

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

* The Fruit Man *

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By Nell Brinkley *



"Slim girls and broad girls, girls lost in the glimmer of rich gems and girls with none at all, at all, save the rare wealth of the velvet of their cheek and the shine of their eye, girls in kitten's ear and satin, and girls in flannel and calico, girls with hair carefully coiffed in the deeply rippled, slapped-up mode, and girls with their pretty hair twisted back in the 'busy style,' here am I come to town and lovin' the look of you all; I, the big fruit man—the big chubby fruit man with grapes warmed in the sun of Loveland, apples from Eden itself, plums that the lucky ones get when they put in their thumbs, without a mite of the bitterness that comes with some of Love's best fruit, cherries from the garden of Venus that

are warranted to make your lips red as their own skins, dates—they stand for dreams and are only sweet and without tang, peaches from the West with a smack and a zest—peeecheez!"

And wherever he goes and his silvery voice comes floating over the towns and the hedges of the world, there's a riot of girls, and the stubby brown hand that is rough with toil, that reaches over his shoulder may grip in its eager clutch as perfect a piece of Love's fruit as the satin-backed hand of the idle girl that reaches beside it. In her calloused little palm she may hold the perfect grape that is clear and sweet, sunshine and wine, solid and golden, Heart-Fortune that is the opposite of Dead Sea fruit.—NELL BRINKLEY.

Extravagance in Broken Hearts

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

It is extravagant to buy anything for which you have no actual use. It is extravagant to buy something merely because it is cheap; it is extravagant to waste your money in any way whatever. And what applies to money applies with even greater force to your youth and capacity for action or feelings.

So the extravagance of which I am going to tell you today is the sad extravagance of wasting your affections on unworthy or indifferent people.

Dozens of unhappy girls and boys write to me daily that the one for whom they care has deserted them for someone else, and they beg me to tell them how to win back the lost love. In almost every case these pathetically unhappy little letters are signed "Heartbroken."

Now, in the first place, I am no witch to brew a love charm. And if I were, no love philtre will be potent to bring back a fancy that has tired and wandered on to new affections.

Isn't the girl who wastes her emotions on X., and broods over him and keeps thinking how she longs for him after he has put all thought of her from his life, foolish? And isn't she cruel if, when Y. cares for her honestly and devotedly she still deliberately wastes herself on her false dream and denies herself and a truer friend all chance of happiness?

Love does not grow at will, and love does not go by favor. Because it would be wise to love one, and is woefully foolish to love another, does not mean that any of Eve's daughters will do the one or refrain from doing the other. Nor can a man make his emotions fit a case where he would be sensible to cultivate the habit of caring.

But here is a simple and homely fact. Suppose you have a toothache— isn't it worse if you keep thinking of it and insist on pressing your tongue to the place to see just how bad the pain is? And when you are occupied with something that claims your attention, doesn't the toothache fade from your consciousness along with the chance to think about it?

Now, suppose you have in your heart a black spot—an ache of unfulfilled longing. The more you examine it the more you keep your attention focused on it, the more that little black spot grows to overshadow your heart, and the more the pain of it hurts your sensitive consciousness.

The reason men generally get over unhappy love affairs with more ease than women is because men are for the most part too busy to brood.

Brooding is part of the extravagant waste of life.

If there is one path in life that you can't travel, don't stand at the gate that shuts you from it and wildly shake the bars. That is a terrible bit of extravagance with your time and energy. If you are forbidden one path, hunt yourself another. Perhaps at first you won't care for the scenery, and it may seem rough going. But after a while you will come to feel a little proprietary interest in the path you have elected, and you will get absorbed in studying where you are going to arrive.

Most of the "heartbroken" people who are grieving over the defection of recent lovers will get over their sorrow in the course of time. Wounds have a way of healing. Nature insists on this. But a wound with which one interferes as nature tries to cover it over leaves a far uglier scar than one that is permitted to heal under soothing influences.

In a year or so a sweetheart who has gone will also be one who has been forgotten. In the meantime, isn't it foolishly and wantonly extravagant to send after him thoughts and regrets and emotions? Use your energy in doing real things if you are sad. Do your work with such

fire and force that you will be bound to advance, or minister to someone who is sick and in trouble.

I once knew a girl who had a really disastrous love affair. The man she loved had waited for through five long years, eloped with her younger sister on the evening before her own wedding day. Everyone thought the deserted bride would have nervous prostration or go insane at the least. For a month she wasted sorrow and regret on the situation she was powerless to alter.

Then she arranged to go to the children's hospital and read to the little sufferers for three hours every afternoon. She was not extravagant with her emotions. She spent them in mending the suffering and helpless. And her wise expenditure of her feelings has brought her permanent happiness now at the end of three years even as it brought her peace at the end of three months. She has just married a splendid man whose real devotion she is capable of measuring.

