

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Have Big Battles Any Influence in Producing Downpours of Rain?

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Again the question whether great battles are capable of producing rain through the effects of the shells imparted to the air by long-continued and violent cannonading, is being asked by many persons, and most of the inquirers appear to think that the answer should be in the affirmative on account of the frequent reports of heavy rainfall on and around the present battlefronts of Europe. One correspondent goes so far as to express the opinion that the commotion of the atmosphere over the European continent during the last seven months has reacted upon the state of the weather on this side of the ocean, and provoked here a relatively dry and mild winter.



But the simple fact is that neither in Europe nor in this country has the character of the weather since the war been marked by any abnormal features that are not apt to occur in any year. It is the magical effect of coincidence that has persuaded to many persons to think that the battles themselves must be the cause of the downpours which have flooded the trenches of the contending armies, and turned the roads and fields about them into morasses. Inasmuch as the two things have occurred together they are regarded as being, necessarily related in the sense of cause and effect. It is the same kind of logic which leads to popular acceptance of the claims of weather prophets, clairvoyants, chiropodists and astrologers. An occasional striking hit, or equivalent hit, is sufficient to produce conviction, especially in the mind of a person predisposed to wonder rather than to reason, and untrained in scientific habits of thought and methods of observation.

This subject, the possibility of producing, or inducing, rain by shocking the atmosphere, has, at least once, undergone a rather thorough experimental investigation, and that under the auspices of our own congress and Department of Agriculture, at the expense of the treasury of the United States. It was in 1891. The theory of the productivity of rain by artificial agitation of the atmosphere having been, at that time, urged with uncommon persistence and force, congress made an appropriation to pay for a series of aerial bombardments, to be conducted in Texas, under the direction of General Robert St. George Dyerforth. The experiments were made with giant powder, carried up in unmanned balloons and exploded at a considerable elevation. They were continued for a long period, and were not confined to Texas. General Dyerforth made a report favoring the view that the explosions induced rainfall, but this was disputed by others, and one of the observers averred that the rain seen to fall had begun in advance of the explosion. The general conclusion of meteorologists was that the experiments had failed to demonstrate the possibility of making rain by explosion.

Similar experiments have long been tried in France and Italy among the vine-growing districts, which often suffer terrible ravages from thunder storms accompanied by hail. Hundreds of "hail cannons" have been employed to bombard the clouds of an approaching thunder storm for the purpose of preventing the formation of hailstones. The theory is that the concussion and atmospheric disturbances set up by the cannon cause the moisture of the clouds to condense into rain and to fall as such instead of being shaped into hail. Many agriculturists have expressed confidence in the efficacy of the hail cannon, but the reports of scientific investigators have been uniformly unfavorable.

It is frequently asserted that great battles are always followed by heavy rain. If this were literally true, it would no longer be a mere coincidence with which we had to deal, but, on the contrary, the burden of proof would rest upon those who disputed the alleged effect. In reality, however, there is no proof to sustain the statement. Some battles have been followed by rain, and others have not. There has never been any attempt made to determine what the effect of a battle upon the atmosphere is. Nothing that could pass for scientific evidence on the subject exists. A great many circumstances would have to be considered in judging whether a rainfall after a battle had any connection with the shooting of the air by the guns. Battles occur under conditions which render it practically impossible to make the scientific observations that would be needed.

Yet so strong is the popular belief in this legend that the English admiralty has more than once been petitioned to stop the firing of heavy guns near the coast in harvest weather, because of the conviction of the farmers that the concussions brought on rainstorms and thus indirectly ruined their half-cured crops. It may be added that a great conflagration would be more likely than a great battle to induce local rainfall, because it might disturb the temperature of the overlying air, and produce currents and changes of barometric pressure such as play a part in nature's rain-making.

## From the Top of Her Crown to Her Toe

Republished by Special Arrangement with Harper's Bazar.



And the tip this spring is going to be the alkilite ferrule of the last new parasol. And such parasols as we shall enjoy for the next eight months! The woman who knows has already visualized the summer playground, she sees the grandstands a blaze of color, vying with the tops of the coaches, and great splashes of brilliant color dotted over the greenward.

The 1915 parasol would fill with joy the heart of the most aspiring colorist. Hail it has never used color with a more generous brush than the makers of this summer's parasols. A single parasol will reflect all the tints of the rainbow and yet so cleverly are they blended that there is nothing garish, nothing to offend the most fastidious of women.

