

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

What is a Good Woman

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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There are good women; there are better women; there are best women. There are comparatively good women, positively good women and superlatively good women; and all these definitions are modified by time, place, climate and temperament.



Good women appear in public places and before men here in America with uncovered faces and shoulders; but in Turkey no good woman could do this, because it is not the custom, and would offend.

The good woman does not offend purposely or wantonly. She submits to the inconveniences and discomfort of tradition until she can see some reasonable prospect of bettering the race by defying the conventions.

The comparatively good woman lives a harmless life, avoids wounding any one, and submits to all manner of injustice at the hands of society because she dislikes to make a fuss or attract attention or disturb existing orders.

The positively good woman lives an actively good life, under the same conditions, putting herself to great trouble to help others and trying to overcome the results of injustice without essaying to remove the cause.

The superlatively good woman does all this and more. She attends to the nearest duty first—relieves distress and bestows sympathy, but she is brave enough to attempt an attack on established traditions when they stand in the way of the progress of the human race, even though the attacks bring suffering and pain upon herself.

The merely good woman does no evil. She keeps the Commandments, and is happy in being harmless.

The better woman does no evil, and strives also to do good where it comes in her way.

The best woman does no evil, does much good and goes out of her way to inspire and encourage those who have been doing wrong to new aspirations and endeavors.

The good woman never speaks ill of the absent. She is silent when others condemn.

The better woman speaks well of the absent when it is possible to do so.

The best woman defends the absent, even at the risk of offending those persons who are prone to condemn.

The good woman is satisfied with being good.

The best woman is continually at work upon her character to make it better.

The really good woman is a good daughter, sister, wife, mother and friend. She may be simple, humble, uneducated and poor, yet if she fulfills her duty in all these relations she is the best of women, for they invariably bring the "highest" qualities of the human nature, and often demand self-denial, self-sacrifice and self-control.

There are chaste scandal-mongers who were neighborhood assassins—slaying characters with their adter tongues.

There are models of virtue who are reckless spendthrifts, wasting hard earned money in needless ways.

The good woman knows how to curb her temper, how to be charitable in speech, how to economize her expenditures.

It requires courage, self-control and unselfishness for a woman to practice common sense economy when surrounded by extravagance and folly. In the heart of fashionability society some such good women may be found.

It requires the same virtues and faith and trust in God's wisdom added for a woman to be cheerful, kind and patient while her heart is starved all her life for the refinements and pleasures of existence; yet many such women are to be found in homes of poverty—good women, who rejoice in the success and happiness of others while fated to live a life of hard work and loneliness from the cradle to the grave. In shops, factories and kitchens, there are good women doing distasteful work patiently, and cheerfully using their earnings for others dependent upon them.

There are good women who stand by bad husbands, because they believe it their duty and because they hope for ultimate reformation.

There are good women who leave bad husbands because they realize that self-respect, of the salvation of their children, demands it.

Any woman who lives up to her highest understanding of duty is a good woman, no matter how others may differ in their ideas of what constitutes duty.

The girl who gives up her ambition for an education in order to remain at home and care for aging parents is a good girl, but another may prove a better girl who pushes ahead and secures her education in order that she can give her parents a more desirable home eventually.

The highest unselfishness must sometimes suffer from the misconception of the world, which regards it as selfishness.

We are all a little better or a little worse than we were last year; a little stronger or a little weaker; a little wiser or a little duller.

The Tuxedo Girl



After the rush of winter social activities and before the summer season at Newport, Narragansett Pier and Bar Harbor begins, the wise girl seeks the comparative quiet of Tuxedo to recuperate from the one and prepare for the other. But no matter how well laid her plans for rest may be, there are always some social affairs that require correct sewing.

A simple gown of white taffeta, which bore the signature of Premet, was included in the wardrobe of a recent arrival at Tuxedo. It might be used for a smart function, for afternoon tea or

even for an informal evening affair. The skirt was in two-flounce arrangement, the upper somewhat wider than the under, and bordered with novelty black braid, which in turn was edged with a narrow box-plate quilting of the taffeta. In lines the skirt was one of the most youthful advanced this season.

The front draping of the bodice was reminiscent of the basque effects of almost one year ago, and which this same designer had the honor to introduce. Of particular interest was the poke hat, a sort of modification of the 1910 scuttle shape, with its fall trimmings balancing the bell outline of the dress.

Greatest Gift in the World

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

It is with time that we buy all the good that comes to us in the world. It is by a wise use of time that we get wisdom and riches and happiness and love and health. And the only reckless spendthrift in all the world is the man or woman who wastes and squanders time.

