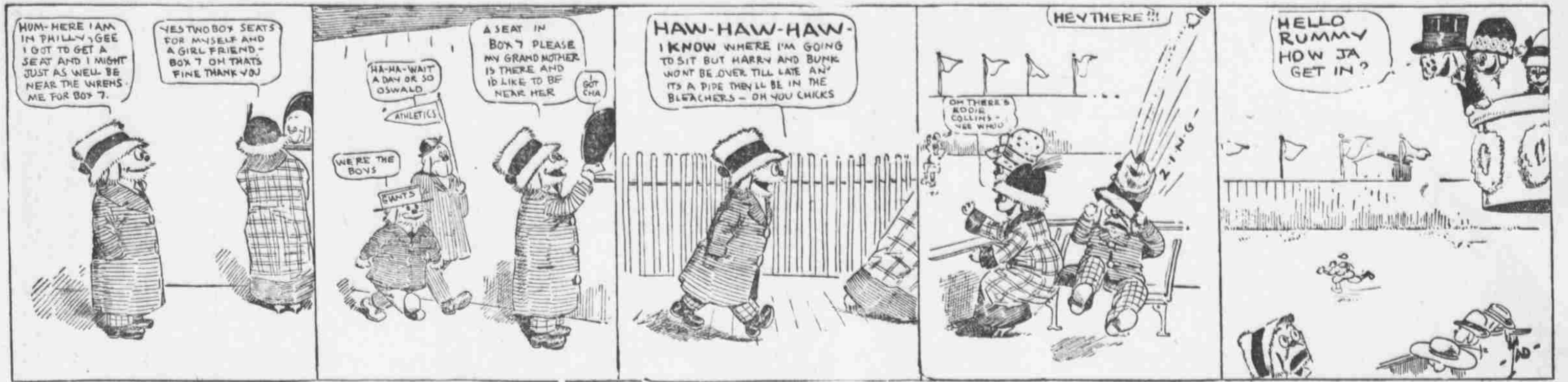


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

THE JUDGE GOES TO PHILLY WITH AN IDEA

By Tad

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Proverbs of Broadway

By DOROTHY DIX.

When a woman takes to philanthropy—look out for the man.

Oh, that mine enemy had written a play, and I were a dramatic critic.

You never realize how popular you are until you get a country place.

No woman appreciates a sensible gift until after she is 35 years old.

Not every squab along the Great White Way is as young as she is dressed.

No woman takes any interest in her soul until she begins to lose her complexion.

Up-to-date romance issues hourly bulletins of the temperature of its affections.

Many a successful man has been made by his wife—and he never forgives her for it.

