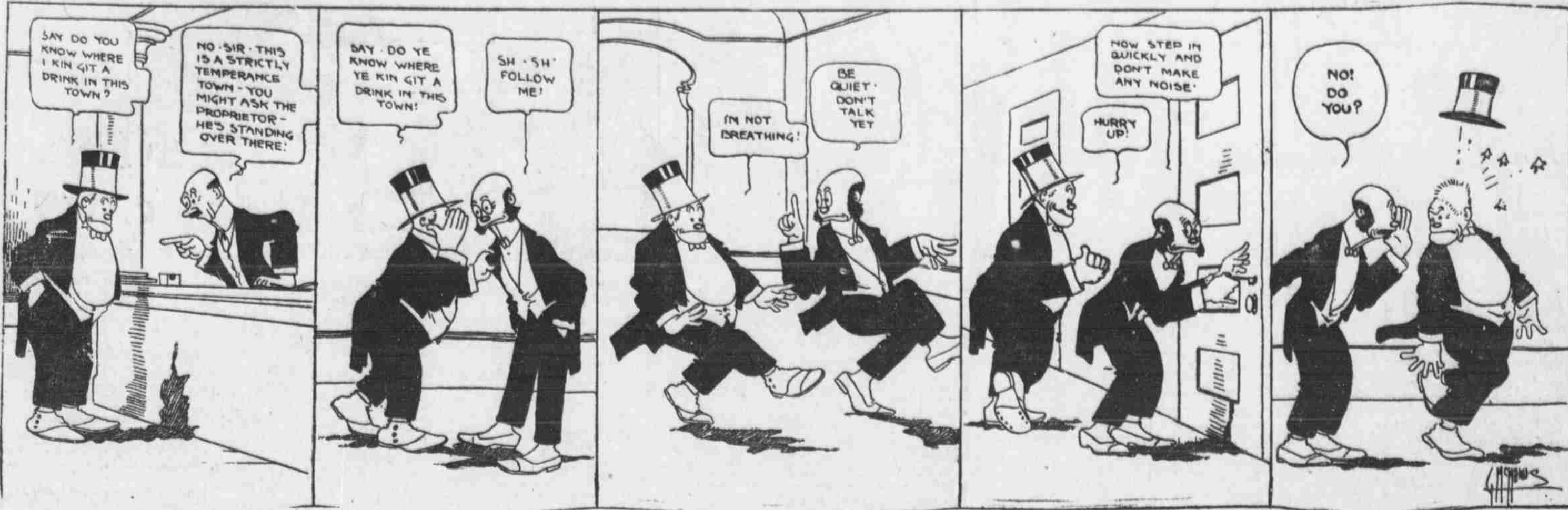


# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Bringing Up Father

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Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



## Karma

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.  
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I.  
We cannot choose our sorrows. One there was,  
Who, reverent of soul, and strong with trust,  
Cried, "God, though Thou shouldst bow me to the dust,  
Yet will I praise Thy everlasting laws,  
Beggared, my faith would never halt, or pause;  
But sing Thy glory, feasting on a crust.  
Only one boon, one precious boon I must  
Demand of Thee, oh, opulent great Cause,  
Let Love stay with me, constant to the end,  
Though fame pass by and poverty pursue."  
With freighted hold, her life ship onward sailed;  
The world gave wealth, and pleasure, and a friend,  
Unmarred by envy, and whose heart was true.  
But ere the sun reached midday, Love had failed.

II.  
Then from the depths, in bitterness she cried,  
"Hell is on earth, and heaven is but a dream;  
And human life a troubled, aimless stream;  
And God is nowhere. Would God so deride  
A loving creature's faith?" A voice replied,  
"The stream flows onward to the Source Supreme;  
Where things that are replace the things that seem;  
And where the deeds of all past lives abide.  
Once at thy door, Love languished and was spurned,  
Who sorrow plants, must garner sorrow's sheaf.  
No prayers can change the seeding in the sod.  
By thine own hand, Love's anguish must be learned.  
Pass on, and know, as one made wise by grief,  
That in thyself dwells heaven and hell and God."

## Marvel of Chemistry

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

If the traditional "man in the street" were suddenly placed in the presence of all the new discoveries that modern chemists have made within a few years past and could comprehend fully their significance he would be amazed beyond expression. He would then appreciate, for the first time, the fact that the human mind has found a field for its activities of which he who do not dwell in the inner world of science have no conception, but which, nevertheless, is closely related to our everyday life and our well-being.

The work of these explorers of nature is as far apart from the concerns of Wall Street, of politics and of trade and commerce as if it were being conducted in another world, and yet its results, either immediately or in the near future, must affect the welfare of all the inhabitants of the globe.

A most interesting instance of the refinements of the methods employed by the "new chemistry" is afforded by Prof. J. J. Thomson's discovery of what may prove to be an entirely new chemical element—an element whose existence has been predicted and which has been sought for, but which until now has given no indication that it is really present upon the earth.

