



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



The Ex-Convict's Chance

By WINIFRED BLACK

It came in the same mail with an invitation to bridge and a letter from a woman complaining that her husband wouldn't buy her an automobile. Read this man's letter, and say again that all people are alike, if you dare.

"Dear Miss Black: Many years ago, when the Winchester and six-shooter were more apt to be arbiters of disputes than the courts of justice, I got tangled in the meshes of the law and was sent to prison.

"There was nothing sneaky, nothing cowardly about it; in fact, the other fellow got in the first shot, his bullet burst and tore its way through my shoulder. But my aim was more accurate and he went down and out forever. Yet I'm sure it is was possible to call him from the grave he would not condemn me nor bear animosity against me.

"I paid the exacting, inexorable penalty of the law, it was an exorbitant price, and the price was the best years of my life.

"And now at 40 I am free again, no not free, for it seems to me that I'm continually enveloped in that black shadow of stigma. And that is what I'm fighting against.

"During all those miserable years I played a man's hand and have nothing to regret, nothing to be ashamed of. And when I walked out into the world I again took up the long-lost thread of life and went to work.

"And now to the essence of my message: All my life my one dominating desire has been to have a home and loved ones of my own. Someone who would care for me above all others; someone to work and strive for, and, if needs be, to do sacrifice for.

"Yet can one who has been through what I have gone for such things? Is there in all this big world a woman, a good and true womanly woman who would look her future, her life, with mine? Haven't I eternally barred myself for all that is good and pure?

"And must I forever skulk through the murky subways of life an Ishmaelite among my fellow men, to shun and be shunned?

"Tell me, Miss Winifred Black, tell me where I stand in our modern complex social system. And tell me, is there hope for me? Yours sincerely, J. H. M."

What shall you do, good friend, with the prison mark seared deep into your heart? Just one thing—right now. Burn it up, that prison memory; burn it up, like the pest that it is.

Take every shred of everything you ever had at that time and go out into the splendid, free, happy world, somewhere in a far place where no curious eyes shall see, and burn them up. And when the smoke rises in the air, pray, pray, pray for peace, and trust, and confidence and forgiveness.

You have remembered long enough. Wind that thing out of your life once and for all. Do it today; you have let it make you morbid.

A man's but a man. He can be punished just so much, and then comes relief. Your hour of punishment is over. Straighten your back, hold up your honest head, face the world with the unflinching eyes of one who has paid his debt.

Go away somewhere where people do not know your history. Begin again, get into a new world, find a sweet woman somewhere—a good woman, a true woman—and live a man's life in the honest open, fearless and light of heart.

What sort of God do you imagine, poor, driven soul, a God of merciless retribution? There is no such being. The prison bars have come between you and the sweet sunshine so long that the whole world, yes, the very universe itself, is barred and striped.

Tear down those cruel bars, tear them out. They were made by men like yourself, weak, foolish, cruel, trying to do what they could to keep the wide world calmed. You paid your debt to them—wipe it out, the old, old cruel score.

There, make a little pile, out here under the skies, strike a match; see, it kindles, it burns, the old memory, the old depression, the old grief, the old shame, the old agony of humiliation; it burns, it burns; see—it is ashes now.

Take it in your trembling hand and hold it so a second, then to the winds with it, the wild, free, shining winds. Good-bye, good-bye, oh winds, with the ashes of what is gone.

Now, turn that sad face to the friendly, helpful world again. See, it stands by waiting for a chance to be kind, to be honest, to be frank and fair.

Is there a chance for you? The world is one great chance. Think what a man you have grown to be, how your eyes can read the fortune look of one who has suffered as you have, and how you can stretch out a hand and help him.

Look, that little child smiles at you; he loves you, he sees your sorrow and your gentleness. Take him in your arms, he will help you.

That little woman there by the roadside, she staggers under a heavy burden. See the melting of her grateful eyes.

There lies before you, the wide, wide world of work and rest, of struggle and attainment. Let nothing hold you back from your heritage.

The Law of Progress

By CHARLES FERGUSON.

The aged Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace is the dean and mentor of the whole world of modern science. And when he tells us that he has searched the 1,600 years of recorded history, and has discovered in mankind no sure tendency toward mental or moral progress, nobody can dismiss his judgment as unauthoritative.

The words of the famous scientist fall heavily upon American ears, for of all countries in the world the United States is the most complacent in its assurance of perpetual advancement.

No doubt Dr. Wallace's picture of universal human life is drawn in somewhat too somber colors. Nevertheless, it may do us more good than harm to take a steady look at it.

