feature of such situations has been the manner in which wives and daughters met the emergency. Some, alas, have met it with complaining and discontent and that lack of philosophical reasoning characteristic of certain types of womanhood; but then, again, there have been shining examples of courage, optimism and bravery on the part of women which relieve the gloom of the picture.

One young woman whose parents had spent a small fortune upon her musical education found them greatly troubled over the reduction of income. Endeavoring to turn her musical acomplishments to practical usage, she soon discovered her inability to instruct others in music. Teachers, as well as poets, seem to be born, not made; and this young woman was not born to teach. Having this fact forced upon her, she turned her attention in other directions.

Although reared with the idea that she was to be accomplished and ornamental and to employ people to do whatever she wished to have done, she stepped bravely into the arena of life to fight her battle with adverse circumstances. She took a course in stenography, and after much hard work and concentration she obtained sufficient skill to enable her to obtain a position which yielded her a small income. This cute cut her off from many of her social associates, who had wealth and social position, but the more worth-while friends respected and admired her courage and cheerfulness.

Many women have taken up nursing, both at home and abroad, and, indeed, every avenue of occupation open to woman has been thronged with fair petitioners since the war crisis came to upset the established conditions of the social and financial world.

The revival of the art of dancing (which, by the way, is said to always precede great wars), has made a lucrative profession for a great many young women. A letter from a young woman who has been educated in Paris and who has traveled for pleasure in many foreign lands lies before the writer.

She says: "I have become a worker this winter and have found how much happier I am when busy. I am teaching ball room and interpretative dancing. I have felt during the early months of the war that I wanted to go to Europe and help. I thought I could not be 'die when there was so much misery in the world; but I finally decided it was better to stay at home and do my work here, and increase my powers of usefulness in that way. I am really quite wildly enthusiastic about my work and in the thought that I am accomplishing something for myself."

With all the innumerable and unspeakable horors and calamities to this war, many good things have really resulted from it. One of these is the awakening in womankind of the impulse of helpfulness and self-reliance. We shall have a stronger and a more efficient and a more interesting race of women in the next generation in consequence of this.

No woman should be ashamed to work. But every woman should be ashamed to be idle and allow an overburdened or unfortunate man, whether father, husband, brother or son, to support her. And respectable employment is more becoming and ennobling to a woman that such dependence.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

A Case for Frankness.

Dear Miss Fairfax: A gentleman has an appointment with a young lady. Almost at the last moment the lady finds that she will be unable to keep the appointment. The gentleman then calls on another young lady who is willing to take up the appointment. The second lady then finds, after keeping the appointment, that the gentleman had the appointment with the first girl. Has the second girl any reason to feel insulted?

ALEX. BRICE.

Few girls like to feel that they are "second choice." This is a petty feeling that might be eliminated by any man who would frankly state the case. The girl of whom you speak had no cause to feel insulted—but you might have saved her from this feeling of slight by starting out with the assumption that she was a good enough friend of yours to be willing to go with you even though you had on this occasion happened to ask another girl first.

Think of the Future.

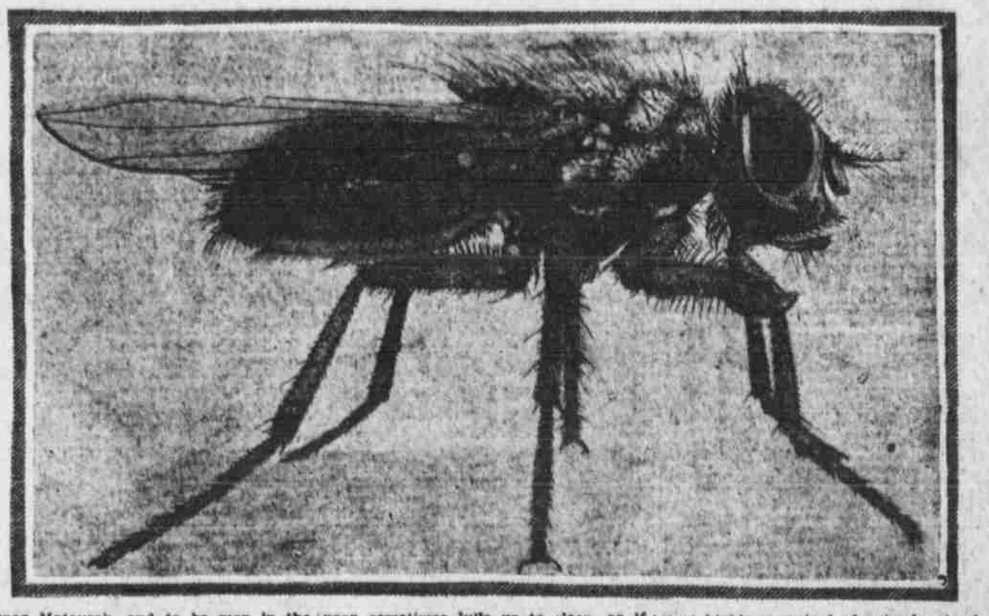
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man, 29 years of age, and have been keeping company with a young girl one year my junior, but get weary of her company every now and then. After a short period I want to see here again. BERNARD.

