

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Huge Cost and Great Energy Wasted in War

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The cost of six months of Europe's mad war has been figured at the stupendous sum of \$8,500,000,000, or twenty-four times the cost of the Panama canal.

In a single month this war squanders four times the cost of the greatest engineering work ever undertaken and achieved by man.

There is not a government in the world that could be persuaded to expend one-tenth of that sum on any great undertaking for the benefit of the public and of humanity, and yet these hundreds of millions are poured out without stint to maintain struggling armies in the field, to destroy the fairest cities and the most admirable creations of art on the globe, and to send hundreds of thousands of the most perfect specimens of young manhood that the race possesses to an untimely death.

Consider the waste of mere physical energy that this contest involves—energy which, properly applied, would transform the face of the civilized world, reclaim all the waste places on the planet, increase the productivity of the whole earth and almost rival the gigantic engineering feats that imaginative astronomers have ascribed to the inhabitants of the planet Mars.

Take the amount of work wasted in digging trenches and throwing up breastworks. The battle front on which the opposing armies, comprising millions of men, are in touch with one another, aggregate hundreds of miles, and on both sides they are continually "digging themselves in," burrowing deep into the earth to escape the shrapnel and the bombs showered down upon them.

Suppose that there are at any time only 30 miles of such intrenchments. To dig them it is probable that at least a cubic yard of earth must be moved for every linear yard of intrenchment. That would make 30,000 cubic yards in all, or say, for the sake of round numbers, 60,000 cubic yards. But line after line of intrenchments is constructed, as the fortunes of war sway to and fro. Then, in many of these works, the amount of earth moved must be much larger than I have estimated. Since their retirement began in France, the Germans have dug themselves in at least twice and they are con-

tinually strengthened their defenses. Taking the whole amount of digging that has been done by the soldiers of Germany, France, England, Austria and Russia during the two months that the war has already lasted, the quantity of material moved cannot be less than 2,500,000 cubic yards and may be as much as 12,000,000.

Now the total amount of material removed during the long years that the Panama was under construction was about 350,000,000 cubic yards, or only twenty times the maximum amount that I have estimated for the trenching operations of the European armies in two months! Usefully employed what might not that vast amount of labor have achieved?

But this is only a drop in the waste bucket of squandered physical energy that the war is filling up with frightful disregard of the ultimate consequences to mankind. Suppose that there are but 10,000,000 men subjected to the fatigues, dangers, diseases and demoralizations of war—those 10,000,000 necessarily represent the very best physical type of European manhood. They are the younger men, the stronger men, the healthier men, the more active men, because the weak are not wanted, and not taken, until the exhaustion of the others compels the war lords to force them also into the servile ranks of slaughter.

Hundreds of thousands are killed outright or wounded, so that their future usefulness is crippled; hundreds of thousands perform forced labors that result in the loss of their health and strength, and of the hundreds of thousands who will ultimately survive, untouched by any weapon or missile, hardly one individual will ever recover all of his original elasticity and capacity for work. It is well known that soldiers' lives are short, not so much because of bullets, bombs and bayonets, as because of the extremities of fatigue to which they are subjected, and the germs of disease that they cannot escape.

Voltaire once wrote a very interesting story of the visit to the earth of a philosophical giant from the solar system of Sirius, who laughed to split his sides over the foolish little men whom he found here engaged in continually cutting off their own noses in a symbolical sense. We have been in the habit of imagining that the world has grown much wiser since Voltaire's day, but if he could come back now would he be able to find to find, even in his rich vocabulary, words keen enough to properly flay our foolishness?

Read it Here—See it at the Movies.

Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

By special arrangement for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the incidents of "Runaway June" may now be seen at the leading moving picture theaters. By arrangement made with the Mutual Film Corporation it is not only possible to read "Runaway June" each day, but also afterward to see moving pictures illustrating our story.

FOURTH EPISODE.

Poor Little Runaway June.

CHAPTER III—(Continued.)

"You haven't much choice," said the low voice of Blye, and he held the door open for June.

