

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Things Not Learned at School

By GARRETT P. SERVIS.

"If the planets in the heavens are worlds like this one, does our world shine to them as theirs do to us? And, if so, what is it that causes this planet to shine to the others and look so dark to us only when light comes from somewhere else?"—C. M. B.

Yes, the earth does shine to the eyes of the inhabitants of other planets, if there be such inhabitants, in the same manner as those planets shine to our eyes. The sun, in the center of the planetary system, furnishes the light, and it is reflected from the nonself-luminous surfaces of the planets, thus making them visible to one another, as the faces of persons sitting in a dark room are rendered visible by the turning on of an electric lamp.

The relative amount of light reflected to us from any planet depends upon the size of the planet; second, its distance from the sun; third, its distance from the earth; fourth, the character of the planet's surface, which may be more or less reflective for light.

Among these causes the most striking in its effect is distance. For instance, the planet Jupiter has a surface about 135 times greater than that of the planet Venus; but Venus, when nearest, appears much brighter to us than Jupiter when nearest, because Venus is then fifteen times nearer than Jupiter, and what it lacks in relative size it more than gains through relative nearness, the light increasing as the square of the decrease of distance. Venus also gains brilliance relative to Jupiter in consequence of her greater nearness to the source of the light, which results in its surface being, area for area, more brightly illuminated than that of Jupiter.

As to your second question, you appear to be confused by the effects of night upon the inhabitants of the earth. As our planet turns rapidly on its axis we are about half the time on the side that is toward the sun and half the time on the side away from the sun, but the cone of shadow that rests upon the night side of the earth is only about 90,000 miles long, coming to a point and vanishing at that distance. To an eye situated anywhere outside that cone some part of the earth would be seen illuminated by the sunshine, unless the line of sight coincided with the axis of the shadow cone, in which case the earth would appear as a dark circle, either covering the sun or forming a black dot on its disk, according as the observer was nearby (as he would be if on the moon) or far off (as he would be if on any one of the planets).

Consequently, when we upon the earth are buried in night our planet may still be perfectly visible to the inhabitants of the other planets, because they are outside the cone of their shadow, and light is reflected to their eyes from parts of the earth's surface which to them are in the sunshine. But the brightness, or apparent size, of the earth varies to them, just as the brightness or apparent size of their planets varies to us, and for the same reasons, viz., variation of distance and change of place resulting in a difference in the amount of planetary surface illuminated by the sun.

An illustration of what has just been said may be seen in the case of the planet Venus at the present time. That planet is very brilliant in the western evening sky, but if you look at her with a telescope you will find that only about half her surface appears illuminated by the sun, and she presents the figure of a half-moon. When she is on the far side of the sun from the earth she looks like a full moon in the telescope, but then her total brightness is greatly reduced because of the greater distance.

The earth looked at from Venus appears now as a morning star of exceeding brilliance, and next winter, when Venus gets between the earth and the sun and is temporarily lost to our view in the solar glare, the earth will glow at midnight on the meridian of the sky of Venus with a splendor far greater than any planet ever shows to us, be it that it will then turn its fully illuminated face toward Venus at the moment when the two planets are at their points of nearest approach.

If it seems strange to you that the sunlight reflected from the surface of the earth should be bright enough to make our planet visible millions of miles away, you may reflect upon an experiment of Sir John Herschel at the Cape of Good Hope. He observed that when the face of Table Mountain was illuminated by the sunshine its brightness exceeded in intensity that of the face of the full moon.

## 1830 Modes in 1915 Cotton

REPUBLICATED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH HARPER'S BAZAR.



A full little foundation of yellow batiste is given the effect of greater width by four jolly shirred ruchings of the material. This favored trimming of the past has been revived for the coming season and can be used effectively with the minimum amount of time and expense. Almost severe in its simplicity is the little bodice of this frock. A modest frill of lace finishes an even more modest neckline, and three more little frills break forth at the wrist.

