

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Heavens in May

By WILLIAM F. RIGGE.

If the reader has missed seeing the close conjunction of Venus and Jupiter on the morning of the 15th of last month, he will have another, although inferior, similar opportunity of observing the conjunction of Venus and Mars on the morning of the 14th of May. Venus can be identified without difficulty in the morning twilight, since it has about fifty times the brilliancy of a standard star of the first magnitude. Mars, however, is not so easily found, its brilliancy at the time being less than that of a standard star, whereas Jupiter last month, and even at present, has a brilliancy of about eight. Mars, on the 14th, will be about a degree or two lunar diameters north of Venus. The two will rise on that morning at 3:57 and the sun at 5:00, so that we will not have much time to observe the conjunction on account of the length of the twilight.

The standard times of the rising, meridian passage or setting and setting of the sun and moon at Omaha for this month, are as follows:

SUN.		MOON.	
Rise	Set	Rise	Set
1:52	12:21	11:46	3:00
2:00	12:21	11:46	3:00
2:08	12:21	11:46	3:00
2:16	12:21	11:46	3:00
2:24	12:21	11:46	3:00
2:32	12:21	11:46	3:00
2:40	12:21	11:46	3:00
2:48	12:21	11:46	3:00
2:56	12:21	11:46	3:00
3:04	12:21	11:46	3:00
3:12	12:21	11:46	3:00
3:20	12:21	11:46	3:00
3:28	12:21	11:46	3:00
3:36	12:21	11:46	3:00
3:44	12:21	11:46	3:00
3:52	12:21	11:46	3:00
4:00	12:21	11:46	3:00
4:08	12:21	11:46	3:00
4:16	12:21	11:46	3:00
4:24	12:21	11:46	3:00
4:32	12:21	11:46	3:00
4:40	12:21	11:46	3:00
4:48	12:21	11:46	3:00
4:56	12:21	11:46	3:00
5:04	12:21	11:46	3:00
5:12	12:21	11:46	3:00
5:20	12:21	11:46	3:00
5:28	12:21	11:46	3:00
5:36	12:21	11:46	3:00
5:44	12:21	11:46	3:00
5:52	12:21	11:46	3:00
6:00	12:21	11:46	3:00
6:08	12:21	11:46	3:00
6:16	12:21	11:46	3:00
6:24	12:21	11:46	3:00
6:32	12:21	11:46	3:00
6:40	12:21	11:46	3:00
6:48	12:21	11:46	3:00
6:56	12:21	11:46	3:00
7:04	12:21	11:46	3:00
7:12	12:21	11:46	3:00
7:20	12:21	11:46	3:00
7:28	12:21	11:46	3:00
7:36	12:21	11:46	3:00
7:44	12:21	11:46	3:00
7:52	12:21	11:46	3:00
8:00	12:21	11:46	3:00
8:08	12:21	11:46	3:00
8:16	12:21	11:46	3:00
8:24	12:21	11:46	3:00
8:32	12:21	11:46	3:00
8:40	12:21	11:46	3:00
8:48	12:21	11:46	3:00
8:56	12:21	11:46	3:00
9:04	12:21	11:46	3:00
9:12	12:21	11:46	3:00
9:20	12:21	11:46	3:00
9:28	12:21	11:46	3:00
9:36	12:21	11:46	3:00
9:44	12:21	11:46	3:00
9:52	12:21	11:46	3:00
10:00	12:21	11:46	3:00
10:08	12:21	11:46	3:00
10:16	12:21	11:46	3:00
10:24	12:21	11:46	3:00
10:32	12:21	11:46	3:00
10:40	12:21	11:46	3:00
10:48	12:21	11:46	3:00
10:56	12:21	11:46	3:00
11:04	12:21	11:46	3:00
11:12	12:21	11:46	3:00
11:20	12:21	11:46	3:00
11:28	12:21	11:46	3:00
11:36	12:21	11:46	3:00
11:44	12:21	11:46	3:00
11:52	12:21	11:46	3:00
12:00	12:21	11:46	3:00

The dot or period between the hours and minutes signifies P. M. time. The time not so marked are A. M. If we wish to know how much the sun is east of sun time, we have but to subtract the minutes after 12 o'clock in the column headed "Noon" from 24, the constant amount our city clocks have been set ahead of local, or sun time, in order to show standard time.

