

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Poet's Theme

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.
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Why should the poet of these pregnant times
Be asked to sing of war's unholy crimes?
To laud and eulogize the trade which thrives
On horrid holocausts of human lives?
Man was a fighting beast when earth was young
And war the only theme when Homer sung.
'Twixt might and might the equal contest lay;
Not so the battles of our modern day.
Too often now the conquering hero struts
A Gulliver among Lilliputs.
Success no longer rests on skill or fate,
But on the movements of a syndicate.
Of old, men fought and deemed it right and just,
Today the warrior fights because he must.
And in his secret soul feels shame because
He desecrates the higher manhood's laws.
Oh, there are worthier themes for poet's pen
In this great hour than bloody deeds of men.
The rights of many—not the worth of one—
The coming issues, not the battle done;
The awful oppulence and awful need—
The rise of brotherhood—the fall of greed.
The soul of man replete with God's own force,
The call "to heights," and not the cry "to horse."
Are there not better themes in this great age
For pen of poet, or for voice of sage,
Than those old tales of killing? Song is dumb
Only that greater song in limbo may come.
When comes the bard, he whom the world waits for,
He will not sing of War.

The Girl Who Refused Him

By Nell Brinkley
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Does he ever fail to make his moan in print, in the depths of his heart, in verse dusted with the jewel powder of extravagant words, when a woman cannot love him, calling her a "lump of ice"? Just because you, with the torch of your ardor, and Danny, who is always trying impossible stunts and things that he knows won't work, with his careful boufire, cannot melt the freeze about her heart, that doesn't say that there will not come some one before whose warm eyes her ice will vanish like a witch cast spell! So rub out your torch and kick out your fire, two purple besiegers, and go your ways to other maids. But though your fire has burned against her frost as futile as a flame on a diamond stone, though you have found her walled about like a flower in the heart of a crystal bead, don't call her a "lump of ice." How know you how warm her heart beats, who cannot reach it? —NELL BRINKLEY.

Little Mary's Essay (Laughter)

By DOROTHY DIX.

Laughter is a noise like a Scotch high ball.
People can laugh. Animals, except donkeys, that go hee-haw, can't laugh. The difference between folks and animals is that one can laugh and one can't laugh. There is no difference between a donkey and lots of people.
There are two kinds of laughter. One kind is where people laugh with you, and you love them for it, and the other kind is where they laugh at you, and you bat them over the head if you are big enough and strong enough.
Some people laugh so easily that they laugh at their own jokes and at what they read in the funny papers, but most folks have to be given chloroform before you can pull a laugh out of them.
Also some people laugh because they have got a funny bone and are easily tickled, but other folks laugh because they have got a nice set of teeth.
Gentlemen laugh a great deal more than ladies do. I do not know why this is unless it is because ladies have not got much to laugh about.
When a gentleman laughs a lot of people say he is a jolly good fellow, but when a lady laughs much all the other ladies say that she is a frivolous creature, and that they will wager that she is no better than she should be.
It is nice and respectable for a lady to cry, and all the other ladies speak well of her when she does, but the most that a perfect lady can do in public is to smile a sad, sweet smile.
People who laugh a lot are awful popular. When a man finds another man who will always laugh at the right spot at his stories he holds on to him with hooks of steel, and when a man meets a woman who laughs at his jokes he marries her so she can't get away from him, but I guess he's sorry afterward, because she never laughs at their husband's funny tales. They always look sad and say, "You told that before."
Laughter is something that is like a dress suit and a ball gown. It's for company wear, and you do not put it on at home unless you are giving a party. When you go out in society you laugh a great deal of everything that is said, but if you sit up at home and laughed all the time somebody would telephone for the doctor.
The funniest thing about laughter is the queer things people laugh at. At the theater they laugh when one man kicks another. On the street they laugh when anybody falls down. At the table they laugh when somebody says something that gets somebody else's goat, and everybody laughs at children until they make them cry. I do not know why it is funny to see people suffer, but people just tackle over it.
The way you laugh shows how polite you are. There are some people so polite that they laugh at the same joke a dozen times, especially if the one who tells the joke is rich, and gives good dinners, and has an automobile.
When I am grown I am going to have a laugh that is hung on a hair trigger and everybody will invite me to go to places because I'll whoop things up and make them jolly.



