

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Patrick Henry

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

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It was on the 21st day of May, 1776, that Patrick Henry sounded the first real tocsin of war against King George III. In the speech made by him that day we have the first impulse of the great revolution that was to end in American independence.



Of that speech the celebrated Lord Brougham later declared that it was "the most important event in the history of the human race." Edmund Randolph, speaking of the wonderful effort, said: "On May 30 Henry plucked the veil from the shrine of parliamentary omnipotence," and a great American historian, writing of Henry's resolutions, said: "They were the first words of the revolution, and no man ever thought the same after he had read them."

When the inspiring words of the eloquent Virginian were published and their fire had touched men's hearts, everywhere the people began singing: "With the beasts of the wood."

"We will ramble for food,
And lodge in wild deserts and caves;
We will live poor as Job,
On the skirts of the globe
Before we'll submit to be slaves."

Lord Brougham's words may seem to be monstrously extravagant, and yet, when all things are duly considered, it may not be too much to say that no other speech ever delivered was followed by such tremendous consequences.

If one can even approximately estimate the political and social significance among men of the United States of America—what the influence of the great republic has already been, what it is today, and what it is destined to be, in a steadily enlarging way, throughout the ages and generations to come—he can for some sort of idea of the importance of Patrick Henry's speech before the Virginia assembly on that famous May day one hundred and forty-nine years ago.

Quite aside from the inconceivably great speech itself, taken in connection with its whole setting, it will ever remain one of the most remarkable pictures in the gallery of history.

Tall, spare, raw-boned, stooping in the shoulders, sallow in complexion, and attired in his plain suit of Virginia homespun, the orator rises in the midst of the old aristocratic members who are still intensely "loyal" to the king.

Presently the drooping head of the orator is lifted and thrown back in proud defiance, the eyes flash fire, the calm voice becomes "the unto the blast of a trumpet. The storm is now fairly on, and it carries everything before it! There is no resisting it! The resolutions are put and carried, and the members rushing out of doors, ask one another in amazement, "What did he say?" They had been completely taken off their feet by Henry's preternatural eloquence, and borne along as the tempest sweeps away the leaves that lie in its path.

This crowning achievement came without any premonition. At the age of eighteen Henry had married and settled down to farming, but proved to be a failure in that ancient and honorable occupation.

From agriculture he turned to the mercantile business, but again it turned out that he was the round peg in the square hole, and at the end of his three years trial at selling salt, sugar and calico, he found himself a bankrupt.

Then he tried doing nothing, "loafing and inviting his soul," but he was a failure even as a loafer.

One day the thought struck Henry that he would study law, and, borrowing a copy of "Coke (John Littleton)," he began preparing himself for admission to the bar. There is a conflict of opinion about his success as a lawyer, but it is fairly well established that the success was a result of being a "howling" one up to the celebrated "Parsons Case" in the fall of 1763. In that noted case the ministers had on their side the law and the right, but the vestries, with "unadorned rascality," decided to fight the parsons, and employed as their champion the young lawyer from Hanover.

It was a desperate case—almost a forlorn hope—but the psychological moment in the struggling young lawyer's life was at hand, the hour and the man were about to meet, and Henry's fame was close at hand. With that wonderful voice of his, which "could make love in a corner or call a hound a mile off," he pitched into parliament, privy council and king, and gave the young democracy of the west its first war cry against "British oppression."

From the parsons' case and the little brick court house in Williamsburg it was but a step to Richmond, to St. John's church, and to the speech that every "I know not what others may do, but as a school boy was soon to know by heart, for me, give me liberty or give me death."

Titles and Taxes in Spain.
In Spain titles of nobility are taxed in the same way as houses or land. Moreover, each separate title is taxed, and for this reason certain members of ancient families in which a number of titles have accumulated drop some in order to save money. Going to the system long prevalent in Spain by which women of noble birth transmit their title not only to their children but to their husbands—so that a plebeian marrying a duchess becomes a duke, Spanish based and use as come extinct unless the holders deliberately discard them.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Home Recipe for Removing Wrinkles

Who will blame the modern woman for trying to look as young and attractive as she reasonably can? Why should she be placed at a disadvantage in numerous ways by wearing wrinkles, if she can avoid these hateful marks of advancing age? Few women, however, know what to do to effectually rid themselves of wrinkles or sagging. Most of the advertised preparations are unsatisfactory and very expensive. But a very simple and harmless home remedy, which any woman can make, will work wonders where all the patent preparations fail. Buy an ounce of powdered sallote at any drug store. Dissolve the whole ounce in a half pint of water and use as a wash lotion. The results are practically instantaneous. Marked improvement is noticed immediately after the very first trial. Wrinkles and sagging are corrected and the face feels so refreshed and

Here's the "Afternoon Barefoot"

A Gown (to the Left) Actually Worn at the Longchamps Races, Showing That the Frenchwoman Is Able to Toe the Mark of Fashion.



