

The Bees Home Magazine Page

Using the Rivers

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

While we are chaining the Mississippi and making it stretch out electric arms to give light, heat and power to cities on its banks and far away, the French are preparing to subdue their wild river Rhone in a similar manner. They have a well advanced scheme for turning the energy of its descending waters into electric currents, flowing through hundreds of miles of cable, to light the streets and parks of Paris and spin the wheels of its innumerable factories.



In a short time there will be hardly a great river in the world that has not been enslaved to man's mightiest and most versatile servant, Electric Power, the only power that carries itself from place to place, wherever its master bids it go, and turns itself from one form to another at his will.

This power has its birth in the sun, and gravitation is its foster-parent, so that the sun and the earth work in a yoke to serve the needs of their diminutive taskmaster, Man.

The sun begins by evaporating the waters of the ocean and sending them up in the air to form clouds. The clouds condense into rain on the hills and mountains, and thus fill the springs and streams. The streams unite to form rivers. The water of the rivers is drawn down by the gravitation of the earth, hurries oceanward through the valleys and leaps roaring down the rapids and over the precipices. Every step of its downward progress means expenditure of the energy which the sun puts into it when it lifted it, in the form of invisible mist, to the mountain tops.

Until our late day this wasted energy of the rivers was only occasionally utilized to drive the water wheels of a few saw or grist mills. Then, but a few years ago, came the discovery of the mechanical power of electricity—and how swiftly we have availed ourselves of it! We were a long time about it, but at last we have discerned the possibilities of this wonderful combination of sun and earth energy and turned them to account.

Let us look at it a little more closely. The energy of the rivers is due to the descent of their waters: But in order that they may descend they must first be raised up. We could not raise them up, and if we could, we should have to expend as much power as we gained. Here the sun steps in to befriend us.

He can raise the waters and make nothing of it. It is sport for him to lift millions of tons of water vapor miles up in the air. He has only to shine upon the ocean to do it. Thus the sun solves for us the first part of the problem.

Then the earth takes hold, and performs its part of the task by drawing the waters down again through the power of its gravitation. They pour down every slope toward the lower level of the sea. They are bursting with energy, which only needs to be caught in order that it may use it as he will.

But before he could use it on a large scale he had to invent an effective means of catching the wasted energy. Water wheels were almost childish; they were not much above the inventive capacity of our cave and river-drift ancestors; they suggested themselves as soon as man began to think a little; they are not more ingenious than some of the contrivances of ants and bees.

And yet, until the end of the nineteenth century, man continued to take, timidly, a very little of the energy of the rivers through his pitiful water wheels, while the great streams, capable of driving all the machinery of the world, and more, went laughing and rollicking on their way, playfully scattering their power to the winds.

But at last came the dynamo and the great dam and all the machinery for the transformation of energy, and then electric power arose spectacularly like the genius from the fisherman's bottle, and bowed itself to the earth before its little discoverer, and said: "Behold! I am the servant of your brain. I have a thousand arms and a hundred disguises, and I can seize the energy of the rivers and carry it away and make it work where you will and what you will."

We all know that this is no fairy tale or Arabian Knights' adventure, but one of the great facts and truths of our time. And even if the age that immediately succeeds us should surpass all that we have done, we may still feel confident that history will never forget the century in which man first learned to chain the power of the rivers.

Hooray! Baby To Rule the House

No Longer Do Women Fear The Greatest of All Human Blessings.

It is a joy and comfort to know that those much-talked-of pains and other distresses that are said to precede childbirth may easily be avoided. No woman need fear the slightest discomfort if she will fortify herself with the well-known and time-honored remedy, "Mother's Friend."

"This is a most grateful, penetrating, external application that at once softens and makes pliant the abdominal muscles and ligaments. They naturally expand without the slightest strain, and thus not only banish all tendency to nervous, twitching spells, but there is an entire freedom from nausea, dizziness, sleeplessness and dread that so often leave their impress upon the babe.

The occasion is therefore one of unbounded, joyous anticipation, and too much stress can not be laid upon the remarkable influence which a mother's happy, pre-natal disposition has upon the health and fortunes of the generation to come.

Mother's Friend is recommended only for the relief and comfort of expectant mothers, thousands of whom have used and recommended it. You will find it on sale at all drug stores at \$1.00 a bottle. Write to-day to the Bradford Regulator Co., 139 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., for a most instructive book on this test of all subjects, Motherhood.

