

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Forgiving War Mothers

By HELEN KING ROBINSON.

England is planning to forgive the women of the empire who are soon to become mothers of war babies—without benefit of clergy.

The cables say nothing about forgiving the soldier fathers of those babies. Hence we may assume that neither Zeppelins nor submarines have shattered that double standard of morality which England cherishes as she does the throne and Magna Charta.

Many of these women are girls of 15 or 16. They live in rural corners of England and Scotland where a soldier had never been seen until the gathering armies of Britain were billeted there at the outbreak of the great war. And those soldiers were no longer mere soldiers. They were heroes, saviors of civilization, defenders of the empire, from the onslaught of the Hun. So all Britain was calling them—venerable divines, men of letters, financiers, alike caught in that epidemic of hysteria which is as truly a camp-follower of war as cholera. Those young girls caught the epidemic too. And now, in heaviness and anguish, they are shading new lives for the race.

Members of Parliament and reverend bishops are planning how best to stage this forgiveness.

"At a specified time," we learn, "a general edict of forgiveness will be read from the pulpits throughout the country which will automatically remove the stigma from the mothers."

On the other hand, those who preach forgiveness protest that "by forgiving we by no means condone matters. But unless something is done to remove the stigma from the mothers, they may in many instances abandon their babies for the state to care for in institutions."

Alas! Plainly a matter of "business, as usual." It will be easier for taxpayers if those mothers rear their own children, though in England, where women toilers are systematically sweated, such rearing must condemn them to ceaseless, sordid drudgery or to recruiting the sad army of stinking sludges which lurk in midnight streets—a curse to womanhood, a menace to manhood.

It is not strange, then that we nowhere read about the war mothers' gratitude for such forgiveness.

We learn also that "any legislation to remove the stigma of illegitimacy from the war babies is not considered possible at this time." The babies, it appears, must remain "nameless."

Even if the father of one of them should return from the trenches of Belgium blind and crippled, and the mother should marry him, to tell for him and their child all the days of her life, yet that child, born before wedlock, could not be legitimated by the marriage. Because the English law, which Parliament "does not consider it expedient to change at this time."

England may forgive the war mothers. But can the war mothers forgive England?

There is but one righteous thing for England to do.

She has encouraged the loveless marriage of "war brides" to assure herself future soldiers. She has been unable to prevent the women of other fighting nations from having motherhood ministrations forced upon them. She has uttered no word of protest when Fellows of the Royal Geographical society of London have publicly advocated polygamy as the only hope of repopulating Europe after the war.

