

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

In the Same Boat

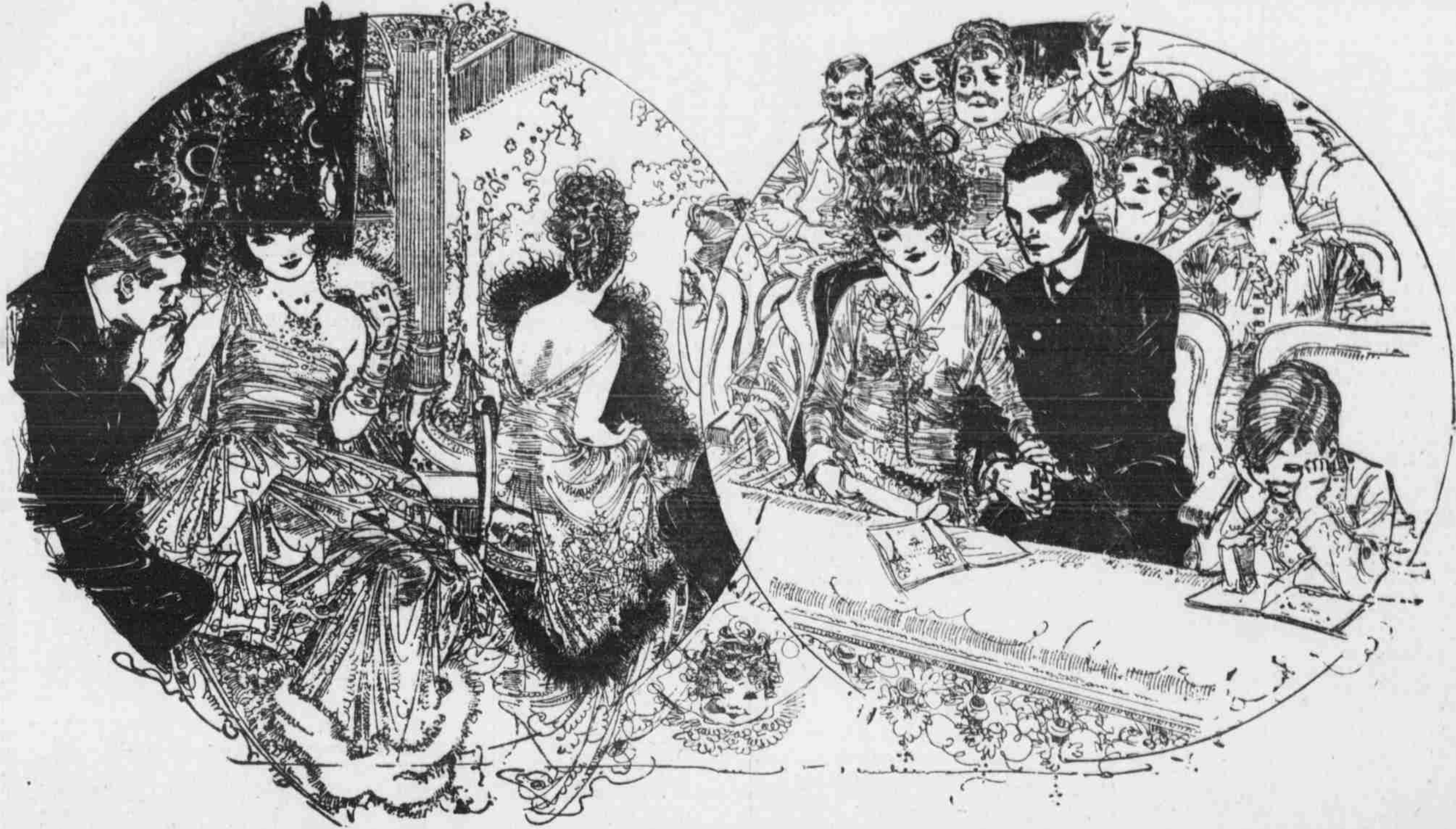
When There's a Love Scene on the Boards

By Nell Brinkley

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Science for Workers

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.



Did you think that Love was a chap who has a favorite corner where he drinks his wine of life, and will sit in no other? He's the trusty rover there. Is a rose-lighted table with the sparkle of silver at his elbows, vasty ceilings and perfect music at the Ritz-Marvelous; or a warm corner with his elbows on a deal table, ceiling low and black, crockery as thick as his plump wrist and a bit of a tune on a scratchy "vee-olin" are all one to him. The love-story's the thing. Wherever there's a maid and a man he is happy to sit at the table and dip his spoon into that broth!

And human nature is the same fabric the world over. It's I that am telling you this—and you can see it for yourself. At the play—when the music swells and draws out thin to a passionate tremble—and the lovers behind the golden glow of the footlights begin the love scene with voices tuned to the music that flows to the beat of the conductor's slim, black stick with its will-o'-the-wisp tip, do you think that the only couple that grope for one another's hands with fluttering breath and misty eyes are behind the velvet rail that circles before the seats of the slim purse? You know better.

