

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Renewal of Power in Dynamo

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Will you kindly explain the philosophy of the renewal of power in the case of a running dynamo? I am, of course, aware that the excitation of metals generates the potentiality, but would like to have explained where the ultimate reservoir is; whether it is constantly drawn from the earth, or air, or where.—F. D. C.



Here is a definition of a dynamo, taken from a text book, which will serve to put the nature of your question more clearly before the mind of the average reader, who is probably familiar with the name "dynamo" without knowing just how the machine so called works.

The dynamo is a machine for converting mechanical energy into electrical energy by means of electro-magnetic induction. A dynamo does not create electricity but generates, or produces, an induced electromotive force which causes a current to flow through a properly insulated system of electrical conductors external to it.

For the sake of still greater clearness, it should be added that the "electromotive force" generated in the dynamo is produced by keeping an electric conductor in rapid motion across the field of action of a magnet. The same effect results if it is the magnet which moves while the conductor remains at rest.

To maintain the motion, mechanical power must, of course, be expended, and this fact is usually regarded as furnishing a sufficient explanation of the mystery of the origin of the electric current which flows from the dynamo. As in the definition quoted above, the maintenance of that current is ascribed solely to the mechanical power expended.

Read it Here—See it at the Movies. Runaway June

Runaway June

By special arrangement for this paper a photodrama corresponding to the incidents of "Runaway June" may now be seen at the leading moving picture theatres. By arrangement made with the Mutual Film Corporation it is not only possible to read "Runaway June" each day, but also afterward to see moving picture illustrating our story.

FOURTH EPISODE. Poor Little Runaway June.

CHAPTER II (Continued). "Don't you!" shrieked an excited voice, and Gilbert Blye found himself confronted by the decorative Frenchman. That excited individual surveyed Gilbert Blye's sleek black Vandyke and twinned at his own and suddenly threw up both hands and began to laugh.

"Your hah-hah-hah husband!" he hissed, reaching up with the electric coupe and scribbled on the step and hung his thick arms in the door.

"Hah-hah-hah-hah!" sneaky informed her, struggling for breath and pulling his arms out of the car.

"I say, what do you want?" insisted Honor.

Sneaky pointed backward with his thumb.

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"Togo and the Hon. Plumber"

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He gagged me to chair by my necktie while he continued on removal of art from sideboard. When this accomplished he scratched me in seat of my stummach with end of shooting revolver, then back out slyly as if less welcome

By WALLACE IRWIN.

To Editor "Good Housekeeping Magazine," who carry truth like gaspings through every American home.

Dear Sir: My last recent departure was from job of employment at home of Mrs. and Mr. J. W. Casey, Landville, Mo. Reason for this was wicked plumbing which were not my own. I tell you.

Location of this Casey home were residence of dear old fashion where family portraiture are everywhere containing whisks and bathtub can be found surrounded with wood to resemble giant's coffin.

"This place are full of sweet associations," report Hon. Mrs. with romantic expression.

"I notice slight drip of water under beneath kitchen sink," I explain with Edison eyebrow.

"Sweet associations and good plumbing seldomly go side by side," she recomposes. "However, if leaking continues to drip, I suppose we must telephone to that burglar to come again with tools and pretend to make repair while doing nothing except robbery."

"Flashes from her eyes while she said this."

"In this town does persons obtain burglars by telephone?" I ask shakily.

"When we wish burglary we ask for plumber," she acknowledges. "They are similar and the same."

"Both are good ways to know," are bright remark for me while she go to telephone and require harshly for Knecker & Scamp, Gun Plumbers and Gasfitters.

That afternoon p. m. one trampily gentleman of considerable discrete approach us with rude value and false expression.

"Show me at that sink," he demand with considerable brutality.

"Are you plumber?" I ask to know.

"What do you think I am—an osteopath?" he require nigerly.

"I am not acquainted with either of those," I say as.

"Show me at that sink," he gib while I lead him to kitchen-side where was. When he see it he stand on his elbows while looking under below. Then he make grunts with scornful tobacco mouth.

"Everything must be removed," he report seriously.

"What so?" I horrify. "You mean say you intend take away that entire dish-washing department?"

"Of surely yes!" he vampire. "It are business of plumbing to take things away."

"When shall you bring it back?" I narrate hechly.



"Togo!" called Hon. Mrs. Casey, "why are you destroying that plumber?"

