

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## How Earth Was Born

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

"Kindly explain how our earth contains such a vast amount of water. Astronomy teaches us that our planet, as well as other planets, were at one time parts of the sun. Such being the case, at the beginning our earth must have been one huge molten mass of heat, fire and gas. We all know the power heat has over water, therefore the above query, also where did the water come from?"

R. W. L., Chicago.

The story of the origin of water involves that of the birth of the earth. According to the generally accepted hypothesis, the earth was one mass of heated gases, which included, in one form or another, every chemical element that we know. Among these gases were oxygen and hydrogen, the two elements by whose combination water is formed. But there was no water then because the heat was too great to permit of the combination of oxygen and hydrogen. The elements of water were present, but not water itself.

As the gaseous mass continued to cool a temperature was reached at which combination could begin to take place, and then water appeared in the form, not of liquid, but of an invisible vapor, which we call water vapor. Although oxygen and hydrogen had combined in this vapor, the heat was still too great for it to condense into liquid state. With further cooling, however, it did undergo a partial condensation into that form of water which we know as steam. At that time the globe was probably a great white hot ball, enveloped, at a vast height above its surface, with a hazy shell, or envelope, of steam. In this immense steamy shell was contained, in the vaporous form, all the water that the future earth was to possess. The oceans were there, albeit as scalding clouds.

The central mass continued to cool and condensed, and at last, when the temperature of the rock crust that had begun to form about it had descended to about 375 degrees Centigrade, the first true water, that is liquid water, appeared on the earth. It fell in hot drops from the vaporous envelope, and at first, no doubt, was instantly reconverted into steam by contact with the heated crust. After a while the crust became so cool that the descending water could remain upon it in liquid state. Then the mighty rains fell thicker and faster from the condensing envelope until the accumulated water formed great oceans, or perhaps, at the beginning, one universal ocean surrounding the entire earth. That would depend upon the form of the surface of the crust at the time when the descent of the waters occurred. The origin of the present ocean basins goes back to the very beginning of geological history, and antedates every period that can be fixed with reasonable certainty.

These facts explain why the earth has so great a quantity of water, and where that water came from. But there are still many mysterious, or unexplained circumstances in this tremendous history of a earth's birth. By no means all of the oxygen and hydrogen contained in the original nebulous mass which eventually became the earth, was employed to make water. In fact, the quantity of these elements that combined into the form of water was almost insignificant in comparison with the quantity, particularly of oxygen, which entered into different combinations with other elements, to form the rocks and other solid materials of the globe. The oceans, after all, constitute comparatively speaking, the merest film on the surface of the great earth. The greatest ocean depth is only about six miles, while the diameter of the globe is nearly 8,000 miles.

It is believed that the oceans cannot continue to exist for all time as we see them today. The minerals constituting the solid crust of the earth are continually absorbing water. It has been calculated that granite contains two gallons of absorbed water in every cubic yard. The condition of the earth, as revealed by telescopes and by photography, shows that a globe may, at least as far as its surface is concerned, become absolutely arid, no water whatever remaining upon it, although in ages past it may have been covered with oceans.

Many explorers have thought that they had discovered evidence of a drying up of the earth within historic times. Former lakes and small seas seem to have disappeared. The process, however, must be a slow one, and no considerable quantity of the oceanic waters can be absorbed into the earth's interior until the core of the globe has become relatively cool. At present the internal heat is so great that water cannot penetrate to a depth of more, say, than twenty miles at the most. It is only as the rocks cool that they begin to take up water in combination.

When liquid water filters down through the crust and comes into contact with intensely heated rocks, it is rapidly converted into steam, and the explosive force thus developed is one of the causes, and perhaps the main cause, of volcanic eruptions.

## 'Mr. Dooley' on 'The Gift of Orathy'

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Hearst's Magazine



"In the middle of a long, raised table where they stick the condemned culprits is a man who has been chose because of the ready flow of insults at his command."

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(From the December Hearst's.)

"I see," said Mr. Dooley, "that a society has been formed to stop after-dinner oratory, and I expect every day to read that its rooms have been raided by the police. For, of course, this is a murder society, like the Mafia. The only way you can prevent an after-dinner orator from orating after dinner is to strangle him. It would do any good not to ask him to the bank, if he'd disguise himself as a waiter or conch himself behind the potted palms as soon as the dimmy-tassles came in he'd leap on an' begin. Mither Chairman an' gentlemen, I am reminded by this occasion of a story that I got from me ol' frind Doc Hostetter—an' so on."

