

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## "The Wrong Combination"

By NELL BRINKLEY  
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## All Hail to Great Jupiter

The Chief Planet of the Solar System, Named for the Father of the Heathen Gods, Is Now on View—Look at It; Show It to Your Children



**GARRETT P. SERVISS.**  
The mightiest world of which we have any knowledge is now before the eyes of everybody who will take the trouble to look up and see it. Every night the enormous planet Jupiter hangs in the evening sky, under the starry sign of the "Great Square of Pegasus," mounting slowly toward the meridian with the progress of the hours, and at midnight, glowing in the center of heaven like a lamp for the gods.

The half of its gigantic globe that throws back the sunlight toward us like a huge convex mirror is 12,000,000 square miles in area! (The entire surface of the earth has only 200,000,000 square miles.)

A few nights ago Jupiter was in plain sight for at least a thousand people whom I passed, but I believe I was the only one who even glanced at it. I do not claim any credit on that account, for it has become an important part of my life to look at the sky. But why should intelligent inhabitants of this earth lose the most inspiring sights that God has placed before them? Those people of whom I speak were very curious about the insignificant things close at hand. Some of them ran, and crowded one another, to watch two miserable little dogs fight—and there was Jupiter looking down upon them, and not one even saw him! A poor dog that "bays the moon" shows more comprehension of the universe!

Our educational system (and I mean home education quite as much as the school variety) is largely to blame for this. We teach ourselves to keep our noses to the ground. We bury ourselves in the dust of the earth until we can see nothing else. Who teaches his children the "geography" of the heavens? Who learns anything about it himself? Even when only the earth is in question it is "commercial geography" that is habitually taught, and not the geography that gives us real, enlightening knowledge about mountains, rivers, lakes and seas, and makes us truly acquainted with our planet.

Only representing a stage in the creation of worlds the planet Jupiter is of immense interest. In size, in mass, in physical condition, he stands about midway between the sun and the earth. In round numbers it is about 1,000 times (really 1,200 times) larger than the earth and 1,000 times smaller than the sun. The sun represents the great original mass, now strongly condensed, out of which the solar system was formed. Jupiter is a big chip from the block; the earth is a grain of quartz. So much for relative size. Now for condition. It is all a question of comparative temperature. They were all hot, molten, gaseous at one time. A large mass of the same material takes longer to cool than a small one.

Watch the sparks that fly off from a mass of white-hot iron. They flash and cool and disappear in a moment, but the big mass retains its heat and continues long to glow before its surface becomes cold and dark. So the planets thrown off from the sun have cooled and ceased to shine, while the sun itself remains brilliantly incandescent.

But a big chip stays hot and shining longer than a small one. Even when it has ceased to glow it is still at a high temperature for a considerable time. You



can catch a flying spark in your hand and it will be extinguished so quickly that you may not get a burn. But if you pick up off the floor a larger chunk which has stopped giving forth light it will still be hot enough to scorch your fingers.

Just so the earth, being but a spark (in size, cooled off millions of years ago, and is now covered with a solid crust and inhabited by ignorant, confiding beings which came upon it somehow or other, and found it a passable abode. But Jupiter, more than 1,000 times larger than the earth, is like the still hot, though extinguished chunk of iron. It has not yet cooled off to the state reached by the earth. As far as we can judge, with our extremely limited knowledge of the physical forms that life can assume, Jupiter is still unfit for inhabitants. It is a huge world in course of preparation.

Its surface appears to be in a fluid or gaseous state. The appearances it pre-

sents are not those that a world surrounded by an universal ocean would have, but rather those belonging to a globe deeply enveloped in hot, tumultuous clouds, whose temperature is rather that of steam than of vaporized metals such as form the blazing surface of the sun.

These vast, restless clouds covering Jupiter present a wonderful spectacle when studied with the telescope. They sweep round the great planet in broad, variously-colored belts, often of great breadth, and the speed of the cloudy currents occupying these belts varies with distance from the equator, so that Jupiter seems to be surrounded with a series of wind zones at whose contiguous borders violent eddies are formed.

Bring into your imagination the apocalyptic picture, from the Book of Genesis, of the earth in its primal state of formlessness, "when the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters," and then turn your telescope to Jupiter, and—meditate.

## Two Cripples

By ADA PATTERSON.

This morning I saw him in the surf that washes up from the Atlantic ocean. He was wading out waist deep in the tumbling, froth-topped waves. And he sang. High and clear with a note of boy-like melody his voice echoed across the roped-off spaces of the beach. Hearing him the few of the summer colony who had remained into the golden autumn smiled.

It was a voice to bring smiles, smile of a happy content with life, or rest in it. That voice. Do you think it came from a vigorous boy glad of this precious gift of living?

It proceeded from a shock haired man near sixty and with something singular about his gait. Approaching him you needed not his words. "One side of me is paralyzed," for it was evident that but half of him was alive.

"It happened twenty-five years ago," he will tell you, and when you express sympathy at that slavery of a quarter of a century to an infirmity, he will say cheerily: "But how lucky I am to be alive!"

Every morning the live half of him drags the dead half to the beach for the tonic of air and brine, and brought cheer with it.

"It's good that God doesn't leave the weather making to men," he said one morning when there had been a squall from the shore hotels of "bad business." "For man would have turned this silvery morning into a blistering day so that he might 'make money' from it."

On another morning such a day as hotel folk pray for to the gods of hotels, a petulant beauty complained of the crowds that had poured down from the hot city. "O, I'm a New York boy, and I love crowds," he had laughed back. Whether it rained or the sun shone, whether few of many dotted the beach, he was always eager, interested, joyous.

