

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Roads

By JANE McLEAN.

One road leans up and over the hill,
And one is the road I know;
The gypsy call, with its urge and thrill
Is calling me and I go.

One road dreams close to the river's grey,
And its grasses catch at my feet,
But the end is not too far away,
And its simple joys are sweet.

And memory rustles her misty gown
Quite close to me as I tramp,
And I anchor safe in a little town
Where the smell of the sea is damp.

But the other road leads up and away
And my truant feet must start
To tramp its length for many a day
At the bid of a gypsy heart.

Leprosy Not a Modern Menace

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, M. D.

Early impressions cling most tenaciously and echo longest in our memories. No matter how baseless or irrational they may be later found to be, they still hold us in their grip on our emotional side and hag-ride our imaginations.

Some of these fears which are so carefully implanted in our infant minds had at one time a certain amount of rational basis and were what the student of animal psychology would term "protective reactions." The quivering dread of the dark, for instance, which is now one of our chief obstacles in getting bedroom windows kept open at night, for fear of the "boogers that will get you if you don't watch out," was quite excusable in jungle days when prowling beasts of prey sniffed at the doorway of the hut and swept the very streets of the village under cover of night.

Its sister superstition, the profound belief in the unwholesomeness of night air, especially just after sundown, had some justification in tropical and sub-tropical ancestral times from the malaria and yellow fever bearing mosquitoes which fly at this hour.

In similar fashion the panic terror and loathsome dread which the very word "leper" rouses in our brains had a certain amount of rational basis in the Middle Ages, when leprosy was almost as common as advanced consumption is now and the whole known world was divided into leper houses and leper colonies.

But in this age of sanitation and decent, civilized habits of living, these panic fears are almost as absurdly exaggerated, as utterly out of proportion to the real danger involved, as our fear of the night air and of the dark. The actual danger of any one in these United States dying of leprosy is about as great as being struck by lightning or killed in a railroad accident, and the risk is steadily diminishing.

This, of course, is not for a moment to deny that leprosy is a dreadful and loathsome disease for which no specific cure is known, and the prospect of whose frequent occurrence and spread in a community would justly be viewed with horror and alarm.

We know the disease as thoroughly as we know tuberculosis or cancer, the bacillus that causes it, the different forms which it assumes and every step of its course through progressive crippling and disfigurements to the fatal end. But with all this, the simple fact of the matter is that more than half our popular beliefs about leprosy are unfounded, and the remainder outrageously exaggerated.

We are justified in taking every reasonable and rigorous precaution against the possible spread of the disease, but let us at least know and face the actual facts in order that our panic-stricken efforts to protect ourselves may not be as cruel and barbarous to the handful of unfortunate victims as they are shameful and disgraceful to us.

Every year or so the papers are filled with accounts of some unfortunate leper, usually an immigrant, or one who has resided in the tropics, who is literally hunted and caged like a wild beast or tied from like a mad dog.

The state in which he is discovered orders him deported, only to have the freight car in which he is shipped met at the state line by armed guards and turned back. Then he is isolated in some wretched shelter surrounded by half a mile of six-foot barbed wire fence, with his food and water carried to him each day by a guard who retires to a safe distance before he allows the captive to come out and get it.

Finally he is shipped, after prolonged and tremendous diplomatic negotiations between the various states which he must cross, to some one of our few leper hospitals, or else, as actually occurred only about three years ago, the poor wretch is found dead in his shelter some morning with a bullet through his heart, and everybody breathes a sigh of relief and exclaims: "He was sure to die soon, anyhow, poor creature."

The latest case, just in the last few weeks, is that of a soldier in the United States army who contracted the disease while on service in the Philippines and who was entitled to a pension on discharge. He was actually discharged as someone else disabled in the course of duty, yet whom various states refused to establish a shelter for or receive him into any existing leper hospital because he had not established a residence.

Finally, after months of palaver and legal obstruction, he was transferred in an iron sheeted car, guarded by a squad of armed soldiers, to a leper home in a distant state, and the car in which he traveled solemnly burned with all its equipment as soon as he was safely delivered.

There was actually even serious talk of sending him clear to Mokolai, in the Hawaiian Islands, for lack of a proper institution in all this wide country.

There should be established at once, in the name of humanity and common sense, for both the peace of mind and prompt protection of the public and the kindly care of these pitiable, unfortunate, who are only discovered on an average about one in two years, a national leper hospital or leproserium, under the charge of the United States army or public health service.

Here they could be organized into a colony and made almost self-supporting, for the disease, with all its loss of fingers and toes and even of parts of limbs is surprisingly slightly disabling. Its vic-

tims often work at some handicraft or occupation which interests them to within a few weeks of the end, and can be made, within the limits of their disease, almost as happy as the average of their fellows.