The fact seems to be that the last century in Europe and America has developed absolutely unprecedented conditions—has put into our hands tools and powers that were never possessed before. These new agencies, if rightly used, could probably lift the world to new levels of happiness and nobleness—and keep it there.

The importance of Dr. Wallace's statement is in its implied warning against the misuse of our advantages. He points out the fact that other eras have made great gains, and that these gains have afterward been nullified and lost.

Thus Dr. Wallace corrects a widespread misunderstanding as to the real meaning of the evolutionary doctrine that is so intimately associated with his name. It does not mean, as has been vulgarly supposed, that we are pressed fatefully forward by irresistible forces, and that whether nations are wise or foolish, brave or cowardly, each day of their lives must necessarily be higher and happier than the yesterday.

If the whole body of the American people could be induced to ponder Dr. Wallace's sayings, and if we could be persuaded thereby to renounce our fatalistic optimism and to understand that our only chance of escaping from the fallow of the past lies in our own courage and creative power—then the grim message of the grand old man of science would have exhausted its truth and virtue. It would have done all it is fit to do for us.

It is undeniably true of the past that ages of light have been followed by ages of darkness. But it is not scientific to say that it must always be so.

SHOULD ENGAGEMENT BE BROKEN? "Better by Far Than Unhappy Marriage"

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

Mrs. Sembrich has said the American girls marry too young and too often. And Miss Katherine Kaehled, who is as well known in society as she is on the stage, gives an excellent reason for both the cause and the result of certain marriages which begin at an early age and end in the divorce court.

"As long as society looks askance at the engaged couple who have the courage to break off an engagement of marriage, just so long will the young people who have gotten as far as announcing their engagement, which may only have been a sort of lark, feel that they must go on and fulfill the pledge of the engagement.

"More broken engagements would mean fewer unhappy marriages," said Miss Kaehled, "but no matter how excellent the reasons are which induce young people to break their betrothal, the very sensitive young person always feels that a stigma of some sort is attached to this proceeding.

"I presume," continued the beautiful Australian, "that people have the feeling that an engagement ought to be binding, because in older times the betrothal ceremony was almost as important as the marriage itself. But in those days the marriages of young people were arranged by their parents or families, and, as far as the girl went, she had very little to say about it, except to do as she was told and marry the man whom her parents had picked out.

"Today a girl chooses her own mate, and, just as Mrs. Sembrich says, 'she is apt to marry at an early age and often because she's afraid of public opinion.'

"The modern girl feels that there is a certain prestige which she acquires when she becomes engaged to a young man, and she often thinks more of this than of her future happiness. She rushes into an engagement for the sake of the ring, the parties that will be given in her honor, and while I'm not saying that she does not love her fiance, she certainly often does not analyze his character, nor study him very seriously, at first.

"The engagement is announced, the family is delighted, the excitement of the announcement subsides, and the girl begins to awaken to a new understanding of herself, of the demands she will make on her future husband. Her fiance may be the dearest person in the world, but some instinct, some half-understood intuition, warns her that they are not fitted for each other.

"There is nothing that she can put into words, no reasons which her family could understand. In nine cases out of ten, the young fiance is equally confused and doubtful of the outcome of their married life. But both young people fear not so much the disapproval of their families, but the raised eyebrows of society, the talk and whispered insinuations, the criticism which follows a broken engagement.



MISS KATHERINE KAEHLED.

So they go on to the tune of the wedding march. They have married young and will marry often in all probability.

"The family should be the first to rejoice when an engagement is broken by mutual consent, or even by one of the parties, though the other may suffer for a time. Young hearts are easily mended.

"As for the world in general, people's opinions, on the subject of engagements should be less old-fashioned, and society should welcome the courageous young people who have had sense enough to turn back on the brink of matrimony without asking reasons for the step.

"The best reasons for breaking off an engagement are not reasons at all, according to the matter-of-fact person. They are the subtle intuitive warnings of danger to come to which few listen and which one never can explain to others.

"Now, don't set me down as saying that girls should become engaged just for the mischief of breaking hearts, or anything foolish like that. There are plenty of heartless young men and women about who will do that without encouragement.

"I am only speaking against the attitude of almost every class of people who disapprove when young people break off their engagements, and seem to act as if they would rather encourage an unhappy marriage and a possible divorce, than let the young people change their minds.

ARISTARCHUS

THE NAME OF THE MOUNTAIN IN THE MOON.

By ELIA WHEELER WILCOX.

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It was long and long ago our love began; It was something all unmeasured by time's span; In an era and a spot, by the Modern World forgot, We were lovers, ere God named us, Maid and Man.