This frock is of "bleu-passe" silk-cloth with a skirt suit and drawn up at the center. The bodice is a wide kimono with long, fitted sleeves, crossed at the elbow by two silk braids. A square collar of lavender-blue velvet trims the back.

And here is a simple linen frock for a young girl in a Chinese blue foulard printed with yellow narcissus. The bodice is round-shaped at the neck with a bias of plain blue Chinese foulard. A band of same material gives a draped girdle.

The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

"I was reading something last night that was written by a gent named Emerson," said the Manicure Lady. "I think it was simply grand, too. I don't know who this Emerson is, but whether he was a Swede or not he sure writes grand English. He had a funny name, something like Ralph Walcott."

"You mean Ralph Waldo Emerson," said the Head Barber. "My dad used to be all the time talking about him when I was a kid at home."

"Of course, George, I don't mean to imitate him by moustache or any one particular girl, but I know that the playwright I used to go with told me that I was like him. He said I was his aspiration to write better and nobler things, and I might have married him."

only I found out that he thought everything he wrote was better and nobler than anything any other gent ever wrote. That was the only reason I tied a can to him, but I have often thought of them words which he said to me, and felt kind of satisfied to think that I could be like him some day. Most girls would be glad enough to have a playwright tell them they were like imported wines to him, but when it comes to rare wines I must show that I have some extra personality."

"I suppose the playwright loved you," said the Head Barber. "Any girl that is loved by a fellow is like wine to him. He can see all her good points and overlook her faults."

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Do Not Elope.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of seventeen, have been going with a boy ten years my senior. On account of his age of our age, my folks have caused me to elope with him. He has a good position at the present time and wants me to go back to him. Do you think if my folks objected to our marriage it would be right for us to elope.

Nothing.
My dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young woman of 27 years of age and have been married three times in the last seven years, and am living with my third husband. He is very kind with me, but I love him dearly, and do not know what to do. He does not let me do any place or spend any money unless I ask him first. If I ask him for any money he

"I don't think I need have my faults thrown up to me like that," declared the Manicure Lady, coldly. "I ain't like some people, that goes through life thinking they are without no flaws. Goodness knows you ain't no model, George. From what I have seen of you, I don't suppose I seem like rare wine to you, or even a soft drink, but that ain't no sign that I couldn't have a great influence over some great man. Wilfred said once that a girl like me ought to be the wife of a poet, and I believe I would like it if I could find some poet that made enough dough to keep things running smooth. If a poet had as much money as a brewer, George, what a grand husband he would make."

Give Him the Present.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young girl who lives in a small town, and I have seen you several times from here, two years my senior. Would it be proper for me to give him a gift of any kind for his birthday, which is soon?

Getting a "Companion."
Dear Miss Fairfax: I want a companion, a girl companion, one who will appreciate a gift. I am a boy, just past 17 years old. I can't dance, but would like to learn. Please tell me what you think it would cost, and how long it would be before I could go to dances.

JOCKEY.
Dancing school is a good place to get acquainted with nice girls. Learn to dance, behave yourself, and you ought to have little trouble in finding an agreeable companion of the opposite sex.

We Are Safe While the Earth Spins

If It Should Suddenly Stop, the Atmosphere Would Turn Into a Thousand-Mile-an-Hour Hurricane, and the Atlantic Ocean Would Pour Over Europe

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

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It is an established fact that the earth revolves on its axis once every twenty-four hours. Now, assuming that the atmosphere travels along, up to a certain distance from the earth, at what distance does it begin to lose its velocity?
Or to what height would an aeroplane have to ascend to enable it to ascend in a vertical line and find itself at a different part of the globe than the starting point?



This question, from a somewhat New York business man, shows the persistence of popular errors concerning many of the phenomena of nature that are continually before us.

No matter how high an aviator or balloonist might ascend, he would still find the atmosphere revolving bodily with the earth beneath it. Except for the effects of local winds, or air currents, blowing now one way and now another, he would remain vertically above the point from which he started.

The whole atmosphere revolves with the solid earth, because it is in contact with it and subject to its attraction. If we could imagine a time when the earth was standing still, with the atmosphere surrounding it like a gaseous shell, and then suppose the globe suddenly to begin to rotate on its axis, a terrific wind would instantly arise, blowing in a direction opposite to that of the rotation. This would be due to the inertia of the air, which could not immediately take up the motion imparted to it by the friction of the spinning globe. A similar law affects the water of the oceans.

But after a while the particles of air in contact with the globe would begin to revolve in step with it; they would gradually impart the same motion to the particles above them; these to others still higher, and so on until the entire atmospheric shell shared the common motion. Except its own inertia, there would be nothing to oppose this tendency of the atmosphere to assume the same angular rate of rotation as that of the globe on which it rests, because the space outside the atmosphere is empty, and consequently offers no resistance through friction.

