



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Round the World in Thirteen Days

By GARRET P. SERVISS.

In Paris, where the imagination frequently burns with a blue flame, indicative, like blue meteors, of intense combustion, they are now talking of a tour of the world by aeroplane. It is the ideal way to go, they aver, and even more promising in the matter of romantic adventures than Jules Verne's circumambient flight by hot-air balloons, lumbering elephants and exploding steamships. The aerial route has no custom houses, no detours, no wash-out bridges, no delays or connections, and if some charming person had to be rescued enroute it could be more easily as well as more theatrically effected by dropping down out of the sky, as Parisians say.

"It will be easy," say the enthusiasts, "to make 1,300 kilometers (745 miles) a day by aeroplane within a few years, and then we shall go around the world in less than a month."

But 15 miles a day is only about thirty-one miles an hour, and, even allowing for delays, one may expect that the

perfect aeroplane will do better than that. It ought to average fifty miles an hour, or 1,200 miles a day. Then world-circling by aero might, indeed, be a most fascinating sport. The time required would, of course, depend upon the latitude of the circle followed. At the equator the circumference of the earth is about 25,000 miles. The circumference of any circle is found by multiplying its diameter by 3.14, but on a globe like the earth the diameter of the circle represented by a parallel of latitude varies as the cosine of the latitude. At latitude 0 degree (the equator) the cosine is 1, and the diameter in round numbers 8,000 miles; but at latitude 60 degrees the cosine is only 0.5, corresponding to a diameter of 4,000 miles, which multiplied by 3.14 gives about 12,560 miles for the circumference. For latitude 50 degrees the cosine is 0.64, making the circumference only 16,000 miles, while in latitude 40 degrees, where the cosine is only 0.8, the circumference cannot exceed about 12,500 miles.

The latitude of 50 degrees north, passing centrally over Europe, Asia and North America, would seem to offer a good aerial route, with a distance of only 16,000 miles to traverse, and at 1,300 miles a day the circuit could be completed in thirteen days and eight hours.

At present this is only a dream, but Jules Verne's romance was also a dream, and yet he lived to see his imaginary eighty days cut down one-half by actual test.

The Meeting of the Seasons

By Nell Brinkley

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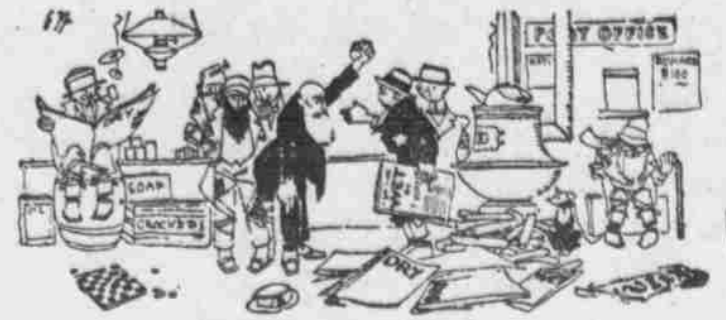


Wet or Dry?

By James W. McGet.

There's a question agitating the entire state of Maine For which, so far, no solution can be found. It has puzzled all the people and has tried every brain And may last till next election comes around. It isn't reciprocity that's causing all the noise Or the fact that lately sugar's very high. The unanswerable question that is puzzling all the boys Is the query—"Are we wet or are we dry?"

Some days the "drys" are leading and the "wets" are in despair When a few uncounted wets will toe the line, Then the "wets" will get wetter and the "drys" are filled with care Till they find they lead again by eight or nine.



Now the "drys" are not the gentry with a longing to be wet. Though the "wets" are sometimes very, very dry, But unless the factions compromise the "wets" with deep regret Will resume their saturations on the sly.

If Kentucky were confronted with an issue of this kind The result would not be very long in doubt For the Kentuckians are said to be nearly of one mind That the question would be settled with a shout. Please don't gather the impression that the state would all go wet, If you do I cannot see the reason why, For I hold a firm opinion and I'll back it with a bet That the verdict of Kentucky would be (Dry).

A Blow to Sympathy

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE.

Of recent years women have become so self-controlled that they now violate tradition. They do not take on as they formerly took on when there was a death or any other sorrow of any kind, and the almost incredible story is told by Mrs. Lyander John Appleton that she has attended seven funerals this year, and not at one of them was it necessary to tan the chief mourner!

"I have fanned mourners all the way to the cemetery and back so often," she said, "that I know I have expressed my sympathy in this way for a distance of 2,000 miles."

