

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Voices of the City

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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*The voices of the city ring and clatter
Into a mighty dissonance of sound,
And from the melody rose these broken strains,
In changing time and ever-changing keys.*

I.
Pleasure seekers, sullen clad,
Led by cherub Day,
Ours the duty to be glad,
Ours the toll of play.

Sleep has bound the commonplace,
Pleasure rules the dawn,
Small hours set the merry pace
And we follow on.

We must use the joys of earth,
All its cares we'll keep;
Night was made for youth and mirth,
Day was made for sleep.

Time has cut his beard, and lo!
He is but a boy,
Singing, on with him we go,
Ah! but life is joy.

II.
We are the vendors of beauty,
We are the purveyors for hell;
The carnal bliss of a purchased kiss
And the pleasures that blight we sell.
God pity us; God pity the world!

We are the sad race-victims
Of the misused force in man,
Of the great white flame burned black with shame
And lost to the primal plan.
God pity us; God pity the world!

We are the Purpose of Being
Gone wrong in the thought of the world,
The torch for its hand made a darker brand,
And into the darkness hurled.
God pity us; God pity the world!

III.
We are the human lever, wheel and bolt
(Lone, long the hours of night),
We are the human lever, wheel and bolt
That keep the civic vehicle from jolt.
And jar upon the shining track of day
(The unremembered day).

We sleep away the sunlit hours of life
(Unsatisfied, sad life),
We wake in shadow and we rise in gloom,
False as a wanton's artificial bloom
Is that made light we labor in till dawn
(That lonely, laggard dawn).

Like visions half remembered in a dream
(A strange and broken dream)
Our children's faces, seen but while they sleep,
Within our hearts these weary hours we keep.
We are the toilers in the realm of night
(Long, long the hours of night).

Chorus.
We are hope and faith and sorrow,
We are peace and pain and passion,
We are ardent lovers kissing,
We are happy mothers crooning,
We are rosy children dreaming,
We are honest laborers sleeping,
We are wholesome pleasure laughing,
We are wakeful riches feasting,
We are lifted spirits praying,
We are the voices of the city.

*Out of the melody rose these broken strains,
In changing time and ever-changing keys.*

Science for Workers

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Q—"I witnessed a specter about across the sky along an apparent horizontal line. I know it is nothing uncommon, non-phenomenal; but what is the philosophy of its disregard for the laws of gravitation?"—JAY GROVER.

A—"The meteor obeyed the laws of gravitation, as all bodies of the universe must obey; it did not traverse a line precisely parallel to the plane of the horizon. It, at the instant you saw it, was traversing an arc of a parabola, and fulfilled to perfection the Newtonian law of universal gravitation.

Q—"About seven months ago I heard you say in a lecture in the Observatory that 99 per cent of all books in existence could be annihilated without loss. Did I hear correctly?"—T. N. Subacber.

A—"Not correctly. I meant 99 per cent.

It's Freezing

but the handle of the freezer has stuck. Hurry for the 3-in-One! It oils perfectly, freezes, sewing machines, fading machines, typewriters, all light machinery. No grease, no odor. A Dictionary of 100 other uses with every bottle. All stores, 10c. 25c. 50c. 75c. 1.00. 1.50. 2.00. 2.50. 3.00. 3.50. 4.00. 4.50. 5.00. 5.50. 6.00. 6.50. 7.00. 7.50. 8.00. 8.50. 9.00. 9.50. 10.00.

Do You Know That

When a Siamese girl attains the age of 25 years without marrying she is placed in a privileged class under the special care of the king, who binds himself to find a husband for her. His method is extremely simple. A prisoner in any of the Siamese goals may gain his pardon and release by marrying one of the mature maidens.

All fishes have air bladders in their bodies which enable them to rise and fall in the water at will. Near the bottom the weight of the water compresses these bladders, and as a consequence the body of the fish shrinks until its bulk is equal weight with the water in displacement.

Fewer people under 30 years and more people over 45 years are now employed in various industries than was the case ten years ago.

A German's military service has four phases—active service, serving in the reserves, in the Landwehr and finally in the Landsturm.

