

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## The Wisdom of Seventeen

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"A lover writes me: 'Will you kindly let me know how old a young man and woman must be to be married in the city of New York?' Also what is the fee charged for obtaining a marriage license and how must one proceed to get it? I am 17 years of age and would like to know these things."

"Please do not reply that I am too young to be interested in these things, or to get married. For I know a great deal of the world."

"In what way, my son?"

"If by that you mean you have seen portions of it from a car window, you don't know the world. If by that you mean that you have been brought up by hard knocks, and have learned much in the bitter school of experience, you don't know the world."

But granting that you do know the world, a claim that the wisdom of 17 often makes, that does not give you the right to get married.

You must know something more than the world before you take such a step—you must know yourself!

You may know how to find your way in foreign lands, or how to take care of yourself in your own; but you don't know much with the map of the world at your fingers' ends unless you know yourself.

Are your shoulders broad enough to bear the burden of a family? Is your heart so faithful it will remain true, through fifty or sixty years, to the girl you loved as a boy? Is your judgment so mature you can pick out, when only 17, the type of girl who will be your ideal when you have become a man?

Has patience become a habit with you? Is it a joy to you to practice self-denial for those you love—not once, but often and always—and with no one to commend or applaud?

Is your income elastic? Will you, when less than 20, be contented to stay at home in the evening, like an old man is contented, because the going-out means the price of shoes for the baby? Will you, when still a boy, find recreation in such outings as are suitable for the wife and the babies and feel no regret when the other boys go unhampered and carefree to the swimming pool and the diamond?

Have you such perfect self-control that you are fit to control others? Do you really know the girl you love? Isn't your admiration for her similar to that which you feel for a butterfly? But did you ever, my son, see a butterfly that survived a storm?

The love that lasts; that grows stronger and more tender, and broader and more charitable with the years; the love that is love, and not a passing sentiment based on vanity of animal attraction. You have no more comprehension of that than you have of the life at the bottom of the ocean.

You have caught a glimpse of the alphabet, and claim you are perfect in the language. You have heard a strain of sweet music, and believe you are fitted to lead the orchestra.

My son, you don't know what love is. Loop on, trying to learn and some day you will know. Fall in love and fall out again. Keep a tenant in your heart all the time. That is the privilege of youth and the comfort of old age. But don't, I beg of you, don't think of getting married when you are only 17 years old.

## Sayings of Mothers

No. 1—"All Aloney"

By Nell Brinkley



The first day we struggle—with our scant little curls a-waving—little, golden signals from the crown of our head, our round eyes wide with the sweet terror of an unbelievable new adventure, with

our linen and flannel hunched in confusion on our tiny backs—that first day we struggle to our round-bottomed, rolling feet—out of the wide emptiness of the room straight ahead are two eyes like lights, two hands that reach wide and steady like the twin

arms of a soft-bosomed harbor, and a mother-bird voice calling, "All aloney!"

All through our life, if we are so lucky that the two lights are somewhere on the lifting, falling sea of our life, if the "two twin" arms of the soft-bosomed harbor are there, if the mother-bird voice

is not silenced for us, our grown-up arms reach for her when we stagger and stumble just as they did then. Every mother cries, "All aloney!" to the grown-up son of her heart, but if he totter for an instant her arms are there to catch him lest he fall.

NELL BRINKLEY.

## Transmutation of Metals to Gold

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

If Sir William Ramsay is right in the conclusion that he draws from recent experiments of his—and he is strongly supported by Messrs. Collie and Patterson—we may, before long, see the dreams of the ancient alchemists fulfilled in ways of which they had no conception.

The alchemists, who have been universally derided and laughed at until the last few years, in which chemists have been getting their eyes opened, believed that it was possible to turn base metals, such as lead, into gold.

Modern science said: "No! The different elements are fixed in their nature. It is idle to think of changing one into another. What they are they will remain."