The only thing in the world that is freely and without handicap, the possession of us all, is time. Every day every one of us has all there is. Every day each of us has precious hours and minutes and seconds to spend—and the freedom of choice as to how we will spend them.

And, if at the end of the day, you measure nothing but waste on the credit side of your ledger—that marks the one and only absolute waste. A broken friendship may be renewed, a lost fortune may be retrieved, a waste city may be rebuilt. There is nothing fatal about most loss in the world. But at the end of the day is gone—it will never come again—it is over. That is an awe-inspiring thought, and a true one.

There is plenty of time in the world—but none to throw away. Life is for work and patient attempt to understand and accomplish. Idleness, grieving, regret, useless pleasure-seeking, gossip—all these are inefficient thefts from your own treasure of hours. You deduct them from the grand total of your own life. The day is yours—yours fully and freely. What will you do with it?

Life is for work and growth, for kindness and love. If at the end of every twenty-four hours you have actually done something on which you can look and say, "It is mine, and it is good," you have made a worth-while use of your time. Work doesn't necessarily mean marching along steadily at one job—it takes in interruptions and deviations from the course you have mapped out for yourself. It is the plan that counts, it is the effort and growth and ability.

Suppose you start out one day with a definite idea of cleaning your china closet and silverware. A message comes from a sick friend who longs to have you come and read to her. If you go with a feeling of irritation because your scheme for the day has been interfered with, you are wasting your time. But if you do the particular thing which lies before you cheerfully and amiably, your day is not wasted. The actual scheme of things is much bigger than you and your personal designs. It takes in more than your

one woman perspective permits you to see. In reading to a sick friend there is cheer and comfort for her and growth and unselfishness for you, and for both of you the chance of knowledge to be gained. Your time wasn't wasted at all—it was simply spent differently from what you intended. There lies the distinction and the difference.

Every day a mental inventory ought to be taken. At nightfall ask yourself questions like these: Have I grown today? Have I given something to life? Have I learned something from it? Have I actually used my time to advantage? Have I the right to a warm feeling of contentment over my accomplishments for the day? Or have I frittered my time away idly and uselessly, seeking amusement and diversion—"killing time"?

The thirst for amusement grows in proportion to your placid indulgence of it. If you get to a state of feverish unrest or your one desire is to do dashing about madly seeking all sorts of forms of life amusement that appeal to the surface of your consciousness only, you are wasting your time badly.

To be taken out of yourself at the end of a hard day's work through amusement is a very sane proceeding. If you have been teaching a class of geometry all day long, and have arrived at the state of nervous tension where you are likely to lie all night on a sleepless couch, figuring out squares of hypotenuses and radii of circles, you are on your way to a scholarly waste of time which ought to be spent in the recuperation of slumber. And so a little harmless diversion that will rest your tired mind isn't a waste of time at all. It is a prime necessity of your being.

Nothing constructive, nothing that builds up your life and that of those with whom you come in contact can be wasteful. Seize upon work. Make up your mind that it occupies your mind, your body, your heart and your soul. Be sure that it is individual and suitable, that it is legitimate and vital. Gather in all its opportunities with a feeling that it is an imperishable part of life, do it thoroughly and well.

Turn your attention to your family relationships. See that you are being fair to them and in them. Make sure that your ambitions are not overshadowing your affections. Give your attention to the tenderness you owe to your friends and to all who love you. See to it that the common duties of your life are being attended to. Study your own talents and develop them to the utmost of your ability. Do your duty by your

Shooting Millions of Miles

How the Astronomer Aims at Stars He Cannot See

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

They were telling us the other day of a new German gun capable of sending projectiles across the channel into England, a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles. We have also heard much of the marvelous shooting the artillery of the Allies, which hits marks that the gunners cannot see. The gun is set at an elevation determined by previous calculation, based upon the known distance and direction of the invisible target, a signal from an aeroplane tells when to shoot, and the great gun drops its projectile on the selected point, shatters a trench, and reveals its hidden quarry in the form of flying fragments in the air.

There is a close analogy between this work of the big guns and that of the astronomer with his great telescopes. The scientific gunner in the observatory also finds his aim by calculation, instead of by sight. What he is "shooting at" in the sky is generally something that he cannot see before he hits it. People whose ideas about telescopes are based upon the use of spy-glasses have no comprehension of the way the astronomer goes to work with his huge optical ordnance.

