

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Eugenics and the Soldier Lad

By REV. MABEL M. IRWIN.

The heart of many a woman, working for the uplift of her sex, is filled with bitterness when she reads of the encouragement given to soldiers by the prelates of England and Germany to hastily marry before going to war. They cry out that the European war has set back the woman's cause 2,000 years; that the world of men is again regarding woman simply as a "breeder of food for cannon"; and on the face of it, it does look like a turning back of the clock of woman's advancement.

But for woman to win out in this battle for her rights her faith must be so strong that nothing—not even war, with all its horrors—can shake it. The woman's hour is here—not to be turned back—and she should begin to see that as mother the destiny of nations lies primarily in her hands, not in man's; that since it is she that bears and brings to birth all the warriors that shall ever be it lies with her to say whether these sons of hers shall go forth to battle with other sons—in a fratricidal war—or whether they shall learn at the mother's knee that "He who sows his spirit is better than he that takes a city."

And again: Whatever may be the purpose of the prelates who thus encourage marriage under such circumstances, the probability is that to the lovers themselves, the soldier lad and his lassie, this encouragement comes as a special boon. If so, it may not result in so dire a thing as prophesied.

Should little children be born to these girl-wives left behind, would they not rather have it so, rather than to separate with no bond between them to comfort them in their waiting and possible bereavement?

Dreadful as is war in its effect upon future generations, and from a eugenic point of view, because of the unfit left behind to propagate the race, is it not possible that the children born from these hasty unions may be of a particularly fine order?

Not yet had the cruelty and lust of war, which is incited by carnage, taken possession of the soldier lad; only the spirit of patriotism and the willingness to sacrifice his life, if need be, to his country's call, the quick pulsing of his blood as in imagination he marches on to victory.

While in the heart of the woman who loves him, and would gladly have married him under any circumstances, there is a pride in being a soldier's bride. There is a welling-up of tenderness toward him who now goes to battle for home and native land.

These conditions of mind and heart would be conducive to the begetting and bearing of—not a generation of warriors eager to get at each other's throat, but a generation of lovers, strong and tender—a race of men and women who, working together in freedom, might inaugurate—instead of future wars—a reign of peace that should be without end.

And in this instance if those hastily arranged marriages should prove to be but the craft of warlike men, may we not believe that the craft like "The wrath of man, shall be made to praise him."

"A Place for Everything"

—Especially the "Castle Clip"—

By Nell Brinkley
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I say the Castle Clip with a curtsy to the maker of "Polly." This picture came to me t'other day when I saw the chubby, handsome mother of three big boys turn her sweet face with the greying hair haloint it up to that of the hair-artist, and say firmly, "I want a bob—a Castle bob!"

The little woman in black and all the managers of the shop tried to argue her out of it—but she swept out at the end of a half-hour with her black-and-white locks Dutch-cut below her ears. Dan beams at the girl with this done to her hair—the

girl with dimples and a young brow and throat—the girl with the proud coronet of youth sitting above her forehead—but oh! he howls aloud at the dreadful, hair-raising sight of a mama of three whopping chaps with her waving, dignified hair cut in the Castle Clip! It's a fearsome sight!

Do You Know That

Lord Roomey suffers from insomnia.
Bonar Law is an admirable chess player.
The Kaiser possesses 12 decorations.
Medals as decorations for military service were first issued in England by Charles the First in 1642.
Motor-ambulances are to run between Mead and Beirut, Syria, a distance of over 300 miles.

COULD NOT STAND ON FEET

Mrs. Baker So Weak—Could Not Do Her Work—Found Relief in Novel Way.

