

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Mysteries of Science and Nature

By GARRETT F. SERVIS.

"How far from the coast does salt water penetrate the earth? I found salt water 2,000 feet below the surface in the north central part of Pennsylvania, while drilling an oil well—E. M."

The salt water that you found in Pennsylvania did not arrive there by an underground route from the ocean, but derived its salinity from a deposit of salt in a neighboring part of the earth's crust.

The ocean is not a salt factory, but a salt storehouse. The salt that it contains comes from the land and is washed down into the sea basins by rain and rivers. Once in the ocean, it remains and accumulates there, because it has no way to get out, and new supplies are constantly being added to it. The heat of the sun causes the surface water to evaporate and to form clouds over the continents, which clouds finally condense into rain, and thus return into the ocean as water, carrying more salt along with it.

The ocean has been millions of years in collecting the quantity of salt that it now contains, which has been leached out of millions of square miles of land by the action of the water, sent forth as clouds from the sea and returning as sediment-laden liquid. The sea is a pocket for the salt, which is open for ingress, but closed for egress. At the present time the oceans contain on an average, say three and a half per cent of salt. If they were suddenly dried up their basin would be found covered with a thick deposit of salt.

But there are greater accumulators of salt than the ocean—not as measured by the total amount gathered, but by the percentage. Large salted lakes, especially if they lie in sunny regions where evaporation is rapid and continual, often gather enormous quantities of salt. Thus the Great Salt Lake of Utah, having no outlet, but several river inlets, and lying in a basin-shaped valley, consists of water greatly exceeding sea water in salinity. The degree of salinity of the water has varied notably since the lake was discovered by early explorers, the change according with the amount of water flowing in during relatively wet or dry periods. The percentage of salt has varied from 15 up to about 24.

The famous Dead Sea, in Palestine, having also no outlet, and lying, moreover, below sea level, has accumulated salt until the percentage of salinity has been reckoned as high as 25. But the quality of the salt, and the nature of the elements entering into it, vary more or less in these inland collections from that of the ocean.

In times past the surface of the earth has witnessed the formation and disappearance of many lakes and inland seas, distributed over all of the present-day continents, and when these dried up they left their beds covered with deposits of salt. Subsequent changes in the earth's crust have buried the ancient sea-beds and lake-beds, which now constitute stratified deposits of salt.

The most celebrated of the salt deposits in the eastern United States belong to what geologists call the Salina system. It was laid down by a shallow inland sea, which existed in the later parts of the Silurian age, many millions of years ago. It extends from Canada through central New York, Pennsylvania and Maryland, reaching also westward into Ohio. Alternating with the salt deposits are beds containing gypsum and stores of petroleum dating back to equally ancient time in the earth's history. In fact, the first discovery of petroleum in Pennsylvania was made through artesian wells filled with brine.

In the early history of this country, before the salt deposits around Syracuse, in the ancient land of the Onondaga, were known to white men, the settlers along the coast had to take their salt from the sea. It was obtained by evaporating water in kettles, and the process was so easy that every considerable family had a salt-making apparatus. Finally the great "salt-licks" of the Indians were discovered, and the state of New York purchased from the Onondaga tribe the land underlain by the same deposits.

There are immense stores of solid salt in many parts of the earth's crust, left by former bodies of water. In Austria you may visit enormous caverns where salt is mined like coal, and where roots, walls, columns, passages, all consist of salt, whose surfaces glitter in the artificial light as if it were strewed with diamonds. So it is not wonderful in boring for oil that you should strike salt water. It is only a reminder of dead seas and lakes that wimped in the sunlight of an earlier period of the earth, and then laid their dry bones of salt to rest deep in its rock bosom.

## Snap Shots

By ANN LISLE.

Give me a heart ailment!  
Yet, life, not coldly so,  
Least longing the thirst to know,  
And missing all desire to grow,  
The life of life in sob and flow,  
Silly by me, while I am young,  
I sit and say, "Life's good to me;  
Why should I soil my soft white palms?  
I will remain aloof and be  
Proud in the color of my hair."  
That asks not and that gives not aim,  
Grants me an eager heart!  
That is able to give!  
Though bitter pain may rear and thrive  
With tears the laurels that survive,  
Still let the soul's ambition's solid  
Heart! scorn the life's spathy!  
That coldly says, "Life's good to me,  
And struggle in remote and far."  
Nap—every cause that wins or dies  
Holds some far apart in those far skies  
Where sinks or rises my own star!

The proudest and most independent woman in the world will accept orders from the right man—but he has to be her "boss" in business or her master in love.

