

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Companions

By JANE McLEAN.

I have a friend so very strange and wonderful to know,  
Her eyes are deep, I love to watch the wonder in them grow;  
And when she speaks the air vibrates with music soft and low.  
Sometimes I am afraid of her—I fear the scornful shine  
Deep in the stormy eyes of her, a strange unspoken sign  
That she is friend to many, but I may not call her mine.  
Sometimes I chafe beneath her rule, when all the world is gay,  
And venture out alone without her aid to point the way,  
And mingle with the many on the highroad gone astray.  
Sometimes I can but feel her breath upon the breezes blown;  
Her name is Truth, but when I feel her fingers in my own  
And know that she has read my soul, I feel that I have grown.

## Lack of Logic Shown in Women's "Peace Hat"

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Copyright, 1915, Star Company.

The lack of logical reasoning powers on the part of womankind was illustrated recently by the creation of a head protection named the "peace hat." This hat was decorated with two dead doves. It was suggested that the hat should be adopted by all women who were interested in bringing peace to earth, and that it should be a symbol of their disapproval of war and cruelty.



The slaughter of doves and the encouragement of the spirit of slaughter in the people whose work it would be to provide the dead birds did not enter into the question, evidently, in the minds of the creator of the "peace hat."

One of the most persistent and stubborn faults of woman displays itself in her headgear. Even in audiences brought together to discuss kindness to animals, the hat, flaunting its corpses of birds or its cigarettes or plumage of beautiful creatures destroyed for the purpose of woman's adornment, will be found in evidence of woman's lack of innate, refined feeling toward the lesser creatures of earth.

A woman who is progressive, kind, tender-hearted and thoughtful in every other respect, was asked why she wore cigarettes on her hat. "I never gave the matter a thought," she said. Yet she had given every other question concerning kindness a thought.

Mrs. Russell Sage has done a great work in helping educate the young and in helping to protect our beautiful song birds from the destruction of hunters. She recently gave \$5,000 to the Junior Audubon society to be used wholly in the southern states. A man, whose name he has requested should remain unknown, gave \$20,000 last year for the same purpose.

It has been by means of such assistance that the National Association of Audubon Societies has been able to carry forward the extension of the education of the young people of the country in the knowledge and love and appreciation of birds. The secretary of the association remarked, in his report of the Junior Audubon society, that its influence for good was far wider than the limits of bird protection alone.

"Beyond doubt," the report said, "nothing is so great a problem, or one whose solution is so important to the future prosperity and peace of the country as the rescue of children of the land from evil influences and the diversion of their restless activities and curiosities into safe and beneficent channels. To do this their interest must be excited in something which will appeal to their minds as amusing and at the same time be really worth while."

"The pursuit of the study of natural history offers just these attractions, and to a large extent appeals to girls as well as to boys. No better place to begin this study exists than in watching the activities of birds, which invite the interest of all children by their pretty ways, sweet voices and domestic habits. In respect to no other class of animals is sentiment so mingled with science as here; and, when one needs to cultivate in a young mind a sense of the duty of consideration for animals, the bird offers the best possible point of beginning."

"These thoughts would arise first to the mind of the moralist and social economist as he looked at the astounding success of the Junior Audubon movement displayed by the statistics published in these pages—and mayhap that is really the important thing that has been accomplished. It may be that these tens of thousands of children, poring over their leaflets, memorizing the various birds pictured, while happily producing their portraits with their crayons, are exercising their ingenuity in pleasant rivalry, as they contrive their bird-logs and set them in cautiously chosen places, are acquiring, quite unknowingly, powers and qualities that will be of far greater value for them in the future than will their store of ornithology."

Laws will help to save the birds, but education is better, is the slogan of the Liberty Bell Bird club of the Farm Journal, which has 28 schools enrolled in its birth state, Pennsylvania, with more than 3,000 in different parts of the United States, whose pupils are pledged to study all song and insectivorous birds. It costs nothing to join this club, which, in its short year of existence, has members in all parts of the world. The club badge is sent free to every one who signs its pledge.

A number of teachers have set aside Friday afternoon as "Bird day," when interesting and instructive programs of songs, essays, recitations, debates and compositions on birds and their habits are given. On this day the walls of the school room are decorated with the bird club pennants and wall cards. One teacher has found a short bird talk the first thing in the morning has greatly

reduced the tardy marks which before had been too plentiful in her room. County superintendents in all the states have become deeply interested in the work of the Liberty Bell Bird club, and are calling the special attention of their teachers to its aid in character training as well as its educational value.

Study birds, protect birds, feed birds, love birds, but do not wear dead birds, even on a "peace hat."

## Surgery in the War

By Woods Hutchinson, A. M., M. D.

This war has been as barren of anything new and interesting in surgery as in everything else. Simply a dreary waste of mud and blood and slaughter. Man has reverted three quarters of a million years at one sweep, back to the blood-sucking, burrowing vermin, half ferret, half hedge-hog, from which he originally sprang.