Adrian, Mich.—"I suffered terribly with female weakness and backache and got so weak that I could hardly do my work. When I washed my dishes I had to sit down and when I would sweep the floor I would get so weak that I would have to get a drink every few minutes, and before I did my dusting I would have to lie down. I got so poorly that my folks thought I was going into consumption. One day I found a piece of paper blowing around the yard and I picked it up and read it. It said 'Saved from the Grave,' and told what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for women. I showed it to my husband and he said, 'Why don't you try it?' So I did, and after I had taken two bottles I felt better and I said to my husband, 'I don't need any more,' and he said 'You had better take it a little longer anyway.' So I took it for three months and got well and strong."—Mrs. ALONZO E. BAKER, 9 Tecumseh St., Adrian, Mich.

Not Well Enough to Work.
In these words is hidden the tragedy of many a woman, housekeeper or wage earner who supports herself and is often helping to support a family, on meagre wages. Whether in home, office, factory, shop, store or kitchen, woman should remember that there is one tried and true remedy for the ills to which all women are prone, and that is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It promotes that vigor which makes work easy. The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

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 installments 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. (Copyright, 1915, by Serial Publication Corporation.)

TENTH EPISODE. A Prisoner on the Yacht.

CHAPTER I.
Ned Warner, in front of the blazing windows of a New York cafe, stood as one in a daze, deaf to all the words of Bobbie and Iris Blithesome, who feared, from the ashen pallor of his face, that his murderous frenzy might react upon himself. He saw again his lovely runaway bride being forced out of the cafe against her will by the man with the white mustache and that infernal scoundrel with the black Vandyske, Gilbert Blye! He saw himself prevented by the frightened Bobbie and Iris and the solicitous waiters from dashing among the glittering tables and grappling Blye by the throat and strangling him to death. He saw himself rushing to the ornate entrance through which they had taken his beautiful June and arriving in time only to see her whirl away into the night in Blye's luxurious limousine, the heavy man with the thick eyelids up in front with the driver, the middle-aged woman and the vivacious brunette with concern and fright on their pale faces as the dome light of the car shone down upon them, and on the rear seat with June the two men who had carried her away by violence, the white mustached man laughing, and the dark, handsome face of Gilbert Blye bending over June with that suave smile on his lips.

Too late! Too late for anything but his stuper. The limousine had turned the corner. On that side of the cafe there was not a taxi to be seen. Bobbie's car stood in front, on the other street. While Iris endeavored to arouse the stupefied Ned, Bobbie ran around and brought his reader. They drove up to the corner and turned down the street through which the limousine had disappeared, but where in all that wilderness of moving vehicles could the track of June be found? "Where?" It was as if the earth had opened and swallowed her up.

It might as well, for June, in a swift moment with the gay party which had snatched her from the cafe, was then swiftly approaching a long, low yacht which loomed gracefully above them in the misty river.

June's struggles were useless in that bearing water and her cries of protest were unheard in that lonely waste. Strong arms lifted her to her feet; a strong hand from above grasped hers, and she was

pulled up to the deck. Below her she heard the laughter of the three men who had abducted her, and with their laughter blended the shrill, high voice of that vivacious brunette, Tommy Thomas. June's heart sent out a wild call to Ned. This had been the first time she had seen his face since the day of their wedding.

At the door of the sumptuously fitted, crimson and gold salon on the yacht the waiting June was confronted by a staid steward with gray muston chop whiskers and a pucker looking stewardess, who wore, as if habitually, a half whimper.

"The dearie looks faint," said the stewardess.

"Well, bring the young lady a glass of wine, you," gruffly ordered the steward.

Mrs. Villard came in and dropped in a chair, while the vivacious Tommy danced over to the gold lacquered piano, its beautiful marines view painted by the famous Veias. Blye and the white mustached Cunningham and the heavy Edwards followed, laughing, as Wilkins wheeled in from the pantry a portable buffet, its frosty topped bottles packed in glistering ice.

"Have a taste of this, dearie. It will soothe your nerves." The whining stewardess held to June's lips a glass of sherry, but June drew away from it with repugnance, and, rising, hurried away from the sumptuously fitted salon. She did not know where that passageway led, except that it led away from that hateful company. The stewardess followed her, the glass of sherry still in her hand. "Right in here, dearie," and she opened the door of a magnificent stateroom. Its mahogany walls paneled with ivory tinted tapestry, its brass bed hung with rich lace.