Lovely as the bordered cotton stuffs are in the shops, they are infinitely prettier in the frock. All of the beauty of the border is displayed in the frothy skirt, the fullness restrained somewhat over the hips by the shirrings. The little bodice is entirely of the flowered pattern, ruffled in lace at the neck and at the elbows. A yellow taffeta girdle is an effective connecting link. The raglan sleeve has been cleverly adapted and marked by shirrings. The leghorn hat is wreathed in old-fashioned posies.

## Effeminate Americans

If Our Men, Who Have Accomplished So Much, Are Effeminate, More Power to that Trait

By DOROTHY DIX

One of our very distinguished admirals, and a lot of smaller bore craft, are very much exercised over the fact that most of our school teachers are women. This horrible state of affairs is declared to do violence to the nature of the male, because it subjects boys at an impressionable age to the effeminate influence of the female of the species.

The effect of this, say these authorities, can be disastrous to a boy, and result in making him manly, manly and Miss Lizzyish. In fact, they assert that the woman teacher has already gotten in her deadly work, and is responsible for the effeminate American man. There are no women teachers in boys' schools abroad, they cry, and look at the Englishman! Look at the Frenchman! Look at the German, and then look at the American and turn off your women teachers.

Naturally my views may be colored by prejudice in favor of my own, but where are these effeminate American men whose weakness and flabbiness make brave sailors weak? Nobody has ever denied that the English are first-class fighting men, but the effeminate American men held their own with them in two rather important little wars. Admirals Dewey and Sampson and Schley made no complaint of the effeminate American crews at their backs at Manila and Santiago, and I guess that if you should tell the Spanish how effeminate our men are, they would hate to go to war with a nation of real manly men. Also, it is a matter of history that no other such bloody battles are recorded as those fought during the civil war, when the effeminate American men engaged in a fraternal strife.

When it comes to so-called manly sports the effeminate American men are among those also present. At the international contests the pussy-footed American man has taken away the prizes until his discomfited competitors have shrieked "foul play!" to cover up their failures. It was a staidish American team that won the polo cup against England's crack players last summer. It was Miss Nancyish American boy who had

gone to school to women teachers who won the golf championship against Scotland's pride. It is an effeminate man who keeps the international yacht trophy on this side of the Atlantic, and even his boat is called "she."

It was an effeminate American man who discovered the North pole, and another effeminate American man has just been hired to go to England to manage its greatest railway. It took two effeminate American men to build in eighteen months the great municipal electric plant at Manchester that English contractors declared they couldn't erect under six years, and all over the world, when bridges are needed in a hurry, or railroads, or tunnels, or breakwaters are to be built swiftly, it is the effeminate

American man who undertakes the job and gets away with it.

Let it not be forgotten that it was an effeminate American man, aided by other effeminate Americans, who dug the Panama canal after France had failed at it.

Nowhere else on earth are there so many men who have started at the very bottom of the ladder and climbed up to the top of it by their own unaided strength as there are in this country.

Nowhere else are things done on so big a scale, things that require courage, daring, ability, sheer brain and brawn to accomplish, and if this be effeminacy, more power to it.

If the American man of today is effeminate he certainly cannot go to the men of other nations to learn manliness, because he beats them at their own games already. In a fight or a frolic, at work or at play, at making money or spending it, he can hold his own with the best.

Those who object to having women teachers for boys do not claim that the women are less capable of instructing the boys in the text books. Their only fear is that with the influence of the teacher will be to put prizes, prizes-and-prizes notions in the lads' heads, and that a boy taught by women will take to doing Hottentottish embroidery instead of playing football for amusement.

In reality, just the opposite is likely to take place, because every woman secretly adores the cave man type of man; every woman in her heart put physical strength in a man above every other desirable quality; every woman's hero is a big, brawny, swash-buckling brute.

Look how little chance even the most intelligent, refined and noble man has with women if he is puny of stature, weak-eyed and engaged in some ladylike profession, such as teaching—which women regard as no proper occupation for an able-bodied man.

Therefore, if you want anybody to inspire the childish mind with ideals of valor, and manly strength, and daring, look to a woman to do it. It is she who thrills to every high exploit and who leads her scholars by her enthusiasm for what a man ought to do into being the sort of a man who does things.

