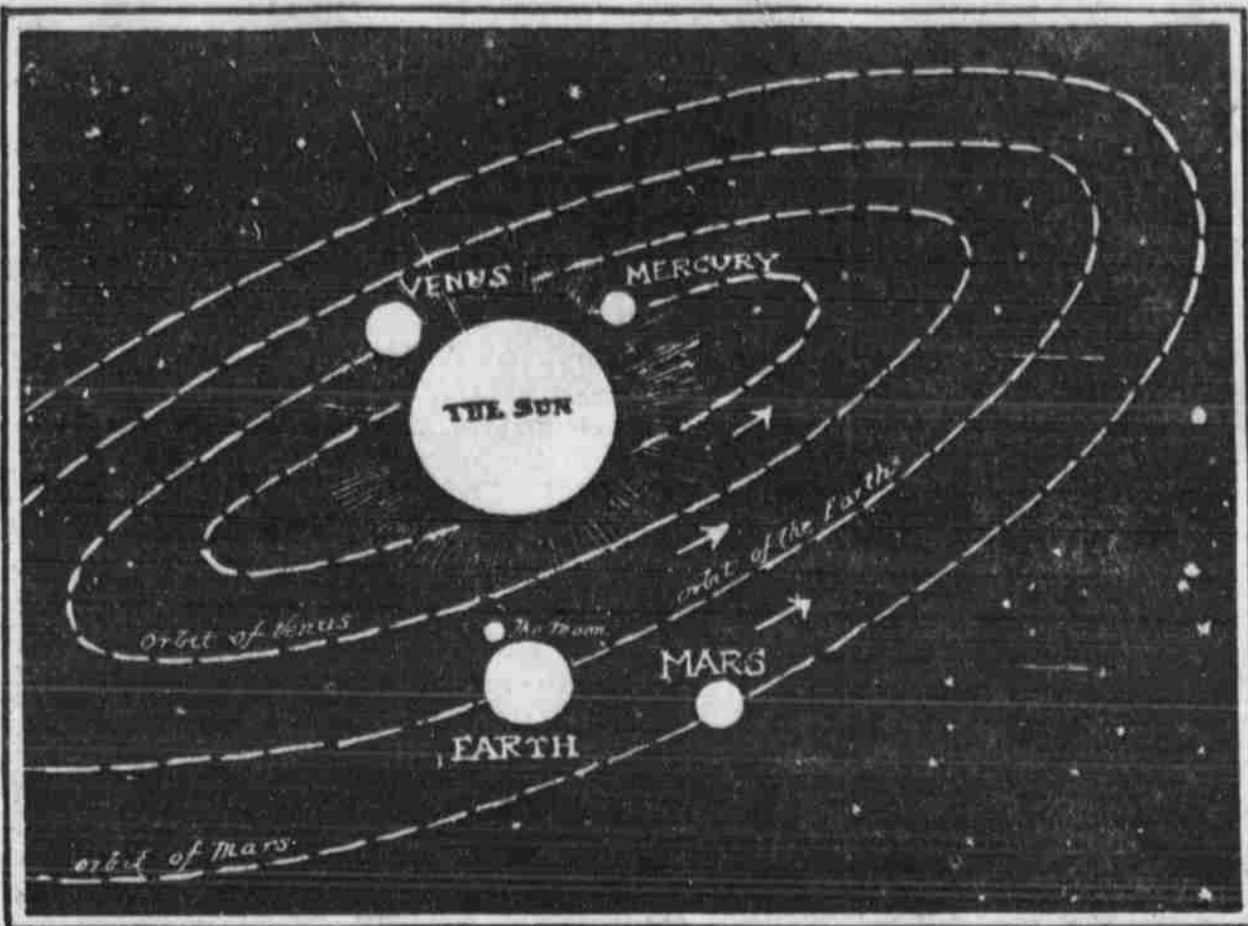


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Red Secret of Mars



By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The planet Mars is preparing to show himself again during the winter in one of the "oppositions" for which he has become famous.

His red disk will gleam like a battle lantern over the fields of strife, and many an eye will be lifted from the trenches and the trampled snow to that lurid portent in the midnight sky.

There seems to have been no reason other than its suggestive color for the selection of this planet as the celestial symbol of the war god. Yet it was universally so regarded in ancient times.

If we could tell why Mars is red we might hit upon the whole secret of that strange planet. Its color is probably due to some peculiar quality of its soil. It may be principally composed of material resembling our red sandstone, or it may be stained red by an abundance of iron in its rocks.

