

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Legacy

Copyright, 1914, by Star Company.
By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

There hangs a picture on my wall;
Three leafless trees; dead woods beyond;
Brown grasses and a marshy pond;
And over all
An amber sunset of late fall.

Too frail the artist heart to cope
With all the stern demands of fame,
He passed before he won a name
Or gained his hope
To realms where dreams have larger scope.

Yet in the modest little square
Of canvas that I daily see
He left a legacy to me
Of something rare
Far more than what is painted there.

For tree and grass and sunset sky
Hold subtler quality than art:
It is the painter's pulsing heart
That seems to cry,
"I loved these things—they cannot die."

And so they live, to stir and move
Each gazer's soul, because they speak
Of something mightier than technique;
They live to prove
The immortality of love.

They speak this message day by day:
"Love, love your work, or small or great;
Love, love, and leave the rest to fate,
For love will stay
When all things else have passed away."

Only Her Mother

By GARRETT P. SERVIS.

From the day a mother insists on her baby daughter taking a course of bitter medicine till the girl reaches years of understanding and knows the medicine is good for her, there are times when the most indulgent of mothers are misunderstood and criticised and their motives questioned.



This is serious enough when the one who doubts is the daughter, but when young men think that the fact that they love a daughter gives them right of criticism of the mother, it is enough to make every mother throw her dish cloth, her broom, her cook stove and other emblems of the high office she holds, into the air and resign her position. Such criticism is an impudence that even love is no apology for. Read, for instance, what a young man who signs himself "A Reader" dares to say about the one person in the world whose motives should be above reproach or doubt:

"I am 25, of god habits, a church member, and am engaged to a young lady of 20. At present I am out of employment, and the girl's mother found out I was not working and told her daughter she did not want me to call on her on this account. Now I have been going to see this girl for three years, and have always been a gentleman at her house, and when the girl told me what her mother said I took it pretty hard. She told me it broke her heart to let me know what her mother said to her, and that she loves me more every day.

"Now the whole thing is this: Her mother found out we were talking of getting married. Now don't you think it is a very ignorant thing for the mother to tell me she did not want to call on her daughter and talk of getting married just because I am out of work? I still call on the girl and it hurts my pride, but if I was to stay away it would please the mother and I won't do that."

Another young man, who signs himself "T. D. N.," also takes it for granted that his love gives him the right to be impudent. He writes:

"I am a young man, very serious minded, and struggling hard for a future. I am keeping company with a young lady whom I love very much. She reciprocates my love, and we are engaged. Her mother seems to be fond of me, but she is always cautioning her daughter to be careful about my ability. Being that I am serious minded, I cannot be very jesting at all times. Her mother's opinion is that the one who is always jesting will make an ideal husband. She misunderstands my disposition. Her view is because I am very pensive that is a sign of inactivity. I have been out of work for several weeks, but have not been seeking work because I hope to go into business. I therefore believe that the only reason her mother objects to me is because I am out of work."

By all that is holy, isn't that reason enough for it to be the reward for man-

ternity that some young man, who hasn't more sense than if he were born yesterday, has the right to criticize, to condemn, to abuse? And what manner of a girl is it who will let her lover question the motives of the woman who bore her? The first young man says he continues to call, and it hurts his pride, but he won't stay away because it will please the mother. I hope the girl he thinks he loves will read this, and show him the door the next time he comes. Such unfairness, such pettishness, such childishness, don't make up the manner of a man it is good for any girl to know. "The only reason she objects," the second man writes, "is because I am out of work. Even those who love must eat, and when the young husband isn't earning the bread and butter, it means that room is made for two more at the table of his wife's father, a burden laid on that poor man's shoulders often enough these days to warrant the statement that young men are losing all sense of justice, self-respect and pride. The parents are the ultimate sufferers, and for this reason there should be left to them all power to decide.

Pouring Oil On Troubled Waters

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Q.—"Is there any scientific basis for the belief that oil will quiet the waves of the ocean in time of storm?"—Frank Pittman, San Francisco.

A.—It is known that oil has great effect in preventing the crests of waves from breaking into rough ocean. Watch an approaching movement of energy in water. The force raises the water higher as it passes, and gravity lowers it to below the original level of undisturbed surface.