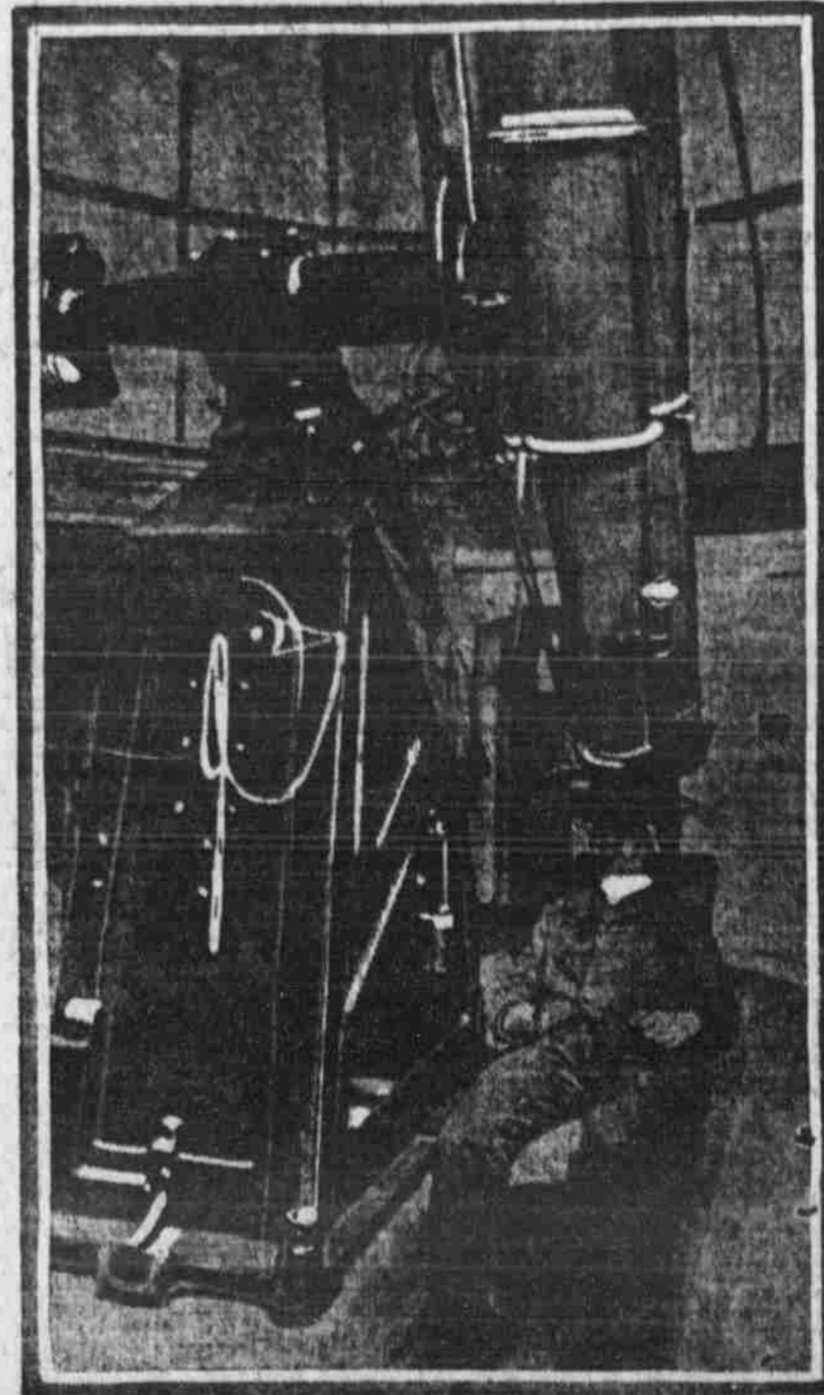
He does not peep out of the observatory dome, fix the direction of a star with his eye and then turn his telescope very much as the gunner behind the lines in France or Flanders proceeds. He begins by setting the direction and the range out of a book or a paper. He doesn't even glance at the sky; he looks at the figures, and then he turns thumb-screws and handles and adjusts through microscopes fixed over sliding scales and graduated circles, until he has swung the great telescope tube on its noiseless bearings, which are as delicate in design as they are powerful and rigid in material and construction, to the exact pointing in "right ascension" and "declination" required to hit the spot in the starry vault for which he is searching.

That done he puts his eye at the eyepiece, or ocular, of the telescope and the object that he is after leaps into sight before him, whether it be a new comet, or a double star, or a variable star, or one of those marvelous spiral nebulae which crawl in the profoundest depths of stellar space like luminous cephalopods, spawning the glittering germs of new suns and solar systems.

The astronomer does not see the sky when he is in his observatory, working with his telescope. He is as blind to the universe as is the steersman of a submarine to the broad surface of the ocean. The narrow slit in the observatory dome, through which the long tube of the telescope almost emerges, high above his head, is his only periscope, and that he rarely uses, for his tables of figures and his graduated and movable circles are all that he needs for his sub-celestial navigation.