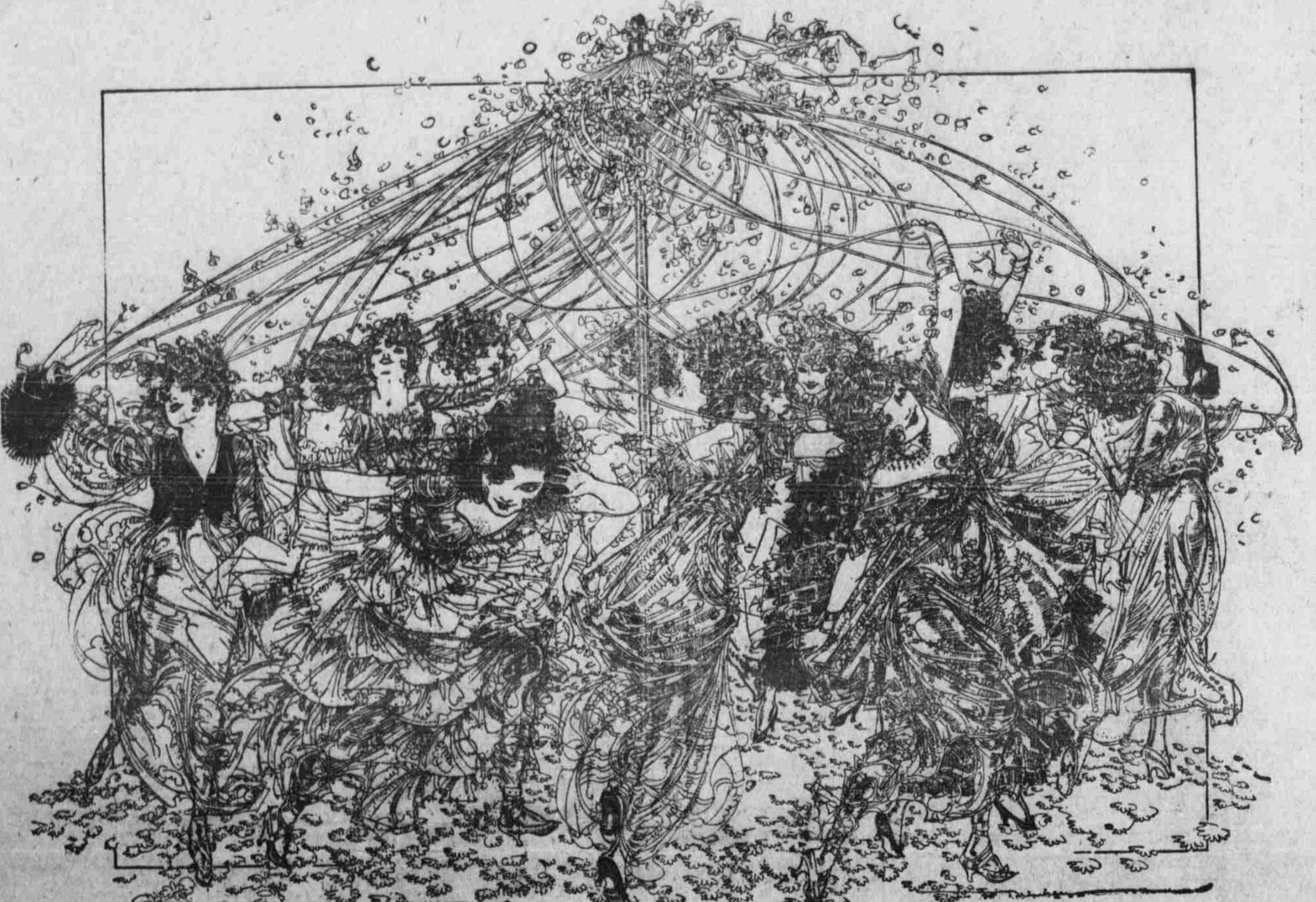
England, then, should stop peddling pale pink paper about forgiving war mothers. She should study a law that has lately been enacted in Norway, then command Parliament forthwith to pass a similar one—a law giving the so-called illegitimate child the right to bear its father's name if the mother so wishes; a law giving that child equal rights with children born in wedlock in all matters of inheritance—and of war relief.

Then England can safely leave it to God Almighty to forgive the war mothers.

Goodbye, Maytime; Hello, June!

Copyright, 1915, Intern'l News Service.

By Nell Brinkley



May's a jolly month, fresh out of her skins and winter burrow; she means primroses and woolly lambs and the end of misty rains; blue scrubbed skies with cottony clouds floating over, the far-coming of the pop-corn man; she's the wild maid in the story who burns winter's thongs away from your wrists and lets you out into the sun again when you thought you'd die in darkness and cold, and yet

when she goes we don't cry! That's because a lovelier lady follows—June. When Maytime slips out of our gate, looking back over her delicate shoulders, her primrose garments fluttering their last until another year; in at the same gate, brushing her very robe, golden and warmly scented and loaded with flowers, against pale May, comes June—singing, snapping her fingers, more tender of sky

and air, mocking, bringing warm waters for the body that would a-swimming go, merry of eye, rich in color, May's lovelier sister.

May promises things and gives us a peek at them—but June comes with a magic sack and an open palm.

So that is why we dance May in and out again, and laugh at her farewell fete!—Nell Brinkley.

