

The Bee's Name Magazine Page

A Song of Days

By JANE M'LEAN.

I sought a day of happiness, a day
Of days, that long remembered I should keep
For mine alone, from dawn to twilight gray
And then on through the night and hours of sleep.
The sun I thought must shine, and every hour
Would tell itself, away, a golden bead;
No cloud must come, no sudden, racking shower,
No warning that I suddenly take heed
Of life, but 'neath the honeysuckle vine,
Counting my hours, I'd know the day was mine.

But, oh! it was not so; my day was filled
With thought of others—one who thirsted came
And stood without; I brought him water stilled
From the clear spring; I had no time to blame
The sun for hiding, work there was to do.
Sweet marjoram and rosemary I culled
And carried to the sick; a scarf of blue
I fashioned for a head whose hair was dulled.
And when at length I weary scanned the gray
I found a sunset for my perfect day.

Can Man Measure the Universe?

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

"Is the universe—that I mean all the stars, moon, sun and everything we see—only as a drop in an ocean or as a grain of sand in a desert? I believe that the Creator has created more, and is still creating more, than we can ever hope to tell. His powers are unexplainable. If we lived an eternity we could not tell all that He has created. Please make this matter clear."—H. B. S., Huntington, N. Y.

To the visible universe there are attainable limits. It may be that the greatest telescopes have not yet reached the bottom of the boundaries of the entire system; but they have almost done so.

This is shown by the thinning out of the fainter stars. These stars as a whole are the most distant, and if they were unlimited numerically every increase in the penetrating power of telescopes would bring previously unseen ones into view, in proportionately undiminished numbers. As a fact, however, there is a rapid falling off in the proportionate numbers at great distances. This is shown by Keppler's "law of star density." Taking the "parsec" as the unit of measurement, a parsec is equal to 19,000,000 miles, the density of the stars at increasing distances comes out as follows: At 9 parsecs, 1.0; at 30 parsecs, 0.3; at 100 parsecs, 0.08; at 200 parsecs, 0.03; at 500 parsecs, 0.008; at 1000 parsecs, 0.002.

This does not mean that the absolute number of stars decreases with increase of distance, but that the ratio of their number to the volume of space occupied decreases in the proportion shown, so that at a distance of 800 parsecs there are only 15 per cent as many stars as there should be if there had been no fall-off in relative density.

Various counts and estimates of the actual numbers included within various limiting distances have been made. Thus, according to Messrs. Chapman and Melotte, the number of stars within the limiting magnitude six (the faintest visible to the naked eye), is 2,494; within magnitude seven, 9,818; within magnitude eight, 32,360; within magnitude nine, 97,000; within magnitude ten, 271,800; within magnitude eleven, 698,000; within magnitude twelve, 1,650,000; within magnitude thirteen, 3,952,000; within magnitude fourteen, 7,666,000; within magnitude fifteen, 15,470,000; within magnitude sixteen, 25,510,000; within magnitude seventeen, 54,900,000.

This does not reach the limit of vision of the very greatest telescopes, but it shows, in accord with other estimates, that the total number of stars in the visible universe is numerable and probably does not exceed a thousand millions at an outside estimate.

The fact that a fairly definite shape, or outline, has been found for the visible universe is, in itself, a proof that it is not unlimited in extent. We are virtually certain that it extends around us in such a manner as to assume roughly the form of a flat irregular disk, the more distant parts, or edges, of which lie in the plane of the Milky Way. It is thus like a floating island of stars in the ocean of space.

Space itself may be infinite although what we call the universe is not. As to other universes existing beyond the limits of ours, and invisible to us—that is purely a speculation, which appears more or less probable according to the manner in which one's mind approaches it.

But, at any rate, there is no positive evidence of the existence of such other star systems. From time to time one hears suggestions that this or that nebula is an "outside universe" dimly shining to us from its millions of crowded stars across immeasurable tracts of intervening space. But it is far more probable that no nebula or other object visible in the mightiest telescope is unconnected with the universe to which our sun and our earth belong.