Like so many other discoveries in recent years, this of Prof. Thomson is

based upon the mysterious rays that are given off by various substances under the influence of electric action. When such rays are caused to pass between two sets of plates, one set electrified and the other magnetized, they are sorted out by the forces acting upon them and each ray is bent out of its original course in a direction and to a degree depending upon the nature of the atoms or molecules of which it consists.

In this way the chemical elements contained in the substances under examination, even when they exist in extremely minute quantities, are revealed to the experimenter. He causes the rays to pass over a photographic plate, and on that plate each of them imprints an image of its curved path. Hydrogen atoms have their characteristic path which no other atoms follow; oxygen atoms have their path, and so on. The flying atoms of each separate element, no matter how thoroughly they have been mixed together, branch out when they are subjected to the electric and magnetic forces, and each kind follows its own particular course.

In experimenting with this astonishingly powerful and yet delicate method of analysis Prof. Thomson has discovered certain rays which do not correspond with those of any known substance. But the curvature of their path indicates that this strange element has an atomic weight of three on the chemists scale, i. e., it is three times as heavy as an atom of hydrogen.

Now, the great Russian chemist, Mendeleeff, long ago predicted, from theoretical calculations, that there was, or ought to be, an element of precisely that atomic weight, three, if it should turn out that the substance discovered by Prof. Thomson is really this missing element, and so, as Prof. Thomson is half-disposed to think, some peculiar form of hydrogen, then the circumstances of its discovery would recall those that attended the discovery of the planet Neptune, whose existence was predicted and even its place in the sky pointed out by means of mathematical calculations before any astronomer had ever seen it.

It would be a great mistake for the reader to assume that a discovery of this kind is merely a curiosity of science in which he can have no practical interest. To do that would be to fly in the face of all recent experience. When the X-rays were discovered they had at first only a curious interest for the general public, but now they have established their practical importance in medicine and surgery. The phenomenon of radium, also, at the beginning only excited the sensation due to a novelty, but at present the streams of particles shot off from that singular substance have likewise proved a boon to mankind.

## Young Girl Sprinting Marvel



Miss Julia Downey, defeating Miss Hattie Mutchison of Montreal, Canada, in their 100 yards match race at Ebbots Field, Brooklyn, for the international girls' sprinting championship. Miss Downey is a native of Brooklyn and is only 16 years old. She negotiated the "hundred" in the fast time of 13 seconds flat. Her admirers claim that the little Yankee girl is the greatest female sprinter in the world and are anxious to have her meet the pick of foreign girl sprinters.

## Friend of Freedom

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

Quaker, the institution had any unpromising foe, and it was fortunate for the world that, about 1781, Wilberforce made the acquaintance of Clarkson and received from him the inspiration for freedom and the detestation of human bondage that was to make him from that moment the prime agent in the glorious cause of emancipation.

From 1788 to 1833 he thundered away in the House of Commons against the institution of slavery. The planters and most of the politicians were bitterly opposed to him, and even among the churchmen he found but little assistance. But, undeterred by the mighty opposition and the lukewarmness of those who should have been his helpers, he kept on, and in August, 1833, one month after his death, the emancipation bill was triumphantly passed by the Parliament. Though dead, the great man's voice was heard when it came to the final vote, and in deference to his pleadings the law was passed which removed the shackles from every slave in the British empire.

It is safe to say that the great abeyance of the Thames contains no nobler dust than that which was once animated by the spirit of Wilberforce.



## His Lesson

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

The rich man trudged along the road,  
His car had broken down;  
And through the summer heat he strode  
To reach the nearest town.  
A fat, old farmer came along  
And, with a cheery grin,  
Said he: "This rig is plenty strong—  
Git in, stranger, git in!"  
He drove the rich man to the town  
As one might help a child;  
And when the rich man sought to pay  
He shook his head and smiled,  
"You mean it right, thar ain't no doubt,  
And I ain't rich," said he,  
"But helpin' of a feller out  
Is pay enough for me."  
Back to his home the rich man went,  
As one who knows his faults,  
And never put another cent  
In safe deposit vaults.  
He learned to help his fellow men,  
And help them with a grin;  
And how he chuckles, now and then,  
"Git in, stranger, git in!"

## Science Questions

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

When the United States government surveyors divided the land into townships and sections and as the bounds of civilization moved ever onward toward the west, they had first to locate standard base lines with all possible accuracy. These lines, marked by cornerstones, were located with great precision by means of astronomical observations. The standard meridians, lines due north and south, were determined by observing Polaris, the north star, when above and below the true celestial pole. The poles of the celestial sphere are the exact points where the axis of the earth would be if it extended out both ways to infinity. The extension of the north end of the axis of the earth into space is the absolute north. But this line or point actually moves. And every object in the entire universe moves, therefore, if astronomers at great pains locate a base line in space, then, in a few years it will be useless because the equator

and axis of the earth are in motion. This mysterious motion completely upset the ancient Hindu, Babylonian, Assyrian, Arabian, Egyptian and Greek astronomers and temple and pyramid builders. They would locate, orientate their huge buildings and pyramidal structures with all the precision possible without telescopes and all would be well for a century or two. Then a north and south line through their buildings would no longer point toward the north star. And a star that at the time of the building of the temples sent its ray at instant of rising into the center of the eastern gates now did so no longer.

