

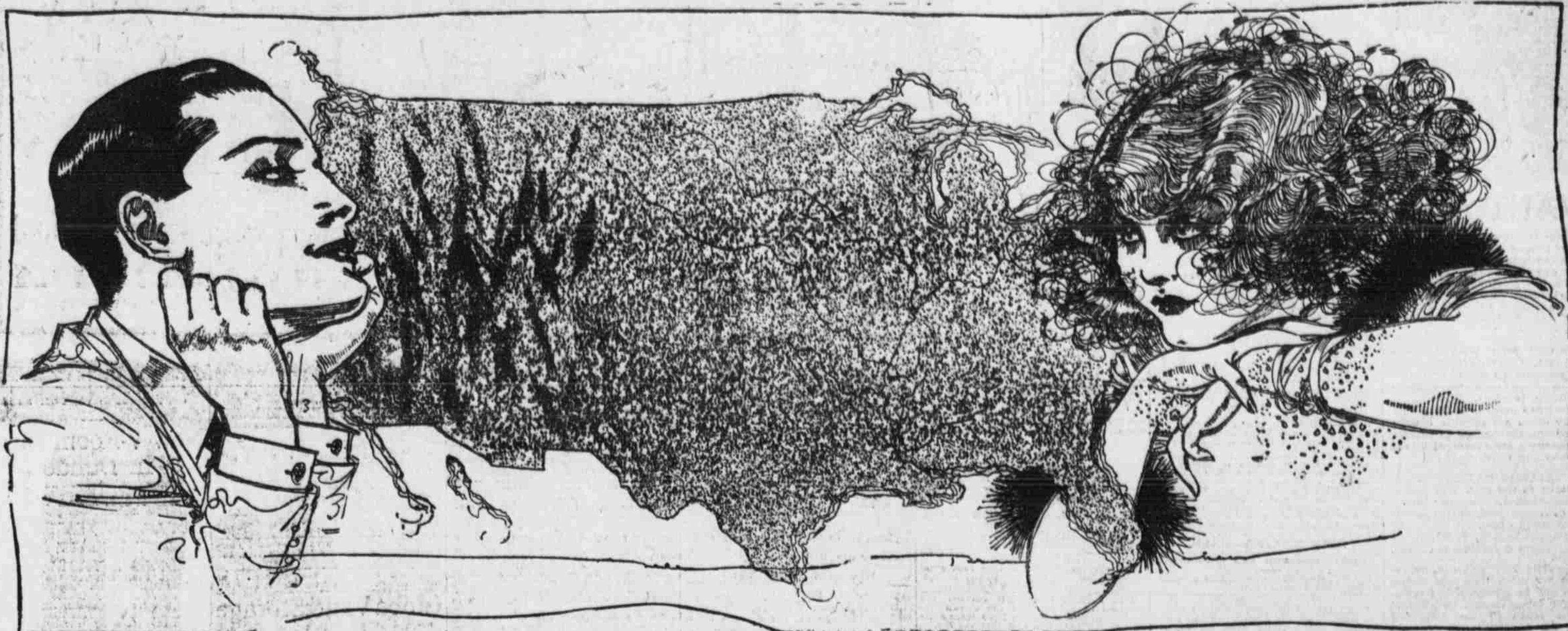
The Bee's Home Magazine Page

When the East and West Are One

When One Mile Might as Well Be Ten Thousand and Three Thousand Feels Like Two

BY NELL BRINKLEY

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This was on the subway, where you hear lots of things! A sweet little voice—that sounded like it usually used better grammar, but was so excited that it forgot—piped out right behind my velvet back: "Ain't it awful—when you're here and he's there?" And I knew right away what was the matter, and I knew that it was awful.

Oh, all lovers who are far away from the

smile of one another's eyes—here's all kinds of wishes—wishes that a special letter is starting toward this very night—for fortune that will suddenly, in good humor, twist your destiny so that you may be where she is and she where you may be; for a private wire to girdle around the world; a lover's line with gold-dusty headed Danny for Central to fire other folk off. Oh, all good, good wishes. For when there are two lovers and

the two of them make one, and the one is divided into two—and one half's on one coast and the other half is on the other—nothing's right! The sunset is a faded thing. It used to be a heart of flame and feathery fire when she watched it with you—and now it's brown—just brown! The end of day used to be "twilight" and the hills turned tender purple in that short season between night and day—but now it just "gets dark!" You watch

the theater go dark at a moving picture show. The square of speechless romance flashes on the screen—the girl in the picture looks like her! The passing stranger who hustles by you on the street makes your heart trip up and hold its breath for a dizzy moment. It looked like him—just as tall—with a coat belted in—could it be that lover of yours himself? This is a station (and it's a wild lunatic thought, for you got a letter an hour ago

and he was clear across the continent then), but maybe he has conjured himself right here. And then he turns the face of him around—and, oh, my gracious! how could you ever think a plain chap like that could be the only man in the world? It is awful "when you are here and he is there." And one mile might as well be ten thousand and three thousand feels like two!

