



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Turkey Belongs to the Judge All Right

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Heavens Deceptive--Their Wonders Cannot Be Measured Because of Remoteness

By GARRETT P. SERVINS.

Last Sunday night, at about 11 o'clock, I glanced out of my window and could not restrain an exclamation of delight mingled with wonder.

Vast shadowy buildings rose high on all sides of the broad inner court across which I was looking, and screened off the light from the street lamps, so that the view was like that from a high square crater with steep, irregular walls all around and a perfectly black sky overhead.

In the midst of this square of sky, glowing and scintillating like a hundred Kohinoor diamonds planned upon a screen of black velvet, were the stars of Orion, the most magnificent of the constellations that make up the universe as we see it from the earth.

It was veritably a sight to make one gasp! I think I have never seen Orion so brilliant. Those far away suns seemed to have drawn nearer, as if the constellations were actually descending from the sky. Below, toward the left, blazed the immense Sirius, its rays flickering with every color of the rainbow.

At this sight the mighty truths of astronomy burst upon my mind with an intensity of meaning which I have seldom known equalled.

As I gazed the earth dwindled to the insignificant point that it really is, and Sirius grew and grew before me until it became a sun in its splendor, and brilliant in the sense of boundless power that its ceaseless flashings conveyed. Space and time vanished, for the moment, and I seemed to be standing in the immediate presence of that mighty star. In its light fallar facts assumed a new and grander significance, as if my human intelligence had been lifted to a higher plane.

Then, in imagination, I returned and seized our sun in my hands to fling it out into the depths of space yonder. When it started it was an all-enveloping blaze of quenchless fire, which swallowed the world, and licked up the planets like notes of inflammable dust. But as it spun away, it began to shrink like the receding light of a steamer speeding out of a harbor at night, and when it had arrived at the distance of Sirius it was but a twinkling point, forty times less brilliant than the great star flaming beside it. Although it had made day within the earth, now it could not cast the tiniest shadow with its microscope.



beams! Distance had revealed it in its true dimensions and stripped from it the false predominance with which it dazzles our near-by eyes on the earth. It had become but a tiny star in the sky, a satellite of the giant Dog Star.

Then I brought me that even Sirius imposes upon us with unwarranted pretensions. It looks the mightiest sun in the universe, but it is not. It, too, derives a false advantage from relative remoteness. Its distance is only about forty trillions of miles, but I knew that before me there were stars so far that their remoteness cannot be measured with any means at our command. We know that their distance cannot be less than a certain unthinkable amount, but how much greater it may be we can only guess.

Thereupon, I glanced back at Orion, and fixing my attention upon the bright star Rigel, on the uplifted foot of the pictured giant, below his sparkling "belt," I once more, in fancy, seized the sun and flung it away into these profounder depths. Smaller and smaller it again became, as it swiftly receded, until at last it was not even a visible star. It faded away like a spark swallowed up in the darkness.

In my imagined omnipotence I had impaled to the flying sun a speed of a thousand million miles per second, but I now saw that I had been too moderate, because in my night watch I could not wait for its arrival in the presence of Rigel; it would require two whole months, even at that frightful speed, to reach the destination that I had intended! And when it arrived I knew that it would find itself in the withering presence of a sun at least ten thousand times more brilliant than itself.

What goes on in that region where Rigel reigns; where even the mighty Dog Star, that makes our sun seem but a Jack-o'-lantern, would be as insignificant as a tallow dip beside a ship's searchlight? In that part of the universe are all energies grander than here, in proportion to the stupendous magnitude of the suns that illuminate it?

We cannot doubt that there are living creatures, and intelligence there, but could we comprehend them if we met them? In their presence might not a Newton learn, if he had any sense, more than a little child?

These things abash us, and yet at the same time, they stimulate us. There is a deep meaning in the inspiration that every human being feels when he contemplates the heavens. That inspiration is the thoughts which it awakens in the true astronomer—not the prediction of eclipses or the mathematics that treats the universe as a soulless machine.