Documents containing details of the vessel's cargo and the ports for which she is bound are called the ship's "manifest."

Over 200 members of Parliament are absent through treason committed with the war, and very nearly the same number from the House of Lords.

Last Word in Fashions ::

By Lady Duff Gordon (Lucile)

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LUCILE thinks that this little lady in her mauve taffeta frock looks like a precious photograph of your great-grandmother when she was young. Certainly there is much that is picturesque to recommend it.

Dancing as the Best Exercise : As Practiced Today It is the Most Effective Road to Good Health

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Recently a young man who found himself worn out from the exacting work of being secretary to a big corporation, went to one of New York's cleverest specialists to be, as he put it, "built up."

The doctor looked the young business man over thoroughly and announced that he was suffering from nothing in the world but lack of exercise. "You need at least three hours of strenuous exercise a day," said he.

"But doctor, how am I going to get three hours' exercise? My work keeps me at my desk from 9 until 6:30, with a possible hour out for lunch. Precious little chance for fresh air in this six-day-a-week schedule."

"I'm not insisting on sunshine and fresh air," replied the physician. "I told you to exercise. Do it at night. Do it in an attractive environment with music and laughter and pleasant companions to spur you on. Dance."

And this great specialist advocated a course which is gaining more and more respect by physicians and laymen. Dance. There is no more healthful, stimulating and altogether pleasant exercise in all the list of body builders.

Have you never wondered why the dancing craze swept the country so broadly and gathered in citizens from 17 to 70?

The best way to figure the thing out is to dance a full four-minute phonograph record to the steps of the old-fashioned waltz or two-step. Repeat the same step over and over with no change in tempo or accent for four minutes. At the end of that time you have had a period of strenuous exercise, and unless you are young and in the prime of condition, you are likely to be red-faced, panting, excessively warm and much too worn out to look forward to the next waltz or two-step with any enthusiasm.

Here is the answer as to why the dancing of our early youth was never as popular as that of the present decade. The waltz and two-step were "too much like work" to become popular for parents and grandparents, as well as lusty young children. They were good exercise, but you couldn't use them to put yourself in condition; you had to be in condition before you could venture into these over-strenuous waltzes.

The dancing of the present day permits combinations of steps, changes of position, variations from half time to double quick, glides and walks which combine into a whole in which in each new position you rest and readjust yourself from the last. The followers of the new dance may begin with simple steps which are pleasing and enjoyable and exercise themselves gradually back into a condition of health or forward into a condition of strength, where the most strenuous dips and evolutions are possible.

Everybody can do it—this is the main reason for the spread of the craze—and there are several very good minor causes. We all tire easily of the same thing over and over again. There is no monotony to the new dancing. The music to which it is performed has a swing and syncopated catchiness that fairly express the mood and temperament of our nation and generation.

Rhythm is a very natural expression of feeling. Out of the rhythm grew poetry and music. Primitive peoples, when they met for joyous festivals, awayed naturally to their own chanting.

Dancing is a splendid perfected expression of rhythm. But then dancing was a hard and fast one-two, one-two, one-two, it did not allow the individual much chance for self-expression.

The man who comes out of his office at 6 o'clock and who fairly drags his feet along as he sets out mechanically to "walk home through the park" for the splendid exercise it affords, misses anything splendid in the exercise he takes because he thinks he ought to. There is no joy, no uplift in the sudden way he drags himself along or lashes himself to proceed on the heels of his feet performing dull and uninteresting dead breathing exercises the while.

Exercise to perform its functions in the way that is best for the body, ought to be crisp and joyous. It ought to fill the mind. "The tired business man" who takes his exercise at walking, at driving home in his motor car, or with some mechanical exercise, may get fresh air or movement or both. But all the while he is probably going over his business problems and missing the relaxation of nerves and stimulation of feeling which would make his exercise worth while.

The man who can go out early in the morning and ride horseback or have a good game of tennis or can follow a golf ball over the undulating links for hours is getting splendid exercise.

