

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Woman with the Secret Eyes

By WINIFRED BLACK.

She lives down in the valley by the running water, the woman with the secret eyes. She has three children, a boy and two girls; her husband has gone away, they say.

She is poor—and she is angry about it. She does not like the old house by the running water and she hates the song the water sings all day and all night.

"If I could only get up on the hill," she says whenever a neighbor will stop to talk with her, "I would be right far up there. See what a view I could get from there. I could see the people on the hill live. They have company and the lights shine through their windows far, far into the night, and they laugh and sing, and down here, where I live, we hear only the water—all day and all night the water."

"My children don't like it here, either. I am going to send them away so they won't hear it—all day and all night, the running of the water there by the door. The boy is going to the city. Did you see the new suit I bought him? Oh, I can manage when I have to, and the new shoes, too, and the hat? Nothing better in town than those clothes—he's as good as the rest' now."

"And he's smart, too; he will make his way, and then we will live on the hill, too, maybe."

"The girls are going, too. I shall see to that. Did you notice the pretty new hats I have bought them? Not a girl in town has prettier ones—and their stockings, too. Some day they shall have a chance to see the city up there on the hill. I will get it for them. You'll see; you'll see. They won't always be so poor."

Last night when I took a walk by the rushing water I met the three children far, far out on the road toward town, and I saw a man sink through the low trees to the door of the woman with the secret eyes. I heard the woman's voice. She was laughing a cruel, wicked laugh, a dangerous laugh, like the warning of a snake, and the man laughed, too.

Tomorrow the three children will have more new things to make them look like the children in the houses up there on the hill—and the woman with the secret eyes will laugh again and be proud of the fine showing her children make—and all the time she is digging, digging, digging a pit for their poor little feet; for the people of the town are beginning to whisper.

They nod together, the old women; they grin together, the old men—and the children wonder why it is that people look so strangely at them when they put on their new finery and go out—to be seen.

