

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## James Watt (The First Rotarian)

By ELBERT HUBBARD

By popular acclaim, James Watt has been given the honor of being the inventor of the steam-engine.

The steam-engine made by Watt revolutionized modern civilization.

The cold, actual facts are that the expansive power of steam had been recognized since the days of Pythagoras, who lived 500 years before Christ.

For 2,000 years a few men were constantly working on the idea, and revolving it over and over in their minds, to discover a way whereby this power could be utilized.



But the immense value of the invention of James Watt was in taking rectilinear pressure and utilizing it for rotary motion.

Watt was the first Rotarian.

The steam boiler is simply a tea kettle with a college education.

Jamie did not know anything about Pythagoras. He was interested in oatmeal, and in swimming off the dock at Greenock, and in running errands for his mother.

"When a thing is needed badly enough the world evolves a man who evolves the idea. The time was ripe for the steam engine.

The father of James Watt was a ship carpenter. For a time he served as dock collector, and as clerk in the excise. Altogether he managed to be very poor, which was a great advantage, so far as Jamie was concerned.

Greenock is the seaport of the great city of Glasgow. From Glasgow to Greenock the Clyde runs full and level, a wonderful river, along the banks of which more than half the steamboats of the world are built.

Greenock built boats and made machinery when Watt was born there in 1736.

The lad worked in the machine shops, and among other things turned the grindstones; and we find him later using that fine old phrase about having "his nose on the grindstone."

Boys who worked in the machine shops turned the emery wheels. It was this very toll that caused him to cast around for a scheme to turn that tarnation grindstone.

He was only 15 years old when he saw the agitation of the cover of his mother's tea kettle.

He was modest enough to deny that he was the inventor of the steam engine. Watt was so rich in mental assets that he gave everybody else credit.

In nature there is no duplicate of the wheel. We hear of the hoop-snake that takes its toll in its mouth and rolls away in safety, but no one has ever seen the hoop snake except excited colored men or those much given to alcoholic exhilaration.

The wheel comes down to us from the days of the Egyptians. To make that tea kettle turn the wheel was the achievement of James Watt.

In 1765 Watt made a steam engine of the piston rod variety. The pressure of the steam in the cylinder pushed the piston rod back and forward and this engine ran and turned a goodly flywheel. Watt was then 29 years of age. Besides working in the machine shop he had attended night school in Glasgow, and had made a good deal of progress in the subject of physics and the history of mechanics.

Archimedes was his patron saint. This steam engine that Watt made was shown in the University of Glasgow.

Watt was a very superior man. Not only did he have the inventive genius, but he had a personality which commanded respect, even from boyhood. In addition to this, he had the Scotch idea of economy. He took a theatrical idea and made of it a practical working betterment for humanity.

In 1774 he made an engine which had sufficient power when he put a belt on his flywheel and attached this to shafting to turn a series of wheels.

Success was then assured. It is all right to make an engine to run its own machinery, but when you have made an engine that will not only run its own machinery, but also does of others, you have achieved.

The invention of James Watt, evolved in 1774—two years before the American Declaration of Independence—was in itself a declaration of independence from a vast amount of dead lift and pull, which, before this, human hands and human muscles had performed.

The first law that Watt discovered was that a cubic yard of steam will lift one ton a foot high.

The second law is that it takes only a little more fuel to evaporate a cubic inch of water at a pressure of 30 pounds to the square inch than it does to evaporate in the open atmosphere.

Third, the gain in power depends upon the number of times that steam is permitted to expand.

Fourth, a horsepower is equal to 33,000 pounds lifted one foot in one minute.

Watt, after inventing his engine, invented a pop-valve, which avoided undue pressure and the danger of explosion.

Then he invented the governor, which kept his engine from running away with itself.

Next he invented the glass water gauge, which shows plainly the amount of water in the boiler.