But for the average business man, who hasn't a chance at the outdoor world, except on Sunday or at vacation time, the dance craze is a blessing. The lazy society woman, whose most violent form of exercise has hitherto been to let her massive work at flashy dinners, now rises to the occasion and joyfully whirles in the dance. Men and women who thought themselves too old for active enjoyment, find youth and light hearts rising up from their own tripping feet.

The doctor who advised the young business man of frazzled nerves was wise in his day and generation.

Exactly what will this tired man find in dancing? First, his own chance of exercise. Second, his own chance of relaxation and forgetfulness of all his business problems together with stimulation of his blood and outworn muscles. Then joy and pleasant companionship. And finally from the music, the lights, the laughter and the gaiety all about him an invitation and an incentive to youth and gaiety in his own heart which will renew him for the grind of the next business day.

Dancing in moderation and with sanity is probably the most healthful, as well as the most pleasant, form of exercise. And dancing is within the reach of all—rich and poor, young and old.

Regarding it on the high plane where it is meant to be, as a sane, healthy, pleasant exercise. Remember that once it was held in such high repute that it was a religious rite. Respect it as a fine chance for muscles and lungs and heart. Then this splendid chance for self-expression will be kept on the high plane its health-giving qualities and joy-promoting ability deserve.

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Read it Here—See it at the Movies.

Runaway June

By George Randolph Foster and Lillian Foster

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

SYNOPSIS
June, the bride of Ned Warner, impulsively leaves her husband on their honeymoon because she begins to realize that she must be dependent on him for money. She desires to be independent. June is pursued by Gilbert Blye, a wealthy married man. She escapes from his clutches with difficulty. Ned searches distractedly for June, and, learning of Blye's designs, vows vengeance on him. After many adventures June is rescued from river pirates by Durban, an artist. She poses as the "Spirit of the Marsh," is driven out by Mrs. Durban and is kidnapped by Blye and Cunningham.

THIRTEENTH EPISODE
Trapped.

CHAPTER I.
Draped as the Spirit of the Marsh, the beautiful little runaway bride stood, dazed and trembling, on the sidewalk in front of the studio from which she had been driven. At the curb stood a limousine with its black silk curtains drawn. The white moustached man, who had sprung from it, grasped the lovely model by the wrist and drew her to the car as the dark, handsome, black Vandyked man who had followed covered her stealthily with the voluminous black cloak which he carried.

Down the street at a tearing pace came the family car of the runaway bride's father and mother, and in it with them were two of her friends and the deserted groom, his teeth gritting and his fists clinched as he saw these two scoundrels bundle his pretty June into the car and hurry in after her.

Just behind the family came an electric coupe, driven by a sharp-featured woman with a long nose and high arched brows, and, as she saw this bold abduction she shrieked and ran her car into the curb. As the door of the luxurious limousine slammed shut the quiet block seemed suddenly alive. Around the

corner of the studio came bounding a handsome collic, which ran to the car, loudly barking. A woman with high cheek bones and accompanied by a tall policeman followed the dog. She dashed up to the limousine as it started and jumped upon the running board, while the dog barked and leaped.

From a doorway on the opposite side of the street sprang a short, wide man with a thick stub of a cigar in his mouth, who pursued the limousine, hopped upon the spare tires at the back of the car and hung there. The woman on the runningboard opened the door of the limousine and forced her way in as they dashed around the corner, furiously pursued by the family car, the electric coupe and the barking collic.

The luxurious limousine was speedier than its pursuers, but not speedy enough entirely to lose the family car with the deserted groom. It had gained several blocks' headway, however, when it turned a corner and stopped abruptly in front of a house where a vivacious brunette and a large-blond woman stood peering eagerly out of the window. Only for an instant it paused. The door opened, Out of it sprang the white moustached man and drew after him the half fainting girl in the voluminous black cloak. He put his arm around her and hurriedly forced her up the steps. The woman with the high cheek bones dashed after her. She hesitated a moment and vaguely recognized the cloak; then she sprang after the beautiful young girl.

The man with the black Vandyke caught her by the arm and held her back. He spoke sharply to the driver, and the limousine jerked forward just as the door of the house opened and the beautiful girl was thrust inside.