"I have soaked enough handkerchief to cover the Rocky Mountain range, and the tears of sympathy I have shed while telling a woman in sorrow to be resigned and not scream so loud, would float a battleship."

"But what do I hear now? That the chief mourner needs no fanning, no one to wipe her tears away, positively refuses to let friends come in and take charge of the house, will accept no pies sent in in a neighborly spirit of condolence and

talks of all sort of psychic necessity for emotion!

"What are we coming to? Is the day coming when women will have trouble with a living husband, or bury a dead one, without a tear? Is there to be no joy left on earth for the friend who longs to take in a plum pie, and hear all about the affliction?"

"Is this perfect control of the emotions a peculiarity of this climate, or is it prevailing all over the United States?"

"Things are indeed coming to a pretty pass when a woman passes through an affliction with dry eyes and her hat on straight!"

One on the Jury.

Judge—who is now on the supreme court bench, was, when he first began the practice of law, a very blundering speaker. On one occasion, when he was trying a case in replevin, involving the right of property in a lot of hogs, he addressed the jury as follows: "Gentlemen of the jury, there were just twenty-four hogs in that drove—just twenty-four, gentlemen—exactly twice as many as there are in this jury box."—Case and Comment.

Nature Tales With Bark On

Prof. Wallace Odell, president of the Tarrytown branch of the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals of New York, autored to Ossining to investigate some of the things that have annoyed the members of the organization.

Stopping at a spring on the estate of Frank A. Vanderlip at Scarborough, from which George Washington drank, President Odell was struck with the knowledge of a large bullfrog which was dipping itself in the spring. He afterwards learned that the frog is the pride of Vanderlip possessions.

One night recently Mr. Vanderlip was awakened by the ringing of his electric doorbell and was surprised to find a frog jumping at the push button. Diving that something was wrong, Mr. Vanderlip followed the frog to his trout pond and found all the trout flopping about upon the grass.

A poacher had placed a bottle filled with lime in the water, having previously let a little water into the bottle before corking it tightly. When the lime slacked it caused an explosion which would have killed or stunned the fish so that the poacher could have easily secured them if the frog had not warned them and then brought Mr. Vanderlip to the scene.

Prof. Odell was particularly interested in the story that V. Everett Macy of Briarcliff Manor owns some chickens that lay duplex eggs—some call them Siamese. The eggs are joined together dumbbell fashion, only the handle is not very pronounced. It was a great relief to ascertain that the story was true, only more so. Some of the chickens lay a brace of eggs in the morning and give a matinee performance.

Visiting the extensive chicken plant of General Edwin A. McAlpin at Calamont, Prof. Odell was interested in the experiment in mental suggestion which is being worked upon the chickens. Several pens are decorated with rubber plants, auto tires and articles of rubber. The scheme has worked so well that the hens are laying eggs with rubber shells. General McAlpin will not put the eggs on the market until the new hotel that the Mc-

Alpin family is building in this city is opened.

A trained crab owned by Colonel Frank Brandreth of Ossining, gave Prof. Odell a demonstration of its prowess. The crab is used as a sort of falcon, if you desire. Whenever Colonel Brandreth goes on a crabbing expedition he takes the crab with him. The crab lures others of its species into the crab trap, and Colonel Brandreth makes some phenomenal catches.

What interested Prof. Odell more than all was the aviating squirrels on the estate of James Speyer, at Briarcliff Manor. The squirrels are of the flying species. Ordinarily they can stretch out the parchment-like film which is between their fore and hind legs by extending their extremities and sail a distance of 100 yards or so. Since Atwood sailed down the Hudson in his biplane the squirrels have caught onto the trick of twisting their tails around like a propeller and gliding through the air to any distance without fear of running out of gasoline or having the babbitt metal in a working part run hot.—New York Mail.

Odd Fads

Comedy was prohibited as libelous in Greece in 450 B. C.

In a single night in 1790 Ahmed Shah's army lost 15,000 men from cold near Herat while returning from Persia.

James Aitken, convicted of arson, was hanged on a gallows sixty feet high at Portsmouth, N. H., March 7, 1777.

The custom of English parents selling their children to the Irish for slavery was forbidden by King Canute in 1020.

In the severe winter in Flanders, Belgium, in 1498, frozen wine distributed among the people had to be cut with hatchets.

The Chickens Are Hatching

By William F. Kirk.

