

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Spending Money Wisely

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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 Christ said 2000 years ago: "Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor." But if Christ were here among us now in present conditions it is certain he would never give such a command. He would say that if each human being possessing wealth were to sell all he had and give it to the poor in a very brief time the world would contain nothing but beggars, and he would realize that charity bestowed without logic or reason or system or judgment is a sure way to make the need of continued charity in the world.



Thousands of people at the present time in America, possessed of comfortable means and assured income, are hearing their money and refusing themselves the comforts they are amply able to enjoy because they hear the cry of hard times and are filled with fear of harder times coming. They are producing harder times by this very method.

If you, my dear madam, or sir, are able to buy the materials and pay the dressmaker or the tailor for a becoming suit of clothes, what are you accomplishing by denying yourself good apparel and by hoarding your money? You are depriving your dressmaker and your tailor of a respectable source of income. You are marking the way for them to enter the bread line.

If you are able to employ several domestics to keep order and comfort and beauty in your home, what are you accomplishing for the world at large by dismissing your assistants in order to save your money? You are depriving maids and men trained for this special line of service or employment, and once again you are adding new members to the bread-line regiment.

Reckless extravagance and foolish expenditure of money are not recommended, but it is advisable that men and women in our land today should provide themselves with the necessities, the comforts and the luxuries for which they are able to pay, and it requires no far sight to see that by this method the poverty of the land will be decreased and the prosperity increased.

Money was never meant to be hoarded. Money, like blood in the human system,

Read it Here—See it at the Movies.

Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

By special arrangements for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the installments of "Runaway June" may now be seen at the leading moving picture theaters. By arrangement with the Mutual Film Corporation it is only possible to read "Runaway June" each week, but also afterward to see moving picture illustrations of the story.

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SYNOPSIS
 June, the bride of Ned Warner, impulsively leaves her husband on their honeymoon because she begins to realize that she must be dependent on him for money. She desires to be independent. June is pursued by Gilbert Blye, a wealthy married man. She escapes from his clutches with difficulty. Ned searches distractedly for June, and learning of Blye's designs, vows vengeance on him.

ELEVENTH EPISODE.

In the Clutch of the River Tieves.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

June laughed in relief. It was good to see human beings who were not in pursuit of her, who would defend and protect her, and she had almost run down to meet them when suddenly loud, angry voices came from the frail little craft. There was a bitter quarrel, in which the woman took a shrill part, and as the boat landed the woman jumped out and stooped swiftly. The man with the scraggy mustache and the scattered tufts of beard on his face jumped ashore, cursing. The woman raised up swiftly and, with a shriek like a cat, jumped for the man with a long knife glittering in her hand. The knife flashed down, and the man staggered back. The gleaming blade was raised again, but before it could descend again the huge, rawboned man, who had jumped from the boat, caught the woman's arm.

June saw no more. She ran wildly around the little hut, looking vainly for some place of concealment. A rusty stove, a rickety table, some old benches, two straw pallets—that was all. There was no other room, not even a cupboard. In the ceiling June's frantically roving eyes found a trapdoor, one of its boards loose. On the wooden wall beneath it was a series of cross-sticks, and without hesitation June ran up this rickety ladder, shoved the trapdoor aside and scrambled into the attic.

There were voices below. The quarrel, whatever it had been about, had evidently been settled, for the woman was laughing, and so was the big, rawboned man. June peered down through a crack in the ceiling boards. There two and the lean fellow with the hawk nose were loaded with all they could carry. The big man with the scar on his face dropped his heavy bags on the floor with a clatter, and the brass stowpuck of a washbasin rolled out of one of them. The woman carried stiffs and fine linens in her bundles, and the lean little fellow was loaded with silverware. As they departed June glanced on the floor the man's name and saw that he was a "Bee".

must be kept in circulation or it stagnates and produces disease.

A young woman who had managed to lay aside a tidy little bank account, and whose persistent and patient industry had enabled her to command a good salary for the work she was employed to do, heard this cry of hard times until she was in a sort of mental panic regarding the future. Finding herself on Saturday with a busy day of shopping and going about on errands of business and mercy before her, she hesitated about taking a carriage to confer her day more enjoyable.

"Ought I to indulge in this extravagance," she asked herself, "when the condition of the country is so precarious?" As she approached the line of waiting cabs she was reasoning the matter with herself; then it occurred to her that each one of these cabsmen was endeavoring to make a living; that he, too, was facing worry and anxiety, and that if each man or woman who had been in the habit of patronizing him were to withdraw his or her custom the whole line of cabsmen would become objects of charity in a few months. Then she realized that the luxury she was about to grant herself was in no way an extravagance, but was a very practical method of helping the world along.