"This once." And she looked him squarely in the eye. He smiled. June was thoughtful all through that delicious twenty minutes of riding. Blye—his dark face haunted her. Another face came to her—Ned! A great wave of homesickness swept over her.

They made their adieux rather hastily to Blye, for their time was a little more than up.

Just before dinner was called Mr. Wiles came home, and June happened into the library. It was Dolly's favorite store-room for toys, books and everything else. Mrs. Wiles—he called her Woolly—was sitting on the arm of her husband's chair, her arm around his neck and his chin in the palm of her hand. With the other hand she was twisting a lock of his hair over and over her finger, and she was most distinctly and obviously wheedling him for money! His voice was low and protesting with as much sternness as a man can use when he is being charmed into docility. Woolly Wiles was locking the money in her little inland desk when June next saw her.

They were going out after dinner. There was some talk about ordering a car, and it needed but one word to give Dolly a start. The luxurious limousine of the black Vandyck man the whole of her text. She rattled on and on and

on about it, and as she talked the pretty face of Mrs. Wiles grew more and more distressed.

"Harry, dear," she said, Dolly and I wear a limousine! Please!"

Dolly clasped her hands. "After that limousine again," he gayly commented. "Not now, Woolly. Business is too bad."

"I don't like business," she laughed. "It's a mean old thing, isn't it, Dolly? Harry, please!"

"Get thee behind me, Woolly." The man still laughed, but he began to look very seriously at his charming wife. "You'd get anything out of a man." And his laugh was half vexed, altogether admiring.

Pretty Mrs. Wiles accepted that compliment prettily, but June, as she slipped out of the library unobserved, was hurt for the woman, for herself, for her kind, as her face betrayed. Here it was again—the endless, almost unvarying story of the woman dependent on the man's bounty and, in this case, getting all she could out of him.

Again in the evening June heard Mrs. Wiles and Dolly pleading for a big limousine, and next day a car costing several thousand dollars stood before the door.

Mrs. Ned Warner had been made tremendously thoughtful by the affairs of the little Wiles family. There was something wrong in the custom which made this condition possible. What was it? The position of donor and recipient. Neither the man nor the woman was really to blame. It was custom. And June knew what Mrs. Wiles would not admit to herself, if she suspected it, that the man was being constantly wheedled beyond his means.

The crash came sooner than June had expected. On the next evening after the limousine had come home there walked into the house a grim-faced, hard-eyed man of 41, on whose suit case were pasted foreign labels.

"Hello, Baker!" exclaimed Wiles, cordially.

"A little personal business," and Baker smiled himself.

"How's the London branch?" asked Wiles by way of making conversation.

"Doing very nicely," was the curt reply, and Baker shook hands with Dolly. By and by the voices of the men rose as they became more interested in their conversation, and there floated up to June an emphatic speech of Baker's which she could not help hearing.

"You've spent it!" Baker's words were clean cut. "In my absence of a year and a half you've overdrawn your account \$30,000. Fifty thousand dollars was the exact amount of your investment. That makes up quits. You'll turn over your share of the business to me immediately."

"But that leaves me without a cent, without an income," worried Wiles. He had no blame for his partner, nor was he as much crushed as he had expected to be. "I have a wife and a child, you know, Baker. I could no more refuse them anything than I could refuse bread to a starving child."

"That's the trouble," Baker's voice was not harsh. It was simply cold. "You've spoiled them. A wife should be a help to a man, and most of them would if they were given a chance. You made a toy of yours."

The next morning Mrs. Wiles came up to June. She had been crying, but there was a light in her eyes which was good to see.

Thine Own Worst Enemy

By Nell Brinkley

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Woman and Success

By MAX NORDAU.

Woman is in the happy position of not needing any instruction in the science of success. She is endowed by nature with all the knowledge that is required by her in order to obtain success in life; and the lesser arts that may not perhaps have been born in her she acquires later on entirely without assistance.

According to the prevailing arrangements in the world by far the largest number of women confine their efforts to one form of success—that of pleasing men. In order to attain this end, all that is required is that they be pretty, or have something about them.

