

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Women Real Sufferers in European War

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By DOROTHY DIX.

They who pay in war are the women. Statisticians have figured out that the terrible conflict that is now devastating Europe costs so many millions of dollars a day, but no mathematician can estimate the number of women's hearts that will break, the women's tears that will flow because of it, the women's lives that will leave desolate.



That is a sum in sorrow that only the all-knowing God can compute. Men's part in war is to fight, woman's to wait. The man goes forth to battle shoulder to shoulder with his comrades, stepping proudly to the blast of martial music, with the cheers of an admiring world in his ears, and victory beckoning to him over the hilltops.

The woman sits alone in a solitary home, a thousand fears gnawing at her soul, her very ignorance of what is happening to the man who is all of life to her making his danger seem greater to her. She fights, not some one great battle against a visible foe, but a daily and hourly battle that never ends against a shadowy foe that rises again to confront her as soon as she slays it.

No man on a battlefield ever suffers one tithe of the agony that the woman suffers who loves him and who sits at home, waiting, waiting, waiting for the news that may quench the light of day forever for her.

Those who oppose granting the ballot to women have used as one of their chief arguments against the enfranchisement of women that it would discourage militarism. They are right.

Suppose the mothers of England, and Germany, and France, and Russia, and Austria had been called upon to vote upon the question of war. Do you believe that a majority of those mothers would have voted to have sent their splendid young sons out to be mowed down by machine guns as grain is mowed down by a steam reaper?

Suppose the wives of all of those countries had been called upon to vote upon the question of war. Do you believe that the majority of the wives would have sent their husbands forth to be cut, and mangled, and maimed, and perhaps killed in battle?

Do you suppose that the tender sister would have voted to devote her brother to death? Or that the maiden would have torn her lover's arms from around her, and cast the ballot that would make his slain body but one of the pile of bodies which some ambitious conqueror climbed to heights of military glory?

No. A thousand times no. Women know what war means. Women know that the echo of every shot fired in battle ends in a woman's sob. Women know that it is women who pay the real war debt, and when they have a voice in government their vote will be for peace.

Yesterday in England, and France, and Germany, and Russia, and Austria there are millions of happy prosperous little homes, with children playing about the doorsteps, with a contented wife and husband living their simple, useful, normal lives.

Today these millions of homes are homes of desolation and sorrow. The husband has been snatched away to fight in a war whose purpose he does not understand. The little business that he followed and that made a living for a wife and children will go to rack and ruin. There is want where there was plenty. They will be widowed who should have been wedded. The children who should have known a father's protection and guidance will be left fatherless. That is what war means to women. That is why the cry of its desolation drowns out the peans of its glory in a woman's ears.

After the Civil war in our own country there was a generation of women in the south who never left off the mourning they put on when battle robbed them of their husband, or father, or brother, or perhaps of all these, for there were many families in the south in which not a single male member survived the conflict. Through the years that followed these bereaved women went about clothed in black, sombre and ghostly figures, a living monument to the horrors of war.

That is what war means to women, a grief that is never ended, a mourning that is only silenced in their own graves. Not many women would choose this martyrdom of themselves, and so when women have the vote they will not give their sons to be murdered nor sacrifice the men who are the very core of their hearts to gratify the greedy ambition of some ruthless war lord who would waste through slaughter to power or cement with blood a tottering throne.

