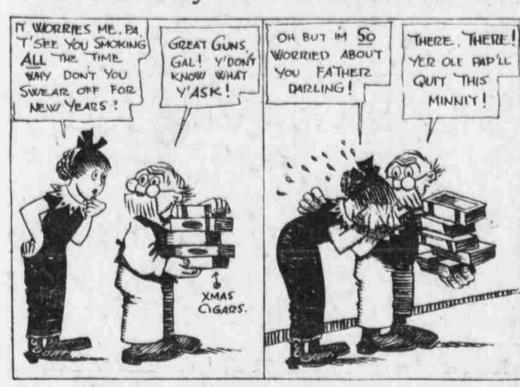
# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



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

scope?" is a question that the astronomer long explanation of the nature of vision.

kind of mechanical eye of comparatively sigantic 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 40,000 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, 20,000 times as much light as the natural eye does.

at that image can be enormously magnified by a kind of microscope, called the as the magnification amounts to.

Thus if a telescope image of the planet the eye will see the planet as if its dismage 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

The ability of a great telescope to bring nto 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 ficial aid, hundreds of times more stars one generally can, and if, with any simeasily as you can see the bottom of a you have at once the means of calculatsandy brook. To him the splendor of the ing the width of the river. starry heavens would be almost unbear- The facts that you should write down able. The dog star, Sirius, would blaze in your note book are these:

How far can you see with this tele- f before him like a veritable sun.

There are many interesting things conhears over and over again, and in order corning ordinary vision that most people to answer it he is obliged to enter into a know nothing about, simply because they do not take the trouble to inform them-Many people seem to think that there selves. How far can you see with a a magic power in a telescope which telescope? It depends upon both the size enables it to render distant things visible and distance of an object, as well as upon by some principle quite independent of the its brightness. The head of a pin is natural operation of the human eye. As usually about one-sixteenth of an inch in a matter of fact, a telescope is only a diameter, looked at from above. Hold it seven inches from the eye and it will just cover the full moon, which is 2.160 miles in diameter and 240,000 miles away. An ordinary lead penell is a quarter of

an inch in diameter. Hold it endwise before the eye at a distance of twentyeight 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

Having this vast quality of light gath- distances by this means. But to do so ered in a little image of the object looked you must know something about angular measurement. Roughly speaking, any object which is about fifty-seven times eve-piece, without losing so much bright- its own diameter away from the eye subness as to become invisible, and thus the tends an angle of one degree. The moon eye is enabled to see the object as if it being about 114 times it own diameter had been brought as many times nearer away, subtends an angle of about onehalf a degree, which is the same angle that the height of a six-foot man would Mars is magnified 1,000 times when the supbtend at a distance of 684 feet. Seen planet is 35,000,000 miles from the earth. against a bright background a man would tance had been reduced to only 35,000 being by the naked eye at a distance of miles, which is less than one-seventh of 1,800 yards. At that distance his height the actual distance of the moon. If the would subtend an angle of about onesame magnification is applied to an fifteenth 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 dia

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 would be able to see, without any arti- guess at the height of those trees, as than the mightlest telescope can reveal. ple device, you can estimate the angie A giant with eyes of that size would be between imaginary lines drawn from your able to see the bottom of the universe as eye to the foot and the top of a tree.

# "Have American Women No Homes?"

German Baroness Hits at Our Idle Rich



BARONESS ANNA VON STRANTZ.

"Why is it that the American woman

waving above her and waiters floating and empress, whose guest she has been on maker. From her home center her influence radiates according to her mental

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER, completely drown her musical German [ladies represent," continued Madame von

'This is really wonderful to me-so many women with nothing to do. And attend to, the American woman seems to woman of a certain type was suffering ing, but even after they have taken de-

This is the question which the Baroness classic face at once wanted to know if explained that this afternoon tea habit The Baroness is a magnificent, Juno- was one of the many forms of amuse- woman studies or how progressive she is, sque personage, with a beautiful face, ment which helped to fill up the Ameri- there is one thing above all others she

the progress of the German woman at many who correspond to the women of can't regulate and rule her home properly.

"The German women, even of the most advanced type still continue to regard sips. their homes as their main field of action. "You know, the German women are doing a tremendous amount of studyrely for their great influence and their ine character in the home.

