

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Progress of Women in East

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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 In the banquet hall of Progress God has bidden to a feast All the women of the East.
 Some have said, "We are not ready— We must wait another day."
 Some, with voices clear and steady, "Lord, we hear, and we obey."
 Others, timid and uncertain, Step forth trembling in the light,
 Many hide behind the curtain With their faces hid from sight.
 In the banquet hall of Progress All must gather soon or late,
 And the patient Host will wait.
 If today, or if tomorrow,
 If in pleasure, or in woe,
 If with pleasure, or with sorrow,
 All must answer, all must go.
 They must go with unveiled faces,
 Clothed in virtue and in pride,
 For the Host has set their places,
 And He will not be denied.

The Arabs, until the coming of Mohammed, were scattered tribes, with no religious tie and knowing only the law of force. They fought continually, tribe with tribe: and might was right.
 Some of the tribes were pagans, some were Israelites; some were Christian, and some were nothing at all but human animals.

Mohammed was of the Korashite tribe, charged with guarding the temple of the Kaaba. Orphaned young, he became a driver of caravans, and, on his journeys he informed himself regarding all the different beliefs of various tribes, became familiar with all the sacred books, and observed the growing decadence of the country, torn with petty wars and disturbed by conflicting faiths.

A natural philosopher and of a serious, meditative mind, Mohammed spent long hours in thought on these subjects, and he communicated the result of his meditations to his companions.

He soon earned the reputation of being a holy man and something akin to a sage. But not until after he married a rich widow, Khadijah, was he able to devote his whole time to religious studies and meditations. After his marriage, which released him from material cares, he spent his whole days in prayer, and declared he had communication with the Angel Gabriel, and that he was bidden to preach the true gospel to men.

He was persecuted by the Korashites of the temple of Mecca and forced to fly to Medina. This was in 622 of our era. And from the hour of his flight Mohammed became the great religious power of the Arabs. He lived only ten years after that date, but died leaving millions of converts to his faith. During his death sickness he wrote the Koran, which contains all the laws for governing the social, political and domestic life of the Arabs.

It is customary for the Christian critic to think of Mohammed as a selfish and sensual man, making laws which permitted him and his followers full license. But in truth, Mohammed gave a social code which elevated the social state of his people far above any condition existing among them previously.

Until he wrote the Koran there had been no law which gave dignity or sacredness to the family life. Mohammed saw the necessity of some kind of protection for women and children, and for some sort of ideals regarding the responsibility of the man as a husband and father.

Crude and selfish as these laws seem to us today, placed beside modern social systems, where woman is a prominent factor, they are progressive at the time they were formed.

The Arabs were wild, untutored and semi-savage men. To give each man four women to protect and care for, and to make each man realize that any negligence toward these women was a sin against the deity, was an only means of growth of character. For, until then, the women had no rights, and no protection from the man's transitory impulses. She belonged to the strongest man for such time as he chose to keep her in his tent. That was all.

Mohammed reasoned that with four wives to provide for with their offspring, man would be made industrious and provident, and knowing the fierce passions of the Arabs, and the ignorance of the women, he laid much stress upon secluding the weaker sex, and shielding the women from temptations.

In the year 622, among the Arab tribes, these laws were excellent laws. But to the modern mind they seem absurd and one-sided.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX
 Talk With Her Mother.
 Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a senior at college and am 21. I am in love with a girl of 18. We realize we are both too young for marriage and are satisfied to wait a few years. I see her once or twice a week, but her mother thinks this is too often. She would have me come once every four or five weeks to me, but she says we are too young to be seeing each other so often. Will you kindly advise us whether there is anything wrong in keeping up our friendship and seeing each other often? Will you kindly state matters clearly to the girl's mother, who will be glad to co-operate with you. Once a week is not too often to see the girl as long as you are sensible about the matter and are willing to be friends.