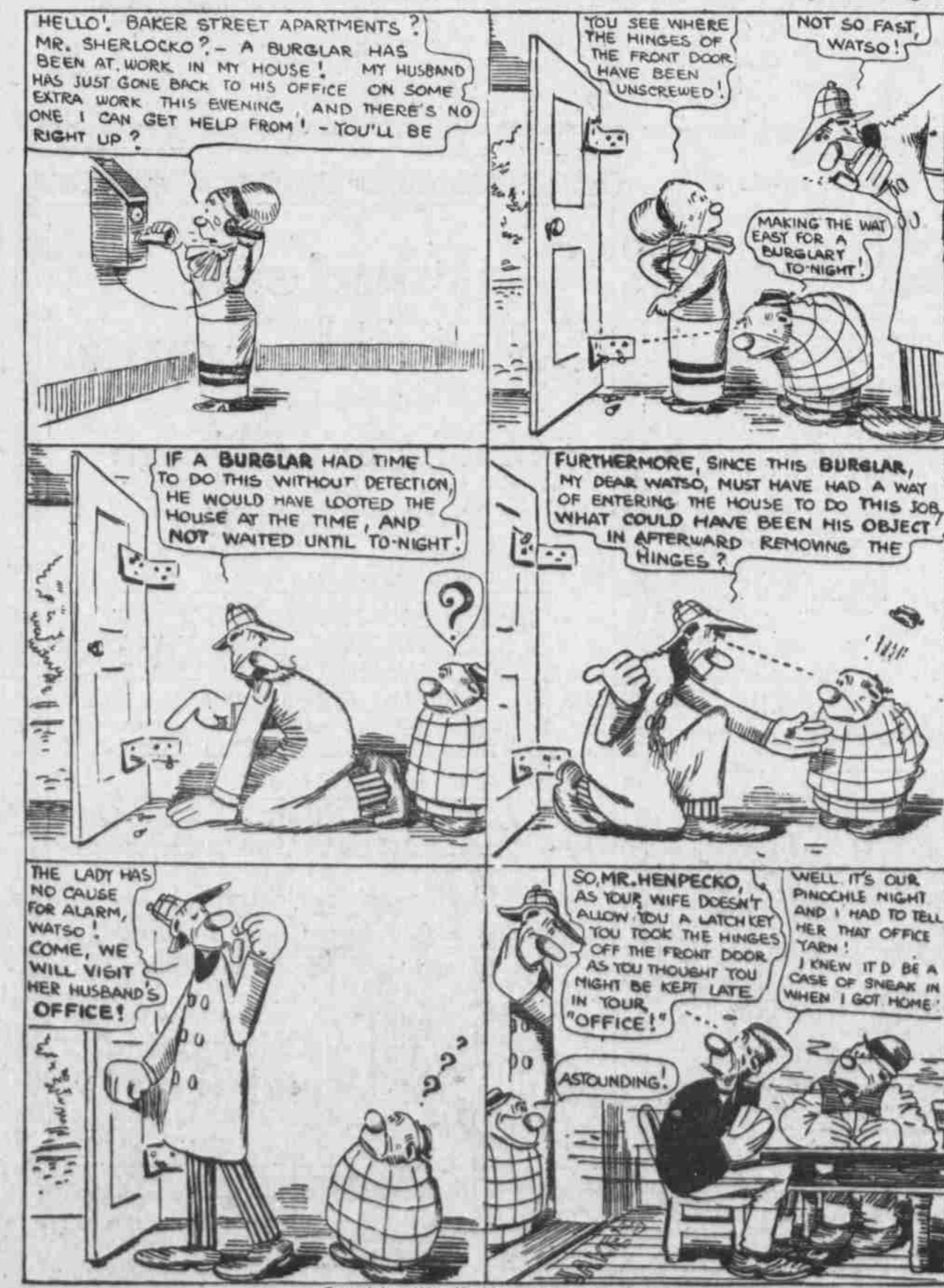
(Copyright, 1911, National News Association.)

Don't count your chickens before they're hatched, Is the text of a motto old and true, For many a time is a victory snatched From the hands of others, the hands of you. The Giants are counting no unborn chicks, Wasting no time in dreaming guff; They bide their time and they take their tricks— Their chickens are hatching fast enough.

Don't count your chickens before they're hatched Regardless of the series to come, When two great ball clubs, splendidly matched, Will make the wires of the nation hum. When the Giants know that the race is o'er And the flag is waving 'neath Coogan's Bluff, They will count their chickens and not before; Their chickens are hatching fast enough.

Sherlocko the Monk

THE ADVENTURE OF THE UNHINGED DOOR :: By Gus Mager



Following the Races

By ELBERT HUBBARD

The papers recently had an account of a woman of goodly birth, beauty and riches as well, who, on entering an office and importuning the loan of a quarter, was pitched bodily into the street. This woman is now only in her thirties.

