

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

"Too Busy"

Do You Think Some Day Love May Send in His Card and Find WOMAN "Too Busy!"

By Nell Brinkley

Copyright, 1914, Intern'l News Service.

Grief and Responsibility

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

To stand by the open grave of one you love and feel the sky shut down over less worth in the world, is the supreme test. There and then you prove your worth, if ever.

You must live and face the day, and each succeeding day, realizing that the moving finger writes, and having writ moves on, nor all your tears shall blot a line of it.

Heroes are born, but it is calamity that discovers them. Once in western Kansas in the early eighties, I saw a loaded four-horse wagon skid and topple in going across a gully.

The driver sprang from his seat and tried to hold the wagon upright. The horse swung down the ditch instead of going straight across it, and the overturning wagon caught the man and pinned him to the ground. Half a dozen of us sprang from our horses.

After much effort the tangled animals were unhitched and the wagon righted. But the man was dead.

In the wagon were his wife and six children, the oldest a boy of 15 years. All were safely caught in the canvas top and escaped unhurt. We camped there—not knowing what else to do. We straightened the mangled form of the dead, and covered the body with a blanket.

That night the mother and the oldest boy sat by the campfire and watched the long night away with their dead. The stars marched in solemn procession across the sky. The stars crawling night passed. The first faint flush of dawn appeared in the east.

I lay near the campfire, my head pillowed on a saddle, and heard the widowed mother and her boy talking in low but earnest tones.

"We must go back—we must go back to Illinois. It is the only thing to do," I heard the mother moan.

And the boy answered, "Mother, listen to what I say: we will go on—we will go on. We know where father was going to take us—we know what he was going to do. We will go on, and we will do what he intended to do, and if possible, we will do it better. We will go on."

The first burst of pink in the east had turned to gold. Great streaks of light stretched from horizon to horizon, after the fashion of the Indians. Lines were taken from the horses' grain, across the plain a quarter of a mile away.

The boy of 15 years arose and put fuel on the fire. After breakfast I saw that boy get a spade, a shovel and a pick out of the wagon. With help of others a grave was dug there on the prairie.

The dead was rolled in a blanket that was tied about with ropes, after the fashion of the Indians. Lines were taken from the horses' grain, across the plain a quarter of a mile away.

I saw the boy put down the mound with the back of the spade.

I saw him crawl with awkward, boyish hands the initials of his father, the date of his birth and the day of his death.

I saw him drive the slab down at the head of the grave.

I saw him harness the four horses and help his little brothers and sisters into the canvas-covered wagon.

I saw him help his mother climb the wheel as she took her place on the seat. I saw him spring up beside her.

I saw him gather up the lines in his brown, slim hands, and swing the whip over the leaders as he gave the shrill word of command and turned the horses to the west.

And the cavalcade moved forward to the west—always to the west.

The boy had met calamity and disaster. He had not flinched.

"In a single day he had left boyhood behind and become a man. And the years that followed proved him genuine."

What was it worked the change? Grief and responsibility, nobly met.



MISS. 1914.

REAL ESTATE
DR. OF MEDICINE
LAWYER
ARCHITECT
BROWER
POLITICIAN
SCIENTIST
CONSULTING ENGINEER
EDITOR
VOTER.

The girl—the girl—in this stunning age of "Hello!" clear across the continent and "How-d-y-do?" across the gray waters from Germany to the Jersey coast on the wings of electricity, of "movies" and radium, and the humming dragon-flies above our heads that men are riding in the clear, high shell of the sky, the girl is an amazing young creature. Let me tell you. She's up to her neck, all under but her pretty head, in a heap of the business of the world. Her pretty fingers are dabbled in everything that a man can do—and the fingers are agile and skilled, too, my friend. And the big thing and the wonder thing is how she keeps the soft kitten femininity of her while she sells real estate or wins her case in the court room. And still she rides to knee with her