That which is reasonable, sensible and right to do in the way of daily living should be done now without any consideration of hard times or possible poverty awaiting in the future. We should all buy the clothes we need, employ the help necessary and enjoy the wholesome pleasures possible, and consider that we are following out Christ's injunction in a modern and practical way. Instead of selling all we have and giving to the poor, we are sharing what we have with self-respecting human beings and saving them from becoming paupers.

It is a far nobler act to assist tradesmen and toilers to succeed in their various efforts at self-support than it is to scatter money to beggars. There is no virtue in denying our support to the one in order to give to the other. When we encounter absolute poverty and absolute want we must do our share toward alleviating them, but to prevent such conditions is a higher duty than alleviating them. Therefore, if your wardrobe needs replenishing, and your home needs refurnishing, if extra help is required to make the home comfortable, if you feel the need of a change of environment and climate, and you have the means to one or all of these things without incurring debt, do not hesitate on the plea that you must give all you have to the poor. You are saving willing workers from needing your charity by sharing your money with them in a legitimate and business-like manner.

In the matter, as in all others, prevention is better than cure.

Plants that Eat Insects

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Some persons, impressed by the apparent resemblance between plants and animals, are ready to believe that consciousness and intelligence are not confined to one side of the line, but are shared by all things that have life. To a sensitive soul, owning such a belief, it is a morally shocking act to cut down a tree, or to pluck a flower, just as it is to tread upon a worm.

There is one class of plants which appears to afford striking evidence in favor of the view that intelligence is not confined to animals. These are the "insectivorous plants" which get their name from their habit of trapping and devouring insects. They are really carnivorous, or "flesh eating"—as truly so as wolves and tigers. A wonderful example of plant, an orchid from Borneo, will form one of the exhibits at the horticultural show in this city on March 27, and a photograph of it is herewith presented.

The idea of a plant feeding upon an animal seems a kind of reversal of nature, and when a carnivorous plant is actually seen in the act of catching and swallowing its strange prey a shiver of horror is felt by the observer. It appears a peculiarly monstrous performance, uncanny and terrifying.

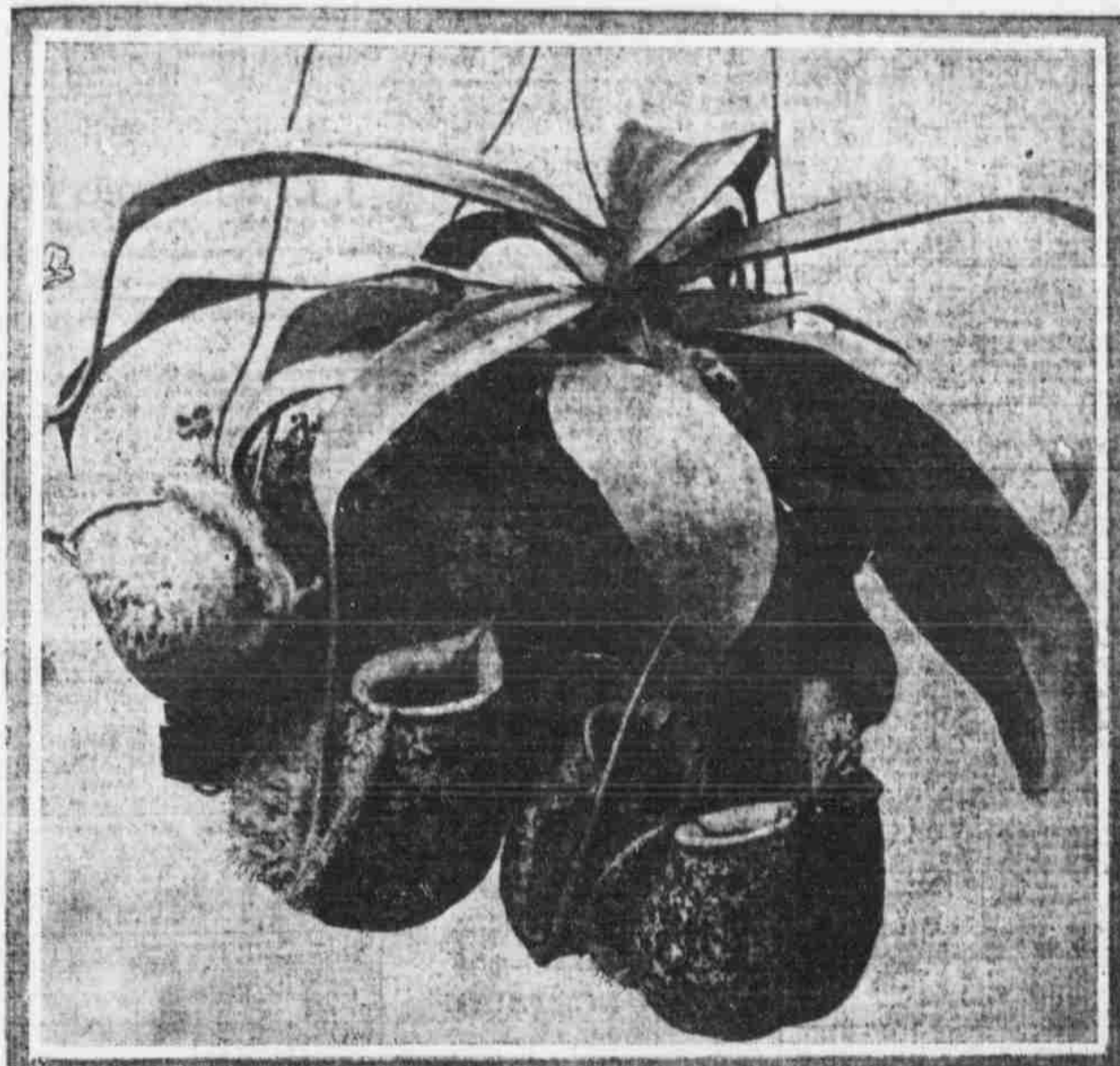
That animals should eat plants seems to us all right. Science has taught us that it is a necessary process, inasmuch as plants alone have the power to turn mineral matter into living protoplasm. They thereby become storehouses of nourishment for the animal world, which could not exist if it did not feed upon them. But why should plants, under any circumstances, eat animals?