Then came the discovery of the "radioactive" substances, like radium, and chemistry suddenly learned a new lesson. To everybody's astonishment it was found that atoms are not, as had long been believed, ultimate, indivisible particles, by the heaping together of which, in varying numbers and combinations, the different kinds of matter which we call the chemical elements are formed, but that they are composed of multitudes of much smaller particles which revolve around the center of the atom somewhat as the planets revolve around the sun. Moreover, the atoms of some substances—and possibly of all—gradually go to pieces, their constituent particles, by catapults, escaping from their orbits and flying off to surrounding space.

Chemists had hardly recovered from their surprise at this startling discovery before an even more wonderful one followed upon its heels. It was found that an actual transmutation of elements, that is, a change from one into another, accompanies, or follows, the going to pieces of the atoms. It was literally with staring eyes that chemists saw the emanation that is given off from disintegrating radium gradually change its character and turn into helium. Radium and helium are two different elements, immediately it was suggested that here was the very transmutation of matter that the alchemists had dreamed of, and that science had decided, taking place in nature itself. But further experiment

showed that these natural transmutations apparently occurred only in one direction, from heavier to lighter substances. The atoms of radium are heavier than those of helium and, in all the cases observed until recently, the result of the transmutations was the formation of elements of lesser mass, or composed of lighter atoms, than the original elements.

This was, then, no solution of the old problem of the alchemists, who sought to transform lighter elements into the heavier element, gold, and if that solution was ever to be found, evidently it must be done by reversing what seemed to be nature's sole process of transmutation, and causing the heavier atoms to form themselves out of lighter ones. Only in that way would it be possible to make gold from base metals, because gold is nearly the heaviest of all.

Now, it is this very thing that Sir William Ramsay appears to have accomplished, not with base metals and gold, to be sure, but with hydrogen, neon and helium.

Hydrogen is the lightest of all elements, while helium is four times heavier than hydrogen and neon is twenty times heavier. Yet, when an electric discharge is passed through a tube containing only a little hydrogen the latter is transformed into helium, and if then some oxygen is introduced into the tube, neon is formed.

The atomic weight of oxygen is 16, that of helium 4, and that of neon 20, so that the following curious chemical equation represents the affects of the transmutation in the tube, in the last experiment:

Helium (4) + oxygen (16) = neon (20).

Two lighter elements are apparently combined to form one heavier than either, but the sum of the atomic weights of the two constituents equals the atomic weight of the product of their combination.

Sir William Ramsay has gone yet farther, and has produced, as he believes, argon from sulphur and krypton from selenium. Now the atomic weight of sulphur is thirty-two and that of argon nearly forty. The weight of selenium is seventy-nine, and that of krypton nearly eighty-two. So in these cases, also, heavier substances are formed from lighter ones.

The result of these experiments is so revolutionary that some chemists have disputed their accuracy, but Ramsay has recently repeated and extended them with the utmost precaution against error, and he declines to alter his conclusions, while Messrs. Collie and Patterson, as already said, have independently corroborated them.

## "A Fashionable Failing"

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER.

Many of us remember the answer of the small boy, who when his Sunday school teacher asked him, "What is a lie?" replied:

"A lie is an abomination in the eyes of the Lord and a very present help in trouble."

The fact that it is supposed to be an abomination in the eyes of the Lord does not help people from using it as "a present help in trouble." Lying is a fashionable failing.

Of course, we do not always call the thing we do "lying." That is too ugly a word for us to use comfortably. We give the habit various titles which are more or less euphonious, such as "harmless prevarication," "fibbing," "white lie," "evasion," "whipping the devil around the stump," etc. Call it what we will, it is only the same old habit in a differing guise. We do not appreciate how common it is until we pause to analyze or watch our own conversation and see how often we make remarks that are not entirely truthful.

I do not advocate the speaking of unnecessary truths—the telling without reason facts that should not be told. Only a fool or a heartless person will be guilty of this unkindness. But why must we lie about things that really do not matter? Why pretend to have read the book which we have seen enough reviews to enable us to talk of it intelligently? Why pretend to have another engagement when our friend asks us to go to a lecture on anthropology?

