

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Bringing Up Father

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## Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



## Real Thing and Phony

### Too Many Make Mistakes in the Big Department Store of Life and Find Only Too Late They Have Gotten Hold of the Sham

By ADA PATTERSON.

The other day a woman killed herself, and to those gathered about her bedside in a vain effort to save her life she said: "I didn't know the real thing from the phony until too late."

The dying words of the poor, painted creature, self-slain, despairing, anxious to leave a world in which she had allowed herself to be cheated, are a message to every woman, whatever her gifts, her outlook or her problems.

The world is a great department store, and we are the shoppers.

Woman's life is a search for values. The woman whose life ended in the suicide ward of one of the city hospitals was a bad shopper. At the bargain counter, in search of benefits, she had selected what was worthless, discarding what was worthy.

"The power of living a beautiful life dwells in the soul," said Marcus Aurelius, "and consists in indifference to those things which are indifferent."

The young girl peers into her mirror, and discovers with a thrill of pride that she has suddenly, mysteriously, become pretty of face and pleasing of figure, that the sallowness and awkwardness of yesterday have gone somewhere, somehow, that she is growing up, and has dominion in a new, strange land, the land of admiration.

Hovering timidly, fascinatedly, at life's bargain counter, she is in great danger, the greatest danger that besets a woman's life—that of not knowing the worthy from what is worthless.

The stranger who twirls his cane with one hand and pulls his mustache with the other, while he ogles her, she may, because this smooching is so new to her, mistake for something genuine and worth while.

If she watched him saunter a block further she would see the same twirling of the light cane, the same pulling at a feeble mustache, the same rolling of shallow eyes at every other pretty girl he met. Worthless goods. The only man worth a second's consideration is the one who does not ogle, but who, looking with true, steady eyes into your own, asks the only honest question: "Will you be my wife?"

Yet every day, every hour of the day, we see girls confusing male values. They mistake general admiration for love. They think they want general admiration. Perhaps they do want it, but the only real value to be found in the department of hearts is not the admiration, but love. Love of general admiration is the commonest mistake of woman. Homes are broken by it. Lives are shattered by it. Yet, maddened by the rush of other women to the bargain counter, many shoppers pay the last penny of their

womanhood for what is worse than worthless.

To be admired one moment and forgotten the next is the lot of the woman who cares only for admiration. The honest love of a good man is the only article at that counter worth a thought.

In her search for values a woman who takes her brains with her to market wants to buy a home. She may begin with a furnished room. She may grow out of this into a wee flat of her own. But if her mind sits steadily on its throne, there is a healthy hunger in her that will not be stilled—the hunger for a permanent home into which she can build herself and her family. That home will be to her an expression of themselves and a growing ground for every inmate of it, a place-for-character growth and upbuilding.

Seeking for values, the permanency of life, she finds that honest, cheerful work, and a plenty of it, is one of them, and a good will is another.

The idler always makes a poor bargain. He gives his time and gets nothing. The worker gives his energy and receives the comfortable assurance of having done his best. The joys of love, intoxicating, exhilarating and pure. The consciousness of having done your best with the talents granted you by nature is a permanent sunshine of the soul. The thorn in many a deathbed has been the thought: "I have thrown away my

talents; I have wasted my life."

There is plenty of sentiment in the world, and in human hearts, if directed into right channels. The world's need is rather the ballast of practical common sense than of flight-provoking sentiment.

But there is no doubt that every life is better and more profitable for the cultivation of a spirit of good will. The hypercritical woman stultifies herself.

She forms the habit of studying life through a microscope. She becomes a fault hunter. The best definition I have ever heard of a friend is that he is one who, in and out of the season, wishes you well. That is a good attitude to take toward life, toward people, toward the world, of wishing them well.

The difference between the magnetic and unmagnetic person is simply in this atmosphere of thought. We are attracted by the person who wills good will, and are repelled by one who is indifferent or malicious.

The woman who has gotten from life's bargain counter the love of a good man; if he has bought, or are in the way of buying, a home, he is not so little of their own. If she is developing to the utmost her talent, he is for raising healthy babies or singing in grand opera; if she has the soul sunshine which follows general good will, she knows value. She has proven herself a good shopper.

## United States of Australia

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

One hundred and forty-three years ago April 28, 1770, Captain Cook made England a present of the great island-continent of the south to be known as Australia, a territory just about the size of the United States of America, exclusive of Alaska.

It was April 28, 1770, when Cook sighted the coast of the great island, and going ashore and finding a wilderness of plants and flowers they named the spot "Botany Bay."

It is a little strange that this beautiful place should have been used for a long time as a dumping place for English convicts. The convicts were the "first settlers," and to their credit, and to the credit of human nature in general, it is said that they became the progenitors of some of the finest people in the country.

Sydney was founded in 1788, other settlements were effected, and by 1821 the population of the island was 21,763, and things began to look up. Melbourne was

founded in 1837, and ten years later the population of Australia had risen to 190,000. In 1861 gold was discovered, and in fifteen years the white people on the island-continent numbered 1,900,000.