"The Water of Eternal Youth"

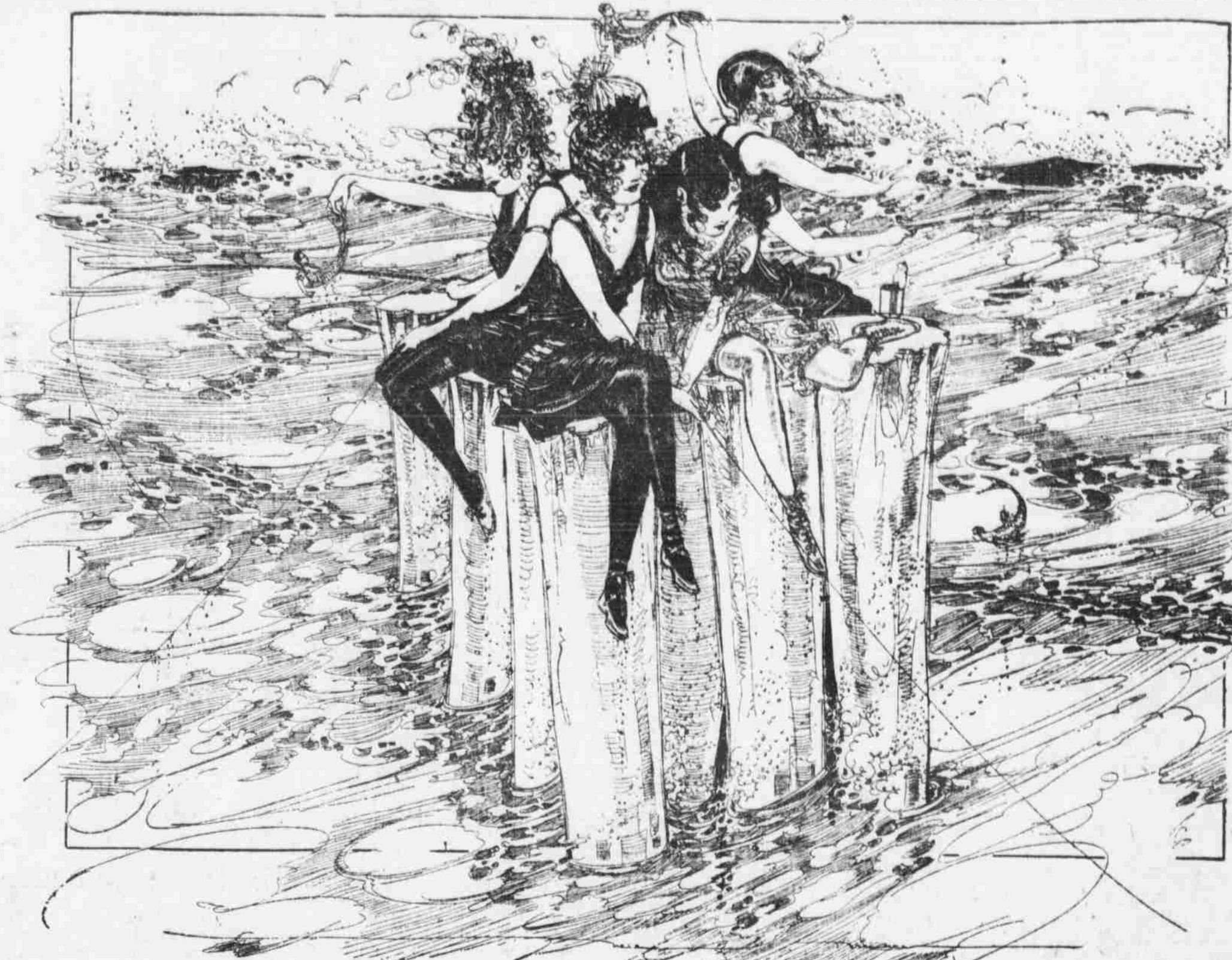
The beauties of the Austrian court used a lotion which was so effective in keeping the face smooth and free from wrinkles, even in the aged, they named it the "water of eternal youth."

The Game Laws

(All Young Fish Under Eighteen Must Be Thrown Back Into the Water)

By NELL BRINKLEY

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Which means, young lady Persons, that Love plays the game that way—that THAT is one of his laws, and breaking it, you will be fined some day with an aching heart of your own that can't be healed "nohow"—If you are older and wiser, draw out of the deep half-sleep, half-dream of an unawakened boyhood the "young-fish" only to wound his soft boy-heart in a way that it never will be rent when he is older!

