

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

A Wise Mother Come to Judgment

By ADA PATTERSON.

She lives in the Bronx, a remote and more or less wooded suburb of New York; this wise mother came to judgment.



Recently the news afforded us the sad and ending spectacle of an unwise widow, one who permitted a man to squander her more than half a million dollars in injudicious investments, he cloaking the crooked transactions with his love-making. In agreeable contrast the news holds up to us the wise widow of the Bronx who asked and received an allowance of \$3,000 a year from her husband's entailed estate to support and educate her 13-year-old daughter. It will be a double-edged sharper who will secure a second thought from this widow. He need not tarry in hope of a dollar.

It is thus she strikes the keynote of her plan for rearing her daughter. "I believe in bringing up the girl of today with all the sweet old-time virtues, but with the self-dependence that goes with our modern ideas of womanhood."

Very good so far, and this is as good, or better: "I realize that I am only doing part of my duty when I wisely look after the spending of her income. A mother's greatest duty is guiding the developing mind of her child."

"My little girl was graduated very young from grammar school and is now taking a preparatory course for Vassar. She thinks that she would like to be a lawyer. Perhaps she will."

"I have suggested that she might take a teacher's course, which would give her a profession much in demand, that she could fall back upon if she should lose her property. I think that a woman who has property ought to have a vote to protect it. But I believe sincerely that a woman's place is in the home. To be the homemaker for her husband and children is the highest happiness of a normal, sensible woman, and she is fulfilling her greatest duty to the state and to society."

"But before marriage, or in the event of her not marrying, if a woman is especially brilliant, I do not see any reason why she should not devote herself to a profession. A good education cannot be taken away from you, though you may lose every cent you have."

"My daughter is interested in art and music and is a great reader. But I am faking pains to teach her housekeeping and homemaking. I asked the court for a year for clothes, but it pleases me that she likes to design her own clothing. We make her dresses ourselves here in the home."

"She was born in the city and likes best to live here, though I have begun to travel with her. I have taken her through Canada and the south, and this year we will go to the Panama-Pacific exposition to broaden her education."

"All this is the essence of homely wisdom. Here is a flash from the mind of a sage:

"In guiding her mind I have tried to give her all the useful knowledge of the world that a woman of 25 ought to have, and to give it to her wisely, as she is entering her teens. The old-fashioned mothers brought up their daughters in an ignorance that was criminal for the mothers."

"I would stop there to let this nail of wisdom enter where it belongs, but her budget of expenses is too valuable to omit. Here is a good report on the scale of her expenses for a year that may be adapted to a greater or less scale:

- "We live quietly here in the Bronx because I do not want her to grow up in a section of the city that is too crowded. My estimate, which the court approved, is how to spend her yearly \$3,000 in this:
 - "Rent of apartment, \$300. (Of course we could spend much more than that, but I want her to study economy.)
 - "For general expenses, too many to detail, \$1,400.
 - "For clothing, \$400.
 - "For summer vacations, \$200.
 - "For music, dancing and riding lessons, \$150.
 - "For birthday and Christmas gifts, \$50.
 - "For amusements, candy and pocket money, \$50. (That is less than \$1 a week.)
 - "Tuition fees and books, \$300."

A final word of the wise widow: "Money is important, but it is not the main consideration. The most important is the development of a child's character and individuality."

A compendium of material wisdom. It is enough to overturn the advice of Sammy Weiler's parent: "Beware of widowers."

A Vanished American Bird

Not So Long Ago the Passenger Pigeon Darkened Our Skies

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The United States once possessed a distinctly American bird, belonging to the great family of the pigeons, but different from all other species of that family, and so remarkable for its vast numbers and its peculiar habits that it became renowned as one of the greatest marvels of the new world. It was called the passenger pigeon. Its singularities marked it off from its distant relatives in the old world as sharply as the American red man was distinguished from the European.

