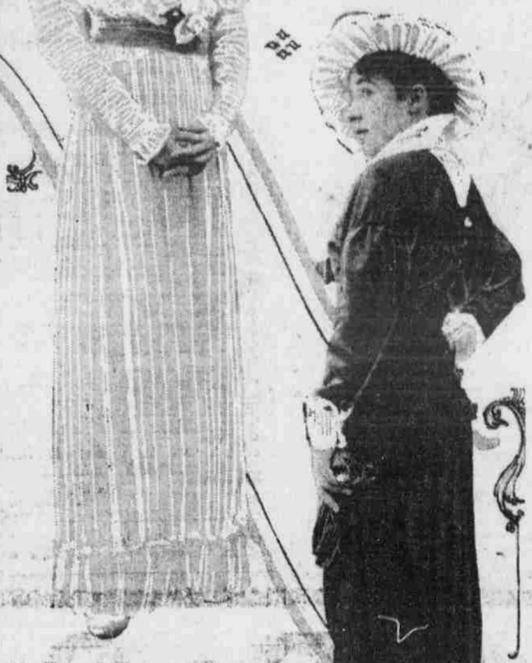


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Some Stunning Gowns

The styles often seem to ignore the plump woman who is no longer in her first youth. The model to the left is a splendid one for the woman who weighs more than a hundred and confesses to more than nineteen. It is of maroon broadcloth, made in the popular "soutane" model. It falls into the underarm seams and falls in a full circular tunic that flares away from the coat-cut waist. This upper part is all in one piece like a well-fitted tailor-made coat. This, and the square collar of the cloth topped by a round one of organdie, are the sole ornaments. The sleeves are long and plain, and so is the tight little underskirt.

The girlish little garden party frock in the center is adapted for vacation days. It is of white taffeta. A double flounce of maline lace forms a fichu which crosses front and back. Below this the lace forms a tiny basque confined under a draped girde of Nattier blue velvet. The fichu falls over this under a confining bunch of pink roses in a formal cubist design.



Life and Its Tenacity

By EDGAR LUCHE LARKIN.

In reply to a number of questions regarding life and its tenacity, here are results of recent biological laboratory experiments made by Dr. Paul Bequerel of Paris university:

Seeds and spores of plants were sealed in glass tubes. All air was removed to the extreme vacuum limit and then the tubes were submerged in liquid air during three weeks at the temperature of 310 degrees below zero Fahrenheit; and under liquid hydrogen at the temperature of 418 degrees during 77 hours. After a year some of the spores, and after two years some of them, germinated and grew.

This is a remarkable fact—that is, some of the spores required two years to awaken from their sleep of apparent death in liquid hydrogen.

Life seems, therefore, at least in the case of these seeds and spores, to be a chemical process—the activity of chemistry was suspended or stopped by the intense cold. Go put your finger into liquid air; the cold kills the flesh and the dead part must be amputated. But life in seeds of plants, whatever it may be, survived. Humans have no clue to the nature of life; calling it a phase of chemistry does not help, since none knows what that is.

My theory is that chemism is a motion of and readjustment in atomic states of electrons. These are electricity. But what electricity is unknown. Bequerel is delving near to the base of nature.

To "P. T. S., "C. L. A., "Subscriber," "Reader" and "Rex," will say that to explain colored photographs in the detailed way they ask would fill entire pages of "The Bee" and require many drawings and cuts. It must suffice to state here that colors do not appear on the negative. Rates of molecular, or indeed, maybe atomic, changes in the chemicals deposited on plates and films are caused to vary by the impact of