All young fish under eighteen should be thrown back into the water!

—NELL BRINKLEY.

The Mystery of Comets

By GARRETT P. SERVUS.

I have just received a bulletin from the Lick Observatory containing the latest orbits calculated for two of the new comets of 1914.

Perhaps the reader will say: "That doesn't interest me. I'll pass on."

But wait a moment, please.

It is true that these comets in themselves have no interest for you, unless you are an astronomer, because they are mere minnows in the oceans of space, and practically invisible to the naked eye.

They will never score anybody by brandishing flaming swords across the stars. They are not that kind of comets. But they are like the little models of flying ships with whose aid students of aerodynamics (that characteristic science of the twentieth century) disentangle the laws and principles of aviation. The public never sees the models, but some morning it rubs its eyes at the spectacle of a new and wonderful air car sailing serenely overhead with its load of passengers, guided and controlled with all the ease of an ocean liner, because its pilot has learned the secret from the models.

So the study that the astronomers are giving to the little comets, tracing all the vagaries of their movements in order to discover precisely the paths in which they are traveling, will one day enable them to predict the flight of some grand, terrifying monster of space with such accuracy that, if it be aimed but a hair's breadth aside, they can reassure us against the fear of a world-ending collision.

The general public has not the slightest notion of the amount of intellectual labor, of time, of patience, of care, of skill, of special knowledge, of trained imagination, of concentration of purpose and of mind, that is involved in the observation and calculation of the orbit pursued by some insignificant whiff of a comet that never comes nearer than 100,000,000 miles from the earth, and is never seen by one in 100,000,000 of the earth's inhabitants.

The president of the United States does not have a harder day's work than that of one of these devoted astronomers, and his work is far less intellectual. They are laying the foundations of future science. They are doing work whose final effect will be lifting all mankind to a higher level.

It is no mean paradox to say that the determination of a comet's orbit is a greater achievement than the winning of a battle. Or that it has a greater influence on the future of humanity. It is one of the hardest things in the world to do. There are probably not more than a dozen comets whose orbits are known with even approximate accuracy. People who think they have performed a notable intellectual feat by winning a game of chess from a master of that kind of mental gymnastics, had better try to solve one of these mathematical problems in astronomy.

Yet in our day many women attack these problems—and solve them, too. Two or three of the greatest astronomers of the world, just now, are women. In the bulletin to which I have referred, I observe that a woman has done half the work on one of the elusive orbits, and all of it on the other.

If the reader is disposed to take exception to the statement that the calculation of the orbits of comets has an enormous influence on the future of our race, let him mentally chew a while upon the two following facts, which nobody can deny: First, as long as a man remains in ignorance of the relations of the earth on which he dwells to the bodies that surround it in space, he is merely a child, intellectually, and is proportionally no farther advanced than the baby that takes the moon for a silver rattle and reaches out its hand to grasp it. Second, until we can calculate the movements of comets as certainly as we can those of the moon and the planets, our knowledge of the solar system, which is our home in the universe, can make no claim to completeness, for, while we have not rid of the ancient superstitions about comets, we still do not know whence they come, or whether many of them go.

Do they travel in ellipses, or are the paths of some of them parabolas or hyperbolas? Upon the answer to that question depend issues that affect the highest intelligence of man.

Two weeks before leaving for a little breathing space among the restful and calm giving hills I looked critically at a favorite hat of mine. At that moment it was not a favorite. Was that light passing between the strands of the straw or had the color faded to white on the edges? The osprey tip that I had thought so smart, as they perched at the edge of the brim, drooped as do the feathers of a dejected rooster's tail. The gay poppy wreath that hugged the crown seemed to have lost its brightness. No longer a joy, it had become a weight upon my spirits. I was visited by an inspiration.

