

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Effects of State Pensions Upon Mothers

Women Need Their Children Almost as Much as the Children Need Them—Child Has Wonderful Influence Over Parent.

By DOROTHY DIX.

The advocates of the widowed mothers' pension bill have spoken of it only from the children's side of the question.

They have shown how much better off a child is in its own home, however humble that home may be, than it is in an orphan asylum, no matter how scientifically and humanely that asylum may be conducted.



They have shown that institutionalized children, who have been brought up to bathe and dress and eat and play and study and work and rise up and sit down to the tap of a bell,

almost invariably develop into machine-made men and women, without initiative or originality of their own.

They have shown not only how cruel a thing it is to break the tie between mother and child, and sisters and brothers, but also how dangerous it is to do so, for there is no other one fact in human development so potent as family affection and the sense of responsibility that this brings with it.

And, conversely, the knowledge that he has his widowed mother to support has been the spur in the side of many a boy that has sent him along the road of fame and fortune.

Finally the advocates of the widowed mothers' pension bill have shown that for the same amount of money that the state spends to keep a child in an orphan asylum he can be boarded with his mother and the little home kept together.

It is right that the children should be considered first in this matter, and their good fortune, but there is also another side to the question. That is the mother's. The mothers need the children just as much as the children need the mothers.

The mothers who have children of an age to be sent to an orphan asylum are themselves young women. Many of them are not overwise, and in spite of having been married and had children, have little real knowledge of the world.

They have had few advantages of education, and have few resources within themselves.

These women are primitive creatures with primitive instincts. They must have something to love, something to think about, something to work for.

The death of a day laborer, and the breaking up of a two-room home is a far more poignant tragedy than the passing away of a millionaire, whose family have only their personal loss to mourn.

But this is the all too common bitter fate of the poor woman when the bread winner of her household dies. She cannot make by her own labor enough to feed the hungry mouths of her brood, and so her little ones are taken from her and sent to orphan asylums.

We hear much of a mother's ennobling and restraining influence over her children. It is not a little of what a child's influence is over a mother. The weakest baby hands that ever fumbled at a woman's breast have more power for uplift in them than all the preaching and moral platitudes that were ever uttered.

Only the most abandoned of women will let evil come near her children or permit them to see her do a wrong act, and in this way the child becomes the guardian and protector of the mother.