The approach of Mars toward the earth will not, on this occasion, be very close. The two planets will be some sixty million miles apart, but, on the other hand, Mars will be well situated in the sky for observational purposes. Its northern hemisphere, which is the least known, will be the one presented most conspicuously to view.

The idea of trying to communicate with the inhabitants of Mars is sure to be put forward again, especially in view of the recent achievements of wireless telephony.

It is now perfectly certain that we can send electric waves, bearing signals and capable of reproducing the sounds of the human voice, completely around the world.

We shall, soon after the war is ended, begin to talk with people on all the continents, wherever the proper apparatus can be set up. But these marvelous

waves are not formed in the atmosphere; they travel in the ether, which fills all space and extends from planet to planet and from star to star.

It is questionable whether they are not more or less impeded by the atmosphere.

It is not, the deserted lunar world may be conceived to have become, with a few years past, the haunt of strange electromagnetic echoes from the feverish life of its big animated neighbor.

Unfortunately the needed evidence of life upon the moon is not forthcoming. Our nearest neighbor in the sky appears to be a dead, or totally abandoned, world.

With Mars the case is different. Mars has air, which the moon has not; Mars has water, which the moon has not; Mars has days and nights and seasons resembling the earth's, which the moon has not; and, finally, Mars has significant markings upon its surface, which at least suggest the work of hands guided by a high intelligence.

Courage More Important than a Bank Account

By JOHN H. T. MAIN.

President Grinnell College, Grinnell, Ia. Many a boy that ought to go to college and that wants to go to college does not do so because he fears the handicap of slender resources.

His fears overcome his desire. Instead of going to college he takes a job and loses a great opportunity.

To be sure his lack of courage has gone far to prove that he was not the genuine college type.

It suggests that he would not have won out as a college man.

A college man needs courage in the face of difficulties.

Courage is more important than a bank account.

Any lad with a conviction based on good common sense and a fair record in the preparatory school is entitled to a college education if he wants it, and it is certain to be his if he determines that it shall be.

Some weeks ago I sat near four lads in a railroad car on route from Northampton, Mass., to Springfield. Their conversation indicated that they were in the last year of a high school course.

They were discussing the prospects of next year in college. Three of the lads had chosen the same college. One had chosen Harvard college. They were eager, quick-witted lads, alive to the problems of college and the future.

Their speech indicated that their resources were slender. Three were urging the fourth to "come along," but the fourth had his mind made up and finally declared warmly, "I am going to Harvard. I am going to Harvard if it takes all the rest of my life to pay the debt."

The emphasis of his words marked him out as a fit subject for a college education. He had planned his educational future. He was determined to have what he had planned to have. He had made his choice and illustrated the fact that in comparison with courage and the will to achieve the questions of money, of expense, of location are quite incidental.

This lad already had success well in command. Success was already his servant. In the ordinary and normal course of things he will go to the college of his choice.

He will leave it at graduation in debt. He will not stay in debt, but he will go to work and pay his debt and be a successful man and citizen. His debt will be a perpetual inspiration and a perpetual investment, bringing back not only dollars, but innumerable satisfactions, both material and spiritual.

Many business men would advise this lad not to go to college. They would say to him, "You can't afford it." Such men have no capacity to see a debt as an investment.

They do not realize that the greatest investments that have ever been made have originally been debts. They see only the difficulty and do not realize that a wise lad reduces a difficulty to its simple elements or pays no attention to it whatever.

A story is told of the Wright brothers. It is not true, it ought to be true. When Wilbur and Orville Wright were lads they worked in their father's backyard in Dayton, O., on various mechanical devices, spurred on by the ambition that they might some day make a flying machine. An old neighbor noticed the boys working. He would occasionally come over to see them. One day the old neighbor said to Wilbur:

"Wilbur, don't you know that nobody ever did make a flying machine?" Wilbur reflected and made no reply. After a moment the old gentleman continued:

"Wilbur, don't you know that nobody ever will make a flying machine?" Wilbur replied and made no reply. After a moment the old gentleman continued:

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Anita Stewart's Talks to Girls

No. 6—A Girl and Her Money



are out of a position, and then the difference between peace and despair will be your balance in the bank.

If you have laid money aside, you can take time to recover from an illness. If you are treated unjustly, you can afford to give up a bad situation while you hunt for a good one; but if you have lived up to every cent of your earnings you are nothing but an industrial slave, worse off than the blacks were in the south before the war.