Like the memory of music made by streams, All the beauty of that other life seems; But I always thought it so, and at last I know, I know, We were lovers in the land of Silver Dreams.

When the moon was at the full I found the place; Out and out across the seas of shining space, On a quest, that could not fail I unfurled my memory's sail And cast anchor in the Bay of Love's First Grace.

At the foot of Aristarchus lies this bay, (Oh, the wonder of that mountain far away!) And the land of Silver Dreams all about it shines and gleams, Where we loved before God fashioned night or day.

We were souls, in eerie bodies made of light; We were winged, and we could speed from height to height, And we built a nest called Hope on the sheer Moon-Mountain side, Where we sat and watched new worlds wheel into sight.

And we saw this little planet known as Earth, When the night Mother Chaos gave it birth; But in Love's conceit we thought all those worlds from space brought For no greater aim or purpose than our mirth.

And we laughed in love's abandon, and we sang, Till the echoing peals of Aristarchus rang, As hot hissing comets came, and white suns burst into flame, And a myriad worlds from out the darkness sprang.

I can show you, when the Moon is at its best, Aristarchus, and the spot we made our nest, Oh! I always wondered why, when the Moon was in the sky, I was stirred with such strange longing and unrest!

And I knew the subtle beauty and the force Of our love was never unfurled by Earth's course, So with Memory's sail unfurled, I went cruising past this world, And I followed till I traced it to its source.

Ultra Violet Rays Enable Us to Find Out What the Moon is Really Made Of

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The old joker who declared that the moon was made of green cheese probably thought that nobody could ever disprove his statement because it would be impossible for man to find out what the moon really was made of.

If he could revisit the earth now he would be less astonished to see men flying through the air than to find out that they have actually discovered the composition of the moon without going there.

It is 240,000 miles away, and we have not yet succeeded in crossing the empty space separating it from the earth, but, nevertheless, by the properties of the light reflected from its surface we are finding out what it is made of.

These strange discoveries are based upon the fact that the photographic plate can "see" waves of light which are totally invisible to the human eye. Our eyes grasp a certain range of light waves varying from about 1-4,000 to 1-7,000 of an inch, but there is an abundance of "invisible" light whose waves are both much longer and much shorter than those of the light which we see.

The longer waves are called "infrared rays," i. e., below the red, and the shorter ones are called "ultra-violet rays," i. e., above the violet, the red and violet being the limits of the visible spectrum of light.

Now, it happens that these rays, which lie beyond our eye-reach, are reflected with varying degrees of intensity by different substances. We cannot see them directly, but the photographic plate is able to make them sensible to us, if only "invisible" light that envelops them. This separation can be effected by means of colored screens and of certain substances that are particularly transparent for special kinds of light, like quartz. By such means Prof. R. W. Wood of Johns Hopkins university has succeeded in making photographs of the moon with the ultra-violet rays alone, and the results are truly astonishing.

These photographs reveal some of the substances of which the moon's surface consists. Let us see how this revelation is made.

Prof. Wood noticed that in his ultra-violet photographs of the moon a huge "crater mountain," known to astronomers by the name of Aristarchus, which is some thirty miles across and which has

in its center a peak that glitters as if composed either of snow or of a pile of gems, was partly surrounded by a black deposit which is invisible to the eye when the moon is examined with a telescope. The thought occurred to him that the nature of this mysterious deposit might be ascertained by finding out what materials on the earth present a similar appearance when photographed in the same kind of rays.

Accordingly, he took two specimens of volcanic rock, or tuff, and made three photographs of them, one in yellow light, one in violet light and one in the ultra-violet rays. He found that the image of one of the pieces of tuff, which lay on top of the other, was almost invisible in yellow light, while the other specimen did not show similar changes. Then he analyzed the specimen that photographed dark in the ultra-violet rays, and found that it contained iron and a little sulphur.

Thereupon he took a rock and stained it with iron, but this showed equally dark in the violet and the ultra-violet. Next he sprayed a part of the rock with sulphur vapor, producing a deposit that was invisible to the eye. When this was photographed in the different kinds of light the deposit was invisible in the yellow, came out gray in the violet, and black in the ultra-violet. Since this was exactly the appearance of the strange deposit around the crater mountain on the moon, when photographed in similar lights, the inference was irresistible that Aristarchus is surrounded by vast deposits of sulphur, whose existence would never have been known to us but for the curious power of the ultra-violet rays.

There are similar deposits around other mountains on the moon, and this fact is in accord with the belief that most of these mountains are of volcanic origin since it is well known that on the earth the volcanoes are always surrounded with deposits of sulphur.