It was so conspicuous a feature of American life that, like the buffalo of the plains, it passed into our literature, where it plays a part unlike that taken by any other bird in any quarter of the world. Other birds have been sung by poets for the beauty of their songs, or the aspiring ideals which they seem to symbolize. The passenger pigeon forced itself upon the attention of American historians and descriptive writers by the simple countlessness of its hosts. When they passed they changed the aspect of the landscapes; they covered the sky and



The Passenger Pigeon as It Looked in Life

shielded off the sunlight; they broke down forest trees when they alighted for the night.

Usually observers of the flight of the passenger pigeons abandoned as hopeless all attempts to count, or to estimate, their numbers, but we have at least two enumerations made by competent observers which serve to indicate the almost incredible numerical strength of the flying host. John James Audubon, the naturalist, computed the number of pigeons in a stream which he saw passing at not less than 1,100,000. He calculated that this host must consume 8,000,000 bushels of grain, which, it will be noticed, is in good accord with Audubon's calculation of the amount of provender required by the pigeons.

One cannot but wonder how the birds succeeded in maintaining themselves in a wild country, but it is explained that they began to eat grain only after the settlers' farms furnished it for them, and that their natural food was berries, soft-shelled nuts like beechnuts, acorns, and wild fruits. Their ordinary migrations were simply movements in search of food, and not seasonal changes of residence like those of regular migrant birds. They gathered wherever their natural food abounded at the time and, when it was exhausted, moved on. Their invasions were as erratic and sudden as those of the Goths and Vandals, and as well calculated to excite astonishment concerning their place of origin.

The region of the great lakes seems to have been a favorite place of congregation for those strange hosts. There they found many of the natural productions on which they relied. But how they ever attained such incredible numbers, and what special circumstances favored their development, are standing mysteries. The beech forests and the vast numbers of native berry bushes appear to have nourished them.

In Fenimore Cooper's story of "The Pioneers" will be found a thrilling description of a flock of passenger pigeons which "extended from mountain to mountain in one solid blue mass, and the eye looked in vain over the southern hills to find its termination. The front of this living column was distinctly marked by a line, but very slightly indented, so regular and even was the flight." These columns of birds were attacked not only with shotguns, but even with small cannon, as Cooper tells in his story, his statements being based upon actual facts.

By the middle of the nineteenth century the flocks of passenger pigeons had become very rare. A series of cold winters and springs from 1860 to 1870 is said by a

writer in the "Encyclopedia Americana" to have hastened the disappearance of the birds, and now only a few small flocks remain at best, and indeed it has been questioned whether a single representative of the genuine old race is in existence. A card of the National Association of Audubon Societies says: "This bird is now believed to be extinct. Many other valuable species are threatened with a like fate. We are trying to preserve them."

The passenger pigeon bore, in many ways, a resemblance to the messenger pigeon, or homing pigeon, of Europe. It was a large bird, much more graceful in form than the ordinary pigeon, and very powerful in flight. The upper parts of the body were of a bluish color, with metallic reflections about the neck. Underneath the color changed to a brownish or reddish purple or violet.

The Panama-Pacific Girl



A costume of extreme beauty has been devised for the girl who contemplates a trip to the Panama-Pacific exposition. And since the old idea, that good-looking clothes are not compatible with the exigencies of travel, has been exploded the association of good lines, good fabrics and good style is found in the suit depicted in the sketch.

The skirt is a box-plaited model, in length reaching only an inch or so beyond the shoe tops. The plait is not stitched, but hangs in loose, pressed form from band to hem.

Very jaunty is the short jacket, which is indeed more than an elongated Eton belted across the back and showing the fullness of the front drawn into plait-folds, which are confined beneath the sleeve pockets. Of course there must be pockets, for the fair girl will want to carry small change in one and a dainty linen mouchoir in the other, and thereby dispense with the necessity for the regulation wrist bag.

The shape of the neck should prove very becoming, because it is cut down to reveal the white of the tailored blouse beneath. At the back the high collar is

Science for Workers

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Q.—Will there ever be one universal language?