"Ye didn't always feel that way," said Mr. Dooley.

"I know I didn't," said Mr. Dooley. "Twas wanst the hite of me ambition to stand up behind a bank iv flowers, with a good seegar in wan hand an' a napkin in the other an' wan miltary salute in audience convulsed with laughter an' another miltary salute in tears. I told ye a long time ago that a tur-rible fist I made iv it, how I f'rot to commit any part iv the oration to miltary ex-cit' parts that ar-re printed in brackets like: applause, loud an' prolonged laughter, cries iv 'No, no, go on,' an' 'I like it,' how without usurtin' a wurd I sunk to me chair a miltary inglorious Dan Webster.

"Since thin I go to a bank iv th' Dimmycratic club on'y to injure meelf by watchin' iv the fellows that expects to be called on fr speeches an' observe th' wealthy contractor that has just been hoked goin' without nourishment because he don't know which fork to use. "But because I was th' most turbid failure as an orator that the wuruld has iver seen, is no reason why I should want to suppriss th' poor fellows by violence. It's us that encourages them that is to blame. Ivry nation injures some kind of a crool sport an' after-dinner oratory is th' same with us as bull-fighting is with the Spaniards.

Did ye iver go to a bank iv oratory question? Well, ye go into a big room where there a lot iv little tables occupied by people that ar-re there to injure themselves, an' a long, raised table where they stick th' condemned culprits. A man who has been chose because iv his harsh manner an' th' ready flow iv insults at his command sits in th' middle amongst them. He's the only one at aise in th' line. An' why shouldn't he be at aise? He's the ligitation. Th' others ar-re pale with ambition an' fright. They do not ate or drink anything that's passed to them. They don't speak to each other. Now an' thin they miltion their parched lips with a sip of water. But most iv th' time they're wurrukin' away with little sticks iv pencils pollahin' up their last dyn' utterances.

"Manewhile th' la-ads at th' little tables who ar-re not look fr fame or glory ar-re havin' a gran' time. It's 'Hev, wather, bring another good iv that fr-richer, dier.' Well, Mike, here's 'tassy.' Good stev, ar-re gods' round, guests are eteall, each other's souvenirs to take home to th' childer, at a corner table four ol' gentlemen ar-re slagin' in a clost harmony. I was seen' Nelly Home."

"All at wanst th' chairman gets up, summons fr silence, an' introlooca th' first speaker in these slow'n' terms: 'Gentlemen,' he says, 'th' best iv times must come to an end. We ar-re so un-fortchit as to have with us tonight th' Hon'able E. Lemual Higgs, who is known to th' polis as th' Big Wind iv th' Sixteenth ward. I don't know how he got in, but here he is. He has ast me to be allowed to address ye, an' owing to th' presence iv a few iv me miltary inmates in the audience I have consisted. Guests ar-re requested to hilyze themselves as best they can durin' his ballyhoon, but I must remind them that if they applaud him with th' chinnyware they will be charged with the breakage. Gentlemen, Miltier Higgs."

"At that th' poor fellow leans to his feet. His face is now a light green in color an' it bears a smile that makes ye think he may have tuk an overdose iv strychnine. Before he is fairly up he huris a convulsial story at th' audience. It splutters fr a miltion an' goes out in th' air like a firecracker on a rainy Fourth iv July. He thives another an' th' la-ads down below begin to scrape their feet an' move their chairs.

Conversation starts up again. Th' waiters thrip over chairs. There is a noise iv breakin' dishes in th' pantry. Th' fiddler in th' orchestra chooses his fiddle. An' th' ol' gentlemen in th' corner begin singin' th' second verse iv 'Nelly Home,' which is the same as th' first an' th' twenty-sivth.

"But Higgs goes right on. He can't stop even if he wanted to an' now he don't want to. Miltier th' brutal chairman haults him back be th' coat tail, yellin' 'Stop, stop, that it can be heard above th' ballyhoon,' he murmurs a few wurd iv thanks an' sets down, in his chair, moops his face with a napkin, an' turns to his neighbor an' says: 'How d'ye think it went? But th' neighbor's throat is so dry that he can't answer. He's th' nex' victim to be led to th' threapard. An' milt ye these ar-re th'

front speakers. The last orator, if he isn't dead iv fright be th' time he's called has to compete with a dozen arguments an' close harmony quartets, th' loud laugh that speaks th' vacant bottle, an' maybe a rough-an'-tumble fight or two.

