

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

How Volcanoes Produce Refrigerating Blankets Scientifically Explained

Eruption of Katmai in Alaska Last Year Lowered Earth Temperature 10 Per Cent—Similar Occurrences Before

By GARRETT P. SERVIS.

It, in the middle of a hot summer night, a chill breeze suddenly enters bed room windows, the sleepers awaken, with a shiver, and pull up a sheet to restore their comfort by restraining the escape of bodily heat.



The earth, according to the results of recent investigations, sometimes does practically the same thing, but in a reverse way, using its blanket to pry ashes, and wherever mote instead of to prevent the escape heat.

And, most remarkable thing of all, the earth obtains its cooling blanket from volcanoes! It is as if the globe were a gigantic gnomish who, finding himself uncomfortably warm, opens a magic bottle, out of which issues a refrigerating cloud.

Most readers will remember the great eruption of the Katmai volcano in Alaska early last year. It was one of the grandest displays of volcanic forces on record. The top of the mountain was blown off, as a cork is shot out of a champagne bottle; volcanic smoke and dust were hurled many miles high in the atmosphere, thousands of square miles of the surrounding land and sea were buried under white ashes, and wherever the mighty cloud passed overhead impenetrable night prevailed.

ward the most magnificent sunsets that have ever been known.

But this was not all. During 1884, 1885 and 1886 careful thermometric observations showed everywhere a lowering of the general temperature amounting to several degrees below the average. This is now ascribed to the screening effect of the volcanic dust in the air.

In 1902 the slumbering volcano of Mont Pelee in Martinique was uncorked, with the most terrible consequences to the inhabitants of that beautiful island, 20,000 of whom perished, almost in an instant, from the blast of withering fire that swept the city of St. Pierre out of existence. Pelee also blew its vast dust clouds into the upper air.

And during the following year they produced the customary effects by screening off the solar light and heat and causing a notable lowering of the temperature of the earth.

Now, to return to the eruption of Katmai, which, being the most recent occurrence of this magnitude, has been the most carefully studied. Prof. C. G. Abbott of the Smithsonian Institute, reports that, being in Algeria last year, he found the sky obscured to such a degree by volcanic haze, which he does not doubt proceeded from Katmai, that the mean temperature was lowered several degrees, and he calculates that over the whole northern temperate zone the available solar heat was diminished 10 per cent from this cause.

Prof. W. J. Humphreys explains the action of the volcanic dust blankets in this way: "The fine dust scatters the short waves of light and heat proceeding from the sun, but has little, if any, effect upon the longer thermal waves radiated from the earth which pass through the dust, and escapes into outer space without obstruction. The consequence is that the earth's radiation of heat gets out more easily than the sun's radiation can get in, and thus the equilibrium of temperature at the earth's surface is upset and the earth grows colder."

Gowns for the Stylish Girl Morning, Afternoon and Evening



THREE PRETTY GOWNS.

The coat of this khaki tailor-made is cut long and is belted at the waist. The skirt opens a little at the front seam and is slightly draped. Large pockets and many rows of machine stitching trim the coat; the collar is of brown velvet. The evening gown illustrated is carried out in peach-colored charmeuse. This tunic and corsage are veiled in rich lace, which falls very simply and gracefully.

The skirt is caught up in front with a bunch of silk roses in a vieux-blue shade. The third gown, which is for afternoon wear, is fashioned of light blue charmeuse, the skirt being draped over a foundation of similar material. The bodice, which is finished with a row of buttons on one side and button holes on the other, reveals a chemisette of lawn and lace. A collar of black net gives a charmingly chic touch.

Sending Messages and Carrying Them

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

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It is, of course, very necessary that when you are entrusted with a message you shall deliver it to the right party in the least possible space of time.

The man, however, who entrusts another with a message has a duty to perform quite as much as the man who is given one.

There are men who can never get messages carried, and other men there are who insure messengers with loyalty, fidelity and courage.

It is a somewhat curious thing that the most able men are never good teachers. "The great teacher," says Emerson, "is not the man who supplies the most facts but the one in whose presence we become different people."

Too much individuality repels, over-awes, subdues. An overpowering personality is a vilipend-wallop-in other words, a steam roller that flattens anything and everybody in the vicinity.