"No matter how much the German wishes to avoid, and that is antagonizing

row and a quarrelsome one, too, "Bob, son of limitle, the little girl calls her fully his share of the sweetcorn.

of the roof is called, and "Robin Adair," soft, so pretty, so sweet, is genile Lorns, Note Chucky man to get his vote. The By WINIFRED BLACK.

her mate, for once Robin was missing a all in gray and silver, with the soft colman himself was out, but his wife sald;

Elaine is dead-Elaine the fair. Elaine, Lancelot, Elaine, King Arthur, and all whole twenty-four hours, and the Pretty ors of the opal gleaning on her arched and propose you nothing about degree, and when she speaks of late her. She calls them each by name, does the words almost fall into poetry, even when little girl, and they come at the sound the fresty pigeon, and she bobs her head "T e electioneer, after being as agreof her voice and twitter and cock their as if she were trying to say "Thank able as possible, rose to go. But first he Last night when the first soft snow little sparkling eyes at her as if to say: patted on the window at us with its "Well, well if we amuse you, so much myriad soft hands, we got out the Whit- the better." They would never be over

> England hills with the farmer folk that There are three of them. Every day they come from some neighbor's barn, She loves the snow, does the little girl no doubt. Like human brothers, I sup-

to her and cries sometimes, and some, people in all walks of tife and society. times she says it shouts like some rough. 'Poc-ruo, poo-ruo," croon the pigenos. omrade full of boisterous play. And she and their purple feet stretch and open loves the rain, too, and the bright sun- like the soft claws of a kitten. 'Poo-roo. shine and the green trees, and the brown poo-roo," and then the little girl runs sort of bow to tie her curly brown hair and gets their grain for them and opens with and how to smile at those she does opponent spent a full hour here with me

in a jut of the roof. Little brown, chat- "Here, John Ridd," she calls, and al- smile those who love her, and how to teen in forum or colosseum, on field or the streets of the plain American city, tering folk, they are busy, gossiping, most black, except for his white breast make her way to the top of things over vas the triumph of the American cow. fleed, then these fents of Buffalo Jones but a long winding road with a castle meddlesome, pert, yet quite neighborly, and the dash of snow on his wing. Sturdy the hearts and hopes of those who stand and his cawboy friends. Within two sec- and a steepled church in the distance and she has names for them all, the is John Ridd, and self-respecting, and in her way. The wild boar chases Buffalo Jones, onds of disaster they stood in their stir- and in the road a fair knight in glit- brown sparrows that chatter and chirp not to be bustled off the window slit by Dear me. dear me. I wish she could

luttle girl bad those fair days of bers, Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary, one is kindly at the little girl and cats grate- her company a little longer.

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

past, was going to be married to a nice young man. She heard that some of the discussed by

neighbor woman, and so she went to this other womthat her down before her little children's even. The murderess

has been sentenced to prison for life and from her call she exclaims: "Oh, what a terrible thing is gossip! Let this be warning to all women to refrain from talking about

other women who 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 nover lose any sleep fearing what their what they see. friends and acquaintances are saying

what right have we to expect that our lie to perform that service for us. neighbors will be more directed with their We talk a lot about the sin of gossip. fongues than we are in our conduct, or but as a matter of fact gossip is the that our friends will enter into a con- greatest moral influence in the world. spiracy of silence to protect us from the It's literally the hangman's whip that results of our evil deeds?

Mrs. A., for instance, is a frivulous | It's the dread of what their neighbors' a terrible thing it is to have to live at. smong such a lot of long-longued gos- If it were possible to do away with

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 curb on temptation. to be his daughter, and spending money as if it grew on trees, while it's well ment to the butcher and baker at home. Mr. B. says things that he respectable they are talked about. newspaper would print when he hears fragments of the gossip that floats around among his commuting acquaint-

Pretty Sally C., young and foolish. and mad for pleasure and the admirasociety, and drinks cocktails and smokes Senator in Foliette, spropos of the in public restaurants, and picks up nequaintances with strange men, and said to a Washington correspondent.

"My Pretty Jane," the bird in the comb Lorna Doone flies down to the will, so

breast "Pou-roo, non-roo," says Lorna Doone, vote as seems heat to himself."

you" very prettily. And here is Carver Doone, the third woman's lay. pigeon. What a swaggerer! Wait now, her and read together the story of the grateful, these little brown fellows; that Carver Doone, Lorna has not had her shouldn't mind niving you \$5 for that fill. Will you never learn to wait?" Puo- one?

knows and loves them all.