If you tire of her now, how will you endure her presence when bound together by the ties of married life? For her sake, as well as your own, discontinue your attentions. You don't love her.

A Prehistoric Terror and a Present Day Horror :-: A Pterodactyl, Harmless, Though of Tremendous Bulk, and a Fly, an Ever-Present Danger, Though Insignificant in Size.

The Pterodactyl restored under the direction of F. A. Lucas, of the American Museum of Natural History, and Professor S. P. Langley.

The common house-fly, from a wonderful model in the American Museum of Natural History. Photographed especially for this page.



By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

This is the season for flies and the accompanying picture is intended to show how the human race looks with indifference on the small enemy which is really big, and would look with terror on a big enemy which is really small.

On one side is a dragon of the past, the pterodactyl, the greatest winged creature that ever flew in the earth's atmosphere with a spread of wings of not less than twenty feet, and bearing teeth in its reptilian jaws, for it was a genuine reptile, which had acquired the ability to fly. Its membranous wings had the peculiar, jointed stays of a bat's, a kind of splayed fingers, and it must have presented a terrifying appearance as it swooped through the air, close to the earth, hiding the sun in passing with those huge, leathery sails.

It is no wonder that any representative of the human species seen in the picture would flee in abject terror from this monstrous apparition if he saw it today! Yet this would be the kind of fear inspired by ignorance. There is no reason to suppose that a pterodactyl would have attacked a man if it had had the opportunity to do so.

To be sure, it did not have the opportunity, because our race had not yet come into existence in the Cretaceous age, when these winged reptiles flew croaking over the plains of ancient Kansas, but at any rate they evidently lived on a small fish diet, and were more fearful in look than in deed.

On the other side is something quite different, a dragon of our own time—a house fly—which inspires no fear whatever in ignorant minds, but which, to one instructed in the progress of science, is a source of the only kind of fear that is worthy a man. If a human being were as small as a mite, a fly would look as large to him as it appears in the picture, and then he would fear it for its size alone, although in that case it would never harm him except by accident.

This picture is a photograph of a wonderful enlarged model of a fly, made by Ignaz Matausch, and to be seen in the American Museum of Natural History in this city. It is a marvelous piece of work. The fly is magnified in bulk 64,000 times.

Every hair, every facet of its wonderful compound eyes is shown, together with every detail of the sewer cleaning and offal collecting apparatus with which it is furnished and which makes it the distributing agent of disease and death, of typhoid, gangrene, diphtheria, yellow fever, infant paralysis and other fatal maladies.

But the death-dealing weapons of the fly are too minute to be seen except with a magnifying lens, and the drowsy humming of its wings on a summer's afternoon sometimes lulls us to sleep, as if it were a little fairy attendant on our slumbers, playing an aeolian harp. If our eyes were natural microscopes, so that we could see it as science reveals it, and as Mr. Matausch saw it when he made his model, we would flee from its presence as from the gigantic pterodactyl.