Of course it's hard for a girl to save. For one thing, because her family always thinks that a daughter's pocket-book belongs to them instead of being her individual property; and for another, because so many of her friends think of her as someone from whom they can always borrow money.

It's hard for a girl to say "No" to

A Recent Photograph of Anita Stewart in an Attractive Pose.

By ANITA STEWART

Copyright, 1915, Interl. News Service.

The first money I ever earned I made posing as a ragged, barefooted little country girl in a moving picture film. I received only a few dollars for it, but I felt richer than many a millionaire.

They talk about the music of the spheres! Do you know what I think it is? I think it's that crisp, important rattle of the first money we ever make with our own hands and brains and energy. Not without reason do they stamp the eagle the emblem of liberty on a dollar, for there's no freedom without financial independence, and that's what you achieve when you begin to make money for yourself.

But it's one thing to make money and another thing to save it, and the saving is what I want to talk to girls about today, for lots of girls can make a good salary, but it takes a real heroine to accumulate a savings bank account.

Of course, there are far more temptations for a woman to spend money than there are for a man. A man can be well dressed with a few suits of clothes that look just like every other man's, and there's nothing in a tailor's window to make him want to spend his last cent on it.

But clothes make a woman pretty or ugly, and every shop window is a standing temptation to her. It's so hard to resist that temptation that I don't think I should have a pair of shoes that exactly match a new frock, and to turn your head away and seize your pocket-book and run by instead of going in and buying.

But be Spartans, girls, and forego unnecessary finery. Don't be like those foolish ones who, after ten years of hard work, have nothing to show for their labor but a few yards of bedraggled chiffon.

Remember that the rainy day will come for you as it does for everybody else. There will be times of sickness and times of business depression, times when you

those she loves, but unless she uses some enlightened selfishness and looks out for her own interests she will find that nobody else will.

I would particularly warn girls against the fellow of loaning money promiscuously. There's an old proverb that says that when you loan money to a friend you lost your money and your friend both, and this is worth remembering.

I have known girls to deny themselves everything on earth and work like slaves to help men they were in love with through college, or to go into some business, and in every single case as soon as the man got on his feet he flitted the girl and married somebody else.

The only way you can save money is by adopting a system and making it a rule to put aside a certain amount every week. I adopted that plan when I first began to earn money. I denied myself many pretty clothes and luxuries that I saw other girls having who made no more than I did, but I have the reward of my thrift now in a lovely little home of my own that I am building.

Do You Lead a Limited Life?

By ADA PATTERSON.

Is yours a limited life—self-limited?

I refer not to the length of life, although that, too, is largely in our own hands. What is in my mind is whether you have built a high fence about yourself and live within it, refusing to look out at the wide world that lies beyond that fence?

There is danger, very great danger, of building that fence around ourselves and our interests. The fence building is called selfishness, and the process goes on and on. Its punishment is that the fence closes in upon us. Everyday it closes further and further until we can hardly turn about, can scarcely breathe within it.

The conditions of life tend to drive us inward. We should counteract them by a supreme effort of will. It will repay us to make this effort. It will pay dividends of actual worldly profit.

Consider the housekeeper. If she builds that fence so high about herself and home and family that she never learns how the woman two doors down turned her curtains or that they were good for two more seasons; and if she does not meet and chat now and then with Mrs. Brown about how she gave the children of the neighborhood a picnic in her back yard at small expense; and if she doesn't hear about that new dressmaker who has come to town and who is so adept at remodeling old gowns into new ones that she laughingly named her establishment a "hospital for sick dresses," that woman

will go on keeping house and entertaining and planning her wardrobe, in the same way she did ten years ago. That is going backward. Communion of ideas is going forward.

The business man that has built a fence about himself and conducts his business as he did before, and thinks that way good enough, presently notices a falling off in his business. He may attribute the falling off to "conditions." That is a big elastic word that we often use to cover our own shortcomings. I know such a man. He owned a restaurant in the center of a colony of business buildings. It was so crowded that men used to stand behind chairs at the tables, ready to slip into the first chair vacated.

Just as you see women customers stand with an air of forbearance behind filled chairs at the luncheon tables in the big department stores in the city. His place was popular then, but the trouble with "Hank"—so all the men patrons called him—was that he was satisfied with that success! He erected a high fence about himself.