By making the sufferers federal wards this would relieve the individual states of their responsibility and put an end to the disgraceful bickerings and attempts to shift them to one another, and also give free right of way across their territories for the transportation of the patients in suitable hospital cars, which could be maintained especially for the purpose.

What makes this national institution the more necessary is that most of the inmates of the few leper shelters provided in this country, in Boston Harbor and at San Francisco, for instance, are Asiatic coolies or other laborers from the tropics of the poorest and least intelligent class; and while these are made very comfortable, according to their standards, the atmosphere is, to say the least of it, lonesome and ungenial for a white patient.

When we have taken this step of enlightenment and protection and justice, particularly to our brave soldiers and sailors who may be called upon to take the risk of contracting this dreadful disease in our tropical possessions, we may safely dismiss all further fear or uneasiness about the disease from our minds. For any remaining menace rests almost entirely upon gross misconceptions.

The first of these is that the disease is either spreading or likely to spread in civilized countries, or rather in the really civilized parts of so-called civilized countries. All the evidence points exactly in the opposite direction.

The facts of the matter are that, whereas, in the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the disease was extremely common all over Europe and particularly along its western coasts and, indeed, persisted in Brittany, Spain, Ireland and the west coast of Scotland up to the beginning of the eighteenth century, it has now totally disappeared over nine-tenths of this area and lingers only as a medical curiosity in a few scattered leper colonies along the western coasts of Spain and France and three or four larger ones along the coast of Norway.

In fact, the only region of the civilized world in which the disease can be said to be really alive is the Scandinavian peninsula, and even here among poverty-stricken fishermen, living in a state of semi-starvation along that sub-arctic coast, it has shrunk from some 10,000 victims—forty years ago—to only a few hundred at present.

For some reason civilization and leprosy simply will not meet, and when one comes in the other goes out. A leper at large in a modern community is less than half as dangerous as an ordinary case of consumption.

The Seeker Woman Who Has Not Found Herself

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"I am a woman of education, a college graduate and am now doing literary work which I like. I am just an average girl with a reasonable amount of attraction and called good company because I am full of life and use my brain. Aesthetically, so much for so much, I am not a freak nor a genius; just an average person—I like fine things, cultured things—and I love to dance.

"Perhaps the whole crux of my problem is this: I come of good stock—conventional, bromide people. It is easy for me to hold the center, to be the leader—but I am not stimulated. I have to some extent go out of my class and I don't meet any in any other—at least I don't meet any of the people with whom I do belong. Recently my engagement was broken because my fiancée's family, tremendously staid and ponderous people without a gleam of humor, didn't approve of my nature.

"What would you do if you were I? Somewhere in Omaha there must be dozens of men and women in just my predicament. Isn't there any solution?"

This letter, which I have reprinted only in part, comes from a recently under the signature "Seeker." It voices what seems to me to be the greatest tragedy of modern womanhood—loneliness. And loneliness has in the end to work out its own problem.

A woman as sane and strong and fine as I judge my unknown correspondent to be will of course work out her problem in the end, but first she must know much unhappiness. Out of that unhappiness new strength will come, and because of it she will be the finer woman some day, but today that does not help her at all.

In the signature "Seeker" lies, I think, the best answer to her problem. Women who not only think and work but also feel and long, must always seek, and eventually the search is rewarded—perhaps not just as they would have it rewarded. But fulfillment has to come. That faith is the saving grace that gives one courage to go on fighting.

Friends come unexpectedly into one's life. Through work, through chance in-

Santa's "Side-Partner" :: By Nell Brinkley (A Portrait)

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For what would he do—the white old man with the bag on his back—without Love? When folks go squeezing about through shops for whole weary days with just a snatch of lunch, wondering what "Dad" would like that he hasn't already; when women folks sit up 'nights over pale blue slippers and aprons and caps with fairy embroidery on 'em; when father creaks in late with a knobby package under his arm and a guilty flush on his face, to go straight to his own dresser-drawer before he takes off his hat; when little kids dive under chiffoniers

and beds and get dust on their hair pushing something against the wall that they almost bit their small tongues off making, or almost lost their will-power saving for, and beg mother not to sweep under there 'til after Christmas; when lovers leave the office early and sneak about patiently, hunting for something nobody ever had—ever; when grandmas knit mittens and stockings; when grand'thers take slow, feeble trips downtown once a year and come back with boys' eyes—why, then Love's right at the work table with Santa Claus.

NELL BRINKLEY.

Mysteries of Weight and Mass

By GARRET P. SERVISS.

"Please explain the term mass as used in physics, as 'The mass of bodies is proportional to their weight,' also the difference between mass and weight.—Roy Royer, Daird, Tex."

The mass of a body is the quantity of matter that body contains, and it depends upon the body's density, or the closeness with which the ultimate particles are packed together. The weight of a body is the force with which the earth attracts it. This force, called gravity, acts equally upon every particle in the body.