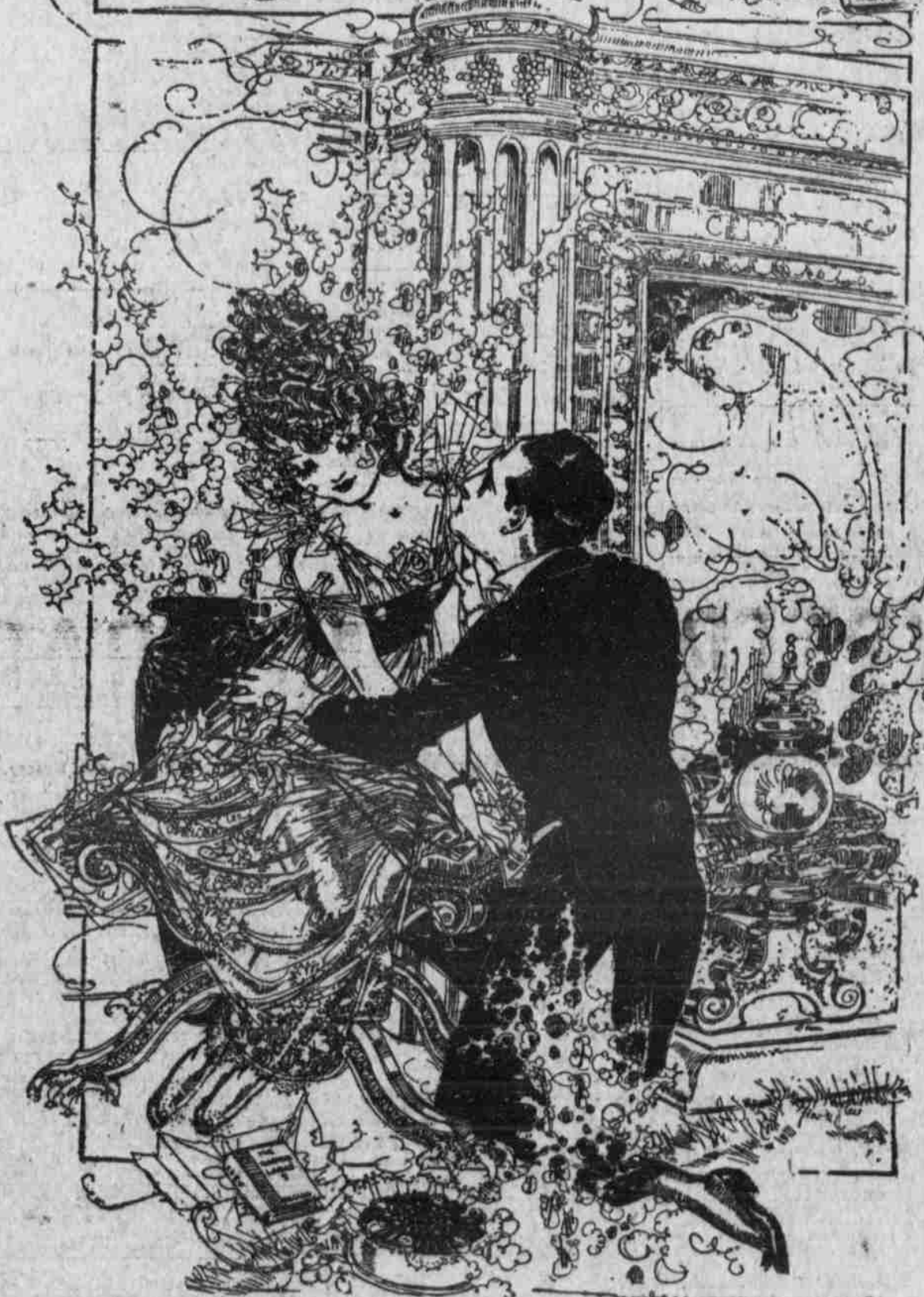
It is good to know that all inventors do not die poor. Watt became rich, and was accorded more medals than he knew what to do with.

Some of these he melted up and analyzed in order to see what the metal was.

There are portraits of Watt painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds; by Romney; by West of American and by Gainsborough. His face was strong, earnest, sensitive, handsome—marked by divine individuality.

## 'The Art of Courtship' By Nell Brinkley

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His methods change! The wooer of short "pants" and mittens and pockets that were veritable conjuror's nests for the marvels they held went about his courtship in a fashion that nobody but Eros up above could see through! Even he didn't know what ailed him. But the little girl whose fat, little coat and snub-rimmed hat and fashion of switching her skirts enchanted the very soul of him—the girl of his heart—he treated as a wild Indian would have a fleeing white! He twined her ribbons off; he made hideous faces into her horrified eyes; he tipped her snubby little hat over her nose and eyes—and laughed like a fiend; he snow-balled her without pity till the tears glittered in the rosy dimples of her cheeks; these were his tactics then! He threw stones at the girl he loved the best—to let her know he loved her. But ah! later—he carries her chignon wrap as if it were a baby; he tramps through the snow to spend five minutes beside her fire; he fetches and carries and hands her about as if she were a bit of spun moonshine that a finger would dispel; he brings her pretty offerings to suit her taste, her heart and her mind—candy and roses and books—and he wouldn't snowball her now—unless he kissed her afterward. His methods in his art do change!—NELL BRINKLEY.

## City Aid for Poor Mothers is Urged

Copyright, 1915, Star Company. By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

An article appeared in these columns a few weeks ago regarding the importance of having children brought up by their own mothers instead of being left to the care of servants or hired attendants. The article brought a letter from a young woman residing in New York. The letter follows:

"I am interested in a case where a poor woman was left by her husband with three children to support, 2, 5 and 7 years of age.

"She could not care for the children and turn out enough work at the same time to feed and clothe them. She was forced to look for aid, and, not succeeding very well, she applied to the mothers of children would beg, borrow or steal them in order to receive this bonus, and the children would, in a great many cases, be starved and ill-used in order that the money received from the city might be employed for more selfish purposes than their care.

