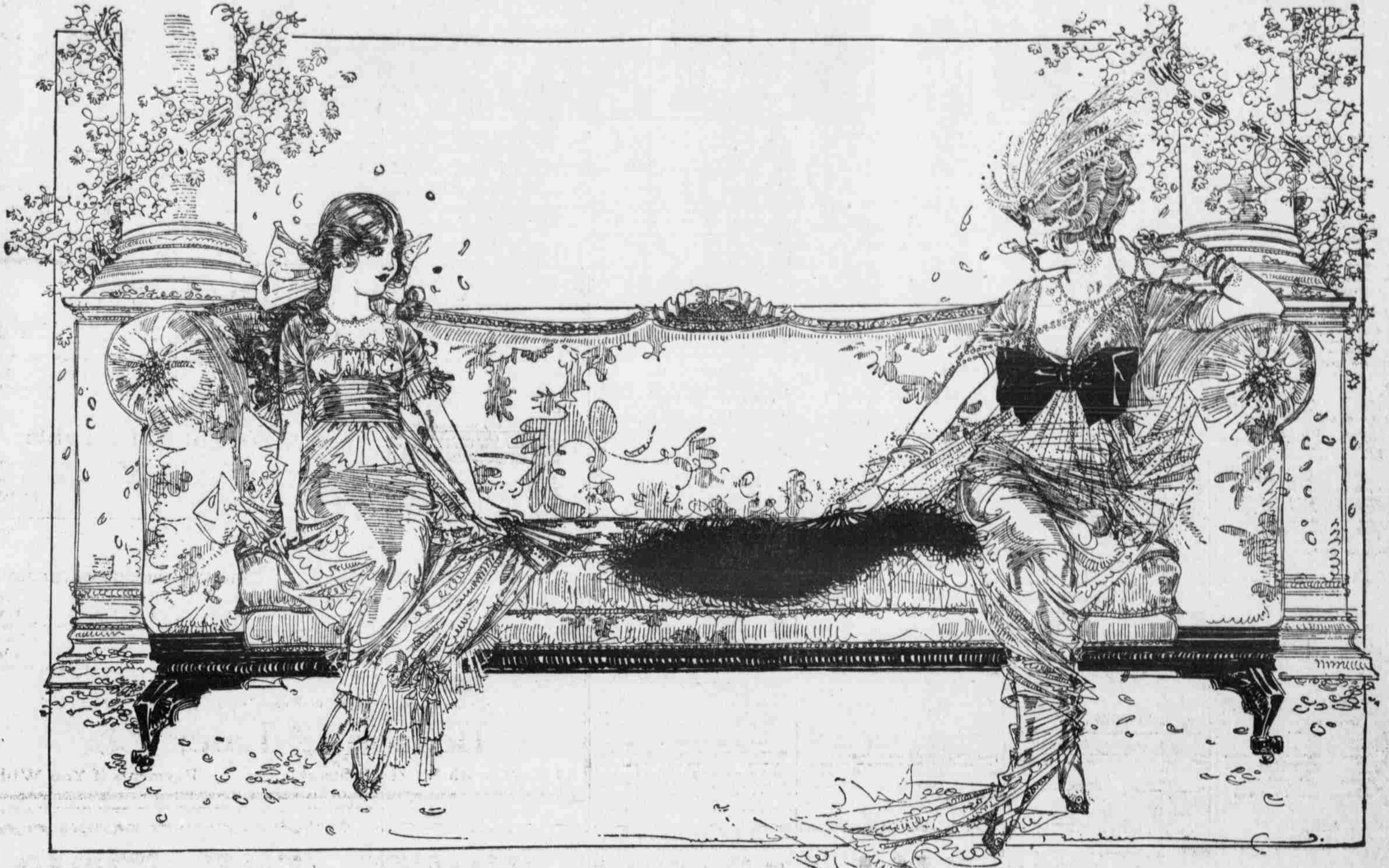


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Here Is Envy

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By Nell Brinkley



Nell Brinkley Says:

In Fable-land the bright-eyed red-fox envies the dog who lies by the hearth, his fine plate of daily meat unlaborled; and the foolish dog, when his lone wolf ancestor stirs within him, envies the red-fox his wilderness haunts and his gypsy ways, his kills and his piracies! The rakish little sparrow on the cold window ledge, peering in with a glistening eye, envies the caged canary his golden body, his thrilling voice and his store of bird seed. The golden canary, peering back, envies the urchin-bird his wide reaches of sky and air, his daring, his cocky courage and his

gorgeous scraps on the roaring, living streets. The daisy envies the butterfly and the butterfly sighs to be a daisy. The little yellow duck yearns after the soaring lark and his showers of silver notes—the lark sings, "Oh, to be a little yellow duck and be able to float so—like a hollow gold ball on the breast of the river!"