Her downfall, she explained, was owing to her craze for following the races. She has brought suit against a firm of bookmakers for \$10,000 that she says she lost through placing bets with them.

Ten years ago her husband took her to a horse race and, just for the fun of the thing, showed her how to make a bet of \$5 on a race. She won, and at once again invested the money. This time she lost.

But she became filled with the foolish thought that she would eventually win out; so she borrowed money; stole money; she lost her husband, her friends, her fortune; and when she met to a quarter friend and begged the loan of a quarter she was regarded as a nuisance and forcibly ejected.

From betting to beggary is only a step.

No man can play the races continually and win. Mathematically, he is bound to lose at last. John E. Madden, a man who is on the dead level and who has made \$1,000,000 out of horse racing, says that defeat and nothing but defeat awaits the man who bets money on horse races.

And of all the fools, the biggest is the man who bets on "a sure thing."

Madden has followed the business for a quarter of a century, and says: "I quit betting years ago, and if I ever bet again it will be because the disease has gotten the better of my business judgment."

The bookmaker gets it all—he has but to wait and the whole thing is his. It is just like a game of stud poker, where the dealer takes care of all the bets and gives the first booster an ace in the hole. If the booster do not get the "live one's" money the dealer will. He gets all the others have, as sure as death, if they continue to play.

Do not imagine that all gambling is done in the cities.

"Man made the cities, God the country, but the devil made the small towns." Hardly a village in America is free from the scourge.

Gambling means blurred vision, weak muscles, shaky nerves. Loss of sleep, lack of physical exercise, irregular meals, bad air, excitement, form a devil's monopoly of bad things—and the end is disgrace, madness, death and the grave.

I am not a member of the Christian Endeavor society, the Epworth league, the Baptist union, the Knights of Columbus or the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and all I say here is simply a little plain talk by one business man to others, with all soft sentiment omitted.

Boys, we need all the brains we have in our work.

If by concentration and by cutting out folly we succeed in a degree, we do well. But I do not believe we can reasonably hope for success unless we eliminate the pastboard proclivities, cut out the ponies—or else follow them with a shovel—this is a cold business proposition!

The Manicure Lady

"It seems to me that for a girl which has just returned from Europe," declared the Head Barber, "you take a whole lot of extra holidays."

"I was to home with an attack of neuralgia, George," said the Manicure Lady. "The doctor thought for a while that I would never be able to talk again."

"That would have been fierce!" exclaimed the Head Barber. "I should hate to think how awful it would be for a girl of your years to look forward to one of them long, Dummy Tailor existences. It would be bad enough for you while you stay single, but think how fierce that these malady would seem if you happened to get married. Think of a married woman that can't talk! Oh! Oh!"

"Men talk more than women," replied the Manicure Lady. "Men first, barbers second and ladies third place. But as I was saying about my neuralgia, George, it was sure a fierce ordain to go through. As the novelist says, for weeks I lay tossing on a bed of pain, but my splendid nerve finally pulled me through."

"Your splendid nerve might have pulled you through," replied the Head Barber. "How did the family take it?"

"King of hard, George. Mother and sister Mayme was a lot put out, of course, because I help a lot evenings with the housework; and brother Wilfred felt bad because the pain made me kind of grouchy and kept me from coming across with the touches that he has been making regular on me since I got my inheritance."

"Honest to goodness, George, I guess the old gent was about the only sincere mourner at my bed of pain. He told me that it grieved him more than tongue could tell to think that I might lose my voice. You see, when my voice was working good, the way that it always did around here, and the old gent was getting bawled out the way he deserved by mother, I used to interrupt by telling something funny that happened down here to the shop, and the war would be over almost before you knew it. But after my jaws got so sore from neuralgia that I couldn't talk, then mother knew and

On the Map

By Irwin Thomas.

Gee, but this old town feels fine. Though it ain't on the main line, it's on the map for fair right now. Every one to us must bow. The man who made the map forgot To show us even by a dot.

Gee, but it's great, this Hmelight. The county seat is out of sight. An aviator, sailing high, Dropped on us from out the sky. We got him here and folks do say. They don't expect he'll get away. But you can't tell about those chaps, Soaring around in leather caps. Some stay in forever where they fall. And others do not fall at all. They like as not go sailing by. Cutting capers in the sky.

This one that landed down on us Certain raised an awful fuss. He's greater than the county fair. This fellow from the upper air. One thing sure, we're on the map. All the world knows where we're at.