

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

"US BOYS"--No Surprise for the Kids To-day

Registered United States Patent Office.

By Tom McNamara



There's No More Human Law Than the Mothers' Pension Law in Illinois

There recently became operative in the state of Illinois a law that marks a greater stride in the progress of humanity than any legislation of recent years. It is a law pensioning deserving poor mothers with families.

When a mother is left a widow with a brood of little children to support, and the task becomes too great for her strength, it has been the custom for kind-hearted but misguided authorities to take the children from her and put them in a charitable institution. First made fatherless, the laws make them motherless as well, and they are brought up in that brooding pen for little human chickens known as an orphan asylum.

The state is taxed to maintain these institutions. Illinois has originated the plan of giving this tax direct to the mother.

This sane pension act allows a deserving mother from \$5 to \$10 a month for every child in her care, until it reaches the age of self-support. Formerly the state paid this same sum to the county to be paid into some juvenile court or orphan's home. The new way costs the state no more, the mother makes her benefit, and the children are not deprived of a mother's influence.

No fault is found with the state charitable institutions; they have a place in the work of humanity, and have filled it, but no one will contend that a wooden machine can take the place of a mother. The machine may protect from the storms, but there is no warmth of love in its protection; the employees in these big brooding pens will bind up a wound with every law of hygiene religiously observed, but there will be no kissing of sore places to make them well; there is none of the cuddling which children need as much as they need oatmeal and flannel shirts.

Children are not all cut out by the same pattern, as are so many shirts in a shirt factory. No one can make rules that apply to raising children as if they were so many heads of cabbage. A farmer knows that a certain kind of soil is best for all cabbage plants. He doesn't put one plant on the north side of the barn, another on the north, another in rich loam, and others in sandy places. He knows from experience that the soil best for one is best for all; that the cabbage has no individuality, no soul.

SILK FROM WASTE

Chemists have lately found new uses for wood waste. Sawdust can be turned into alcohol. It can also be made into acetic acid, wood naphthalene, oxalic acid and pine oil. The latter named have been in use some time. Sawdust from certain trees, birch being one, can be turned into a really palatable sugar after undergoing certain treatments lately discovered. Vanilla can be extracted from wood wastes now in the form of a white crystal powder. After certain processes wood waste can be made into viscose and after that into silk. It is said that in Europe five tons of this artificial silk are made daily. And that the demand exceeds the supply.

According to some professor who is authority on wood waste and timber, the following values are set on pine trees: Pine trees, per ton, \$10; cut and stripped, per ton, \$15; boiled into pulp, per ton, \$40; bleached, per ton, \$55; turned into viscose and spun into silk, it is worth \$1500.

Since wood waste has become plastic to man there is, indeed, a great value to it. Chemistry has accomplished wonders. The machines used to get the wood waste in form to be used are a mixing machine, molds and presses.

From sawdust a beautiful artificial wood is made. The wood gives every appearance of being the real thing and it finish outdoes ebony and mahogany. Its beauty surpasses the rosewood. To produce this artificial wood the sawdust is hydraulically pressed, held together by soluble glass and glue water, or blood and potassium bichromate. - Chicago Tribune.

Worth Heeding.
Who hearkens to the gods, the god give ear.
Ill words are bellows to a slackskin fire.
Places do not ennoble men, but men make places illustrious.
Reputation is what men and women think of us; character is what God and angels know of us.

This, Too, Shall Pass Away

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. Copyright, 1911, by American-Journal-Examiner.

A mighty monarch in the days of old
Made offer of high honor, wealth and gold
To one who should produce in form concise
A motto for his guidance, terse and wise—
A precept, soothing in his hours forlorn,
Yet one that in his prosperous days would warn.
Many the maxims sent the king, men say,
The one he chose: "This, too, shall pass away."
Oh, jewel sentence from the mine of truth!
What riches it contains for age and youth,
No stately epic, measured and sublime,
So comforts, or so counsels, for all time
As these few words. Go write them on your heart,
And make them of your daily life a part.
Has some misfortune fallen to your lot?
This, too, will pass away—absorb the thought,
And wait; your waiting will not be in vain,
Time gilds with gold the iron links of pain.
The dark today leads into light tomorrow;

There is no endless joy, no endless sorrow.
Are you upon earth's heights? No cloud in view?
(Go read your motto once again: "This, too,
Shall pass away;" fame, glory, place and power,
They are but little baubles of the hour,
Flung by the ruthless years down in the dust.
Take warning, and be worthy of God's trust.
Use well your prowess while it lasts; leave bloom,
Not blight, to mark your footprints to the tomb.
The truest greatness lies in being kind,
The truest wisdom in a happy mind.
He who desponds, his Maker's judgment mocks?
The gloomy Christian is a paradox.
Only the sunny soul respects its God,
Since life is short, we need to make it broad;
Since life is brief, we need to make it bright,
Then keep the old king's motto well in sight,
And let its meaning permeate each day.
Whatever comes, "This, too, shall pass away."