It is a question whether we have improved upon the picture parasol of the Japanese nation, but we have rung in several variations, all more or less amusing. The shape we have used in many ways. We have even Americanized it to the extent of using it for a conservative black and white striped silk. The effect is wonderfully good. The woman who knows declares that she intends to carry one with her white linen and shantung suits.

Again we have made it of green silk, and on the inside have embroidered birds of many colors. There is the same flat shape, with many ribs, as in the paper parasol which in childhood's happy hours we carried with such pride over our heads that should have been filled with something more inspiring.

Another parasol, which might claim an India origin, has also many goes of widely irregular width, and this is developed in taffeta; one of the bright hues which the sun cannot dim, combined with striped silk. Silks, patterned in curious Egyptian and Russian designs and carried out in blues and reds, yellows and greens, are slipped into many goes, each tip ending in a great amber drop.

Even the black and white combinations have their touches of color. And one of the prettiest sun shades is the black and white striped parasol, with a border of purple and white blocks, which Emmy Wehlen carries in "Tonight's the Night." There are parasols with covers of the plain colors—battleship gray, soldier blue, et cetera—so I am told, and perhaps you can find them, but the woman who knows insists that she was so blinded by the others that she did not see them if they were present.

Speaking of parasols reminds me that canes must receive serious consideration. They are no longer subjects of ridicule for our friends, the joke makers, but a part, and not necessarily a minor one, of the trot-about costume. One of the best looking canes I have seen recently is the one picked up by the Woman Who Knows, and she delights in it because she can match her gown in the cover. And isn't there always a comforting, well-groomed air given by accessories which match, that can be accompanied by no other means?

Miss Margaret Arbuckle made the long-tipped brigade take a second look through their glasses when she appeared one morning at Palm Beach carrying a cane from which apparently dangled a woman's leg. It was a clever bit of carving, for the leg was shapely, the ankle trim, and the foot long and slender.

If you would forget the snow and sleet and hasten the spring by putting your thoughts on it, take heed for the morning and prepare for yourself some linen blouses. You will want all you can lay your hands on, for they will be the correct complement to the tailored suit this spring. And the shops are going to charge a pretty penny for many a day. The severest and simplest models will have a little hemstitching as decorations, and perhaps tucks. Others will be elaborately embroidered.



Above, little Miss New York with her Japanese parasol—green, scattered over with birds of many colors. In the center of a hat of black and white pussy willow taffeta on which is a branch of cherries, a muslin neckpiece outlined in black dots and a cane to match the frock. At the bottom, a black and white pussy willow checked taffeta hat and a lined stock, ecru tinted, banded in black velvet ribbon.

Only the sun can eclipse in brilliancy the silk parasol shown at the top, patterned in red, yellow and green; also the black and white toque and the lace side frill. In the center is the dunce cap glorified into a creation of Milan and Georgette satin with a military veil; striped blue and white neckpiece and tan and black checked boots. Below, a leghorn hat, clouded in chiffon and gay with dahlias and a lace fichu.

## Phrenology

By EDGAR LUCIEN BARKIN.

In a recent article I asserted that phrenology is not a science. This assertion has brought a letter from Oakland in which the writer asks a series of questions on psychology:

"If psychology, as you say, is not a science, and phrenology is, why is it that phrenology is tabooed in colleges and psychology is featured in many of them?"

"Since phrenology is the only science that deals with the brain as the organ of the mind, why is it not made use of in schools and colleges?"

"Should not phrenology, as an inductive philosophy, be made a part of the school system of the country?"

Phrenology is not a science, not a thing in it is even remotely scientific. Phrenology literally means, in English, from Greek, a talk about the mind. But no trace of a clew as to what the mind is has ever been discovered. Not even a theory has been formed as to the nature of mind.

This absurd fake of feeling "bumps" in the skull is too ridiculous for the twentieth century. Suppose that one's skull is thick where a protuberance appears and the next victim's cranium is thin? That is bone, not brain.

The great works now published giving results of critical studies of the brain are triumphs of skill and exploration. But their authors would not presume to tell what the mind is. It seems that they have tried out every test in research on the brain areas—by stimulating and narcotizing with drugs and chemicals, by mechanical irritation, pressure, etc., and by electrical applications to the brain tissue. A goodly number of facts regarding centers of mental activities has been discovered, like increased depression and cessation of thought, variations in thought, response to these applications, and many kinds of actions of mind on body—nerves, emotions, pulsebeats—these and many more tests in common use by alienists and mentalists.

But with this formidable array of facts the nature of mind is unknown. But not one of these valuable modern scientific facts was secured by means of that hallucination sailing under the name phrenology. But let things of this kind, even the word phrenology, be kept out of the public schools.