As to the continuance of the Creator's work in forming new suns and new planets, of that there can be no question. This work is, in truth, visibly going on before us in the heavens. There is the utmost variety of ages among the stars, just as there is among the human beings in a crowd. If our lives were lengthened so that a year would be but as a second to us we should see the stars around us disappearing and new ones springing into existence, as we see flowers fading and fresh ones blooming in the garden.

The changeableness of the heavens would then be as evident and familiar to us as it is that of a meadow. As it is, with our brief span of existence, we see the tens of thousands of spectral nebulae in the sky apparently as motionless as abandoned spiders' webs, and only

through the efforts of our intelligence do we recognize that they are bursting with life and forces; that they are the germs and seeds of another generation of stars, whose splendors will blaze forth either after the sun and his fellows have passed into darkness.

To return for a moment to the question of the infinitude of space, it is well known that the human mind cannot conceive a limit to space, for the instant you attempt to fix or imagine such a limit your imagination flies beyond it. You have got to think of an outside as well as of an inside.

And if you fly to another imagined boundary instantly another outside expanse stretches away before you. It is, then, perfectly legitimate to suppose that, while the visible universe is limited, the invisible universe has no bounds. In comparison with that, all that we see, or can ever see, is truly, infinitely less than as a grain of sand to a desert or a drop of water to an ocean.

The Fight that Never Fails

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

A very pathetic letter has come to me from one of those poor women made out-cast by the cruelty of what she mistook for love. At twenty-four she finds life almost hopeless, and her one longing for a child of her own seems to her to be a dream that may never be realized. All her yearning today is for goodness, for conventionality and for the joy home-paternal and almost hopelessly she asks me if I think they can ever be hers.

I believe firmly that God is love, and that in His infinite wisdom He forgives any of his children who have strayed from the path, and that He builds no walls about it against those who seek it again.

We humans are not so kind to one another—we are not so merciful to our brothers and sisters as is the Father of us all. When you consider the simple facts of family life this will seem natural enough. In your own youth, when your brothers and sisters offended you, or by their actions disgraced you in the eyes of others, did you not find it hard enough to forgive them?

But think of the infinite mercy in your own father's heart. He may have punished because he felt the necessity of discipline—but he forgave again and again. Can any of us conceive of an almighty father less merciful than a human parent we have known?

For the little child who has strayed from the path of righteousness, punishment generally takes the form of human ostracism. The woman who has not held her heritage of womanhood sacred has failed in a very beautiful trust. And after all, I think the heaviest part of her debt is her own knowledge of failure.

To the girl who wrote me the very sad letter asking for a message of hope I offer this honest conviction: May it buoy her up! Her salvation and happiness are absolutely in her own hands. If she turns from the by-paths of life back to the honest road of clean living and pure thinking, if she sacrifices ignoble friends and dishonest comforts, and works loyally and staunchly for ever so small a wage and with ever so little joy, she will win back in the end to the land of self-respect.

No matter what falls you, if you have a right to feel that you are honest and decent and straight and clean, in that there is a measure of happiness. Fighting back isn't easy, but it means winning again your own self-esteem and through that the respect of others. A victory in the face of odds is a big thing.

A woman who will give up luxury and spurious love and sham friends, and actually go to scrubbing floors, will win her way back to a feeling of the joy that comes to all those who dare face the world across the shield of honest labor.

Loneliness may come for a time, but in the end the strength that could fight must turn into the simple honesty and uprightness that win respect. It needs a big, sturdy-souled man to take as his wife a woman who has strayed from the path of her best ideals. But if she fights back to them again, a man of kindly soul will admire her for her victory over almost desperate odds. And if she is honest about her struggle and modest about the victory over past blundering, he may still give her the proud title of "good woman."

It is worth the fight. In the victory itself lies joy, and if greater joy comes it will be reverently appreciated, while if it does not come there is still the glorious victory over self to make life worth the living.

The Goddess

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Read It Here—See It at the Movies



Kehr Talks with the Miners, with No Intention of Granting Their Demands.

