

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Do Suns Crash in Space?

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

"What is to prevent the suns of space from running amuck and causing head-on collisions, unless somewhere in the great immensity there is one mighty sun around which is woven a network of all the universes, each performing its respective function of a perfectly organized system which revolves around this central body?"—L. H. Chicago.

It is probable that such encounters do occur, and one of the generally accepted explanations of new stars which from time to time are seen to burst into visibility is that they are the consequences of tremendous collisions in space. The planetesimal hypothesis, which many astronomers now regard as more satisfactory than Laplace's theory of the mode of origin of solar systems, is based upon the calculated results of a near approach of two suns, which, without actually meeting in collision, would disrupt one another by the enormous strain of their tidal attraction. According to this theory the spiral nebula, of which many thousands exist, are formed of the products of such disruption, and should be regarded as new solar systems in process of formation.

We should not think of the universe as resembling a piece of mechanism, like a clock, in which everything revolves smoothly and unchangeably, all parts being coaxed together, so to speak, from center to circumference, but, rather, we should think of it as like a living being, in which various parts are continually decaying and being renewed. From our narrow, human point of view, it seems a dreadful catastrophe for two mighty suns, followed, perchance, each by its flock of inhabited worlds, to plunge together into a maelstrom of fiery destruction, but looked at in a broader way, such incidents are only the ordinary processes of a self-renewing system.

Everything about us flatly contradicts such an assumption. Accidents, catastrophes, collisions, violent changes, volcanic explosions, earthquakes, affect the animate and the inanimate world alike. Plants and animals die, are consumed and are renewed; mountain chains rise and are worn down; rain to sea level, continents and oceans appear and disappear, and, after sufficient time, "the great globe itself shall dissolve, and leave not a wrack behind!"

I doubt if any astronomer any longer entertains the idea that there is a central sun whose influence holds all the circling systems in control. The universe is rather like a mass of rare gas, in which the gaseous particles, or molecules, are represented by the stars (suns). When a gas is compressed collisions between its flying molecules are incessant, and when it is vastly expanded the spaces between the particles are so great that actual collisions are infrequent. Nevertheless, they do occur, and, even without direct collisions, molecules may affect one another, more or less, through their varying distances. This last state of things is what seems to exist among the stars. It is only now and then that two suns actually meet in a head-on collision, but, since all are constantly in motion, relatively near approaches frequently occur, and their gravitational pull upon each other results in interchanges of momentum which keeps the entire system in a state of related movement.

If the approach is close enough the two suns tear one another bodily asunder, and a spiral nebula is produced, in which the particles resulting from the disruption gyrate in intersecting orbits. A central nucleus is then developed, which becomes eventually a new sun, and local condensations, occurring where the orbits of particles cross, give rise to new planets. But if the approach is not very close the two suns simply produce a mutual swerving of their courses, which, according to circumstances, may result in their continuing henceforth to voyage in company as a double star, or only in sending them away in different directions from those in which they were traveling before they got near enough to noticeably affect one another's movements.

The whole problem of the relations of the suns of space has been rather complicated than simplified by the recent discovery that there exist two or three great streams or currents among the stars, moving in different directions, although the stars belonging to different streams appear to be actually intermingled in space. Then another problem is presented by the existence of such enormous suns as the star Canopus, which exceeds our sun tens of thousands of times in luminosity. Their power over the motions of other stars must, of course, be exceptionally great.

## Mrs. Jack Sprat!

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By Nell Brinkley

## Things We Know

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

In courts of law the phrase "I believe" has no standing. Never a witness gives testimony but that he is cautioned thus, "Tell us what you know, not what you believe."

In theology, belief has always been regarded as more important than that which your senses say is so.

Almost without exception "belief" is a legacy. The creed of the future will begin, "I know," not "I believe."

And this creed will not be forced upon people. It will carry with it no coercion, no blackmail, no promise of an eternal life of idleness and ease if you accept it, and no threat of hell if you don't.

It will have no paid, professional priesthood, claiming honors, rebates and exemptions.

It will not organize itself into a system, marry itself to the state, and call on the police for support.

It will be so reasonable, so in the line of self-preservation that no sane man or woman will reject it. And when we really begin to live it we will cease to talk about it.

As a suggestion and first rough draft I submit this—I know:

That I am here.

In a world where nothing is permanent but change.

And that in degree I, myself, can change the form of things.

And influence a few people.

That I am influenced by these and other people.

That I am influenced by the example and by the work of men who are no longer alive.

And that the work I now do will in degree influence people who may live after my life has changed into other forms.

That a certain attitude of mind and habit of action on my part will add to the peace, happiness and well-being of other people.