From that time the progress in every respect has been steady, the population today being between five and six million. Melbourne and Sydney are great cities of more than half a million each, with all the appliances of modern science, and all the push and progress of modern civilization.

That Australia is a coming country, that its future is destined to be a great one, is already assured.

The first matter to be considered in connection with the casting of a country's horoscope is its population and the character of that population. When it comes to the development of a country, and the establishment of real civilization, one man with the right sort of blood in his veins and the right sort of gray matter in his brain is worth a thousand, or a million, who may be lacking in those directions.

But there is nothing the matter with the blood and brain of the men of Australia. They are the finest in the world—full of fire and energy, ambitious, determined, unconquerable. The intellect of the Australian is as clear as the sky over his head. It is a land of education, a land where men know how to think, and do think. In the solution of many of the great social and economic problems that are vexing the children of men the Australians are ahead of the world. They are not afraid to put their convictions to the test, and if proven to be practicable they adopt them.

In politics they are thoroughly democratic. Their laws are just, and when made are enforced. "Graft," so far, is practically unknown. Up to this time trusts and combinations have failed to get a grip on the throat of the commonwealth; and the good old doctrine of the "greatest good to the greatest number" receives in the great island-continent of the south its finest and most substantial illustration.

It was not a bad day's work, then, when Cook gave to the world the region out of which was to come the "United States of Australia."

Gentle Gynae. When a woman is afraid of showing her age she tries to cover it with a coat of paint.

## Are Women Honest? Expert Says "Yes"

By LILLIAN LAUFERTY.

Do you believe in women? Do you believe in their ideals and their desire to grow in knowledge and power, and to take their place as factors in the world's work? You must answer "Yes," because in the course of the last thirty years they have come to believe more and more in themselves and to justify that belief.

Recently all London has been interested in the appointment of women as United States government land office receivers out in Leadville, Colo. A well known London storekeeper entered the discussion by upholding the superior honesty of his women employees, and the women of the world wonder at the great emphasis that is suddenly being laid on a quality in themselves that they had heretofore taken for granted.

"Do you believe that women lead in honesty?" I asked Miss Lillian Wald of the Henry Street settlement, for her work has brought her into close and sympathetic touch with her own sex.

"Yes," said Miss Wald with great earnestness, "I do. Business men will tell you of the great honesty of women bookkeepers and cashiers. They feel perfectly safe in putting women in positions of trust, where not only money, but important information is controlled."

"Would you say that honesty is at the root of the feminine nature? That the mothers of the world are honest with it?" I asked.

"Yes, but that takes you deep into the complications of feminine psychology—into the realm of sentiment."

"The question of honesty may go to the fine roots of feminine nature, but I think women are honest because they have learned to put two and two together."

"True women as children and they act the part! Now children who grow up to be perfectly honest men and women often steal in their youth because the feeling of responsibility is not developed. Modern women are having their brains and minds stirred by big social questions and implications. The social conscience was aroused at the same time that the opportunity to use it came."

"Woman has begun to feel that she is increasingly important in the world's work—the better she does that work, the more work she will be given to do. And part of doing work well is doing it with perfect honesty."

"Do you think women more honest than men are? I think, men have their own dominant virtues—so have women. Men and women have different temptations. Many women have more spiritual and moral force than men. The best women are coming to be practical idealists. They do not get sentimental about their ideals—they make them practical working forces."

"Men and women are equal—but that does not mean identical. As women grow they are not to supplant men, but to enforce them. Given a big outlet, women do big things—they moralize in constructive social work—they stand ready to make political life profit by having a spiritual force added to politics."

But what stands back of their fine honesty with life and with employers? "Is it loyalty?" I questioned.

Miss Wald answered with conviction: "It is the spiritual and moral force in women of which the money side is only one detail. Women probe into conditions for the betterment of the world. Women of large fortunes are beginning to inquire into the reasons for large dividends even against their own interests."



MISS LILLIAN WALD. Head of Settlement house, who lauds business ability and honesty of business women.

## Consider the Universe—It Improves the Mind

### A Railroad Express Traveling a Mile a Minute Would Require 1,920,000 Years to Pass Through the Andromeda Nebula.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS

A correspondent asks whether it is true, as he has read, that a faint spangle of light which an opera glass shows in the constellation Andromeda is in reality another universe lying far off from the uttermost shores of our universe and possessing its own Milky Way and its own cluster of stars and swarms of worlds. And, if anybody believes this is so, he would like to know why.

It will help to make the answer clearer if we first consider the appearance of the Andromeda nebula.

The naked eye can just glimpse it on a dark night like the merest speck of luminous smoke. An opera glass, as above said, shows it in the form of a glimmering spindle. A powerful telescope reveals it as an elongated glowing cloud, the brightest part of which is at least twice as long as the full moon is broad when seen with the naked eye.

Two dark rifts seem to partially divide it lengthwise, and a small round nebula shines, like a little attendant, off at one side. The condensed parts have a sparkling appearance, like frosted silver.

A marvellous transformation takes place when a photographic plate instead of the eye is exposed at the focus of a telescope pointed at the Andromeda nebula.