What a Love-Sick Astronomer Sees

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By Nell Brinkley



WHO jeers the cold-blooded astronomer—the scientist who—once having sweet-heated with the Pleiades—could ever turn to an earthly mistress? One of those soft creatures who talk a great deal, but do not do a thing, and are never on time! And the "star-dreamer" adjusts his giant lens and through a slit

in the high-domed roof, seeks out the red glitter of fiery Aldebaran.

But there comes a night, when the stars that powder the sapphire sky dance madly up and down! The Milky Way writhes under its pearly skin! The "star-dreamer" hunts dazedly for the tender Pleiades. They are gone mad. Something

has gone wrong! The thick-seen planets burn green and red and blue! The heavenly twins are flirting with the Giant Orion! The Northern Crown has lost its rigid circlet shape—grows pliable like a string of loose diamonds and seems to whirl dizzily! Desperately gazing, the astronomer finds it is a ring of dancing

girls. And then he trains his telescope on the moon—his softly luminous dead world—the tender, delicate, thin moon—a silvery crescent. And where he always found volcanoes pitting it—wide and deep—there are none! Out of its pale glow a woman's face—an earthly woman's tender face of warm flesh and sing-

ling blood—shines down straight into his heart! And in each eye is a stolen star. And the moon's attendant star—that follows and stands always a little out from her silver harbor—like a lighthouse set in still blue water—it holds a face—the ardent face of Venus' son—glimmer-eyed, pale-haired, winged, smiling straight

down into his stunned heart. The "star-dreamer's" heavens are in chaos—new stars are born—fixed planets are adrift—the moon holds naught but a woman's face and her lamp-like star is the countenance of Cupid! All this—when a "shepherd of the stars"—an astronomer

Married

By VIRGINIA T. VAN DE WATER

They sat directly in front of men in the street car, and, try as I would not to be an eavesdropper, I could not help overhearing what they were saying. I had an interesting book, and was at first so much absorbed in it that it was not until the woman's sharp tone attracted my attention that I was forced to listen.

The volume I held was a new novel, and the meaning of the page before me was a white obscurity for me by the very audible conversation of my two neighbors.

"Of course," said the woman, "you can trump up an excellent excuse for not meeting me at the time you promised to, but you may spare yourself the bother of an explanation of any kind."

"After a pause the man spoke. "Then I will not waste breath trying to prove to you that I have been telling you the truth," he said rather wearily. The thought that sprang to my mind—and I blushed as I found myself thinking it—was, "Of course they are married!"

Yet—why, "of course"? Why should I think that the pair were husband and wife? Because they were quarrelling in such an accustomed and natural way. Perhaps they might be brother and sister; but brothers and sisters do not take just that note of irritation with each other. Again I heard the woman's querulous voice:

"If I had known that you were not going to be there at the time you promised I would have accepted mother's invitation to meet her and a friend of her's at the Waldorf and have tea."

"I am sorry I interfered with your pleasure," said the man. "But the fault was not mine. As I have already told you, I was unavoidably detained at the office."

"The office is always a convenient excuse," retorted the wife. "What time did you have your lunch?"

"About 12:30 o'clock."

"And what time did you get back from it?"

"About 1:30 o'clock."

"And you took an hour for luncheon! Well, you must have eaten a great deal! Or"—sarcastically—"you must have been in remarkably good company. Who was she?"

Then I knew that the woman was that most exasperating of creatures—a nagger. I tried again not to hear her, for, in spite of the fact that I surmised that she was not entirely in the right, I knew also that she was unhappy. Why could she not just be satisfied to love her husband and to take him for granted? As her evident misery made me uncomfortable, I turned to my book again and tried to read. The sentence that my eyes fell on was this:

"There were times when it seemed easier to give his life for her than to live with her; when to shed his blood would have cost less than to make conversation."

The sentence was written of a married couple who had taken each other for better, for worse, because they loved each other. Yet they had come to the place where the man could feel like this of the woman whom he had elected to live with until death ended the union.

And right here in front of me was another couple—unhappy, harassed by each other—another pair who, in the sight of God and man, had vowed eternal fidelity to each other. Yet the dignity of these vows did not prevent their quarrelling like a pair of silly children.

As I listened I thought of the naggers of the world, those people who drive men to worse sins than the women themselves are capable of. Very often such wives are models of morality and discretion.

This one probably possessed many of what my novelist calls "the little virtues" that "are sometimes more deadly to the passion of love than are the large vices." And the pity of it all is that the poor soul cherishes the delusion that in nagging her husband she is doing her duty by him.

This man took her insinuations with well-assumed patience for a while. He tried to change the subject in a clumsy masculine way by asking her if she had

succeeded in matching the piece of silk she thought so pretty, but she answered in a monosyllable and then went on to say that she did not wish he would try to greek himself of the wretched habit of unpunctuality.