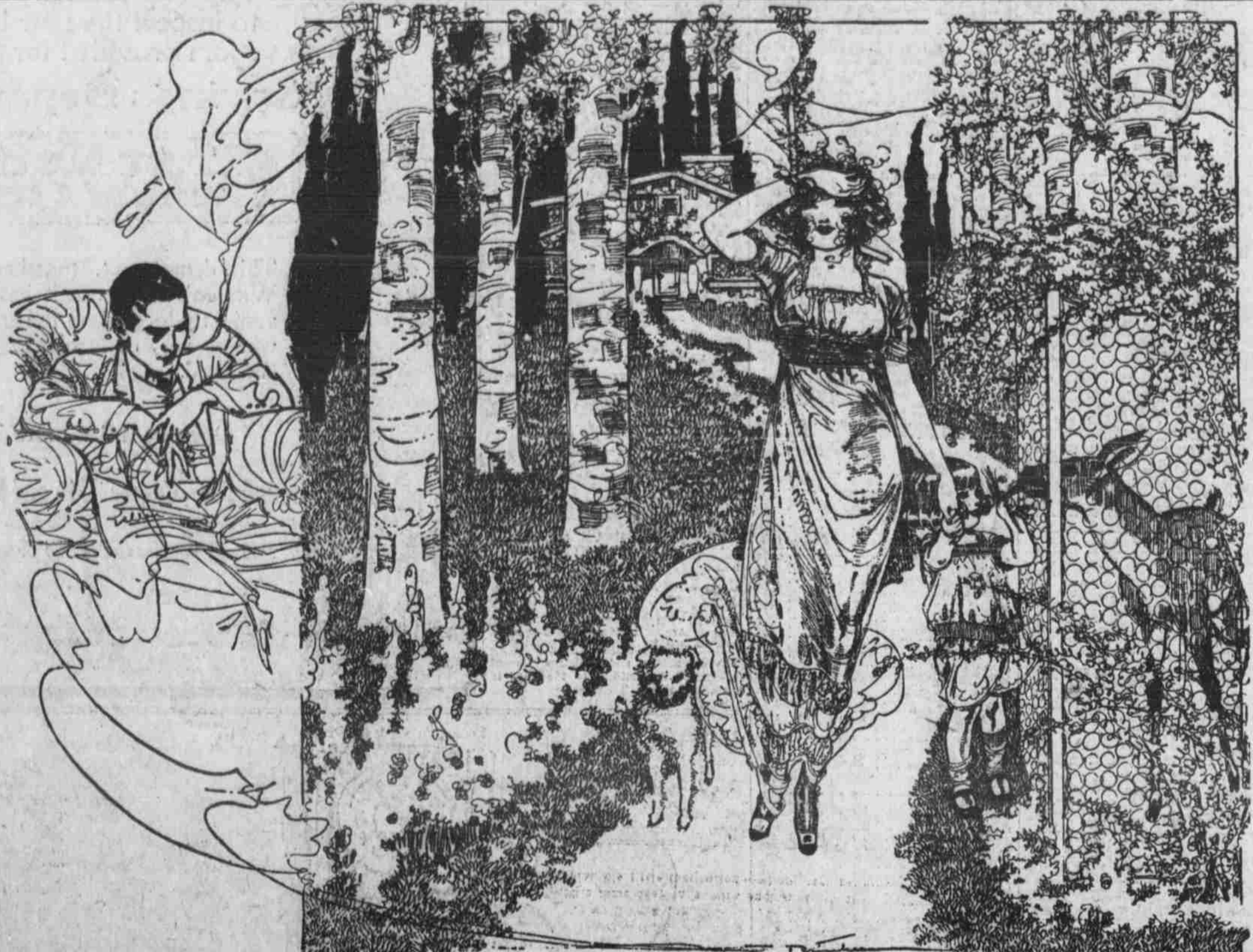
"As good as the rest!" Poor woman with the secret eyes, don't you know, can't you understand that those children would be better off if they went barefoot, ragged and had too little to eat, and carried with them into the compression of growing youth no secret wrong, no half hidden doubt of you and of the way you ran the money to spend so freely on them?

The boy who's going to the city soon, what can he ever be with such a mother? The little girl, with the soft eyes there, how can she ever hold up her head—when she remembers and understands? The slender child with the puzzled eyes, what will she care what dresses she wears—when she lived down by the rushing water? All she will know is that there was something "queer" about her mother.

Oh, woman with the secret eyes, work, work, work, do anything honest, anything decent and give your children a memory of you that will keep them straight when their own feet begin to wander. Your eyes are secret, but they cannot hide your story. Some day, some day these little ones of yours will know it, strive as you may to keep it hidden. The what of your dreams—of houses on the hill and friends and joy.

Hark, how the water runs through the rushing willows. "Tomorrow," it says, "tomorrow—do you never listen to the warning it is trying to give?"

"Care Casts Anchor in the Harbor of Dreams" -- By Nell Brinkley



Nell Brinkley Says:

Where is the bachelor—so easy-going, "hard-game," arrow-proof—who does not sit back and, shifting a certain loneliness which he dubs "care" from his busy brain, dream such a dream as this in his cigarette smoke—a bit of a bungalow in the winding shades of a canon, with a fireplace in it and roses over the door, the fine wine of twilight over it all, a little woman shading her eyes, her skirts blowing in the coming night wind, holding tight the hand of a stubby, tanned-kneed baby, waiting for him at the end of the path? There'll be a dog, too—maybe not a thoroughbred (though the first two are all right), and maybe a little tame deer in a wire enclosure under the trees—and—where is the bachelor who does not plan his little institution—whose care never casts anchor in the harbor of a dream?

A Girl's Room

By MRS. FRANK LEARNED

Author of "The Etiquette of New York So-Day."