old friend Love. Still she powders her sassy nose and looks at the world with the look in her eyes that whispers, "I am a woman and desirable" from behind the tender-hued veil of romance! But some little times the eyes are absent-minded about sentiment—there is no thought or sighing in them of "Ah, me, who shall marry me?" because the head behind them is full of ideas, full of problems and a whirl of effort, dreaming of success, threshing out plans, milling about in the businesses of the world, in the fashion that man's head has had a monopoly on for so long. Yet still she's mighty sweet, and still will she run away for a stroll with Love in the moonlight. But do you think it will be that some day Love may send in his card to this great-brained Miss and have her turn with an unlighted eye from her books and her bottles,

her dynamo and her retorts and test tubes—have her turn with the heart in her breast just a cold lump and the light in her eye as cold and homeless-looking as the weird green inside of a drug store at 2 in the morning, and say, "Tell Errol I'm too busy—can't go to lunch or do business with him now or any other time—altogether too busy with the world's work—shoulder to shoulder with man!"

My word, that'll be a grievous day! But let me whisper you something—the owl on the back of the chair of this broker-lawyer-architect—Miss shuts one eye long and tight! For he thinks it will never be. Not so long as a trickle of Eve's blood runs in the veins of girlhood, so long as there is a kinkle of Eve's hair in hers or a single wood-dove note of the first woman's voice in her throat! NELL BRINKLEY.

THE PROFESSOR'S MYSTERY

by WELLS HASTINGS AND BRIAN HOOKER
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HANSON BOOTH
COPYRIGHT 1911 BY THE HOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Professor Crosby, waiting at a suburban station for a trolley, was to take him into Boston, where he has a social engagement, encounters Miss Tabor, whom he had met the previous winter at a social party. They compare notes and find they are bound for the same place, and waiting for the same car. While waiting they talk of themselves, in a casual way, and Crosby imagines he has touched on something closely personal to Miss Tabor. They start on the trolley journey, and the car is overtaken. When Crosby recovers consciousness, he finds himself unhurt, but with a fair, strange girl in his arms. The motorman sees the conductor leave Crosby and Miss Tabor in charge, and they set about to restore the girl to consciousness. When she recovered she seemed rather annoyed at the conditions. Crosby finds his pockets have been emptied, but recovers everything. Miss Tabor finds all her articles but a fine gold chain she wore around her neck. Crosby finds this, but on it hangs a wedding ring. The girl suggests they leave her, but she insists on seeing her safely to her home. Arrived at the Tabor home, Crosby is given a fulsome welcome by Mrs. Tabor, and a somewhat mixed reception by Mr. Tabor. They insist on her remaining over night, and he retires. Before he falls to sleep he hears voices in the hall near his door, and rising hurriedly finds he is locked in the room.

CHAPTER 1.

An Alarm in the Night.

(Continued.)

I sat down on the bed and tried to gather my common sense. I remembered perfectly having left the door unlocked and the key in its place within. By what conceivable design or accident had I been made a prisoner? The melodramatic suggestions born of the hour and my excited fancy were simply absurd in such a place. I was in a Connecticut suburb, a home of lawn parties and electric lights, and

FRECKLES

Don't Hide Them With a Veil, Remove Them With the Othine Prescription

This prescription for the removal of freckles was written by a prominent physician and is usually so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold by the Heaton Drug Co., or any druggist under guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't hide your freckles under a veil; get an ounce of Othine and remove them. Given the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely. Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength Othine; it is this that is sold on the money-back guarantee. Advertisement.

this was the twentieth century, yet I could find no explanation more reasonable. Fire was by this time out of the question; and an accident or practical joke would have been evident by now. Meanwhile, the muffled turmoil of the house continued. A man's voice and a woman's broke into inarticulate altercation, and presently I thought I heard a cry and a sound like the falling of something soft and heavy. I sprang to the door again and shook it with all my strength, but it was so solidly fitted that it did not even rattle. Then some one ran softly downstairs; the front door banged sharply; and, looking out, I saw the figure of a man, his shoulders raised and his elbows bent with haste, run swiftly across the bar of light that streamed from my window and disappear in the dark. Could he have broken into the house, locking the bedrooms against interruption, and fled upon being discovered? I was opening my window to shout for help when I was arrested by a voice that there was no mistake.