But the top of the mass of uplifted water is a smooth curve. At extreme height, wind and gravitation combine, and the effect is to cause at highest point of curve of water a roughness; the water breaks into a minute supplemental wave or ripple. This at once increases and runs along the entire length of the wave.

Water has a certain strength of viscosity, but the wind overcomes this quite easily and causes the little wave on the top of the large one to finally break into separate drops of water—that is foam. Now many kinds of oil have greater viscosity than water. A thin film will by its greater viscosity resist wind and prevent minute secondary waves from forming on the top of large swells, prevent crests breaking, and thus overcome choppy seas.

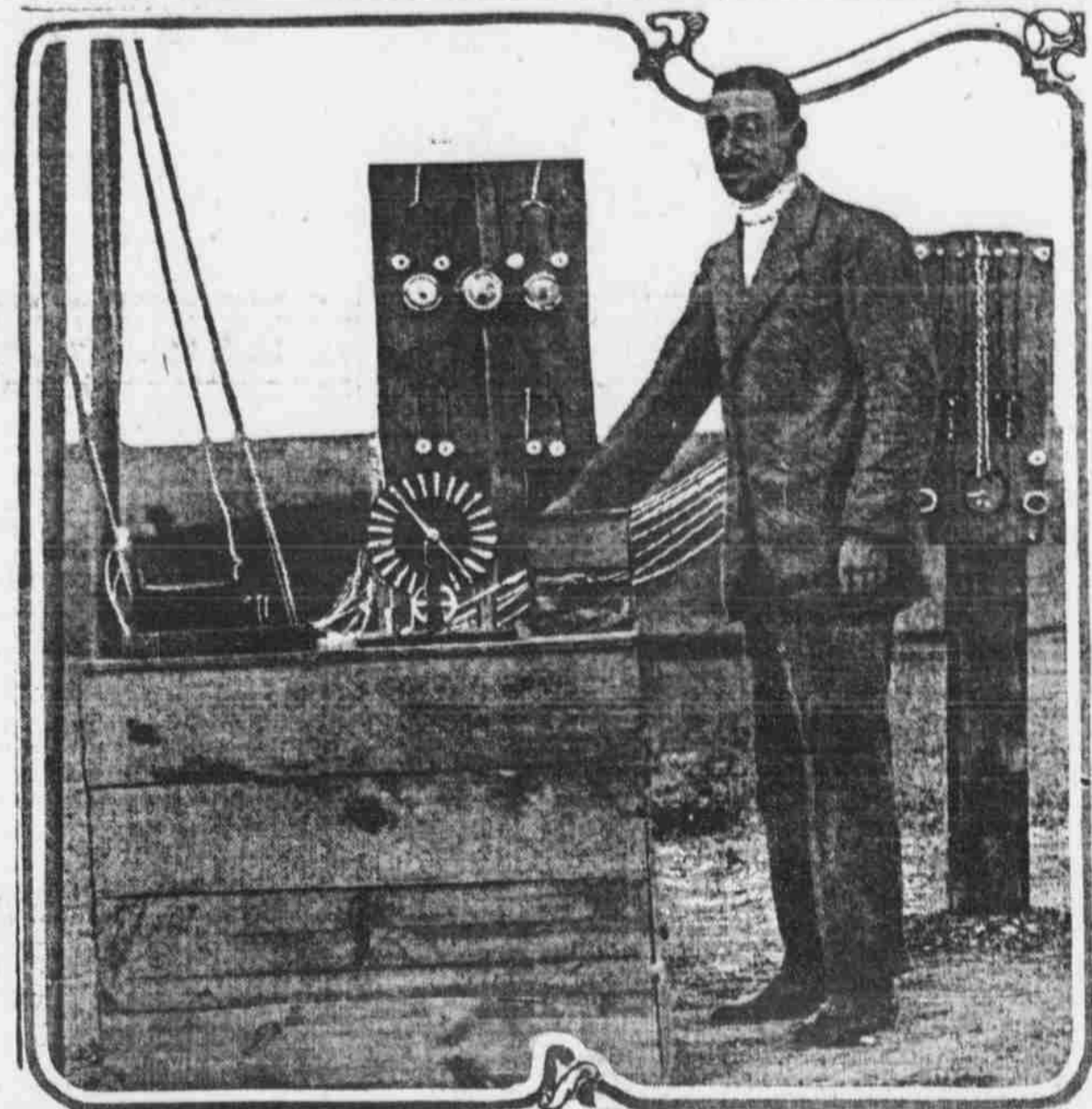
The very ancient expression: "Oil on troubled waters," is one of the few that is really true.