Venus and Mars, as said before, are morning stars. Jupiter is one also, rising on the 15th at 3:48 a. m. Saturn is still evening star, setting on the 15th at 10:24 p. m. The best chance of the whole year to see the planet Mercury will be on the last days of the month. On the 21st it is farthest from the sun, over twenty-three degrees, and may be seen by a keen eye in the evening twilight. Its position will be then about 12, and a half degrees, or five lunar diameters, north of Saturn.

The moon is in last quarter on the 5th at 11:23 p. m., new on the 11th at 9:31 p. m., in first quarter on the 17th at 10:50 p. m., and full on the 23rd at 11:23 p. m. It is in conjunction with Jupiter on the 9th, with Venus and Mars on the 14th, and with Saturn on the 15th. On the 14th at about 1 a. m. the moon just grazes the planet Uranus. A telescope, however, will be required to see it.

Crichton Obs. Observatory, Omaha Neb.

"The Faery Woman"

-AMBITION-

By Nell Brinkley

Copyright, 1915, Intern'l News Service.

She Never Appears Wonderful to You, Even When You've Caught Her



There was a faery-woman a great poetess of the Faery-Woman. "La Belle Dame Sans Merci." The riding knight questing through the woods and vales of the Land of Romance came upon her unaware. And that was his madness! For looking once into her eyes, lighted with sorcery, he set her on his palfrey horse, and all day long he walked by her side, his neck bent back—listening enchanted to the magic song she sang. A fancy-song.

Here in these days, too—these days of the wildest romance and the strangest reality—we have our faery-woman. And think hard before you choose to shut the door of your home-gate and wander out into the highways. The Faery-Woman Ambition rides a winged horse that scours the country and city side and sets a pace that kills!

He runs with time, and that's fast. Folding his forelock—casting her bright eyes here and over there for the strained faces that mean "I want success and the laurel wreath!" the Faery-woman rides, the very stars-out of the night-aky in her hair and spilling in diamond-dust behind her; her eyes compelling, hot and sweet, answering all questions, holding all things—the eyes of a sorceress and a sweet-heart; and high in her hand she carries the laurel-wreath of Fame.

The whole world of man—and woman, too—rises up, rips off its coat and its tie and collar, bares arms and throat, pushes the hair back from its forehead, and pursues her. Some sit down in a fume long before they ever catch up with her—and there are some that whisper that that is just as well. "For women," says my cynic, "they can't chase love and ambition, too—and most times they wish they had taken love when they are choking in the dust that rolls beside ambition's steed!" What do you think? Some drop down in the road, wrung and weary in heart and body—to take up the chase later on.

But the chap who catches up with her! Who gets one deep look in her eyes, one breath of the odor of her yelling hair, who gets one clutching hand tight in the

leather of her horse's trappings, who feels the whip of her white garment on his shoulder and throat! What about him? You'd think his race is done. That ambition takes him up beside her—or drops into a walk and turns to rose-grown paths where he can cool his hot head and walk in dreams. But it isn't so.

Ambition's great black horse never slows! And the man who gets his grip in his mane and his head beneath her laurel wreath, and his eyes fastened in hers, must hold the pace to stay there! He must either run with her, or drop behind with nothing in his hand but the silver bells from the grip he had, a little

star dust in his hair, the name of having once run in the sweat and dust beside her, and memory!

Once I thought fame was a high pinnacle far away from everybody, lifted high, and, though it was sharp and narrow and dangerous, once up there you sat above the roar, secure and at rest if only you held on! But I know better now. Fame is only a green wreath held in the hand of a flying woman who flutters through our very crowded streets with flying hair and whipping garment and a madness in her eyes, who calls you to pursue and holds you beside her in the madness that you drink from her eyes, who never slackens or waits; and I know now that once you have come abreast with her and got your hold you must run like fury till you die to stay there.

Which will you have, little girl who wrote to me some days ago to know if you should leave your garden gate and go in search for the Faery-Woman? "I have a little talent," you ventured. Do you want to stay at home and hang on your garden gate and wait for love—for you know he doesn't hurry and he hunts you out—to walk with him and settle in a little house off the great highway where all the busy things are doing

and mobs are rising up at the thunder of a black horse's flying feet? Or do you want to be out in the whirlpool race for the stars that fly from Ambition's galloping shape?