—NELL BRINKLEY.

Radium as Disease Victor Bays Monopoly

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

In view of the growing belief that radium holds out the promise of victory over some of the most terrible and intractable diseases that afflict humanity, such, for instance,

as cancer, there will be rejoicing over the news that a new source of supply of this precious element has been found and is being developed in the United States.

The first radium ever known was discovered in the pitchblende, a blue-black, heavy substance, found in considerable abundance in the mines of Joachimsthal in Austria, and formerly thrown aside as waste. Until recently Joachimsthal had a virtual monopoly in the production of radium because pitchblende itself is not very widely distributed over the earth, and no other mineral was known from which radium could be extracted. Moreover, the Joachimsthal pitchblende is extraordinarily rich in radium, containing about one ten-millionth of 1 per cent! It will be observed that the chemist's idea of richness is widely different from that of the gold miner.

Now, however, this monopoly has been broken, for it has been found that a new mineral (carnotite, named in honor of a former president of France, although discovered in the United States), is at least as rich as pitchblende, in radium, and easier to work.

The greatest deposits of carnotite yet found are in Paradox valley, Colorado, but it also exists in paying quantity in Utah, especially near Green River. Naturally, miners are beginning to prospect for it, and the Denver office of the bureau of mines has issued a circular describing the appearance of carnotite and the method of testing it for the existence of radium.

In view of its color, and of the enormous value of its hidden contents, it might be called the gold of science. It is a lemon-yellow metal, generally found in pockets of sandstone deposits. Sometimes it forms yellow specks disseminated through the sandstone, and at other times it is seen as yellow incrustations in the cracks. Occasionally it is found in a more massive form, associated with vanadium ores.

The prospecting, says Dr. Charles L. Parsons, is mainly carried along the sides of canyons, where the stratum containing carnotite has been eroded, and wherever vanadium and uranium stains are seen on the rock the prospector blasts his tunnel, hoping to come upon a pocket of carnotite ore.