There are misguided minds who have hit upon the infelicitous whim of founding colleges for the higher education of women. In these the poor creatures are taught drawing, drumming on the piano, murdering foreign languages with an absurd accent and confusing historical dates—that is to say, just those very things that later on will make them objects of horror to the men.

The scheme of such establishments commonly have originated in the brains of pining old maids or vindictively disposed married cripples who are used to being thrashed by their wives. It displays a complete ignorance of the true aims of women. The Orientals in their primitive traditional sacral regard matters from a far more rational point of view. Among them the girl learns nothing beyond singing, dancing, playing the lute, telling stories, dyeing her nails with henna and the edges of her eyelids with charcoal—that is to say, the arts that make her an object of desire in the eyes of men, which afford her the opportunity of displaying her charms in the most favorable light and which will fascinate her male partner in life in permanently attaching him to her.

Our poor girls of the west are in consequence of the prevailing system of education artificially prevented from giving way to their instincts, though this would promote their interests with much more certainty than all the spectacled and un-spectacled teachers in their institutions.

It is only when they have left behind them forever the absurd hardship of school life that they become able freely to follow their natural impulses and develop themselves as they were designed to do. Then of their own accord they acquire the art of painting with rouge or even of doing themselves up with rice powder, of wearing a bold style of costume, of walking, standing and sitting in such a way that what gives offense in the cut of their clothing becomes most prominent; then of their own accord they attain to the art of playing with their fans in the most expressive manner, of causing their eyes to roam in an inviting manner, of indulging in little airs, charming gestures, and sweet, dainty little pouts, of giving to their voices the delightful modulations of childish innocence, youthful trickery and piquant ignorance.

With such aids they are sure to gather about them, wherever they may appear, a host of admirers, to secure dancing partners, enthusiastic followers, a husband and all the rest—in short, to obtain everything that makes life fair or agreeable.

Married women will, of course, turn up their noses at them and on superior and nobler members of the male sex they will likewise produce a repellent rather than attractive effect. The latter will feel that catches of paint, grease, flour and daubs of all sorts are no more in their proper places on a woman's face than, say on a velvet dress.

But what matters it to woman if she is subject to these criticisms? At the hands of her own sex she does not look for any kindly feeling, and even if she received it it would mean nothing to her. And so far as her male critics are concerned, it would be to her in the highest degree a matter of indifference if some pedant did turn his back upon her with disapproval, so long as young gentlemen of the Jockey club fixed their eyeglasses upon her in token of appreciation. She cannot possibly bring her nature and conduct up to the standard of the man of taste. The latter is a phoenix. Many women live and die without ever having fallen in with such a man.

It is only the sleeping beauty in the wood of the fairy tale that is so fortunate as to possess a knight who comes and releases her. In real life it would be folly to reckon upon such a hero, and any girl that buries herself behind a thorny hedge has every prospect of being left there. Woman, therefore, exhibits great shrewdness in seeking to make herself agreeable to the man of men without heeding the undiscoverable phoenix.



This is the big struggle that lies in wait for most women who love and marry—the battle with the thing that uncoils from the usual sweetness of her heart—the emerald-eyed monster we call just JEALOUSY. You've got to have a valiant heart and a chin that wills, and you've got to lay this ghost for good and all or you will stumble some day over the tiny corpse of Love, already cold and stiff, with his gold curls scorched and his tiny pulse, that beats engine-like through life, still. For where the scales of jealousy rustle there is the death of Love.—Nell Brinkley.

Advice to Lovelorn : By Beatrice Fairfax

Kissing Games at Birthday Party.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 17 and I am going to celebrate by making a birthday party. The average age of the boys and girls I expect as guests is 17. I am strongly against the so-called "kissing games" which I know as a fact the boys and girls would like to play at the party. Would it be an act of discourtesy on my part as host if I should prohibit them from playing the game, as simply loathe the name and sight of the game?
Find some interesting way of amusing your guests, but do not allow them to play the game of which you disapprove in your home. I am glad to see that one of my girls has such sensible views and want her to live up to them.