And that a different thought and action on my part will bring pain and discord to others.

That if I would secure reasonable happiness for myself, I must give out good will to others.

That to better my own condition I must practice mutual aid.

That bodily health is necessary to continued and effective work.

That I am largely ruled by habit.

That habit is a form of exercise.

That up to a certain point, exercise means increased strength or ease in effort.

That all life is the expression of spirit.

That my spirit influences my body.

And my body influences my spirit.

That the universe to me is very beautiful, and everything and everybody in it good and beautiful, when my body and spirit are in harmonious mood.

That my thoughts are hopeful and helpful unless I am filled with fear.

And that to eliminate fear my life must be dedicated to useful work—work in which I forget myself.

That fresh air in abundance, and moderate, systematic exercise in the open air are the part of wisdom.

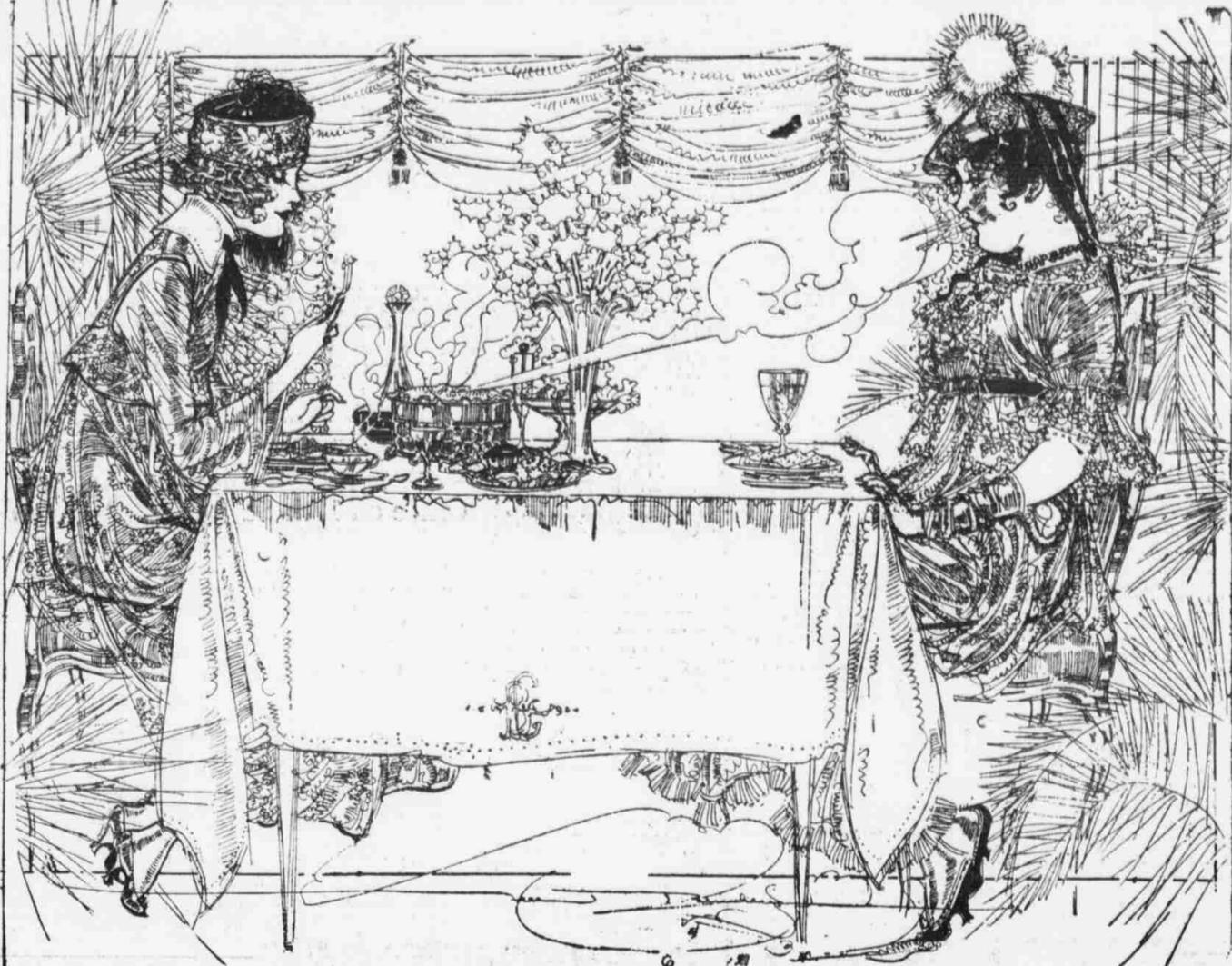
That I cannot afford, for my own sake, to be resentful nor quick to take offense.