Daffydils

"UP WITH THE SKULL AND CROSSBONES," YELLED CAPTAIN KIDD, PUT A SHOT ACROSS HER BOWS, ME HEARTIES!" HIS HEARTIES YANKED UP THE BLACK FLAG AND FIRED A CANNON. ONE OF THE PIRATES, THROUGH HIS GLASSES, SPIED THE OTHER SHIP SIGNALING, AND READ—"IF A GIRL ATHLETE CONTESTS IN A STANDING BROAD JUMP, DO YOU THINK THE MISTLETOE THE MARK?"

BACK! BACK! BACK TO CHICAGO.

OF ALL THE EMBLEMS OF THE CHRIS'MUS FROM THE MAINE COAST TO THE ISTHMUS.

THERE IS NONE THAT'S QUITE SO JOOLY AS THE CHRIS'MUS WREATH OF HOLLY.

WITH IT'S LITTLE CRIMSON BERRY, I THINK IT'S ASPECT'S VERY MERRY.

LO! WHO ARE YUH?

I'M THE BOOB THAT PUT THE HOLLY IN THE HOLIDAY.

CORK LEGS COME IN VERY HANDY - IF THE WEARER HAPPENS TO BE IN A SHIPWRECK.

THE MANY CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS WERE CROWDING THE STORES AND THE STREETS. IT WAS IN ONE OF THE BIG STORES, ON THE FLOOR WHERE THEY SOLD TOYS, THAT THE PROXY SANTA CLAUS JUMPED UP AND CROAKED—"WHO KNOWS WHAT THE TOY DEPARTMENT?"

SO! LUDIKER TRIGLE MUCKLE, YOU LITTLE THOUGHT I COULD PENETRATE YOUR DISGUISE - HA - HA!

"JIMMIE, CAN YOU TELL ME ANYTHING ABOUT THE RAINFALL IN AFRICA?" ASKED THE TEACHER. "SURE-IT'S WET," SAID JIMMY. "CORRECT," SAID TEACHER "AND NOW— EH, WHAT IS IT TONY?"

TONY SOLEMNLY ROSE FROM BEHIND HIS DESK, AND CHIRPED—"SAY TEACH, SHOULD CONGRESS ENACT A SANTA CLAUS?"

BING! BING! YOU LI'L RASCAL.

Olympian Personality of J. P. Morgan

Selected by EDWARD MARKHAM.

Mr. J. P. Morgan, in "The Life Story of J. Pierpont Morgan," depicts his hero by setting forth Mr. Morgan's aims and objects and his ways and means of attaining them. He thus sketches the man in outline.

"Mr. Morgan has become the dominant business force in the country and the strongest single financial power in the whole world; and, as a matter of fact, he has reached a point where no category will contain him. You cannot put Mr. Morgan in the pigeon hole of a class. He is a genius, a spirit, a very conspicuous instrument of the economic evolution of his time. You cannot call him a mere money maker, interested in temporary gains. He instinctively plans for something permanent in the structure of money making activity; he has furnished the grooves by which all our industries shall be run for a very long time to come.

"His enemies may charge him with many faults—and he is undoubtedly many—but they can never say that he destroyed a property. His railroads have been working railroads, with rails and steam and rolling stock; his factories have been smoking factories, aglow with life and workers—not paper railroads and paper factories that exist only in the imagination of the stock jobbers; and there is nothing of the chimerical suggested here; J. P. Morgan is so solid. Furthermore, his rehabilitation of a vast amount of doomed property is mightily suggestive of broad public service. Other men have built up industries from the beginning, chiefly for themselves, as Rockefeller constructed the Standard Oil trust. But Rockefeller soaked up his competitors like a sponge, while Morgan puts them upon their feet and teaches and enforces co-operation among them all.

"It is to J. Pierpont Morgan, of all living Americans, that the expression of a famous French historian is best applied—a force of nature.

"Everything indicates that Mr. Morgan is personally much too proud to be called a very good democrat. If the success of his life-work had in the least depended upon cultivating the friendship of the common people he would surely have failed.

"It is said there are scarcely fifty men in the financial district who have a speaking acquaintance with Mr. Morgan. Whether the number is correct or not, it is certain that his acquaintance is relatively small, and that his real friendships are reserved for a very few people, chiefly the men whom he has known all his life and with whom he is very likely not associated at all in a business way.