"This gentleman are robber," I snag.

"I are business of lady of house and not servant to attend to robbery, grocery butchery and all other forms of domesticity." This she report with scorn. "Mr. Plum, kindly proceed on with your industry of work."

Mr. Editor, we learn Philosophy by making hand-shake with calamity. Sorry part of this is that our hand-shakes become worn-out before we learn considerable.

Do not Hon. Mrs. Casey tell me be gentlemanly by all plumbers? Yes. So why I blame? There is no answer to this question.

On Wednesday afternoon p. m. Hon. Mrs. depart away for slight tea-drunk at Little Mothers' Palswork Club.

"Togo, you appear less thoughtful than usual today," she report while biting veil. "Therefore I expect you to keep house for three (3) hours."

"I shall keep as much as possible," he stern voice I make, so she depart off stylishly.

At hour 4:32 darkest gentleman of considerable respectability and refined satchel encroach at kitchen.

"I am plumber," he report with niceness in his voice. "Are there some leak-age?"

"There are plenty now without your help," I snarled.

"I were sent here by Hon. Mrs. Casey," he derange exultantly. "I shall go at once to upstairs to attend it."

Boss permit plumbers to take away without regard."

"She are more obliged than most ladies," he narrate. "In some homes I enter I enjoy feeling of but-in-what humiliates."

"Anything more you wish take away?" I snuggest for politeness.

"Maybe I could use silver from side-board," he reject thoughtfully. "You should not mind that obstruction."

"Not the least!" I signify. "If all plumbers were so educational and courteous like you, few curses would be made."

You work with silence and make no rude noises of shoes, hammers and steam. There are several variety, perhaps?"

"No doubtless!" He say this while selecting spoons which could fit inside his coat. While I admire his skillfulness of suddenly he turn round and poke one enlarged shooting-revolver to my eye.

"Stand in corner!" he relate while removing all pity from his face. "Say nothing in complete silence or I shall blow your head from your brains. Did you suspect I was not a plumber?"

Pretty soonly I hear lady-sound of feet sidish slam of door and was sure Hon. Mrs. Casey was there. I like to explain her something, but could not do, thank you, because gagged from Hon. Necktie continue to tangle my conversation. At lastly she see what was Starlike for her.

"Who been here?" she yellup, while enclosinging me.

"Plumber," I acknowledged. "How could he?" This from her with gasps.

"Are you surprised at what they do?" I ask to know. "This plumber were entirely refined, workman. He refuse to handle brutal lead pipes, so he took silver candlesticks and other stoteras."

Screeches. She lounce upstairs. She pounce down again.

"All gone!" she holia with considerable mania while running back and again. "All gone! Dimid depart, necklace walk away, stick-pin miss, watch quit, money clobe entirely everything ruined. Thierary have been in home. He shall never come back!!!"

Weeps.

"All sweethearted Mrs. Madam, contain less grief," I report. "This robber are quite expensive and fashionable, yet in some way he are better than other plumbers."

"What you mean to say it?" she growled.

"If he never come back to your home, then he will never bring the bill for what he done," I waff constately while walking away from that employment before betnk kicked there.

Hoping you are the same. Yours truly, HAHIMURA TOGO.

Kingdom of Dust

By ELBERT HUBBARD

In our Pullman the other day was a colored brother doing extra, dead-heading home. He was ashy-yellow in hue, sad and ultramarine in spirit, immersed in gloom.

I sought to disentangle him from his melancholy.

"'Tis the dyin' off fast," he remarked. And then he explained that he had been up to St. Paul to attend the funeral of his partner, who had died of tuberculosis.

"It's the dust in these yere kyars," he said. And I said nothing, because there was nothing to say.

Dust is not only the base of the passenger car, but it is the base of galace, cutlery and furniture alike. To relieve the house of dust is to add to the length of days of its occupants.

I have been reading a remarkable little book entitled, 'The Kingdom of Dust,' by Dr. J. Gordon Ogden, an eminent professor of physics and chemistry.

'The Kingdom of Dust is the Kingdom of Death. In this book Dr. Ogden says: "Dust is the right hand of death."

Dr. Ogden then goes on to say: "More than half of all deaths in the world, from the equator to the poles, are due to the distribution and breathing in of dust."

Bacteria exists in all dust where human beings live, eat, sleep, move, work. Wherever we go, we are throwing off particles of animal matter.