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 home, Prof. Stillier, an agent of the interests kidnapes the beautiful 17-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 16 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 has 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, and she comes forth from her paradise as Celestia, the girl from heaven. Stillier, Tommy and Celestia recognize each other. Tommy finds it an easy matter to rescue Celestia from Prof. Stillier and they hide in the mountains. Later they are pursued by Stillier and escape to an island where they spend the night.

That night, Stillier, following his Indian guide, reaches the island, found Celestia and Tommy. He tries to catch them in the morning. Tommy goes for a swim. Luring his absence Stillier attempts to steal Celestia. She is rescued by Tommy for help, followed by Stillier. The latter at once realizes Tommy's presence. He takes advantage of girl by taking not only Celestia, but Tommy's clothes. Stillier 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 low authorities. Tommy reaches Bellevue just before Stillier's departure.

Tommy's first aim was to get Celestia away from Stillier. After they leave Bellevue Tommy is unable to get any hotel to take Celestia in owing to his capture. But later he persuades his captor to let him take Celestia to the taxi he finds her gone. She falls into the hands of white slavers, but escapes and goes to live in a poor family by the name of Douglas. When their son Freddie returns home he finds right in his own mind that he has a girl 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 of resistance to all her girl companions. By her talks to the girls she is able to calm a threatened strike and 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 Hanser 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. Stillier and Barclay introduce an agent of the wealthy mining men, who agrees to send Celestia to the collieries.

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 lure a machine gun team on the men when they attack the stockade. This sets the mine owners busy to get rid of Tommy.

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

boarded man who stood with him back to a sheet-iron door in the side of a small sheet-iron house, that had no windows.

Celestia gave the word for the night and asked the man what he was guarding.

He shook his head.

"But I want to go in and see for myself," said Celestia. "Mr. Kehr told me that I could go wherever I liked."

"Door locked," said the man simply, "and Mr. Kehr don't want anyone fooling round this building."

"Haven't you got the key?"

His eyes were beginning to tell the man of her eyes, and his care of her voice.

"I have not."

"But you know where it is?"

"What if I do?"

"Why would't tell me and I could get it and open this door?"

The man tried to laugh roughly and failed.

"Where is it?" she asked.

"There's a short battle of eyes, and Celestia is all conquered."

"Mr. Kehr said you could go where you liked?"

Celestia simply nodded and continued to look the man in the eyes. He hesitated a moment, and then leaned over and lifted a large flat stone. Under the stone, a bright nickel-plated key shone in the moonlight.

"Thank you," said Celestia. And she took the key and opened the iron door of the little iron house and went in.

"For God's sake," said the man, all trembling now at what he had done, "don't touch anything. Only look!"

"Then," said Celestia, "come and show me what there is to see. It's all dark in here."

The man followed her hastily into the building and struck a match.

"There's a match," he said in a whisper; "that there switch. That's all there is to see. Now come out. Please do."

The match had gone out. Celestia followed the sentry into the open air, and while he unlocked the door, and held the key, she thanked him very graciously as if he had done for her some small gracious favor. Well, she had seen the switch, and just before the match went out she had read these words painted

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am 36 and in love with a girl, 27. I am anxious to marry her, but she does not wish to leave her mother, as she has been the main support of her home since the death of her father ten years ago. An uncle will make a good wife, as she was always a good daughter. Her sisters and brothers have all grown and have good positions. She is in love with me, too, but she is afraid her brothers and sisters might lose their positions and then her mother would worry. She does not look well just now, and if she would marry me she would make her very happy and give her everything she would want.

W. W.

Don't let the poor old mother of the girl you love be passed around from one child to another as an unwelcome burden upon the shoulders of her children. The kind and decent thing to do is to offer wholeheartedly, to have the girl's mother come to live with you. As soon as you make this offer I think you will find your difficulties clearing away.

Send Each a Card.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I met two young men some time ago, and have been out with both of them. The last time I was out with them it seems some kind of jealousy arose between them concerning me, and they had some words and parted as enemies. They have since made up, but as I have not been out with them, though I meet them and they speak to me, I would like to know if it would be proper while on my vacation to send them each a card. I would not want them to think that I was running after them, but simply remembering them among my other friends.

A. D. M.

By all means send each of these friends a card when you are on your vacation. There is no reason why you should lose good friends because of any silly self-consciousness over a past flirtation.