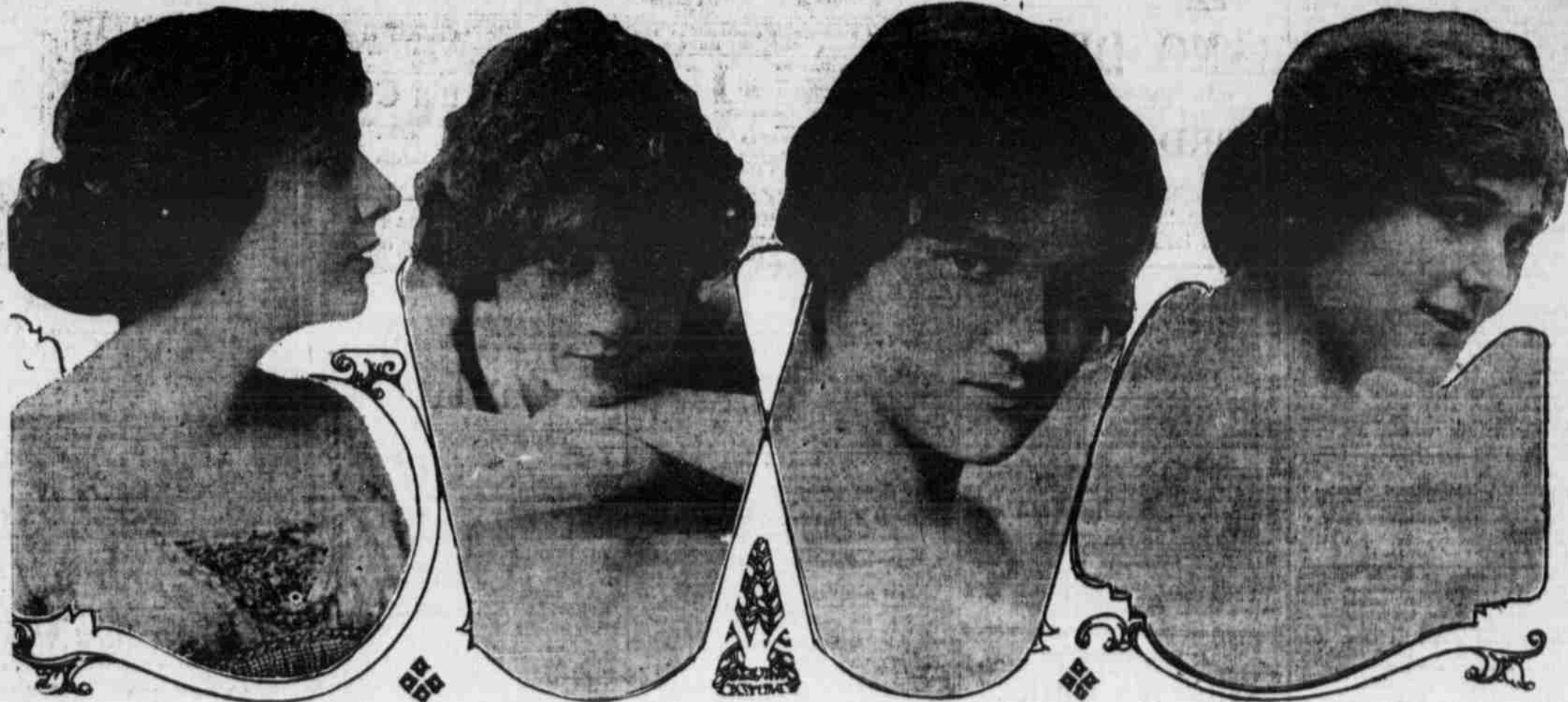
The testing of the ore for the existence of radium within it is a process that would have appealed to the mysticism of the old alchemists and magicians. The test consists in making the ore take a picture. The official directions say: "Wrap, in the dark, a photographic plate in two thicknesses of black paper. On the paper lay a key, and then just above the key suspend two or three ounces of the ore, and place the whole in a light-tight box. Pressure of the ore on the key and plate should be avoided. After three or four days develop the plate in the ordinary way, and if the ore is appreciably radio-active an image of the key will be found on the plate."

Of course, some other metallic object such as a coin, would answer as well as

The Coiffure of Refinement

Four Pretty Styles and as Many Girls

Specially Posed for This Page by Members of "The Madcap Duchess" Company



Ann Swinburne.

Margaret Andrews.

Peggy Wood.

Glen Ellis.

Beautiful Ways to Dress Beautiful Hair

Admiration of the latest styles in coiffures is largely tinged with rejoicing that the day of the grotesque haystack of jute is passed, and that the simple, graceful coiffure is coming back into its own.

Beginning with left to right, a very effective and simple style of hair dressing is shown by Miss Ann Swin-

burne as Seraphina in the title role of "The Madcap Duchess." The effect is that of a Psyche knot with the added gracefulness achieved by a braid worn over the forehead, with the side hair brought low over the ears.

The style adopted by Miss Margaret Andrews is in direct contrast, with the effect almost as simple. The hair is bunched at the crown with the effect of a soft drooping pompadour in front.

The style so well suited to the piquant face of Miss Peggy Wood is simplicity itself. The hair is parted in the middle, allowed to fall loosely over the ears, and is gathered in a low knot at the back.

Miss Glen Ellis has the perfectly rounded head that permits of the hair being drawn into a low bunch at the back, with a fluffy effect in front redeeming it from the trying severity this style would otherwise become.

The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

"Wilfred must have something the matter with his head," said the Manicure Lady. He got hit with a baseball bat when he was a young boy, and I have often wondered if it wasn't bothering him in the last few years. They say a man can get a bone out of place in his head and that it won't worry or bother him for years sometimes, and then turn and make him kind of nutty, long after the accident. I guess it must be that way with Wilfred, though goodness knows I don't see how no bone would have room to get misplaced in his head.

"The first I noticed that he was a little queer was when he began writing poetry, about three years ago. The worse the poetry was the better he liked it, and when folks knocked it he would say that he did not blame them, but that they did not understand. He has had a lot of fool notions in his head since then, including falling in love with that elderly widow from Chicago, but the craziest notion that he has ever took is that he wants to go out in the forest somewhere and be a woodchopper."