"An account of the personal traits of a living man tends to become a piece of vivisection, more or less unwarranted, unless the aim is to suggest his personality, rather than to analyze it exactly. Mr. Morgan's imposing style and the extraordinary sense of vigorous life which emanate from him always make him a personality which suggests itself in everything he does, whether it is a matter of adding to his collection some very desirable picture or piece of china, or of straightening out the affairs of an all but ruined bank.

"It is a personality of the Olympian order, incapable of doubt and indecision; as simple in action as a thunderbolt and as little to be argued with. The effects of his instantaneous decisions often surpass those of the most deeply laid plans; no important factor has been overlooked; no objection, on the other hand, has been set out of proportion. In his mind's eye he sees both the end and the way to reach it, and after all has been credited that need be credited to the painstaking labor and preparation of his partners it remains true that the touch of the marvellous which stamps his success and the success of his firm is due to Mr. Morgan's own genius."

"Happiness Brings Beauty"

Singer Tells When Supreme Hour of Famine Lovliness Comes—Power to Charm More Fascinating Than Perfect Features of Venus de Milo—Most Beautiful of All the Dazzling Hungarian Type.



By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

When is woman's hour of beauty? Mme. Charles Cahier is the latest to answer this question, which has been put to so many artists, and to which no two have answered alike.

The most beautiful period of a woman's life has been placed at anywhere from 13 to 45 years of age, according to the ideas of the painter or sculptor, while women have answered the question according to their own age and occupation, the one insisting that young motherhood glorified even the plainest face and made woman supremely beautiful, while the business woman was quoted as saying that success in her particular line of endeavor brought the modern woman of affairs her hour of beauty.

According to Mme. Cahier, the handsome and talented singer of the Vienna Opera house, who has recently been heard at the Metropolitan, a woman's supreme hour of beauty is when she is absolutely happy.

"Happiness brings out everything that is most beautiful in the human face," said Mme. Cahier, who, despite her French name, is an American. Years of travel and a long residence abroad has made a most charming woman of this charming singer, who has sung everywhere in Europe and is known and appreciated in the artistic and exclusive circles of the older countries.

"Of course, happiness means many different things to as many different people, but whenever you see a truly radiant and beautiful face you know that woman is enjoying her hour of happiness.

"It is impossible to tell at what age this hour will strike, for it depends so on the personality of the individual, what their ideal of happiness is and consequently, when they will find it.

Fireproof Building Fires

The whole Kickerbocker town raised its eyebrows when Chief Kenlon said that a fireproof building with the contents ablaze made a hotter, more deadly fire than the same blaze would make in a non-fireproof structure. The chief seemed to be going against all generally-accepted beliefs. And not only that, he made his remarks before the Wagner commission, which is a body of gentlemen commissioned by the legislature to learn the lessons taught by the awful triangle fire and to brush up on expert fire fighting, so that they may be able to suggest laws that will afford better protection to life and property. They are officially known as the New York Factory Investigating commission, because they aim to propose a few laws for the better safeguarding of persons and property in factories. Certainly Chief Kenlon would be the last one to willingly lead them astray or send them back to Albany misinformed.

What did he mean? How could a fireproof building be hotter than the wooden "under structure?"

"To find out—ask."

"How can it be hotter in the fireproof building?" was the question.

"Facts," he replied.

"Further explanation, please?"

He swung around and made two piles of books on the desk.

"Now, it's very simple," said he, "when you get the idea."

"Define the building from its contents. Take the fireproof building first. Construct it of brick or steel frame filled with terra cotta or fireproof blocks, give it a couple of floors and metal windows and walls it is fireproof. So is a stove. Take the contents of a sixteen-story loft building. The contents represent the fuel in the stove. Suppose, as is the case, one big floor spread over with tables and heaps of combustible material from four to five feet high. Now start your fire. It spreads rapidly and the heat is stored up, and you get the same action as in an oven—it cooks. All life within will be destroyed because the oxygen will be taken out of the air by combustion and there will be no new supply. The windows are of woven wire and glass and will stand a heat of 1,800 degrees Fahrenheit, under which the human body becomes dust. The windows will not fly outward.

"Then why not open the windows?"

