

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Recent Feats of Airmen

By GARRETT F. SERVIS.

Two feats of aviation recently achieved in Europe are worthy of special attention. On September 21, Gaston, one of the most successful of France's "airmen" started from Frejus at 5.50 o'clock in the morning and at 1.18 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day landed at Beerta, on the coast of Africa, having traversed the Mediterranean sea at its widest place, without stopping. In five minutes less than it takes a steamer to make the same journey, the distance travelled was about 44 miles and the average speed was about sixty-two miles per hour.



This will be a great source of encouragement for those who believe that an aeroplane can fly across the Atlantic ocean—a feat that will undoubtedly be accomplished before many years have passed. It is only about a dozen years ago that Lord Kelvin, the foremost authority in science in his day, declared emphatically that human flight by mechanical means was impossible—and now a man flies, with double the speed of the swiftest steamship, across the Mediterranean. It is dangerous for any man's reputation, no matter what abilities or his acquirments may be, to attempt to fix bounds to what his fellow men may do.

The imagination is man's greatest faculty, for it alone leads him into new fields and stimulates his inventiveness.

The other recent feat to which I have referred was accomplished by the aviator Pégoud at the aerodrome of Buc on September 21. With a Bleriot monoplane and a Gnome motor of fifty horse-power, he rose to a height of about 2,500 feet, and then caused his machine to make a complete somersault in the air, after which it quietly resumed its course. The daring aviator was fastened by straps in his seat.

Next he repeated a feat which he had already performed on September 2, by describing a vertical letter S in the air, flying a part of the time head downward. Finally he turned the machine into a vertical position, tail uppermost, and made it describe a ring in the air, bringing it back again into a normal pose.

These things may, at first sight, appear to be mere daredevil feats, without any useful purpose, but they are not such. A definite aim guides all these thrilling experiments, which are intended not only to develop the powers and possibilities of the aeroplane, but to enable the aviator to acquire complete control over his machine under the most adverse circumstances. Man must be as free as the birds in the air before he can become the master of the new method of locomotion which he has so recently learned. A bird is not seriously discommoded by a sudden wind or brought to the ground by a "hole in the air," and the aeroplane of the future must not be.

One great difference between the navigation of the water and that of the air must never be lost sight of—the first case the navigator travels on the surface of the element that bears him; in the second, he travels through and in the midst of that element. The aeroplane is rather a fish than a sailor. But his machine has no buoyant bladder, like a balloon or a fish, and must depend upon its motion to support it. Possibly if Sir William Ramsay's reported discovery of a gas sixteen times lighter than hydrogen proves to be a reality, aeroplanes may hereafter be furnished with supporting bladders which will not be too cumbersome for use, like the gas-bags of today, but in the meantime, the machine must be developed along its original lines, which exclude any support except that furnished by the reaction of its planes on the air.

Therefore, to turn a somersault with an aeroplane and to make it describe vertical curves and circles in the air is not an idle amusement for those who like to risk their lives in harebrained adventure, but a very practical method of developing the art of aerial navigation. The "airman," unlike the mariner, is not a navigator in two dimensions only, but in three. He has to deal with cubical space and his evolutions are performed up and down as well as to right and left.

He finds no surface in the air to glide upon except as he makes it for himself, and his voyages are made at continually changing levels. The air is all around him and its currents may assail him from any direction, accordingly, he must render himself familiar with all their vagaries and be prepared to take advantage of every peculiarity that they present. The man who loses his life in advancing our knowledge of the ways of the air is a martyr to as worthy a cause as was ever offered to the spirit of heroism.

Darken Gray Hair Look Young, Pretty

Grandma's recipe of Sage Tea and Sulphur darkens so naturally that nobody can tell.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray; also ends dandruff, itching scalp and stops falling hair. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for "Wyn's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," you will get a large bottle of this famous old recipe for about 10 cents.

Don't stay gray! Try it! No one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy.—Advertisement.

The Gold Witch

* The Adventures of a Golden-Haired Heiress * By Stella Flores
No. 2—She Discovers That One's Sympathy Is Sometimes Bestowed on the Unworthy



Stella Flores

After giving up his berth in the sleeper, Tom helps the Gold Witch pass her time waiting for another train. He confides to her that he is on his way home, but will stop at the club until the end of the week, because his father's ward, whom he remembers as a fat, squawking brat, has come to stay.

At the end of the week Tom shows up at home. He finds to his consternation that the peach on the train is his father's ward. But, alas, she was also once the "squawking brat." His father is disappointed to find that the young folks don't seem to take to each other.