Mysteries of Science and Nature

Curious Results of the Laws of Motion as Applied to Persons in Railroad Trains and to Those Falling from Ascending Aircraft

By GARRETT P. SERVIS.

"A young man and I were having a dispute over this: If you were in a train, and the train was going sixty miles an hour, and you jumped into the air, and it took you a second from the time you jumped to the time you touched the floor again, would you land as far back as the train traveled in that second? I said you would land in the same place that you jumped from. Please settle this dispute, A. S. K."



This is, in its various forms, one of the oldest disputes that men have ever engaged in, and, moreover, it is a dispute full of substance and of educational possibilities. In some of the shapes in which it turns up it sadly befuddles the minds of those who have little or no knowledge of the laws of motion.
The easiest way for the writer of the above quoted letter to satisfy himself that he is wrong and the "young man" right would be for him to actually try the experiment in a running train. If he jumped straight up he would find that he would land at the same spot on the floor from which he started, whether the train was making sixty miles or any other number of miles per hour. The reason is that everything inside a moving train shares the train's forward motion. If the front and rear doors of the car were open so that a torrent of wind was rushing through from front to rear, the jumper might be swept backward a short distance by the moving air, but otherwise he would come down on the place from which he jumped.
If this were not so it would be perfectly safe to jump from the side of a train running sixty miles an hour, for if you lost the forward motion of the train the instant your feet ceased to be connected with it you would strike the ground with only the force of your jump. But in fact, as all experience shows, it is not safe to jump even from a moving street car, for the moment you touch the ground you are hurled in the direction the car is going with a velocity corresponding to that which your body had ac-

quired while it shared the motion of the car.
Scientifically, all this is explained by Newton's "first law of motion," which avers that "every body perseveres in its state of rest or of moving uniformly in a straight line, except insofar as it is made to change that state by external forces."

In the case of jumping from a moving train the external force of the resistance encountered by the moving body from the immovable ground with which it comes in contact. But if you simply jump straight up inside a moving train no resistance is applied to arrest your body in its forward motion with the train, since in a closed car even the air goes right along with the train.

If you stand at the rear of a train traveling sixty miles an hour and drop a ball over the edge of the platform it will fall to the ground, and then immediately begin to follow the train, leaping and bounding madly over the ties until its forward action, derived from the train, has been destroyed. If the height from which it has been dropped is sixteen feet it will reach the ground eighty-eight feet ahead of the point where it left your hand. If you throw the ball straight backward from the train at the velocity of sixty miles an hour (eighty-four feet per second), it will, neglecting the effects of air resistance, stand still, and the train will leave it behind at the rate of sixty miles per hour. But, of course, it will not remain poised in the air, but will drop straight down under the force of gravity, touching the ground in one second if the height from which it is dropped is sixteen feet and remaining at the spot where it falls, since the backward velocity that you imparted to it precisely neutralizes the forward velocity imparted by the train.

One very interesting consequence of this first law of motion, or law of inertia, as it is sometimes called, applies to persons falling from swiftly ascending aeroplanes or balloons. Such persons actually ascend for a brief time after the accident, and might, by skillful maneuvering, be rescued through simply decreasing the ascending motion of the machine.
If the machine were ascending, for instance, at the rate of thirty-two feet per second at the moment when the victim fell out, the latter would rise sixteen feet above the level at which the accident occurred before gravity destroyed his ascension force, and there would be one full second during which he could be hauled aboard by diminishing the upward motion of the aeroplane sufficiently to keep beside him. But at the end of that second he would be falling at the rate of thirty-two feet per second, and at the end of another second his rate of descent would be sixty-four feet per second.

Do You Know That

The fifteen-luch gun, which is possessed only by the British navy, can hurt a projectile weighing almost a ton as far as from ten to twelve miles.

A patented rubber substitute is made by mixing gelatine with glycerine and a solution of camphor in acetone and treating the mass with sulphur.

In the heart of the Rocky mountains may be seen the mountain of the Holy Cross, 14,000 feet in height. It derives its name from a gigantic cross on one side, near the summit, formed by fissures in the rock.

