



# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



## Bringing Up Father

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Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



## We Must Have the Soil for the People

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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### THE EARTH.

To build a house, with love for architect,  
Ranks first and foremost in the joys of life;  
And in a tiny cabin, shaped for two,  
The space for happiness is just as great,  
As in a palace. What a world were this  
If each soul born received a plot of ground:  
A little plot, whereon a home might rise,  
And beautiful green things grow!

We give the dead—  
The pale, vagrant dead—the Potter's Field,  
Yet to the living not one inch of soil.  
Nay, we take from them soil, and sun, and air,  
To fashion slums and hell-holes for the race,  
And to our poor we say, "Go starve and die  
As beggars die; so gain your heritage."

That was a most uncanny dream; I thought the wraiths of those  
Long buried in the Potter's Field in shredded shrouds arose;  
They said: "Against the will of God  
We have usurped the fertile sod,  
Now will we make it yield."

Oh! but it was a gruesome sight to see those phantoms toll;  
Each to his own small garden bent; each spaded up the soil;  
(I never knew Ghosts labored so.)  
Each scattered seed, and watched, till lo!  
The Graves were opulent.

Then all among the fragrant greens the silent, spectral train  
Walked, as if breathing in the breath of plant, and flowers and grain.  
(I never knew Ghosts loved such things;  
Perchance it brought back early Springs,  
Before they thought of death.)

The mothers' milk for living babes; the earth for living hosts;  
The clean flame for the unscathed dead.  
(Oh, strange the words of Ghosts.)  
"If we had owned this little spot,  
In life, we need not lie and rot  
Here in a pauper's bed."

## PEOPLE'S DAY AT TULLERIES

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

One hundred and twenty-two years ago, June 21, 1791, all Paris was shouting "The king is gone! The king is gone!" Louis Sixteenth, with his family, had run away, and the people were bewildered. While the people were bemoaning the king's flight, a man in threadbare clothes leaped upon a box and delivered the following speech: "Citizens, a certain Neapolitan, while taking his evening walk, was startled by the news that the pope was dead. Hardly recovered from his surprise, he was told that the king of Naples was no more. "Surely," he exclaimed, "the sun of Heaven must vanish at such a combination of fatalities." Just then the news was announced that the bishop of Palermo had just expired. Overcome, the man sought his bed, but could not sleep. In the morning he was startled by a noise which he at once recognized as the motion of the wooden instrument used in the royal apartment, the rabble poured into the palace. An apple woman sat in the queen's bed, offering her fruit for sale. Women pried into the closets and arrayed themselves in the queen's garments. One of her caps was placed on the head of a young girl, who snatched it off, threw it upon the floor and stamped it under her feet. All through the splendid place roamed the ragged democrats and their wives and sisters. It was, indeed, the people's day at the Tuilleries, and mightily did they enjoy it.



## Scientific Mapping of the United States

Garrett P. Serviss Says:

"The Topographic Atlas sheets of the United States Geological Survey are so interesting and so cheap that they ought to be in everybody's hands. A New Charm for School Children in Them."

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

A diminishing glass is sometimes as useful as a magnifier. A view through the wrong end of a telescope will occasionally bring out important relations between the different parts of a landscape that escape attention when it is looked at in the ordinary way. The topographic atlas sheets, now produced at the rate of two new ones a week by the United States Geological Survey, are examples of the effect of seeing big things on a relatively small scale. Before long the entire area of the United States will thus be presented to the eye, with all its variations of level, its plains, river valleys, mountain chains, range of hills, plateaus and canyons, so correctly represented that, with a slight effort of the imagination, one seems to be looking at the country through a huge telescope turned wrong end to.



There is no comparison between ordinary maps and charts of this kind. With these topographic sheets before him, one can make a journey while sitting in his room, and obtain a surprisingly accurate idea of the appearance of the country through which his imaginary journey lies. I have taken some of the sheets covering the Mohawk valley country, with which I was familiar in childhood, and forgotten scenes have visualized themselves before me with astonishing clearness. Little knolls, twenty or fifty feet in elevation, as well as ranges of hills 1,000 or 2,000 feet high; the slightest windings of rivers and streams; the little gulches through which flow rivulets that one can step across; steep-sided banks where

## Chapeaux a la Parisienne Three Models You Can Copy



MILLE MARCELLE PRAINCE.

By OLIVETTE.