Animals as Musicians

Some Peculiarities that Puzzle the Wise

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

All animals that have ears must be supposed to be able to distinguish between different sounds, and in many cases this capacity seems to include a keen appreciation of music. One would expect birds, and a few mammals, to be especially so, but there are many species of insects, and even of the lower animals, that possess a remarkable ability to imitate musical sounds, but usually it is only birds that they try to imitate. The playing of a piano, or other musical instrument, will often set a canary to singing at the top of its voice, but the conduct of the bird suggests that it finds irritation, or a mere spur to emulation, rather than appreciative pleasure in the sounds.



It is different with dogs, horses, elephants, leopards, lions and other quadrupeds, and most things of all, with spiders. The apparent fondness of spiders for instrumental music has been noted by many careful observers, including distinguished naturalists. If the music is tender and not too loud, spiders will approach the instrument from which it issues, often letting themselves down from a ceiling by a thread, and hanging over the source of the sounds.

If the loudness and force of the music are suddenly increased the spider will precipitately retreat. At a concert at Leipzig Prof. Reclam saw a spider descend by a thread from a chandelier and hang, as if enchanted, above the musician who was playing a violin solo, but the instant the orchestra struck in, little sightless flies at the top of its speed, "pet" spider, the composer, it is said had a "get spider," which would sit for hours on his harpsichord while he was composing.

Prof. C. V. Boye has undertaken to account for the conduct of spiders on such occasions as a result of their special sensitiveness, not to sounds, as such, but to mere physical vibrations. He thinks that they mistake the effect of certain musical notes for the trembling of their webs when a fly or other struggling insect is caught.

sect, is caught. In such cases they always yield to their instinct by running in the direction from which the vibrations come, unless the latter are of so much force as to alarm rather than attract the spider.

Horses quickly learn the meaning of trumpet calls, and sometimes assist an awkward or forgetful rider by their prompt obedience to musical signals. Circus horses are remarkable for their "musical ear," and will follow intricate evolutions, like human dancers, with no other guidance than the changes in the music.

Elephants are equally sensitive to music. Circus men say that the huge beasts will not parade to any other than a slow, stately march. A quick-step irritates them, as might naturally be supposed. On the other hand, leopards delight in slow music, but will caper in evident enjoyment when a lively piece is played. The lion loves a smooth, melodious tune, and will sit motionless for a long time in evident enjoyment when the music is of that character. But he will set up and pace about and growl if the music becomes harsh or rapid and broken.

Many animals, without showing any marked liking for music, nevertheless have their attention and curiosity awakened by it, and may even be led into traps by musical sounds that happen to attract them.

One of the best stories of the effect of music is that of the fiddler who was treed in the middle of a pasture by a bad tempered bull, but who saved himself from spending a night in the tree by playing such fascinating airs on his violin that the bull was mollified and allowed the player to climb down and walk away undisturbed.

The Goddess

Owing to the failure of copy for "The Goddess" to reach The Bee in time, publication of the serial will be temporarily interrupted. The copy is apparently lost in the mails. A duplicate has been telegraphed for, and on its arrival publication of this intensely interesting serial will be immediately resumed.

Heart Education Highest of All

Study and Training that Refine Nature and Awaken the Noble Sentiments of Humanity as Important as Schooling Which Reaches Only Mind.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Copyright, 1915, Star Company.

American people are most ambitious for education.

The poorest parents, however uneducated themselves, are usually ready to make great sacrifices to educate their children.

It is a commendable wish, but it is a pity that so few parents realize the vast importance of laying a foundation of heart education on which to build the mental nature.

Unless education refines the nature and awakens the nobler sentiments, it hardens the heart and offers larger opportunities for cruelty.

The woman who knows how to be amiable and hitter in three languages is more to be dreaded than she who only speaks one tongue imperfectly. Words are swords which need the sheath of kindness.

Before you deprive yourselves of necessities to educate your children try to give them a comprehension of the great culture which lies in the unvarying effort to be kind.

Those two words are very simple, and they are very old. So old that they seem to have lost their meaning for the world.

But they are more important in the forming of character than the word education, as it is generally employed.

There is no such thing as a cultured man or woman who is unkind.

Education and cruelty can walk hand in glove, but culture must include kindness of impulse, word and action.