In the United States there are a few merchants who are discoverers of genius, but most are served by the mediocre, not to mention the time-server, the flunky, the hypocrite and the lickspittle.

One great merchant in the United States lives in history, not only because he was a great merchant, but because he discovered to the world fully half a dozen other great merchants. That is, he took young men, gave them an opportunity, and under his beneficent guiding influence these country boys bloomed and blossomed.

When you expect a messenger to deliver a message it is well not to hamper him with too many instructions, nor scare him into inauspicious despatch by retelling the dangers that he will encounter, describing for him the punishment he will receive if he fails to deliver the message.

It is a great man who knows when to place reliance in another, to relegate and delegate and keep discipline out of sight. To let one line of figures at the bottom of the balance sheet tell the tale. This is genius.

Of course, if you reposes confidence in the wrong man you will rue it, but genius turns on selection. Big men, nowadays, are big because they get others to do their work.

Napoleon said: "I win my battles with my marshals." And then when he was asked where he got his marshals, he said: "I make them out of mud."

What he meant was that he took obscure men and lifted them into positions of prominence by throwing responsibility on them.



Note the loyalty and love of Bertrand, who followed his master to St. Helena, giving up home, religion, family and all of his own private interests that he might serve his master—even refusing to leave his master when he was dead, but remaining at St. Helena in order that his own dust might mingle in the grave with that of his master.

Anyone who can inspire another with such love cannot be obliterated by the sword of the pen or the shrug of a shoulder.

Napoleon certainly had personality; at the same time he did not use it to destroy the personality of others.

Great is the man—supremely great—who does not beatride the narrow world like a colossus and cause other men to run and peep about under his huge legs to find themselves dishonorable graves.

The world is big enough for all of us, and a very good slogan is: "Make room! Make room!" And if you are bound to give an order, let it be this: "Open up that gangway!"

Ben Lindsey has entrusted a thousand boys, each with a message, and the message he gave them was their commitment papers.

These boys carried the message; and out of the thousand a scant half-dozen proved derelict. And just remember that all of these boys belonged to the "criminal class!"

Let us here quote Napoleon again, who said: "The criminal class? Ah, yes, I fight my battles with the criminal class!"

To entrust a message to a messenger with the full confidence that he will go naught else but deliver it to the proper person, and this expeditiously, is a fine art that employers would do well to acquire.

A trusted messenger is fine, but a trusting employer is finer still.

A breath of suspicion will taint the whole fabric of trust. If Ben Lindsey doubted that his boys would go where they were sent, very few of them would ever reach the iron gates and hear their clanging welcome.

The secret of Ben Lindsey's success is simple; he believes in his boys. And that is why the boys believe in him.

Ben Lindsey kissing the cheek of a bad boy and sending the lad away to prison alone, unattended, uncorrected, is a finer thing to me than Napoleon's habit of pulling down the head of one of his marshals and kissing the bearded cheek.

"Know thyself!" said Socrates.

"Trust thyself!" said Emerson.

"Trust others!" said Ben Lindsey.

When President McKinley gave that message to Rowan he trusted Rowan to carry it. There were no instructions, no threats, no implied doubts, no injunctions. Rowan asked no questions; neither did McKinley.

The big man is not the man who wants to live not only his own life but the life of others, but he is great who reposes faith in others, and thus brings out the best that is in them, that which was often before unguessed.

Dorothy Dix's Article on Henpecked Husbands

By DOROTHY DIX

Recently a Chicago man applied for a divorce from his wife on the grounds that his better half was in the habit of beating him and cruelly mistreating him.

"The judge before whom the case was tried turned a deaf ear to the piteous story of the sufferings of this poor, helpless husband at the hands of a strenuous wife, and refused him the protection of the law."

"Your wife cruel to you?" thundered the frail justice on the bench. "It is your own fault, sir. Take hold of her and make her behave. It is the man's business to be the head of the house."

It is easy enough to say that the man

Man Should Be Head of House—He Who Dares Not Call Soul His Own Finds Marriage a Prison.

should be the head of the house, but how is he to achieve and hold the executive chair when his wife is a candidate for the same exalted place? Before marriage every man expects to manage his wife. After marriage he knows he is lucky enough if he can keep her from managing him. In all the world there is no problem so hopeless and so hopeless as that of trying to make a woman behave when she doesn't behave right of her own accord, and the judge who advises a man to tackle the job is giving him a task beside which the labors of Hercules were mere child's play.