There are those with the madness in their veins who cry, "It is worth all weariness" to run spellbound, eyes fastened in glittering eyes, in the light and the whirl and the gasping glory, hand on the satin coat of a Faery Horse, star spikes blowing and stinging, the wonder green of the Faery Wreath above, and the Faery Woman leaning aside, singing a Faery song that lures you to strain on. Choose. NELL BRINKLEY.

Advice to Lovelorn

By NEVADIAN FAIRFAX

Yes, If You Love Him

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 20, and I met a young man four years ago. He is 26. Two years ago he was engaged and broke his engagement and later he wanted to get married to me. I always loved him. If I don't accept him he says he will remain a bachelor, and everybody tells me I should not marry him. Do you think I will be happy if I marry him. M. H.

A broken engagement is sad, but not wicked or criminal. If this man found he did not love his fiancee he was honorable and wise to break off their relationship at once. And none of this affects the love between you two. If you care for him, marry him by all means.

Know More of Him

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been employed in a store for four years, and during that time I have become acquainted with a great many customers. A certain gentleman has come in a store every since I have been there. He has invited me to go to the theater with him. I do not know of any one who could introduce us. I am 19. R. E. G.

No young girl can afford to go about with a man of whom she knows nothing. Possibly your employer has some knowledge of this man. If so, your four years of meeting might justify you in asking him to call and meet your parents. Further than this you must not go.

The Ooze Jealousy

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 and going out with a young man 24. I am about to become engaged, but would like to ask you something before I do so. I have a great fault. I am very jealous. I have no cause to be jealous, but still I am. Won't you please advise me how to conquer this great fault? I am jealous of almost everybody, and I know it is very wicked, but I cannot help myself. V. C.

To conquer jealousy, forget self. Just think to yourself that there is no cause for jealousy between you and the man who has chosen you out of all the world for his wife, and remember that after the first victory the others are easier.

You Owe Her an Apology

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 22 and have been going out with a girl two years my junior. About two months ago I heard stories about her which I believed true. I made an appointment with her, but never kept it. She wrote a letter asking why I did not call, and I answered, saying my parents did not care for my going with her. I love this girl dearly. Ought I to write to her and explain?

You were very rude to make an appointment and fail to keep it. An apology is due the girl for that, for your ready suspicion of her and also for the lie you told her. If she will grant you the privilege of explaining you must be duly grateful for her gentle friendship and kindness. Write and ask the great favor of a chance to rectify your blunders.

Have a Hobby and Cultivate It

By ELBERT HUBBARD

Every man and woman should have a vocation and an avocation. Your vocation is the thing you depend upon for your bread and butter and house rent.

Your avocation is your plaything, your rest, your recreation, your emergency brake, your psychic governor, your electric fuse that takes care of you when there is danger of a short circuit.

Your avocation brings into play another set of mental muscles and gives you fit preparation for the battle of life.

It supplies resiliency or resting power, lends endurance, courage, faith and self-reliance.

The farmers' wives who go insane do so for lack of a fad, a hobby, a play-spell.

The business men who slip their trolleys and the specialists who go berserk wouldn't if they had a hobby and galloped it hard and fast an hour a day.

If your work is indoors get a hobby that takes you out. If your work is headwork get a fad that makes you use your hands and feet.

If nothing else, be a fight fan or a base ball fad.

These things will inspire you to get a medicine ball and use it, or an indoor base ball and pull the household—including your wife, the children, grandpa and the hired girl—into the game.

When Edmund Burke was in his early twenties he experienced a great flaring



The Nation's Food

made in America of the choicest selected American wheat — a food that builds sturdy men, fit for the day's work — contains more real nutriment than meat or eggs, is more easily digested and costs much less,

Shredded Wheat

the one universal breakfast cereal that has survived all the food fads and has become a staple breadstuff, good for any meal in any' season, for youngsters and grown-ups.

Made in America

Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits, heated in the oven to restore crispness, served with hot milk or cream, make a complete, nourishing, satisfying meal at a total cost of five or six cents. Also delicious with fruits. TRISCUIT is the Shredded Wheat Wafer, eaten as a toast with butter or soft cheese, or as a substitute for white flour bread or crackers.

Made only by
The Shredded Wheat Co.,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.