Today we are showing you three hats that express the latest manifestation of "le dernier cri" from Paris. The hats are worn by three charming French actresses, and are quite the latest thing from one of the smartest of the smart French hat shops.

Mlle. Marcelle Praince of the Varietes shows us the new idea called the "cabriolelet dip," and at the short-brimmed side her hat does resemble the bowler, with down-dropping brim worn by the cabbies of Paris. The brim rolls up a bit at the left front and widens to the proportions of a shade hat at the right. The model is bound at the edge with certain satin ribbon and the crown is covered with a checker board made of interwoven orange and white satin ribbon. A veil of soft white shadow weave adds a softening touch to this simple but fetching model.

Pretty little Arlette Dorgere of the vaudeville theaters has covered her soft, fluffy hair with a scoop-shaped hat on bonnet lines. The circular brim is formed of white straw, and there is a wee soft crown of pastel-tinted satin, which droops down in a long tassel at the left shoulder. Caught at the line where straw and satin meet, and following the line of the satin tassel, is a wonderful long spray of white paradise. This is what the French call a "chapeau du soir," and your true Parisienne would never dream of wearing it except in a theater box or at the restaurant, or for some such fashionable evening occasion.

Lucienne Guett of the Theater Michel wears a daring big black hat with rare distinction. This extreme shape is very becoming to the woman whose well arranged hair softens the contours of the long, flaring left side. At the back and toward the right this wonderful shape of black milan frames milady's face most alluringly. A magnificent spray of white paradise is caught at the extreme point of the lengthened brim and falls toward front and back in a soft cascade.



MILLE ARLETTE DORGERE. MILLE LUCIENNE GUETT.

foxes make their holes; the sloping fields of hilly farms; sunken dells, and laps of land encircled by crescent-shaped ridges, where, every time the soil is new ploughed, Indian arrow-heads may yet be picked up—all these things stand out in the charts almost as distinctly as in the real scene. The secret of these maps lies in their "contour lines." Through every point having a given elevation above the chosen base level, which may be the bed of the nearest large river, a continuous line is run, following all the natural curves of the land. Then every point that is either twenty feet higher or twenty feet lower is connected by another parallel line. Where the slope is steep the lines crowd together; where there are broad areas having nearly the same level the lines are widely spaced; where hills of precipitous banks exist the contour lines bring them out as in a picture looked at from above. It does not require more than ten min-

utes' study to accustom the eye to interpret the information thus conveyed. All the roads and crossroads are shown; all the farmhouses and barns, all the village streets, and with one of these charts before him a driver or chauffeur would be stupid indeed if he could not find his way and know in advance the lie of the land and the general character of the road far ahead of him. On some of the charts where the levels change but slightly, as in the Mississippi delta, the contour lines show every variation of five feet and all sloughs and swampy places are shown, while the scale of the charts, in many cases, is such that every inch of paper corresponds to a half mile on the land. But in hilly regions twenty-foot contours and often fifty-foot contours are sufficient, with a scale of one or two miles to the inch. This scientific mapping of the earth's face is a thoroughly modern achievement, and is one of the most important works that any government can perform. It re-

## The Back-Yard Stock Farm

By WEX JONES.

(The Bureau of Fisheries has issued a bulletin telling how to keep terrapin in a back yard.)  
I used to dine on corned beef hash, pot roast or Irish stew. For rent was high, and food was high, and dollars mighty few; But now the Fisheries' bulletin has changed all that for me, And I eat the choicest products of the marshes and the sea. My yard is full of terrapin; I grow oysters in a pail; And, with a bigger bathtub, I think I'd keep a whale. The laundry tubs hold lobsters; a seal swims round the sink; For the misaun says a sealskin coat is twice as good as mink. We have the best of sea-food, and it costs us nothing now, But we're waiting for a bulletin on "The Front Porch for a Cow." And, oh, dear Government, believe a hungry nation begs For tips on "How Casarles Can Be Made to Lay Hen's Eggs." "How to Raise Hogs in Rolltop Decks" would slash the cost of ham, And "A Way to Feed Sheep on Ashes" would greatly cheapen lamb. So now we all have terrapin, let us haste the happy day When we can eat the best of grub without a thought of pay. \*For whalebone. Corsets, you know.

## The Boy Who is Going to Be Married

By ADA PATTERSON.

A boy who is going to be married has told me about it. He is a tall, narrow, muscular lad of the sort that Gibson likes to draw. He has a wealth of long legs and of thick, jungle-like fair hair, and eyes that, deepset and gray-blue, may sometime grow shrewd and a bit hard, but just now are of lakelike candor, and full of happy dreams.