I want know a man that was a habit-chod after-dinner speaker. He eudnt iver think iv askin' me or Roger Sullivan to sing. Thin why, says I shud they th' had done this, I formerly traveled out to his home town, but an' now she is in I love her still. What course should I pursue.

"Apparently the young lady has exercised her feminine right to change her mind. You would better try for a while to get along without her and see how it works. You are both young, and you have already shown that you can change your mind, so it is not out of the range of possibility that you will yet find another girl who will also measure up to your standard of the ideal. It would do no harm, but it might not help your opinion of yourself, if you asked her for her reasons for discarding you.

**Write to Him.**

Dear Miss Fairfax: I received a time ago a note from a young man who courted me home. A few days later I received a letter asking my permission to call, to which I consented. He called, and we took occasional walks and had interesting conversations. At the end of a few weeks I received a letter from him stating that he was unable to call on me Sunday, and I have not heard from him, but word has reached my ears that previous to our parting he expressed to a friend of his great happiness in having met me, and said that I was just the young lady he would like to make his lifelong partner.

M. E.

Under the circumstances, I see no reason why you should not write a pleasant but dignified letter asking him if any circumstances had arisen to threaten your friendship. Tell him you miss him, and if there is anything that needs ex-

**Try the "Best Care."**

Dear Miss Fairfax: About a year and a half ago I started to keep company with a young lady whom I have learned to love very much. In fact, about a year ago we became engaged, and as I came to know her better the more I thought of her. To me she is an ideal girl, without a single fault as far as I can see. She is a sensible and refined girl and I never met a cleaner girl, morally, mentally and physically, than her. I broke an engagement with another girl for her and neither of us has kept company with anyone else during the last year. I have been to her home many times and think highly of her parents as well as of her. Without warning she wrote me that all was returned as far as we were concerned and through the ring, I went to her

**Two Women Factors in Success of San Francisco Exposition—Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, widow of Senator Hearst, is the honorary president of the Woman's Board and heads the committee to furnish and maintain the California Host building. Mrs. Maynard Ladd of Boston is one of the women sculptors whose works will decorate several of the buildings.**

kind iv musician or pote? There's no form iv amusement that I like better after a week's hard wurruk thin to go to a picnic in Downer's Grove, an' be hulled to dreams or excited to a frenzy by an oration fr'm a good orator. I've heard orations that I cud do a two-step to, an' many a time have I gone home hummin' bits iv a speech on th' tariff to meself.

"Th' night I heard William Jennings Bryan's cross-iv-rood speech I went over to Hogan's house an' picked out th' tune with wan finger on th' piano. It was that musical. Ivry fr-rat orator ought to be accompanied by an orchestra or, at worst, a pianist who wud play trills while th' artist was refreshin' himself with a glass iv ice wather. I don't think th' Cat-talky people know how to advertise their headlines: If I was thin I'd put out bills like this:

On-parallel Attractions.  
At Odd Fellows' Hall,  
Chamoosh night, will be presented this mammoth array iv onchord iv cilibrities: Th' Hivently Endowed Childer iv Orleans, Th' Swiss Yodeler.

Th' Japanese Jugglers  
In their nerve-shatterin' an' heart-destroyin' specialty

**Don't Be Foolish.**

Dear Miss Fairfax: Am engaged to a young man a few years older than myself. We love each other dearly. This is not a new thing, but they did not feel like asking her. I formerly traveled out of her home town, but an' now she is in I love her still. What course should I pursue.

"Apparently the young lady has exercised her feminine right to change her mind. You would better try for a while to get along without her and see how it works. You are both young, and you have already shown that you can change your mind, so it is not out of the range of possibility that you will yet find another girl who will also measure up to your standard of the ideal. It would do no harm, but it might not help your opinion of yourself, if you asked her for her reasons for discarding you.

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planation you will be glad to do your share to clear it up.