To the same place came a woman. She walked with a queer, irregular gait, as



though one foot were heavier than the other. She sat always in a far corner of the beach as though she hated contact with her kind. She hung her head and when she looked at anyone it was with a half lift of the eyes as though she grieved that much attention. An air of sullenness enveloped her.

A physician told me that of their two states that of the man was far the worse. Yet the man sang, while the woman sulked.

In one of those cripples we see—if we see clearly ourselves. For we are all cripples in some degree. We are crippled in mind or character or body. By so much as we fall below the standard of perfection are we cripples.

It may be that we are crippled in our finances, like the envious wife of the lawyer who couldn't bear the sight of the prosperity of the doctor's family next door. Or it may be that though we have trimmed the wick of our little flame of talent as carefully, and kept it assiduously oiled, it has never burned as brilliantly as has that of our neighbor, because it isn't a wick of the same proportions.

Or we may be crippled by reason of a bad heredity and have to limp through life. To clear vision it is apparent that all of us have a limp. It may be a slight limp, but it hinders us, more or less, all along life's path.

The difference between us, cripples all, is that some of us sing, and some of us sulk. Some of us are critics of life. Better that we were its comrades.

We may not cure the limp, perhaps, but we can train ourselves to a cheerful adjustment to it. Which kind of cripple shall we be?

## In-Shoots

Care that is driven away by drink is bound to return with reinforcements.

It would be easier to endure those human photographs if they would change their records more frequently.

The man who is irritable about home can exercise a lot of patience when holding the end of a fishing rod.

A bold little woman who beckons to disaster hands the safe of her heart down to the sneak-thieves and crows. "There, knaves, I give it to you! You are two babies with a bank that has no lock. You are two birds after a fly in an amber bead. You are two children who puzzle over the Japanese box; first get the key out and then unlock me!" Ah-ah! My heart is my own—and I know the combination. The one you have there is wrong. For you see the combination with

which you open any others is not the one you may use for mine. My sides are tender with laughing at you!"

Dan's pal studies and frowns and between the two of them they breathe softly and twist and say nothing! And maybe it truly's the wrong combination.

The mocking lady should never have wooed burglars—for sometimes Dan sits back on his heels and whispers grimly, "Break it open!"

—NELL BRINKLEY.

## What Virtues Are Really Yours?

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

(Copyright, 1915, Int'l. News Service.)  
Are you very certain you possess some shining virtue—some distinctive trait—which makes you a little better than your associates?

Be careful that you illustrate it in your daily life before you talk about it.

I call to mind three women. One tells her friends that if she falls in all other respects she knows she has pride—the sort of pride which maintains self-respect and keeps dignity unassailable.

Yet this woman is always seeking to benefit herself, and will submit to any humiliation rather than forego a



temporary pleasure or a possible advancement of worldly interests.

She places herself in embarrassing situations and ignores snubs that she may gain a point or reach a goal; and always she talks of pride as her dominating quality.

Another claims to be "sincere and simple and to abhor diplomacy or policy." She says she is so honest that she fears she lacks tact.

Yet no general preparing for the battlefield ever laid out his campaign with more skill and diplomacy than this woman employs to regulate her conduct.

Her conversation, her actions, her thoughts are all those of a skilled tactician. She makes friends of those whom she believes capable of being of some benefit to her life, and avoids wasting her time on those who would in no way serve her best interests. She is a good woman, charitable and kind at heart, but all her friends realize that she is essentially diplomatic, while she talks loudly of her simple, honest, unpolitic qualities.

The third says her life has been one

long sacrifice for others, one unselfish renunciation of personal interests.

But she has done everything she ever wanted to do, bought everything she ever wished for, and been calmly oblivious of the best interests of her husband and children, who wait upon and serve her like the retainers and maids-of-honor of a queen. She lives in hotels, or travels abroad, or takes a house as the mood seizes her—not as the family may desire.

She considers her two sons-in-law monuments of unfeeling selfishness because they wish her daughters to bestow time and attention upon them occasionally, and not use all their strength and vitality in the service of a mother who has every possible luxury in life.

Still another woman boasts of her willingness to live on a crust and wear old clothes rather than go into debt.

Yet she wears imported bonnets and cats strawberries in winter and owes everybody who has not learned better than to trust her.

Surely, "Know Thyself," is a good motto for all of us who are prone to boast of our shining virtues.

## Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Yes and No.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young girl of 18. About a month ago I met a young man two and a half years my senior, who is considered good-looking, the kind that every girl likes. The third time I met him he asked me to keep steady company with him, and the same day he asked me for a kiss, which I thought was very improper, as I had known him such a short time, and he refused him, which made him slightly angry. Do you think I was right in refusing his kiss? Should I keep steady company with him?

You are right in refusing to kiss him, and perhaps a refusal to keep steady company with him till you know him better would be for the best. His good looks have made him too self-assured.

Depends On the Man.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Which is better, to marry a doctor or a common laboring man? I had an argument with somebody. He said if I would marry a doctor I would not live happy. I am 23 years of age.

Look to the man for assurance of happiness; don't look to the occupation. So long as that is honorable it cuts very little figure in a wife's happiness or sorrow.

## To Street Car Patrons

### Commencing Sunday September 26th, the near side

### stop will be discontinued, and cars will again stop at the far side of street intersections to take on and discharge passengers.

Respectfully,

### OMAHA & COUNCIL BLUFFS STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.