"Store Teeth."

Practice in England of the art of making and cleaning teeth was in 1768 in the hands of silversmiths or jewelers.
It is chronicled by Herodotus that the ancient Egyptians practiced the profession of treating teeth and replacing them.
Dentistry was introduced into the United States by Le Mair of the French

forces that joined the patriot army during the revolution.
Jaha Greenwood established the first dental office at New York City in 1788. In 1790 he carved in ivory an entire set of teeth for President Washington.
Works written in the second century by Claudius Galen, a physician of antiquity born in Asia Minor, contain the earliest treatise upon the subject of dentistry.

The laws of the Twelve Tables, in 451 B. C., provided that where "teeth bound with gold" were found it was lawful to bury or burn the gold with the body of the deceased person.
At the age of 80 Nunez, born in Valladolid in 1500, engaged in making a collection of Spanish proverbs, with explanations.

School Gardens

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

At a recent land show at Madison Square garden a daily lecture illustrated with moving pictures, was given by Mr. Henry C. Parsons.

It was a wonderful sight to see how love and labor transformed waste places in a great city and made them blossom with delight.

At first the children looked with suspicion on what was to be done. When the hoes, spades, rakes and watering pots began to arrive the grim little faces relaxed, and soon you could almost hear the smiles. Girls and boys alike entered upon the tasks with glee. And always they were so reverent and careful of the growing things.

Besides the actual gardening, there was a great educational byproduct in teaching children to respect and care for property. Mrs. Parsons and her son have the gratitude of the world for their practical common sense work in school gardens. And it is good to see that the New York Board of Education are upholding them in this enterprise that makes for beauty, happiness and efficiency.

City boys take more kindly to the business of farming than country lads. The reason farmer boys sometimes hate the farm and are filled with the desire to get away from it is because they have had a double dose of the farm. Too much of anything is bad.

But indoor school work and farming, should go hand in hand, and I believe the time will come when agriculture will be taught in all public schools.

Food is the primal need. We get our living out of the soil, and no man can be healthy, happy or wise who is separated long from mother earth.

The child will dig in the sand before he can talk and find satisfaction in the exercise. And a knowledge of the soil and of the things it will produce when rightly manipulated is the foundation for sanity and efficiency in every walk of life. In fact, man is the product of the soil.

My business is writing. I can do several other things. But the thing I get the most joy out of is this Cadmean game of exhorting my thoughts in words. And constantly I find that my knowledge gathered on the farm of trees, poultry, flowers, horses, cattle, swine, poultry, guinea hens, guinea pigs, frogs, polly-wogs, poultry, bees and butterflies forms a valuable addition to my vocabulary.

All nature, says Emerson, is for symbol and suggestion. Everything we see should remind us of something else, and without for an instant setting myself up as a pedagogic pattern, I still maintain that no man can be considered an educated man who is not on good terms with mother earth and with all the wonderful things that creep, crawl, run, climb, burrow, swim and fly.

The improvement which this school has made in teaching, over the philosophy of Switzerland and Germany, lies in the fact that it holds all school teaching should be incidental.

