

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

We Must Send Them Out to Play

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

(Copyright, 1913, by American-Journal-Examiner.)
 Now much there is need of doing must not be done in haste;
 But slowly and with patience, as a jungle is changed to a town.
 But listen, my brothers, listen; it is not always so.
 When a murderer's hand is lifted to kill there is no time to waste;
 And the way to change his purpose is first to knock him down
 And teach him the law of kindness after you give him the blow.

The acorn you plant in the morning will not give shade at noon;
 And the thornless cactus must be bred by year on year of toll.
 But listen, my brothers, listen; it is not ever the way.
 For the roots of the poison ivy plant you cannot pull too soon;
 If you would better your garden and make the most of your soil,
 Hurry and dig up the evil things and cast them out today.

The ancient sin of the nations no law can ever efface;
 We must wait for the mothers of men to grow, and give clean souls to
 their sons.
 But listen, my brothers, listen—when a child cries out in pain,
 We must rise from the banquet board and go, though the host is saying
 grace;
 We must rise and find the Herod of Greed, who is killing our little ones,
 Nor ever go back to the banquet until the monster is slain.

The strong man waits for justice, with lifted soul and eyes,
 As a sturdy oak will face the storm, and does not break or bow.
 But listen, my brothers, listen; the child is a child for a day;
 If a merciless foot treads down each shoot, how can the forest rise?
 We are robbing the race when we rob a child; we must rescue the
 children now;
 We must rescue the little slaves of Greed and send them out to play.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Warns Unhappy Wives of the Dangers that Surround an "Affinity" Affair

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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 A married woman became infatuated with a man who was not her husband. She wrote this man a letter every day.
 Wild, reckless, impassioned, imprudent letters, which the judge refused to allow read in court.
 She believed her lover would give her letters like precious gems, and that he would in every way protect her name.
 The husband naturally, in time, learned of the relations existing between his wife and the other man.
 He began proceedings for a divorce.
 So soon as the lawyer learned of this he went to the husband and asked for a private interview.
 Then he informed the injured man that he had a package of letters in his possession which would make it an easy matter for the divorce to be gained.
 The price he demanded for the letters was the husband's promise to obtain the divorce quietly and make no mention of the co-respondent's name.
 And this was the home for whom a wife had sacrificed her honor and her good name, and her self-respect.
 What humiliation of spirit, what self-contempt, what shame she must have experienced when the miserable story came to her knowledge.
 When the husband obtained his divorce, the lover was not waiting outside her door to sanctify the relation by marriage.
 He was hurrying to distant scenes to avoid any unpleasant notoriety.
 He was one of many men who are ever ready to enjoy the position of a lover to a married woman, but are not at all eager to make the woman a wife after she is freed.
 That type of man feels it a certain kind of honor to be known as a paramour of a married woman; but he regards it a dishonor to be that woman's husband when she is liberated, and at his command.
 Yet in spite of the fact that such cases are to be seen in the world all about us, other women take no warning, and rush into similar compromising situations, blindly believing the affinity will be eager and glad to claim her as his own, once she is free.
 When a wife, however neglected and mistreated she may be, begins to confide her trouble to another man, and to seek for his sympathy, it will be well for her if she turns over the files of old newspapers and reads some of the divorce trials which are occurring and recurring every year.
 It will be well for her if she sits alone in her room and recalls some of the cases



she has personally known, and seeks vainly to find shining examples of brave and loyal lovers who have stood boldly by their scandalized mistresses and protected them with fine honor to the very altar.
 And if she finds such examples, she would do well to follow them through the years after the marriage, and see how many have brought the woman happiness in her new relations.
 There is something about a woman who has proven false to her marriage vows and who has compromised herself with another man which seems to lessen her value even in the eyes of the man who has led her into folly; and it is seldom that peace or happiness ever accompanies the two across the threshold of a new life.
 Men are quick to boast of the favors of married women.
 But they do not prize them.

John Hampden

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY

The trial of John Hampden before the Court of Exchequer 27 years ago, June 12, 1637, will always remain a red letter date in the history of human liberty.