It is unfortunate that because of the ignorance in the world, which we call evil, really deserving and worthy people must be deprived of benefits which would otherwise accrue to them.

Read It Here—See It at the Movies

# Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

By special arrangement for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the installation of "Runaway June" may now be seen at the leading moving picture theaters. 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 pictures illustrating our story. (Copyright, 1915, by Serial Publication Corporation.)

### FIFTH EPISODE. A Woman in Trouble.

CHAPTER III  
"I stayed in this house for no other reason than to see Mr. Perry," announced June, with no trace of timidity about her.

"What do you know about this?" "Mrs. Perry is in deep trouble and needs your help."

"She had no reason to be in trouble. I give my wife an ample allowance." The man turned from June.

"You give it." Across June's mind there flashed again the whole of her own vital problem—that whatever the wife has must come from the husband in the nature of charity. She saw herself again as the piteous little beggar before Ned, whom she loved, and she saw Mrs. Perry in that same attitude before this stern husband. "What right have you to call it a gift?"

The man stopped and turned to June with a puzzled brow. She had set astride in him a new thought.

"This angel of mercy stuff is bad for profits," rasped the voice of the yellow head. "But I can't overlook a chance like this. I know your kind, Jackson Perry! You give your wife an allowance that covers everything but emergencies. You figure the plumber to come in three times a year, and if he comes in four she loses. If she had a mad passion to treat a few of her friends to ice cream sodas she has to wait till next month's allowance day. If she ever saved \$5 you'd reduce her pay! I'll bet this poor little wife of yours first got into trouble through losing \$2 in a friendly penny auction game, and she's been trying to overtake it ever since."

A gentle hand was laid on the man's arm.

June rushed out through the hall.

"Not that way!" called the page girl.

"You will help her?" The low, sweet voice was full of more than appeal; it was full of trust and confidence.

There was a slight convulsive heaving of Perry's shoulders, but that was all. He drew out a pocketbook and counted some money into the yellow-haired woman's hand.

"Now bring Gwen to me," he said. With moist eyes June hurried from the room.

A moment later there was a shriek, and as June came to the door Mrs. Perry, her eyes wild and her hair flying, came rushing back through the hall. She had gone only as far as the parlor door and at the first sight of her husband had run, overwhelmed with unreasoning terror. Back into the salon Mrs. Perry fled and to her place next the dealer. With snakelike swiftness she jerked open the money drawer beneath the dealer's card box and snatched from it the shining revolver which she had so often seen there. There was an instant's commotion, shrieks of fright, an overturning of chairs, as with a wild cry the woman swiftly raised the revolver to her temple.

Before she could press the trigger, however, June's strong young arm had thrown up the woman's wrist, and the bullet which would have ended Mrs. Perry's life went into the ceiling.

Jackson Perry came bursting through the door and found June in the midst of the pandemonium, with the limp Mrs. Perry in her arms.

"Gwen!" cried the man, and the call came from his heart.

The yellow-haired woman had waited only to see Perry clasp his wife in his arms; then, leaving wide the salon door, she rushed toward the basement door.

"Ready with that fire," she yelled.

"It's ready, all right," replied the page girl, bursting out of the basement door, and with her came a tremendous cloud of smoke. It poured into the hall and into the salon. The page girl was choking with it. "They fooled the first one, and the boss has been fighting ever since, trying to keep the shack from burning down."

June rushed out through the hall.

"Not that way!" called the page girl.

"The cops are at the door! Wait for the firemen!"

The explanation of that was slow in coming to June. When the yellow-haired woman sent for a husband she had always to fear the police, and the only way to foil a raid was to confuse it with a fire.

Thoroughly frightened, June turned back toward the salon, and as she passed the basement door she saw coming up through the rolling yellow smoke the dark, black Vandyked face of Gilbert Rye!

"This way!" called the yellow-haired woman and with a jerk of a tasseled curtain cord drew aside the great yellow hangings of the salon windows, which ran to the floor.

The terrified women threw open the windows in an instant and were out on the latticed balcony, down the steps and through the yard to the walled park fronting on the other side.

As June sped away she heard the clang of the fire engines and the hoarse shouts of the gathering crowd in front of 45 Kingley court.

Bye had dashed after her, but he reached the street only in time to see her boarding a downtown car. He caught the next one.

All unconscious that she was pursued and grown careless by her three days of safety in the Widow O'Keefe's thoroughly protected house, June alighted at her usual corner and hurried down the cross street. At an irregular corner, where half a dozen dinner streets and alleys plunged together and, apparently dazed by the impact, wandered regularly and aimlessly off, June met on a narrow crossing a being fairly flinging with alcohol. Her heart popped into her throat and she was about to turn back, for she would have died rather than have brushed clothes with the object, when the creature, catching sight of her, immediately stepped far over into the mud, jerked off his battered cap and with it made a courtesy so sweeping that he was unable to rise up for five minutes afterward.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

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