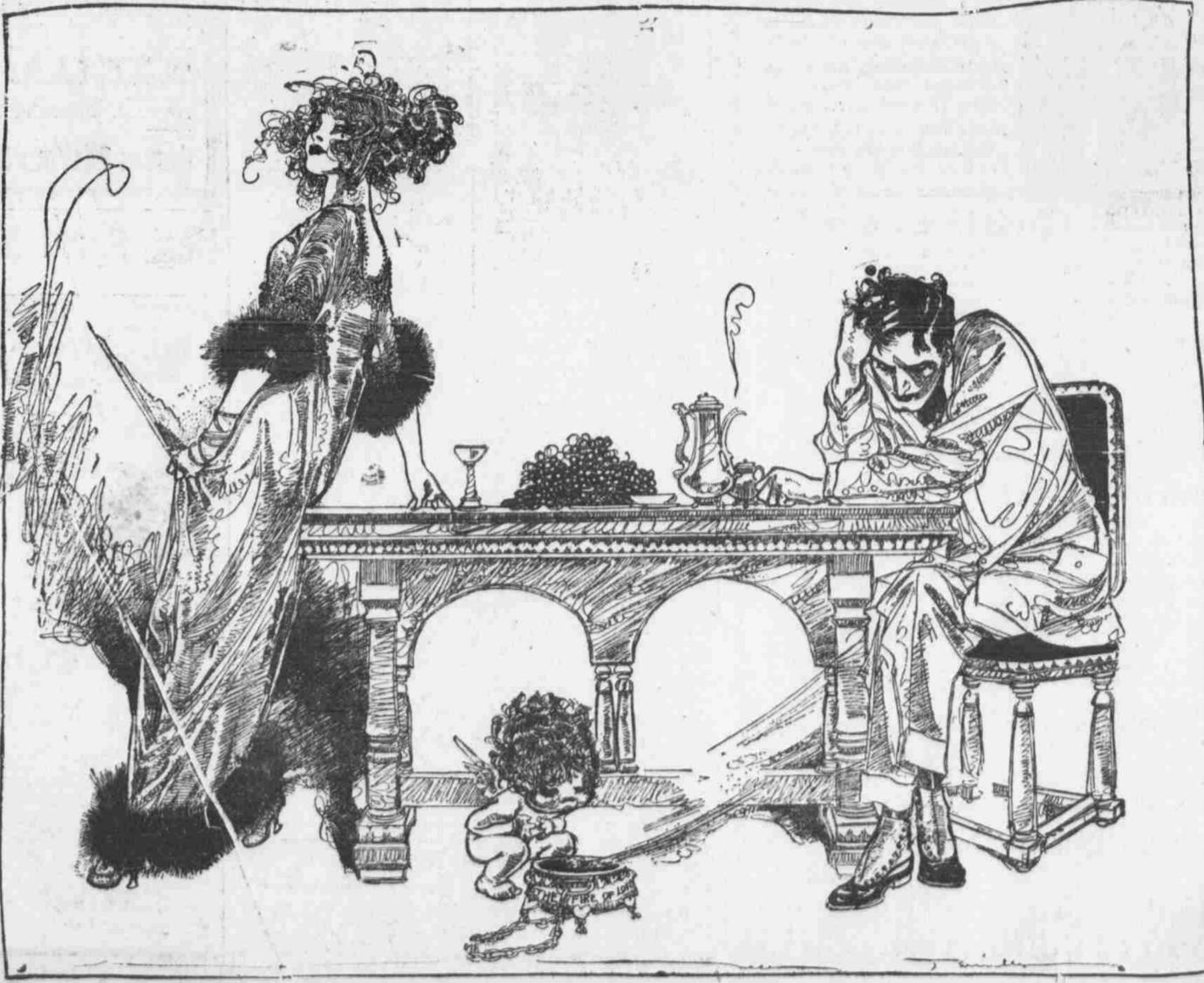
The boy is not merely getting ready to live. He is living now; he is making himself useful; he is doing something for somebody.

And this is the first, last and one great lesson we must all learn—that success lies in doing something for somebody. We can only help ourselves as we help other people. Non-productive effort (getting ready to do something useful) isn't nearly as good as to be useful right now. At Interlaken the boy is not waited on and cared for—he cares for himself.



"FIRE'S OUT"

By Nell Brinkley



TRIED TO BE SOCIABLE

When the celebrated "Copenhagen Jackson" was British minister in America he resided in New York and occupied a house in Broadway. A wag named Neil, one night at a late hour, in company with a bevy of rough riders, while passing the house, noticed it was brilliantly illuminated and that several carriages were waiting at the door.

"Hello!" said our wag. "What's going on at Jackson's?"

One of the number remarked that Jackson had a party that evening.

"What?" exclaimed Neil. "Jackson have a party and I not invited? I must see to that!"

So, stepping up to the door, he gave a ring which soon brought out the servant.

"I want to see the British minister," said Neil.

"You must call some other evening," said the servant, "for he is now engaged in a game of whist and must not be disturbed."

"Don't talk to me that way," said Neil, "but go directly and tell the British minister that I must see him immediately on special business."

The servant obeyed and delivered his message in so impressive a style as to bring Mr. Jackson to the door forthwith.

"Well," said Mr. Jackson, "what can be your business at this time of night which is so very urgent?"

"Are you Mr. Jackson?"

"Yes, sir, I am Mr. Jackson, the British minister."

"You have a party here tonight, I see, Mr. Jackson."

"Yes, sir, I have a party."

"A large party, I presume?"

"Yes, sir, a large party."

"Playing whist, I understand?"

"Yes, sir, playing whist."

"Oh, well," said Neil, "as I was passing I merely called to inquire what's your trump." - New York Times.

Never To Old.
Huxley was 80 when he began to study Greek.
John Kemble wrote out "Hamlet" thirty times, and said on quitting the stage, "I am now beginning to understand my art."
Sir Walter Scott resumed his pen at 55 to reduce an enormous liability. For a similar reason, but at a more advanced age, Mark Twain renewed his literary labors.