King Charles I, in his attempt to strangle the freedom of the people, was moving heaven and earth in the effort to raise money. He resorted to every possible shift to put money in his purse, and among other things he thought of the "ship money" dodge. Away back yonder in the ancient time taxes had been exacted of the people for the support of the fleet in time of great national peril; and although there was now no national peril, and no custom of paying "ship money," Charles revived the old demand and proceeded to collect his "ship money."

But everywhere he met with the most determined opposition, the most stalwart of the kickers being John Hampden, the rock-ribbed patriot and bosom friend of Sir John Elliot, the Washington of the great English struggle for freedom. Of course it was a great crime to resist the will of the king, and Hampden, being the leader, as it were, in the resistance, was brought to trial. It was really the trial of the people of England, or, rather, of the question, "Have the people of England any rights as against the king and his henchmen in church and state?"—and the excitement all over the country was intense.

As might have been expected the hiring court decided that the king could do no wrong, that his "divinely guided" will was supreme, and that Hampden, in refusing to obey his majesty, was guilty of high treason. Let it be remembered, however, that even in the Court of Exchequer there were men brave enough and true enough to prefer right to the king's favor, and that while seven of the judges voted against Hampden, five of them cast their ballots in his favor.

The trial made Hampden the most popular man in England and stiffened the backbone of the nation in its struggle against the would-be destroyer of the popular liberties, with the final result that the king lost and Hampden won. In the battle-clash between the plain human rights of the people and the "divine rights" of the king, Hampden died gloriously upon the battlefield fighting for humanity against kingscraft, and while men love liberty and justice his name will never perish from the earth.

Beauty Secrets of Beautiful Women

Deep Breathing Lessons from Miss Zoe Barnett.

By LILLIAN LAUFERTY.
 Most of us realize what a wonderful illumination for the face is afforded by a beautiful pair of eyes. And yet, either because we are lazy or have a touching faith in Providence, we do absolutely nothing to conserve and preserve the health of these hard-working members of our bodily organization.
 But I have found a little girl who seems to feel that she owes something to these good friends who do so much for her. "There is nothing more beautiful than beautiful eyes—and the prettier they are the harder they have to work," said little Mollie King, of the Winter Garden "Passing Show of 1912."

One naturally says "Little Mollie," because the simple little white shirtwaist and white felt hat so earnestly bespeak youth in the flush of her beginning career, and Mollie King's whole eager manner and girlish desire to please make "little and young" come trooping to your mind when describing this clever girl.
 "Now, all the while I am doing my Anna Held imitation my eyes are under a strain. Those muscles get just as tired as any hard-working muscles in the body would, and so I keep them in training. But even if you are not "using" your eyes in the way I have to, they are working all the time. So I feel sure it would be wise for other girls to follow my treatment.
 "Every morning I give my eyes a cold water massage, and this is the recipe for the new kind of massage: Cup your palm and fill it with cold water again and again, and dash the water briskly at your eyes. About thirty times for each eye is my treatment, and they do feel so fine and active with the blood coursing through them.
 "When my eyes are very tired I bathe them first with hot and then with cold water. This treatment I go about gently and it rests eyes and nerves too and brings color to the cheeks at the same time. Every night and whenever I come in from any outdoor excursion that has been very dusty I bathe my eyes with a weak solution of boracic acid. Sometimes I wipe them out with a bit of soft cloth and sometimes I apply the boracic acid solution in an eye cup and hold it against the eye ball for a nice, long, restful time.

"Then I have just one beauty secret for my eyebrows," went on Miss Mollie with a regular little-girl-dressed-up-like-a-lady air of secrecy. "I have the cutest little brush for my eyebrows. It is just like a baby's tooth brush, if there are such things. And with that I patiently brush my eyebrows in just the shape I want them to go. I like the little half circles, but you could train your eyebrows into crescents or any set of curve you felt was most becoming."

"And how about your mind and body and disposition? I feel sure you must have more 'beauty secrets' to help you attain success so early in life," said I.
 "Let's see," meditated Miss Mollie. "I think to be simple, and have a sweet manner and not to get a 'swelled head' are the best things for a girl to remember. You know any young girl who wants to get ahead in the world has to know she can't mix work and play—but has to keep up with the procession. You must begrudge others their success—but must really win your own for yourself—and not make any enemies on your way to glory. Everyone has a chance, you know—and other people getting ahead does not keep you from getting there too."