A partial answer has been found, in the opinion of some biologists, in the fact that the species of plants which are carnivorous usually, if not invariably, live in places where nitrogenous matter is very scarce or virtually absent, and that the plants supply this lack to their nourishment by seizing upon the insects which visit them.

The apparatus by which these plants satisfy their "carnivorous appetites" consists of wonderful modifications of leaves, or parts of leaves, whose movements are startlingly suggestive of acts guided by intelligent comprehension of what needs to be done to accomplish the object in view. Sometimes the apparatus resembles a beautiful flower, a fact which renders its carriage so much the more repellent.

The most celebrated of the insectivorous plants is "Venus Fly-Trap," which has a flower-like mouth, consisting of two hinged pieces, or petals, capable of closing quickly together, like the jaws of a mouse trap. Stiff bristles on the margins of the lips and sensitive hairs lining the tube below aid materially in the catching and swallowing of any unfortunate insect which is lured to the trap. The sensitive hairs are, indeed, simply triggers, the touching of which instantaneously closes the trap. By that time the insect has got far enough within to be beyond the chance of escape. Once in a while, however, the victim does escape, whereupon the trap opens again. The process of digestion is aided by a secretion of the plant, and when it is completed the trap opens and the indigestible portions are cast out.

In the plant called "sunflower" the leaves that act as insect catchers are covered with glandular hairs which secrete upon the victim, while a sticky gum elues it fast until its digestible juices have been absorbed, when the remains are let go. The plants called "bladderwort" living in ponds, have a kind of bladder which acts like a miniature cell trap in catching minute water creatures. Carnivorous "pitcher-plants" are very



An orchid from Borneo which traps and eats insects.

wonderful. The flower-like tube, or pitcher, often has a lid, which closes down when insects are entrapped. A sweet secretion around the lips attracts the victims. Inside the tube is lined with downward-pointing hairs, which force the unfortunate prisoner toward the bottom, but prevent his return. At the bottom there is usually a considerable quantity of water. A. W. Wallace found some pitcher plants in the Malay Archipelago which could hold as much as two gallons of water. The insects are drowned in the water, which is contained in what might be called the "stomach" of the plant, for digestive substances, resembling pepsin, exist in the water and promote absorption of the edible parts of the prey. I have read that the wily mosquito sometimes breeds in the water of a pitcher plant, and gets away to pursue his useful career in the outer world. I do not guarantee that statement.

Mimosas, or "sensitive plants" make the same suggestion of intelligence. The Mimosas pudica ("bashful" mimosa), mimics animals that pretend to be dead when threatened by enemies. Mr. Wallace says that where a large surface of ground is covered with this plant the effect of walking over it is most peculiar. "At each step the plants, for some distance round, suddenly droop, as if struck with paralysis, and a broad track of prostrate herbage, several feet wide, is distinctly marked out by the different color of the closed leaflets."