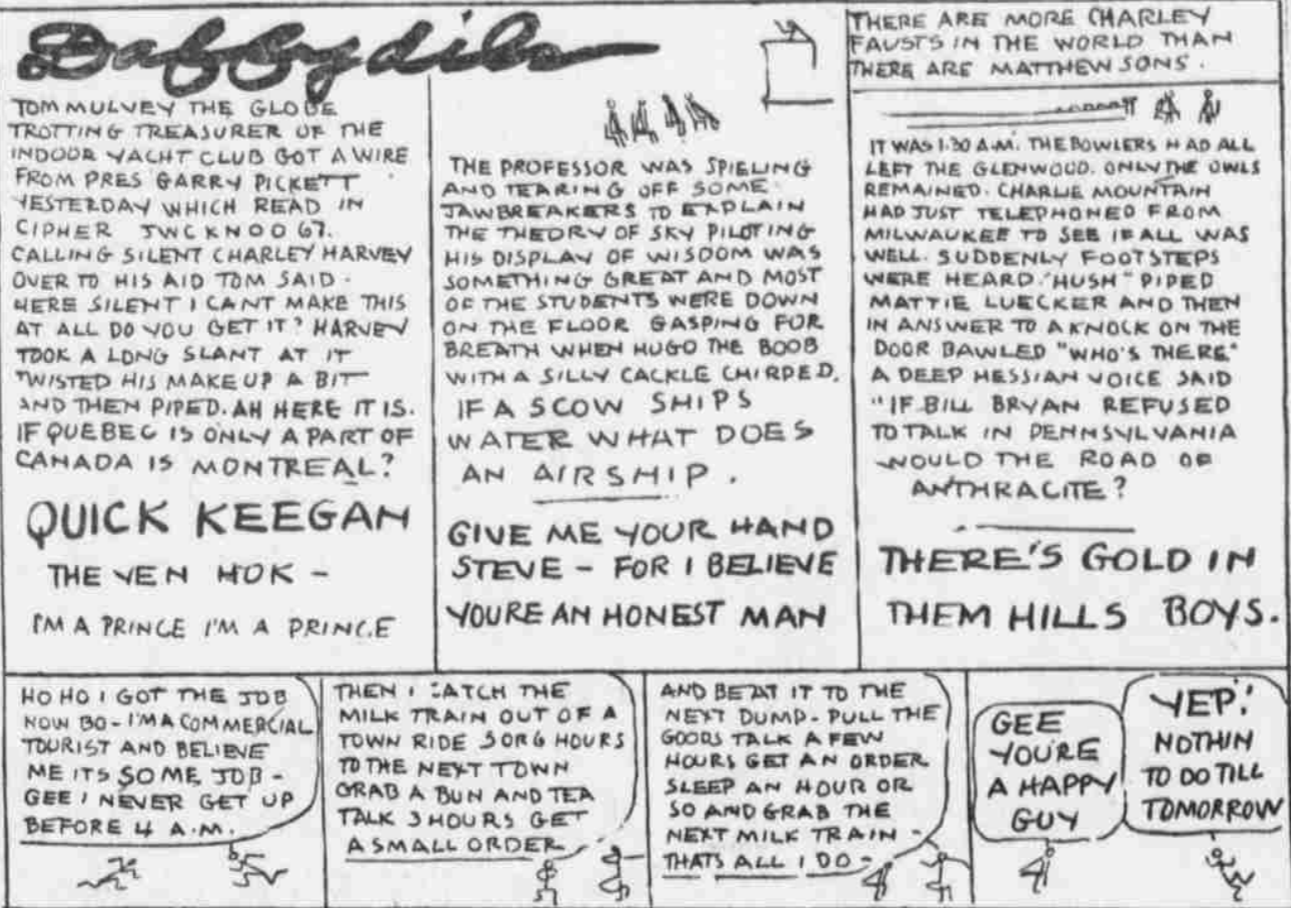
Why is it that there are so many wives in the world who are pure gold, with a dull finish?

It is harder to listen to our friends boast of their prosperity than to hear



OFFICER, GRAB THAT MAN

By Tad



Marvels of Heat

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN

All physical science teaches that all particles of all apparently solid bodies, such as iron, stone, wood, lead, etc., composed of electrons, atoms and molecules are in intensely rapid oscillation and fro. This motion is known to be a fact, although none of these minute bodies can be seen in any microscope. How they become known to scientists cannot be told in this place.

Take a bar of steel; its motions within if placed in a room whose temperature is 60 degrees will soon be 60 degrees. The molecules will be flying this way and that in every conceivable direction through exceedingly short distances, but these distances as very great in proportion to the ultra-microscopic diameters of the atoms or even of the molecules.

This motion inside of solids also exists in liquids and even gases when they are enclosed in a container without an opening. For if there is an aperture, however minute, even if only the diameter of one's molecule, the gas will all escape, which is a most wonderful thing—any gas will thus pass out in any direction. Liquids would only flow out through a hole in the bottom or sides, but always below the surface of the liquid.

This entire doctrine of molecular motions within all matter is called the kinetic theory; from kinetic, a Greek word meaning "to move" in English. When kinetic laws were established the mental horizon of man was greatly expanded. The bar of steel left in the air at 60 degrees, if left there long enough, will be at 60 degrees in every part, even in the center. And the motions within will be those of steel at 60. Now apply heat, a flame for instance, at one end. The molecules of steel will increase their rates of swing and also the distances through which they move to and fro. Soon the end of the bar will be as "hot as the fire," and then a wonderful process will appear, the heat will travel to the other end of the bar.