"And then if girls would get the athletic habit, I am sure they would not have to worry about getting thin. Tennis and swimming and dancing for the summer and plenty of ice skating in the winter will keep your flesh down and your cheeks arlow—and athletics help the other eye treatment too. You know beautiful eyes are my dream of loveliness, and outdoor exercise to keep the system in trim and the blood racing along in a healthy stream will brighten those healthy eyes I have told you how to acquire."

And Mollie King's advice certainly sounds as if it were worth following—doesn't it?
 "Suppose, then, that an object is so small that it cannot reflect the violet waves, but can reflect the smaller ultraviolet ones. It is only necessary to make a photograph of it, whereupon the ultraviolet waves that it reflects will produce a chemical change in the sensitive surface of the photographic plate or film and impress on image there, which image may be magnified at will. This is the principle of the "ultra-violet microscope."
 There is another way in which man has recently extended his range of vision indirectly, deep into the secrets of the infinitely minute. It has been done by the aid of what is called the "ultra-microscope." This depends for its action upon the fact that a minute object produces a scattering of the rays of light that fall upon it. It surrounds itself with a kind of aureole, as may be noticed when a beam of sunlight enters a dusty room, causing millions of previously invisible floating particles to glow like infinitesimal stars.
 Suppose that an object of this kind, too small to be seen by direct microscope examination, yet large enough to reflect the light waves that lie within our range, is placed under powerful lenses, in a beam of light so arranged that it does not pour directly into the eye of the observer. It will scatter about itself enough light not only to betray its presence but even in some cases to reveal its shape.
 But doubtless we have only just begun to find out the power of the mind by its inventions to extend the range of our senses.
 Photography is able to do this because the sensitive plate or film is affected by



Miss Zoe Barnett.

Mysteries of Science and Nature

With the Aid of Photography and the Ultra-Violet, Man's Power of Vision is Beginning to Rival That of the Insects.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Man is beginning to add to his senses. If he has not discovered new ones, he has extended the range of some of those which he already possesses. When this process has been continued for a few hundred, or a few thousand, years, the human race may find that it has got upon a new level, from which it can penetrate much farther and much deeper in the wonders of the universe.

Among other things, man is beginning, under the guidance of science, to see in a roundabout way, with the eyes of insects.
 To understand this, let us first consider how we see with our natural power of vision.
 Our range of sight is strictly confined within the limits of waves of light, varying in length from about one 30,000th to about one 67,000th of an inch. The longest of these waves produces in our brains the impression of red, and the shortest the impression of violet. The other principal colors, orange, yellow, green, blue and indigo, are produced by intermediate wave-lengths, each color having its own characteristic waves.
 If an object reflects light of only one of these colors it assumes the hue of that color; if it reflects them all equally, it

appears white, because a combination of the primary colors produces the impression of white.
 But there are, in reality, enormous numbers of light waves which are longer than the longest that affect our sense of vision, and also enormous numbers that are shorter than the shortest that we can see. In either case these waves, which lie beyond one end or the other of what is called the "visible spectrum" of light, are, except for scientific devices, totally insensible to us.
 Now, it has been found that certain insects, particularly ants, can perceive light waves that are shorter than one 67,000th of an inch, which is the lower limit for human eyes.

In other words, the ant can "see" a color that lies outside the violet. If the ant has a name for this "ultra-violet" color we are not likely to find it out.
 More that that, the ant (if it possesses microscopic powers) may be able to see objects that are so minute that a "40,000-600,000-power" microscope would be unable to reveal them to us, because they are smaller than the smallest light wave that lies within our range. An object so small as that would be unable to reflect perfectly a wave of violet light, and consequently no amount of direct magnification would be able to bring it clearly within the limits of sight for us.

But right here the magic power of photography comes to our aid and enables us to penetrate into this world of the infinitely minute, which the insects may be supposed to have regarded as their exclusive and inviolable domain.
 Photography is able to do this because the sensitive plate or film is affected by

those same ultra-violet waves that the ant perceives.

Suppose, then, that an object is so small that it cannot reflect the violet waves, but can reflect the smaller ultraviolet ones. It is only necessary to make a photograph of it, whereupon the ultraviolet waves that it reflects will produce a chemical change in the sensitive surface of the photographic plate or film and impress on image there, which image may be magnified at will. This is the principle of the "ultra-violet microscope."

