



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Positive Polly - She Knows What is Good for Pa - Drawn for The Bee by Cliff Sterrett



Telescope Only Artificial Eye Which Gathers More Light Than Human Optic

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

"How far can you see with this telescope?" is a question that the astronomer hears over and over again, and in order to answer it he is obliged to enter into a long explanation of the nature of vision.

Many people seem to think that there is a magic power in a telescope which enables it to render distant things visible by some principle quite independent of the natural operation of the human eye. As a matter of fact, a telescope is only a kind of mechanical eye of comparatively gigantic size, and it helps the natural eye principally by gathering more light. The forty-inch telescope of the Yerkes observatory theoretically collects at its focus about 8,000 times as much light as the ordinary eye collects, and it does this simply because its object glass is about 200 times as broad as the pupil of the eye, and the amount of light that can pass through it is proportioned to the square of its diameter, i. e., 200x200, equals 40,000. The sixty-inch telescope on Mount Wilson collects theoretically, 36,000 times as much light as the natural eye does.

Having this vast quantity of light gathered in a little image of the object looked at that image can be enormously magnified by a kind of microscope, called the eye-piece, without losing so much brightness as to become invisible, and thus the eye is enabled to see the object as if it had been brought as many times nearer as the magnification amounts to.

"Thus if a telescope image of the planet Mars is magnified 1,000 times when the planet is 35,000,000 miles from the earth, the eye will see the planet as if its distance had been reduced to only 35,000 miles, which is less than one-seventh of the actual distance of the moon. If the same magnification is applied to an image of the moon in the telescope the moon is seen as if it were only 240 miles away; that is to say, as if it were resting on Mount Marcy in the Adirondack mountains while the observer is in New York City.

The ability of a great telescope to bring into view millions of stars which the natural eye cannot see at all is due entirely to its immense power of collecting the rays of light. If the pupil of your eye were six or eight feet in diameter you would be able to see, without any artificial aid, hundreds of times more stars than the mightiest telescope can reveal. A giant with eyes of that size would be able to see the bottom of the universe as easily as you can see the bottom of a sandy brook. To him the splendor of the starry heavens would be almost unbearable. The dog star, Sirius, would blaze before him like a veritable sun.

There are many interesting things concerning ordinary vision that most people know nothing about, simply because they do not take the trouble to inform themselves. How far can you see with a telescope? It depends upon both the size and distance of an object, as well as upon its brightness. The head of a pin is usually about one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter, looked at from above. Hold it seven inches from the eye and it will just cover the full moon, which is 2,100 miles in diameter and 240,000 miles away.

An ordinary lead pencil is a quarter of an inch in diameter. Hold it endwise before the eye at a distance of twenty-eight inches and it will look just as large as the pin's head at seven inches, and, like that, will cover the face of the moon. Stand a piece of lead pencil one inch long at a distance of fifty feet from the eye and it will look as large as a man at a distance of two-thirds of a mile.

Everybody ought to be able to judge distances by this means. But to do so you must know something about angular measurement. Roughly speaking, any object which is about fifty-seven times its own diameter away from the eye subtends an angle of one degree. The moon, being about 114 times its own diameter away, subtends an angle of about one-half a degree, which is the same angle that the height of a six-foot man would subtend at a distance of 94 feet. Seen against a bright background, a man would be visible and recognizable as a human being by the naked eye at a distance of 1,500 yards. At that distance his height would subtend an angle of about one-fiftieth of a degree, or four minutes of angular measure. Projected against the full moon at that distance he would look like a black ant, whose length would be one-eighth of the moon's diameter.

If you simply keep these relations in mind you can make the most useful estimates of distance in everyday life. For instance, you stand on the shore of a broad river, and see trees on the other side. If you can make a fairly accurate guess at the height of those trees, as one generally can, and if, with any simple device, you can estimate the angle between imaginary lines drawn from your eye to the foot and the top of a tree, you have at once the means of calculating the width of the river.

The facts that you should write down in your note book are these:

"Have American Women No Homes?"

German Baroness Hits at Our Idle Rich



BARONESS ANNA VON STRANTZ.

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

"Why is it that the American woman seems to have so much time?"

"Where the German woman in the station of life has a hundred duties to attend to, the American woman seems to have absolutely nothing to do."

This is the question which the Baroness Anna von Strantz has been asking at frequent intervals since she arrived from Germany about a week ago.

The Baroness is a magnificent, Junoesque personage, with a beautiful face, blond hair and hazel eyes, which have looked with increasing astonishment upon the American woman as she is to be seen in public places, in tearooms and hotels.

Seated in one of our most glided hotels during the 3 o'clock tea hour, with palms waving above her and waiters floating about, the Baroness talked to me of the progress of the German woman at such times as the Hungarian band did not completely drown her musical German voice.