Advice to Lovelorn : By Beatrice Fairfax

Seek Your Education.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 years old and the oldest of five children. Three years ago the woman who had kept house for us since my mother's death left us. I left school and took charge of the house. Things have run very smoothly and we are all happy, but now father feels that since I could carry out my original intention of being a teacher with four more years' training, I ought to do it, so last week I went to register for my senior year in high school, but now that it comes to my actual going they are all beginning to worry about having a strange woman in as housekeeper. You see I am the only mother the children ever knew. My 12-year-old sister begs me to stay home. My brothers, 16 and 17 years, respectively, are silent. I know they want me and yet I do not know what to do. What do you advise? X.

Since your sisters and brothers are no longer little children, but are within a few years of your own age and beginning to grow up, I think you would be doing yourself a great injustice if you did not follow your father's advice and go to complete your training as a teacher. Of course the housekeeping will bring a foreign element into your family, but she need not spoil your home life and it may be good for all of you to have an older woman temporarily in charge and

to have your younger sister feel that she owes something to the family, too. I advise you most strongly to finish your training. This is only fair to yourself and in no way unfair to your family.

"Housekeeping."

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am engaged to a young man of good social standing and who is better off financially than my people are. Recently he has been urging me to set a definite date for our wedding; but I hesitate on account of my limited knowledge of housekeeping. I have never had any duties at home, and after leaving my office in the evening my time was my own. In fact, I don't know anything about housework of any kind, and as he desires to go to a home of his own as soon as we are married, I don't know what to do. FRANCES E.

The instincts of home-making are strong in most of us. I think you will find it quite simple to adjust yourself to the pleasant task of keeping your home in order. If your abilities do not seem to meet the situation after your marriage, take a few lessons at some school of domestic science. But any efficient woman ought to be able to make and keep and manage a home. Don't hesitate to marry because of foolish doubts on that score.

Science for Workers

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Q.—"Will man, with the evolution of science, ever be able to control the natural forces? Is it possible that evolution will bring about a change in the form of the human body? Or is evolution working toward the extinction of physical (and mental) organs?"

—LILLY H. FRENCHMAN.

A.—These are important questions, worthy of serious thought. Nicola Tesla told me, and he was in a serious mood, that "man will some time draw electricity directly from nature's store." This was at the World's fair in Chicago.

If this is accomplished, man will control natural forces, for a current of electricity is far and away the most valuable of all human possessions save air, water and food. For a flow of electricity is potential and has the possibility of light and heat. Light, heat and power are next to air, food and water. Solar heat has been used to germinate thermo-electricity, and small motors have been constructed with this current, but this process has not been exploited commercially so far as I know. Tesla no doubt meant that electricity would be taken from nature's vast reservoir directly, not by first using heat. He did not indicate any theory of plan, and he told me this in 1902.

If such men as Thomson, Edison, Tesla and Steinmetz cannot "tap nature," we shall have to await further evolution of science. Even solar-heat-engines, using heat only, and not electricity, are not in general use, as one would think.

The great one in the Pasadena ostrich farm is dismantled. I went up to see it several years ago, and it was pumping water by means of solar heat, received on mirrors and by them reflected upon boilers in a steam plant. But the real problem is to take electricity directly from Nature's lavish store.

There is no danger of humans all running to brains, as a H. G. Wells' plan. Physically the Harvard college folk are running out. The big eugenic research back in Cambridge, Mass., discovered that "Harvard graduates will have only sixteen male progeny in six generations." But, then, we all may evolve away all sorts of atrophied organs. Mere useless parts now, but necessary when we were fishes and apes. Aquatic creatures in the away-back Silurian times, and abnormal beings in tree tops in very recent.

Do You Know That

In South Africa there is the "sneezewood" tree, which is so called because one cannot cut it with a saw without sneezing, as the fine dust has exactly the effect of snuff. No insect or worm will touch it; it is very bitter to the taste, and when placed in water it sinks.

The marvelous fibre of the mulberry tree, utilized in the Japanese paper called "hashikirau," is the basis of the material that Rear Admiral Yokoyama has proposed for collapsible lifeboats for submarines.

London, a "city" on the river Thames, in the county of Middlesex, Ontario, Canada, has suburbs called London Junction and Faling. The population of the Canadian London is 44,300.

Every week in England there is a closed season, during which net-fishing for salmon is prohibited. It extends from noon on Saturday until 6 a. m. in Monday.

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