**Too Analytical.**

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am troubled. I am a young woman of 22, not in the least good looking, and haven't a very sweet disposition. In fact, I am stubborn and have a temper. I am engaged to a young man three years my senior, whose affection for me seems dearer idolatry than love. I think a great deal of him, but know that I do not love him as he loves me. This almost breaks my heart. I am working shoulder to shoulder with men in the business world and earn as much as the average man. Do you think this feeling is due to my success in the business world, or that I have always had a great desire to make my own fight in the world, or that I do not love him? It seems to me that it must be one of those three reasons that made me feel as I do. Can you explain my feelings?

MARGUERITE.

You scrutinize your motives and character too closely. You would be happier if you were more spontaneous and natural, and let yourself drift a bit more on the tide of your own feelings without examining them under a microscope. I think you have let yourself become a little morbid through too much introspection. If you did not care for the young man you would not so much mind hurting him. You seem to be a girl who has won success in the business world at an early age and who has also been able to command the devoted love of a good man. So you must be sweeter and more lovable than you think. And of course you must have ability. How would you feel if this were never to see your lover again? Think this over seriously. That will tell you far better than any guess of mine, whether or no you love your fiance.

**Advice to Lovelorn**

By Beatrice Fairfax

**Little Bobbie's Pa**

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

I see there is a plotter here in the paper of a very pretty girl that is the granddaughter of the king, sed Ma. Her name is Daphne, Daphne Fitz-George, & she says that American men are too busy & that they don't devote enuff time to social affairs.

How interesting, sed Pa. I suppose the American business men feel properly called down, now that Daphne has had her say. If there is anybody that has a license to tell a lot of clever grown-up men where to get off, it is a slip of a girl that happens to have a king for a grand-dad.

She must be intelligent, the way this plotter looks, sed, Ma. She has a high forehead.

So his a grasshopper, sed Pa, or a cow. That isn't any proof. It is really not bad about American men not attending to social affairs, sed Pa. I never saw to many social affairs, Pa, but the kind of American men that I saw at the few I went to, he sed, kind of gave me the notion that I was moar of a fellow then them somehow. I'll bet even little Bobbie forgot moar than this cime here to tell me how to spend thare time. Can you beat it?

You don't need to git so worked up over it, dearest, sed Ma. I don't suppose that anything she has sed is likely to change yur plans or the plans of any fact, sed Ma. I think our business men devote too much time, if anything, to social affairs, but too many of thare social affairs is held near what is known tek-nikally as a bar. Don't get flustered, dearest, Ma sed, I am not going to ask you to change one move in yure dress.

I am not flustered, sed Pa, but sum times I git out of pashuns with certain peopul. I think American men are over-doeing the social thing even now, as things are. I have been reading about brokers & bankers closing up thare offices half an hour earlier so they can go up town & John hands at sum tango tea. If that isent devoting time to social affairs, I don't know what it is, & if it isent a mild form of insanity, I don't know what insanity is, eether.

The trubbel with a lot of American men, sed Pa, is that they are too easy. Look at poor Jones that was here with his wife the other nite. She sed herself, his wife did, that they had been on the go at a theater or a tango party every nite for a week, & Jones certinly looked the part. Did you note the tired look of him, sed Pa. He is a man that works in his law o'ce all day like a slave, sed Pa, & I suppose if he wanted to cum rit out & run things he wud put the crusher on a lot of the tangoing, but he jest lets things slide, & sum day the side will become a avalanche, & then thare hoam will be swept under.

Oh, I don't see anything very wrong about going out evenings to tango parties, sed Ma. I nolis he is good enuff to talk her, & you won't go.

No, sed Pa, I won't go, & you know I won't go. If I were to start going, sed Pa, you wud get the tango crass too. Thare will never be any such start in this family, sed Pa.

You are rite, dearest, sed Ma. I agree with you, after all. You know I don't care for them frivolous things. Here is the bill for my Easter hat, prehus, sed Ma. Only 22, & it was 22 Who helps you save munny, dearest?

I don't know, sed Pa. Sweeney, I guess.

And He So Inexperienced!

"That foolish boy who was so dead in love that nothing would do but he must get married, was so confused when he went to get a marriage license that he asked for a dog license instead."

"Well, that was all right, wasn't it for a case of puppy love?"—Baltimore American.