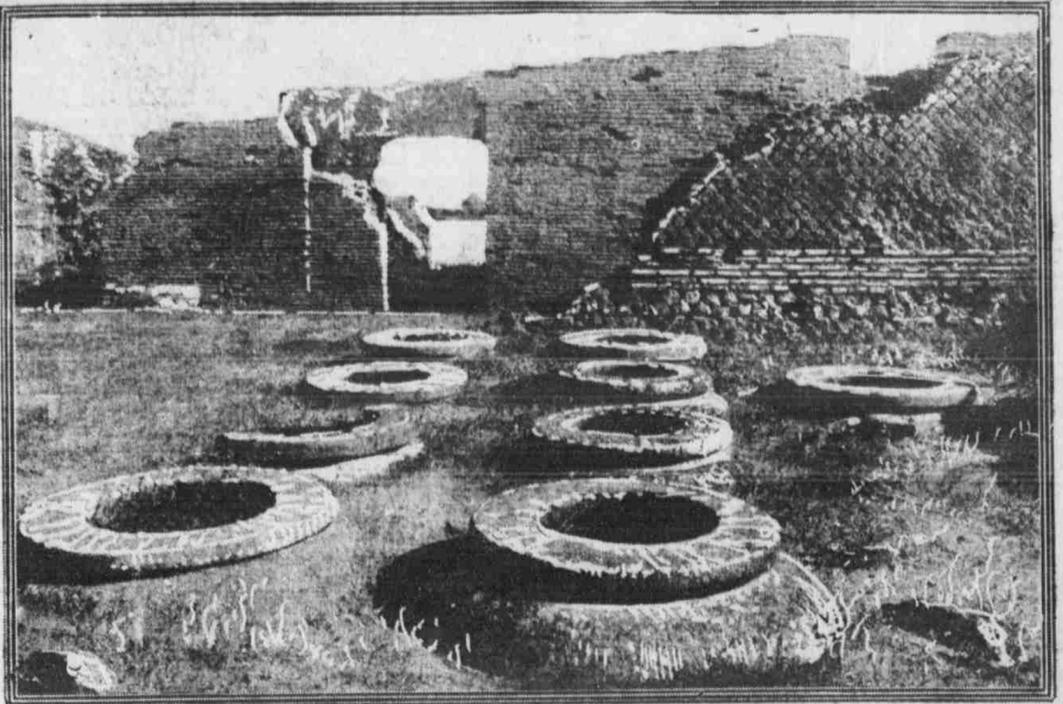
oscillations of light themselves in varying rates, each rate producing colors when viewed by the eye. Thus red, at slow rate when compared with violet, makes different disturbance of atoms, of say, silver bromide in the films than does the violet or any other tint. Then, when white light passes these places on the plates, the original rate is reproduced, and this is the cause of color effects on the positives.

This is an obscure outline; but go buy books on color-photo processes; read them three times word by word. Then you will be able to secure a glimpse of the limitless wonders of the great science, modern photography—that will be on display in profusion in the exposition in San Francisco next year. A world university is building right here in California. The people have not even sensed its magnitude, and science must be studied now by all who expect to attend. If not, there will be no hope of comprehending "what you are looking at," a saying often heard in the little fairs in Chicago and St. Louis. Would you not like to understand?

Navy blue satin is used to fashion this quaint frock. The basque waist fastens in back with huge buttons and buttonholes for ornament and use. A long sleeve is fitted in white organdie, which matches the vest and standing collar. The skirt is laid in inch-and-a-half flat side plaits.

* The Standard Oil of Ancient Rome *

The Emperors Did Not Get It Out of the Earth and Pipe It to Rome, but They Took Good Care to Keep It Under Their Hands, and the Vats in Which They Kept It Are Very Imposing Affairs



An Oil Storehouse on the Banks of the Tiber in the Business Quarter of Ostia.

Among the many great archaeological enterprises going on in Italy at the present time the work which Prof. Dante Vaglieri is carrying on at Ostia is undoubtedly the most important and will awaken the antiquarian interest of the whole world. The old commercial town, which is now separated from Rome by a stretch of barren land, and whose ruins lie along the banks of the Tyrrhenian sea, flourished through two epochs of the history of Rome—the republican and the imperial. Of these two periods the recent excavations have produced most valuable remains, and as only a tenth part of the town has yet been uncovered much more light upon the great days of Rome can be anticipated. The town was founded by Ancus Martius soon after the Romans had established themselves on the Tiber. This earliest foundation has not yet been determined, but what the town was like during the last centuries of the republic can now be ascertained by accurate knowledge. Near the great Porta Romana are to be found the huge storehouses which