Just Be Natural.
 Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 29 years old and dearly love a young man 24 years old. He called on me at my suggestion, but my mother was taken so ill the evening he called that I was so upset I could not entertain him. So the following day at business I asked him if he would not call again, but he told me not to worry about that. When I work overtime I have asked him to wait for me and he did. How will you please tell me how I can win this young man's regard without seeming too forward. Yours truly, J. D. B.

If the young man is worth knowing he will realize that you were upset the night he called. Do not put yourself forward. Do not want a friend whom you have to envy after.

"The Gamblers"

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By Nell Brinkley



So many people play the game! From the small person in pink gingham and sunbonnet who looks up with wondering eyes at you as you lean on the sill of the dining car window as your train slides through the country town, to the lady who eyes you under a black aigrette, with fur about her white shoulders and diamonds like cracked ice on her pink and snow fingers. And it is almost Adam and Eve nature to play it—masked. Masked as to eyes, where the soul can be caught sometimes peering out. And they expect to win—all three of them, love-torn man, ardent woman and daring, irritable Love. Of course, it is the only game I know of where the three who sit in can all win—over. But the players all three were not masked. If one is—then should the other two be with naked eyes, so they may see as clearly as possible and so that their own soul may shine out for the masked one to see and understand. Someone must understand the other two!

If only this old, old game of loving and being loved could be played with faces uncovered, soul looking out at soul, unafraid, all unhidden. But most times here they sit, the three of them—under the lanterns of Romance, who is always sad because she must summon her moon, her flowers, her tenderest songs, her moon-rippled water, her whispering trees, her winding walks and thrilling birds, her soft lights and hushed moments, all the treasure that she sets her stage with, for people who will play in disguise!
 They sit, Love, laughing and bold, his sweet eyes glinting from behind black cover—the man, at his very kindest and best, intent, unknowing even many times that he has on his mask, playing to win, giving and serving and asking for everything in return, being blind to what he guesses that his lady love would have him be, shaping his mask to her ideals (as he reads them from her mask)—and the girl, laughing and eager, uttering what she believes is her own soul's speech, yet her eyes where the reality of her sometimes comes and

shows its face, are strange and unreadable behind the black satin, and what both Love and the man dream they see there, from the oblique holes of their own masquerade, is an alien creature. Everyone knows how odd and piquant, provoking and singular, eyes look through the black slashes of a mask! The glinting, moving creature you see there is speaking even a strange language that the unmasked eye does not know!
 Play your love game with eyes uncovered, with your own soul looking out, speaking its own language, calling its own call. Don't expect to win out if you and Love and the girl you strive for are all three pantomiming away in masquerade. What chance have you in the end?—for when the game is played and the girl you love has put her fingers in yours, and Love leans back with a deep breath—the masks must come off. And if you never knew what was behind them—you lose.—NELL BRINKLEY.

Pitfalls for Engaged Couples

By LAURA KINGSTON

Charles Kingsley used to tell a story of a friend who called on the local curate and found his reverence dancing ecstatically around a half packed portmanteau. "What's the matter?" asked the caller, in amazement, "have you gone quite mad?" "Not a bit of it," panted the curate, "but I'm engaged, and I'm just off to see her!" and away he started again on his jubilant career around the room.

Those of us who have been in the curate's enviable position can sympathize with his exaltation, though personally we would not exhibit it in quite the same way; for the man who does not feel transported to the seventh heaven when he has just won the sweetest prize life has to offer does not deserve his good fortune. But no lover ever stayed long on his pinnacle of bliss, and the sooner he descends to less dangerous altitudes the better, for he must walk wearily if he is to tread without disaster the primrose path of courtship that leads to the altar.

The path "of the lover may be strewn with flowers," said an old divine, who knew what he was talking about, "but flowers conceal many a pitfall into which he will stumble if he be not wary." In a breach of promise case, in which the writer once took a modest professional part, the defendant gave as his principal reason for breaking his troth the fact that the plaintiff yawned repeatedly in his face when he was wooing her. "How often did you see her?" asked the plaintiff's counsel. "Oh, every day, practically." "Perhaps you saw too much of each other?" suggested the man or wife and groom. "We certainly did," was the emphatic answer.