How, for instance, is a man going to make a woman behave who has a tobacco temper and a tongue that blisters as it wags?

You can't reason with a shrew. The only argument that a terribler ever listens to is a knockdown and dragout one, and unhappily the conventions of good society do not permit a gentleman to beat his wife, no matter how much he would like to, nor how she needs it.

There are thousands and thousands of men who are noble, and good, and physically brave, but who spend the entire years of their married life trembling before a virago.

I have known men, genial kind, and who loved the society of their fellow-men, yet who, if kept a moment beyond the hour they were expected home, would cower like a whipped schoolboy as they put their latch key in the lock and thought of the awful wailing they were about to get.

I know a man, fond of good living, who, at his dyspeptic wife's stern admonition, "Dear," drops his fork upon his plate as if the tidbit he had been carrying to his mouth had suddenly become poison. I know men, generous and hospitable, who would no more dare to take a friend home with them to dinner than they would to commit any other crime that was punishable with being flayed alive.

How is a man going to make his wife behave when she is ruining him with her extravagance? Of course, he can legally avoid paying her bills by giving public notice that he will not be responsible for her debts, but such a course brands her with disgrace and touches his honor. Very few men have the hardihood to adopt this plan, but every year our graveyards and our asylums are being filled with men who have worked themselves into the grave, or pariahs, trying to stem the tide of their wives' wasteful, wilful extravagance.

Before her husband's entreaties to be economical, such a woman sulks, to his remorseance at her extravagance she retorts that he is stingy, while if he attempts to restrain her she avenges herself with such a shower of complaints and reproaches because she can't have things like Mrs. Burton, or Mrs. Cross, that he retires defeated to his cross or

Sequel To Love For Doll

Maternal Instinct Greatly Developed by Teaching Children to Love their Dolls.

The little child's doll is mother to the most romantic fairy. And in the years that pass, the doll fades into the petals of a June rose, to evolve the most wonderful of all transformations.

And now comes a more serious period when the joy of real motherhood should be as tranquil as the effort can provide.

This is accomplished with a wonderful remedy known as Mother's Friend, an external application so penetrating in its nature as to thoroughly lubricate every cord, nerve, muscle and tendon involved.

There will be no pain, none of that distress or strain of expending muscles. The nerves, too, will be calm, thus making the period one of restful days, of peaceful nights and a source of happiest anticipation.

The young, expectant mother must be carefully watched lest she become absorbed in those mental distresses which illy prepare her for the most important event in her life.

Mother's Friend enables her to avoid all sensation of dread, worry or pain, and thus she is preserved in health and strength to take up the joyful task of motherhood.

You will find Mother's Friend on sale at all drug stores at \$1.00 a bottle. Do not fail to use it regularly as directed. Write today to Broadland Regulator Co., 135 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., for their most valuable little guide book for expectant mothers.

California's Beautiful Daughter Found

Miss Emma De Velasco—Poster Girl of the Portola Festival

Photo by Geo. G. Fraser S.F.

The prettiest girl in all the Golden State has been discovered by the Portola festival committee. She is Miss Emma De Velasco, native daughter. She will be the poster girl of the big festival to be held in San Francisco October 22-25 next, in which the Pacific coast will celebrate the 60th anniversary of the discovery of the Pacific by Vasco Nunez de Balboa.

Born in Los Angeles and educated there and at the Santa Monica High school, this California girl has lived in San Francisco since 1905. Not only is she beautiful, but she is charming and talented as well, being a musician of note, who has sung at many private concerts. She is a business girl, too, being private secretary to one of the most important lumber dealers of the Pacific coast.

Miss De Velasco, whose home is at 2110 Buchanan street, San Francisco, was born March 22, 1888. Her mother, who was Miss Amalia Laglar Lela, is of German extraction. Her father, Henry De Velasco, was born in Venezuela and finished his education at Stonyhurst college, England. He has held California his home for the last thirty years. He served as captain in the war between Peru, Bolivia and Chile in 1879, winning distinction.

Miss De Velasco's charming personality has made her exceptionally popular in the social life of more than one California city. In Los Angeles she was a member of the Theta Sigma sorority. In San Francisco she is a member of the Entre Nous and L'Amistad cotillions. She is also a member of the Catholic Ladies' Aid society.