A.—This is indeed an important question. Commerce is the great civilizer of mankind. Efficiency is the watchword of commerce, and least cost of fundamental. Now when the wireless telegraph is in hourly use between all of the civilized races of the earth, and of races no longer, but to become civilized, then the two basic ideas—efficiency and least cost—will rise into world importance as never before.

Wireless arials will rise by millions in all parts of the world, to remote places where commerce extends. Then efficiency at once dictates that the employment of thousands of interpreters must be dispensed with and one common language be substituted.

The burden of expense will completely overthrow least cost. Merchants will not talk to Europe. Goods will not be ordered, merchants will be in communication the day long, and the expense of interpretation will become intolerable. Then it will be cheaper to have one language. Therefore this one speech must come. And all can see that the one world language must be the English.

Q.—I am very anxious to find out whether a ship will sink if the bottom of the ocean is at great depth, or, at least, at such depth that the weight of the water would be greater than the weight of the ship. It is the opinion of many that at a certain depth the ship would remain suspended instead of sinking to the bottom. Please explain the exact truth of the matter.

A.—Any mass that will entirely sink below the surface of the ocean will sink to the bottom of any sea or ocean on earth. This is because water is almost incompressible.

Enormous pressure in hydraulic presses has been made upon distilled and also upon sea water, and the diminution of volume—that is, increase of density—is only 0.00004 for ocean water for each atmosphere, i. e., each addition of fifteen pounds to each square inch. The water-soaked wood would be increased in density by very nearly the same amount.

Hence, if all of the wood in a wooden ship sinks below the surface it must go to the bottom. The question of reaching the bottom of the ocean in a vessel of any kind is matter of any ship or boat by its behavior at the surface. If all of the material of the boat sinks at all below the surface, then it will fall to the bottom of any sea, there being such a slight increase in density of water at the bottom of the deepest ocean.

Q.—Many years ago, while on the lookout of a ship bound for Australia, I saw a meteor pencil a line of vivid light across the sky, and fall into the sea, so close that I was disturbed, pondering the swift blotting out of myself and mates if the next meteor should strike our ship. Is it not possible that some missing ships met their end in this manner?

A.—What effect would happen if a meteor—say half-mile in diameter—were to fall in the Pacific a few hundred miles west of San Francisco? Would the wave created endanger the sea-bound miles of California?—George N. Lowe, 394 Shattuck avenue, Berkeley, Cal.

A.—If a ship should be hit by the twenty-two-ton meteor on display at the fair at Portland, Ore., several years ago, it would surely sink. It is barely possible that ships have been sunk in this manner, as ancient history records that six humans have been killed by meteors.

A meteor half a mile wide falling into the sea a few hundred miles west of California would be too small to have any appreciable effects on the coast. A sensitive instrument might detect a little ripple or wave.

Do You Know That

In order to encourage the erection of beautiful residences in Paris, the authorities award three gold medals annually to the designers of the most artistic dwellings. The owners of these homes are relieved of half of their annual taxes.

During the first six months of every year London draws the bulk of its supplies of shrimps from Holland.

Serbia's Parliament is known as the "Skupstchina."

One-sixth of the land surface of the globe is occupied by the Russian empire.

During a recent year 2,901 tons of bulbs were exported from Holland.

Bachelors were taxed in England in the seventeenth century.

Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

By special arrangements for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the installments of "Runaway June" may now be seen at the leading 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. Copyright, 1915, by Serial Publication Corporation.

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 Hays, a wealthy married man. She escapes from his clutches with difficulty. Ned searches distractedly for June, and, learning of Hays' designs, vows vengeance on him. After many adventures June is rescued from river pirates by Durban, an artist. She poses as the "Squire of the Marsh" and is driven out by Mrs. Durban and is kidnapped by Hays and Cunningham. June escapes, tries sweatshop work and is possessed by her landlady.