In the photograph the glowing cloud appears in the form of a great irregular central mass, surrounded by several more or less broken rings, all of which are seen slopingly, so that they look like long ellipses. The appearance is as if the whole nebula were in whirling motion, like a gigantic cyclone of fiery clouds, and the rings seem to be flying outward.

Before going further, something should be said about the probable size of this wonderful object. Some observers have reported that they could trace its faint extensions over a space four degrees in length, or eight times the breadth of the full moon. In order to be well within the truth, however, let us assume that the length of the brighter portion is only one degree.

Now, the actual size of an object which appears one degree broad depends upon its distance from the eye. We do not know the distance of this nebula, but we have the best reasons for believing that it cannot be less than 100 light-years away—i. e. light, which travels 186,000 miles per second, requires 100 years to come to us from it. In 100 years light travels, in round numbers, 690,000,000,000 miles. That, then, is the least distance

that we can assume for the Andromeda nebula.

To tell how large it is we have only to remember that the apparent diameter of any object bears a fixed proportion of its distance. If the apparent diameter is one degree the distance will be about 57.3 times the real diameter. In this case we know that it cannot be less than a certain amount, although it may be more—and we wish to find out the real diameter from knowing the apparent diameter and the distance.

All we have to do, then, is to divide 690,000,000,000 miles by 57.3. For the simplicity call the divisor 58, and the result is 10,000,000,000. That tremendous number represents the length of the Andromeda nebula in miles.

To comprehend it, let us make a little calculation. A swift projectile from a modern gun can go at the rate of half a mile in a second, thirty miles in a minute, 1,800 miles in an hour, 43,200 miles in a day, or 15,120,000 miles in a year.

Such a projectile, if it kept right on, never slowing in the least, would take about 640,000 years to pass from end to end through the Andromeda nebula, assuming that its size is no greater than we have supposed. A railroad express, traveling a mile a minute, would require 1,920,000 years to make that trip!

Now, what is the Andromeda nebula? To the eye it resembles other nebulae, which we know are composed of gaseous matter not yet condensed into stars. But the spectroscopic shows that its light is not that of a true nebula, but rather resembles the light that would come from a mass of stars so far away that no telescope and no photograph can reveal them separately to our eyes.

For this reason some astronomers have guessed that it may be an outer universe, which we see dimly gleaming in the depths of space beyond our starry system.

Whether this is really so or not we do not yet know, but if it is so, then we must conclude that many other so-called nebulae are also other universes, for too, present the same peculiarity in their light.

For my own part, I am disposed to think that all of these objects are parts of our universe, but we are hardly yet in a position to be dogmatic on the subject.

## Mother's Advice To Her Daughter

### A Real Live Doll to Fondle Is Woman's Greatest Happiness.



One of the most important matters about which women concern themselves is their future status as a grandmother. And she is wisdom itself who knows or learns of that famous remedy, Mother's Friend. This is an external application for the abdominal muscles and breasts. It certainly has a wonderful influence, allays all fear, banishes all pain, is a most grateful encouragement to the young expectant mother, and permits her to go through the period happy in mind, free in body and thus destined to participate woman's greatest happiness as nature intended she should.

The action of Mother's Friend makes the muscles free, pliant and responsive to expansion. Thus all strain and tension upon the nerves and ligaments is avoided, and in place of a period of discomfort and consequent dread, it is a season of calm repose and joyous expectation.

There is no nausea, no morning sickness, no nervous twitching, none of that constant strain known to so many women, hence Mother's Friend is really one of the greatest blessings that could be devised.

This splendid and certain remedy can be had of any druggist at \$1.00 a bottle, and is sure to prove of incalculable value, not only upon the mother, but upon the health and future of the child. Write to Bradfield Regulator Co., 112 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., for their book to expectant mothers.

## FOR THE WOMAN WHO THINKS AND FEELS.

Some women complain that they periodically suffer from dull and heavy feelings, or dizziness in the head, nervousness, pain and bearing-down feelings which should not occur to the normal healthy woman. But most every woman is subject to these pains at some time in her life, due to abnormal conditions in life, such as corsets, over-taxed strength, bad air, poor or improper food, wet feet, sluggish liver, etc. A regulator and female tonic made from native medicinal roots with pure glycerine, and without the use of alcohol, called

**DR. PERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION,** has proven its value in thousands of cases, like the following:



Mrs. DORA M. MARTIN, of Auburn, Me., Route 1, Box 84, says: "I thought I would write you in regard to what your medicine has done for me. I have used them for thirty years for female troubles and general weakness with the very best result, and they have saved me hundreds of dollars in doctors' bills. I buy the Favorite Prescription and Golden Medical Discovery and take them together. I never was disappointed in your remedies and take pleasure in recommending them to any suffering lady. I am now almost fifty years old; at forty-five I took your medicine, took blood, and I passed that period very easily. I feel like a young girl. If any lady cares to write me, I will gladly tell her more about the good work of your medicines."

Dr. PERCE'S GREAT FAMILY DOCTOR BOOK, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, newly revised up-to-date edition—of 1908 pages, answers hosts of delicate questions which every woman, single or married, ought to know. Sent free in cloth binding to any address on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of wrapping and mailing only.

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