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 Suppose that an object of this kind, too small to be seen by direct microscope examination, yet large enough to reflect the light waves that lie within our range, is placed under powerful lenses, in a beam of light so arranged that it does not pour directly into the eye of the observer. It will scatter about itself enough light not only to betray its presence but even in some cases to reveal its shape.
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Ten Commandments of the Summer Young Man

By DOROTHY DIX



TAKE NOT THE KISS THOU MIGHTEST.

When the sun waxes hot, and the straw hat bloometh in the street, take heed of thy footsteps, oh, my son, for the summer vacation season is the time wherein thy guardian angel shutteth up shop and knocketh off business as he saith, "Oh, what's the use?"
 1. Forget not that danger lurketh for thee at every turn, for the summer season putteth that in a man's heart which taketh away his reason, and maketh him call the fool killer and say, "Lo, come and get me, for I am thy goat."

2. When thou goest to Coney Island take with thee thy mother, or thy maiden aunt; so shalt she dry the tears of the young woman who hath lost her carriage and weepeth because she lacketh the price of the ride home. Thus shalt thou be saved great trouble and tribulation, for, behold, there is more protection in the presence of a female relative than in virtue.
 3. Rejoice greatly, oh, my son, as thou goest forth on thy vacation clad in glad raiment, and with money in thy purse, but forget not that thou shalt come home with thy pocketbook flat as though elephants had trodden upon it, and thy shirt held together by safety pins. For, lo! thou shalt be despoiled by the daughters of the summer resort, who shall leave thee not so much as one stick pin, or one cuff link wherewith to adorn thyself.

4. Close thine ears to the hint of the maiden who complaineth of her feet when she seeth the chariot that runneth without horse, yea, that runneth with gasoline, and be thou deaf as the adder to her who discourseth about the lobster, for verily I say unto thee that

these be lady wolves in sheep's clothing, who shall devour thee and thy substance.

5. Beware the roof garden unless thou hast many shekels in thy pocket, for behold, the price of beer soareth even as does a skyscraper, and the maidens thou meetest thereon have a great and exceeding thirst that many drinks do not quench.

6. Boast not thyself of thy yacht when all that thou hast is a yachting cap and rubber-soled shoes, for assuredly one shall come from thine own home town and proclaim that the only craft thou wast ever close to was schooner of lager.

7. When thou bleest thyself to a summer resort, and the musicians pipe for the dance, do thou turkey trot with the homely maidens that paper the wall, for among them assuredly is the daughter of him who owneth the cattle upon a thousand hills, yea, Standard Oil stock, and who will gladly give a chromo to him who marryeth his daughter.

8. Remember, oh, my son, that the summer season is the season wherein all women are even heart and that she that is clothed in a white muslin is beautiful, though she were as ugly as a mud fence (dabbed with tadpoles; therefore, go thou warily among the skirts, for verily thy danger is great.

9. When thou stteth on the sands in the moonlight, or floateth in a boat under the trees keep thy tongue between thy teeth and refrain thy lips from repeating poetry; yea, take not the bait that thou mightest, lest the winter season find thee defending a breach of promise.

10. When thou seest a woman who escapeth without trouble, Selah!

GO WARILY AMONG THE SKIRTS.



THOU SHALT BE DESPOILED.

The Metal Workers

By ELBERT HUBBARD

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II.

Soon after the British Parliament passed a law forbidding the cutting down of trees for fuel, Sir Walter Raleigh's expedition—in 1582—discovered iron in this country, and in 1608

a cargo of ore was shipped from Virginia to England and successfully smelted. In 1664, the first iron-works was erected near Lynn, Mass.

In 1740, Huntsman introduced the crucible process, and various mechanical devices were patented about that time, which materially stimulated the steel industry.

In 1588, the invention of J. B. Neilson—the introduction of a heated blast—caused a tremendous increase in output. This improvement was accompanied by Nasmyth's steam hammer, and in 1866 Bessemer gave to the world a process that was astonishing and remarkable. The discovery of the Bessemer process made it possible to produce steel at such low cost as to extend its use widely, and did much to supersede wrought iron in structural work.