Don't waste your capacity. Turn it to some account. If you cannot have the things you want, want with proportionate earnestness the things you can have.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

You Can't.

I hear Miss Fairfax, I am a young girl 17 years of age and have been kept company with a young man four years my senior for nine months. He calls me up each evening and I am most always with him. He has a boy friend that is trying to break our friendship and I am afraid he is succeeding, as he is very different from me. This boy seems to be telling him that I am going out with a young man that has a very poor reputation. Please let me know how I can prove to him that I am true.

Q. I can't. The only thing you can do is to go steadily on, as you have been, conducting yourself with all circumspection, and let him find out for himself. Jealousy is unreasonable and unreasonable. Perfect love must rest on perfect confidence, and unless he can trust you, it were better you were parted now, before he has a chance to make you more miserable.

A "Farewell Kiss."

Dear Miss Fairfax, I am a young girl of 17 and am acquainted with a young man four years my senior, whom I love and respect highly and I feel sure he returns it. He has gone with no other girl since he met me, about six months ago. However, he is going to return to his former home on the coast for probably a couple of years. Do you consider it wrong for me to give him a "farewell kiss," for I feel sure he will ask. Please don't consider this a "foolish question," for I never intend to kiss him the right one.

CONSTANCE.

Your former letter must have miscarried, for it did not reach me. Unless the young man has asked you to become his wife and you have consented it would be wrong to give him a "farewell kiss." If he values your kisses he will want to have the exclusive right to them, and you surely do not want to give one to the wrong man.

Be Guided by Your Parents.

Dear Miss Fairfax, I am 17 years old and in love with a young man of 19 years whom I have known for two years, but my folks are strongly against him and wish me to keep company with a young man whom I have only known for two months and do not like. Please advise me what to do. BROWN EYES.

You can always trust your parents to provide for your happiness; they have a deeper interest in you than a stranger ever can have, and so you will be safe in following their wishes.

Mysteries of Science and Nature....

Professor Pickering of Harvard Discovers New Way to Determine the Parallax of Stars by Photography

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

I wonder how many readers will see much cause for rejoicing, or even much meaning, in the following statement made by Prof. Pickering of the Harvard Observatory, who is a speaking of the latest advance in the determination of the parallax of the stars by means of photography:

"The recent increase in accuracy is at least tenfold, or that of another place of decimals. A hundredth of a second of arc can now be determined with greater accuracy than a tenth of a second twenty or thirty years ago."



This is the statement of an exceedingly wonderful fact, but I suspect that there are thousands of "educated" persons who will have only a very misty notion as to what it all means. Probably not one man in a hundred of those you meet every day could tell you what a "second of arc" is, or what it has to do with the stars. Yet it is a part of the A B C of the most magnificent of all sciences and the basis of all our knowledge concerning the dimensions of this great universe, on one of the least of whose dust-motes we live and breathe.

A second of arc is a measure of space; it has nothing to do with time. It is, like a degree, a certain part of the circumference of a circle.

In other words, it is an arc, or section, of the circumference of a circle. Most people, surely, have at least a dim idea as to what a degree is. They have heard that the diameter or breadth of the sun or the moon, as we see them in the sky, is about half a degree. Now a second of arc is one thirty-six-hundredth of a degree. Sixty seconds of arc make a minute of arc, sixty minutes of arc make a degree, and 360 degrees make a circle, so that a second of arc is only the one-million-two-hundred-and-ninety-six-thousandth part of the circumference of a circle—any circle.

Whenever we want to measure the distance of any visible object that is beyond our reach we have to employ these subdivisions of the circle. We begin by supposing the object, or objects, to be situated on the circumference of a circle the center of which is occupied by the observer's eye.

If an object is about 200,000 times its own diameter away it covers an arc of one second. If it is about 2,438 times its own diameter away it covers an arc of one minute. If it is about 373 times its own diameter away it covers an arc of one degree. Now, as we have seen, the sun and the moon each covers about half a degree of arc on the sky, and their distance might be calculated directly from their apparent size, if we began with a knowledge of their real size.

But with the stars it is fundamentally different. They are so far away that the most powerful telescope is unable to tell us anything about the area that their real diameters cover. They look only like glimmering points. So we have to adopt the method of "parallax," which is based upon the slight shift of place in the sky which the stars undergo in consequence of the earth's motion around the sun. The earth's orbit is 186,000,000 miles across. Wherever the earth may be at any

time, six months later it will have passed round to the opposite side of its orbit.