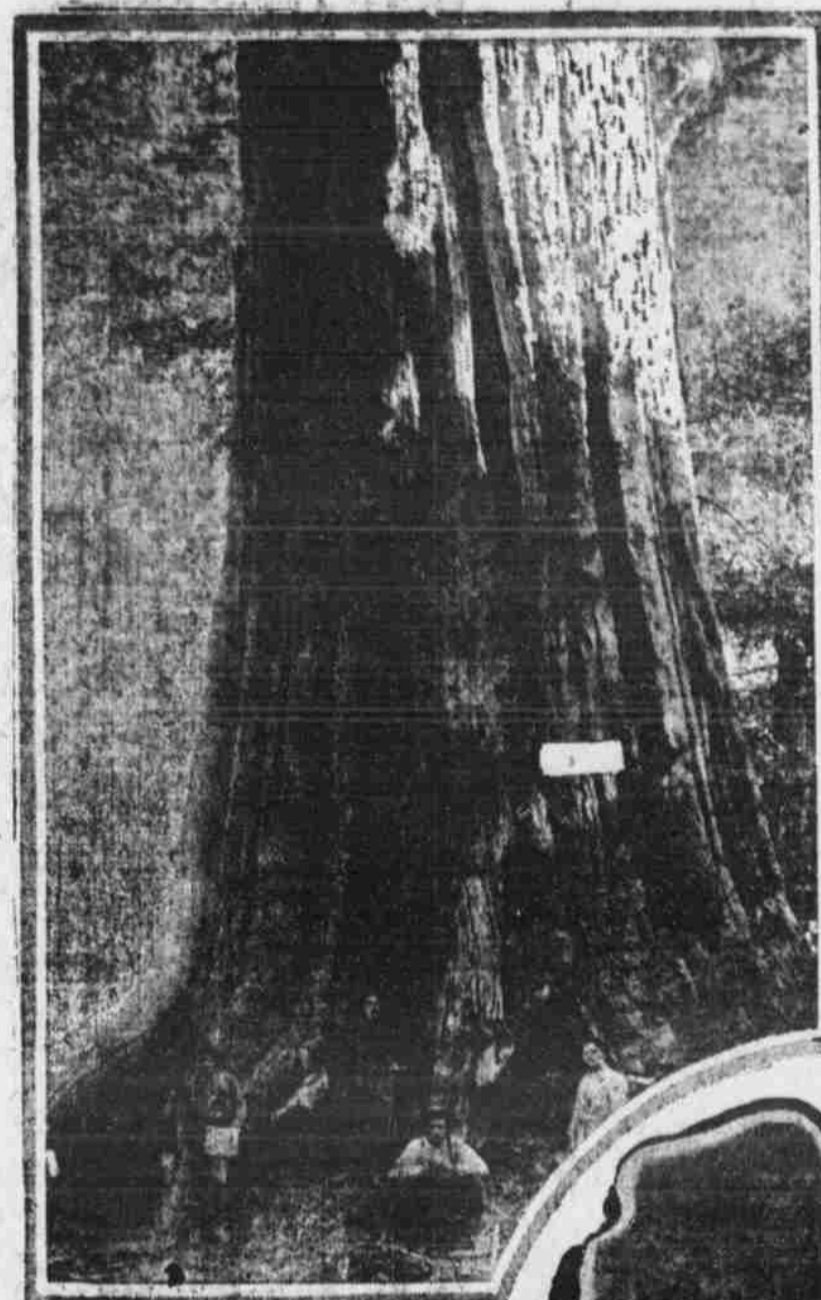
With her little home kept together, with her children to work for, to be interested in, to expend her affections upon, there is small chance of the widowed mother living an exemplary life.

For the sake of the woman, as well as the child, let us pass the widowed mothers' pension bill, and not be guilty of separating a mother and her babes, and breaking up a home that might have been kept together.

The World's Oldest Trees

The Giant Redwoods of California and Their Interesting Story

A "Big Tree" growing in Calaveras County, California.



By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

You may read about the "giant trees" of California, but you will form no conception of their majestic size from any description comparable with that which bursts upon your mind on seeing, at the American Museum of Natural History, the enormous section of one of these trees fastened against the wall in the "Hall of North American Forestry."

It is a circular slice cut straight across the grain of a Sequoia Gigantea, whose trunk was sixteen feet in diameter, or fifty feet in circumference. Placed in a horizontal position, this huge section would form a round table at which twenty or twenty-five persons could comfortably sit. Its area is 309 square feet. It would cover a large room. A similar section of the biggest oak or elm or pine or sycamore or tulip tree that grows in the eastern states, placed beside it, would resemble an old-fashioned 3-cent silver piece beside a trade dollar.

In fact, the picture that rises in the mind of the visitor on looking at this tremendous trunk is overwhelming. It seems as if such a tree must have grown upon some greater planet than ours, on Jupiter, for instance, and must have sheltered a race of Goliaths and Cyclopes, while mammoth polished their ivories against its shaggy bark, and massive, elephant-footed moas perched upon its mighty branches, though how they could have got up so high is an insoluble problem.

Yet this imposing specimen of the "big tree," is really undervalued! The average diameter of a fully developed sequoia is twenty-five feet, and a section from a tree like that would be nearly eighty feet, instead of fifty, in circumference. At least one sequoia has been cut down whose diameter was almost thirty-one feet, and circumference ninety-eight. It had bark a foot-and-a-half thick! That tree was 302 feet in height. The average height is 275 feet, but a few attain 350 to 400 feet. Still the sequoia is not the tallest tree in the world, although it is by far the largest or most massive. The eucalyptus trees of Australia exceed it in height, but are more slender.