And therein is one of the most fatal pitfalls in the path of the engaged. They, as a rule, see far too much of one another. In their new-born ardor they cannot spend an hour apart which they can possibly spend together. That which at first is a delight becomes a habit which neither has the moral courage to relax, and mutual boredom results. It can scarcely be otherwise so long as human nature is what it is. The fire of love is best fed by discreet absence and uncertainty, and it is too much sat over and watched, especially in its early stages, it has a fatal tendency to smoulder, if not to go out. The wis-

Science for Workers

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN

One of the most impressive facts in cosmic science is that of interstellar space. Nature is excessively lavish in distances between stars. I have used the words interstellar space as a mere figure of speech, for it is not known, and the fact is, cannot be known by man in his present mental state whether space is interminable—that is, without a terminus or end. For it is impossible to think of beginning or end.

The nearest neighboring sun to our own is 25,000,000,000 miles. But if the distance should be reduced down to one-fourth, or 6,250,000,000 miles, the attraction on the planets of our local solar system would be too feeble to produce appreciable disturbances in their motions. Then it is not known why stars are separated by such immense distances. The bright star Sirius is twice the distance of Alpha Centauri, the nearest known, or fifty-one trillion miles. Next beyond Sirius is a star, No. 2,136 in La Lande's catalogue, and its distance is only 500,000,000 miles greater, but this amounts to little, as it is but half of a trillion. The next is 61 Cygni, whose distance is 62,000,000,000 miles.

These are our neighbors, and beyond these stellar distances the suns may be called far away, even farther than one hundred trillion. But, really, the huge suns are not so very far until their distances rise to one thousand trillion, or one quadrillion miles.

Since suns are shining in immense numbers in all possible directions, the minimum diameter of the stellar structure is two quadrillion miles. But every astronomer is well aware that this is merely a minimum; that the actual diameter is far greater; how much greater cannot be measured, because the surveys of celestial distances have such a microscopic base line for their triangles—the diameter of the orbit of the earth, only 186,000,000 miles. This is comparable to the diameter of a hair as seen from these distant suns.

The unit of measurement is the distance traversed by light in one sidereal year, which is 5,880,000,000 miles. This may be called the astronomical foot rule, or yard stick, or inch rule, if the universe is finite; or infinitesimal—infinite to nothing—rule if the universe is infinite. The distance of the nearest sun is 4,872 times the length of the standard. Here is a valuable number to memorize: Time required for light to traverse a distance of one quadrillion miles is 175 years. Astronomer Kapteyn has said

that in all probability, from law of diminution of the numbers of stars in space, the dimension of the starry universe is, to use his own words: "It must be sufficient to say that in this way we are led to conclude that the further diminution of the density must be slow, so slow that in the assumption made above the limit of the system is only reached at a distance of some 30,000 light years."—J. C. Kapteyn, P. 317, Smithsonian Annual Report 1908.

Then the diameter of the sphere of billions of widely separated suns is 6,000 light years. Go multiply and the number of miles will appear. Then, if space is infinite, this diameter of the universe is an infinitesimal—almost, but not absolutely, nothing. But this is unthinkable. The well known astronomical scales used to weigh all of these suns is the specific speed of a stone that has been falling at the level of the sea in a vacuum during one absolute second of time. This acquired velocity is 32 feet per second. This is the most powerful weighing entity known.

Q.—(3) A says that an infinite quantity is always a variable.
 "Q) B says that it is not, because space is infinite, and since it is not growing larger or becoming smaller it is not variable, but constant. Which is right?"—Bertram Christy, Clark, Neb.

A.—Good brothers A and B do not know anything about an infinite quantity nor infinite space. That is, unless they have surpassed the concentrated wisdom of the fifty masters—they who are able to add a thought to the sum of human knowledge. The fifty plead ignorance.

(3) How can the area of a rectangle be expressed whose length is infinite and width infinitesimal?—Same.

A.—Not one of the fifty can commence to think how, and they never try to think of this subject.

HAYDEN BROS'.

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