

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Strange Story of Amber

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Among the industries seriously affected by the great European war, that of amber mining should be included. The greatest deposits of amber known to exist lie along the shores of the Baltic sea, and particularly in the province of East Prussia. Amber is one of the most remarkable substances found in the earth. It is fossilized resin, possessing such strong electrical properties that the ancient Greek name for it, electron, is the origin of our word electricity. On account of these properties amber was formerly believed to possess wonderful powers of protection against disease.

Everybody is familiar with its use for pipe-stems and mouthpieces, for which purpose it is unrivaled and also for making beads and other ornaments of personal adornment. Many persons still have confidence in the ability of a string of amber beads to ward off throat troubles from the wearer. In ancient times amber was much employed in the making of small figures and effigies. Pliny has recorded the fact that, in his time, little human figures carved out of amber sometimes sold at higher prices than were commanded by the strongest and healthiest slaves.

The Phoenicians paid visits to the Baltic amber beds, and in the time of Emperor Nero a Roman expedition to the same locality brought back more than six tons of amber. Humboldt ascribed to the amber trade a very great influence in opening up a connection between the northern and southern shores of Europe. Not only was amber carried around by sea, but it also passed from people to people across Germany and through the Celtic territories on both sides of the Alps, to the Po valley in Italy, and across Pannonia to the lower valley of the Danube and the Black Sea.

There is no doubt that amber is the fossilized gum of trees of the pine family, but precisely what the species was from which the gum was mainly derived is still an unsettled question. These trees must have grown in abundance along the Baltic coast in the Tertiary Age, probably at least 1,000,000 years ago. At that time the climate of northern Europe was much warmer than at present. Great changes of level afterward occurred along the edge of the sea, and vast forest were sunk. Parts of tree trunks are sometimes found in association with the masses of amber. The gum must have been very soft, or liquid, when it was exuded, because insects are often found embedded in the amber, and the story of their struggles to escape is sometimes graphically exhibited, a leg or a wing being found detached from the body to which it belongs.

It is a curious fact in entomology that the earliest fossil ants known have been found embedded in the amber of the Baltic. These ants, although some of the genera are now extinct, closely resemble their descendants of today. Other insects found in amber are various species of flies, some very delicate in structure, spiders, centipedes, moths, etc.

Formerly amber was gathered along the shores, having been cast up there by the waves. But for the last 200 years it has been mined, shafts being sunk through strata of marl and sand, and beds of clay and lignite, into a stratum called "blue earth," where the amber most abundantly. This stratum, which is four or five feet thick, extends outward beneath the sea, and the masses thrown up on the shore are broken off by the waves from the projecting edges of the blue earth below the low tide. The storms of autumn are particularly effective in loosening and casting ashore masses of amber.

The pieces are of irregular size and form, varying from the magnitude of a marble to that of a man's head, and weighing from a few ounces to two or three pounds. There is a mass of nearly eighteen pounds in the Royal Museum in Berlin. Although the Baltic shores in East Prussia possess the greatest known deposits of amber, some have been found in many different parts of the world, as, for instance, along the Adriatic shores in Poland, on the Sicilian coast near Catania, in clay deposits near Paris, in China, and in this country, near Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, Gay's Head, Cape Sable, several places in North Carolina, and at Camden and Harrisonville, N. J. Near the last-named place a slab of amber was found an inch thick, twenty inches long and six inches broad.

"Blue-Ribbon Winners" ::

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:: By Nell Brinkley



Two of the finest things in the world—a beautiful, thoroughbred girl and a beautiful, thoroughbred dog, fine eyes and hearted, honest, loyal—a bit of wealth to have at your hearth, as real as a gold coin is wealth.—NELL BRINKLEY.

Read It Here—See It at the Movies

The Goddess

By Gouverneur Morris and Charles W. Goddard

Copyright, 1915, Star Company.

Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

After the tragic death of John Amesbury, his prostrated wife, one of America's greatest beauties, dies. At her death, Stiller, an agent of the interests of the beautiful 3-year-old baby girl and brings her up in a paradise where she sees no man, but thinks she is taught by angels who instruct her for her mission to reform the world. At the age of 15 she is suddenly thrust into the world where agents of the interests are ready to seduce her.

The one to feel the loss of the little Amesbury girl most, after she had been spirited away by the interests, was Tommy Barclay.

Fifteen years later Tommy goes to the Adirondacks. The interests are responsible for the trip. By accident he is the first to meet the little Amesbury girl, as she comes forth from her paradise as Celestia the girl from heaven. Neither Tommy nor Celestia recognizes each other. Tommy finds it an easy matter to rescue Celestia from Prof. Stiller, and they hide in the mountains where they are pursued by Stiller and escape to an island where they spend the night.