A girl's character and individuality are very clearly shown by the condition and contents of her own bedroom. If she is neat and orderly, careful of her belongings, or careless, wasteful, destructive or extravagant, these traits are distinctly manifested in her room. Tastes which are refined and cultivated, or tastes which are trivial and mean, are reflected there. Her surroundings show her culture, or the need of it.

The habit of keeping her room, desk and clothes in order, having a place for everything, and everything in its place, is an immense help toward training in method, accuracy and thoroughness. A girl may well practice these simple but necessary rules of orderliness. They will be an aid toward character building and an aid toward the making of a wider sphere of influence. It is generally acknowledged that those who are negligent of order are unworthy and incapable, trifling and unhappy.

A girl's room may be a place to help to mold her character to the ideal girl she wishes to be. "I used to be very spasmodic about keeping my room in order," said a girl. "I waited until it was in a frightful disorder, then I rearranged everything. But my experience is that the habit of putting my things in order, and the harder task of keeping them so, is a tremendous help in managing myself. If I can manage all the little external things, it is easier to sort out good thoughts from hurtful, wasteful thoughts, and keep character in order."

If a girl loves books and pictures a few of them, at least, will be in her room. She knows that well-furnished mind is like a well-appointed room, and that by forming a habit of reading and arranging time for the companionship of a good book, she will not only increase her intellectual work, but will make her an interesting woman. The girl who has a bright, wide-awake mind uses her talents and never ceases to be receptive. Her books are not the passing, ephemeral novels of the day. She does not spoil her taste by reading too much trash, but she gets the right start, learns to choose the books worth reading, and she cultivates reading, not as a task, but for the great enjoyment it gives. And so a girl has her bookshelf, where she accumulates gradually her collection of books. On the wall she has a few good pictures. These may be neatly framed prints or photographs of famous pictures of the world.

If possible, each girl in a family should have her own room, where she may have opportunities for being alone, and for doing her own work, where she may read, study, paint or sew. In this way she is helped to depend on her individual interests rather than on the sentiment of constant companionship. If a girl's room is merely a transient spot to sleep and dress in, and not a place to read and think in, she cannot understand the pleasure of room of her own. Facilities for solitude are not encouraged enough in home life, yet they should be recognized as a necessity for growth of character. In the quiet half hours of solitude, strength of soul is formed to face perplexities or temptations, to commune with one's own heart and conscience, and thus to solve hard problems.

How to Measure the Motions of the Stars

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

"How do astronomers assign proper motions to the stars?"

A—By long and accurate trigonometrical measures of distances of a suspected star from a number of adjacent stars. When we attach a micrometer-measure to a telescope and look in, we see a system of crossed, fixed and movable spider threads. In some micrometers the lines are all movable. One is turned until it is in the celestial equator and the other in the celestial meridian. Then, at intervals, the distance of the star east of the meridian or right ascension is measured with great accuracy and recorded; likewise its distance north or south of the equator, declination, is measured with great care and recorded.

If the places are different the star has moved—perhaps. But the motion may be that of both base lines, meridian and equator. They both slide around the entire celestial vault from east to west in a mighty period of 2582 years. This mysterious motion must be computed, and added to, or subtracted from, the measured motions of the star under examination. Aberration of light is another harassing correction. Refraction of light in our atmosphere must be measured and allowed for also. The retrogradation of the equator and meridian affects all stars alike; thus, to detect absolute motion of any one star, keep measuring distances from it to others adjacent.

Suppose that five sets of triangles were made from our suspected star to five others, and many sets from these five to each other again. Then, in a year or two, let the triangles all be made again. If the angles from star to star show no change they are known to be at such stupendous distances that their real motions are insensible. But if all the five angles tending to the wandering star have changed, the amount of change can be measured, but in angle only. The displacement in inches cannot be told until the star's distance from the earth is first found.