In the gloom of the curtain of the box that holds color and wealth and a glitter of stones, like a velvet jewel box open to show the gems enshrined, the man in evening clothes draws his sweetheart into the shadow and kisses her fingers there. For lovers are lovers the world over—in the balcony or in the box; and the same sighs come to them, the same fears and dreams shake them, the same raptures drown the reefs of troubles, they thrill to the same colors in the sky; and the music and the love song over the footlights reach them all alike.—Nell Brinkley.

Q.—Can we see light, or is it an illuminant which enables us to see the objects near us?—R. GRIFFIN, San Francisco.

A.—The side of a pencil, band, ray or streamer of light direct from the sun can pass directly in front of the eye in chemically dust-free air and be invisible. The advancing wave-front of light must enter the eye and fall on the retina to be seen. But wave fronts are in the advancing rays, not on sides.

But white chalk dust in a band of light that is passing at right angle to the line of vision in invisible light rays, and the particles will be seen shining brilliantly by light reflected out of the band at a right angle to enter the lenses of the eye.

Q.—What causes geological accumulations of layers on top of layers?—Kurt Hesse, San Francisco.

A.—Layers in the crust of the earth have been mostly deposited as an ocean floor, or bottom of seas and lakes. Then the subsequent upheaval of the bottom and subsidence of continents exposed these strata to view. Rivers deposit layers also, and winds spread out layers of sand. The action of continental ice sheets in freezing debris, transporting it to other places, then dropping their loads has been formidable in past millions of years.

Q.—Mind formed electrons. Very well. What mind, or was it many minds? Is there more than one mind? How many electrons in one inch?—FRANK P. DAVIS, Chicago, Ill.

A.—I have published for years that mind created electrons and formed them into matter. What mind, I call Creative Mind, for mind alone is able to create. I do not know what mind is, so must content myself with a theory, totally opposite to belief, of which I have none. My theory is that only one mind exists, and that all other apparent minds are parts or fractions of the one original mind. I did not start up this theory; it is one of the oldest known to speculation or philosophy. I heard of it in early youth and have accepted it as a theory since. If humans could force electrons into a straight line side by side in contact, but this is impossible since they repel, then a row one inch long would contain 12,700,000,000,000. My theory is that only electrons have been created, all else formed.

Q.—Please with the exact weight of water compared with its masses.—John M'KENNA, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A.—The weight of one cubic foot of water usually adopted in hydraulic engineering is 1,000 avoirdupois ounces or sixty-two and a half pounds. This is also its mass here on the earth. Take it to an infinite distance from any other matter, its weight would be zero or nothing, but its mass would be the same.

Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

By special arrangement 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 made with the Mutual Film Corporation it is not only possible to read "Runaway June" each day, but also afterward to see moving pictures illustrating our story.

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FIRST EPISODE

The Man with the Black Vandyke.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

June, paying but little attention to the man who had helped her, turned nervously into the car, a day coach, and viewed the interior with despair. In that coach there were only two passengers, a man and woman, sitting together.

"Would you like to buy a watch?" invited June in her smallest voice as she confronted the rigid woman and held out her merchandise.

"No," returned the woman without moved a muscle. Only her feather wobbled. The man cast on the merchandise a look of contempt.

"It's a very nice watch," urged June. "It's a solid gold case and I don't know how many jewels. I only need money enough to get to New York and hire a taxi. Then I must find some work."

The black Vandyke man's eyes lighted. "I don't want it," observed the woman, looking straight ahead, while the man's glance of contempt strayed from the merchandise to the vendor.

"Very well," nodded June, and a grain of rice fell from the brim of her little

blue hat and bounced in the rigid woman's lap.

The woman turned sharply, then she half rose and looked at the top of the hat. There was more rice on it!

"Let me see that watch," she said icily. One lid contained a picture of June and her dog, and the other the date of the gift and the address.

"How much do you need for this?" "She wants about \$10, ma'am." This was from the pale-faced conductor, who was so broad and stuffy that he was an offense in narrow aisles, but his eyes were full of twinkles.

The rigid lady snapped the watch shut and turned to her husband. "Dan," it did not seem possible that her voice could take on a wheedling tone, but it did. "I want five."

The man turned to her with cold disdain. He produced \$10 from a tight-bound wallet and instantly into June's mind there flashed the picture of her standing before Ned a piteous beggar!

The runaway bride took a seat by herself and was presently given the discomfort of knowing that the man was grumbling at the woman incessantly for having bought the watch. The black Vandyke man went over to them, and she saw him pay some money, and then he came back to June with the watch in his hand.