There is a feature of the exhibit in the museum, which is shown in the accompanying photograph, that adds greatly to its effect. Beginning at the center, or heart of the tree, a series of figures continued outward to the bark indicates the lapse of the successive centuries during which the giant was growing.

Every year a "ring of growth" was formed, and 100 of these rings, of course, fill the space of a century on the section. The rings are plainly seen, but so crowded that the eye could not count them but for the aid afforded by the grouping into century periods.

From this it appears that the tree began its growth in the year 560 of the Christian era—at the time when Justinian was emperor—and continued until it was cut down in 1851, a period of 1,341 years. A does not astonish us that the "everlasting hills" should see the centuries flow by without themselves changing, but when any living thing continues its individual life while nations and empires pass away we cannot help being strongly impressed.

By the figures placed on the section of this tree we see which of the rings of growth visible there was in process of formation when Mohammed fled from Mecca (the "Hijra"); which when the Moors crossed over the Straits of Gibraltar to take possession of Spain, which, when their 800 years of empire ended with the conquest of Granada. By that time the tree had become a giant ten or twelve feet in diameter. In the same way we may trace its stage of growth at the time of the discovery of America, when it was already nearly 1,000 years old; at the time of the conquest of Mexico and that of Peru; when Hendrick Hudson, visited the savages of Manhattan Island; when the Pilgrim fathers landed; when the revolution began, etc. Look and see how slight a part of the growth of this tree is included within the period since our union of states was born.

It is very interesting to notice how variable is the width of the spaces occupied by the successive rings. The width decreases as the circumference increases until they are but a small fraction of an inch wide. But often they are seen to have increased in width for a period of many years and then to have decreased for another period. In this way they form a pictured history of the vagaries of the climate in California during the last 1,300 years. The dry years and the wet years, the eras of drought and of luxuriance for vegetable life, are all

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Cross-section of a "Big Tree" in the American Museum of Natural History—showing the growth by centuries.

plainly marked by the varying width of the rings. The evidence furnished by the rings of such a tree, corroborated, if necessary, by that of some of its contemporaries, would, in a question of climatic changes in ancient times, be worth more than any written record.

The sequoia is intimately related to the redwood of California, and the latter sometimes rivals its gigantic relative in height if not in bulk. They are both sequoias, in fact, simply differing in species. They, too, constitute the whole genus, which takes its name from the celebrated Indian chief, Sequoyah, who invented the Cherokee alphabet. The redwoods possess great reproductive powers and grow abundantly anywhere along the coast where the sea fogs can penetrate, but the giant sequoias are relatively feeble in reproductive powers, and can be found only in a few groves.

Cheaper Bread by Scientific Farming

By REV. MADISON C. PETERS.

To lower the living cost we must increase the yield by scientific farming. The European farmer makes the American farmer, with double the average yield of wheat, all grain. Is there any excuse for the fact that these figures show?

Average bushels per acre:	Wheat.	Potatoes.
United States	20	25
Russia	25	35
Austria	18	22
Hungary	15	18
Germany	12	15
France	10	12
United Kingdom	8	10

If American farmers would raise food crops as Europeans do we would not have to pay as much for our living. Even Russia beats us seven bushels on potatoes.

The empire of Germany, with a total acreage less than the state of Texas, produces annually seven times more potatoes than are produced in all the states of the Union. Yet these European fields were under cultivation for centuries before the ships were built which landed Columbus on our shores.

According to the reports of the United States Department of Agriculture, the average yield of cotton to the acre for the ten years ending with the season of 1909 was 14.7 pounds. Under the instruction of the cotton culture department of the Southern Railway in many cases the yield of seed cotton was 145 pounds to the acre, as compared with 54 pounds on similar lands where such instruction was not followed. What was equivalent to nearly one bale of lint cotton to the acre as compared with a little more than one-third of a bale produced by the old methods of farming.