There is a promise of manhood in the boy who is 22 and still crude and awkward as a colt that is a bit unsteady on its legs, but that everyday is nearing the state of the heavy boned, strong spirited, tireless, steady-going horse.

I haven't seen the girl, but of course he tells me there is no girl on earth who is in any respect her equal. His mother doesn't want him to marry. His father has offered to pay him the equal of a year's salary if the youth will wait a year. The boy won't wait and this is the reason he gave me.

"She is the right kind of a girl. Last year and the year before I only worked long enough and hard enough to pay for a vacation. I had no interest in life except in enjoying myself. On my last vacation I met her and four days after we met, I proposed and she said: 'You must go to work and prove yourself. If you turn out to be the man I think you are I will marry you.'"

The boy has been working steadily, has worked overtime in the evenings, has saved his salary, and is saving trading stamps to buy the family silver. It seems a fair start on the road to success and happiness. Will he reach the goal? It depends, in very large part upon the girl.

Usually it's a bit tiresome, even irritating, to hear the failure or success of a man laid at the door of a woman. Usually the charge is untrue, and it is a common, though not a universal truth, that a man worth "making" himself and that the sort that bears the stamp of woman, isn't much deeper than the trademark. But here's a boy whose feet have been placed in the beginning of the right path. He needs nothing, except that the girl, who, starting with her hand in his on the same path, keep pace with him.

"That is all. It sounds so little and so so big an undertaking. I wish the girl who will start on the path in the autumn could know a woman who has been a pace-maker and gait-keeper on the matrimonial road longer than the girl has lived, thirty-two years. But since there is little probability of their acquaintance, I shall tell the story of the woman who has been more successful in the business of being wife than most ones I know. She began the successful way when a young mining engineer proposed to her and she accepted him, but refused the ring he tendered. "We can't afford it now," she said, wait until we have been married a while and are more prosperous." When she had been married nine years she received her engagement ring, one of the finest diamonds in the world. Barney Barnato, the diamond king of South Africa, helped to select it. "It was a beautiful ring," she said. Our children admired it very much. It was a good beginning, that refusal of the engagement ring he couldn't afford. After some quickly passing years she has the privilege of helping him spend an income of half a million dollars a year. On the thirty-first anniversary of their marriage he called her from London: "Work all right, but home, Love, Jack." She has been the mother of six children, four of whom are youngsters full of the busy business of living, two who are beautiful, saddening memories. She having obtained leave from a hotel government to take her husband from his cell in a political prison, returned back to life in a more friendly climate, and when he insisted upon going back to be tried for his life because he had his honor demanded his keeping her terms of his sick parole, she journeyed back with him and waited all of one night anguished within sight of his prison walls for the dawn of the day set for his execution, both ignorant that a pardon was prepared. Her husband's quiet comment on his pardon was: "If I were placed in a position of great danger, I should choose no man, but two women I know, who share it with me—my wife and my mother." While her husband was holding a parole of one of the most important events of his life, one in which his ambition was at stake, this wife sat up in bed knitting slippers to steady her nerves until he returned to her with the news of the outcome of the conference. I asked this successful wife her recipe for success in married life and she answered: "My dear husband's recipe is mine—do team work. Another has been to always believe the best of him at all times; and for husband training I think a wife should first look to self-training. She must so live and care for herself as to keep her health, develop her character and train her intellect as far as it can be trained. All women have great intellects, but if a woman has a fine, strong character that will support an average brain. "Make the right choice and stand by it." A large part of successfully bringing up a husband is to get the right kind of material to work on. "The girl whom the boy is going to marry has the right stuff to work on. She has a clean, big past as background, a steady purpose to make the most of their lives, earnestness, honesty, industry, a love as sweet and fresh as the morning dew on June roses. By following the chart of selfishness, by doing team work by keeping pace, she will travel far and happily with him.

## ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

### "AIP's Fair in Love."

Dear Miss Fairfax: Is it proper for a young man who has been calling on a young lady for six months and confessed his love for her, and she never makes any encouraging remarks of her love for him, to stop calling without any explanation? I asked for her love, but all I got was "I'll tell you some other time" for my answer. LONGBONE. It is the only thing you can do if you are a man of any spirit, and unless you are a man of spirit she will never accept it. Stay away a month! I am sure she will send for you, and when you return demand a decisive answer.