"Of course you won't permit me to present you with this!" he pleasantly observed. "If you care to send for it later, however, I will be very glad indeed to give you my card."

"Thank you," she accepted, and, taking the card, put it in her belt. "You are very kind."

It was not until they were nearing the station in New York that he spoke to her again.

"Pardon me," he said, bending over her. "If I can be of any service to you on your arrival I shall be very, very indeed."

"There is nothing, thank you," she replied, smiling up at him. "You are very kind."

At that particular moment the New York express overtook the local and slowly forged ahead, and Ned Warner, peering feverishly into every passing window saw the square, black Vandyke stranger bending gracefully over his wife, and June was smiling up at him! Then Ned, against his will, passed on.

The express, however, was delayed a moment, and the local pulled in ahead of it. Ned was the first passenger out of the express, and he landed on the platform just in time to see the Vandyke man and June going through the gate side by side. Ned rushed after them, but it was not until he reached the Vanderbilt avenue stairway that he saw them again. June was drifting through the door and just behind her was the man. He was smiling. With a rush Ned rounded the balustrade and went up three steps at a spring. He arrived only in time to see June speeding away in a taxi cab and to see the black Vandyke man starting after her in another. He jumped into a third one and shouted:

"Chase them!"

"Hold on there!" gasped a breathless voice, and a panting porter piled Ned's white ribbed luggage on top of him.

Away through the tangled traffic, across Forty-fourth street and up Fifth avenue dashed the three taxis at breakneck speed.

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(To Be Continued Monday)

Shall We Take Electricity Direct From Coal?

By GARRETT P. SERVIS.



Mr. Edison's waking dreams are always fascinating because they are flights of an intensely practical mind into the realm of still unutilized possibilities. To such a mind the imagination is an instrument of discovery. His pictures are dim, not because they show things that are yet far off. The imagination when rightly used is the greatest of telescopes.

Mr. Edison has recently been focusing his mental lenses upon the future development of electricity from coal.

He is reported as saying in substance that he sees a coming method by which electricity will be derived directly from coal without the intervention of either boiler or engine or dynamo. The exact process is not revealed, and Mr. Edison does not pretend to be its inventor, although it appears that experiments have been conducted in his laboratories. Many others both here

and abroad are at work upon the problem. But the great American inventor, with all his optimism, hardly expects to see the solution attained during his lifetime.

When it is attained—in ten, twenty, thirty years—an almost incalculable addition will be made to the mechanical energy employed by man. Even from the same amount of coal that is now consumed in our wasteful ways of getting energy out of it, four times as much power in the form of electricity.

Already experiments have converted 2 to 3 per cent of the energy contained in coal directly into electrical power. The best result that existing engines can show is the utilization of 20 per cent of the coal energy. The old methods have reached their highest development, but the new one is still in the experimental stage. He is a baby giant, which has hardly yet learned to stand alone. But to Mr. Edison's critical eye it has the look of an infant Hercules.

The idea of taking power direct from its natural sources is in accord with the spirit of this age. We are becoming impatient of the old, indirect, cumbersome ways, and, what is more important, we are beginning to appreciate better the wastefulness of many of them. But in the case of coal it would seem that still another step should be made which would

carry us back of the coal itself to the source of the energy that we find stored up in it. That source is the sunshine.

The use of coal for obtaining mechanical energy is like the consumption of vegetable food for nourishing animal bodies. Vegetation is able to derive nourishment direct from the soil and the air under the influence of sunshine, but animals cannot do that. They must take their nourishment from plants, which have already prepared it for them by changing inert material substances into living protoplasm.

In like manner coal has stored-up energy which it took in while it was yet in the form of living plants, and this is what we obtain as heat when the coal is burned. Then we have to take that heat and use it to make water boil, and then put the energy of the steam to work in driving an engine, and every time we thus transform the energy originally obtained from the coal we lose a large part of it.

The new method, in which Mr. Edison has so much confidence, gets the energy from the coal directly by a thermo-electric process, and saves, or when perfected will save, nearly all the loss involved in the complicated processes now employed.

Now, if we could eliminate the coal en-

tirely and go for power straight to the sunbeams, which are the ultimate source of the energy, we should be doing in mechanics something equivalent to what the consumption of chemically prepared food in place of "natural" food would be in biology and physiology.

For one thing, we should then become independent of the continuance of the coal supply. The fear that the supply may be exhausted within one or two hundred years is a nightmare that haunts the bedside of many a thinker who considers it a part of his duty to help look out for the future welfare of humanity.

In this wonderful twentieth century we have already done such amazing things that the world is getting on fire with enthusiasm for progress, and nobody could bear to think of having to stop now, or, worse still, of having to go backward, on account of a failure of the source of mechanical energy upon which all these marvellous things depend.