"The hat is tired. Give it a rest, I said confidentially to myself.

I brushed the hat with a soft little brush, and coaxed the tips and the poppies a bit, and placed it in a tissue paper nest in a box.

When I came back from my rest in the hills I got out the hat, inspected it and

Friends are Like Clothes

By ADA PATTERSON.

Friends are like clothes. Don't wear them threadbare.

Now and then we should give them a rest.

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The Sun a Poor Clock

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Q.—"A neighbor contemplates the erection of a sun dial. His idea is that since the earth revolves in exactly twenty-four hours the sun will always be in the zenith at exactly 12 o'clock, or noon. My question is: Will 12 o'clock noon clock time always be identical?"

A.—The sun is worst than a department store clock as a timekeeper, and for two accurately known reasons: First—The orbit of the earth around the sun is not a circle, but an ellipse, and the sun is not in the center of it, but to one side, at a distance of 1,521,149 miles. Therefore, the earth travels faster when nearest to the sun and slower when most distant. This renders sun clocks useless for any scientific purpose.

Second—The sun is always in the plane of the orbit of the earth, but this plane is 23 1/2 degrees from that of the equator. These two causes combine into one and are not as if each acted separately. Here is the result of both acting as one, thus the equation of time diminishes to nothing four times yearly, or on April 15, June 14, September 1 and December 24. The mean time clock and an accurately set sun dial will agree at noon on these four days.

Time must be added when sun is slow and subtracted when fast. The maximum time to be added are fourteen minutes twelve seconds on February 11, and six minutes twelve seconds on July 28. The maximum times to be subtracted are May 14, three minutes fifty-five seconds, and November 2, ten minutes eighteen seconds.

"Why is a sun dial?"

A mean time clock, that is, a clock regulated to show average time, is based on the idea of the sun being on the equator and moving at precisely with the real average rate of the true sun in its apparent orbit—the real orbit of the earth. But astronomers do not secure absolute time from the transits of the huge sun across their meridian, but with far more accuracy by observing transits of minute needle points, the images of stars across spider threads in the focal planes of their transit telescopes.

The sun never reaches the zenith in the United States. But through great optical causes, these maxima as given above are themselves subjected to secular change. All of which ought to make it apparent that sun dials are practically useless.

One of the wisest women I know refused to meet one of the most brilliant of our friends to permit each other to ask "why." I exercised this privilege. She said:

"I know that she has the habit of taking people up violently and dropping them violently. I don't want to be violently dropped."

I remembered that if I saw the brilliant woman many times one summer she was almost invariably with the same woman. I had thought "What chums they are." The next season it would be another. I recalled a rather staggering procession of these shadows and recalled now that I had heard of hot quarrels terminating most of them.

The wisest woman was right. The brilliant woman had exhausted her friendship. No content with friends, she must have the human shadow, the chum, Chums are mistakes. When you find a friend is reaching that stage which is chumship, better make a new friend. We need not one friend, but many. We need variety in friendship. The violent friendship is a fire of shavings. Such violence breeds fickleness.

Don't wear your friendships threadbare. Give your friends a rest. You will enjoy them more for frequent absences.

Remember it Gently.

Sapleigh-I shall never have the courage to propose to a girl—never! Miss Pert—Well, you will be saved one disappointment in life, anyway, Mr. Sapleigh.

Household Suggestions

If a ceiling is badly blackened by a lamp or gas jet in just one place, apply a layer of starch and water with a piece of clean flannel.

A good way of stiffening the bristles of hairbrush after washing is to dip them into a mixture of equal quantities of milk and water, and then dry before the fire.

The starch will adhere, and when dry it can be brushed carefully off, and the stain will have gone. Apply the paste to a wider piece of the ceiling than that actually blackened.

A few drops of castor oil will be found most beneficial to drooping ferns. Drop the castor oil on the roots and soak the ferns in a pail of water all night. In a week a marked improvement will be noticed.