The experiments of Prof. Wood may be only the beginning of a new method of celestial exploration, which when it is perfected will produce still more astonishing discoveries. Already the possibility has been discussed of employing the infrared as well as the ultra-violet rays for this purpose, and inasmuch as every substance probably has its own preferences in regard to the kind of rays that it reflects, there is no improbability in predicting that photographic charts of the moon will be made which will show the character of the minerals abounding on different parts of its surface as a geological map shows those of the earth. So a wonderful page in the history of our little neighbor world will be thrown open. Thus does intelligence delay space and time.

Dorothy Dix Says: Make a Man Tell Why He Loves a Girl and He Will Need an Alienist Instead of a Marriage License.

By DOROTHY DIX.

A woman who is a social worker in Boston has been giving young people some good advice about marrying. She thinks that a great deal of matrimonial misery might be avoided if all young couples contemplating matrimony had to go before a commission and answer certain "inquiries" not only as to the state of their finances, but their mind. Among other things she would ask a young man is this one:

"Why do you think you love this particular girl?"

It's probably just as well that the issuing of a marriage license doesn't depend on a man speaking right up and answering that conundrum promptly and to the satisfaction of the Grand Inquisitor, for if it did there would be no more wedding bells.

No living man knows why he falls in love with one girl instead of another, or why one maiden sets his pulses thrilling while another leaves him as cold as ice.

Of course, the enamored lover, if such a question should be put to him, would say that the reason he loves Arabella is because she is the most beautiful creature on earth, with the most luscious figure and the sweetest voice, and the dearest ways, and because she is the first and only female lady person that was ever created that possessed all of the virtues and did not have a single fault.

Then the grand inquisitor would take one squint at Arabella and, perceiving that she was an ordinary looking young person with a snub nose and hay colored hair, and that she smirked and giggled, and bore none of the earmarks of the superwoman he would pityingly commit the beauteous youth to a padded cell, as he remarked: "Young man, what you need is an alienist and not a marriage license."

No. No man can give a reason for the faith that is in him concerning the woman he loves. He just loves her; that is the answer. She's just the one woman for him, and that's all there is to it, and logic has got nothing to do with the situation.

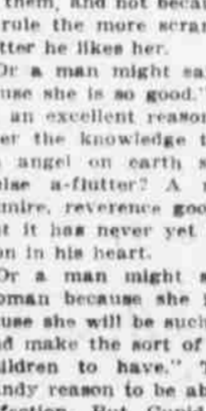
Of course, to the grand inquisitor it seems that a man should be able to give some intelligent reason for the most important step of his life, and that when he is asked, "Why do you love this woman?" he should be able to reply, for instance:

"I love her for her beauty." That would be a good answer that would carry conviction with it. But alas, not one man in a million could truthfully make it. The average man doesn't fall in love with beauty. He doesn't even think that the woman he loves is particularly pretty. He knows a dozen others that outclass her in the living picture line, and he looks out no flume in his affection for her.

Or the man may say: "I love this woman because she is so intelligent." That would be a lovely high-browed justification of his sentiments, but it is doubtful if any man ever really fell in love with a woman's brains. When he loves such a one it is generally in spite of them, and not because of them, and as a rule the more scrambled they are the better he likes her.

Or a man might say: "I love her because she is so good." That would truly be an excellent reason for love. But did ever the knowledge that a woman was an angel on earth set a single man's pulse a-flutter? A man may respect, admire, reverence goodness in a woman, but it has never yet lit the fire of passion in his heart.

Or a man might say: "I love this woman because she is so domestic, because she will be such a helpmate to me, and make the sort of mother I want my children to have." That's a fine and dandy reason to be able to give for one's affection. But Cupid isn't a practical man. He's a dreaming boy, and no man ever fell in love with a woman because of what she could do for him, and how comfortable she could make him. True, he sometimes marries for that reason, but when he does he marries for his stomach and not his heart.



In all good faith, if a man had to answer the question, "Why do you think you love this woman?" and he answered truly, he would say something that would never get by the matrimonial censor. He would say, "I love her for that little dimple at the corner of her mouth." Or, "I love her for the way her hair curls around the nape of her white neck." Or, "I love her for the cunning look in her eyes when I say something that startles her."

Or he would say, "I love her because her eyes meet over with comprehension and sympathy at a tender passage in a book, or a pathetic scene in a play." Or, "I love her because she is little and weak, and clings to me like a trusting child." Or, "I love her because she always sees the points in my stories, and laughs at my jokes, and is the only woman I ever met that had intelligence enough to appreciate me."