FOURTEENTH EPISODE.

In the Grip of Poverty.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)
"That will do, Mary," said Mrs. Sawyer, quietly. "You may go." She stood motionless until the nurse walked out. "Will you hold the baby, Harry?"

"I'll bet you. Come here, Buster." And he gazed down fondly, not at the baby, but into the eyes of his wife, as he took the tiny burden.

She smiled up at him. There were tears trembling on her lashes. She caught up the curly haired little girl, took her over to the washbasin in the corner and vigorously scrubbed that chocolate begrimed countenance and kissed it; then she stooped down by the boy and put her arms around him.

"Mother doesn't want you to say naughty

words like that." And there was heart-break in her tones. A tear dropped on the boy's upturned face. He snuggled his head on her shoulder, and a chubby arm stole about her neck.

Elizabeth Sawyer was half laughing and half crying as she sat at her desk with the curly haired little girl on her lap and the boy leaning against her. She took up the telephone.

"Edward Jones, please."
"Betty! There was such a ring in the voice as neither the man nor the woman had heard for years.

She held up her hand to him. His lips were twitching and her eyes were swimming, but she could not speak. She spoke clearly, however, when a tap on the telephone bell announced her call.

"This is Elizabeth Sawyer, Mr. Jones. I've been looking over your proposition of purchase." A moment of silence. She turned her eyes upon her husband. There was a new softness in them. "I might be tempted if you made the price high enough." Another silence. "Now, now, Mr. Jones, you'll have to come higher than that. Make me your very best offer." Her face suddenly glowed. "I'll take it. I'll fill in the contract, sign it, and you may give the check to my secretary. I'll send it over immediately."

Her husband's arm was about her as she filled in the amount which had been agreed upon and signed it. In Harry Sawyer's other arm was the baby. The four members of the Sawyer family were clustered in an unusually small space for them. The husband witnessed the agreement with great joy. Mrs. Sawyer's secretary signed it with notarial seal and went away.

"Betty! The man's face was against her cheek. "Sweetheart!"
She kissed him and rose briskly. She took the toddlers each by a hand.

A Youngster at Fifty

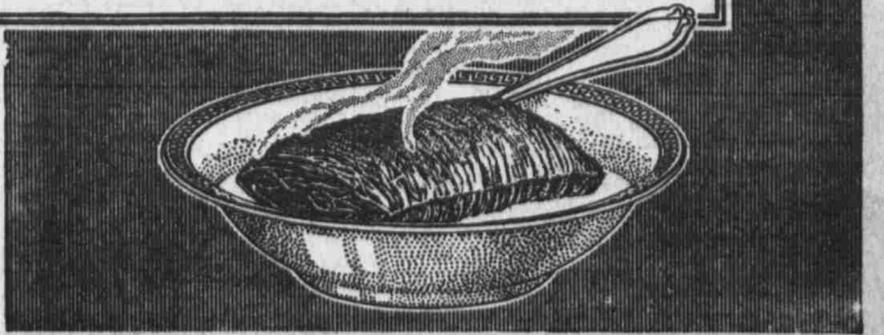
The man who wants to be young at fifty must stop digging his grave with his teeth. He must cut out the "high-proteid diet" and eat cereals, fruits and fresh vegetables instead of heavy meats.

Shredded Wheat

contains the greatest amount of tissue-building, strength-giving material in a digestible form—the maximum of nutriment at lowest cost. Keeps the brain clear, muscles strong and supple and the bowels healthy and active.

Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits, heated in the oven to restore crispness, served with hot milk or cream, make a complete, nourishing, satisfying meal at a total cost of five or six cents. Also delicious with fruits. TRISCUIT is the Shredded Wheat Wafer, eaten as a toast with butter or soft cheese, or as a substitute for white flour bread or crackers.

Made only by The Shredded Wheat Company, Niagara Falls, N. Y.



(To Be Continued Tomorrow)