"What will he think of us?" she wailed.

"An angry whisper followed, and of the rest I could distinguish only the tone. The whisper grew more volubly urgent, while her replies hesitated. At last she came quietly down the hall and knocked at my door.

"Mr. Crosby—are you awake?"

"I should think so," I answered. "What has happened? I'm locked in."

"Tell me what's the matter! Will you come downstairs as soon as you can, very quietly?"

"Certainly. Half a minute. What's the matter?"

"Nothing," she said. "Hurry! The key turned in the lock and she was gone. I dressed with a haste that made my fingers clumsy, and ran downstairs. The bustle in the house had quieted into an irregular murmur.

Miss Tabor was waiting for me in the hall below. The lights were not on, and I could see only that she was wrapped in something long and dark, her hair gathered into a loose knot above her head. Perhaps only the dim light made me imagine traces of tears.

"Thank you for being so ready," she began in a quick undertone. "Now, listen, you must—"

"Tell me what's the trouble," I broke in. "Is it burglary, or is somebody taken suddenly ill?"

"There isn't any trouble," she repeated. "You must believe that, and you must do as I tell you. I'm terribly sorry, but it's impossible for you to remain here any longer. You must go away—now, at once, and without knowing or asking anything. Of course there's a good reason, and of course you can be trusted not to talk or inquire. That's all. It's perfectly simple; there's nothing really surprising.

Reduce the Cost of Radium

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Radium in the market, if one can say that there is any market for so scarce and costly an article, is worth, weight for weight, about 150,000 times as much as gold. The price of a single gram of radium is set down at \$120,000. Gold is worth, say, \$20 an ounce.

But if radium can cure cancer, as many physicians are beginning to think that it can, its value in comparison with gold is infinite. It is, then, one of those things that should never be measured by the money standard. It is above and beyond price. No man has a moral right to withhold it from suffering humanity for the sake of making a profit. Yet there are men, and plenty of them, who would make a monopoly of the supply of radium if they could.

It is not certain that such a monopoly does not already exist. The processes of extracting radium from its ores that are practiced in Europe (where nearly all of the extraction has heretofore been performed) are secret.

When governments keep things secret

it is for the sake of getting an advantage over their neighbors; when individuals or commercial or industrial associations keep things secret it is in order to escape competition and make the public pay exorbitant prices for what might otherwise be had cheap.

It has been discovered that there are invaluable deposits of radium ore in the form of the minerals called carnotite and pitchblende, in the western parts of the United States.

Secretary Lane proposes that government lands containing these deposits be withheld from settlement in order to prevent private owners from exploiting them for the benefit of their pockets, without the slightest regard to the public good.

We all know perfectly well that there are thousands of men who would not hesitate an instant to seize upon all the radium deposits in the country and hold them for their own use, keeping the price at the highest possible notch, without the slightest compunction with regard to the sufferings of their fellow men. They belong to the type of merciless money-getters whose abhorrence is "the public be damned," and who are so well represented by smug factory owners whose profits depend largely upon child slavery.

Secretary Lane has been informed, doubtless by good medical authority, since what he says accords with what is generally known in Europe, that "one person in every ten more than 50 years of age suffers from cancer."

Put beside that statement this other, equally well authenticated, that the radium treatment offers the only really promising cure for cancer that has been discovered, outside of the surgeon's knife, and the importance of guarding our radium deposits against the invasion of greed becomes evident.

Not less evident is the significance of the fact that our government chemists have discovered a process of extracting radium that will be thoroughly tested and which will probably prove able to compete successfully with the secret processes employed in Europe, where, up to the present time, most American radium ore has been sent for treatment.