It took 130 years of hard study to find the distance of the nearest star, twenty-five trillion miles. Since the invention of the micrometer proper motions have been detected in all directions in the celestial vault. These are mostly very small in angle, but very great in miles. The most rapid motion of any star known for a long time was that of the star numbered 130 in Astronomer Groombridge's catalogue, given in between seven and eight seconds of arc annually. But Astronomer Kapteyn discovered on a photograph of the stars a small one having the most rapid proper motion known, nine seconds of arc per year. There are 1,296,000 seconds in a circle, which would make the time required for one circuit of the stellar universe 144,000 years.

The nearest neighbor of our sun, the sun Alpha Centauri, moves 17 seconds per year, while the gigantic sun Arcturus traverses 4.8 seconds. The angular diameter of the moon is 1,920 seconds, so the time for Arcturus to move over a sky space equal to the angular diameter of our moon is 60 years. The majority of stars having proper motions move with rates of from ten to twelve seconds per century. These rates require hundreds of thousands of years to change the configuration of the constellations of the stellar structures.

These movements are all detected and measured by means of the micrometer. But suppose a star to be coming on a straight line toward the earth or going away on a straight line. The micrometer is useless in these cases. But one of the most wonderful achievements of human hands and mind was the discovery that a high power spectroscopic could solve this apparently insoluble problem—the measurement in miles per second of approach or recession in the line of sight. Any other emitting light sends out waves of light energy. In white light there are an almost infinite number of waves per second of an almost infinite number of shades or tints, merging together. A prism separates these into even well defined groups; the shortest

waves are violet in color and range 65,000 in one inch, while dull red waves are 35,000 to the inch. But the fact was discovered that if the light is approaching the waves are compressed, and the band of colors shifts sidewise toward the violet; and if receding, the waves are lengthened and the band shifts toward the red.

Years of arduous research have revealed that the stars nearly all move with specific speeds of from ten to thirty miles per second; our star, the sun, moving about thirteen miles per second. But the rapid stars, those having large proper motions, say, of 8 or 9 seconds of arc per year, are flying at such terrific velocities that they form a class by themselves. Their speeds are between 50 and 60 miles per second, 1/3 later being that of the huge sun Arcturus. The attraction of the quantity of miles in all suns—that is, bodies that are visible to the eye, or to photographic plates—is totally unable to cause these immense velocities. This shows that the quantity of invisible matter is far greater than that in the 100,000,000 visible bodies. The quantity of matter able to impart a speed of 100 to 200 miles per second is far beyond all imagination. Lowell Observatory, Cal., U. S. A.

Veni, Vidi, Vici

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY

Nineteen hundred and sixty years ago, according to best reckoning, Caesar beat Pharnaces at Zela, northwesterly Asia Minor, and sent home to the camp his father's famous "Veni, Vidi, Vici"—"I came, I saw, I conquered"—the shortest battle report ever written.

The whole affair is characteristic of Caesar. Winning the great fight in an incredibly short time (and almost before his opponent was aware of its beginning), Caesar sent home to the senate an account of his victory in three words, and Postus became forthwith a part of the Roman territory. The brevity of Caesar's report results to the suddenness and swiftness, and yet completeness, of his work is astounding. The "foremost man of all this world" never tarried by the way, never took "two bites at a cherry," never exhausted his time and strength with reflections and re-considerations—he made up his mind what he needed to

do and did it with the quickness of the lightning's flash. From the memorable day on which he crossed the Rubicon to the day on which he annihilated Pompey at Parusati only a year and a half had passed, so rapid so like the storm-driven cloud were his movements.

Through defeat and through victory he moved straight on, never stopped by the misfortune of the one or the elation of the other until he was the master of the world. And that mastery, brief as it was, was stamped with Caesar's speediness. The mighty man ruled as king of Rome five and a half years, but out of that short period his seven great campaigns allowed him to be in the capital no more than fifteen months altogether, and yet, in the words of Mommsen, "He regulated the destinies of the world for the present and the future, from the establishment of the boundary-line between civilization and barbarism down to the removal of the rain-pools in the streets of the capital."