June hesitated, but down the passageway came Orin Cunningham, his eyes twinkling and the laughter of wine upon his lips. June darted into the magnificent stateroom, hastily shut the door and locked it.

In the crimson and gold salon were the popping or corky gas laughter, in which even Mrs. Villard joined, and then the loud strains of swift dance music, pounded out by the nimble fingers of Tommy Thomas.

Blye sat quietly, with that suave smile upon his lips and stroking his black Vandyske with his long, lean, white fingers, upon one of which sparkled a diamond. He rose presently and, thrusting down the gangway, stopped at June's door and listened. He could hear an occasional stifled sob as June sat amid the soft cushions of the couch. Before her, through a half open door, could be seen a glimpse of a snowy, white bathroom, and in the adjoining little pale blue-hued stateroom June's own luggage.

Ned! That brief sight of him had filled June's whole soul with longing. For the runaway bride!

Mysteries of Nature and Science

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

"What condition would exist if there were an absence of heat or cold?—J. W., Philadelphia, Pa."

Heat is a form of energy which keeps the molecules of a substance in vibration, and cold is a negative term employed to indicate lack of heat. So we can hardly speak of "an absence of cold," although it is perfectly proper to use that expression with regard to heat.

If all heat were absent from all substances the so-called absolute zero of temperature would prevail throughout the universe. The state of absolute zero implies the entire absence of motion among the molecules of which matter is composed. Just what would happen to the universe in those circumstances we do not know, and we can hardly imagine. It seems not unlikely that, with the cessation of all molecular vibrations, every form of force that we are acquainted with in nature would cease. All matter, of all kinds, might simply disappear, being resolved into something else, and perhaps returning, as Dr. Le Bon has suggested, to the atoms are probably entirely independent of the state in which the molecules exist. The vibrations of heat which shake the molecules must not in the least affect the interior of the atoms; but when the molecules fall into a state of inactivity, through the cessation of the heat that has kept them in vibration, the atomic forces may come into play in ways as yet undreamed of by science.

That the approach toward absolute zero is a road leading to a region of marvels is clearly indicated by what happens when gases are liquefied and solidified by cold. When hydrogen gas is cooled to the temperature of 253.5 degrees centigrade below the freezing point of water, it turns into a liquid that looks like pure water, but burns like molten fire. "A drop on the arm freezes blood and skin to a hard mass and produces a wound like the touch of a red-hot iron."

It is so light that wood and cork, and

even a drop of oil, sink in it like lead in water. It is fourteen times lighter than an equal bulk of water. When it is further cooled to a temperature of 233.9 degrees below zero Centigrade it turns into an ice-like solid. Solid hydrogen is within about fourteen degrees of absolute zero; but liquid helium gets nearer still, arriving within three degrees of absolute zero.

Almost every property of matter changes at such temperatures. Some, like steel, grow very much stronger. Many substances lose their characteristic color. Certain crystals become electrically luminous. Strong acids lose their activity and become harmless. Almost all chemical substances become inert, and are unable to form their usual combinations, or to produce their usual reactions when their temperature drops near the outskirts of absolute zero.

It is the frontier of a realm of nature that remains, as yet, unexplored. As we draw near it wonderful things occur, familiar substances changing their appearance and their characteristics as if some necromancer's word had transformed them, and familiar forces refusing to act, as if they had been paralyzed. And yet it is probable that in stepping across the line, if it were possible to do so, still greater changes, amounting to a complete revolution, would be found to occur in the laws governing matter.