Women piece a thousand times more stress on strength and courage than men themselves do, and perhaps the reason that American men so notably possess these qualities is because they have been taught by women teachers, and not by men teachers. At any rate, as long as our present educational system continues to turn out the same brand of American men we have, there is no call to worry.

## Snap Shots

By ANN LISLE.

So I can sing, every trouble seems sped. So I can sing, all the darkness is fled. Not all the sorrows of lifetime brood long.

If I but feel still the surging of song; Foundlings of hope in my heart ever spring. So I can sing.

So I can sing, all the neighbors may go Off when they peace and deep quiet can know. On from apartment to houses we move. So I may trill out the scales that I love; Howard are the birds in the country in spring. So I can sing.

The world is willing to give you a boost-after you have shown ability to climb alone to the top.

If overwork isn't a sure enough road to nervous prostration—try overeat.

How can you criticize a man as a bore when he keeps you so busy listening to his troubles that you haven't time to think of your own?

A woman must be desperately old—or desperately young when she doesn't care who knows her age.

If you have been doing nothing and have found it boreome—try doing something. If you have been doing something and have found it wearisome—try doing something else.

Action and reaction are equal in opposite directions—but the wise woman never returns a kiss with quite the same fervor with which it is given.

## Two Ways of Spending Christmas



Out of which does he get more happiness? Do yourself a good turn and cheer up some of our own people this Christmas.

## Buying Presents for Men

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"I know a young lady to whom a young man has been paying attention for some time. I am anxious to know whether it is proper for her to buy several ties for him. They are not engaged, and the young man has never given her a present," writes Ardine.

And I answer with fervor: Merciful heavens. Of what is the girl of today thinking? She hasn't the gumption, the simple honesty, the economic independence or the sanction of custom to justify her in marching up to the man she admires and asking him quietly and cheerily to do her the honor of accepting her heart and hand. And she has lost the coy and alluring sweetness of her grandmother's day.

She balances precariously between the determined and independent seeking of what she wants (which may be her some day), and the charming elusiveness of olden days. And between future proposing and past seeming to run away from a proposal, she tacks awkwardly and ungracefully, neither quite daring to come out and ask for what she wants, nor yet knowing how to invite invitation for herself.

But of all the awkward maneuvers of which the girl of today is guilty, none is more wantonly stupid than the habit of giving presents to men.

It ought to annoy a self-respecting man to have even a girl to whom he has given gifts seek to make a return in kind. It surely must humiliate him beyond words to have a woman on whom he has lavished no offerings make him a present.

But when that present takes the form of wearing apparel, a man who is worthy of the title ought to feel a choice interesting of the emotions of disgust at her poor taste, anger at her impudence and sarcastic amusement at himself for ever having liked a girl who could be guilty of so forward and bungling an attempt at winning her favor.

In the present state of society, good taste demands that man shall be the wooer and woman the wooed. The first intimation of "serious intentions" still comes from the man. The first tokens of affection pass from man to woman—not vice versa.

If a man has given to a girl friend gifts of a simple and appropriately impersonal sort, then, at Christmas, on his birthday or on some special occasion, she may offer him a little remembrance. But uninvited, unwarranted and unexpected gifts of wearing apparel from woman to man are about as awkward a method of usurping the wooing privilege as I can imagine. The selfish, stingy, self-seeking man who would be glad to take off his wardrobe with decorations purchased by a girl's salary or her allowance from an unsuspecting father, is the sort no sane girl wants to attract. And any other type of manhood would be repelled by a sudden shower of gifts from a young person on whom he would have lavished attentions had he cared to assume tender relations of bestowal with her.

There is no generosity in forcing your gifts where they are not desired. There is no appreciation for presents that offend the recipient. And unwarranted offerings from a girl to a man cheapens every one concerned.