Or, when the man was asked, "Why do you love this woman?" he might simply throw up his hands and reply, "Search me! But I do."

And that's as good a reason as any man can give for assuming the board bill and shopping ticket for life of some particular woman. Funny when you come to think of it, but then love is a funny thing, anyway—when it isn't a tragedy.

When a Man's Bashful

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"Omigod," writes me: "I am 39 years of age, and have had a young man call on me for the last few weeks. He is a perfect gentleman, and all that, and the only thing I have against him is that he is rather quiet and doesn't know much about society."

The fault in youth which causes the greatest torment in years of maturity is that of not being able to tell a bit of worthless colored glass from a rare jewel. This girl is young. She finds fault with a man because he is quiet and knows nothing about society. How many women there are who have grown old before their time just because they loved and married men who were noisy and knew everything about society.

Being young, and fond of bright bits of worthless glass, the girl thinks more of the polished compliment than of the one not so readily or gracefully paid. She doesn't know that every compliment that is polished received its luster through being rubbed on the vanities of other women before her. She hasn't learned that the compliment that is paid awkwardly has the stamp of sincerity.

There is many a man who can hand a girl into a carriage with the grace that makes her feel like a queen starting forth to show herself to her admiring subjects, who hasn't the ability to earn enough to buy a wheelbarrow.

The men who are worth while, those who have wrested power and fame from life with every odd against them, knew nothing about society, my dear, and I am sure that no history ever said of a genius, or a deep thinker, that he was noisy.

If a girl wants a husband who will

command great wealth; if she longs for a man of political power; if, with an aim that is decidedly higher, she longs for a husband who has a brain in his head and knows how to use it, then let me tell her one place where she will never find the man she seeks—in some girl's parlor chattering like a magpie, or in a ball room handing out lies in such a tender, solicitous fashion that if he were a waiter he would grow rich on tips.

The great men, my dear, are never the colliers in life's parade.

The best husbands are never the men who thought shining in society the height of ambition. Marriage is something more than selecting a partner for a waltz.

Moreover, the man who is in demand because he dances well, sings a little with the ease of a professional, has a joke for every occasion and knows just when and how far to turn a compliment, enjoys a certain cheap popularity that turns his perfectly brushed head.

He likes what he calls "excitement." He enjoys the bright lights and the late hours. The man who enjoys the lights and late hours is the man who is late to work next morning, and shows a brain suffering with indigestion when he gets there.

There are no bright lights in the hard world that success exacts, and the late hours are not spent in idle amusement.

The quiet man, the good, honest soul that knows nothing about society, is the man who has never been spoiled by female adulation. A quiet man admires a girl and he knows nothing about society. Encourage him, approve of him, and show your approval.

He is a jewel! Take care that you don't cast him aside in favor of some bright piece of worthless glass.

Motherhood

The highest point of woman's motherliness is reached only through motherhood, in the clasping of her child within her arms. Yet the mother-to-be is often fearful of nature's ordeal and shrinks from the suffering incident to its consummation. But for nature's ills and discomforts nature provides remedies, and in Mother's Friend is to be found a medicine of great value to every expectant mother. It is an emulsion for external application, composed of ingredients which act with beneficial and soothing effect on those portions of the system involved. It is intended to prepare the system for the crisis, and thus relieve, in great part, the suffering through which the mother usually passes. The regular use of Mother's Friend will repay any mother in the comfort it affords before, and the helpful restorator to health and strength it brings about after baby comes. Mother's Friend is for sale at drug stores. Write for our free book for expectant mothers which contains much valuable information, and many suggestions of a helpful nature.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Our Daily Fashions



By LA RACONTEUSE.

Voluminous but not cumbersome is this evening wrap of mole combined with black velvet. The mole is lightly padded after the pattern idea of a deep border of velvet.

Greater breadth is given to the already wide revers by a border of black fox with high cuffs of velvet.

Housework Drudgery!

Housework is drudgery for the weak woman. She brushes, dusts and scrubs, as is on 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 as Mrs. Briggs and others testify:

It Makes Weak Women Strong and Sick Women Well.

This "Prescription" removes the cause of women's weakness, heals inflammation and ulceration. It tranquilizes the nerves, encourages the appetite and induces restful 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. BRIGGS, of 525 N. Washington St., Delphos, Ohio, writes: "Having taken your 'Favorite Prescription' for a bad case of intestinal disease and constipation with woman's ills, 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 a world of good."

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



Mrs. BRIGGS.