One night, only a little while ago, I watched the eyes of two of these feminine creatures whom we call "woman" and "girl." And in the black, seductive eyes of the one and the wide gray eyes of the other I saw, speaking aloud, so whomever listened might hear—the sparrow and the golden canary—the butterfly and the daisy—the bright-eyed

red-fox and the little house dog. The music was rising and falling—trembling and swelling on the cloying strains of a Spanish dance; flower-petals fluttered from the drooping wreaths 'round the gilded columns and from the breasts of dancing girls, gemming the floor underfoot. And the eyes of these two as they passed in the swing of the dance sought each other out, homed and envied—envied—envied! Once they sat at the extreme ends of a long, soft couch and the admiration and envy lived and burned from Woman-face to Girl's and from Girl-face back again to Woman's. And I wished they both knew. But neither did—nor ever will, perhaps. The little maid in her plain white

frock and her hair down her back yearned to be one with this lithe and full-blown creature—to have her limbs in the sheen of close-wrapped brocade—her shoulders as round and broad and bare—her hair as gold and deeply waved—pearls in her ears—rouge on her lips—wisdom in her eyes—mystery all about her—the chin of a princess—this ability to talk to man—the splendor of speech and garmenting and movement!

The finished, lovely and sometimes weary woman had her heart in her eyes and lips when she looked long and often at the little white maid with her timid feet and modest eyes—"Oh, to be just that again—eighteen—slim of neck—with a sleek little face all

round and well-washed and unpowdered—with my hair like that—so soft and plain—to have my eyes as young and ignorant and astonished as that—to be so smooth of lip, with the satin of baby skin drawn over the red—to have a little frock like that all full and white—childish pink hands—my gracious, what a lovely thing she is!"

And so it is—both in Fable-land and Real.

But if they two could only know—if the daisy only knew just once that the butterfly envied and thought her beautiful! If the butterfly could only see that the daisy envied her, why, then, you see, they'd both be happier!

Writers and Writing :-:

By REV. C. H. PARKHURST.

Every little while there comes a letter from a young man or young woman who expresses a desire to become a writer, either for the press or some other form of publication, and asking advice as to how literary success may be attained.

These inquiries originate with three different classes of people. One class is composed of those who would use the art as a means of courting publicity and of getting themselves advertised. Such applicants may be curtly dismissed by telling them that self-conceit is too cheap a motive to give promise of valuable results.

Other inquirers want to commercialize their talents, if they have any, and are actuated only by a sense of the dollar. Undoubtedly, the laborer is worthy of his hire, whether his labor be performed in the region of ideas or of manufacture or agriculture.

At the same time, it will have to be said that while a farmer may raise good corn with no other thought in his mind than the condition of the grain market, one cannot do good writing with no other thought in mind than the condition of the literary market.

The higher the level at which a man does his work, the more will his success be retarded by considerations of salary. To the third class belong those who have an irrepressible desire to turn themselves inside out, not for the notoriety of it, and not because there may be money in it, but with something of the impulse with which a buried seed breaks

out of its shell and pushes its way up into light and air.

It is only to this latter class it inquires that it is worth one's while to give much attention. Any modest person who is sensible of being bound by fetters that he would like to break is generally a person of promise and should be encouraged.

The first condition of sound literary success is to have ideas. A great many things admit of being said that have never yet been said, and the man or woman that will find them out and tell them will be read. For people are not fond of stale bread. It may be nourishing, but it is not appetizing.

Even the most intelligent of readers demand fresh food for their minds, as they do fresh food for their bodies.

The writer must be alive with what he is going to say and not hammer his sentences out of cold iron. It is rather a good rule to follow not to write anything till the very act of writing will bring relief to the writer's own mind. The reader's interest in what is written will never rise higher than the writer's, usually not as high.

If sometimes one's cistern of new ideas runs dry, what remains to do is to write some old thing in a new way. Costume often counts for as much as the body which it clothes, if not more.

With a class of readers, and rather a large class, the way a thing is said denotes more than what is said. The case with a good many women who wear diamonds is that they think less of the diamonds than of the brilliancy with which they sparkle.

With such women paste diamonds would answer every purpose if only there were no danger of their being suspected of being paste.

All these peculiarities of people must be kept in the writer's mind when he is at work, which suggests that a writer, to be successful, must know people as well as letters. Firing with a rifle will bring down more birds than shooting with a

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Holes in the Air Found by Aviators

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Q.—"Will you please state your opinion as to the truth about air holes, as given by D. W. Starrett in *Aircraft of February 1912*, and commented upon in the *Literary Digest* of February 11, 1913?"

