

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The World Under Water

Some Wonderful Discoveries Are Made by a Clever Scientist and Inventor

A Charming Gown

Described By Olivette

By GARIETT P. SERVISS.

The world of the fish is a world concealed by a mirror, and it is as full of wonders as that which Alice found behind the looking glass. The comelies and the tragedies of the life under the water are revealed by Francis Ward's book on "The Marvels of Fish Life," almost surpassing belief. Until he invented his submarine observation chamber many of the secrets of that strange life were unknown. He had to get under water himself before he could see what the fish were really about in their hours of supposed privacy. But he could not go down in the dress of a diver.

As they tip they descend deeper in the water until at last they rest sideways on the bottom, with one eye buried in the sand. And now begins a transformation scene that is absolutely grotesque, and that no one would ever have suspected nature of indulging in. The head of the little fish lying on the bottom, begins slowly to turn around the axis of the animal column and on the fourteenth day after birth, the left eye appears on the border of the head, having traveled around from its original place underneath and opposite to the right eye, which all this while has remained staring upward alone. The locomotive eye continues its journey



On top, a pike photographed while in pursuit of a roach; on bottom, Francis Ward's observation chamber at the side of a pond.

He had to meet them in their own world and yet remain invisible to them. He must be a spectator placed in their world and still concealed. For the purpose he invented the fish and got behind a mirror, where he could see and be unseen. He effected this by constructing a large, sun-dome, perfectly natural and agreeable home for fish, and excavating at one side of the pond a subterranean chamber, one wall of which consisted of a great window hermetically covered with glass and looking directly into the water outside. He could then descend into this chamber, close the vent to make all dark within and observe the fish as intimately as if he were an inhabitant of their world. The darkness within the chamber caused the glass window to reflect all the light falling upon it from the direction of the water as if it were a mirror of black jet. The fish could see nothing in the glass except their own images and the reflection of their surroundings. The observer behind the glass was absolutely invisible to them. Thus they thought themselves alone and behaved in a perfectly natural manner.

Then Mr. Ward provided himself with ingenious photographic apparatus and proceeded to make the most interesting observations on the life of fishes that have ever been effected. He photographed them in all the acts of their everyday life. He could see the workings of what some people would call their minds. He became familiar with their moods. He saw them when they were in good humor and when they threw themselves into a passion. He photographed the expressions on their faces when they were content, when they were quietly enjoying themselves, when they were alarmed, when they were in pursuit of their prey or were being pursued, and the pictures that obtained are surprising to look upon.

One of the most curious of Mr. Ward's observations is that relating to the mar-

around the head, getting nearer and nearer to its mate, until, after just six days of this strange traveling it arrives in a position of symmetry with regard to the other, and there it fixes itself permanently, while the animal, its whole system having undergone a corresponding adjustment, becomes a flat fish for life. Why does the attitude of these fish

change from the vertical to the horizontal? Evidently that is a hard question, which science is not prepared to answer. It is almost as astonishing as if men began life walking upright on two legs and during their infancy underwent a change bringing them down on all fours for the rest of their lives. This is the only one among a multitude

of curious observations made by Mr. Ward. Some of the things described by him have been known before, but until he invented his method of getting down among the fish themselves and carrying his photographic instruments with him no such intimate knowledge as he has obtained of the nature of life under water was possessed by anybody.

The modern Tea Gown is a sufficiently magnificent garment for wear at real functions.

And the designing of beautiful tea gowns is thought well worth the art and careful attention of the greatest French Maisons.



the bottom of the skirt on the right. The skirt, of silk veiling, rolls up under this beaded effect and drapes in front. With this is worn a broad scarf of white veiling in the mode of the Antique. OLIVETTE.

Of white nylon is this creation. The bodice is a kimono with a long fitted sleeve and a surplice crossing in front. Just below the line of the V-shaped décolletage is a huge velvet flower in the amber colors. There is a small, short basque rounded in front—this hides the setting of a rain of beads in the iridescent colors. This arrangement is short on the left side and falls to

Watch this page for all the latest spring fashions from Paris, fully described.