That night, Stiller, following his Indian guide, reaches the island, found Celestia and Tommy, but did not disturb them. He finds her gone, she falls into the hands of white slavers, but escapes and goes to live with poor family by the name of Doukias. When their son Freddie returns home he finds right in his old home Celestia, the girl for which the underworld has offered a reward that he hoped to get.

Celestia secures work in a large garment factory, where a great many girls are employed. Here she shows her peculiar power, and makes friends with all her girl companions. By her talks to the girls she is able to calm a threatened strike, and the "boss" overhearing her is moved to grant the relief the girls wished, and also to right a great wrong he had done one of them. Just at this point the factory catches on fire, and the work room is soon a blazing furnace. Celestia refuses to escape with the other girls, and Tommy Barclay rushes in and carries her out, wrapped in a big roll of cloth.

After rescuing Celestia from the fire, Tommy is sought by Hanser Barclay, who undertakes to persuade him to give up the girl. Tommy refuses, and Celestia wants him to wed her freely. He can not do this, as he has no funds. Stiller

of wealthy mining men, who agree to send Celestia, to the collieries.

After being disinherited, Tommy sought work in the coal mines. He tries to head off a threatened strike by taking the miners' leaders to see Barclay, who refuses to listen to them. The strike is on, and Tommy discovers a plan of the owners to turn a machine gun loose on the men when they attack the stockade. This sets the mine owners busy to get rid of Tommy.

NINTH EPISODE.

Mrs. Gundorf felt as if she had been struck a heavy blow between the eyes. Was her God-like champion of labor only a hypocrite and a spy? For a moment it seemed as if her knees had turned to water. She put the telegram back in its pocket, and having pulled herself together, once more entered the front room.

She seated herself somewhat heavily between Tommy and her husband, and with a hand that shook, reached for the whisky bottle and poured herself a stiff drink. Presently she began to take an animated part in the discussion. No one ever remembered her to have been so bitter against capital and the crimes of capital, or so imaginative in the invention of horrors by which those crimes should be punished. She became so eloquent after her second drink of whiskey, that for the first time Tommy found himself regarding her with a certain admiration.

It was 5 o'clock when the sitting broke up with everyone except Gundorf and Tommy (who drank nothing) the worse for liquor.

Gundorf had business elsewhere and he hustled his guests out of the house, feeling rightly that they were sufficiently primed for the time being.

Tommy and Mrs. Gundorf remained seated side by side. Mrs. Gundorf reached for the whisky bottle and Tommy laid his hand on her arm and said: "Don't. What's the use?"

Her arm trembled under his hand.

"I'm sick," she said in a thick voice, "sick."

"That stuff won't help any. I'll go for the doctor."

"I'll be all right. I'm faint. That's all." To Tommy she seemed to be making an effort to pull together.

"It's the air in this room," he said. "Let me take you outside."

She seemed to acquiesce, and he helped her to her feet, and toward the door, his left arm around her waist. She leaned more and more heavily against him, until it took real strength to keep her from falling. In the front hall she appeared to collapse entirely. Her head dropped backward as if her neck had been suddenly dislocated, and she lurched against Tommy with all her weight.

out difficulty, for the stair was very narrow, he carried her up to the room which she shared with her husband, and laid her on the bed.

Then he was for leaving her, but she had flung her arms about his neck and was holding him tight. Her eyes had opened and shone brilliantly in his face. Her cheeks and temples were crimson, and there was no longer any fear of him in her or shame.

For a moment, so innocent was Tommy he thought that her sudden fainting sickness had culminated in a sort of fit, and it was not until he felt that her lips were greedily seeking his that he realized his position.

He shook himself free, not gently, and without a word, turned and marched out of the room and down the stair. He took his coat from its hook and put it on, laid his hand on the knob of the front door, hesitated, turned on his heel and went back up the stair. He had closed the door of Mrs. Gundorf's room behind him. Now he knocked on it, and in a stern voice, for youth and innocence are very stern, said: "Mrs. Gundorf."

There was no answer. He raised his voice a trifle.

"Do you need the doctor, or don't you?" This time she answered him:

"I don't need any doctor, and you can go to hell."

Tommy shrugged his shoulders, went to his own room, bolted the door and prepared to read till supper time. But he couldn't read. The new problem which had suddenly risen in his life was too disturbing.

Presently he heard Mrs. Gundorf stirring in her room. She came out and stopped in front of his door.

"Are you in there?"

"Yes."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm thinking."