Wheat is the most important staple of the white man—300,000,000 people, or about 90 per cent of the population of the globe, are sustained mainly by wheat

and its products; 62 per cent of the cereal products milled in the United States is derived from wheat; 25 per cent of the total acreage devoted to raising cereals in the United States is devoted to wheat alone.

Russia (seventy-two governments), with 562,587,000 bushels, is the world's largest wheat producing country. Next in order, outside of the United States, comes British India with 321,671,000; Canada, 185,414,000; Hungary (proper), 121,384,000; Germany, 96,075,000; Spain, 112,491,000; Roumania, 82,888,000; Australia, 84,969,000; Bulgaria, 45,000,000; Algeria, 35,569,000; Egypt, 23,000,000.

Strange to say, we only raised last year 42,500,000 bushels of rye, while Germany, which has shown the world the value of rye bread, raised 481,100,000 bushels of rye.

Our home consumption of flour is about 100,000,000 barrels a year. In 1912 we exported only 40,000,000 bushels of wheat, against 215,000,000 in 1913. Every man, woman and child in the United States consumes 47 bushels of wheat a year, or about a barrel of flour a year. Canada beats us by nearly a bushel of wheat consumed annually by each person.

The 2,500 bakeries in New York City consume about 4,000,000 barrels of flour every year; the lower East Side, about three miles square in extent, consumes about 40,000 barrels a week. That the masses among the 5,000,000 people in New York City are underfed is shown by the comparison afforded by London, whose 5,000,000 inhabitants consume every year 8,750,000 barrels of flour.

During the last decade, while our population increased 21 per cent, to meet this largely increased power of consumption there was an increase of only 15 per cent in the acreage devoted to cereal crops,

and the aggregate production of cereal in 1909 increased only 1.7 per cent over that of 1899. These figures partly explain the high cost of living.

A woman's cry, "Bread, bread," brought on the French revolution. The high cost of living brought on the American revolution. History has been defined as philosophy teaching by example.

To prevent further advance in the cost of bread and the rising prices of all farm products, which will mean suffering for many and a great danger to our free institutions; to maintain a level, if we cannot possibly lower the price of farm crops somewhere near the present level and prevent a further advance—this is the utmost that can be hoped for. As the producer is only making a moderate profit, the only hope for checking the rising price is a vigorous, earnest, continuous, preserving campaign for scientific seed selection, more intelligent fertilization that will put back into the soil what the growing crops take out, and more extensive and intensive farming with modern methods.

There are three reasons for the smaller wheat production in the United States: First—scientific farming is a comparatively new thing in this country. Agricultural colleges have been at work but a few years.

Second—The government itself has not done anything like as much as Germany or France to inform the farmers how to get the biggest crops out of the soil.

Third—The very bad banking system which forbade loans to farmers by national banks. The farmers had been left to outside loan agencies and have been forced to pay 8 and 10 per cent for money to buy fertilizer for their farms, whereas Germany and France have organized loan companies to finance farmers at 4 to 5 per cent.

Yellowstone Park Bears

By ELBERT HUBBARD

A kind friend at Yellowstone park has sent me a present of a live bear. Having no use for a bear—just now—I sent his bearship to Dr. Steinmetz with my compliments—on a suspicion.

And now the doctor returns the vouchered and regrets that the high cost of living precludes a "bear" as a pet.

Colonel Brett told me that he could not make any estimate on the number of bears in Yellowstone park. For the reason that bears play the game alone, but there must be thousands of 'em.

At every hotel there is a place called the "bear dump." Here the garbage of the hotel is carried usually at a certain time, say, at 5 in the evening.

The bear dump used to be close up behind the hotel, but now in most places it has been removed fully half a mile away, this on account of the fact that a bear has no recognition of the rights of property. He is an attorney by nature.

He levies on anything he wants and finds excuse for carrying it off. Meum and tuum are not in his lexicon.