DIAMONDS BY LOUIS TRACY

You Can Begin This Great Story To-day by Reading This First

Philip Anson, a boy of 13, of good birth and breeding, finds himself an orphan and in dire poverty. His mother having died, a terrific storm sweeps over London, and the boy saves the life of a little girl, but is almost sufficed by a man, who says he is the girl's guardian, and whose name is Lord Vastness. Philip returns to the place where his mother had died, determined to continue his education. At this time a terrific flash of lightning is followed by the fall of a meteor in the courtyard of Johnson's Mews, the home of the boy, and he takes it as a sign from heaven. He picks up several bits of the meteor and takes them to a diamond dealer, named Isaacson. The dealer recognizes the bits as meteoric diamonds, and has Philip in charge by the police. At the prison Philip gives the name of Merford, having gotten that from some letters his mother left. Lady Norland, dining in a restaurant, reads of the boy's arrest in a paper, and sets about to discover his antecedents. Philip succeeds in establishing his ownership of the diamonds, and makes friends with the magistrate. On his release he enters into an arrangement with Isaacson to sell the diamonds for him, and then establishes himself at a first-class hotel. He is invited to the purchase of the property of Johnson's Mews, as it was called in those days.

son's mews. He has an adventure there that results in his making friend with policeman named Bradley, a green grocer and an old junk dealer named O'Brien. Also, he makes a discovery of a desperate criminal named Jocky Mason. After he has arranged for an interview with Mr. Abingdon, the police magistrate, he goes for a stroll, and encounters Bradley and his wife. A few pleasant words with the policeman lead Philip free to call on Mr. Abingdon, where he told the magistrate his story in full, and asked him to take the responsible position of guardian. Mr. Abingdon was interested, and that night Philip received a telegram from Isaacson that his mission to Amsterdam had been successful. This opens the first chapter of the tale. Now opens the story of the meteoric diamonds.

Now Read On

"That's no way to cure yourself—profoundly the name of 'Almighty,'" cried O'Brien. "No, I'm sorry, I tell you. But about this boy—

"Ye never heard such a blarney," said the old man, indignantly. "I was in the middle of telling him about Mr. Philip when he began to curse like Ould Nick himself."

In the Mills Road road the raw-boned person who betrayed such excitement found the policeman awaiting him. He sprang onto a bus, and purposely stared at the officer in a manner to attract his attention. When at a safe distance he put his fingers to his nose. The constable smiled.

"I knew I was right," he said. "I don't need to look twice at that sort of customer."

quitted his university and was old enough to begin to bear some portion of the burden. They agreed to differ on this important question. Philip was fond of travel and adventure. With great difficulty he had secured a position in the army, but compromised the matter by allowing the young millionaire to room about the odd corners of the world in his yacht for eight months of the year, provided he spent four months of the season in London and Sussex, attending to affairs.

"In this month of April he was living in his own house. In July he would go to Fairfax Hall; in August to Scotland, and a month later would joyfully fly to the South, where the Sea Maiden awaited him."

"This lady, whose waist measured eighteen feet across, and whose length was seventy feet, with a fine spread of canvas and auxiliary steam, was the only steamer able to charm him."

Mr. Abingdon proved himself to be a very able business man. When the administration of Philip's revenues became too heavy a task for his unaided shoulders, he organized a capital estate office, with well-trained lawyers, engineers and accountants to conduct its various departments, while he kept up an active supervision of the whole until Philip

A telegram came. Anson opened it and read:

"Was dressing to come to your place when Grainger telegraphed for me to act as substitute Lincoln Quarter Sessions. Must go down at once. FOX."

"No answer," he said, adding to himself: "That's better. Fox's caustic humor would have worried me tonight. I wish Abingdon would come. I am eager to tell him what has happened."

Now, punctually was one of Mr. Abingdon's many virtues. At half-past seven to the tick his brougham deposited him at the door.

The two met with a cordial greeting that showed the close ties of mutual good fellowship and respect which bound them together.

"Fox won't be here," said Philip. "Grainger has broken down—ill health, I suppose, and if he manages to tell the jury a joke or two he will influence a verdict as unfairly as any man I know."

"Does it not seem to you to be rather an anomaly that justice, which in the abstract is impeccable, should often depend on other issues which have no possible bearing on the merits of the dispute itself?"

"My dear boy, that defect will continue until the crack of doom. Pascal laid it bare in an epigram—'Plaisante Justice! qu'une riviere ou un montaigne borne! Verite au deca du Pyrenees, erreur au dela!' It all depends on which side of the Pyrenees Fox happens to be."

"Unfortunately, I am straddling the water shed at this very moment. I have made an unpleasant discovery. Abingdon, and I am glad we are alone tonight—we can speak freely. Some people named Sharpe & Smith wrote to me yesterday."

"I know them—an old-established firm of solicitors."



Madame Isobell's Beauty Lesson

LESSON II. Beauty Hygiene for Hot Days.