That happiness is a great power for good.

And that happiness is not possible without moderation and equanimity.

That time turns all discords into harmony if men will but be kind and patient.

And that the reward which life holds out for work is not ease and rest, but increased capacity, greater difficulties—more work.



She (Mrs. Jack Sprat shall we call her because she can eat no fat?), the girl who has a nightmare always before her—a double chin—whose crimson cheeks are too round, whose fingers are dimpled every one, she

blundered in her luncheon-invitation, and asked her thin friend to feast with her. Mrs. Jack Sprat is dieting—and lunches on water and crackers. Her thin friend adores chicken-pie, French pastry, a bit of red wine, salad, cheese, her beloved cocoa, and a tall glass of whip-

ped cream and delectable things beneath! "If only," groans Mrs. Jack Sprat, "if only I had asked some one who is fat, too. That need of a girl can eat like Thanksgiving every day! Torment—I know thy definition."  
—NELL BRINKLEY.

Read It Here—See It at the Movies

# The Goddess

By Gouverneur Morris and Charles W. Goddard

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

After the tragic death of John Amesbury, his prostrated wife, one of America's greatest beauties, dies. At her death Prof. Stillier, an agent of the interests, kidnaps the beautiful 3-year-old baby girl and brings her up in a paradise where she sees no man, but thinks she is taught by angels who instruct her for her mission to reform the world. At the age of 15 she is suddenly thrust into the world where agents of the interests are ready to pretend to find her.

Tommy, a first class, goes to the Adriatic. The interests are responsible for the trip. By accident he is the first to meet the little Amesbury girl, as she comes from her paradise as Celestia the girl from heaven. Neither Tommy nor Celestia recognizes each other. Tommy finds it an easy matter to rescue Celestia from Prof. Stillier and they flee to the mountains, later they are pursued by Stillier and escape to an island where they spend the night.

That night, Stillier, following his Indian guide, reaches the island found by Celestia and Tommy, but did not disturb them. In the morning Tommy goes for a swim. During his absence Stillier and his men find Celestia. Tommy goes to Tommy for help, followed by Stillier. The latter at once realizes Tommy's predicament. He takes advantage of it by taking not only Celestia, but Tommy's clothes. Stillier reaches Four Corners with Celestia just in time to catch an express for New York, there he places Celestia in Bellevue hospital, where her room is taken by her guide, Celestia. Tommy reaches Bellevue just before Stillier's departure.

Tommy's first aim was to get Celestia away from Stillier. After they leave Bellevue Tommy is unable to get any help to take Celestia. When their guide, Fred, returns home he finds right in his own house, Celestia, the girl for whom he had been hunting. Celestia refuses to escape with the other girls, and Tommy Barclay rushes in and carries her out, wrapped in a big roll of cloth.

After rescuing Celestia from the first Tommy is sought by Hanser Barclay, who undertakes to persuade him to give up the girl. Tommy refuses, and Celestia wants him to wed her directly. He can-

and Barclay introduce Celestia to a circle of wealthy mining men, who agree to send Celestia to the collieries.

### EIGHTH EPISODE.

"This cloak," said Celestia "isn't it lovely?" isn't mine. It was loaned to me by a very beautiful lady. And so was everything else I've got on."

With heightened color, she threw the cloak back from her shoulders and showed above an exquisitely simple gown of mauve tulle her dazzling arms and neck.

"It's mufti," cried Celestia, and she did not look so much like a reforming angel as a delighted child.

"Mufti!"

"Perhaps I don't mean mufti. It's a disguise. Nobody is to know who I am, and so I have to look just the way other people do. And I'm to look, learn and listen."

At the expression of the old people's faces, she broke off short and then went on in a compassionate voice.

"Oh, my dears, you look as if you were shocked, as if you were afraid of me. But there's nothing wrong. Nobody will hurt me. And besides I'm tired of preaching and preaching and preaching. And I think it will be such fun!"

Just then Freddie came in, resplendent in full evening dress. He had slicked his hair straight back and flat to his head and he had borrowed a gold tail chain to go across his waistcoat.

Perceiving the state of wonderment into which his respectable parents were thrown by the wonder of his attire, Freddie hummed the opening bars of a delectable waltz and gave an imitatively grave and graceful exhibition of the steps that went with them. A born dancer was the Ferret, and like many another unbalanced person, he had an exquisite ear for music.

"Celestia," he said, "says she's just going to look on. But I'm going to dance. These up-to-date dances were danced on the Bowery more'n a hundred years ago. And there's nobody can do 'em better than me."