Christmas is Coming; Begin to Shop Early

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

By Catherine (Mrs. Clarence Mackey). Don't realize, beloved sisters, that the Christmas tide is almost upon us, and the joyous season hath arrived wherein we must grapple once more again yet with the Christmas gift problem?

In former times Christmas didn't come but once a year, but now, with all the rest of modern improvements, it comes three or four times a year. Or at any rate it seems to, but that is beside the question. The main point is that it has rolled around again, and before you can say "scat" it will be Christmas again.

Hence I am writing these few lines to urge you to go and do your Christmas shopping right away. Don't put it off. Begin on it today, while the shops are comparatively empty, before the sales-girls are worn and harried until they are reduced to bundles of nerves and temper, and while you are still in command of your own sane senses.

Don't put off buying your Christmas gifts until the week before Christmas when you, and a million other women, will be afflicted with Dementia Christmasiana, and go running around in circles in the department stores, beating your head up against the counters, and crying out, "What shall I get for my husband, and my son, and my daughter, and my mother, and my father, and my in-laws—drat 'em, they won't like what I give them, anyway—and for Uncle John, and Aunt Sally, and Cousin Sue, and the people across the street who will send me something, and whom I've got to send something to?"

And you won't be able to remember a single fact or fancy, or taste, or inclination, or habit, or occupation of a single human being you know. And you'll go home and have nervous prostration, and give it to the clerks, and wish you had joined the Spugs and saved your money and your clothes and your time and the wear and tear on your disposition.

Now, I am one of those who believe in Christmas giving. It is a joy to the generous to give, and it is salutary for the stingy to be made to give up at least once a year. But the thing that makes Christmas a season of torment and woe and that leaves us feeling as if we had been run through a stone crusher is because we don't begin our preparations in time, and because we don't bring any common sense to bear on the proposition.

girl, and do your shopping early. It's a time to show that you are a real big sister who feels for the little sister behind the counter.

Then about the Christmas gift itself. Unless you are making a present to some one who is very rich, the one best bet for an acceptable Christmas present is money. Don't be afraid of anybody being offended by a check, or even a few dollars. They won't, and every one of us could use a little money so handily, and get something we secretly pine for, and can't afford, if only you would send us

Is Man Limitless? An Old Question

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN

This is a long-time, regular stock question, a general problem, and I have been asked this probably as many times as: "What causes a forked twig to turn when carried in the hands over hidden water?" "Which moves the faster, the top or the bottom of a cart wheel?" "Will a fish weigh more or less in water on balance?" Will the turtle outrun the hare?" "Is Genesis true?" "What is electricity?" "Has there ever been a general flood?" "How big was Noah's ark?" and as many as a hundred more, probably that come perpetually.

"But 'is man limitless?' is a question of so much general human interest that I will make a very weak and ineffectual attempt to snuff it. I have already answered it hundreds of times in forty-three years affirmatively, but have not given rigid proof.

Here is a question: "Dear Sir: I was in the observatory several weeks ago and heard you state in a lecture that there are 1,900,000,000 humans now living, but only fifty are able to think a thought that had not been thought before. Did you really mean this?"—E. C. A. Colorado Springs.

I was speaking of the world's mighty mathematicians, and beyond all doubt there are not more than fifty that are able to add to this colossal mass of concrete human wisdom—mathematics. I do not really know, but it must be true that there are not more than fifty

a little money instead of the fool thing you do send.

Say, beloved, didn't you ever, on a Christmas morning, sit down among the junk that your kind friends and family have bestowed upon you, and figure out what it all cost, and wish that you had all of that money to put into something that you are crazy for, something that would do you some good, and that you would rejoice in as long as you lived?

There were silly gift books, with padded backs and fine pictures that cost \$10 or \$15, and that nobody ever looks at a

second time; there were lamps that cost \$15 or \$20, when your home is flooded with electric lights; there were table centers that cost \$5, and scarfs that cost \$3 and \$4, and imitation Japanese cases that cost \$1 and \$2, and so on—enough money thrown away in things that were absolutely useless to you to have bought something worth while, if only you could have pooled it all, and if people had thought it proper to have sent you 75 cents or \$1.50, or whatever their gift cost.

As for children, always give money if you want to make the little folks doubly happy. For one thing, no grown-up in these days knows what a child wants, and in the second place the fun that children have out of going shopping with the money gives them ten times the excitement and pleasure that any gift could afford of itself.

I used to wear myself to a frazzle buying presents for children, but I don't do it any more. I send them the money and they invariably buy something that I wouldn't have thought of in a thousand years, and their mothers tell me that they look forward to my present more than to anything else they get.