Before the engagement the man talks and the woman listens; after the engagement neither one talks—much. But after the marriage either the woman talks and the man listens, or else they both talk and the neighbors listen.

## Interlude

Poem  
By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

By Nell Brinkley  
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## Pretty Wrap for Service

This wrap of caracul, correct either for day or evening wear, is made with a very wide, flaring back of three-quarter length, the front sloping upward in cutaway fashion. A turnover collar fits snugly at the throat and with the wrap is worn a toque of caracul, topped with an ostrich pom-pom.



Copyright, 1914, by Star Company.

The days grow shorter,  
The nights grow longer;  
The headstones thicken along the way;  
And life grows sadder, but love grows stronger,  
For those who talk with us day by day.

The tear comes quicker, the laugh comes slower;  
The courage is lesser to do and dare;  
And the tide of joy in the heart falls lower  
And seldom covers the reefs of care.

But all true things in the world seem truer,  
And the better things of earth seem best,  
And friends are dearer as friends are fewer,  
And love is all as our sun dips west.

Then let us clasp hands as we walk together,  
And let us speak softly in love's sweet tone;  
For no man knows on the morrow whether  
We two pass on—or but one alone.

## Why My Husband Left Me :: No. 9—The Woman Who Tried to Make Over Her Helpmate, Tells Her Story ::

By DOROTHY DIX.

"I lost my husband," said the ninth woman, "through trying to cut him over according to my own little perforated pattern of what a man should be and think and wear."

"The chief feminine vice is the mania we women have for reforming things. We never can be satisfied to attend to our own business and let other people manage their affairs as they like, and there isn't a mother's daughter of us who doesn't believe in her secret soul that if the Almighty had consulted her at the creation of the world a lot of blunders could have been avoided."

"Above all, every woman holds to the faith that if her husband would only become as clay in her hands she could fashion him into a thing of beauty and wonder that would astonish the world. No matter how much a woman admires a man, or looks up to him, or loves him, she wants to change him. It's the same spirit that makes her shift around the furniture in her house to suit her own taste after she's paid a professional decorator \$1,500 to arrange it for her."

People often marvel that an otherwise sensible woman will marry a drunkard or a rake and they wonder why she does it. The answer is plain. The drunkard or the rake offers such gorgeous and limitless reformation opportunities to her that she can't resist the temptation. "I married an admirable young man

who was moral, sober, industrious; a man any woman might have been glad to take as he was and thank God on her knees for what she was getting. Nevertheless, the curse of my sex for altering things was upon me, and I distinctly recall that even in the days of our betrothal I used to enjoy myself by thinking that as soon as I was married to Sidney I would change the way he had his hair cut and the style of collars he wore, and buy all his neckties myself.

"No sooner had we returned from our honeymoon than I proceeded to put my amiable theories into practice. I overhauled his wardrobe and threw away all of his clothes that did not suit my taste, although in doing so I discarded an old coat or two and a pair of well worn slippers upon which he placed a ridiculous value. I also put a strict taboo on free and easy dressing at home, and forced him to make an elaborate toilet for dinner every night."

"If I was good enough to dress up for before we were married, I am good enough to dress up for after we are mar-

ried." I would say, which was an unimpeachable sentiment, but resulted in his staying downtown for dinner on the days when he was especially tired or rushed with work.

"Sidney was a man of nearly 40 years when I married him. For twenty years he had lived about in hotels and clubs, and he was by way of being a bit of an epicure. He liked dainty food, highly seasoned, and elaborate sauces, and had eaten them with no perceptible harm to his digestion. I had been reared on the plainest of cooking, and I conceived it my duty at once to reform my husband's taste in eating, and after we were married he never drank a glass of wine in my presence without having to listen to a temperance sermon, or ate a morsel of food that he really relished without my warning him how bad it was for his stomach."

"I also conceived it to be my duty to correct his grammar, and his pronunciation, and to set him right when he made any statement that I did not consider historically accurate. Worse, still, I felt

it to be my mission in life to elevate him, and to drag him to see plays that were improving instead of the gay musical comedies that he liked, and, to put a little touch to my folly, I even tried to polish up his manner according to my standards of elegance."

"In a word I became nothing but a critic on the hearth. I was a perpetual reminder to my husband of his faults. I was the thorn in the side of his vanity, and I was blind and stupid enough to expect a man to go on loving the only human being in the world that continually reminded him of what a poor weak creature he was, and to think that I made home attractive by making it the only place where he heard the bitter stabbing truth about himself."