I did say that psychology is not a science. These books filled with results of careful research are valuable, but they are not yet based on a known and proven law of nature. For two brains, area for area, compared even by microscopic research into cells, nerve fibers and texture, may not present the slightest difference, yet mind expressing in one may be able to weigh a hundred million times and in the other not be able to learn to read.

## HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS.

To clean zinc dip a piece of flannel in paraffin, and with it rub the zinc, which should then be washed with hot water and soap to remove the smell of the oil; polish with a dry cloth.

For grit in the eye apply a drop or two of castor oil; it relieves the irritation.

It is difficult to keep one's complexion nice in the round of cooking and cleaning.

When washing chamois leather, let as much soap as possible remain in it.

## How To Get Rid of a Bad Cough

A Home-Made Remedy that Will Do It Quickly, Cheap and Easily Made

If you have a bad cough or chest cold which refuses to yield to ordinary remedies, get from any drugist 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth), pour into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Start taking a teaspoonful every hour or two. In 24 hours your cough will be conquered or very nearly so. Even whooping cough is greatly relieved in this way.

The above mixture makes a full pint—a family supply—of the finest cough syrup that money could buy—at a cost of only 64 cents. Easily prepared in 5 minutes. Full directions with Pinex.

This Pinex and Sugar Syrup preparation takes right hold of a cough and gives almost immediate relief. It loosens the dry, hoarse or tight cough in a way that is really remarkable. Also quickly heals the inflamed membrane which accompanies a painful cough, and stops the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchial tubes, thus ending the persistent loose cough. Excellent for bronchitis, spasmodic croup and winter coughs. It cures perfectly and tastes good—children like it.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of refined Norway pine extract, rich in quassiac, which is so healing to the membrane.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex"—do not accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly returned goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

## HOTELS.

**Hotel Breslin**  
Broadway at 29th St.  
New York

"An Hotel Where Guests are Made to Feel at Home"

Not too large, yet large enough to afford the maximum of value at minimum expense.

Exceptionally Accessible

500 Rooms—Moderate Restaurant Charges  
Single Rooms with Running Water \$1.00 to \$2.00 per day  
Single Rooms with Tub or Shower \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day  
Double Rooms with Running Water \$2.00 to \$4.00 per day  
Double Rooms with Tub or Shower \$2.50 to \$5.00 per day  
EDWARD C. FOGG, Managing Director  
ROY L. BROWN, Resident Manager

## 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 moving 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.

### ELEVENTH EPISODE.

In the Clutch of the River Thieves.

#### CHAPTER II.

It was a narrow, but distinct channel, winding about amid a tangle of shrubbery and marsh grass and stunted trees, with here and there a larger tree rising from a mound of solid earth. The banks were high banks presently, and then a tiny island, in the center of which was

## MOTHER OF SCHOOL GIRL

Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Daughter's Health.

Plover, Iowa.—"From a small child my 13 year old daughter had female weakness. I spoke to three doctors about it and they did not help her and they did not help her any. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had been of great benefit to me, so I decided to have her give it a trial. She has taken five bottles of the Vegetable Compound and she is cured of this trouble. She was all run down when she started taking the Compound and her periods did not come right. She was so poorly and weak that I often had to help her dress herself, but now she is regular and is growing strong and healthy."—Mrs. MARTIN HELVIG, Plover, Iowa.

Hundreds of such letters expressing gratitude for the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished are constantly being received, proving the reliability of this grand old remedy.

If you are ill do not drag along and continue to suffer day in and day out but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a woman's remedy for women's ills.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (consultant) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

### 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 Blye, a wealthy man, but she escapes from his clutches with difficulty. Ned searches distractedly for June, and, learning of Blye's designs, vows vengeance on him.

A decrepit hut, June was about to step ashore when she heard the low purring of a motor. From the sudden shut-in-ness of the sound it had entered the inlet. In terror June jumped back into the boat. The hut seemed deserted. There was no smoke rising from the chimney and no one to frighten her if she were found there alone.

She was away in a flash, circling the island. From the other side she saw that the channel led away into the marshes, probably to another inlet, and she had started to dart down this lonely waterway when suddenly she spied a rope trailing out into the water from under some bushes matted with marsh weeds. The whir of the motor was rapidly advancing. She could scarcely hope to escape unseen. Her wit sharpened by her peril, she steered with swift decision toward the overhanging bushes. They parted as her prow ran into them, and, bending low, she found herself shot into entire concealment. The whir of the approaching motor grew loud, quick and went up to the hut, the only possible place of concealment on the island. June held a swift debate with herself. Should she leave her concealment and, running her motor at its quietest speed, slip away down that other channel while Cunningham was in the hut? That debate was settled in an instant. For up the other channel slipped the swift little speed boat carrying Edwards and Gilbert Blye. Blye's dark, handsome face was without its usual suave smile, and it wore a look of concern as, making a quick landing, he hurried up to the hut, followed by the plodding Edwards.