Q.—"Please explain why there are no stars intermediate between the sun and moon and other stars. For instance: The sun and moon, we shall say, appears to us the size of foot balls, while the stars appear as pin heads. Why do we see none the size of base balls?"—Edith R. Thomas, Sunnyside, Cal.

A.—The reason why we do not see stars in between the sun and moon and the others in apparent size of base balls is solely on account of the immense distances of all the stars. Suppose that your gate posts are distance 100 feet from your front door, and call the two posts the sun and moon. Then the nearest star known would be 5,000 miles away. No wonder, there are no intermediate objects in the sky. Between the sun, our modest little star, and all others there is a "great gulf fixed." One of 25,000,000,000 miles between it and its nearest neighboring sun, Alpha Centauri; and twice that distance to its next nearest neighbor, Sirius. In good Sunnyside the door would be the earth, and gaze the sun, then, if the house faces eastward, the star Alpha Centauri would be over in the middle of the Atlantic ocean. And there are stars a thousand times farther away than this nearest one.

A New Wonder in a Wonderful Age

Iglesias Blanco, the Spanish Inventor, and His Marvellous Wireless Apparatus With Which he Performs Marvels That Stagger Imagination.



With the apparatus shown here the inventor takes electricity from the atmosphere and sends it without a wire to any place designated in advance, where he produces light. He also causes mines of dynamite at a great distance to explode by sending an electric charge by wireless. His experiments were conducted at Pozuelo, a suburb of Madrid.

Sense of Superiority. "What has Lem Swisher ever done to entitle him to loaf and put on airs?" "Nothin' on his own account," replied Farmer Cortnessel. "As near as I can make out it's ancestry that makes Lem so kind o' haughty." "Has he distinguished ancestors?" "Not exactly, on his own account. But he owns a pup whose grandfather took a prize in a dog show."—Washington Star.

Identified. Observing an unfamiliar shrub by a country roadside, a student of botany stopped to make an examination. "Are you acquainted with this flower, young man?" he asked of a passing yokel. "Yep," the boy iconically answered. "To what family do you think it belongs?" "Indicating a nearby house with a pudgy thumb, the boy answered "Higginses."—Puck.

Easy. Georgia Lawyer (to colored prisoner)—Well, Ras, as you want me to defend you, have you any money? Rastus—No; but I've got a mule and a few chickens, and a hog or two. Lawyer—Those will do very nicely. Now, let's see—what do they accuse you of stealing? Rastus—Oh, a mule and a few chickens, and a hog or two.—Kansas City Star.

Daniel Defoe

(Copyright, 1914, by Star Company.)
By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.



Daniel Defoe, the little red-headed, book-nosed man who wrote "Robinson Crusoe," the most popular book ever written, if the boys and girls are permitted to decide the question, was born in London in 1660. His father was a butcher named Poe. The boy did not like the name, added the prefix "De," and Defoe it will remain to the end of time.

It seems strange that the man whose pen was to make so many people happy should himself be the victim of as wry-faced a fate as ever hounded one through this old world. Of the thing men call "success" Defoe never had the smallest fragment. It was a dream that was always leading him on, but that never allowed him to catch up. Defoe's first purpose was to become a clergyman, but after studying divinity he made up his mind to give up the idea of entering the ministry. Defoe, with the frankness that always characterized him, left us his reasons for not taking the pulpit. He declared: "If a man of brains and honesty becomes a clergyman he will sooner or later find himself one of two things—a hypocrite or a martyr." Not wishing to become either, Defoe threw his theology aside and began to look elsewhere; not, however, until he had fired this parting shot:

"Wherever God erects a house of prayer, the devil always builds a chapel there." And twill be found upon examination. The latter has the largest congregation. From the service of the Prince of Peace Defoe turned toward the god of war. The Mammoth Insurance took place about this time, and into the romantic uprising the ex-theologian entered with burning enthusiasm.