There once was a thing called war, certain selected spots of which could be spoken of without disgust and horror, but now men burrow down into holes in the ground to fight and are blown out again by high explosives, so that their fragments are scattered all over the surrounding landscape.

When the great insanity first broke out we fatuously congratulated ourselves that this was going to be a humane war, so far as wounds and their handling was concerned. This modern, small caliber, high velocity bullet was the most humane and gentle killer ever invented, we burred. The wounds drilled by it were as small and clean as gimlet holes; the heat generated in the rifle barrel had made it absolutely sterile, and the tissues on each side of it were half pulped, half scared, so that almost no hemorrhage followed unless a large artery was pierced.

But the first couple of dozen bullets from the front shattered this rosy vision into smithereens. First, came loud and bitter complaints from both sides that the other side was violating the rules of war and using dum-dum bullets, making tunnels the size of a stove-pipe through the body, instead of clean-drilled auger holes.

The tunnels were there in painful abundance, but when the whole thing was sifted down the explanation appeared to resolve itself into three parts. First, that any private soldier that had a grutch on could convert the most respectable regulation bullet into a dum-dum in three minutes or less, simply by ripping open the steel jacketing, or flattening the nose of it on a stone, or filling a couple of nicks above the collar.

Second, that any pencil-shaped bullet which happened to ricochet from the ground, or glance from a tree, or strike any other obstacle in its flight, would either become bent into a crescent or turned sideways and strike broad-side on, making the unfortunate "target" look as if he had been hit by a flying stove-pipe, or a blade of a broken propeller.

Third, that if the flying death happened to strike or even scrape a bone, or tough tendon, or sometimes, for no reason whatever except its own sweet will, it would either mushroom in the most approved and horrible style, or "jelly" everything within half a yard of it, including lungs, liver, kidney, heart or brains, if they happened to lie within that radius. So that the boasted "humanity" of the modern high-speed bullet was not what had been claimed, though a considerable proportion of its wounds were clean, bloodless and astonishingly quick healing.

But the moment that the open air and daylight fighting stopped and the murdering underground in the dark began, another sinister influence came into play, which changed the face of the game entirely, and swept half our notions of modern military surgery onto the scrap heap. This was the horrible preponderance of wounds made by shell, shrapnel and other artillery high explosives, over all other sorts of injuries.

For just plain dirty wounds which were too big or the tissues about them too badly shattered to close, it was found that a special hot water irrigation dressing worked admirably, while for others exposure to direct sunlight for several hours each day was the best cure.

So that modern surgery is now equipped to deal with even the worst atrocities of this devil's brew called modern war, providing that there is enough patient left to keep the wounds together until they can be made to heal.

Of those who are left sufficiently in one piece to be carried off the field at all, only 3 per cent die, ninety-seven out of every 100 recover. Of those who are whole enough to reach the base hospitals, 98 per cent recover, while there are English and French home hospitals which have a record of thousands of wounded with a loss of only about four to the thousand.

Surgery is doing its best to save man from his own blood-madness, but it is only a melancholy sort of pride which it can take in its achievement.

## Falling Leaves



## How Hot is the Sun?

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

"How hot is the sun? I have a friend that pretends to scientific knowledge, who says the sun isn't hot, but cold, and that all the heat is manufactured on the earth. Is that so?—Reader."



Nobody knows, for sure, how hot the sun is. Its temperature, (at its surface), has been estimated by different authorities, at different times, all the way from 5,000 degrees to 15,000,000 degrees Fahrenheit! This does not mean that the sun is 4,000 times hotter at one time than at another, but simply that the figures that calculation gives as representing its temperature vary with the assumptions on which the calculation is based. The tendency now among men of science is to adopt the lower rather than the highest estimates, and it is usually said in present day textbooks that the temperature of the sun is probably 10,000 or 12,000 degrees. That is about three times as high as any artificial temperature that we can produce.

Sir Isaac Newton calculated the sun's temperature at near 4,000,000 degrees. Secchi made it 15,000,000 by one method of calculation, and only 20,000 by another. Ericsson, the inventor of the Monitor, thought Newton's method was best, and put the figures at from 4,000,000 to 5,000,000. The estimates of Zollner, Spörer and Lane ranged from 50,000 to 100,000, and those of Pouillet, Deville and Vieaire from 3,000 to 10,000. Professor Young thought 15,000 degrees was about the correct figure.

The principal difficulty arises from the fact that we do not know for certain what is the law connecting the temperature of the surface of a highly heated body with the amount of radiation that it gives off in a unit of time, say a second. For bodies moderately hot, the surface temperature and the amount of radiation are almost directly proportional, and Newton assumed that this was true in all cases.

But it has been discovered that, with hotter bodies, the radiation increases much faster than the temperature, so that the best authorities now reject Newton's and all the other excessively high estimates.