And, for wonder never cease to crowd upon us in the story of this remarkable man, Caesar's work, notwithstanding the rapidity with which it was done, was so perfect in its execution that the "political life of the nations has during thousands of years again and again reverted to the lines which Caesar drew."

The Efficiency of Daughters

By ADA PATTERSON

They call it the "Keep Cool club," but it should be named "The Daughters' Efficiency club," or "The Efficient Daughters." Dispatches from Washington inform us that

Miss Sallie Williams, daughter of United States Senator John Sharp Williams, Miss Lucy Hope Smith, daughter of Senator Hoke Smith, and Miss Carrie Lee Chamberlain, daughter of Senator and Mrs. Chamberlain, and girl friends of theirs have organized to make the hot days of the summer session of congress pass as

pleasantly as possible for their sweating, dis-a-tired, senatorial papers and their patient, but summer-wearied mammams, who are too good wives to leave their husbands in the capital on the Potomac alone while they seek coolness in mountains and seashore retreats, joining the great army of deserting wives, matrimonial traitors who seek their own first comfort, and then in vanity and pained surprise, say "withering things of affliction or would-be afflictions. But afflictions at best are a painful subject, and daughters—especially daughters at best—are a pleasant one."

The objects of this "Daughters' Efficiency club" are, as stated, most laudable ones. They propose so to dress as to suggest coolness; to keep the house in such condition that they will be cool havens of relief from the hot streets and heated debates; to devise out-of-doors entertainments; in brief, to do whatever they can to make summer in one of the hottest cities in the world bearable. For the simple these daughters of senators have set for the girls of their nation.

Girls have organized for classes in philanthropy. They have joined societies for the regeneration of the heathen. They are doing uplift work among the fallen of their sex. They swarm at settlements and even build clubs for working girls. All this is commendable, some more, some less. But these daughters lingering in Washington during the dog days are beginning their ministrations in the principal places of civilization. They are beginning their efforts for the amelioration of conditions where charity should begin at home.

If all the daughters in every community should form bands for greater efficiency as daughters, what an uplift there would be where improvement is most needed, the American home!

We would see the careworn faces of mothers lose their lines and weary expressions, for daughter would have taken upon herself the mending of bed and table linen, the last straw on the camel's back of domesticity. Mother's clothes would have a fresher and more modern look, for daughter, instead of giving mother up as "hopelessly and stubbornly old-fashioned," would contrive to borrow some of the old-fashioned fullness from the skirt, and sew a bit of youthening lace at throat and wrists. The table would no longer look like a place of burdened necessity, at which to spend as little time as possible in silent gorging. There would be a bit of green or a vivid flower at the center. The eye would search in the old-fashioned fullness for some of the old-fashioned fullness from the skirt, and sew a bit of youthening lace at throat and wrists.

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Father's crabbed speech would in time soften, for daughter would cast a smile his way now and then, and father hasn't been used to feminine smiles for many a year, and they make him feel young and hopeful. She will drop into his office now and then to write some letters for him that require diplomacy; or if she is barred from the office, as are so many of the female folk of business men's families, she can coax him to bring home some of his work at night, maybe she can help him a little with it. Certainly she encourages him a great deal. If there's a domestic problem carving furrows in his forehead she can persuade him to tell her of it, and she can help him to solve it, if not by some idea of her own, at least by her sympathy. Perhaps she can win Brother Jack from his "wildness" or Sister Mary from that ill-advised match.

It is a great day, a day of load-lightening and spirit-brightening, when daughter comes home from school or when she returns from that prolonged visit or series of visits. We hear a great deal about efficiency these days of mid 1913, the efficiency of employes, of employers, of captains of industry and of the nation's head. But if every daughter resolved to increase her efficiency in the family there would be an impetus to smoothness and beauty and labor and friction-saving in the home that would amaze the nation.

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MAULL BROS., St. Louis, Mo.

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