Bessemer steel is now almost universally used for steel rails. The open-hearth system of Martin and Thomas, with the regenerative gas furnace of Siemens, supplies steel that is used in enormous quantities for all purposes.

Lately science has again prevailed, and in the products of White and Taylor and Robert Hadfield we have steel that combines great malleableness with great hardness—a hardness that retains its cutting power even when at red heat.

And so we go marching on. From the savage who in wonder raked from the

ashes of his fire a crude ball of molten mineral and slag, with which he formed a weapon of defense, to the safety razor and the automobile of the twentieth century citizen, metal is supreme.

Steel is made by combining a certain proportion of carbon with iron.

The process determines its value and variety.

The most important of these processes are: cementation, Bessemer and open hearth.

The first system consists in placing bars of wrought iron between layers of charcoal in firebrick-lined retorts. Yellow heat is applied for a certain period until the required grade of steel is obtained by the additions of the necessary carbon.

This is the steel from which edged tools are made.

The Bessemer process is directly opposite in principle to the cementation process. The Bessemer burns the carbon out of the cast iron.

This is done in an egg shaped furnace known as a converter, lined with firebrick, and capable of being tilted. At the bottom, a number of tuyeres or nozzles conduct the air from a powerful blowing machine through the molten metal. This burns out the carbon and carbon, and after the alloy has been added as thoroughly mixed the metal is poured into ladles, and thence to casting molds.

The ingots are reheated and rolled into the forms desired for use.

In the openhearth system, steel is made from a mixture of pig iron and scrap iron or steel, which is melted by direct contact with the flames in a regenerative gas furnace.

To follow these different processes—to see the ore-cold, dead stones—transformed into things of utility and beauty is a revelation and an education. We realize that the Bessemer range and your wire fence are associated by applied ideas. Steel is everywhere.

We talk of the tone of our piano, we boast of the wonderful speed, endurance and economy of our autos.

We speak of cheap and rapid transportation; of our spring beds, our easy chairs; but do we ever associate these things with the men in the mill? I hope so.

Housework Dredgery!

Housework is dredgery for the weak woman. She brushes, dusts and scrubs, so to her feet all day attending to the many details of the household, her back aching, her temples throbbing, nerves quivering under the stress of pain, possibly dizzy feelings. Sometimes rest in bed is not refreshing, because the poor tired nerves do not permit of refreshing sleep. The real need of weak, nervous women is satisfied by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and so Mrs. Briggs and others testify:

It Makes Weak Women Strong and Sick Women Well.

This "Prescription" removes the cause of women's weaknesses, heals inflammation and stops it. It tranquillizes the nerves, encourages the appetite and induces healthy sleep.

Dr. Pierce is perfectly willing to let every one know what his "Favorite Prescription" contains, a complete list of ingredients on the bottle-wrapper. Do not let any druggist persuade you that his unknown composition is "just as good" in order that he may make a bigger profit.

Mrs. BRADLEY BRIGGS, of 535 N. Washington St., Delphos, Ohio, writes: "Having taken your 'Favorite Prescription' for a bad case of indigestion, nervousness and constipation, and for which I was almost unable to do anything, I think I am safe in saying that there are no remedies in the world like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Purifying Lotion Tablets.' I am now enjoying the best of health, and thank Dr. Pierce for his wonderful medicines which have done me so much good."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate liver and bowels.

Youthful, Wrinkleless Skin Easy to Have

(Hilberta Reid in Woman's Tribune.)
 You who desire to retain a youthful appearance will do well to make the acquaintance of the two simple, but valuable, prescriptions here given.
 To make an effective wrinkle-remover, mix an ounce of powdered exfoliate and a half-pint witch hazel. Bathe the face in the solution—immediately every wrinkle is effaced. It acts wonderfully on aging facial muscles, also, the lotion possessing remarkable astringent and tonic properties.
 To get rid of an "aged" faded, freckled or discolored complexion, buy an ounce of common mercurized wax at any drug store and apply nightly as you would cold cream, massaging this morning with soap and water. This will slowly absorb the undesirable surface acids, revealing the younger, brighter, healthier skin underneath. I know of nothing to equal this treatment as a facial rejuvenator—advertisement.