The scientific name of heat is "a mode of motion." But the steel bar will expand and become longer, and in this lengthening it can push a weight of many tons along. Thus mode of motion becomes a mighty force. And mode of motion in the sun is able to dominate the gigantic machine, the entire solar system of planets, moons and comets. Instead of holding a flame against the end of the steel bar or putting the end in a fire of coals, as in a forge, connect a wire to each end and let these wires run to the poles of a low pressure but great volume of current of electricity dynamo. Turn on the switch; soon the steel will begin to be warm, then hot, then hotter; then it will begin to give out dull red light, then brighter; then

white, next still whiter. Soon the bar will sag down, break and fall. But put the bar at first into a corundum tube able to resist terrific heat. The bar will turn into a boiling liquid, and by suitable means the whole bar can be made to vaporize into gas.

But electricity and heat are so wonderful that the astonishment is always awakened in all who behold. At the World's Fair in Chicago they had a huge dynamo with iron jaws to clutch the ends of bars of metal for experiments with electric heat. They put in a bar of iron two inches square and three feet long, and turned on the electricity. The bar soon grew to be red and white hot, and sagged down in the middle. It was lifted out with steel tongs, and then substituted myself for the bar and placed a hand on each huge iron terminal of the dynamo and took all the current through my corporeal structure. It merely felt a weak vibration in the hands and wrists. The current was great in quantity, but of very low pressure, I believe of one and one-half or two volts.

Then I stepped out of the circuit and another bar was placed in the jaws, with more white heat. Then I went up to a pole, placed a wrench against a huge pulley against my breast, let go, and the wrench remained, held by the intense power of magnetism. And here I am still writing in 1911, and the exploits were in the fair of 1893.

Heat will pass through a lens made of ice and strike up a fire at the focus. Another mistake. Energy from the sun passed through the ice and was drawn to a focus on matter which was able to receive it and appropriate it as heat: You can separate heat from light and use each separately, and do many wonderful things with both these totally unknown forces in a suitable laboratory. Unknown is used here purposely, for nothing is now known as to what anything really is.

No Babies for Show.

Reports in the Chicago papers say there is a fearful death of babies in the suburb of Rogers Park. This was discovered when the Rogers Park Woman's club decided to have a baby show. All the arrangements were made, then the chairman, Mrs. C. H. Thompson, discovered the absence from the suburb of the "angels in the homes."

"We intended to have a baby show at an entertainment to be held next week," said Mrs. Thompson, "but so far we have not been able to find any babies."

Ambassadors may be sent to neighboring communities to gather enough babies to make a show.

Three Wishes

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE.

The little emsary from Fairyland with his fish pack on his back stood in the center of the table around which were seated Lyander John Appleton, his wife and their daughter, Daysey Mayme.

"Make three wishes each," he said, "and because I know the human heart I will let each of you make one of those wishes in secret; that which men and women gather, in print, or on the house-top, to wish for, doesn't represent the real longing of their hearts; only the Wish Fairy knows the Real Wish."

Because Daysey Mayme is the youngest and these are the times when the youngest are considered first, she was given her first selection of the wares displayed when the pack was opened.

"I wish first," she said, "for some one to love me; it is lonesome without any one in this wide world loving me."

Lyander John and his wife looked at each other in sorrowing amazement. From the hour when Daysey Mayme arrived they had devoted their hearts and their lives to loving her; they had loved her for all she is, for all they believed her to be and for all they hoped she would be. They had loved her for her follies and her mistakes; loved her when she was worth loving and loved her even more when she proved unworthy. And here she was wishing for some one to love her; she was lonesome without love, she said!

"The selfishness of youth," sighed her father.

"She will not realize the value of parental love till she has known the kind a husband gives," said her mother.

"My second wish," she said, "is for appreciation. I long to mingle with congenial souls."

She had to repeat her wish, for the last of it was lost in the sighs that arose from her parents' hearts.