**Zeke an' Cy**  
Wurru'd's Champen Wood Choppers

**Estelle—Th' Montmorencies—Clarence**  
Thrick Bicycle Riders

Th' whole dassin' an' propogathral display to close with th' first appearance in this city iv

Th' Greatest iv Nachral Orators  
William Jennings Bryan

who will render his cilybrated barytone solo: "Th' Prince iv Peace" (accompanied on th' piccolo by Professor Woodrow Wilson). N. B.—Miltier Bryan is th' on'y livin' barytone who can reach high C without standin' on his toes.

Admission: Gents, wan dollar; gents accompanied by laddes, wan-fifty; childer, twenty-five cents. Infants in ar-runs or out iv thim not admitted at anny price.

We haven't been fair to orators in th' past. We've been so thrilled by these gr-great artists that we've taken thim away fr'm their career an' put thim into Government jobs, makin' mere thrudges iv thim whin they might better be out in th' wurru'd sostenin' th' hearts iv men with their mellow tones. Makin' William Jennings Bryan Sirety iv State is like goin' to Paddyriskey an' sayin': 'We've

been so enthralled by yer planny playin' that we've decided to make ye sheriff iv Cook County." I'd pay almost anny-thing to hear Fiddlin' Tom fiddle, but I wudnt have him fr a bartender if he paid me.

"Like as not he'd thry to play O'Donnell 'Abo' on th' cash register an' wreck it." Me frind Gallagher was th' gr-restart campaign pote that iver lived. He wrote a pome wanst befinnin' 'We'll carry this ward fr Hopkins fr'm th' mountains to th' sea,' an' he hevens while he was singin' it I thought they was moutain an' sea in th' ward. But the nex' day I come to th' con-clusion that he meant fr'm th' steel wur-ruks to th' South Branch iv th' river. After th' side he put in an applycance fr superintendin' iv bridges, net. Did th' mayor give it to him? He did it. He sed he wud not shackle Janus in this manner. He app'nted him gas inspector, which, as he said, wud give him ample opportunity to court th' muse, an' he handed th' other place to Jim Cassidy, who iver made a longer speech thin 'What'll ye all have?' in his life.

"No, sir, 'is a gr-rear mistake to fear these artists fr'm their specialty an' show thim up. Let thim go on pleasantly thim governin' thim men. It's better follow that because a man can write or talk beautifully about plumbin' that ye hite him to mend th' kitchen sink. Ye do not, Ye say to yerself: Demostheens moved me so much by his eloquent appeal fr good plumbin' that I'll send fr a plumber to mend the wastepipe." No man in this country can tell me more about th' currency bill thin Larkin, th' blacksmith, yet whin a customer hands him a 22 bill fr shoens a horse he has to get a piece iv chalk an' flure th' change on th' side wall iv his shop. Orators an' editors seldom do well in office. They have to express opinions right off th' stove on ivry known subject in language that ivry man will remember an' repeat, an' after that they can't change without somebody diggin' up what they said. I have no doubt that William Jennings Bryan would like to turn th' soles in Vera Cruz out iv th' fryin' pan into th' fire and they'd like it, too. Fr 'is no slay job keepin' cool in a fryin' pan, he ye can stamp out a fire. But if he did, ivry vigitaryan that paid a dollar last year to hear him warble his poor opinion iv war wud go down to th' State department an' hurl eeting beans at him. So I hope they'll return him to us an' that wanst more we may see him as iv yore, comin' out on th' platform with a janit' smile on his face an' a tunin' forks in his hand, an' let thim a familiar chest tones or th' most precous iv ol' folk chug: 'In th' banks iv ol' Wall Street far away!'

"It's a disgrace to the artistic sense iv this nation that our most cilybrated song burry shude be condemned to th' sordid task iv buyin' good bricks fr'm South Africa." It pains me more thin I can say to think iv this lark beatin' his poor wings against th' bars iv his cage. En-fack, sed Ma, I think our business men devote too much time, if anything, to social affairs, but too many of thare social affairs is held near what is known tek-nikally as a bar. Don't get flustered, dearest, Ma sed, I am not going to ask you to change one move in yure dress.

"Did an orator iver change yer vote?" asked Mr. Hennessy, after thinking a moment.

"Always, me frind," said Mr. Dooley impressively; then, with a convincing wave of his hand: "If he's a bad orator I vote against him instinctively, an' if he's a good wan who's swayed me soul I always do so as a kind iv an act of contrition fr lettin' me feelin' in a fool iv me."

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