were erected as imperial magazines during the reigns of the early emperors. Along the Decumana, the chief street of the town, are other important buildings, such as the theater and a great pediment built of square blocks of stone, presumably an altar. The pillars of the storehouse are in very good condition; near them is a column with an inscription stating by the authority of the Senate that the ground of the magazine was free and open. As Rome grew larger its harbors increased also, and the narrow streets of Ostia became insufficient. Of this fact we have clear proof. The old walls, whose existence was not even suspected, but which are now open to the light of day, were pulled down in order to open out new thoroughfares. The gateway, which in spite of its comparatively small size was taken to be the chief entrance, was really a gateway into these new roads. The Porta Romana, at the end of the Via Ostiensis from Rome, has now been discovered. This gateway opened on to the majestic Via Decumana leading to the sea, with stately buildings on either side.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Notwithstanding all the thousands of volumes published about ancient Rome and its wonders and glories, half the marvelous story has remained untold, and even unknown. The science of archaeology, whose practical business it is to dig out of the dust and debris of the centuries the buried remains of ancient civilization, is adding something every day to our imperfect knowledge of Rome, and with every such addition the wonder grows.

Among the latest excavations that have thrown a great light upon the power and majesty of the first, and as yet only real "mistress of the world," are those at Ostia, the ancient seaport of Rome at

the mouth of the Tiber. Ostia is virtually as old as Rome, and all through its long history was the commercial metropolis of the world, as the city on the seven hills was its political metropolis.

What Prof. Ferrero has so often pointed out in his articles in Hearst's Magazine, viz., that ancient Rome furnished a prototype for almost every great political, social and industrial movement that has affected the world in modern times, is plainly indicated again by the discoveries of the site of Ostia.

During the reigns of the early emperors—Tiberius, Nero and others—immense storehouses, or "imperial magazines," were erected on Ostia, on a scale that seems large even to us in this age of gigantic enterprises. Very suggestive,

for instance, is the huge oil storehouses, with its big vats and its heavy enclosing walls, shown in the accompanying photograph. It is evident that the old emperors or their advisors, were not unacquainted with the power of the principle of organization, of resources and elimination of competition which has produced the Standard Oil monopoly of our time.

If they had often known of the existence of the subterranean stores of mineral oil that we have discovered there can be little doubt that they should have conveyed it to Rome, and they might even have invented "pipe lines," for look at what they did in the way of aqueducts!

One of the most interesting results of the excavations at Ostia is the discovery that the town was rebuilt, perhaps more than once or twice, in order that it might continue to serve the ever-growing needs of Rome, as its conquests spread farther and farther over the earth's surface.

We are sometimes annoyed by the continual demolition going on in New York in order to make room for larger buildings, broader streets and greater conveniences, but we may take some comfort from the fact that Rome's great seaport town, as the recent uncoverings prove, experienced these "growing pains" during all the centuries of its existence. When they stopped Rome was ready to fall.

Did You Ever Say, "What's the Use"?

By ADA PATTERSON.

In the present green oasis in the desert of New York's dust and burning streets, stands a beautiful little fountain. The fountain is near the white wall of the city's great public library.

Low and round and brown the ripple of its ever falling water calls one as the tender, low voice of one we love.

It is wholesome and unobtrusive as the fragrance of yucca in the corner of an old-fashioned garden.

But I have seen tired men stagger toward it, heat-drunk, fling off their hats and bend their heads toward it and quickly revive beneath its refreshing spell.

Work-worn women stop near it and their pallid faces freshen at sight of it. Babies with old, drawn faces play about it and recover infantile semblance.

These hear the splash of the four continual streams of water from its corners, feel the moist breath of it and the peace and cheer of it enters their souls. Some I have seen bending with thoughtful brows above this inscription in the flagging at the fountain's base.

"This fountain commemorates the strong and beautiful character of JOSEPHINE SHAW LOWELL. Born 1842. Died 1908. Wife for one year of a patriot soldier."

A widow at 21, Servant of New York State and City in their public charities. Sincere, candid, courageous and tender.

Giving help and hope to the fainting and inspiring others to consecrated labors.

In this limp season of sweltering days I have seen many persons pause in this growing beauty spot of New York and listen to the voice of the fountain and read the inscription at its base, and not

one of them but has gone away with straighter shoulders and braver face. All are heartened by its message.

The fountain is an answer to the very common question, "What's the use?" We all ask that question at times and we are likely to repeat it much too often.

We ask it at times when life seems to resolve itself into trivialities. "What's the use of doing the same thing over and over day after day, and endlessly?" asks the housekeeper.