"It seems that the poor boob was up in the woods hunting last week and ran across a woodchopper that knew all about Hobby Burns. The two of them talked about Burns all the afternoon and Wilfred came home without no partridges, but he said that he wouldn't have traded his visit with that woodchopper for all the partridges in the world, and now he wants to go and cut cordwood the same as the gent he met. Can you beat that?"

"It ain't so snap cutting cordwood," said the Head Barber. "I had to cut a lot of it when I was a kid on the farm, and you can take it from me that I didn't love the job. I would a whole lot rather cut hair."

"That's what the old gent told Wilfred," said the Manicure Lady, "but he couldn't change the boy none. Father said that it took a real man to cut hardwood and pile it up, and he says that there ain't many real men growing up around the city these days. He laughed at Wilfred when the kid tried to get five beans off him—to buy an axe with, and said he wouldn't give him 5 cents to make no such 'false start as that in life."

"Wilfred had it figured out that if he could get a nice axe and some heavy clothes he could go back up there and do in partners with this fellow that know about Burns, but the old gent pointed out to him that no experienced wood-chopper would take in a green kid as a partner in anything except talking about a post. Wilfred thinks that away off in the woods he can write better poetry. He even wrote a poem about a wood-chopper and read it to the old gent. This is what he wrote:

Seeking a Husband

By CONSTANCE CLARKE.

This morning I woke up in my little white bed with the thought that something out of the ordinary was going to happen. My little French clock was ticking vigorously out in the den on my desk, the pink and white pillows on the couch were rumped up just as I had left them last night—and suddenly I remembered Dr. Hammond was coming down and I was quite excited. I was curious, and I did think he was adorable when he told me quite plainly that he was coming down to see me. I guess girls are all the same. We all like the storm-in-a-castle feeling that some men use toward us quite as a matter of fact.

That was this morning, and now here I am in the library reflecting on the good and bad possibilities of my latest caller. It isn't as if I had the chance to put out my hand and take him—that would be absurd on my part—it's just to be able to meet any kind of a difficulty that might arise.

"You're the strangest girl," he said to me tonight.

"Why am I strange?" I answered. "You might not like me to tell you," he said.

"Yes, I would, please go on."

"Well, I can't make you out. You are a combination of frivolity and seriousness that is quite enough to keep any one guessing."

"Are any of the nurses like me?" I said flippantly. "and why am I frivolous?"

"Well, no, to your first question, although I have a pretty good time with them. And why are you frivolous? Because you like to dress well and everything you wear is out of the ordinary."

"Not very good proof," I rejoined. "I don't see why I have to be dubbed frivolous for that. How would you like to hear a few things about yourself?"

He laughed. "Well, in the first place, I went one, 'you are comely. I think the nurses spoil you. In the second place, you are somewhat selfish; you do only what you like to do, and in the third place, you really are nice."

"Well, that's something like," he said

eagerly, pulling his chair closer. "now let's get down to business."

"Business?" I queried politely. And he laughed.

"Gee, you are different," he said again, running his fingers through his hair in a funny, boyish way he has.

"I believe you said that before," I said demurely, drawing away from the hand that was suddenly stretched out for mine. And then I knew that I really did like him.

"I'm afraid," I said severely, "that those nurses spoil you worse than even I imagined. You really need some very severe discipline. I think I shall begin right now." And I did, if sternly repelling all his advances meant severe discipline. I guess he liked me as well as the nicest nurse, too, if I wouldn't say good night in the "proper way." I'm fond of having people touch me, any way, but I suppose the right one would make a difference. But how am I to know when the right one does come along and when the right time comes and all the other hundred and one things that one has to know, I suppose? Any-

way, I don't think he's a bit serious with me.

"Come and see me again," I said, as he was leaving.

"You haven't been so very nice to me," he answered.

"Don't tell me that you have to be bribed, and do you still think I'm very strange?"

"I haven't changed my opinion of you at all," he said decidedly.

"And still I have my suspicions," I interrupted rather breathlessly.

"What do you mean?" he said, his fingers tightening on mine.

"Nothing at all," I said, drawing back; "that will give you something to think about."

"Till next time," he said under his breath. And then the door closed, and I went slowly upstairs. My pink lamp was lighted in the den and my clock was ticking just as it had been when I woke up in the morning. I brushed back a lock of hair reflectively, and my hand had that funny medicine smell. Then I curled up among the pink and white pillows of my couch and had a good think.