Bacteria are a form of vegetation, so small, so minute, that 50,000 of these germs may sit on the edge of a knife blade along a line one inch in length.

Some are visible under the microscope. Others are so minute that the highest power of the microscope fails to find them. We only know that they exist by watching their growth. They come out of the unseen and evolve until the microscope can detect them.

Bacteria are divided into three classes: the spherical, or cocci; the red-shaped, or bacilli; and the spiral.

These grow by division. That is, they divide, and a piece so small that it can not be seen by the microscope sometimes breaks off and can be caught by the scientist on a "Petri Plate" or culture-bed, and evolved.

Bacteria are mostly of a septic order, and these are the cause of various diseases. The best examples of septic diseases are pneumonia, tuberculosis and such contagious diseases as diphtheria, scarlet fever, measles.

Dr. Ogden maintains that the diseases caused by bacteria are avoidable. The thing to do is to minimize dust.

Dust is everywhere, but the worst kind of dust is that which is confined within the four walls of a room. This dust is always germ-laden, because it is infected with effete matter thrown off by human bodies.

In the Boston City hospital, where the most rigid possible sanitary conditions prevail, bacteria are found to be 1,300 to the cubic foot of air.

In Central park, New York, bacteria are found to the extent of 1,500 to every cubic foot.

These conditions are not especially unfavorable to life. But when you get up to 20,000 living germs to the cubic foot you are getting into danger, and this often happens in homes that are not properly swept and cleaned.

The average house, where the rooms are only fairly ventilated and the housekeeping is indifferent, may have from 10,000 to 15,000 bacteria to the cubic foot.

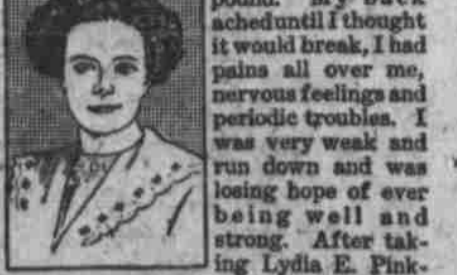
If we would be well we must devise a plan by which the bacteria are not simply scattered through the room by sweeping and dusting, but by which they are picked up effectively, captured and destroyed.



LOSING HOPE WOMAN VERY ILL

Finally Restored To Health By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Belleuve, Ohio.—"I was in a terrible state before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. My back ached until I thought it would break, I had pains all over me, nervous feelings and periodic troubles. I was very weak and run down and was losing hope of ever being well and strong. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I improved rapidly and today am a well woman. I cannot tell you how happy I feel and I cannot say too much for your Compound. Would not be without it in the house if it cost three times the amount."—Mrs. CHAS. CHAPMAN, R. F. D. No. 7, Belleuve, Ohio.



Woman's Precious Gift. The one which she should most zealously guard, is her health, but it is the one most often neglected, until some ailment peculiar to her sex has fastened itself upon her. When so affected such women may rely upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a remedy that has been wonderfully successful in restoring health to suffering women.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

WHAT TO DO FOR ITCHING SKINS

Scabies, ringworm and other itching, burning skin eruptions are so easily made worse by improper treatment that one has to be very careful. There is one method, however, that you need not hesitate to use, even on a baby's tender skin—this is the residual treatment. Residual is the prescription of a Baltimore doctor, put up in the form of residual ointment and residual soap. This proved as remarkably successful that thousands of other physicians have been prescribing it constantly for 15 years. Residual soap itching instantly, and almost always heal the eruption quickly and at little cost. Residual ointment and residual soap can be bought at any drug-store—Advertisement.

Advice to Lovelorn: By Beatrice Fairfax

Does He Love You?

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 25 and in love with a young man six years my junior, and we are contemplating marriage. He is now earning \$12 per week (has a chance of advancement) and I am earning \$8. Do you think the differences in our ages should mar our happiness?

I decided that I would continue to work for nine months after we were married. Do you advise me to go into business as a hat-fitter stated in order to accumulate a few dollars for a rainy day?

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl 17 years old and am in love with a young man three years my senior. He tells me he loves me and I believe he does. He has asked me to marry him and I tell him to wait until I am 25 years old, but he does not want to wait.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl 17 years old and am in love with a young man three years my senior. He tells me he loves me and I believe he does. He has asked me to marry him and I tell him to wait until I am 25 years old, but he does not want to wait.

You are too young to marry. If he is worth while he will decide you are well worth waiting for.