Would one lose respect in the eyes of the questioner if one said frankly, "No, I have not read the book, although I have seen many reviews of it," or, "Thank you for asking me, but really, while I appreciate your kindness, I am not keenly interested in anthropology?" It would be a very undesirable friend who would care the less for one because of such frank declaration of facts. Consider for a moment if you would dislike or be displeased with the man or woman who spoke thus frankly to you instead of insulting your intelligence by telling you a lie.

One of the great disadvantages about lying is that it makes one doubt others. "Higher than himself can no man think," and when one is in the habit of distorting the truth or making false statements, one is pretty sure to suspect that those with whom one associates have the same propensity. The remark, "I have another engagement," will be construed by "I do not want to accept your invitation." So, after all, what has he gotten one? One might as well tell the truth and be done with it.

We hear the social lie justified, but it is not necessary to make use of it as often as we think. Why tell the caller that you are delighted to see her when you really dislike her and are bored by

her presence? As she is your guest, you must throw the mantle of hospitality over her and treat her politely and pleasantly. But for the sake of your own self-respect, omit the "I am so glad to see you!" For you are not!

Perhaps one of the most insidious temptations along the line of falsehood is to elaborate an account of some happening and thus make it interesting. One has an annoying little experience and, by adding a bit to it, this story of it will produce upon the persons who hear it much more impression than would the commonplace facts. Then why say that one waited twenty minutes at one counter for her change when one really waited but ten? It seemed like twenty?

"Well, it ought to have happened the way I told it, anyhow!" exclaimed a raconteur who was called to account for exaggerating a certain incident. "My theory is to make a good story better, if possible. Why let a little matter like the truth stand in the way of a good story?"

The listeners laughed, but it is to be doubted if any one of them will hereafter quite believe what this person says. "My brother-in-law told me that," said a woman to her husband.

"Did he? Well it may possibly be true, nevertheless," was the rejoinder.

"I know one man who has a way of making the most interesting statements imaginable, and he does so with a circumstantially that speaks wonders for his powers of imagination. I find him distinctly interesting, but when I am not with him, and think over what he has told me, I am dashed by the remembrance that one cannot place the least confidence in his word. I would be afraid to quote him for fear that the person who heard him do so would consider me a liar. Yet my informant gives his alleged facts as 'rosy truth' and, to quote the saying of the day, often 'gets away with them.'"

Last winter I listened with genuine interest to a man who was telling some of us how he had gone into an insane asylum to study conditions there. Nobody knew, he said, that he was not committed because of unsound mind. He told us of things that made our blood run cold, of sights and sounds that were like the horrors one sees and hears in delirium. None of us doubted one of his assertions. Yet a week later, when I told two of his friends of the keen interest his description had aroused in me, and my guests the pair laughed uproariously.

"Why," they said, "that was only one of Bill's yarns! No, there was not a word of truth in the whole thing. He just made the story up as he went along. He is a born sensationalist and he dearly loves to produce a sensation at any and all times."

He had produced upon me various kinds of sensations. One was the conviction that he had abused my hospitality and the other was that I would not trust such a man on oath.

## Battle of the Nations

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

The "battle of the Nations," as the great contest at Leipzig is often called, took place just one hundred years ago, October 18, 1813.

It is well called the battle of the nations, for in it were represented nearly every European country, and the issues there decided, directly or indirectly, upon the whole world.

Even as a battle, Leipzig was a stupendous affair, outnumbering nearly other battle of modern times. Napoleon had 100,000 men, who were opposed by the allied forces of Austria, Russia and Prussia, 260,000 strong. Greatly outnumbered as he was, however, Napoleon's genius brought him very near to victory; and but for the fact that seventeen battalions of his Haxo allies turned upon him in the very heat of the conflict, he would have won

the day, notwithstanding the great odds against him.

As it turned out, Leipzig was a crushing defeat for the Man of Destiny. He lost 40,000 in killed, wounded and prisoners, sixty-five pieces of artillery and many standards; and, worst of all, he had to give up Leipzig, which, from the strategic standpoint, meant so much to him.