It is not big enemies that are to be dreaded, or that inspire reasonable fear. The elephant cannot hurt the mouse. It is little foes that do the damage, and the smaller the more dangerous. If flies had brains as complex as ours they might drive the human race from the face of the earth! They would infect us with a thousand diseases. But, curiously enough, while the fly is, anatomically, one of the most highly organized of animals, standing in that respect at the head of the insect tribes, it is, at the same time, remarkably lacking in intelligence.

It is not to be mentioned in the same breath with the bee or the ant. As a pander of death it does its repulsive work stupidly, blindly, blunderingly, without object—but yet all too effectively.

It is wise to fear a fly. Kill every one you see. One single fly can lay 120 eggs, and it takes only ten summer days for those eggs to be transformed into adult flies ready to lay eggs in their turn. So this monster can produce twelve generations in one season, and multiply his single self into pullulating millions.

Read It Here—See It at the Movies

The Goddess

The most Imposing Motion Picture Serial and Story ever created

By Gouverneur Morris and Charles W. Goddard

Synopsis of Pevious 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 kidnaps 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 Amesbury girl most, after she had been spirited away by the interests, was Tommy Barclay.

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.

That night, Stilliter, following his Indian guide, reaches the island, found Celestia and Tommy, but did not disturb them. In the morning Tommy goes for a swim. During his absence Stilliter attempts to steal Celestia, who runs to Tommy for help, followed by Stilliter. The latter at once realizes Tommy's predicament. He takes advantage of it by taking not only Celestia's, but Tommy's clothes. Stilliter reaches Four Corners with Celestia just in time to catch an express for New York, there he places Celestia in Bellevue hospital, where her sanity is proven by the authorities. Tommy reaches Bellevue just before Stilliter's departure.

Tommy'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 white slavers, but escapes and goes to live with a poor family by the name of Douglas. 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 Banker 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 colliaries.

After being disinherited, Tommy sought work in the coal mines. He tries 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.

NINTH EPISODE.

Downstairs there was an entrance hall which contained a hat rack. On the left as you entered was a room that was a dining room when it wasn't a sitting room and vice versa. Back of this was a kitchen and store closet. Upstairs there was a large bedroom and a small one, and two closets. Above these there was an attic with head room for a dwarf. A faucet in the kitchen sink supplied running water.

Similar mansions in Bitumen housed a dozen people. Tommy was lucky to have a whole room, however small to himself. There was also in the backyard a well with a bucket, and here, if a man really wanted a bath and was willing to get up so early that nobody would see him, he could get one.

As leader of the discontented, Gunsdorf ran an open house. There was always talk and something to drink in the front room downstairs. Here politics were hatched just as they are in the cabinet room in Washington, and here drinks of the most vile rye whiskey could be had by the initiated for the asking.

From the very first Mrs. Gunsdorf had done her best to make Tommy comfortable. Not a tidy woman by nature, she put her house in order for his benefit and kept it so. From the looking glass in the kitchen at which you combed your hair before meals she shrubbed the fly specks. She bought a new comb with a full complement of teeth to hang on the chain, she washed the roller towel, and for the first time in her life took an interest in cooking, seeking instructions from neighbors who had reputations in that line. But she managed for a time to confine her amorous feelings toward Tommy to deeds and attentions. She tried to make her manner toward him just what it was to other young men who came to the house. But when discussion was hot in the front room, and the whiskey was going, and nobody was noticing her, she feasted her eyes on his brown face and her ears on his quiet, resonant well-bred voice.

It was a shirt-sleeve house. Directly you came in, you hung your coat on one of many hooks in the hall, and if you had been much on your feet, you sat with them on the table after removing your shoes. This last was a custom which Tommy found himself unable to adopt; but he hung his coat in the front hall, with the others, and got used to sitting in a room in which, to use his own phrase, the atmosphere was "chained to the floor."

Mrs. Gunsdorf was always coming and going. She would appear, silent as a ghost, listen for a while to what the men had to say, and as silently vanish. Sometimes she "shoved in her oar." And she had a gift of hitting the nail on the head. But she spoke always with a kind of restrained, feline ferocity.

All the time her mind was filled with thoughts and visions of Tommy. Sometimes she would take his coat from its hook and strain it to her breast. Sometimes when he was out of the house she would go to his room, and sit by the hour, feasting herself on day dreams of him.