"What's the use," we say to ourselves when benumbed and disheartened by a disappointment or stunned by a felling blow. "What's the use?" we ask, when a soul we are trying to lead to the heights slips back into the depths.

This is the way Josephine Shaw Lowell, a widow at 21, answered the question in speech and in life. "It is always worth while to do our work as well as we can do it. No matter what happens to us, the work is there and should be done, thoroughly, bravely, with a smile and more than all, with helpfulness."

What if Mrs. Lowell had asked herself, "What's the use?" and answered as often as we are inclined to do, "There is no use." Suppose she had drifted through life instead of shouldering her burden and taking up the march. There would have been no cold fountain bearing her name as an inspiration to passersby.

Mrs. Lowell would answer the question, "What's the use?" with "It is of use not only to do our work well, but everyone can make his character strong and beautiful through doing his work."

"Sincere, candid, courageous and tender." That is what we may become while doing our work, whether the work be sweeping a room or striking the keys of a typewriter or holding an audience enthralled with a song.

"But I am bound down by poverty," someone answers. So was the woman whose epitaph is cut in the brown stone at the foot of the fountain. She had to work all her life in the poorly required service of public charities. Yet she gave "hope and help to the fainting and inspired others to consecrated labors."

Poor and alone at 21, she made the last two-thirds of her life blossom as the rose, because she watered that life with unselfish service.

Remember the little brown fountain when next you begin to say, "What's the use?"

"Charm," the Elusive

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Maybe we ought not to rate charm so highly, but ever since the world began human nature has been attracted by it and repelled by a lack of it.

"Charm is the quality that lightens and brightens and illumines all of life. It is not one of the homely, practical virtues like efficient housekeeping, or faithful service. It is, instead, the bright color that attracts us to the magazine, the clever headline that makes us read an article, or the fragrant sauce that makes a bread pudding delicious!"

People who crave love are not always most generously dowered with its reward. It is the people who stir our love into life who appeal to us. We are always grateful for anything that shows us our own capability for deep feeling.

The story or play that makes us laugh or cry—that speaks to our emotions—is the one that is popular.

The quality that rouses us, that keeps us from feeling old and stolid, that stirs us to desire, is charm.

The most interesting thing in life is the chase after the desired goal.

And the secret of charm is to be a little elusive, to keep men and women always guessing. The charming woman is the one who does not always do or say just what you might have expected. She stirs you to activity and feeling by making you wonder just what she is thinking or feeling, just what she will do next.

There are all sorts of charm, as there are all sorts of people to whom it may appeal. But it is always the something that imparts a zest to life.

To be charming is mentally active, so that you will never be a bore.

Be spiritually alive, so that you will not fall below the growth of life and ideas all about you.

When the Old Nilus Gave Up His Secret

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

Fifty-one years ago, February 24, 1863, Speke and Grant announced to the world their discovery of the source of the Nile.

It was a bit of news for which men had been waiting thousands of years.

From the day on which Herodotus got back to Greece from the Land of the Pyramids straight on down to a period so recent as that of our civil war, thoughtful persons throughout the civilized world wondered whereabouts

it was that the great river of Egypt began its journey to the big blue sea.

The source of the historic stream was a mystery to Plato and Socrates, Caesar and Alexander, Bacon and Shakespeare, Washington and Webster. In solemn majesty the mighty river rolled along through the land of the Pharaohs, defying Egypt, but Egypt, itself, with all its occult wizardry, did not know whence its

ing men, till whence it came. It made

the long quest for the source of the Nile, for the northwest passage, for the North and South poles; yes, and the ancient search for the "elixir of life," "perpetual motion" and the "secret of life," have for us this grand significance—they all point to the fact that in the mind of man there is a deathless ambition to know and to do—to fathom the depths of the unknown, to conquer the unconquered, to add more and still more to the sum of knowledge and achievement. Infinite is the mind's desire; and let us not forget that this borders desire is year after year being more rewarded for its ceaseless and daring toil.

The source of the Nile! For centuries upon centuries its discovery was the foremost of "forlorn hopes."