The results of the battle were far-reaching and decisive. It meant the beginning of the end of Napoleon's rule in Europe. The first abdication really dates from the fatal day of Leipzig. Leipzig meant Elba. From the blow that day received Napoleon never recovered.

And Leipzig meant a free Germany. At Leipzig Jena and Auerstadt were more than evened up. It is no wonder that today all Germany is aflame with enthusiasm, wild with joy, as it celebrates the one hundredth anniversary of the battle. Germany cannot celebrate too heartily, for all that the empire is today it owes to the victory of Leipzig—and, let it not be forgotten, to the bulldog tenacity, lion-like courage and incorruptible patriotism of the rough but grand old war-dog, Blucher.

## Married Women Teachers

By WINNIFRED BLACK.

So Mrs. Bridget Peiskotto isn't fit to teach your children and our children any more, gentlemen of the New York Board of Education, because she had the impertinence to become a mother herself?

She was all right when she didn't know a thing about children except what she had learned in the school, but now that she has a child of her own, to the outer regions with her at once and forever!

What a singular point of view! Where on earth did you get it, gentlemen of the board—from the man who always says "Hain't she got no children of her own to tend to; why don't she stay to him and tend to it" whenever a woman dares to attend to her own business without asking some man about it?

What do you want in the public schools, anyhow, a lot of foolish girls or a number of perfectly good old maids?

If a woman is the sort of person who doesn't want children of her own, does that make her an ideal teacher, pray tell?

What is there about such a woman that makes you choose her to teach our children?

When you look for a nurse for your babies at home, whom do you pick out, Mr. Board of Education Man? A woman who wants children and who hopes to have some of her own some day, or one who doesn't care a cent about them as long as she gets so much a week and no questions asked?

Isn't the teacher I'm thinking of— isn't the teacher we should any of us think of in a case like this—it is the children.

The children are the ones to be considered, and I don't see how the fact that a woman has a perfectly good little boy or girl of her own at home could make her any less efficient as a teacher than she was before that little boy or that little girl came.

When you select a man teacher do you ask him how many children there are at home, and whether he takes an interest in them or not?

You ought to—the more children he has of his own the more likely he is to know and to care about other people's children.

"She'll be thinking of the baby at home," says one of the board, "instead of the children in the room where she teaches."

What's the difference between her thinking of the baby at home and wondering whether the baby is asleep or awake or thinking about "him" and wondering whether "he" is coming to call or not, and what dress she'd better wear to the party?

Too much to think of at home to attend properly to her school work.

Why, gentlemen, did you never notice that when you want to get a thing done you have to get the business person you know to do it?

The idle woman has nothing but malice on her mind, is always too rushed to do a thing but go shopping.

When you want a job well done, whom do you get to do it? The busy man or the idler?

Which is the one who will do your work and his own, too, and do them both well? Human nature is human nature, just the same in a woman as it is in a man.

The type of a woman who falls happily in love and marries and has children, is the very sort of woman I'd pick out to teach my little boy how to read and to tell my little girl where Lake Michigan is and who settled Alaska.

Not because she might know any more about reading or Lake Michigan or Alaska than the other kind, but because she's apt to know just as much about these thrilling subjects as the silliest girl in the "normal," and, besides that, she'll know a lot about children that the other sort of woman would never know if she joined every child study class in the world.

Married women taking bread out of single women's mouths—what has that to do with the question?

A woman is a human being first and a woman afterward, and 'way along after that she's either married or single.

When she goes to teaching in our public schools, the one thing and the only thing that should interest those who pay her salary is, What sort of a teacher are you?

If she's a good teacher that ought to settle the question once and for all.

Is she energetic, faithful, reliable, competent—that's all that concerns any one but her immediate circle of friends.

Who wants to know whether the school superintendent is a widower or a bachelor, when his name comes up for election?

What's his record; what will he do for our children? That's the important thing.

What do you want to do, start a system of secret marriages in the schools? Get teachers nobody wants for wives, find women to teach our children who wouldn't know what to do with a baby to save their lives?

The world moves, gentlemen of the Board of Education—it moves. Why don't you make up your minds to move with it?