The thick, wide man on behind struggled to get down from his uncomfortable position, but his effort was caught in the strap of the tire covers, and as the well known and justly famous private detective, Bill Wolf, stooped over the tires, with his wide feet in the rack and his arms around the rims and his head held down, was carried swiftly away from the scene of his slouching.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Mysteries of Science and Nature

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

A brand of scientific research which has particularly suffered in consequence of interruption by the European war, is that relating to radio-telegraphy, or, as it is popularly called, wireless telegraphy. Experiments are, to a great extent, prohibited, from using their apparatus.

And yet, radio-telegraphy has never been employed on so large a scale as now, and when the time comes for revealing the story of the feats performed by skillful and daring senders and receivers of "news through the ether," its likely to be found that an amount of experimental knowledge has been quickly accumulated through the necessities of war which could not have been gathered by ordinary scientific experimentation in a whole generation.

We are going to know some day precisely by what means German cruisers, thousands of miles from home, on the other side of the world, often have been enabled to keep in touch with the supposedly hidden movements of their pursuers, and to deal quick blows at vital points, or to fly from threatened refuges with as much certainty of movement as if they possessed a sixth sense, which enabled them to see through the solid globe as though it were a crystal ball.

And when these secrets are thrown open the reason for the remarkable variations in the strength of the signals received in England from the Eiffel Tower of Paris. The conclusion of this research has had to be postponed. One of the things that has been learned is that when a radio-telegraphic wave passes over the earth it penetrates a certain distance into it, and loses amplitude through the absorption of wave energy by the soil. In passing over the sea the penetration is much less. Thus, according to the latest information now at hand, the penetration of a radio-wave 1,000 metres long into sea-water is only about one metre (3.28 feet), while in ordinary dry soil the penetration amounts to from 100 to several hundred metres.

One of the curious facts which has become popularly known within a year or so is that signals coming from long-distance wireless stations can be picked up by amateurs without the use of any high-swinging receiving wire, but by simply connecting one end of the receiver to the earth and the other end to any insulated piece of metal, which may just as well be inside a house as out of doors.

An explanation of this may be found, Dr. Fleming thinks, in the discovery that when a Herz oscillator, generating radio waves, has one-half connected to earth, it gives rise not only to what are called "space waves," which pass through the air and earth and convey the

regular messages, but also to a surface wave, which consists of longitudinal electric currents flowing upon the earth's surface. This wave, he thinks, may be the source of the signals that can be picked up by extremely simple instruments placed near the ground.

When the war suddenly put a temporary end to their larger investigations, the experimenters were dealing with another curious fact, viz., that the nature of the soil between the transmitting and receiving stations has much to do with the strength of the signals. And, not only so, but the length of the waves caused a variation in the effects produced by the soil. There are places where waves of certain lengths can hardly be forced to pass.

Thus, the ground north and northeast of Newport, R. I., possesses a remarkable absorbing power for radio waves of a thousand metres' length, which lose 25 per cent of their energy in passing over a distance of forty-five miles, while waves 3,700 metres long pass over the same ground without difficulty and with only about the normal amount of absorption.

Some day, when radio-telegraphy has become the universal method of international communication at a distance the world may have to be mapped electrically, so that charts will show where messages can go easily and where only with difficulty, and what particular waves are needed for passing over certain districts or countries.

WOMAN WANTS TO HELP OTHERS

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Miami, Okla.—"I had a female trouble and weakness that annoyed me continually. I tried doctors and all kinds of medicine for several years but was not cured until I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I hope my testimonial will help other suffering women to try your wonderful medicine."—Mrs. M. R. MILLER, Box 234, Commerce, Okla.

Another Woman who has Found Health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lindsborg, Kansas.—"Some years ago I suffered with terrible pains in my side which I thought were inflammation, also with a bearing down pain, backache, and I was at times awfully nervous. I took three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and an now enjoying good health. I will be glad to recommend your medicine to any woman suffering with female trouble and you may publish this letter."—Mrs. A. L. SMITH, R. No. 3, Box 60, Lindsborg, Kansas.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.