Using Your Friends

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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There are certain delicate matters of courtesy and politeness which many college-bred young men and women seem to disregard. In these days of telephones, the art of letter writing has fallen greatly into disuse, but while the telephone may serve its purpose in saving a hostess the formality of a written invitation to "a week-end," and the guests may be very glad to accept the intimate method of being bidden to her home, the telephone is hardly adequate to the conveyance of their appreciation of her hospitality. Yet even a "Thank you" and a statement of the pleasure enjoyed and over the wires, is better than silence.

It seems hardly believable, and yet there are young people with the advantages of education and acquaintance with the world whose hearts are really kind at the core, who fail to acknowledge hospitality bestowed by their elders. A young man or a young woman who has received courtesy in the way of entertainment in country houses or in city mansions, in functions given at hotels, or private residences, should not feel that all his or her duty is performed by the sending of the prescribed "bread and butter" letter. The really well-bred young person is urged by impulses within his heart to send an occasional message or a postal card, or a brief note (or perhaps some social item marked in a newspaper), which permits his host and hostess of former occasions to know they are remembered.

One who has been entertained should certainly allow no holiday season to pass without sending a card. The innate gentleman and the innate lady do these things spontaneously. They do not even think of being taught. But if they are not born with these delicate instincts, it is well that they should acquire them.

There is a certain type of individual who is really good-hearted and appreciative of his friends, yet who never takes the trouble to write and inquire about them or to give them information about himself unless he wants a favor.

Were he to be spoken to on the subject he would say that he was too modest to imagine that people cared to hear from him; that he had no idea that they were interested in his affairs. Yet he felt so self-satisfied in the certainty of their friendship and regard that he did not hesitate to ask a favor when he needed the influence of their names or their purse.

But if he had looked deeper into his own heart he would discover that his real failure to keep in touch with his friends was through thoughtlessness, bordering on indifference. He would know that however successful and full of pleasures might be the lives of his friends, if they were sufficiently interested in him to offer the hand of friendship when it was asked they would certainly appreciate an expression of regard from him and a kindly message when nothing else was demanded.

Friendship, hospitality, sociability, agreeable intercourse, all are great factors in the sum of human happiness. The human mind can scarcely conceive how appalling would be the situation of one human being who knew himself to be the only living person on earth. No matter if he had health, wealth, every comfort and every luxury provided to the end of existence, he would in a brief time go mad with the consciousness that nowhere on the face of the earth was companionship to be obtained from other living beings.

He would long to free himself from the body and explore the spiritual realms in search of comrades on those planes.

Therefore it would seem worth while to appreciate friendship and companionship which is offered us here and now, instead of accepting it as a matter of course or of using it only as a help in time of need.



landing on his feet.

Since returning from the town she had not seen Stillier. She wondered what he was doing and why she couldn't like him.

If Celestia had had a square deal from Kehr she might have reduced the hostile feelings of the strikers and the strike breakers to nothing and brought about peace in Bitumen. But it was written that while she slept soundly in the little house which had been set aside for her use, Kehr who never slept in times of danger, went on a midnight tour of inspection, and made certain discoveries which filled him with anger and anxiety. The very first sentry whom he talked to made a damaging confession.

"Seen nothing tonight," Kehr asked.

"Only the lady, sir."

"What lady?"

"The lady in white."

"Oh."

"Yes, sir."

The sentry gave the appearance of one who wishes to speak, but is afraid.

"Well, what is it?"

"After talking with her, sir, I think I ought to be relieved. My orders is to shoot to kill. After talking with her, sir, I couldn't do it."

"You wouldn't obey my orders?"

"I couldn't, sir."

"When you have been relieved, you will report yourself at the guard house. You are a prisoner."

"Yes, sir."

Kehr returned to his headquarters and gave orders that all the men then on sentry duty should be relieved, and sent to him. From all he obtained similar confessions to that made by the first man in his command, and found, to his great relief that only those on duty at the time when Celestia had made her tour of inspection had been tampered with. These he had looked up. Then he sent for Prof. Stillier.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)



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