This new process, if it fulfills expectations, is to be freely given to the world. Monopolists may cry out as loudly as they like against so "unbusinesslike" a proceeding, but it will gladden the heart of many a surgeon who now regrets the impossibility of using radium because of its prohibitive cost. I happen to know such a surgeon connected with one of the oldest hospitals in France, who said to me recently:

"I think that radium can cure cancer. But I cannot use it because it costs \$3,000 a fraction of a gram, and perhaps a dozen such tubes would be needed for a successful application. The entire income of this hospital could not purchase such an outfit. There are only a few such hospitals in existence where it can

be found, and there, because of the enormous initial price of the radium, the cost of treatment is beyond the reach of any one except a millionaire.

Undoubtedly the extraction of radium is a very costly process at the best. But it is perfectly certain that the cost can be greatly reduced. It is also certain that this country is destined to be one of the greatest producers of radium in the world, for already in the year 1912 it put forth three-quarters of the entire product of the earth.

Matter in Four Forms

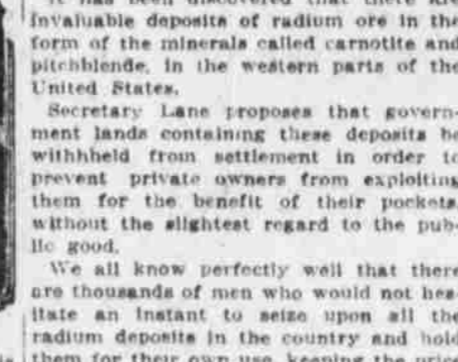
By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Q.—"I conclude that matter exists in four forms instead of three, as taught by physicists, viz.: Solids, liquids, gases and electrical, the electrical being the basic or primitive form."

A.—I fear that Mr. West is thirty-four years late. Crookes, in his vacuum tubes around 1886, tore matter by means of very high potential electrical disruptive discharges into particles so inconceivably minute that he called them in the ultra-gaseous, or fourth state.

In 1898 the modern materialists among minds proved these particles to be themselves electricity. Rutherford, Ramsay, Becquerel, Soddy, the Curies, Larmor, and others confirmed the mighty discovery. Then came Robert Andrews Millikan, University of Chicago, in 1911, and established every scientific man in the world by actually isolating and weighing one of these excessively minute entities.

This was at once conceded to be the greatest work of man since Newton's discovery how to use infinitesimals. These particles, if they could be forced to lie side by side in contact—impossible by man—then a row one inch long would contain 12,700,000,000,000. They are known to be pure electricity. They are called electrons, and nothing exists but electrons.



Ride Your Baby In Ease and Elegance

"THERE goes a Sidway!" You recognize it at once because of its exclusive beauty of design and workmanship.

Examine a Sidway! Test the gentle movement of the special extension springs, and you will know why it is the only baby carriage that can not jar or shock the baby's spine or bounce him into fidgety nervousness. Look at the classy auto hood, the extra high back, wide seat, long body, real rubber tires, fine, non-scratching Fabrikoid leather top (an exclusive Sidway feature).

Guaranteed from Top to Tires for 2 Years

The Carriage that Your Physician Will Recommend.

Sidway GUARANTEED

This Name on the Frame of Every Genuine Sidway Fold With One Motion

The tag attached to every Sidway contains the strongest guarantee ever given with a baby carriage. Any part that wears out or breaks within two years will be replaced, without any conditions whatever.

The special grade Fabrikoid Leather made exclusively for, and used exclusively on, the Sidway, is included in this guarantee, and in addition carries the guarantee of the Du Pont Fabrikoid Co., sole makers of Fabrikoid.

Yet the cost of a Sidway to you, is no higher than that of many other carriages which have not the splendid Sidway features, and are not guaranteed.

Made in various designs by the Sidway Mercantile Co., Elkhart, Ind.

See the Sidways at
HOME FURNITURE CO.
South Omaha, Neb.