## Advice to Lovelorn: By Beatrice Fairfax

Love's Young Dream.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am in love with a young lady who lives in a distant city. Recently we have been dreaming of each other a great deal. We are not engaged, and both are wondering if this dreaming has any significance with regard to our love. We are

Scientists insist that dreams come in that twilight zone between waking and sleeping, just before nature sinks into that deep, dreamless slumber that is the counterfeit of death. In this time the subconscious mind takes hold and dwells in fantastic mood upon the things that have held sway in the moments of consciousness, usually framing the dream out of the last definite thoughts before surrendering to slumber. Therefore, if you have been dreaming of each other, it is but a proof that you were thinking strongly one of the other just as you were going to sleep. If it shows anything it is that you give each other a great deal of pleasant but serious thought at proper season.

Behave Yourself.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man of about 19 years of age, and have been keeping steady company with a young girl about 17 years of age. A girl with a jealous disposition has been circulating a report around to all the younger girls I was not fit for her to keep company with any girl, and by that way has tried to "queer me with all the girls and has succeeded. I am no more a friend of any of the girls, young or old. Kindly advise me what I can do to clear myself with the girls again.

Simply behave yourself and prove by your conduct that the slanders you complain of have no foundation in fact. In that way only can you win back the friendship and respect you have for the time being lost. You are young and have plenty of time ahead of you in which to overcome the effect of any slanderous story that may now seem to affect you so seriously, so do not worry.

Hold on to Your Job.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of 22 and I sing in the movies in a small country town. I am deeply in love with a young man two years my senior. He has a fine position as hack driver and he gets \$15 a month. He objects to my singing in the movies, but wants me to wait a year before marrying him. I need the money I earn in this way, so I ask your advice as to what to do.

Keep your job as a singer and do not worry about the outcome; the young man undoubtedly means well, but has a very wrong idea as to the dignity of a girl earning her own living. His pay is far from enough to provide for two and you will need all you can in addition to what he can produce in order to live at all decently after you are married.

Keep on Smiling.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl 18 years of age, and am considered good looking. I am liked very much down at the office, both by girls and boys. Now one thing that I would like to know is, am I speaking to the boys quite a bit and we often start a conversation, but the boys never try to make a date with me. Please give me some advice.

HEART BROKEN.

That's nothing for you to cry about, little girl; keep right on as you have been doing, meeting your friends and fellow-workers with a smile and see the sunshine in life all the time and the first thing you know, you'll have all the admirers you want. And, if you do not,

what then? This world has in it lots of chances for a girl to have a good time with never a man around. Don't let your heart be troubled over this matter at all, and don't let your desire for company lead you into anything you may afterwards regret.

Returning Gifts.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Is it customary to return the gifts given you by a young man when you quit going with him if you are not engaged to him?

If the gifts are of any value, you should send them back. In the first place, you should not have received them. It is wrong for a girl to receive presents of value from any man not a relative or her affianced husband.

By All Means Refuse Him.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Will you please tell me if it would be the right thing for a girl to do, to refuse to go with a boy because he insists upon her kissing him good night?

The boy you refer to is rude and without manners, and doesn't deserve the friendship or society of a good girl. Send him away.

## SORE ERUPTION ALL OVER CHILD'S BODY

Started with Blisters. Itched So Could Not Sleep. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. In Three Weeks Was All Healed.

Route No. 3, Box 57, Little Falls, Minn.

"Our little boy was taken sick with a fever and after the fever he broke out with a sore eruption all over his body. We could get nothing to help him. The sores were large and red and bleeding. They started with blisters as if he were burned and when they broke they would bleed and they itched so that he could not sleep for some time. We had him all tied up with bandages and then we had to soak them off every day."

"We bought a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment which soon gave him relief. We used the Cuticura Soap to wash him with and used the Ointment afterwards and in about two weeks he was able to sit up. Now he is as well as can be for in three weeks he was all healed by the Cuticura Soap and Ointment." (Signed) George Walters, Jan. 29, 1914.

Samples Free by Mail

For red, rough, chapped and bleeding hands, itching, burning palms and painful finger-ends with shapless nails, a one-night Cuticura treatment works wonders. Soak hands, on retiring, in hot water and Cuticura Soap. Dry, anoint with Cuticura Ointment and wear soft bandages or old, loose gloves during the night. Although Cuticura Soap (25c.) and Cuticura Ointment (50c.) are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each with 32-p. Skin Book will be sent free upon request. Address post-card: "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

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