One of the kitchen boys was delegated to carry the garbage away in barrels on a two-wheeled cart every afternoon.

The boy found that by scattering garbage along the roads dozens of bears would come out to meet him.

He would also occasionally stop and make friends with them by throwing them morsels out of the barrels.

Bears have temperment. Some are friendly, others are suspicious. Some are selfish, grasping, unreasonable.

This boy, allowed venture some young bears to climb up on the cart and help themselves out of the barrel.

One day he allowed the wrong bear to climb up. The bear just reached for him once.

It was the boy's fault, of course, and he passed in his resignation to the hotel company when they declined to get him a new suit of clothes.

The next man who drove that cart carried a blacksnake whip; and when a couple of young grizzlies insisted on climbing up on the cart he just jumped off the cart and chased them a quarter of a mile giving each bear, according to the Delaware custom, forty lashes, with a few extra for good measure.

After that the bears evidently passed the word along, "Whip behind."

Strict orders are given never to feed bears in any place except the bear dump.

One hotel has a bear known as Joe, who has become a part of the family. He sleeps under the hotel and is fed out

of the kitchen exactly as we feed a Newfoundland dog.

The proprietor had to put up a strong screen door, not to keep out flies, but to keep out Mistah Bear.

One day Joe found the door ajar and came into the kitchen, general sacked the place, helping himself to everything in sight.

All at once an old rat that had kittens jumped for Joe, and he went through the window and took the sash with him.

Joe weighs about 600 pounds.

All visitors in the park are warned never to feed bears out of the hand and to keep at least twenty-five yards away, for a bear, no matter how friendly, is apt to be careless. He is ambidextrous, and has hands for feet that are in much need of manifying.

The government does not allow any one to kill bears in the Yellowstone unless in "self-defense." The term self-defense, however, is an elastic one, for the rule of reason applies.

There are bad bears as well as bad men.

A bad bear is one given to the burglar habit.

Grizzlies have a sense of honor and keep their distance. They will feed at the dumping ground, but they never come up to the hotel and look over the register.

Occasionally there is a black bear that will locate the commissary. He will claw the door in pieces, rip off the shutters and take his own wherever he finds it. In cases of this kind the soldiers are notified to do their duty.

A bad bear is shot first and tried afterward.

The other way to get rid of a bad bear is to put some meat in an iron cage, attach a rope to a trap-door and wait until Colonel Bear goes for the meat and then drop the door.

All you have to do after that is to put on an express tag and ship the bear to East Aurora or wherever he is needed for zoological purposes. The government does not sell bears, but it gives them away to scientific men.

We stood about a hundred feet from the bear dump at one inn and watched six full-grown black bears and two cubs investigating the pure food labels on the tin cans. A bear will take a tin can in his paws, stand up and pour the contents down his robbie.

These bears were perfectly oblivious to our presence, not realizing for a moment that there were distinguished people in the party. All at once every bear lifted up his head, sniffed, stood perfectly silent—and then beat it for cover. The two little bears went to the trees as if a summons served was after them.

We could not imagine what the trouble was, when all at once out of the thicket emerged three grizzlies. The grizzlies are the boss of the dump. They are a little slow in getting around, but when they arrive the black bears find it convenient to keep previous engagements.

A bear will always get out of the way for a man, unless the man happens to be between a she-bear and her cubs. Then the man may get into difficulty, but with reasonable care there is no more danger in Yellowstone park from bears than from horses.

It Will Be To Your Advantage

To select from the Central's immense stock of quality furniture, rugs, draperies, etc., the different articles you wish for your home. If you are interested in beautiful home furnishings, a visit to the Central will be an interesting one. We have never shown a wider or more satisfactory assortment to choose from and this is particularly true of our elegant line of solid mahogany and over-stuffed furniture.