When we see a gas-like hydrogen or oxygen condensing into a liquid with decrease of temperature, and turning from a liquid to a solid when the temperature is still more lowered, we are apt to suppose that, on arriving at absolute zero they would become infinitely solid and forever unchangeable. But the fact may be entirely otherwise. When the molecular force ceases, how is the force of cohesion, which holds the particles of matter together, to continue in operation? And if that also fails, matter must fall asunder, and suddenly lose all the properties by which we know it, including that of visibility. It is such considerations as these which have led to the belief that not only is it impossible for us ever to reach experimentally that critical point called absolute zero, but that the idea of absolute zero itself is a theoretical and unattainable limit which is merely a datum for calculations.

What is a Woman's Foolish Age?

By ADA PATTERSON.

A woman with the crown of snowy hair that is generally accepted as the symbol of wisdom and restraint has been making a spectacle for pity and derision in the New York courts.

She was too ill to be present, so her physician said, and those who listened to the evidence were glad of her indisposition, since it spared her and her family the need of listening to the letters that had passed between her and the man who had fleeced her of her fortune and had shorn her of the esteem of the community.

Her husband had worked hard all his life and when he turned his face to the wall because he wanted to shut out of sight the mourning faces about him, he died less sadly because he had provided more than \$500,000 for the comfort and well being of his family after he had gone. That is one of the comforts of passing from this known state to the unknown, that we have worked hard and have provided a competence for the companions, or for the work that survives us.

Now the widow discloses to the public that she has been paperized by a man who wrote her letters in which "love" was mingled with finance. Nearly every letter asked for collateral and told of his own desperate straits, though each ended with "Your Devoted." Generally the name was missing, a circumstance which would have aroused the suspicions of most persons, of either sex, it would seem.

And yet in that chamber of our hearts that choose to honestly see women must admit that a good many of our acquaintances might have been as easily gulled as was this widow of a six-tenth millionaire, made such by his toil in the sewing machine business.

It raises the question of what is the foolish age of women. From 16 to 39 years we have not reason to expect much of wisdom from our kind. Life is too new. Its bloom is too fresh. Its pristine brilliance gets into the eyes and dazzles them. "The follies of youth" have been embalmed in proverb. We cannot escape them ourselves and we can only abstract a little from them in others. That is granted to be the foolish period of life. None dispute it and all excuse it.

Yet the newspapers spread daily proof before us that for some women the age of folly would seem to have moved on. It does not even halt at the meridian of life. For even then there may be extenu-

tion and excuse for follies caused by life at over-towering high tide. But as we pass down the mount of life into the sunset, what is the mitigating circumstance then? That the glow of the sunset is in our eyes? That we fear the shadows that lie beyond and seek once more to wrest a full grown joy from life? Perhaps, but is that enough? Enough to tarnish that snowy crown that takes the place of the rosy garland of youth on a woman's brow?

The man who drained the woman of her fortune in the pretense of loving her and desiring, when "times were better" with him to wed her, is married. Still that the snowy crown may be less tarnished it is claimed that she did not know this fact. That at the worst she was foolish. So foolish indeed that her relatives tried to have her committed to an insane asylum. An effort in which they were unsuccessful, for as the judge said, she is not insane, but only unwise. Yet to what depths of public shame fear the recession from the old reign of sentiment. They fear that the present tendency to let the brain sit aloft and being of his family after he had gone. That is one of the comforts of passing from this known state to the unknown, that we have worked hard and have provided a competence for the companions, or for the work that survives us.

TAKE A BIT

of cloth with a few drops of 3-in-One on it. Wipe drills, saws, chains, iron planes, all tools, to prevent rust. Oil automatic tools with 3-in-One. Also use on oil stoves for quick edging—it works fine. A Dictionary of 250 other uses with every bottle. 10c, 25c, 50c—all stores.

3-in-One Oil Co. 42 N. 2d St. N. Y.

In-Shoots.

A new dress will sometimes disguise an old joke so that its former friends will never recognize it.

When a fellow has not many brains he can sometimes create interest among the girls by posing as a reformed villain.

For good effects battery, like paint, must be applied by an artist.

"WELCOME" emblazons Omaha's signal arch. The Bee's advertising columns are the channel for you to signal the visitor.