Next week they say she must go to man out with his purchase on his arm. dancing school and learn how to point she said: her little toes, that are a trifle like the pigeons', if the troth most be told, and be taught about the fashions, and what not like, and how to hurt with a cruel bought the brother of that kitten- of

stay at home and have the pretty pigeons day and statters to them their little "Poo-roo, poo;roo," says John Ridd, the and the busy sparrows and the lily mald almony of crumbs.

"Poo-roo, poo;roo," says John Ridd, the and the busy sparrows and the lily mald almony of crumbs.

An indiana woman, with a bedraggled | broken when she finds out how cruel world is talking about her, that her reputation is irretrievably solled by gossip.

Tom D. gets into bad company and drinks and gambles, and loses money he can't afford, and robs the cas drawer, or falsifies his books, or holds back on his collections. To keep him from going to prison his people mortgage the home and pay him out, and the matter is hushed up as much as possible. But some inkling of it leaks out and people talk about it, and remember it, and repeat it as long as they live. And Tom curses the gossins to the day of his death.

None of these beople seem to reflect that the fault is their own and not the gosg.ps.' If the married woman had been the right sort of wife and mother gossip would have found nothing to pay about her that she would object to hearing. If she doesn't chose to run straight, what right had she to demand that other people should take better care of her name than she took of it

herself? If the married man had spent his even ings by his own fireside, and his money on his family, gossip would not have found him an interesting subject of discussion. If he didn't want people to talk about his taking Tottle Coughdrop out to supper, why did he do it? There's no law to keep observers from remarking on

If a girl doesn't want people to comment on the mud on her skirts, all that is necessary is to keep them clean. If thing shameful to hide who worry about a man doesn't want gossip to recall the the gossiping proclivities of their neigh- sins of his youth, all that he has to do They are hard and bitter about is to hold himself above reproach. And the old rats of both sexes, who talk about if we don't care enough about our own honor to protect it curselves, surely we Yet, when you come to think of it, have no right to look to the general pub-

keeps the trembling wretch in order.

married woman, who receives atten- eyes will see and what their tongues will tions from other men in her husband's tell that keeps thousands of weak and absence and neglects her home and her wavering brothers and sisters from stravchildren while she gads about. She ing off the straight and narrow path. also has clothes and jewels far beyond They have no real sense of right and what her husband's modest means wrong of honor or dishonor, but they would provide. The neighbors talk stand in terror of being pointed out as about her goings-on, and there are the hero or heroine of some scandal, of tears in her eyes as she tells you what being talked about, laughed at, shrugged

gossip and people united to cover up the Mr. B. with a quiet little wife and slips and weaknesses of their fellow half a dozen children tucked away in creatures. It would mean the total demoralization of society, for it's old Dame Gossip, with her hundred tongues-and not high, moral principles-that holds the

Gossip is a good thing. Those who behave themselves need not fear being known that he is in arrears in his pay- talked about. Those who mishehave themselves deserve all they get when

#### Troubles for Campaigner

campaign contributions investigation, flirts with married men, and writes . "It used to be that the party bribed the ompromising love letters to Tom, Dick voter. Now, it seems, the voter briles and Harry. And her little heart is the party-and not with a fo-bill or ao. - but with quarter millions:

"I suppose that vicinitudes like that of "Poo-roo, noo-roo." calls his mate, and electioneers. "An electioneer, you know, visited.

Jonathan, sir, He's independent. He'l

parted a wretched, manay kitten on the " 'I'm very fond of cats,' he said.

roo. pooh-pooh." says Carver Doone, the "The woman jumped at the offer, She awaggering pigeon, and the Little Girl locked the \$5 in the drawer, she put the cat in a basket, and as she ushered the

> " Till do the best I can for you about that vote, sir. As I told you before, Jonathan won't be influenced by anybody. The gentleman that's electionsering for your uselessly yesterday, and, by the way, no

A Bachelor's Reflections. A bargain at marriage is a burter of A nice girl should never bet a pair of stockings with a man unless they're off her.

yours for \$19. "-Milwaukee Journal,

## An American Hero

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

born, in McLean county, Illinois, is the content. Then they simply unrope him. classic district known as Hell's Bend. give him a kick, and off he goes into And there was born Buffalo Jones, the the desert to find his family and tell blond hair and bazel eyes, which have can woman's spare time. best man who ever put his leg over a

сизине. Buffalo Jones is getting along toward 70 years of age. but time has treated him gently. He is lithe, lanky, agile and loves a horse. Buffalo Jones has preserved the buftale from extinction. Through his energy, in catching the young buffalo on the plains and iomesticating them. we now have herds.

