



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Ella Wheeler Wilcox

on A Brave Girl—Courage She Shows in Face of Overwhelming Odds Should Make Us All Ashamed to Be Despondent

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

If you are thinking your life is un-satisfactory, or that fate has used you unfairly, it might set a new idea in your mind where you write a letter to Miss Edith Myers, Brush Valley, Pa., and ask her to tell you something of her experiences.

This girl is totally deaf, and both her legs have been amputated. Yet she dates her letter "Sunshine Castle," and says she has been getting along nicely and feeling very contented, until of late, when she has been troubled with severe headaches, and these headaches have become so painful that she is discouraged.

"All my friends of old," she says, "have gone out into the world to do things, and I feel like a caged lion."

"I do not mind it so much in the summer, but now that I can no longer stay out in the sunshine, it is terribly hard for me."

"Yesterday I cried nearly all day."

"I am sadly in need of financial aid, and all my efforts to earn money meet with failure."

Imagine this girl with both legs amputated, and totally deaf, making brave endeavors to earn a living! Think of it, you idle men who sit playing bridge all day and all night in fashionable clubs; think of it, you able-bodied youths and young women who are going about the world in a half-hearted way,



Let me today do something which shall take
A little sadness from the world's vast store;
And may I be so favored as to make
Of joy's too scanty sum a little more.

Let me not hurt, by any selfish deed,
Or thoughtless word, the heart of foe or friend;
Nor would I pass, unseeing, worthy need,
Or sin by silence, where I should defend.

However meagre be my worldly wealth,
Let me give something that shall aid my kind;
A word of courage, or a thought of health,
Dropped as I pass for troubled hearts to find.

Let me tonight look back across the span
"Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say,
'Because of some good act to boast or man
The world is better that I lived today.'

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pretending to make a livelihood, and complaining that no one has ever given you a lift, and that life has not opened the door to the right opportunity to develop the best in you!

Think of it, you wives with good comfortable homes, who complain because you have to do housework for your own families; and think of it, you women of fashion who yawn the early morning hours away in beds of ease, wondering what you can do during the day to relieve the dullness of stupid life!

Then, after you have thought about it, try to see what you can do about it.

Write a letter to Edith Myers, at Brush Valley, Pa., and send her a dollar and a word of cheer; and if this reaches the eye of any man or woman of influence in the state of Pennsylvania let some effort be made for the organized charities of that

prosperous state to do something toward the maintenance of this unfortunate girl.

If there is any woman's club in the vicinity of Brush Valley, Pa., it should be the pleasure of that organization to exert itself for the benefit of Edith Myers. Or any Pennsylvania state societies in New York City.

The brave words of such a sufferer as this makes us all ashamed of our moods of despondency and dissatisfaction.

All summer I was very happy, studying and working; but my headaches have compelled me to give up my studies," she says.

All readers of this article who were born in Pennsylvania or who ever lived there ought to feel a sense of personal responsibility toward making an effort to relieve the sufferings and needs of which she writes.

The Reason She Said "NO!" By Nell Brinkley

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"If the pink god had been on the job, so he could murmur a bit o' advice now and again, he'd never have let Billy-boy propose on a sharp curve—never have let him mix desperate love to a rose of a girl and the manning of a little white racer in one wonderful muddle. It wrecked the nose of the racer and Betty said 'NO!'"

You see it was like this: Billy was a charming boy. He had a rakish white racer that had an engine like a young elephant up front under its hood—when it had any on—a lovely white racer that snuffed and complained at seventy miles an hour, roared with joy at ninety, and crawled indignantly through country towns at forty.

Betty knew she loved the joyous little big car. Her heart raced in perfect tune with its stealthy hum on the flat, and leapt in time to its powerful throb up the long Westchester hills.

She knew she loved the car. But—well she reckoned she loved Billy. She wasn't sure—n-not quite! She adored the set of his shoulders. And gravely she thought that the fact that he could hunch his young back over the position he had found and "held down" for himself—

as well as either it down in the snug, back-swept seat of the car his father gave him—made her heart tender for him when she tilted her shiny gold head to one side and thought it over! Honest, truly it did.