Then, looking out into the dark as heroines do in the books, and trying to look wistful, but succeeding in looking a little sour and selfish, she made her third wish and only the fairy heard her, for it was the secret wish of her heart: "I wish," she whispered, "that the prince, my father, would find out the blunder made at my birth and come for me and take me to his castle. It is plain that one of such royal appearance as I cannot be the child of such meek a looking man and such a dowdy looking woman as those who pass for my father and mother. I know in my heart I belong to a royal family and some wicked person stole me when I lay sleeping in my cradle."

Fairies, in fairy tales as in real life, are kind, and it never fails to the lot of parents to know the secret wish of a selfish child. For this which they are spared let them be truly thankful.

"My wishes are brief," said Mrs. Appleton, with a sigh, "and I have no wish that is secret. I wish health for my children, happiness for my children and wealth for my children."

Daysey Mayme's wishes were for herself and her mother's were for Daysey Mayme. Lyander John looked as bewildered as a child who is invited to a

party and finds no place set for him at the table.

"My first wish," he said, trying to control the tremble in his voice, "is that my daughter's wishes may come true. My second wish is that my wife may have all she wishes for and more."

A few minutes later when he had walked out in a dejected way to prepare for bed, he remembered he hadn't made the Secret Wish.

"I will not be in a hurry to make it," he said. "The granting of that wish may mean much to my eternal happiness and peace of mind. In the morning I will be less depressed and may give to such a weighty matter the consideration it merits."

Three minutes later, he realized that his inspiration had come. Looking at his pyjamas he said, as one making a wish had often made before and which had always brought with it a sense of hopelessness and futility: "I wish I had one pair of pyjamas with the buttons sewed on!"

An actor complained bitterly in New York about the death of James Lee Finney at the Carlton hotel fire in London.

"The Carlton hotel, the day after the fire," he said, "gave out newspaper statements to the effect that there had been no real fire at all, that people were dining in the restaurant all through the trifling blaze. And meanwhile poor Finney's blackened corpse lay undiscovered in an upstairs room."

"The Carlton people remind me of a terrible train wreck, a rear-end collision, that happened in Massachusetts."

"A Boston reporter, just after this wreck, bent over a poor fellow who lay, with both legs gone, among a lot of dead men in a field."

"My poor fellow," the reporter said, "can you tell me how the wreck happened?"

"The recumbent figure opened its eyes, frowned at the reporter and muttered in a weak voice: "I am not aware, sir, that there has been any wreck."

"He was one of the officials of the road!"

The Dessous-de-Robe.

The dessous-de-robe is a delightfully feminine garment recently added to the list of lingerie worn by dainty women. This garment, which is a petticoat and corset cover in one, is usually high waisted. Ribbons form the shoulder straps and the hem is finished with a deep flounce. Fine cambric is sometimes employed in the formation of these charming undergarments, but the softest of silk is preferred by many chic women. Whatever the fabric chosen, however, it is always freely lined with lace, hand embroideries usually adding to the beauty and coquetry of the dessous-de-robe.

YET IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE

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Eloperments Then and Now

By JAMES W. MCGEE.

In early days elopers dodged the fierce parental frown By means that look ridiculous today.

The lover whispered, "Fly with me! The best horse in the town is waiting here to take us far away!"

Today the horse has lost the place he held in days of yore When joy lay in the music of the hoof.

For now, instead of "Fly with me, the horse is at the door!" It's "Fly with me, the aero's on the roof!"

In after years the bicycle, well named the silent steed, Left many an angry parent far behind.

The lover whispered "Fly with me! This high-g geared king of speed Will reach some spot no prying eyes can find."

Today the "silent steed" is dead, and heroes fret no more O'er whirling wheels or tires puncture-proof;

For now instead of "Fly with me, the bike is at the door!" It's "Fly with me, the aero's on the roof!"

Still later came the auto, with its fumes of gasoline; A sure "first aid" to sweethearts in distress.

The lover whispered, "Fly with me, this panting limousine Will reach some town your folks can never guess!"

Today the auto's doom is sealed, elopers want to soar Where "speed cops" can't confront them with the proof.

And now instead of "Fly with me, the auto's at the door!" It's "Fly with me, the aero's on the roof!"