A cultured woman avoids wounding another human being wilfully or thoughtlessly.

She always finds the way to be tactful and considerate of the feelings of those with whom she associates, whether equals or inferiors.

This education of the heart can be given a child by any mother, however

humble and poor she may be. Children are merely thoughtless and selfish little animals until their higher natures are awakened by training. They do not understand the meaning of unselfishness until it is taught to them. This is the work for every parent to undertake as soon as a child can reason or understand.

Instead, the average parent accents the natural selfishness of the awakened animal nature by urging a child to surpass its companions, instead of urging it to bring out the best in itself.

There was a little girl who, because she was born an "old soul," and had passed through many incarnations, was abnormally sensitive to the pain of others. She was a brilliant scholar, but seeing that a classmate was suffering with a desire to win the glory of standing first

Advice to Lovelorn

Mourning Your Sweetheart.

Dear Miss Fairfax: How should a girl mourn her sweetheart? Is it proper or improper for the girl to wear black at the funeral? Should flowers be sent? The above I ask in behalf of a friend who has been keeping company with a young man two years and now he is ill beyond recovery, she fears.

A CONSTANT READER.

A girl must mourn her sweetheart as her own feelings dictate. I do not believe in conventional mourning for a certain number of days. It is not right to deliberately try to be sad. Your friend may send flowers as a last tribute and should dress quietly in dark colors at the funeral. But she need not wear conventional mourning or do anything that her own heart does not long to offer to the memory of the dead.

When a Man's in Love.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am deeply in love, but do not know whether my love is reciprocated. Will you kindly advise me how I can find out?

A CONSTANT READER.

When a man is seriously in love with a girl he is pretty certain to say so sooner or later. But devotion and unselfish interest and tender care of her generally show the trend of his feelings even before he speaks.

Colossal Sun Spots

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Between clouds, I was fortunate to get a view of the sun at 8:40 on the morning of April 5. The solar disk was a scene of enormous spot-areas. Nothing within recent years can compare with these in magnitude and activity.

There were three groups of spots, and there were thirty-seven in the three. But one of these spots in the largest group was larger than all the others combined.

The great group was approximately 200,000 miles in length. The spots were distributed along a track parallel to the solar equator. There were twenty-one spots in this long group or cluster. The largest spot was approximately 8,000 miles in length and from 2,000 to 2,500 miles wide. At the time of observation a jet or tongue of incandescent matter was just forming on one side, making ready to cross the black abyss below.

The edges of this huge spot presented a wild scene of solar turbulence. The penumbra was wide and pronounced, while the giant umbra was indeed black in contrast.

Still further along were the others, growing smaller and smaller to the end of the series.

The second spot had a set or bridge of white-hot matter entirely across its chasm. These bridges widen and submerge the spot within a day or two after formation. The two separate and smaller groups were evidently remains of huge spots that had been covered by jets or tongues.

No effect of sunspots on the earth has been discovered, save magnetic disturbances, as on compasses and telegraphs. Needles vibrate when spots are tossed and torn.

MRS. WILLIAMS' LONG SICKNESS

Yields To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Elkhart, Ind.—"I suffered for fourteen years from organic inflammation, female weakness, pain and irregularities. The pains in my sides were increased by walking or standing on my feet and I had such awful bearing down feeling, was depressed in spirits and became thin and pale with dull, heavy eyes. I had six doctors from whom I received only temporary relief. I decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial and also the Sanative Wash. I have now used the remedies for four months and cannot express my thanks for what they have done for me.

"If these lines will be of any benefit you have my permission to publish them."—MRS. SADIE WILLIAMS, 465 James Street, Elkhart, Indiana.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record of being the most successful remedy for female ills we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., seem to prove this fact.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

HELP For Shavers

Listen, all sore-faced shavers! For your comfort, do this: Moisturize with 3-in-One before stopping. Wipe blade with 3-in-One after shaving.

Oh, don't mention it—we're glad to help!

A Dictionary of a hundred other uses with every bottle.

3-in-One Oil Co., 41 N. Broadway, New York