But Eros—that little snub-nosed chap who sometimes shapes a love affair in a much worse shape than you and I could do it—why he must have been loafing that day that Billy made up his mind to throw up his chin and ask Betty to be his without a flicker of an eye-lash. He must have been in the quiet midst of a mellow good time by the hearthside of some long-married pair. Some long-happy pair. "Resting on his laurels," you know—while the work of his hands that was there for him to do went all awry!

If the little pink god had been where

most of his wee fat self was needed—on the spare tire at the rear with his face peering between the shoulders of two of them—so he could murmur a bit o' advice now and again, he'd never have let Billy-boy propose on a sharp curve, never have let him slew sideways in his up-peal—carrying the wheel with him, at the same time getting his tall knees in the rake of the wheel, never have let him mix desperate love of a rose of a girl and the manning of a little white racer in one fearful and wonderful muddle—that made them take a store wall into a family of silver birches in one fine, grand comet-like flight, with a spray of snow for a tail!

It wrecked the nose of the little white racer—and Betty said "No!"

She had meant to say the other little hissing word that can be so soft on the

lips of a child or a girl who loves you. But when Betty lowered his gloves from his dazed face and finished up his sentence—"will you?"—all these things—bruises and a lost hat, a tumbled head, and a trail of hairpins, the outraged consciousness of her hat being cooked over her eyes and her own little self snatched into a hurried flight in the heart of the sweetest minute of her life; the sight of the chap who had done it; with his black hair upright; the death of the little white racer—all this made a mighty rage to seethe up in Betty's heart and she turned upon him in the snow in a deadly calm and sent "No!" crackling through the icy quiet air!

And that was the reason she gave that emphatic "no."

NELL BRINKLEY.

"American Women Make Best Husbands"

British Matron to Study United States Parents

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

"English women are said to make the best wives, but American women make the best husbands. If they don't get divorced!"

"The attitude that English people take toward American divorce is one of 'sour grapes.' Mutual incompatibility is the only real reason for divorce."

"Suffrage with the American woman is a side line; with the English woman it's a vital question."

"I have heard American women discussing eating in restaurants with the utmost seriousness. That habit of eating in public is quite unheard of with us."

These are the views of Mrs. Deborah G. Millar.



Mrs. Deborah G. Millar, British authoress, who is "doing" America from an intimate point of view by mingling with people.

A talk with Mrs. Millar is something of a treat. First you are transported to England, where Mrs. Millar is well known as a fiction writer; then you get a glimpse of all the authors and artists who frequent her home, and last but not least, you find yourself talking to a clever woman with an entirely new point of view, who is "doing" our country as it has never been done before by the on-rushing foreign celebrity.

"I have come over here to see America through the eyes of a 'poor relation,'" explained Mrs. Millar, who is tall, handsome and magnetic. "Almost all visitors gather their opinions of New York and other cities from the safe retreat of a big hotel and go through the rest of the town in a motor car at top speed. Palaces and stunts are more or less alike all over the world. It is the people, those who are struggling, that I am interested in, and it is those people I've come over to study."

Mrs. Millar accompanied her husband, the well known etcher and engraver, Fred Millar, to this country. It was Mr. Millar who gave a new impetus to the art of engraving, which is the vogue here as well as abroad. Mr. Millar, being an artist, would not live in any part of the prosaic business neighborhood and hunted out the only remaining corner of New York which times has not touched—West Eleventh street—and there, between two church at No. 228, I found Mrs. Millar.

"If you want to know how the English parent looks upon education, I should advise you to take a glance at Bedford," said the authoress. "Bedford is a town of schools. People go there only for the advantage the public and private schools offer, and they are willing to undergo almost any privation, both financial and social, to give the children the advantages of the best schooling. When we left our home near Oxford to go to Bedford, I took no letters of introduction, because I was going to live in the most modest way."

"But understand, everyone lives that way in Bedford. Women with titles in the background, with family crests and

jewels, are willing to wear last year's tailor-made suit turned and pressed, and evening gowns of an early Victorian date to economize for the children's sake. It is a great big society of mothers, with now and then a man who can spare the time, devoting themselves exclusively to the one great object—the education of their boys and girls. I haven't found anything like that over here as yet, but New York isn't American any more than London is English or Paris is typical of France."

"Another thing strikes me as curious and different over here. In England every schoolboy expects a 'tip' from his family or friends when they come to see him, or at Christmas. But he would never be offered a 'tip' for doing anything—carrying your bag, for instance, or rendering any other little service."