If a star is observed, then, at periods six months apart, the direct on in which it appears against the background of the sky will have shifted because of this change of 186,000,000 miles in the position of the observer on the earth, and the amount of shifting that the star's place in the sky has undergone, as measured on the circumference of a circle supposed to enclose the heavens, will represent the arc that the diameter of the earth's orbit (186,000,000 miles) would cover as seen from that particular star. In practice it is the radius and not the diameter of the earth's orbit that astronomers use for such operations; but that is merely a detail which does not affect the result.

Now, the parallax of a star is never so large as a single second of arc. In the majority of cases it is so small a fraction of a second that it cannot be certainly measured, even since the enormous improvement noted by Prof. Pickering, which permits the measurement of arcs

so exceedingly small as the hundredth of a second.

Would you like to know how small a space a second of arc covers? It is something far below the range of the naked eye. If we suppose a pin's head to be 1/16 of an inch in diameter then the pin's head would cover a second of arc if it were placed at a distance of 1,675 feet, or, if you take a ball one foot in diameter, it would cover one second of arc if placed at a distance of thirty-nine miles.

In order to cover only one-hundredth of a second, which Prof. Pickering informs us has now become in astronomy, it would have to be 2,900 miles away.

When the astronomer has obtained the parallax of a star he finds out how far away it is by first multiplying the earth's distance from the sun by 206,265, and then dividing the result by the figures representing the parallax. Thus we see that a star having a parallax of one one-hundredth of a second must be sunk about nineteen hundred and eighteen millions of millions of miles in the gulf of space. But it is nowhere near the bottom—or the top.

Much Ado About Nothing

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

The somewhat more than 25,000 large photographic negative-on-glass plates, secured at great cost of energy, skill, patience and money, of the entire celestial vault, the starry sky of clear dust-and-vapor-free dark nights, reveal in round numbers about one hundred million minute points or dots. Many millions of these specks are so very small that a microscope is required to see them at all after having been taken by means of powerful telescopes. Each dot is the image of a sun; and our sun, taken in the most powerful telescope from equal distances of the suns whose impressions now appear on these negatives, and thence on positives, would be so much smaller than the point of a fine needle that a high-power microscope only could bring it to view.

Many suns are many thousands of times larger than our own sun. We know that our sun has eight worlds, as the earth, Jupiter, Saturn, etc., revolving around it. If all suns have as many there would be 800,000,000. But many suns are massive enough to support as many as a hundred planets. It would not be unreasonable to say that the suns known could sustain, by means of chemism, heat and light at least 2,000,000,000 worlds, or an average of fifty for each.

A greater eye than any telescope—mathematics—has sensed the existence of sufficient matter in space to form as a minimum number 30,000,000,000 suns. Then what does the sum total of only 100,000,000 amount to in this majestic presence?

I imagine that this matter is actually in suns so far away that their dim rays cannot be seen nor photographed. Then there could easily be from eight to fifty worlds in the revolution around each one as a probable estimate. If there are that many planets or more, say trillions, and if each has 2,000,000,000 inhabitants, like the earth nearly, and all of them humans, then all of these countless worlds and their inhabitants could be together destroyed in one common ruin and not be missed. Two billions of suns would not be disturbed in their motions in space.

Compared to the quantity of matter actually known to be in existence our earth is infinitesimal. The meaning of this word is almost exactly, but not quite, nothing. Then, in the universe, the present murder of millions of humans in war amounts to an infinitesimal of the second order, much more nearly absolute nothingness than the earth itself. Let there be trillions of planets whirling around billions of suns then not one can be seen in any telescope that human skill can even hope to make, save the seven planets near our sun that are visible from the earth. Then, if there are intelligences on worlds in space, none has ever heard of the earth or its inhabitants. Indeed, only astronomers, if there are any in space, have ever seen our sun, only then if they have high-power telescopes and microscopes.

Creatures of infinitesimal dimensions on an infinitesimal world slay each other by thousands. The ancient beast has gained ascendancy; only those now murdering creatures are lower than any beast known to naturalists. Not those fighting against their wills, but those who forced to them fight. These are they whom the general execration of all mankind should be applied. In the universe our sun, 132,000 times larger than the earth, is as a molecule or atom in a bar of iron, and the earth an electron. And still they murder.

Heard on the Sands.

Father, mother, three children and a big dog at the seaside. It was a fine morning and father was paddling. Mother, as usual, had the children to look after. They strolled about her on the sands in a bored sort of way, until an orange-grinder came along, and on the orange was a monkey. The children shouted up. When the grinder had ground out his stock of times he left his instrument and came around with the monkey for pennies. The kids immediately began to chaw signs of a longing to make friends with the little animal. But mother disapproved. "No, don't touch it, my darlings. Go and play with daddy instead!"