This fact had a profound effect on the hierophants of all antiquity. It was an insolvable mystery. A number of years ago I published a monograph on the fascinating subject entitled "The Waning of the Light of Egypt." The Egyptian and Greek astronomers watched this majestic motion of the equator and axis of the earth during centuries without securing a clue to its cause. None among the human race was able to even surmise the hidden cause until the mighty brain of Newton rose to supernal heights, discovered the true cause and explained it for all coming generations. The equator and axis of the earth move, and, of course, the entire solid globe has to move to displace these imaginary lines among the stars.

## Pushing the Perambulator

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"Every time my wife and I go out walking," a distressed husband writes me, "she insists upon me pushing the baby carriage."  
"When any of my friends see me they laugh and make fun of me. Kindly let me know if it is a married man's duty to push the baby carriage."  
No, it is not his duty. It never, since life began, was his duty.  
It is his privilege!  
Whose baby is it, you narrow-minded representative of your sex? Isn't it yours? And isn't pushing the baby carriage on the streets the lightest of the many thousand tasks that attend it?  
Did your wife complain during the long weeks and months she carried it before it was born? Did she fear that her girl friends would laugh at her or taunt her? Did she feel that she had a grievance when she went down into the shadow of the Valley of Death, and returned, spent with pain, with your child in her arms?  
Has she ever reproached you for the martyrdom motherhood has brought her? She doesn't ask that you sit by its sick bed through the long hours of the night when everyone in the household is asleep. She has never expected you to be always patient, tender, merciful and forgetful of self, denying yourself every comfort if that denial made life happier for your child.  
When you lay your head on your pillow it is to sink into a sound sleep. When she goes to bed it is to hover so near the border of consciousness that the faintest sigh from the little bed near her own awakens her.  
When you sit down to a meal it is to gratify your own appetite. With her, her own appetite is an after thought. She attends to you and the child first.

When you take your pleasure it is with the thought only of what pleases you. From the hour her baby comes her amusements are those that are her child's.  
You are stronger than your burdens are heavy, and she has tasks before her every hour that are greater than her strength.  
You know only your own aches and pains. She suffers both her own and every ill to which childhood is heir.  
Your apprehensions are centered around self. She fears nothing for herself and all that life threatens for her child.  
When asked to push the baby carriage, you were ashamed. Ashamed to proclaim by this little act that you are the child's father!  
She not only bore all the pain alone, she is not only alone in the wearying care of your child, but she stands alone in the pride that glorifies parenthood.  
If you were more a man and less an egotist-headed peacock, you would forget yourself in the miracle that love has brought you, and would be so overcome with pride that it would make you almost maddened.  
The father monkey in his cake will chatter with pride when visitors inspect the little misshapen image of himself in the mother monkey's arms. Every form of life, no matter how low, is proud of its offspring.  
You call yourself a man, and you are ashamed of your own child! You are not a man. You are not of as high an order as intelligence as a monkey. You haven't as much heart as the lowest form of creation.  
Push that baby carriage, and push it with pride and gratitude! I warn you that if you persist in your present attitude of shame for your own offspring, some day you will find the baby carriage has grown into a car of juggernaut.

## Stork and Cupid Cunning Plotters

Many a New Home will Have a Little Sunshine to Brighten It.



There is usually a certain degree of dread in every woman's mind as to the probable pain, distress and danger of childbirth. But, thanks to a most remarkable remedy known as Mother's Friend, all fear is banished and the period is one of unbounded joyful anticipation.  
Mother's Friend is used externally. It is a most penetrating application, makes the muscles of the stomach and abdomen pliant so they expand easily and naturally without pain, without distress and with ease of that peculiar nature, servomechanism and other symptoms that tend to weaken the prospective mother. Thus Cupid and the stork are held up to veneration; they are rated as cunning plotters to herald the coming of a little sunshine to gladden the hearts and brighten the homes of a host of happy families.  
There are thousands of women who have used Mother's Friend, and thus know from experience that it is one of our greatest contributions to healthy, happy motherhood. It is sold by all druggists at \$1.00 per bottle, and is especially recommended as a preventive of caking breasts and all other such distresses.  
Write: Bradford Regulator Co., 15 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., for their very valuable book to expectant mothers. Get a bottle of Mother's Friend today.

## Quick Way to Whiten Arms, Hands and Neck

It is a real trial when one's neck and arms are so discolored and coated. The best way to get out without collar or long sleeves and must labor evening dress entirely. No woman need worry on this account. She'll treat her skin properly with buttermilk. There's no better bleach or skin softener known, which is at the same time perfectly harmless. The best method is to cover the skin liberally with pre-salted buttermilk paste, rubbing it in gently. This also coats the skin with the liquid, which is perhaps ninety percent water. Allow the paste to remain on as long as convenient, then remove with soap and water.  
This is a fine thing for freckles, brown, burred or rough skin—for face as well as for neck, arms and hands. It soon makes the skin soft, white and beautiful. Most druggists recommend it. It does not make the face greasy and it also takes the place both of soap and face cream.—Smiley Coulson in Town Tattler.—Adv.