"Now, over here it is different. Your boys are 'tipped' for doing some actual work, and I hear that many of the boys actually earn their own way through college."

"If, as they say, English women make the best wives, I must admit that the American woman has made the best husband. If they don't, they get divorced. If it's true that your women go to Paris when they die, I'm quite sure that English women must come here," she continued.

"English women have much to learn from American women. The women from this side of the water train up their husbands in the way they should go. If the man is amenable to reason he speedily takes his place among the best husbands in the world. If he doesn't yield properly the wife keeps after him until he is a model. That's what I mean when I say that American women make the best husbands."

"Well, there are some things that do strike us as very strange over here. The restaurant question, for instance. Why, I heard a group of women discussing the

possibility of a waiters' strike as a serious thing, and something that affected them personally. They all have the habit of eating in public restaurants. That is quite unheard of in England, where a dinner or a supper in a restaurant is looked upon as a treat and something of a lark.

"But will you tell me why in such a luxurious land you have not a cheaper taxicab rate. No one can afford to go in cabs here, and no one ever thinks of going out in anything else, especially in the evening at home."

"Not having found a satisfactory solution myself, I was at a loss for an answer. But Mrs. Millar evidently expected none and went on to another of our modern inventions—divorce."

"Before I came here I had only met two divorcees in all my life. Divorced people are still spoken of in England with hushed voices and after the children have been sent from the room. But, to tell the truth, I think that the attitude of the English toward the easy American divorce is one of 'sour grapes,' and, personally, I think that if married people find that they are not compatible they should be able to separate. Incompatibility, when it's mutual, is really the only reason for divorce."

Mr. and Mrs. Millar have left their three children in schools while they make their American pilgrimage among that struggling middle section of society. Mrs. Millar's impressions are sure to be different from those of the hotel and private car authors who have had with us of late, and they will be nearer a truthful representation of the people of the States, for, as she says, "The very poor and the very rich of all countries resemble each other. It is among the struggling class who are not handicapped with the extremes of wealth or poverty that the national characteristic and the real mettle of the country is felt."

Romer's Discovery

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

The discovery of the velocity of light which was made on or about February 11, 1872 years ago, by the celebrated Romer, revealed the stupendous secrets which without that great discovery might never have become known to us.



By certain calculations based on the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, Romer ascertained the fact that it took light sixteen minutes and five seconds to cross the earth's orbit. In other words, he fixed the velocity of light at about 186,000 miles per second, an estimate which has been confirmed by all subsequent calculations and which was finally demonstrated by Mister Michelson of the United States navy in 1925.

With the speed of light made known it became possible to determine the distance of the heavenly bodies and thus to get some sort of idea of the vastness of the universe. For example, knowing the speed with which light travels, and knowing that it takes it eight minutes and fourteen seconds to reach the earth from the sun, we know, finally, that the big luminary is distant from us about 92,000,000 miles—a distance that would require a railroad train traveling thirty miles an hour 30 years to cover.

But when the swift messenger has reached our earth he has just started on his journey, and when we stop to think that it will require three and a half years for the messenger to reach Alpha Centauri, our nearest neighbor among the suns of space, we know that that star is separated from us by a void that is equal to twenty-one billions of miles—20,000 times greater than that which separates us from the sun.

By the discovery of the rate of speed with which light travels it was made possible to determine the staggering fact that Si Cygni is distant from us 90,000,000,000 miles; Lyrae, 75,000,000,000; Sirius, 84,000,000,000; Ursa, 147,000,000,000; Arcturus, 145,000,000,000, and so on.

Thus it is by the aid of Romer's discovery that the students of astronomy are able to compass the hitherto impossible gulf of space and measure the distance of the fixed stars, thus impressing us, at one and the same time with the greatness of creation and the littleness of ourselves.

And yet we may find something to cheer us up in the words of Pascal: "Man is but a reed, the weakest in nature, but he is a thinking reed. It is not necessary that the entire universe aim itself to crush him. A breath of air, a drop of water, suffices to kill him. But were the universe to crush him, man would still be more noble than that which kills him, because he knows that he dies; while the universe knows nothing of the advantage it has over him."

Our Daily Fashions



By LA RACONTEUSE.