"No. I'm not going to do that. But I must find some other place to live."

Silence. Then Mrs. Gundorf:

"Please don't—won't you open the door? We can talk better."

It seemed such a confession of cowardice not to open the door, that Tommy opened it, and they faced each other across the threshold.

"It was the liquor," she said. "I'm like that when I drink. If you won't go away, I won't drink any more."

Her hair was disheveled and she had been crying.

"If Gundorf found out why you went away, he'd skin me alive. I won't trouble you any more."

She looked very frightened and pathetic.

"Then you'd better fix yourself up," said Tommy. "You look as if—well, you look as if you'd make your husband suspect something or other."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

Commercialism of Matrimony

By DOROTHY DIX.

A young man, who avers he is of a sentimental nature, complains bitterly about what he calls the commercialization of matrimony.

He says scornfully that in these days girls do not marry for love, as their grandmothers did, but that they regard marriage as a business proposition, and that unless a man can offer them a comfortable living they will have nothing of him. He further alleges that when a man asks the modern girl to marry him she actually has the nerve to ask him what he makes, and what his prospects are.



This the young man considers shocking, and he opines that the reason that so many men don't marry is because they cannot find any of the sweet, old-fashioned maidens who agree with the poet that love is enough and who never ask for Bradstreet's blessing on their marriage.

I think this matrimonial cynic like a good many other cynics, doesn't understand the situation at which he scoffs. In the first place, there were never so few mercenary marriages made as are made today. The woman of the past had to marry for a home and a meal ticket. Also she had to marry to escape dependence and to have any individual place in the world.

In our grandmothers' days the only gainful occupations open to women were domestic service, factory work, sewing and teaching. All were miserably ill-paid, and so if grandma wanted a decent living she had to marry it. Also an old maid was a figure of fun, despised, but upon the fringe of some family that didn't want any applied edge of poor relatives.

So if grandma desired a home of her own and position in society, and to be admired and respected, she had to marry an establishment, no matter what sort of feeling she had about the gentleman who produced the wherewithal.

The net result of this was that women shamelessly married, whether they loved or not, because marriage was the only open door to a career and livelihood.

Without doubt a thousand women in the past made a sordid, mercenary marriage, literally sold themselves in marriage, where one woman does now. For the first time in the history of the world women are free to follow the dictates of their own hearts in matrimony, because with all the avenues of gainful occupation that have opened up before the feminine sex the modern girl can support herself as well as the average husband is likely to do.

The girl with a job can afford to marry for love, and the man that she says "yes" to can rest in perfect satisfaction that he is loved for himself alone, and loved greatly, because the girl of today thinks a good long while before she surrenders her individual pocketbook and freedom. The working girl doesn't marry to get somebody to pay for her hats and gowns. On the other hand, she expects to renounce most of these frivolous things, for observation has taught her that the woman who earns her own clothes generally has many more of them than the one whose clothes are given her by her husband.

As for the cynic's caustic arraignment of girls who ask their prospective husbands what they are making, why should they not? It is surely a question of some importance to a woman to know what sort of a partnership she is going into, and what the resources of the firm are going to be, and what the prospects are going to be, and what the prospects for the future are.

No sensible man would be a fool enough to put his all into an enterprise without making a few inquiries about it. It wouldn't suffice him to know that the gentleman interested in the project with him had soulful eyes, and white teeth, and broad shoulders, and a taking way. He would want to know how much the man made, what energy he had, and whether he was one of the men with initiative who would be sure to get along, or a slack individual who would always just fall short of success.

Surely, if anywhere on earth good, hard, practical horse sense is needed, it is in the selection of a life partner, and it argues much for domestic happiness in the future that girls have begun to try to find out before marriage whether a man can support a family or not, instead of waiting till after marriage to find out that he can't.

In poetry and novels romance is all that a young couple needs to start house-keeping upon, but in real life it takes a bank account, and unless that is forthcoming the romance melts away like mist in a morning sun. Nobody is sentimental when he is hungry and cold and shabby. And when the bill collector begins pounding on the door Cupid beats it out of the window. It takes a full stomach as well as a full heart, to inspire lovemaking.

There are trutisms as old as civilization.

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tion, and it doesn't kill romance, it promotes romance, to bear them in mind. Of all disastrous marriages none more quickly ends in misery and disillusionment than those which are not supported by an adequate financial plank, and if girls have acquired enough sense to inquire into the state of a man's pocketbook, as well as his affections, before they marry it's going to do more than any other one thing to stop divorce.

If this is what the commercialization of matrimony means, then the commercialization of matrimony meets a long-felt want. Let's have more of it.

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