But if you won't give money, for Heaven's sake give something practical and useful. In these days of the high cost of living practically everybody has to economize and do without things that they need and want.

So if you are thinking of giving a woman a present, don't waste your good money on idiotic fancies that will do nothing but clutter up the house and catch dust. Give her clothes. Give her furs, or blouses, or stockings, or shoes, or veils, or belts, or something that has got some sense and use to it. Nothing but the grace of God enables a woman who needs a pair of slippers to look grateful for a hand-painted handkerchief case that some silly friend bestows on her at Christmas.

And if you are one of the women who make your own Christmas presents—and nothing else is sweeter or a more gracious thing to do—don't throw away your time and your money constructing a what-do-you-call-it-out of plush and ribbon, and tinsel, and sachet powder combined with a tomato can. Use that same time and money making your friend a bit of hand-made lingerie—and she will arise and bless your name every time she puts it on.

Finally, beloved, remember this: If you wanted a happy Christmas and to make others have a happy Christmas begin your preparations in time. Buy sensible things. And don't spend any more than you can afford. Remember the first of January, when the bills come in!

The Berlin Decree

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

One hundred and seven years ago, November 21, 1806, Napoleon issued, from the Prussian capital, his famous "Berlin decree"—a document that was to work him more harm than could have been done to him by an army of a hundred thousand men.

From the height of his power and glory, right after the twin victories of Jena and Auerstadt, Napoleon said to himself: "Now I will crush England, and my rule will be complete."

It was to carry out this resolve that the Berlin decree was promulgated. All commerce or communication with the British Isles was prohibited; all English goods or manufactures found in the territory of France or its allies were declared confiscated; and their ports were closed, not only against vessels coming from England, but all that had touched its harbors.

It is generally conceded that the promulgation of this decree was the most foolish thing that Napoleon ever did. The hurling of twenty kings from their thrones would have excited less hatred than this contempt for the necessities of the nations. When you touch a man's purse, when you jeopardize a man's bread, when, in a word, you begin the thing which, unless it is checked, will result in a man's death, you are attempting that which is sure to be resisted to the last ditch. Hence it was that the emperor's attempt to build up his fortunes on the ruin, not only of Great Britain, but of most of the countries of Europe, proved to be his ruin. The continent was not ready to be sacrificed to one man's ambition; and so, out of the



Berlin decree arose the combination which produced its results in the campaign of 1812-14, and the first abdication.

The greatest of all the "bosses" of modern times, if not all time, did not have sense enough, with all his "genius," to know that there is a limit beyond which the people will not endure the rule of a selfish ambition, whether the rule be centered in one man or a ring. Napoleon wanted to starve England; and in order for him to do that it was required that he should starve all Europe, including France; and very naturally they turned against him and put him down. The "bosses" are never as bright as they think they are. Give them rope enough, and sooner or later they are sure to hang themselves.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Don't Do It. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man of 17 years and I am keeping company with a girl twenty months my junior. She has a girl friend and her birthday is a few days before mine. I would like to know if it is proper for me to give her a birthday present.

A friendly gift carries no impropriety with it, but it means a useless expense and is unnecessary.

You are only 17 years old. If you are earning your own money, save it. If you are spending your father's, don't be foolishly generous at his expense.

Quit Playing Pool. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young chap and know a girl about my age, and I have gone with her to different places of amusement. Now we are mad on account of her seeing me play pool in a pool room. What would you advise me to do? Get glad or wait till she gets tired?

The girl is right. You were wasting your opportunities and your time. Quit the pool playing, and be grateful to a girl who is so sensibly interested in you.

Nostrils and Head Stopped Up From Colds? Try My Catarrh Balm

Instantly Clears Air Passages; You Breathe Freely; Dull Headache Goes, Nasty Catarrhal Discharge Stops.

Get a small bottle anyway, just to try it—Apply a little in the nostrils and instantly your clogged nose and stopped-up air passages of the head will open; you will breathe freely; dullness and headache disappear. By morning the catarrh, cold-in-head or catarrhal sore throat will be gone. End such misery now! Get the small bottle of "Ely's Cream Balm" at any

drug store. This sweet, fragrant balm dissolves by the heat of the nostrils; penetrates and heals the inflamed, swollen membrane which lines the nose, head and throat; clears the air passages; stops nasty discharges and a feeling of cleansing, soothing relief comes immediately. Don't lay awake tonight struggling for breath, with head stuffed; nostrils closed, hawking and blowing; Catarrh or a cold, with its running nose, foul mucus dropping into the throat, and raw soreness is distressing but truly needless. Put your faith—just once—in "Ely's Cream Balm" and your cold or catarrh will surely disappear.—Advertisement.