A snow sampler and weigher for the use of the Swiss Gletscher-Kommission in the Alps has been recently acquired. The sampler is twenty feet long and made in sections of five feet to facilitate being carried to the more inaccessible portions of the mountains.

No more novel method of gold "mining" has ever come to light than that pursued at a deserted mining camp near Wickes, Mont. It is the remains of what was once a thriving village at the Oregon mine, and the sand used in plastering the houses came from ponds rich in gold. Now the old cottages are being torn down and the plaster carefully smelted.

Making Your Own Home

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"I am engaged to be married to a man who is a model in every way but one. That one thing is that he doesn't seem to think that I am like every young girl who expects to get married and have a home of her own. He wants to live with his parents and seems to take it for granted that I am going to do so. I think a young married couple should live together in a home of their own. But the subject simply does not interest him," writes B. E. M.

And she hits upon the fundamental desire of every natural woman—to have a home of their own. The homemaking instinct is almost as much a part of womanhood as motherhood itself. Given a tiny hall bedroom in a shabby boarding house, a girl will find a souvenir fan or a draggled artificial flower or a battered photograph to decorate the place and make it more homelike. Wherever you put a true woman she wants a little corner that she can infuse with the atmosphere of home. Man balks in this atmosphere once it is produced for him, but he has no idea at all about producing it for himself.

Now, B. E. M.'s fiancé has not the same desire for a place of his own that actuates her—in the nature of things he has to be true to his sex and like comfort and convenience, but not need the feeling of possession of his Lares and Penates that his wife needs. It may be that he thinks it the part of economy to take his bride to the home where he has always been comfortable and happy. Or it may be that he has an idea that living with his people will save his bride from "tedious" efforts at housekeeping. He simply has a certain masculine obtuseness as to the feminine instinct for homemaking.

But however kind and considerate his parents are, and however happy he has been in his own home, he ought to build a little "nest" of his own if he can possibly afford it, unless his parents are in any way dependent upon his contribution to their household expenses.

In the first place the old truisms hold: There never was a happy household with two mistresses in it. Nor yet is there quite room in one house for two generations to carry out their ideals perfectly independently.

Now, the bridegroom's mother and father will want to go on in their own

home as they have always done. And the bride and bridegroom will want to develop their lives along certain lines that will interfere with and be interfered with in turn by the ideals of the already established home.

There is always a certain friction in adjusting yourself to constant association with a new personality. Bride and bridegroom must fit their personalities to dwell together in harmony. And they can best do this in the environments of a home that they have built with mutual interest and pride. If they go to live with the family of either there is all sorts of additional strain in adjusting themselves to households that are already established and running along in a certain ordered way.

Building a home and planning to make it ever and ever more a happy nest gives bride and bridegroom a closeness and identity of interest that brings about happiness in marriage. Love and liking are not based entirely on caring for each other, caring for the same things plays its part. And in making a home a young couple come to possess something that is theirs and that they share with mutual anxiety and mutual pride.

A little home of your own is a wonderful place for the babies that you long to have. In this nest your children grow up in the happy freedom of childhood that you want for them, and you train them in the way you want them to go with no interference from any other authority.

The little bride who has a home of her own has a legitimate outlet for her energies and interests. The home gives her things to do and to plan and keeps her from seeking some way of "killing time"—in doing which she is likely to annihilate her peace of mind and most of the peace in her vicinity.

Real marriage is based on home and family. To deny yourself one may be to lack the other. I advise all young couples to make their own little home.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

A Daughter's Duty.

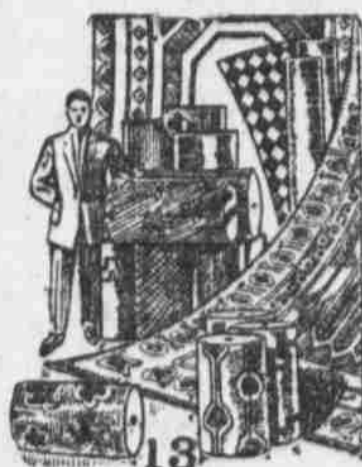
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