The "bubble reputation" which he thus sought, "even in the cannon's mouth," soon petered out, and being fortunate enough to get off without being hanged or transported, the would-be soldier turned to the peaceable avocation of buying and selling hosiery, but after some seven years in the stocking and underwear business the ex-preacher and trader found himself in the hands of a receiver. To be in debt in those days meant a great deal more than it does now, and Defoe had his choice between going to jail or running away. He decided to run away, and escaping from his maddened creditors, the bankrupt took to the high seas, where, for some years, he played the part of merchant-adventurer, half trader and half pirate.

After a time Defoe bobbed up again as one of King William's bookkeepers, but it appears that he did not keep his job very long, and from his place in the royal establishment the ill-starred gentleman turned to the business of brick and tile

making. Again the devil was sitting cross-legged for him, and he failed to the tune of \$10,000—a pretty big failure for that time.

Now, it happens that when a fellow can do nothing else he can write, and it was to this obliging and never failing occupation that the insolvent brickmaker turned in his distress. He did not realize that his scribbling was to bring him the greatest distress of his life. Pitching into the high church party, which at the time had the civil law on its side, he was arrested, tried and convicted of "blaspheming."

His ears were cut off, he was fined and pilloried, and thrown into Newgate prison, where he remained for two years, during which period the prisoner's wife and children were kept from starving by the charity of a few friends.

Upon his release from jail Defoe turned his pen in the direction of fiction. If he could not write about these very substantial gentlemen, the high churchmen, he might at least and with perfect safety, tackle the inhabitants of dreamland.

Of verse and prose, including pretty nearly every subject upon which it was possible for fancy to dwell, Defoe turned out a prodigious amount of stuff, in all over 50 works, big and little. But there appears to have been nothing in it for the author, and no wonder, for from all accounts the writings were little better than commonplace—a somewhat singular fact in the light of what was to come.

While Defoe was having his grim fight with cold and hunger, during out volume after volume and getting nothing for his amazing toil, he began thinking over his life, its struggles and privations, its many battles, and how he had always been forced to fight those battles alone—and the outcome of the reflection was "Robinson Crusoe," the lone fighter, cut off from all help save that which he found in his own strong arm and courageous soul. "Robinson Crusoe" is simply Daniel Defoe—the story of the "lone hand" played by him against the world.

Defoe was in his fifty-eighth year when he wrote the book that was to make himself immortal and to furnish for the youth of humanity in all lands and times the delight that is to be found in no other book in the world. In that one incomparable production Defoe scored the grandest success that is to be found in all the annals of literary achievement—a success that must necessarily grow more and more pronounced as the generations come and go; for as the generations pass the number of boys and girls on earth steadily increases, and along with that increase must come the enhancement of the glory of "Robinson Crusoe."

Not to Be Bridled. "Why don't you propose to that girl? You like her, and I'm sure she would have you." "All true, but there's an insuperable obstacle between us."

"All family or religious objections can be overcome." "Nothing like that. I got a little too gay when I first met her, and told her I was getting \$5 a week, whereas I am only getting \$3."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

LAST WORDS ON SUMMER FABRICS

And Announcement From Thos. Kilpatrick & Company That

THE END IS NEAR

Of the Great August Clearance and Closing Sale

Final story on fine Summer Merchandise from the Wash Goods Section. IN ONE LOT SATURDAY. Our finest cotton fabrics, many silk mixed, sold all season at \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00, even \$3.50—at one fell swoop down they go to FIFTY CENTS PER YARD—9 a. m. Saturday. Heaven only knows when the European markets can send us any more of this merchandise. This, then should be a great opportunity.