"I did not have sense enough to know that by the time a man is grown up his tastes and habits are formed and that a woman interferes with these at her peril. I was not world-wise enough to know that being reformed is about as pleasant as being skinned alive, and that no man marries to acquire a critic, and so I prepared my own doom."

"Every man must have some woman who admires him, who flatters him, some woman before whose he can pose as an oracle, some woman in whose eyes he is a little tin god—or who makes him think that he is. If he doesn't find this woman at home, he hunts her up elsewhere."

"My husband was no exception to the rule. I kept his vanity sore and bleeding, and he found another woman who spread the salve on the wounds I dealt him. I tried to make him over, the other woman made him feel that he was perfection as he was. I criticized and she jollied, and I lost and she won."

"The story always ends that way. The woman who attempts to make over her husband always fails, but women keep on trying to do it. That's why there are so many of us divorcees."

## Advice to Lovelorn : By Beatrice Fairfax

**How to Catch a Beau.**  
Dear Miss Fairfax: Would like your advice how a girl of 21 can win a fellow. Have had several fellows when I was younger. I am rather quiet, but not of a jealous disposition. I attend parties, but do not seem to be noticed by boys. Have two younger sisters in the same position. Thanking you for advice.  
EMMA.

No royal rule for "catching a beau" is known. If you are not actually unattractive, you should not worry. Keep your heart light, your conduct circumspect, and in good season you will be sought out by the right man, who is really the one you are waiting for.

**Deafness Not a Bar.**  
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 21 years old and am deeply in love with a girl one year my junior. She is deeply in love with me, too. But I cannot hear. She can learn how to spell easily. Do you think that it is a right thing for me to get her?  
BEE READER.

No good reason is apparent why you should not be happy together, if the girl is willing to wed with you knowing your physical affliction. As a rule misfortune tends to deepen love and sympathy,

which are necessary to happiness in marriage.

**Ask an Explanation.**  
Dear Miss Fairfax: About six months ago I met a young man, who, after going with me for two months, asked me to become his wife. I asked him to ask my parents, which he did, and they having given their consent, we were preparing to be engaged.

Suddenly my intended informed me that he was in serious trouble and that our engagement would have to be postponed. He told me if I had other chances I should not discard them, as he did not know how things would turn out.

I am heartbroken, as my parents have asked me to give him up.

On his birthday, one day last week, I sent him a card. Did I do wrong. He telephoned occasionally.

**HEARTBROKEN.**  
You must either dismiss all thoughts of this young man from your mind or persuade your father to interview him as to the cause of his peculiar actions. Perhaps with the help of an older man he might be able to extricate himself from his trouble, whatever it is. In any case you ought to be informed as to the cause of your broken engagement.

## Oh, That Happy Wash-Day Smile!

SKITCH Makes It — SKITCH Cleans the Clothes Without Rubbing — Cleans Them Better, Doesn't Hurt the Finest Fabrics, Saves the Backache, and Saves Soap.



SKITCH is just wonderful! Think of not having to rub your clothes on a wash-board—no use of scalding and reddening your hands in hot suds—no use wearing your clothes out with rubbing—no use waiting soap on the wash-board. Let SKITCH drive the hard work away from wash-day. A ten cent package is enough for seven washings. Nearly all grocers have SKITCH—if yours hasn't he can get it for you from his jobber. Get SKITCH and smash your wash-board to pieces. And it won't hurt, positively it can't hurt the finest fabric. Why you can eat SKITCH and it won't hurt you. It's a wonder. Get a 10 cent package of SKITCH today and just let it clean your clothes case for you. Then you'll see how

## Science for Workers

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Q.—"The popular belief that an automobile is one of the safest places during a severe thunderstorm seems to be a fallacy. The idea that the rubber tires will act as an effectual bar to the passage of the electrical discharge may be exploded by any one by standing beside a car and placing one finger upon the top of a spark plug when the motor is running."—Clipping sent by Frank O'Neil, Mondo Park, Cal.

A.—This is no test of the action of lightning. One of the safest places possible when lightning is playing between the clouds and earth is in an automobile. This is because it has rubber tires and rubber is one of the best non-conductors of electricity known. And this is the reason why this substance, soft and hard, is used everywhere in electrical engineering as an insulation.

To touch an active spark-plug when standing on the ground is to complete the circuit to earth and receive a shock. The earth always receives electricity, and this is always available in completing a circuit. Shoes with very thick rubber soles are used to act as insulators, and rubber tires act as complete obstructions to a flow to earth. The clipping is entirely wrong.