In her mind, at least, she was already faithless to her husband. But this did not trouble her in the least. If she ever had a conscience or moral scruples of any kind about anything, all these had vanished with her first sight of Tommy.

If Tommy had suspected her passion for him, he would have felt very sorry for her, and he would have changed his lodging. But his mind was very innocent about women; and he accepted the flowers which appeared on his bureau in a racked shaving mug just as he would have accepted the same flowers growing in a wood.

It was some time before he even realized that she was very good looking, in a sullen, smouldering way, that her eyes and teeth were very very fine, and that she had a lithe, strong, panthereque way of moving.

One day there was a violent socialistic discussion going on in the front room. Mrs. Gunsdorf had appeared twice at the hall door to listen, and gaze surreptitiously at Tommy, and had twice vanished upon some household duty or other.

Having closed the door, softly, she turned swiftly to where Tommy's coat hung, and pressed it passionately to her cheek, a paper rustled in the breast pocket, where she know no paper had been earlier in the day, and after a moment's hesitation, and impelled by a sudden unreasoning jealousy, she snatched it out of the pocket and examined it.

Thomas Steele, Bitumen, Pa.: Come home at once, must see you on important business. BARCLAY.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Economizers

By IRENE WESTON.

We are all striving to be as economical as possible nowadays—some in one way, and others in another. A good many, I have no doubt, are managing it more successfully a great deal than others. Many are the little expedients resorted to to attain the desirable end of "making ends meet." A good many distinguish themselves in the manner in which they perform the desired feat.

Isn't it wonderful what a lot of things we find other people might do without quite easily? When it comes to ourselves, however, it is quite another matter. I remember the story of a couple who suddenly found it necessary to "draw in" to the extent of $1,000 a year. They thought the problem over, day by day, but its solution appeared no nearer, when the bright idea came to one of them—I don't know which—that the husband should draw up a list of economies his wife might effect, by which she might save $500 a year, while the wife did ditto for her husband. There was the required saving at once.

"You see, my dear, it is so much easier for another to see one's extravagance than it is for one to recognize it oneself."

"Certainly."

The drawing up of the list of economies the other matrimonial partner might make occupied the two six evenings of a week. At the end the husband had a list of suggestions by adopting which his wife could save no less than $800, while the wife had a list of extravagances committed by her husband—things he could "do without quite easily and really be the better without"—which would save no less than $1,125 a year.

They did not speak to one another afterwards for a whole week.

"I can't make out," said a friend to me the other day, "how it is people who want to save don't eat porridge for breakfast. Nothing like it, and so cheap."

"But you don't eat porridge yourself, do you?" I asked, remembering the mutton chop I had seen him consume only an hour or two ago.

"Well, you see," he replied, "porridge doesn't agree with me. I'm one of those unfortunate persons with a peculiar digestion."

When it comes to practicing economies on ourselves, it is wonderful how many of us haven't the digestions to stand them. When it comes to reducing our little luxuries we discover we are peculiarly delicately constituted individuals who really couldn't do without them. If we could only bring ourselves to practicing half of the economies we prescribe so ruthlessly to other people, what a lot of difference it would make in our bills?

But I have known many people who have not found the slightest difficulty in giving up luxuries to which they were used "when the pinch came." A little abstinence from them showed that really they had no reason to waste money on them. They were just as happy without them.

A writer on social economy some time since told us how we got a luxurious habit, and how it enslaved us. In the first place, he said, we taste the luxury and enjoy it as a new sensation. It is delightful. In the second stage, we still go in indulging in it, but the delight is gradually growing less and less. In the third stage, it is giving us remarkably little pleasure—but it has become a habit. We can hardly tolerate the idea of giving it up. It is "the usual thing" with us, and we "really don't know how we should get on without it."

Retrenching expenses satisfactorily depends, of course, very considerably upon cleverness, but much more upon the spirit in which it is performed—whether one regards it as a duty to be faced as cheerfully as possible, or a hateful necessity which Providence really has no right to impose on one. The last folk will never do it comfortably.