as fine specimens at

east, in a great number of parks and zoological gardens

Il over the world. Jones took two cowhoys and ten Colo ado horses and went to Africa, with the ntent of rounding up those savage things which are supposed to claw, chaw, testroy and consume everything that mes in their pathway.

liere, in America, he had captured crown, by lassoing them, hog-tieing bem, placing a bag over their mouths, hen putting the beast on a horse and arrying the animal triumphantly into amp, eventually selling him to some

Buffalo Jones is not afraid of anything hat has claws or teeth. He had capured dozens of mountain flors, and this would come back. illed him with a desire to go across the what he had done in America. His tour sor and the American horse.

and Lovelace, the cowbor, chases the rups and fluing their ropes into the face ounr. They bring his plaship down close of danger, laughing at Death. to the camera. They rope him throw him and over end in the dust, tie him.

Seven miles to the east, where I was | and play horse with him to their hearts' about being chased by a go-devil a-horse-

back. So they catch giraffes and zebras. The zebra, we are told, is never subdued when caught full-grown; but the camera shows us Buffalo Jones throwing his rope over a wild zebra, jerking him endwise and tying him fast.

The cowboy jumps off his horse, rushes up to the zebra, unties the ropes, and as the zebra gets up on his feet, the man leans to his back, without saddle or bridle, and away goes the zebra kicking up the yellow dust of Africa, and ail the time the cowboy is basting him over the head with a Stetson, his shrill ki-yis filling the circumsmbfent ether.

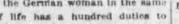
The next thing is to catch a liones full-grown, wild, and the most terrible "animile" on earth. The lion is king of the beasts-but Mr. Lion always gets out of the way when Mrs. Llon talks piecolo, Buffale Jones shows us pictures of reading about her, and she was very how he chased the Honess through the sadtail grass, how she hides, then turns, about, leaps after her pursurers, follows them, changes her mind and starts little

to run away. beautiful, so good: The Americans are right after her why did she have Jones flings a rope, catches her hy the to die?" And then nountain tions, dozens of them, full- hind foot. Lovelace throws and lands we sat down tothe lady by her front sogs. "one force gether and read again the story of

tand stiff, holding the beast captive. Dozens of animals they roped-chetah; ildcats, leopards, warthogs, nebras-and sever a weapon used. Not an animal njured or hurt. Some of them, no doubt were badly scared and have had pervous grow soft and prostration since for fear Buffalo Jones mistro

Nothing more remantle, nothing more window with a on and do in Africa, in a bigger way, poetic, nothing more courageons was ever look that saw not

> Converget, 1912 International News Service



seems to have so much time?"

"Where the German woman in the same station of life has a hundred duties to I tried to explain that the American have absolutely nothing to do."

frequent intervals since she arrived from keep house, and had no children. So I Germany about a week ago.

7780am

sweet," sobbed the

the filly maid of

Astalot, and as we

read the eyes of

the little girl

looked from the

givl, "so

Strantz.

they come here every day, I am told. Have they no homes to look after?" from too much leisure. But she of the grees at the university they continue to Anna von Strantz has been asking at they all lived in the hotels. did not best work on the emphasis of the femin-

looked with increasing astonishment upon "I am more and more astonished," ex- the masculine sex. the American woman as she is to be seen claimed the baroness, who, under the "The intelligent German woman, no public places, in tegrooms and hotels, name of Anna Puhring, is the foremost matter what her occupation may be, re-Seated in one of our most gilded hotels impersonator of Germany's classic drama alizes that her main strength, her chief turing the 5 o'clock tea hour, with palms and the especial favorite of the emperor influence. Her in her capacity as home-

about, the Baroness talked to fue about | "We have no class of women in Ger- ability and her spiritual power. If she such times as the Hungarian band did not complete leisure, such as I am told these into hash't demonstrated much ability.

The Little Girl's Company

she asks for bread and butter. Winter thralled farm, and in no time at is not in their breed.

were snowbound and the wind, too, she loves, for it calls pose, they like the adventure of knowing boughs when the leaves have gone.

She has a family of friends who live the window again. tering armor who rode the river road to when she opens the blan window each any aggressor, however bold.

What a glorious host of triends the almony of crumbs,

the lovable. The little girl has just been his court. She walks with folk of high Jane" seemed really to mourn for him. all we were far, far up in the cold New But the pigeons, they are different.