His patrons came to know his menu by heart. They used to recite it backward, in a deep toned litany. "Hank" thought it a joke and laughed more loudly than any of them. Some of the men spoke seriously to him about their desire for new dishes. But "Hank" would not change his menu!

"They used to be good enough," he said stubbornly, and if they were good enough then they are good enough now."

Stomachs rebel against the same fare continuously served. The old patrons began to disappear. Men stood no more behind the chairs of other masticating men. The rush became a memory. Vacant seats began to show even at the rush hours. "Hank" grew sullen.

But he wouldn't change his bill of fare, wouldn't introduce new dishes! The place around the corner won his former patrons. Even his friends fell away. They had been fenced out.

Yesterday when I slipped into "Hank's" for a cup of chocolate there were new faces and a new air in the place. "Hank" had sold out, for the benefit of his creditors.

Better have contact with our fellows. Better turn inquiring eyes on what the rest of the world is doing. Better take an unbecoming interest in what, and those that are going on about us. Else one day we will find that they have passed by.

It is well to rub brains with brains! Don't scorn what the world of today is doing. Its tastes may seem a bit cheap, but Carlyle told us that the instincts of the masses are what govern the world.

Better understand their way of seeing even though you don't see that way. And who are we, if not of the masses?

For our own sakes, for the sake of the world's progress, let us not narrow our interests. Let us read the newspapers, see plays, talk with our friends, our neighbors, with strangers. Let us not fence ourselves about, narrow our interests, limit our lives.

The New Nationalism

By CHARLES H. PARKHURST.

There is a considerable number of people who fear that they will not be credited with possessing superior intelligence unless the ideas they put forth are essentially different from those previously given to the public, or perhaps, even directly contrary to what has been commonly accepted.

With them originality—no matter what sort of a thing it is that they originate—is a symptom of genius. Hence it comes about that the world of ideas is flooded with all sorts and descriptions of novelties. We have, therefore, what is known as the new thought, and the new theology, the new art and the new morality.

To believe substantially as people have been for a long time accustomed to believe is to place one's self in the class of the unthinking or even of defectives.

And now Dr. Kriebel of Leland Stanford University has been regaling the conference of Clark university people at Worcester, Mass., with another brand new doctrine which he calls the new nationalism.

He says of it: "The time will come when it will be so potent and will have so influenced public thought that nationalism will be recognized as an old wine bottle not fit to hold the new wine, when some form of international organization and co-operation in harmony with life will be demanded."

His idea appears to be that a man is constitutionally international, and that he is so universal in his interests and affections, and spreads out so extensively in every direction beyond all geographical frontiers that such frontiers will cease eventually to have any substantial significance.

To make a specific application of his

doctrine the professor would say that the time is coming, although he does not say how soon, when Americanism, in the present sense of the term, will no longer signify, and that the universalism of our loyalty will erase our patriotism, as the incoming tide gathers up into one gasp continuous sea all the pools left behind when the last tide receded.

So far as his theory carries with it the hope and expectation that with the progress of Christian development our fraternal interest in mankind will become more and more widely extended, we should none of us be disposed to take exception to his statement. But it is a physiological fact that a different sentiment, to be of any practical significance or force, is conditional upon a confined concentration of sentiment.

We can cite domestic life as an illustration of our principle. Were we to follow out the professor's idea to its ultimate, we should have to expect that the universalizing of our interests and affections would issue in gradually relaxing and eventually obliterating home ties, till at last our homes as such would cease to exist, or, at any rate, would serve no other purpose than that of a convenient habitat for purposes of eating and sleeping.

Now the contrary of that is the fact. The true home, in the fullness of its concentrated and confined affection, is the very place most to be counted upon as the point of divergence, out from which radiate those ever-lengthening lines of devotion by which the world at large is made better, brighter and sweeter.

Loving our own America more will give us more heart for all mankind instead of an increased interest in mankind reducing and contracting our devotion to America.

In-Shoots

Tainted money usually sprouts wings first.

When the house divided against itself falls the bricks always hit the under dog.

It does not always reform a man to get married, but it usually makes him more cautious.

The girl who wants to make literature count will first memorize the contents of the cook book.

We are often saddened by thought that the handsome movie screen here may have a sissy voice.

The fact that a few of us are still living seems to take the snap out of a lot of these deadly germ theories.

Every man should be patriotic enough to listen while the other fellow sings "Star Spangled Banner" now and then.

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