A.—I have not read Mr. Starrett's article, but looked up the note in the *Digest* commenting thereon. The phrase "holes in the air" is entirely new and came with the advent of the great science of aviation. But the coming of this term has been unfortunate. It is totally impossible for a "hole" to exist in free air.

The only hole in air known is the highly vacuum space within a Crookes vacuum tube or bulb, or within similar glass bulbs, such as those enclosing carbon and tungsten filaments in electric incandescent lamps. And the height of human skill has been exerted to secure these vacuums, which is a "hole" surrounded by walls of glass.

The writer in the *Digest* is correct, for he makes it clear that what has been named "hole" is a place where the air and the airship are both moving in the same direction at the same speed. But an aeroplane must move to acquire any lifting or sustaining power what ever; this is, move through the air, not with it.

If wind blows against the lower surfaces of the planes the lifting force per square foot depends on the velocity of the air. If air is at rest, then lifting force against gravitation depends on the speed of the airship. But if air and ship are both moving in the same direction with identical speed, then the ship must fall.

Early flyers in ships heavier than air naturally thought that they had fallen into a hole or a well. But there is just as much air under the planes as elsewhere.

In the central vortex of a whirlwind where rotation around a vertical axis is rapid, the air is partially thrown out by centrifugal tendency, but there remains plenty of air.

has never been attained by the most accurate air pumps; there still remains a few millionths of the original quantity.

Q.—Where did the winter solstice occur last year?

A.—At 2:45 a. m., December 22, 1913, 12th meridian, standard time. At some instant during that minute the sun apparently began its northern motion, really due to the motion of the earth. It was farthest south during a differential time.

Q.—A brick wall in a large building in Paris bulged out of plumb and was drawn in straight by heating iron bars of iron passed through and anchored, when upon cooling the rods contracted and drew the walls with great force. Now, why will not the contraction and expansion of iron and steel in huge concrete buildings damage the walls?

A.—This variation in lengths of heavy steel bars and girders will injure the enclosing walls, whether of stone, brick or Portland cement, unless the builders make allowance for it.

The risk is not so great in California as in the northern states. Thus a high building enclosing heavy steel girders and beams in Duluth and Chicago must be built with greater care on this important point than at any place in California, in more equable temperature. Thus, in Chicago the cold has been 22 degrees below zero, F., and 194 above, a difference of 136 degrees.

Scientific tests have been made with this result: A bar of ordinary structural steel increases its length by the .0000072 part with each added degree F. Therefore, in from eight to fifty-story buildings, with width from forty to 200 feet, these variations become quite appreciable and must be compensated for by placing ends of beams, here and uprights free to move.

And electrolysis of steel and iron is another danger, one that arises from fugitive currents of electricity escaping from mains and forming obscure circuits in buildings and pipes.

The Knoxville Convention

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

One hundred and eighteen years ago, January 12, 1796, James Robertson's big history gavel called to order the opening session of the Knoxville convention, a gathering of backwoods-

men, whose con-skin caps and long pioneer rifles were for the time laid aside that they might try their hands in the great game of statesmanship. For twenty-six days they hammered away at the job of making the constitution, which should create a free and independent commonwealth, and on the 6th of February they donned their con caps, shouldered their rifles, and scattered for their cabins in the wilderness.

The pioneers had made a new state, and they had achieved their task not only without waiting for the "enabling act" from congress, but in defiance of the right of congress to order the census to determine whether or not the territory was qualified for statehood. There was the state they had made, complete and ready for business, and if congress did not want it, why then so much the worse for congress.

"An equal participation in the free navigation of the Mississippi is one of the inherent rights of the citizens of this state; it cannot therefore, be conceded to any prince, potentate, power, person or persons whatever; a notice to France, Spain, Great Britain, and all the rest of them, that they had better keep their

hands off the "Father of Waters." Toward the end of March the new constitution was forwarded to the president, who at once laid it before congress, and for a month its friends and foes fought like Trojans over the question of its adoption.

The federalists swore that it was nothing but a trick to get "more votes for Tom Jefferson." Said one of the federalists, "the people of the country called Tennessee have cashed the government and self-created themselves into a state. One of their spurious representatives has already arrived, and is actually claiming his seat." It may be interesting to note that the "spurious representative" was no other than Andrew Jackson.

Led by Aaron Burr, the friends of the self-created "commonwealth" finally out-generated the enemy, and by a very narrow margin the victory was won on the first day of June, on which day Tennessee became a member of the "glorious union."

Next Monday

"The King of Diamonds"

A most thrilling serial of great imaginative range, the annals of another Monte Cristo.

By Louis F. Tracy

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Next Monday