If two bodies are composed of precisely the same state, then their masses will be proportional to their sizes, and so will their weights. But if one of them consists of a substance denser than that of which the other is composed, then the denser of the two, although smaller, may possess the greater mass and the greater weight. This shows why weight rather than size is used to measure the mass of a body.

But, still, weight is not the same thing as mass. Weight varies with the distance from the center of the earth, but mass remains unchanged no matter what the situation of the body concerned may be.

Thus, if you weigh a certain body with a spring balance and then take that body to some other point on the earth and weigh it again, in the same manner, the weight will vary slightly, owing to irregularities in the shape of the earth, and to effects arising from the earth's rotation on its axis, although the mass, or quantity of matter in the body, is manifestly unchanged.

If you were to travel about the universe instead of being confined to the earth, you would very quickly find out the difference between mass and weight.

Advice to Lovelorn

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Persistence May Win.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I love a girl, good natured, jolly, attractive, healthy, in short, everything a man likes. She has good position, makes a fine salary and helps support her family. I love music and am fond of home life. I am healthy and unusually strong. Now, this girl is ten years older than myself. I proposed to her and was refused on account of the difference in age, though she admitted caring for me. I proposed again and she said she would give me an answer in six months. I want you to tell me whether she is right, should she again refuse me, in saying difference in age is too much. She has a number of admirers and I know for a fact that she refused several proposals. ANXIOUS.

When a woman marries a man so much younger than herself she takes a great risk with her future happiness, since when she is 50 and distinctly middle aged, he is a young man in the eyes of the world. And yet many such marriages have worked out well. If time proves your devotion and she herself really cares, I think you can overcome her regret as to this one obstacle. But you ought to consider the matter very seriously and think what your feeling will be when your wife is no longer young and beautiful.

For instance, a body that weighs six pounds on the earth would weigh only one pound on the moon, while if taken to Jupiter its weight would increase to thirteen pounds.

On Mars it would weigh two and a third pounds, and on the asteroid Ceres about two and a half ounces. At the surface of the sun it would weigh (if it could withstand the heat there), 156 pounds.

Finally, if you took it to the gravitational center of the earth, where attraction is balanced in all directions, it would have no weight at all. Yet, always and everywhere, the mass of the body would remain unchanged.

To forestall quibbles, it may be as well to say that even at the center of the earth the body would experience a certain attractive force toward the sun. But to your spring balance it would be weightless.

There is one curious, though obvious, result of the fact that weight varies with the attractive force which is worth pointing out. If instead of using a spring balance you should use a pair of scales or a steelyard in weighing a body at different points on the earth or on the surface of different planets, the weight would appear to be the same everywhere. Your six-pound body would balance a six-pound marker just as well on the moon as on the earth because each would lose weight in the same proportion.

If you went about the universe trying to measure weight in different worlds with a steelyard you would arrive at the totally false conclusion that all planets were equal in their gravitational attraction. Only your muscular sense, or a spring balance, would show you the actual differences.

But, while the steelyard was deceiving you as to weight, it would be telling you the absolute truth about mass—viz, that mass does not vary with change of gravity; that two equal masses are always equal whether each weighs six pounds or one pound, and that weight may totally disappear without the slightest loss of mass.

There are many very amusing ways in which you might sport with the protean property of weight if once you were free to sail the ocean of interplanetary ether. You might take on your back a burden which nearly crushed you to the ground, but as you neared the center of the earth, its weight would become rapidly less and less, until, when you arrived within about 24,000 miles of the center of the moon, your burden would cease to have any weight, and you also would become weightless, because you would have reached the point of balance between the attraction of the earth and that of the moon.

So, all the great planets circling around the sun gain and lose "weight" continually, according as they are nearer to or farther from the sun, and from one another, in their orbits. If we measure the earth's weight in terms of the sun's attraction upon it, then our planet will be thousands of trillions of tons heavier at the end of December than it was at the end of June, because it will have approached 3,000,000 miles nearer, but its mass will not have been altered by one iota.

roductions, through all sorts of seemingly unimportant trifles one gains new friends. The letter, which speaks with a voice of all womanhood, seems almost to have brought me a new friend. I could wish that I knew the woman who wrote it, that I could go to her and say, "I am a woman, too. We are sisters. We both understand. And the

fight you are making today is worthwhile. It is the fight of a pioneer, and pioneers always must suffer that those who come after them may find the trail blazed and the settlement begun."

The problem for you is to keep your sanity and poise, to go on believing in yourself and in the joy of working, to make friends with the events of every-

day life and to trust that they are all tending to carry to some worthwhile goal.

Not by a definite search, not by going out and looking for friends, does a woman like you make them. She has rather to keep her lamp trimmed, to keep herself in readiness, to be receptive for all impressions and all friendly advances.

DIAMONDS - WATCHES ON CREDIT

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