A handsome three-piece parlor suit with a massive Birch Mahogany frame, which is polished brilliantly and upholstered with genuine leather; our price... \$21.50



A substantial baby walker, finished in mahogany and set up on castors, our price... \$1.25



A dependable gas range, one-piece utility, with four one-piece hand drilled burners, heavy cast iron top and base and an extra large oven; our price... \$12.50



CENTRAL
1717 AND HOWARD STS.

Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

By special arrangement 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 made with the Mutual Film Corporation it is not only possible to read "Runaway June" each day, but also afterward to see moving picture illustrations of the story.

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TENTH EPISODE.

A Prisoner on the Yacht.

CHAPTER II—(Continued.)

The thick, short figure sinking back into the shadows eyed its lips with its tongue and shivered.

Down—slowly the chill, gray mist which lay upon the river began to clear.

"Voila," cracked the voice of Henri, but the tone was cheerful still. "He sleeps!"

It was true. The overcoat and cap, after bobbing and swaying dangerously over the water's edge for hour after hour, had at last stretched out on the deck for the slumber due to a night watchman who was thoroughly at ease and thoroughly warm.

Henri and Marie, with all the mental effect of stealthiness, spring into the swift looking little motor boat.

A short, thick figure came painfully waddling out on the dock and shook the overcoat. The cap wobbled.

"Hey!" This was from the short, thick figure, but the aperture through which the sound came was so stiff that the result was only a wheeze.

A snore came from the overcoat.

"Hey!" A punch, a kick, but a stiff kick which had no force.

"Ugh!" The grunt came from the night watchman.

"Well, you with the distillery breath. I tried to tell you all night, didn't I? Oh, get alive! This is Bill Wolf, the private detective talking to you."

"Ugh!" The cap wobbled, but the overcoat was still asleep.

"They stole the Flash, I say, they!"

"The Flash!" The overcoat straightened. It rose. The cap stiffened its angle. The combination scrambled to its feet.

"They stole the Flash!"

"Stole it? Who?"

"Oh, who? The tone was one of infinite contempt. "Why, the little plunk whiskered guy and the boy named Stole it! And now where did they go?"

"The yacht—what's its name?"

Hilarity and all on board of it, save the officers of the night and one other, were sound asleep.

That one was June Warner. She had noisefully dressed herself in a yachting costume, and now she slowly removed a bar which held the sliding of a secret panel she had discovered in the wall of her cabin.

Swiftly, silently, June gained the deck. Creeping close to the cabin, she rounded the stern. The Hilarity had dropped anchor, and the landing stairs with their silken handrail had been let down. At the platform bobbed the motor tender.

Swiftly, silently, the runaway bride crept out and down the side of the yacht and dropped as noiselessly as a cat into the motorboat while the long pink fingers of the dawn swept athwart the yellowing sky.

With a thumping heart, June started the motor, and at the sound Gilbert Blye's dark, handsome face appeared above the rail.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

Advice to Lovelorn

By SHADRICK FAIRFAX

Are You Overbearing of Criticism? Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl 13 years old. I know a man I love dearly. He claims that my love and affection are reciprocated, and would marry me were it not for the fact that the majority of my friends speak disrespectfully of me.

How can I prove that I am a respectable girl? He asks me that question again and again. RUTH.

Aho you sure that you deserve no criticism? Are you certain that there is no ground for the evil things people say about you? If you have been a bit indiscreet, gossiping people may exaggerate it wantonly. Don't be downcast, but just armor yourself with honesty and modesty and you can make the man for whom you care feel that you are an upright, trustworthy girl.

A Foolish Proposition. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a woman of 25 and hold a position as governess. The father of the child I care for asked me to become his wife. Now I have never been considered good looking, and as this gentleman is wealthy, I would like as a mother for his child, as the child is fond of me. M. C. E.

A man of wealth can easily enough hire a governess for his child. If your suitor did not love you he would go on employing you in this position, and if you left it, would find it quite simple to fill it again. He has undoubtedly asked you to marry him because he loves you. This purely personal reason generally justifies a man's proposal of marriage. Don't hunt for flaws in the crystal—that is a very silly business and does not pay at all.