Exciting, therefore, was the day on which it was announced that Old Nilus had been taken by the beard and made to give up his venerable secret. In 1859 Speke and Grant found Lake Victoria Nyanza, which later on they declared to be the great river's source. From that

royal body of water, 4,000 feet above sea level, the Nile begins its 2,848-mile course to the Mediterranean, into which it pours its flood at the rate of 61,500 cubic feet per second.

Phrenology and Its Effect on Mankind

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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There are innumerable ways in which human beings may find something over which to make themselves miserable.

Here is a man who has a low forehead, and he seems to be carefully collecting all uncomplimentary references to low brows and applying them to his own personal case. He says:

"All my life I have noticed that when referring to the vulgar and ignorant, to the ruffian and the criminal, writers almost always picture them with low or sloping foreheads—that is, they point to this physical peculiarity as unmistakable evidence of a weak or perverted mentality."

The young man proceeds to state that he has a low, sloping forehead. And he reasons the idea that he may be relegated to the lists of the mentally or morally unfit in consequence.

This young man would find a visit to prisons and insane asylums and homes for the undeveloped of interest.

In all those places he would see a large number of "high brows," of men and women with abnormally large heads, with bigging brows, and the "low sloping" foreheads would be there as well.

For, as he proceeds to state, it is the general contour and shape of the head, not the brow alone, which indicates a man's mental development, and the moral qualities or lack of them.

He says:

"I wish to say that if we are to judge

of a man's character by the shape of his head, we will find a much more accurate guide by ignoring the frontal development and observing the back of the head.

"Long and careful study has convinced me that the shape or height of the forehead has little or no bearing upon the mental qualities of the individual. Many unusually low foreheads often accompany an exceptional degree of talent and intelligence, while many other high, intellectual appearing ones upon investigation are found to belong to stupid persons, all of which goes to show the folly of attempting to gauge human mentality by the height of the brow."

Phrenology, to be of any value, must be thoroughly studied and understood, and the whole personality must be taken into consideration—not the mere head.

Certain developments of the head and certain peculiarities of features invariably indicate certain traits and qualities in a human being; but these traits and qualities of evil can be lessened to a great extent by careful training and right influences.

For instance, people whose eyes are placed close beside the nose, with small space between, invariably are born with a tendency to take a narrow view of things, and with an inclination to be jealous and short-sighted in their observations. Yet wide education and association with the broad-minded and the liberal and the just will enable the individual to control and overcome them.

An extreme width between the eyes almost always indicates decided originality and an impetuousness of old traditional customs and habits. When accompanied with certain other mental qualities genius often results. Yet it is possible that a person whose eyes are set wide apart may have criminal tendencies.

Before we even mentally decide about such a person we must examine his head entire, and we must know what has been his education and environment. There is

a certain broad, full brow, with eyes of a direct, clear expression in their depths, accompanied with a refined mouth, which speaks such volumes that one needs not look further to know that its possessor is a man or woman of unusual mental endowments and generosity.

The shape of the brow has indeed a great deal to do with the exact type of mentality. But wonderful intellectually and great genius is often hidden under a low forehead. Extremes development of the organs of observation, often gives the forehead a receding appearance. But the flat, low, receding brow of the idiot is quite another matter.

So long as we are not idiots we have it in our power to greatly add to our mental capacity by using to the best purposes all the powers given us and to develop new ones, abilities by concentration, steadfastness of purpose and a little time given daily to meditation on some noble thought or ideal.

To think of noble ideals is a far better use of time than worrying over the shape of our foreheads.

The Futurist Portrait!

Jonas Lie, the well known painter, said at Delmonico's the appropos of the recent war in New York art circles:

"There's a futurist story going the rounds of the studios, a story about Mrs. Blanc.

"The beautiful Mrs. Blanc had her portrait done in Paris by a leading futurist painter. When the portrait was finished, the painter's valet delivered it, and Mrs. Blanc gave a huge reception in its honor.

"Reception and portrait alike were great successes. A hundred guests were invited all the evening before the strange, mystic, futurist work, and you heard continually such exclamations as 'Line!' 'A perfect likeness!' 'The eyes are superb,' and so forth.

"In the midst of all this the artist himself, with Mrs. Blanc on his arm, advanced to admire his creation. He gave one look at it and roared: 'Why, this isn't your portrait, ma'am. My fool of a valet has brought you 'Vesuvius in Eruption' instead."