Excessive heat has always been a great destroyer of beauty. Women who live in tropical countries, especially those who were born further north, fade young, and even in the temperate climate it is wise for every woman and every young girl to give her complexion and scalp special care during the summer months. The bad effects of the hot weather can be nullified and overcome by a little care and understanding of the subject.

The agents for harm in the summer are perspiration, sun and dust, and injudicious eating and drinking. The evil effects of excessive perspiration are not commonly understood, and we will therefore take up this subject first.

Sweat which exists only in the human race and in a few of the higher animals, such as the stag and the horse, is an important function of the skin, found always in health and necessary for purposes of elimination and for cooling the body.

People who perspire freely naturally withstand the ill effects of extreme heat better than those who do not, and, therefore, perspiration in a moderate amount is advisable.

The liquid eliminated by the sweat glands is colorless, salty in the taste, and contains in addition to water certain mineral and organic matter rejected by the body. In health it has an alkaline reaction, but this turns acid by reason of decomposition, and it is this acidity that causes harm both to the face and the scalp, where the sweat glands are particularly large and numerous.

Dandruff is more prevalent in hot weather than in cold and neglected, it is the cause of itching and irritation, and may turn into eczema, a very troublesome and obstinate scalp affliction. Almost every woman has had reason to remark how prone the hair is to fall at the close of the summer. This is not necessarily an alarming symptom, for the life of a hair is but from five to seven years, and falling hair therefore is a natural process. But beyond a certain point it indicates serious trouble, and, when this occurs in the autumn, it can generally be traced back to the hot weather and the ill effects of the acid perspiration on the scalp. Let us see how this can be prevented.

thoroughly rinsed from the hair and scalp. If frequent shampoos are not practical, the scalp can be kept clean by a daily friction with alcohol or toilet water. Keep perspiration away by keeping the scalp cool and well ventilated. Brush and comb the hair twice a day, and, as often as possible, let it hang loose. At night do not confine it in braids, but arrange it loosely under a thin bouffant cap.

Madame Isobell's (Lesson II to Be Continued.)

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Not a Master of Will. Dear Miss Fairfax: About a year ago I was deeply in love with a young lady and she returned a great deal of love. At a reception she met and became in love with another man whom she thought she loved, but claims to have changed her mind since. At the present she shows a great deal of affection toward me. Ought I return the affection, if so, why? W. R. C.

You don't love her. If you did you would find that love is not a matter of will. She has a right to change her mind, and since she has changed it in your favor you should rejoice and not complain.

He is Too Old for You. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 and in love with a gentleman of 32, who I know reciprocates my love. Do you think the difference in our ages would interfere with our future happiness? I have gone away and tried to forget him, but I cannot. I am happy only when in his company. It is purely a case of "absence makes the heart grow fonder." H. J. R.

If absence makes the heart fonder, try being with him more. I am quite sure if you are a normal girl of 18 and he has begun to develop the peculiarities of 32 that you will decide you don't love him.

Sick, Sour Stomach, Indigestion or Gas

Take "Pape's Diapepsin" and in five minutes you'll wonder what became of misery in stomach.

Wonder what upset your stomach—which portion of the food did the damage do you? Well, don't loiter. If your stomach is in a revolt; if you are uneasy and what you just ate has fermented into stomach lumps; head dizziness and aches; both gases and acids erupt and undigested food; breath foul, tongue coated—just take a little Pape's Diapepsin and in five minutes you wonder what became of the indigestion and distress. Millions of men and women today know that it is needless to have a bad stomach. A little Diapepsin occasionally keeps this delicate organ regulated and they eat their favorite foods without fear. If your stomach doesn't take care of your liberal diet without rebellion—if your food is a damage instead of a help, remember the quickest, surest, most harmless relief is Pape's Diapepsin, which costs only fifty cents for a large case at drug stores. It's truly wonderful—it digests food and sets things straight—so gently and easily that it is really astonishing. Please, for your sake, don't go on and on with a weak, disordered stomach; it's so unnecessary—Advertisement.

Truth

By WILLIAM F. KIRK. Truth is a king that some men never see; A king that some men never even seek; Often indeed the lowly and the weak See Truth more plainly than does royalty. But whether to this king you bow the knee, Or turn away with no desire to speak, Or whether you are arrogant or meek, Still he is monarch and shall ever be. The kings of old defied him. They are dust, Departed with their legions and their lies; The rich today, the vain, the friends of lust Fly from the king or turn away their eyes. Proudly he reigns, disdainful praise or curse, The overlord of all the universes.