To remove a fishbone from the throat, swallow a raw egg, then follow, if possible, by eating plenty of mashed potatoes. The egg will carry the bone into the stomach, and the potatoes will prevent it from doing any injury there.

Eggs often burst when boiling if not quite fresh. To prevent this, before boiling make a puncture with a needle in the large end of egg, passing through shell and the skin inside. Through this puncture the expanding gas will make good its escape.

A door is banged back, with the key left in the lock. The result is a disfiguring hole in the wall. To mend that, get 2 cents worth of plaster of Paris, make it into a paste, fill the hole, smooth carefully, and when dry paper or tint it over. For the latter the paints in a child's box would do.



Madame Isobell's Beauty Lesson

The Hair And Scalp—Part IV.

My experience shows me that while an oily scalp is not so detrimental to hair health as one covering it is a condition difficult to remedy. Once the oil glands have got into the habit of over-secreting, it seems very difficult to cure them. We can, however, do a great deal towards mitigating the ill effects of excessive oiliness while we are trying to get at the root of the trouble.

An oily scalp should be shampooed as often as once a week. Be sure the shampoo mixture is thoroughly rinsed from the hair and scalp, but when the scalp is dry rub with eau de Cologne or a tonic especially prepared for an oily scalp. Dry the hair in the sun when possible. Let the hair hang every day, brushing the hair by separating it into strands, and airing the scalp. Massage the scalp every night. Have no fear that this will increase the over supply of oil or excite the oil glands to greater effort; on the contrary massage will tend towards getting the scalp into a normal condition and correcting this fault.

Remember that cleanliness, sunlight and air will do much towards remedying this condition. Don't wear your hair in close braids, but dress it so the air will get to the scalp. Blond hair suffers the most from an oily condition of the scalp, for this is certain to darken it and take away the pretty fluffiness that we associate with light hair. Its counterpart is who write me asking what can be done to prevent the hair from becoming darker I offer as the first bit of advice: "Keep the scalp in good condition, and, above all, do not allow the scalp to become oily." The same is true of gray hair: if the scalp is oily it is impossible to make it look attractive.

Madame Isobell's Beauty Lesson (To Be Continued.)

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Tell Her of Your Love.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am hopelessly in love with my chum's sister. This may not seem so very hopeless at first glance, but to me it is. I have been a friend of the family for years and the girl has come to regard me very much as a brother. She has always introduced me, in a joking way, as her big brother, and, in fact, has come to me with her girlish troubles as much as to her own brother. She is very popular among the fellows, and I am constantly in fear that she will some day "get the right man." And yet, because of our peculiar relations, I dare not speak.

S. B. L. Since this girl already comes to you with her little troubles and regards you as a brother your relations are even now sweet and tender. After all, no girl turns instinctively to a man for aid and comfort and advice unless she is fond of him. If she knew of your love for her it would probably be the most natural thing in the world for her to come to think of you as you would of her. Don't keep silent. Love that develops through friendship and knowledge and sympathy and congeniality is the most beautiful affection in the world. Don't deprive the girl for whom you care of the high type of love that you have to offer her.

A Sensible Father.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man of twenty, and have been keeping company with a young lady about five months and love her dearly, but my father objects to me going around with a steady girl, and says he will give me some valuable property if I promise him not to go around with a steady girl for three years, although I am earning \$1 a week and think I can support a wife.

A. R. L. You have a very sane and sensible father, my dear boy, and can do nothing wiser than listen to his advice. You are really too young to think of marriage.

The girl who appeals to you now may not be the wife for the man you are going to be. You are doing very well in the business world. Set yourself a mark and see if you cannot at least double your earning capacity in three years. And wait a few years before picking out a life partner.

Remember

whenever you are troubled with minor ailments of the digestive organs, that these may soon develop into more serious sickness. Your future safety, as well as your present comfort may depend on the quickness with which you seek a corrective remedy.

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