APPLIED FOR PORTOLA FEST. COM.

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Her Best Investment

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

If the young girls who are starting out with hearts that alternate between hope and fear were to ask all the sweet-faced old women they know this question, "What is the best investment for a girl to make?" can you imagine their answer?

I am very sure it would not be "In the love of man," for man's love is attended by much toil and regret and pain. Neither would it be "In saving your money," for the sweet-faced old women have found out that there is much more worth while.

It is your mother, little girl, who loves you when no one will, and whose love lasts as long as she lives. Her love is not dependent on your wit, your beauty, your accomplishments or your worth in financial returns. She loves you because it is you; she would love you if you were all that is repellent and hideous in face and character.

It is the love of a sister that smoothes over the rough places that even a mother can't comprehend. Her youth makes her a more sympathetic listener to the trials of youth, and it is the only love left in the wreck of the home when mother has left it forever.

There is an understanding in a sister's love—a sympathy, a guidance and strength. If two sisters love each other, and each gives to the other the fullest confidence, so long as that confidence is given without reserve neither sister will go astray. A young girl can make no better investment than in the love of an older sister, for the older sister, having so recently trod the same path, knows all the pitfalls on the way. An older sister can make no better investment than in the love of the girl who is younger, for the realization that she is the guide makes her cautious of her own footsteps.

The best investment, girls, is not in the love of the man who woos you today and forgets you tomorrow. It is an investment you will make. The voice of nature commands it, but in making this investment, don't slight the love that will last longer, and that is the love of mother and sister.

Pontiac's War

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

Pontiac's war, a movement which at one time threatened the English rule in America, began 140 years ago—May 1, 1763.

Pontiac, like Napoleon, will always remain a most interesting character in the history of the world.

The Ottawa chief was, in fact, the Napoleon of the red men—the greatest Indian, many claim, of whom we have any knowledge.

Inspired by the desire to save his nation from extinction at the hands of the English, whom he hated as cordially as he loved the French, Pontiac toured the entire country in the attempt to unite the red men against the "dogs dressed in red," as he called the soldiers of the British king.

Nor was he unsuccessful in his labors. By his burning zeal and wonderful eloquence he succeeded in forming a confederation of the tribes against the common foe, and it was secretly agreed to fall upon all the British posts simultaneously. Eight forts were captured by stratagem or valor, and at one time looked as though the league was going to make good. Within a fortnight from the outbreak of hostilities every British post west of Oswego was in the hands of the Indians and hundreds of white men were slain.

But the red men then lacked the white man's genius for organization, and after the ineffectual siege of Detroit the Indians, disagreeing among themselves, began to desert the alliance, and a treaty was signed.

Pontiac, still unconquerable, fled to the hunting grounds of Illinois, where he managed to prolong the conflict for a considerable period, but finally he fell at the hands of an assassin and the war collapsed.

It is said that the Indian who murdered Pontiac at Cahokia was bribed to the commission of the deed by the promise of a barrel of whisky.

For The Nervous Woman,

Or the woman who experiences hot flashes nothing is so good to soothe, quiet and calm the nervous system as a pure glyceric extract of native medical plants, and made without alcohol, which has been sold by druggists for the past forty years, and most favorably known as Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. In rarer cases some women suffer from dizziness, or fainting spells, hysterical headache, bearing-down feelings and pain. All these symptoms of irregularity and female disturbance are relieved by the use of this famous "Prescription" of Doctor Pierce.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic "Favorite Prescription" imparts strength to the whole system, and is particularly so to the organs distinctly feminine. "Warm-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," house-keepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, it is an excellent appealing cordial and restorative tonic.

"My disease was called nervousness," writes Miss Lorna McDonald, of Mexico, Mich., U.S.A. "I had nervous chills and numb spells and they would leave me very weak. Then I had information and the doctor said I had a failing kidney. I doctored seven months with our family physician. He said I was never to have an operation. Then I stopped looking for help. I saw a bottle of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I have not had any nervous chills or weak spells. I am better than ever."

My daughter is now under the "Prescription" and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and she "feels" her nervousness and weak, tired feeling. She remedies have been tried but none so much as this one. We have great faith in your medicine for female troubles.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets below will neutralize liquid medicines.