Often when he comes out from the confinement of the dome into the fresh air, under the vast star-spangled vault of night, he looks up with admiration, and a sense of refreshment, and of inspiration, at the sight of all that sparkling multitude, as if it were to him a novel spectacle.

In the increase of range the telescope is again like the cannon. The great gun shoots farther in proportion as it is able to withstand more and more pressure from the powder gases. The great telescope reaches deeper into universal space in proportion as its lenses or its mirrors are able to collect and bring to a focus more and more light.



A photographic refractor with object glass thirteen inches in diameter. The observer is holding the switch connected with the driving clock.

"How far can a telescope see?" is a question often asked. In order to give an approximate answer we must make certain assumptions. A sixth magnitude star is the faintest celestial object visible to the naked eye. Now, it appears that the average sixth magnitude star is at a distance of about 37 light years, or say, in round numbers, 2,175 million-million miles. Let us take that distance, then, as representing the utmost range, in an astronomical sense, of the unaided human eye.

A telescope with a one-inch object glass will show stars down to the ninth magnitude, but the average ninth magnitude star is about 1,000 light-years distant, or say 5,800,000,000,000 miles. Accordingly the "range" of the one-inch telescope is more than two-and-a-half times that of the naked eye. A ten-inch telescope will perceive stars down to the fourteenth magnitude, which carries the range up to

5,000 light-years, or say 46,000,000,000,000 miles. With a forty-inch telescope, like that of the Yerkes observatory, the range goes up to 35,000 light-years, reaching seventeenth magnitude stars, and with a hundred-inch telescope like the giant now under construction for Mount Wilson in California, the range should theoretically extend to stars of the nineteenth magnitude, which are on the average 30,000 light-years distant. A light-year is the distance which a ray of light, traveling with the known speed of 186,330 miles per second, would go in one year.

It only needs to be said that the distances above stated for stars of various magnitudes and based upon the assumption of a roughly regular average luminosity of the whole body of the stars, and should not be taken as representing exact facts of observation. The results arrived at however, are not, in a broad sense,

Science for Workers

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Question—"If it be true that the reproduction of life is entirely a chemical process, 'merely a chemical reaction,' as seems to have been demonstrated by Jacques Loeb and Dr. Bastian and other eminent scientists, does not this established fact explode the theory that nothing exists but electrons and that they were created by mind?"—Anson Riker.

Answer—Has no effect on the theory that all matter in existence is composed entirely of moving electrons. If life is a result entirely of a chemical process or reaction, then this has nothing to do with the origin of the chemicals. My theory that mind created electrons is based on the fact that mind is the only at present known entity in all that part of the universe within the range of man that has force to create—that is, to add to itself by thinking a thought that had never been thought of before. At the present advance of science it has not been proved that life is the result of merely chemical processes or reactions. None knows what life is. But creatures produced by chemical methods, if they are living creatures really, have not been able to produce young creatures. That is, it has not been proved with absolute scientific rigidity—that is, beyond the faintest trace of doubt, as to whether the motions and growths in Loeb's and Bastian's also, Bursk's, products, were actually caused by life. To become scientific this must be proved.

Question—"I have read that the human body sustains an air pressure of something like fourteen tons. Suppose a person were placed in a compartment which had been rendered a near vacuum as possible and the person breathing through a tube from the outside. What would be the effect on the body?"—W. R. Kelly.

Answer—The person would soon die. The pressure of air on an average, with normal conditions at mean sea level, is 14.7322 pounds to one square inch—nearly fifteen pounds. This force in the delicate tissue of the lungs would destroy them and death would follow almost immediately. And blood vessels in all parts of the body, or at least near the surface, would be greatly distended, if not ruptured. Dire results would follow the release of air pressure from a living body.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Do Not Return It. Dear Miss Fairfax: A young man who has been calling on me gave me a lovelorn for Christmas and I gave him a present in return. He had very bad habits, which he would not try to break, so I thought it best to give him up. I wrote him about it, saying he should return my picture, also, but have not heard from him. Now I am going out with another young man who is really very nice, but he teases me about this other young man and the lovelorn. Do you think I ought to return the lovelorn? PUZZLED.

You should not have accepted a gift of jewelry from a man who you were not engaged to marry. Neither has this other man a right to criticize your actions unless you are engaged to him. Keep the gift, but be chary about accepting valuable presents.

Go to See Her Relatives. Dear Miss Fairfax: Am going out with a young lady and love her dearly. She has no parents and is boarding with relatives. They object to me for no reason at all. Should she stay with them or board somewhere else? AND E.

Why not ask her relatives frankly what they have against you and assure them that they are misjudging you? Tell them you admire the young lady and would prefer to see her at their home.

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