Evening gown of canary-yellow charmeuse. The foundation of the bodice and the small sleeves are of ecru guipure lace. The bodice is veiled by canary silk muslin embroidered on the shoulders in an oriental design.

The décolletage is "V" shaped and is bordered by a small band of marten.

The draped skirt, which shows a pretty and graceful movement at the small train, is covered in its upper part and over each side by two bands of the same guipure. A high sash of coral "velour frappe" richly embroidered with beads and turquoise, has a long square-loop falling over the girle top.

What is Needed.

"Do you think that we should have a more elastic currency?" asked the Old Fogey.

"It is elastic enough," replied the Grouch. "Why don't they make it more adhesive?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Massive Bridges Spanning City Waterways Are Health Fonts Few People Appreciate.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

New York now has four bridges across the East river.

These four lofty bridges differ from almost all others found in similar situations, because of their great height above the water.



They are great streets through the air, and, as such, are highways of health for those who will make proper use of them.

I know a Brooklyn physician who prescribes regular walks across the bridge as the best medicine for people suffering from trouble of the respiratory organs, weakness of blood circulation, poor digestion, nervousness and insomnia.

He declares, and I believe he is right that when the city built its high bridges it unknowingly furnished a free tonic for its inhabitants that is worth more than millions of bottles of patent medicines or druggists' prescriptions.

I also know a man who was once threatened with consumption, and who avers that he escaped from its clutches by persistently walking across the oldest of these bridges twice a day, winter and summer alike.

Up there, 100 feet above the water, the air blows freely, the breezes blow as uninterrupted as over a country hilltop and much of the contamination of the bottom strata of the atmosphere is eliminated.

The noxious germs are less numerous, and their power to do evil is weakened. In that open space the solar rays can do their purifying work far more effectively than they can in the choked and dusty streets.

Besides the greater purity of the air and the advantage derived from its continual circulation, there are two other influences that add to the health-giving property of these bridges. The first is the stimulating effect of the wonderful views that are spread before the walker's eyes. They have all the usefulness of a mental distraction. If one of those bridges had been built solely for the purpose of affording a view over the metropolis of the western world it would be one of the most popular exhibitions in existence. People would pay a good price to enjoy it. But since they can have it free hundreds of thousands neglect it.

It is a spectacle that never grows old, but, on the contrary, becomes more fascinating every year as the great city climbs higher and higher toward heaven. Every change of weather and every change of light produces a change in the aspect of that marvelous hive of 5,000,000 human bees. When foggy clouds descend

upon the city the view of New York's new famous "sky-line," as seen from the bridges, rivals a mountain scene in majestic impressiveness. In the early evening the rows of lights in the twenty, thirty and forty-story buildings form a spectacle of civic magnificence such as the whole world cannot equal. On a bright day the life of the crowded river and the busy water fronts is almost incredible in its variety and its distractions.

The second stimulating quality of a walk across the bridges is to be found in the exercise itself. City people become fat too fond of riding. They will be seen and women stopping a street car to ride three or four blocks, not because they have not time to walk that distance, but because they have grown too lazy to use their limbs. They even ride across the bridges when they have plenty of time to walk and when the walk would be worth ten times the price of the ride.

Riding in street cars is destructive of thought, but walking stimulates the brain. It is the best of all exercises for people who have to use their mental machinery, and who wish to keep it in good condition.

I will quote another acquaintance who has found out the advantages of bridge-walking. He is a lawyer. He lives in Brooklyn, and does his business in Manhattan. All the year round he walks across the bridge. He says he has won many a case by it. During the walk his mind is stirred to extra activity. Thoughts are stirred up like partridges in the woods. Mind and body are stimulated together.

The awakened blood circulates through the brain and arouses its sluggish cells. The whole aspect of the world, outwardly and inwardly, is changed for the better. Not only does one think more clearly, but one thinks more cheerfully.

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Pape's Cold Compound Cures Colds and Grippe in a Few Hours—Contains no Quinine.

The most severe cold will be broken, and all grippe misery ended after taking a dose of Pape's Cold Compound every two hours until three consecutive doses are taken.

You will distinctly feel all the disagreeable symptoms leaving after the very first dose.

The most miserable headache, dullness, head and nose stuffed up, feverishness, sneezing, running of the nose, sore throat, mucous catarrhal discharges, soreness, stiffness, rheumatism pains and other distress vanishes.

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