Special Attractions for Men Fixed for 9:00 A. M. Goods priced at 1/2 and in some instances 1/3 of the usual and regular prices. Men's Summer Underwear, nainsook, Athletic, B. V. D. Shirts and Drawers, in fine mercerized fabrics, sold at \$1.00 and \$1.50. Shedaker Union Suits, regular price \$1. Poros Knit Union Suits—these too were \$1. Take your pick. Get your fit—AT 49c EACH. More than a bargain. It's an investment.

If wife is along, she will hurry to the SALE AT THE WOMEN'S UNDERWEAR SECTION. An extra case of vests enables us to sell you the 25c grade for 15 CENTS EACH. \$1.00 Union Suits, plain crocheted finish and lace trimmed, four styles, 59c each.

WILL CLOSE OUT SATURDAY. One lot of women's Silk Stockings, pure thread silk with lisle sole and top. Regular price \$1.25, 50c per pair. The color is tan. **INFANTS' SOCKS** Will expect to close out Saturday several numbers of the 25 cent quality, fashioned fancy tops, also plain, mostly small sizes. 10c PER PAIR.

Desirable Merchandise Which Can Now Be Bought Here for Less Than Value

will appeal to all people of wisdom. Note carefully what follows (and the hour).

Children's Section—This is the final word, the last note. Not merely a reduction but a farewell—clean out—good bye price. Dresses for all ages from 2 up to 17 years for girls, and for little men up to 6 years. What's the use mentioning former prices at such a time—that point we never considered. "RAUS MIT EM" the only idea. Just as a guide on values—many were \$5.00, one at least was \$15.00; AT 10 A. M., EACH. \$1

No woman should fail to read this—perhaps the most important announcement of the year—on fine Costumes.

The materials were imported—heaven only knows when there will be any more. We never sold so many fine dresses. Many of those left were late comers. Now the weightier fall fabrics are crowding out—and every summery dress must go. Saturday then, at 9 A. M., stylish summer gowns, costumes and dresses priced previously up to \$30.00 each at two prices—

\$298 and \$698

What a chance for party wear, for evening, for special occasions; enough said to warn you that there is a very decided pick. Don't be tardy. Cancel some of your less important engagements Saturday. Our store is delightfully cool and of course homey.

BASEMENT 3 wonderfully attractive lots Dress Materials of dainty printed crepe, voile, organdy, tulle, etc. We have carried down all the choice fabrics and made three lots for easy selling Saturday— LOT 1—10c instead of 25c. LOT 2—15c instead of 35c. LOT 3—18c instead of 50c. Don't let the grass grow under your feet getting these. AT SILK SECTION—THE LAST CHANCE to get fine Printed Crepes, Poplins, Etc., worth \$1.95 and \$2.25 (and goods of this character are likely to be higher), Saturday—89c PER YARD.

What Will the Harvest Be?

At peace with all the world, with smiling grain fields and waving corn—easy to give the answer, as far as our own beloved state is concerned; but what of the Harvest over the seas, where all Europe is ablaze? Oh, the horror of it all! The sadness of it all! The folly and frenzy of it all! And the aftermath, the harvest of cannon, grape, shrapnell, exposure, sickness; yes, destruction, death, HELL—for that is war. "Rachels refusing to be comforted because they are not"—therein lies the pathos.

We cannot escape the blight either; already prices are soaring—foodstuffs going up, wearables advancing.

Thomas Kilpatrick & Co.

For Freckled, Tanned, Red or Wrinkled Skin

Just below that freckled, tanned or reddened complexion there are actually beautiful skin of youthful tint and delicacy. If you could only bring into complexion to the surface, discarding the discolored one! You can—in the easiest, simplest, most natural manner imaginable. Just get at any drug store an ounce of ordinary mercerized wax, apply nightly like cold cream, removing it mornings with warm water. The wax assists Nature by gradually sealing off the lingering particles of scorched and half-dead surface skin, causing no discomfort whatever. Cutaneous defects like pimples, blotches, liver spots, moth patches, freckles, of course disappear with the old skin. Nothing else will accomplish such wonderful results in so short a time. Fine lines and even deeper wrinkles often disappear at this season, as such cases nothing is better than a face bath made by dissolving 1 oz. powdered exfoliate in pint witch hazel. This is remarkably effective.—Advertisement.