"This is the third time this week that you have been late at an appointment with me," she said, "and there has been just one morning in five days that you have been in at breakfast on time. You always have to rush to get to the theater before the curtain goes up, and even then we sometimes miss the first part of the play. And each night at dinner-time you—"

But the husband had stood all that he could stand just now. He interrupted roughly, and his voice had suddenly coarsened.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated. "Why not just tell me that my sins are more in number than the stars of the sky and let the matter drop! I was late today, and I told you I regretted the fact. As you can talk of nothing except my failings, and I find them a very unenjoyable topic of conversation, I will, with your gracious permission, get off the car here and allow you to continue your ride and meditations alone. I prefer to walk."

He suited the action to the word, although she started to speak, and getting up abruptly, swung himself off at the next corner. In a minute or two I saw the woman's hand steal furtively to her face and I knew that, under her veil she was wiping away the tearsdrops that she could not keep from her eyes. I also knew that she was very sorry for herself, that she felt that her efforts to improve the man she loved were unappreciated, that she was self-hypnotized into the belief that she meant well, she had done well, and that she felt that her husband was an unfeeling brute. She was certainly to be pitied—and, of course, the man had been very rude. But was he entirely to blame?

And does marriage justify people in saying just what they please to each other? If so, why marry?

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

I am glad I didn't marry a man with black eyes, and Ma to Pa last night. I love yure eyes, dear. How much munny do you want now? sed Pa.

I don't want any munny, sed Ma. I repeat that I love yure blue eyes. The reason I love yure blue eyes is because I was reading in the paper that all the greatest men in the history of the world had blue or gray eyes. The artikel that I red sed that there was lots of vary nice gentlemen wich had brown or black eyes, but that they was never what you cud reely call big league guys. I guess it is pritty neer so at that, sed Ma. All the men I know with black or brown eyes is nice to have for friends, but they aint grats like Julius Caesar or Napoleon or Shakespeare.

Pa went & looked in the glass at his blue eyes & then he sed to Ma. Yes, deer, the artikel was rite, though all of us reely grats men do not like to admit it. Of course that doesn't mean, sed Pa, that everybody with blue eyes is a grats man. Far from it, sed Pa. There is a lot of men with blue & gray eyes that is grats only in one line, like grats bookkeepers or grats shipping clerks. But us reely grats men, though I hate to admit it as I sed, all have them piercing blue eyes or gray eyes wich can look rite thru all the shams of the world.

My father had brown eyes, though, sed Ma, & he was the leading man of the town. He was Mayor of Colfax till he got tired of holding down the job & he held every other offfis that was worth holding.

What f that? sed Pa. It isent the reely grats men of any community wich holds the offfis. The reely grats men are too busy to hold offfis. The mayor of the average small town is a nice, important old man that isent much good at anything excep mayoring. Wen a con-venishun cumms to the town he gives the members the keys to the city & if any of the members want to go swears that hasent got keys, the mayor feels

offended. I don't think yure father was such a grats man, Pa sed.

Yure father had brown eyes & he wasent a bit grats, sed Ma. You used to be all the time telling what a grats man he was, but all I ever saw him do was to draw his penshun & talk about Pickett's Charge. Of course I think all those old boys has a rite to draw munny from the government they helped to feel sunnow, that he did most of his shooting from behind a big tree & that the darker the days of the Rebeliyun was the better he liked it becausa it is easier to hide on a dark day.

Oh, well, our fathers was both good old acouts, sed Pa. Let us talk, though, of the reely grats men. Think of the list. Gothe, Shakespeare, Wagner, Beet-hoven, Mike Angelo, Caesar, Napoleon, Linkun, Mathewson & me.

But McGraw has got black eyes, I toald Pa & he is a grats man. I think he is a excopshun, & the greatest fiteing man living is Jack Johnsing, I toald Pa, & his eyes is black.

That is not the kind of fiteing men the artikel ment, Pa sed. It ment the grats leaders of armies. The kind of fiteing men like Jack Johnsing has black eyes half of the time anyway.

I know a grats excopshun to the rule, I toald Pa. Teddy Ruasevelt hasent got blue eyes.

Well, sed Pa, what of it?

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Ask Her. Dear Miss Fairfax: Through an introduction a few months ago I met a young lady with whom I have become strangely fascinated. In a certain sense she has shown that she has taken some interest in me. How can I know whether she really does care for me? A. A. R.

Such knowledge as that must be gained first hand. But don't be premature. If you want her to love you pay her the attention that will win her love before you ask an avowal. And make your own avowal first.

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