It seemed ages before they came away, and they had apparently made a thorough search for they even stooped down as they came outside to peer under the stilted foundation amid the rubbish which had accumulated there. When they had gone away June remained for a lone time in her hiding place, but finally she stepped from her hut and crept from her concealment. Thirst, inspired by the fever of her excitement, had driven her forth in search of drinkable water.

He passed on, however, and, running his light little boat ashore, stepped out next Friday morn. I mean I was learning the piece I am going to speak last night & next Friday is the day I am going to speak it. The name of the piece was Ivory or something like that & it was about a king named Henry. He lived in Navarre. I think that is somewhere in the old country. It is a very pretty poem. I think, but it is pretty long, too, & I am afraid I will not be able to remember it. Pa is all the time mixing me up by saying it for me & he forgets & gets the lines in the wrong places more than I do. & Ma can't get him to stop.

## Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

I was learning a piece to speak in school next Friday morn. I mean I was learning the piece I am going to speak last night & next Friday is the day I am going to speak it. The name of the piece was Ivory or something like that & it was about a king named Henry. He lived in Navarre. I think that is somewhere in the old country. It is a very pretty poem. I think, but it is pretty long, too, & I am afraid I will not be able to remember it. Pa is all the time mixing me up by saying it for me & he forgets & gets the lines in the wrong places more than I do. & Ma can't get him to stop.

faces, haven't you, dear, Ma said to Pa. As long as I have known you, she said, you have been able to see admiring faces looking at you. You think every face that looks at you is an admiring face. No, I don't, Pa, but they say that I like to hear me sleep that piece Bobbie is learning. But you didn't get those two lines the way they are in this book, I said to Pa. In the book it says Press were you see my white plumes wave above the ranks of war & be pure or flamed today the helmet of Navarre. Then the book is wrong, said Pa. There wasn't anything in that poem of Longfellow's about a oriflamme, what is a oriflamme anyway? Did you ever see a oriflamme? said Pa. No, I don't. Did you ever see a oriflamme, Pa asked me. I don't know, said Ma, I might have seen one up in the Bronx Zoo. No, said Pa, you didn't see one anywhere, & anybody else ever saw a oriflamme, because there hasn't been any such animal. All of the new books that they are studying at school are a lot of new fangled titles & foolishness. I don't think Miss Longfellow ever wrote this poem I am learning, I told Pa.

You said it was Longfellow's. & so it was, said Pa, he rote that the same morning he rote Maude Muller. I rote all about it.

Miss Muller rote Maude Muller, I think, said Ma, & this piece that Bobbie is learning to rote was rote by a rent named Macaulay. I guess that I mite as well go out for the evening & see some of the boys, said Pa. Wen my own family doesn't believe in my superior knowledge any longer, I think it is time for me to stop talking at home. Then Pa put on his hat & went out.

Bobbie, said Ma, did you see how glad Navarre was for a chance to put on his helmet & go out? Go ahead now, & learn your piece in peace.

### DO YOU KNOW THAT—

There are in the United Kingdom 60,000 members of trades unions connected with engineering and 63,200 members of unions connected with mining.

An experienced aeronaut asserts that the ninth day of the moon is the most rainy of the whole twenty-eight, and is o'clock in the afternoon the rainiest hour of the day.

There is in Delhi a wood-grain column which was placed there nearly 1,500 years ago, and at the present time shows practically no signs of deterioration. It has been discovered that the microphone of a telephone transmitter becomes

much more sensitive if the air surrounding it is rarified by heating.

Waterproof tents, bags and rugs are usually made from camel's hair, which is plucked out in the spring.

For many years past the population of Germany has been increasing at the rate of about 300,000 a year. In 1871 the population was 41,000,000, and by 1910 it had risen to almost 60,000,000.

## TAKE THIS

and all the friction points of your typewriter, 3-in-One is the highest quality and lowest-priced typewriter oil. Equally good for adding machines, numbering machines, check punches. A Dictionary of a hundred other uses with every bottle. 10c, 25c, 50c—all stores.

3-in-One Oil Co., 42 N. Bldg., New York