To conserve the coal by such means as this new method of extracting its energy without the present waste will be an enormous advantage, but it will only put off the evil day unless somebody, some new Edison, can find a way to leave coal entirely out of the account, or to shoulder it aside and take its place at the original fountain-head of energy.

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Get from any druggist 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth), pour it in a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. This gives you—at a cost of only 25 cents—a full pint of better cough syrup than you could buy for \$2.50. Takes but a few minutes to prepare. Full directions with Pinex. Tastes good and never spoils.

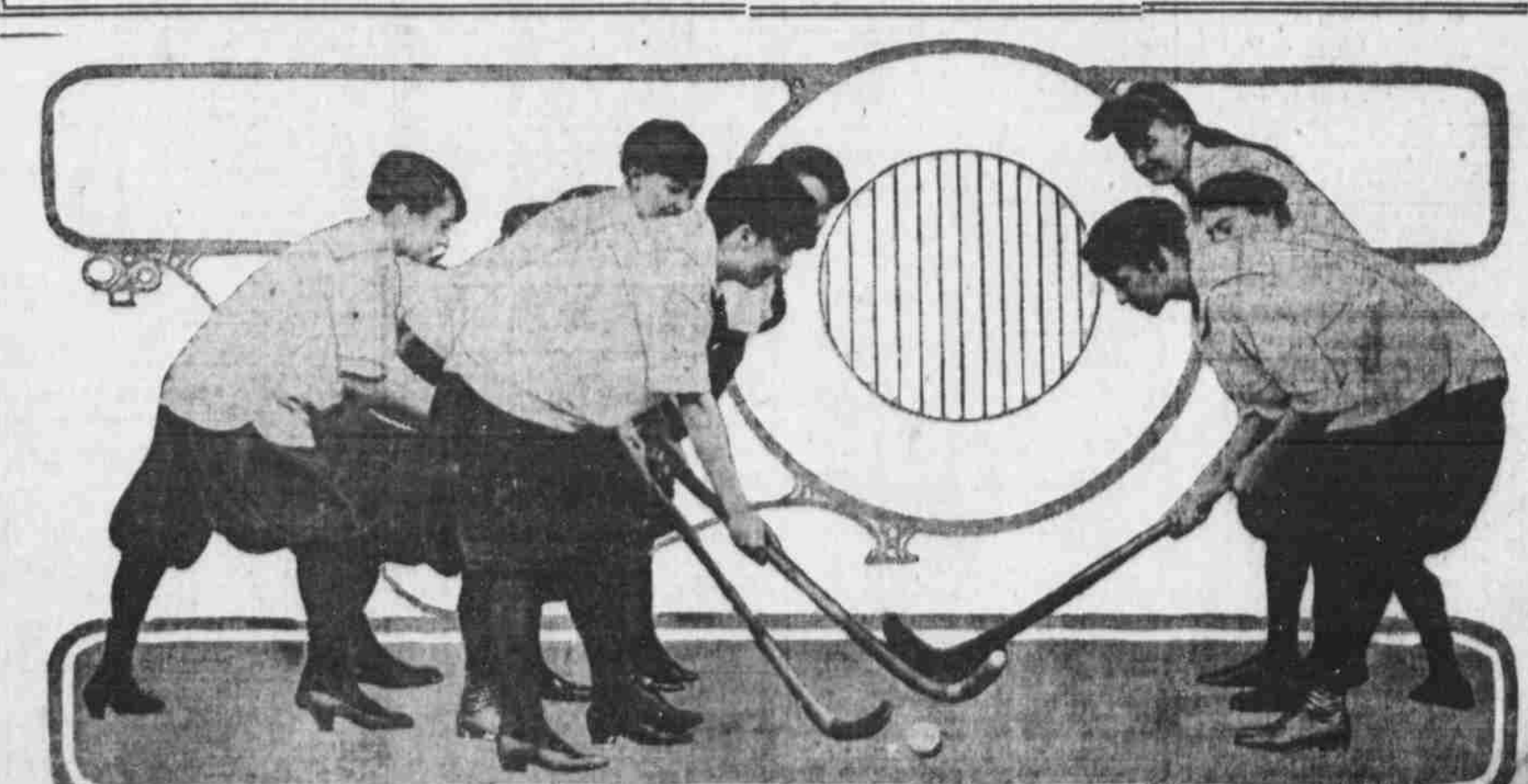
You will be pleasantly surprised how quickly it loosens dry, hoarse or tight coughs, and heals the inflamed membranes in a painful cough. It also stops the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchial tubes, thus ending the persistent loose cough.

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LINED UP FOR A HOT GAME OF HOCKEY—The pretty misses of Erasmus High school, Brooklyn, N. Y., are hockey enthusiasts and cold weather only gives an added zest to their sport. Here we have them lined up ready to put a touch of red to their cheeks and, perhaps, a few black and blue spots elsewhere.



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