Be Patient.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of 17 and go to business as a stenographer. My parents are very strict, and when I ask them if I can go out they say no. I cannot go to parties or meals to my friends.
Are you sure you have done nothing to cause your parents to distrust you? A girl of 17 is really young enough to wait a few years for society. Suppose you devote the next year to winning your parents over to absolute faith in you. You will find this an absorbing and interesting task. And at the end of that time you can surely win such confidence that they will feel safe to let you take any pleasure that appeals to you.

Don't Be Evil-Minded.
Dear Miss Fairfax: My brother-in-law is about to spend a day at Atlantic City. His wife cannot go on account of a young baby. He has invited me to go

Do You Know That

The new Egyptian flag consists of three white crescents with their backs to the staff, each with a five-pointed white star between the horns, on a red field. This flag was the personal standard of the khedive, and now takes the place of the former national flag, which was distinguished from the Turkish by having a star of five instead of six points.

One of the evils of war is the lowering of the national physique. In the generation after the Franco-German war there was an appreciable decrease in the stature of Frenchmen through the large number of young men of good physique who were killed.

For the payment of salaries in the British royal households the king and queen use annually \$60,000.

There is no pauperism in Serbia. In the sense in which it is understood in the west. The poorest people have some sort of freehold property. There are a few poor people in Belgrade, but neither their poverty nor their number has necessitated an institution like the workhouse.

More than 1,500,000 books are lent by London public libraries in a year, the juvenile readers taking considerably over a million.

The streets of Milan are watered from the electric trolleys. On these watering cars reservoirs have been adapted to the platforms, and these reservoirs are emptied, as the car runs, by means of perforated tubes placed fan-shaped at the front and back of the car.

As a rule, employes in breweries, tanneries and printing ink factories are immune from consumption. Turpentine works and rope works are a protection from rheumatism. Workers in copper mines need not fear typhoid.

Three years ago the population of the world was 1,500,000,000 souls.

Soldiers in France are allowed to cultivate gardens in any spare ground about barracks, and to help cut their rations by growing vegetables.

It is estimated that nearly seventy thousand tons of corks are needed for the bottled beer and aerated waters consumed annually in Great Britain.

Krupp's works at Essen, in Prussia, were begun in 1812; the first gun, in cast steel, was made there in 1847.

Naturalists state that the eagle is able to look at the sun without blinking because it has a thin semi-transparent veil which it can draw instantaneously over its eye, and which does not obstruct the sight.

Smoking cars for ladies are in use on some of the railways of Russia.

The Syrians consider that pickled grapevines leaves are a great delicacy.

To Darken Hair Apply Sage Tea

A few applications of Sage Tea and Sulphur brings back its vigor, color, gloss and thickness.

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea with sulphur and alcohol added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and lustrant, remove every bit of dandruff, stop scalp itching and falling hair. Just a few applications will prove a revelation if your hair is fading, gray or dry, straggly and thin. Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get the ready-to-use tonic, costing about 50 cents a large bottle at drug stores, known as "Wyle's Sage and Sulphur Compound," thus avoiding a lot of fuss.

While wispy, gray, faded hair is not stylish, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness. By darkening your hair with Wyle's Sage and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it does so naturally, so evenly. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hairs have disappeared, and, after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and abundant.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

The New Baby is World's Wonder

Every tiny infant makes life's perspective wider and brighter. And whatever there is to enhance its arrival and to ease and comfort of mother and baby should be given attention. Among the real helpful things is an external abdominal application known as "Mother's Friend" and is a result of the natural expansion. In a little book are described more fully the many reasons why "Mother's Friend" has been a friend indeed to women with timely hints, suggestions and helps for ready reference. It should be in all homes. "Mother's Friend" may be had of almost any druggist, but if you fail to find it write us direct and we will write for you to Bradford-Engelhart Co., 463 Laurel Street, Atlanta, Ga.