There is one circumstance, however, which sets a limit to the height to which an atmosphere turning coincidentally with the earth could extend, viz., centrifugal force. At the earth's present rate of rotation, amounting to an equatorial speed of about 1,000 miles an hour, the centrifugal force, at the equator, is equal to one-29th of the force of gravity. Now, since centrifugal force increases as the square of the velocity, if the rotation were seventeen times faster than it actually is, bodies on the earth's equator would cease to have any weight, or, in other words, would cease to be bound to the earth by gravity. This follows from the fact that the square of seventeen is 289. The slightest further increase of speed would send them flying away into space.

Then, if the atmosphere were so high that the top of it, in order to keep up with the angular rotation, had to move seventeen times as fast as the surface of the earth, the particles of air at that height would be freed, by their centrifugal force, from the earth's attraction, and would begin to escape into space. Other particles would rise to take their place.

and would also escape, and thus the atmosphere would be gradually drained away, until its greatest height was well below the critical limit fixed by centrifugal force. This critical height has been variously calculated at from 11,000 to 23,000 miles.

But it is doubtful if the earth ever had an atmosphere approaching any such extreme height. At the present time the atmosphere appears to extend upward only two or three hundred miles at the most, and there is not enough air at a height exceeding forty miles to produce any perceptible effects upon the sunlight passing through it. Pilot balloons have ascended ten miles or more, but human life could not be maintained without artificial aids at an elevation much exceeding the five or six miles, and then only under the most favorable circumstances. At about forty miles above the earth the excessively thin air reflects enough light to produce faint twilight effects, and meteors are sometimes seen flashing out at a height of from eighty to 100 miles, indicating that there is still, at such elevations, sufficient air to set fire by friction to a solid body rushing through it at a speed of twenty to thirty miles per second. But it can be shown that these

effects would be produced by an atmosphere rarer than that in an exhausted air pump receiver.
Yet, while the atmosphere as a whole shares the rotation of the earth, the latter induces certain aerial movements which have vast importance in human affairs. Among these movements of the air resulting from the earth's rotation are the trade winds, which, on both sides of the equator, have a constant westward trend, because the air in them is moving from the poles toward the equator, and the eastward motion of the surface beneath them increases in actual, though not in angular, speed as the equator is approached.

The inertia of the air prevents it from taking up this increase immediately, and thus the wind seems to come from the northeast in the northern hemisphere, and from the southeast in the southern. There are many other interesting effects of the earth's rotation on the winds, such as the cyclical motion of cyclones, which always turn from right to left in the northern hemisphere and from left to right in the southern. But this does not change the fact that, taken as a whole, the atmosphere revolves as if it were a part of the globe to which it is attached.

Little Mary's Essays--Wives

By DOROTHY DIX.

Wives is what men get wight on them when they get married. Sometimes the man looks like my cat did when he got my canary, but mostly he looks like he lost what he knew.

A man speaks nice and polite to a lady, and he takes her arm, and helps her across the street, but he snaps up a wife when she speaks to him, and when they walk on the streets together she tags along behind him.

A man calls a young lady "angel face" and "sweetheart" before they are married, but a man calls his wife "say."

Also a man kisses a young lady's mouth when he tells her goodbye before they are married, but when he says goodbye to his wife he pecks at her back hair. I know that is true, because I watched my Aunt Susie and her beau, and my mamma and my papa.

A wife is one of the most useful of all of our domestic animals. She cooks and sews, and minds the baby, and does the shopping and the marketing, and enters

into the company, but she does not have to be paid any money like a cook or a housemaid or a nurse.
Women who are not wives have to work for a living. Oh, how thankful a wife should be that she does not have to work!

A wife is also useful to lay things on. That is why men get them. When a man doesn't want to do anything he always says that his wife won't let him do it, and when a man plays poker and loses his money he blames his wife's extravagance because he is not rich.

There are many different kinds of wives. There is the First Wife, who works, and pinches, and pinches, and scratches to help her husband get on, and who never has any nice clothes, and who sits on the street cars, and there's the Second Wife, who has diamonds and Paris dresses and a limousine that the good First Wife saved up to buy for her.

And there's the Thin Wives and Fat Wives, but I guess wives is like automobiles. Every time you get a new one you try a new make.

Wives have many curious peculiarities. One of them is that they have got noses that can smell things as far as a hound dog. When my papa has had a drink my mamma can smell it before he gets within a block of the house. Also wives is like cats, and they never sleep, and no matter how easy you tip-toe in, you always wake them up.

Wives is very noble creatures, and they feel it their sacred duty to tell their husbands about their faults. Men would not know how many faults they have and what poor, miserable worms of the dust they are if they did not have wives.

Wives save their husbands a great deal of trouble by spending their money for them. A man who has a wife never has to worry about the danger of banks breaking.

When a man's wife dies he has nobody to quarrel with and this makes him so lonesome that he runs right off and gets married again.

This is all I know at present about wives.

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Of especial interest during this, our opening week, are the very clever millinery conceits now on display in this department.

The black velvet model illustrated at the left is most effectively trimmed with one of the new feathers; the other, in rich purple color, is very artistically relieved by an embroidered chiffon crown. Numerous others are also specially priced at—

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