Memorable Victory for Arbitration

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

The "Black Sea Conference," which was held by the representatives of the powers in London forty-three years ago, March 26, 1871, saved the world from what would probably have been one of the most appalling wars of modern times.



A glance at the map of Europe will show any intelligent person the supreme importance to Russia of the body of water known as the Black Sea. That sea may be said to be Russia's only outlet to the outside world.

The frozen oceans of the north put commerce on that side of the great White empire completely out of the question, and, with the Black sea closed against her, Russia is practically blockaded, shut off, as it were, from the trade of the world.

Hence, from the earliest times, it has been over the Black sea that Russia's greatest diplomatic battles have been fought. As early as 1774 that sea began to figure in European politics, Russia aiming to hold the preponderating influence, and the other nations, acting upon the old principle of selfishness, trying to balk her purpose.

In 1856 the sea was opened to the commerce of the world by the treaty of Paris,

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Pa took me trout fishing yesterday. He sed wen we started out that it was just the rite kind of a day for trout. No other fish will bite this kind of a day, Bobbie, sed Pa, so if you get a bite you will kn w at onst that it is a trout.

I asked Pa how he knew no other fish sed bite that day & he sed my deer son, I lerne anything in this world—by experience. Experience is a dear teacher, but all of us have to pay her money or later. That is how I know this is a trout day.

Wen we got to the river I fixed my rod & line befor Pa got his rodly & the first time I threw in I caught a little chub.

I guess this must be a chub day instead of a trout day, I toald Pa.

That was a mere accident, sed Pa, & then he threw in & got a bite. Now watch me land a nice trout for you, Bobbie, he sed. He sed a quick pull & out came another little chub.

That is singular, sed Pa, I never knew a chub to bite on a trout day. It is most singular. Then I caught a chub too, only singular. Then Pa caught another.

I think we must have run on to a school of chubs by accident, sed Pa. Let us move down the river a bit. So Pa went on down the river a ways & I stayed where I was. Then I got a hard bite & wen I pulled there was a big fish on my line. I had a strong line so I jest pulled him out quick & it was a nice trout that was a pound heavy. I put it in my basket & dicent say anything to Pa. Then I caught another. I was glad that I stayed

but was interdicted to ships of war and to building of maritime arsenals along its shores. It was quite natural that Russia should dislike such arrangement, and in 1870 the treaty of 1856 was repudiated by an imperial circular.

As a matter of course this act angered the powers, and in a twinkling all Europe was up in arms. The prospect was a gloomy one for the lovers of peace. It looked as though the horrors of the Franco-Prussian war were to become co-extensive with the continent.

And then it was that the beauty and majesty of reason versus passion interest and brute force was allowed to manifest itself to the eyes of all men. As soon as the first wave of astonishment caused by the Russian circular had subsided, the diplomats of the nations buckled down to business, and as the result of a free, frank, straightforward exchange of notes, it was agreed to get together and settle the difficulty by a conference that should "assemble without any foregone conclusions," to decide upon the "simple merits of the case."

The result of the conference was an arrangement by which the threatened war was averted. But there was a still larger result accruing to humanity from the Black sea conference, for from the day on which that conference reached its blessed agreement, the enthusiasm for arbitration was to steadily grow, until it should become absolutely supreme in the councils of the nations, doing away with war, and settling all international differences by reason, rather than by blood and death.

rite ware I started to fish. I cud see Pa down the river a littel ways, pulling out moar of them littel chubs. Then I caught another nice trout so I threw away the littel chub & kep only the trout. After I had fished for a hour I had ten nice trout about a pound each & after a while Pa cam along. He showed me his basket, he had caught fifteen littel chubs & a big black bass.

It is aggenet the law to keep that bass, I toald Pa.

I know it, sed Pa, but for onst I am going to be a law breaker. This is such a fine big fish that I want to talk it hoam & show it to your mother. She won't know that it is a bass & she will think I am a grate fisher. By the way, Bobbie, sed Pa, I made a sllite mistak wen I toald you this was a trout day. I got mixed up in my directshuns & thought it was a saar wind blowing. I find that it is a south wind. Wen the wind is in the south it is a chub day & a bass day, but never a trout day.

Are you sure of that? I asked Pa. Certinly, sed Pa, no man ever caught a trout wen the wind was from the south. It is what you mite call a fishical impossibility.

I dont know about that, I said. Look at what I have here in my basket.

Then I showe Pa my ten nice trout & Pa looked very cheep but he dicent say anything. He looked cheeper than wen a man stopped him wen we got near hoam & looked in his basket. Aha, a bass! sed the man. That will cost you \$5 in court, or you can slip me fifteen now & I will setle it for you. I am a game warden.

Poor Pa. I guess then he thought the wind was from the north.