"This is really wonderful to me—so many women with nothing to do. And they come here every day, I am told. Have they no homes to look after?"

I tried to explain that the American woman of a certain type was suffering from too much leisure. But she of the classic face at once wanted to know if all they lived in the hotels, did not keep house, and had no children. So I explained that this afternoon tea hall was one of the many forms of amusement which helped to fill up the American woman's spare time.

"I am more and more astonished," exclaimed the Baroness, who, under the name of Anna Fuhrling, is the foremost impersonator of Germany's classic drama and the especial favorite of the copper and brass, whose guest she has been on frequent occasions.

"We have no class of women in Germany who correspond to the women of complete leisure, such as I am told of here."

"The German woman, even of the most advanced type still continue to regard their homes as their main field of action."

"You know, the German women are doing a tremendous amount of studying, but even after they have taken degrees at the university they continue to rely for their great influence and their best work on the emphasis of the feminine character in the home."

"No matter how much the German woman studies or how progressive she is, there is one thing about all others she wishes to avoid, and that is antagonizing the masculine sex."

"The intelligent German woman, no matter what her occupation may be, realizes that her main strength, her chief influence, lies in her capacity as homemaker. From her home center her influence radiates according to her mental ability and her spiritual power. If she cannot regulate and rule her home properly, she hasn't demonstrated much ability."

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Should Others Be More Discreet in Talk Than We in Our Acts?

By DOROTHY DIX.



An Indiana woman, with a bedraggled post, was going to be married to a nice young man. She heard that some of the episodes of her unsavory life had been discussed by a neighbor woman, and so she went to this other woman's house and shot her down before her little children's eyes.

The murderer has been sentenced to prison for life and from her cell she exclaims: "Oh, what a terrible thing is gossip! Let this be a warning to all women to refrain from talking about other women who have things in their lives that they are trying to forget, and have other people forget."

Did you ever hear anything to equal the nerve of that? It seems to me that the shoe is on the other foot, and that the lesson in the case is not against gossip, but against doing the things that give people the right to gossip about you. The men and women who conduct themselves properly, and who live decently, and honestly, and cleanly, never have cause to complain about gossip. They never lose any sleep fearing what their friends and acquaintances are saying about them.

It is only the people who have something shameful to hide who worry about the gossiping proclivities of their neighbors. They are hard and bitter about the old faults of both sexes, who talk about their failings.

Yet, when you come to think of it, what right have we to expect that our neighbors will be more discreet with their tongues than we are in our conduct, or that our friends will enter into a conspiracy of silence to protect us from the results of our evil deeds?

Mrs. A., for instance, is a frivolous married woman, who receives attention from other men in her husband's absence and neglects her home and her children while she gads about. She also has clothes and jewels far beyond what her husband's modest means would provide. The neighbors talk about her going-on, and there are tears in her eyes as she tells you what a terrible thing it is to have to live among such a lot of long-tongued gossips.

Mr. B., with a quiet little wife and half a dozen children tucked away in a suburban home, is met out time and again, by his neighbors at some lobster palace, where he is buying champagne for a chorus girl young enough to be his daughter, and spending money as if it grew on trees, while it's well known that he is in arrears in his payment to the butcher and baker at home. Mr. B. says things that no respectable newspaper would print when he hears fragments of the gossip that floats around among his commuting acquaintances.

Pretty Sally C., young and foolish, and mad for pleasure and the admiration of men, scorns the conventions of society, and drinks cocktails and smokes in public restaurants, and picks up acquaintances with strange men, and flirts with married men, and writes compromising love letters to Tom, Dick and Harry. And her little heart is fully his share of the sweetest.

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"Poo-roo, poo-roo," says Lorna Doonee, the pretty pigeon, and she looks her head as if she were trying to say "Thank you" very prettily.

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Next week they say she must go to dancing school and learn how to point her little toes, that are a trifle like the pigeon's. If the truth must be told, and be taught about the fashions, and what sort of bow to tie her curly brown hair with, and how to smile at those she does not like, and how to hurt with a cruel smile those who love her, and how to make her way to the top of things over the dash of snow on his wing, sturdy be John Ridd, and self-respecting, and not to be hustled off the window sill by any aggressor, however bold.

"Poo-roo, poo-roo," says John Ridd, the dark pigeon of extra size, and he chuckles kindly at the little girl and eats gratefully his share of the sweetest.

"Poo-roo, poo-roo," calls his mate, and Lorna Doonee flies down to the sill, so soft, so pretty, so sweet, is gentle Lorna, all in gray and silver, with the soft curls of the opal gleaming on her arched brows.

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