At your second question, your friend is right only in a certain sense. The sun is not cold, but extremely hot, and you

would find it so if you could touch it. But you could never get to it, for at a distance of 93,000,000 miles it would shrivel you up in an instant! Nevertheless, the rays that it sends to the earth are not, in themselves, hot. They impart, but do not possess, temperature. On their unobstructed way through space they are no more heated than the electric impulses transmitted through a telephone wire are sound.

Just as those impulses may be transformed into sound by setting a diaphragm in motion, so the sun's rays are transformed into heat by setting the molecules of any body they fall upon into vibration. The space through which the rays pass on their ninety-odd-million-mile journey to the earth is not heated by them because it contains nothing that is capable of being set into molecular vibration by their impact.

Heat is a state in which the invisibly minute particles, of which all matter is made up, are kept in more or less violent agitation among themselves. This agitation produces vibrations in the all-enveloping ether, and these etheric vibrations traveling swiftly away in all directions from the heated body constitute what we call radiation, or radiant energy.

Striking upon a colder body the radiation reproduces in it molecular agitation similar to that which the first heated body possessed. As this is the way in which the sun affects the earth—by sending radiation through the ether capable of producing vibration, or agitation, called heat—we see that the sun itself must be a hot body, although the rays which its heat gives rise to are not themselves hot.

It is the same with the sun's light. The rays of light are not light in themselves. For instance, to show what is meant, suppose you were placed out in empty space, facing so that you would look sideways at the light rays passing from the sun to the earth. You would not see them at all. You could only see them if you looked directly at the sun, so that the rays would enter your eyes, and, striking upon the retina, produce there the impression of light.

The rays passing by and not entering your eyes would be invisible, because, in open space, there is no medium like the atmosphere to scatter the rays in all directions and thus produce an illumination all around. The sky at night is full of passing sunbeams and starbeams, a vast and inextricable web of radiations, but they lie beyond the limits of the atmosphere, and only those are transformed into light which, by reflection from a planet, in the case of sunbeams, or by coming straight into the eye from the star, directly affect the nerves of vision.

## Other Point of View

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Should a very successful business woman to me recently, "I have just come from a conference with the heads of our firm. There were five men there and myself. We had met to discuss how to make a half-a-million-dollar corporation out of a million-dollar one, and I was delighted at being invited to the conference."

"I was asked because they wanted my opinions and ideas, and as I set forth my feminine viewpoint, I am sure to my surprise when, at the end of my questions, our president exclaimed, 'How like a woman!' Of course it was like a woman. I am a woman, and I have a feminine viewpoint. In places it touches the masculine one, and when it falls a touch, it generally can comprehend. It surely, surely it is different because of training and heredity and most of the facts of my being are different, 1915."

In this world there are almost as many points of view as there are men and women; but underneath all there is the human point of view. There are fundamental dissimilarities between the masculine and feminine viewpoints, and there are occasions when the two will hardly be reconciled; and the man who exclaimed, "How like a woman!" probably had so exclusively masculine an angle of vision that he was narrow and warped and incapable of understanding even another man's attitude toward things if it were very dissimilar from his own.

It has often been said a woman has no sense of humor. Whoever says it probably has none; for, though woman is likely to take herself a little too seriously, still, she can see most of the fun in life when it does not affect her personally.

Frequently women are not "good sports" in that they cannot face defeat, but out of this fault comes a virtue, for they will not acknowledge or accept defeat, and they sometimes force the impossible to become possible. The feminine unwillingness to see things as they are may lead to victory in the realm of what may be. And then as men, by force and determination and active onslaught, bend circumstances to their will, so women, by ignoring failure, stumble into victory.

Feminine instinct is, after all, just a certain greater fineness in women and a certain ability to put themselves in sympathetic tune with things. A woman may sense a situation and adjust herself to it and to her by delicate compromise, where a man, by practical force, will work it out to an issue. So some of the best work in the world is done when men and women work hand-in-hand.

Feminine instinct plus masculine insight, feminine fineness plus masculine force, feminine sympathy plus masculine dominance make a wonderful combination whereby worlds may be conquered. There is a new partnership of men and women today in the world of work. It is here and it has come to stay. It will work out best if each works naturally along the lines of their inherited abilities and understandings with an acceptance of the fact that the shortcomings of one sex are counterbalanced by the special abilities of the other and that each has much to give and take.

The business world is no place for coquetry or sex-consciousness or the play of emotion. It has to do with mentalities and with the ability to work.

Man must expect woman to do her work like a woman and woman certainly must accept the fact that man's thinking will be along the lines of his inherited prejudices, trainings and abilities.

# Have You a BUSINESS of Any Kind?

# Do You ADVERTISE That Business?

If you do not you are not conducting it in a money-making way. One of the best ways to get new business is by using the Want Ad columns of The Bee.

Trying to make money out of your business without advertising is like trying to reap the harvest of the fields without a harvesting machine.

If you have anything to sell, no matter what it may be, and you want speedy results, use Bee Want Ads.