"The fire will spread more rapidly. As soon as heat goes out there will be a rush of cold air to the floor, making the fire burn more intensely, same as opening the door of a stove.

"But don't let that scare you. Too many people, especially factory girls, are frightened now. The fireproof building is better than the other because it confines the blaze to one floor. The remedy isn't so much in the care of exits as in the simple matter of dividing off the fire space with fireproof partitions. Fire breaks out in one place. Walk a few feet and close the door, which leaves the fire in a single segregated oven and lets it die, or, in any case, allows a good twenty minutes for escape. It ought to be done. There ought to be smoke towers or outside fire escapes built. The outside escape I refer to is a brick tower built a few feet from the structure and having individual balconies with fireproof doors. A few feet from any floor across a stairway and you are in another fireproof building—New York World.

physical pleasure of health in the very young, and climbs upward through the intellectual pleasures of knowledge and art to the sublimest happiness of re-education and spiritual perfection, such as one sees pictured in the faces of saints.

"Of course," laughed Mme. Cahier, "we're not all ready to wear halos yet, though there are some people in the world whose beauty is of so fine and spiritual a quality that it hardly seems of this world.

"The artist's hour of beauty is that of her artistic triumph, for it is in her art that she finds her greatest happiness."

Mrs. Cahier was interrupted here by her husband, who insisted that beauty, that is, the classic beauty, had little real power to attract, and that probably even the Venus de Milo herself, if she could come to life, would not be as fascinating as a woman of less perfect cast of features who had that indefinable power of fascination called charm.

"The classic beauty, that is to say, the face cast in perfect plastic mold, is totally devoid of many of these attributes which constitute beauty to the modern person," agreed Madame Cahier.

"The girl who is pictured on candy boxes, with a face like the big French dolls, may be the ideal type of perfection to the child's mind. But as one develops one expects a face to express something of the character of the person.

"One may see so pretty even in perfect features and a peach and cream complexion, if it is devoid of intelligence.

"A face with the sense of humor may appeal to another, while a third sees beauty in irregular features, lightened by the play of expression, or transformed by the sympathy acquired through suffering.

"But whatever the face, it is most perfect, expressing all the beauty of which it is capable in the hour of supreme happiness."

Another discussion ensued as to what race of women were the most charming, and who, in the opinion of Mme. Cahier, would bear off the palm of beauty in an international beauty contest.

"Of all the women I have ever seen," said the singer, "it seems to me that the Hungarian woman of the upper classes is the most beautiful.

"There is something about the aristocratic Hungarian woman that affects one like some of their beautiful national music. There is an air of race and distinction about them that is superb. They are immensely intelligent, and keenly alive to every emotion.

"Generally the Hungarian woman has dark hair and dark eyes and a round figure, with them every movement is graceful, every glance full of spirit and temperament.

"Some of the most beautiful women I have seen were Russians, but they are of a very different type, more introspective and languorous.

ECZEMA BROKE OUT ON HEAD AND FACE

In Rash, Dry, Scabby, Sore, Itched Intensely. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Eczema Disappeared Entirely.

4518 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill.—"The eczema broke out in the form of a rash on my head and face. It was a dry scabby sore that itched intensely and became very much inflamed from scratching. It broke out all over my face and scalp, the worst being my forehead at the roots of the hair. I used a salve for several months without relief. I heard a great deal of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, I thought I would try them. I used Cuticura Ointment freely three times a day and no other soap but Cuticura Soap. In about two months the eczema disappeared and I have had no trouble since. I will gladly recommend the use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment to any one suffering as I was." (Signed) Miss N. Meyer, Feb. 20, 1912.

SORE, ITCHING HANDS CURED

Pimples and Rash on Them. Very Painful.

Nisula, Mich.—"I had long been suffering with sore itching hands. There were pimples and rash on them, and they were very painful. Water hurt them dreadfully. My hands looked very red and rough, and were unsightly. I lost sleep, and would bandage them up for relief. I washed my hands with Cuticura Soap and applied Cuticura Ointment. Every night before retiring I did likewise. My hands are entirely cured." (Signed) Gustavo Nisula, Dec. 31, 1911.

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 3-cp. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura Dept. T, Boston."

Send shaving stick, 25c. Sample free.