If Celestia really thought that she would be recognized, she made a great mistake. It would have taken more than a conventional ball gown to disguise the compelling glow of her eyes; and, although she did not dance, she was from the moment of her entry the center about which everything revolved; or better, she was the center about which all the men revolved. Freddie the Ferret was a little coarser about that Celestia had brought with her a genuine Bowery tough, a reformed gunman, and so-

not altogether at the Ferret's expense. A dance hall had always caused his mind to work more consecutively and with more coherence than any other surroundings. Presented to his hostess, Freddie was neither perturbed by her importance or her diamonds.

"Want to whirl?" he suggested with an engaging smile, and—as Mrs. MacAdam afterward told a friend: "I was so flabbergasted by his cheek, that I 'smiled a kind of sickly smile' and went as I supposed to the slaughter. He made me dance better than I ever danced before. At first I kept wondering if my diamonds were safe of course I kept the originals in safe deposits; haven't seen them for eight years) and if he had a gun in his hip pocket. Then I began to wonder why it was that I had never before really understood what it means to keep time. Why it's thrilling! But, of course, you know. You always keep such beautiful time. And he made me dance all sorts of new steps. And, my dear, he flattered me so, and—"

Here Mrs. MacAdam blushed and laughed at the same time. "Once I blushed something frightfully and nearly went down, and what do you think he said? 'You're all right, kid! 'Chug to popper!' Kid! What do you think of that, at my time of life? I couldn't get angry. I tried a little, but it was no use. I liked it. And when we'd finished, I was struggling to think of something to say, and what do you think I did say? 'Here Mrs. MacAdam once more blushed and laughed. "I said, 'The night's young. I hope you'll ask me to spiel again.' He said, 'You're on.' And sure enough he hunted me out for the very next fox-trot. But by that time all the real kids wanted to dance with him, and an old fogey had to stand aside. Can't you see the modern debutante? For years she's been dressing and painting herself more and more like a dear little street walker, and at last she gets a chance to dance with a real gunman. No, he's never really shot anybody or worn stripes. I wish you could have been there! Some of the men got everybody talking his language. Mrs. Seiden admits that she tried to make him fall in love with her; but she failed. He's head over ears in love with this wonderful Celestia person, and small blame to him. She is so lovely. I've never seen a girl stay so long at a dance herself, not dance, and not look awkward. Of course, she was surrounded by men. But she wouldn't talk shop. And do you know she isn't so dreadfully serious. She can make people laugh if she wants to. She wears conventional clothes, and proved one and for all that she can wear anything she likes, and get away with it."

## Which Girl Would You Choose?

An Easy Answer to a Difficult Question

By DOROTHY DIX.

A young man writes me that he is in a terrible dilemma. He doesn't know which of two girls to ask to marry. Both are nice, sweet, pretty girls, but one of the girls is just a doll baby, while the other is a hustler.



He says that if you'll give one of the girls a few yards of cloth she can make the prettiest, trimmest dress you ever saw, and that she can go into the kitchen and before you can say Jack Robinson she can cook a delicious dinner, while the other girl can't sew on a button, or boil water, without scorching it.

And yet he doesn't know which one of these girls to pick out for a wife.

It doesn't seem to me that any man, above the grade of an imbecile, would have any difficulty in deciding between these ladies. It's the difference between helplessness and helpfulness; between a boaster and a millionaire about your neck; between comfort and discomfort; between success in life and failure.

That's the difference between marrying a girl who is some account and one who is no account, and it's up to every man to take his choice.

Consider it in this way, son. If you were going into a business in which you had every dollar you had in the world invested, and in which your every hope and ambition were bound up, and you were going to take a partner in under a contract that would last as long as you lived, what sort of a partner would you select?

Of course, if a man is rich he can afford to indulge himself in a no-account wife, or buy peachblow vases for parlor ornaments, but heaven help the poor man who is fool enough to invest his all in such a useless piece of bric-a-brac.

Before marriage it may seem very cute and cunning to a man for a girl to be so ignorant that she doesn't know whether to order a whole lamb or a half one for dinner, or whether you cook an egg three hours or three minutes, but, believe me, he won't see anything cute or cunning after marriage in his that bankrupt him, or means that would give an ostrich chronic dyspepsia.

Also, before marriage the little soft white hands that have never had a needle prick on their fingers, or a callous place on their palms, may seem to a man to be the most kissable hands in the world, but he won't feel in a humor to kiss them for marriage, when he has to live in a house to pay seamstresses for doing the family mending.

None of us admits incompetence long when it stands in the way of our own comfort and prosperity, and the man who marries a woman who doesn't do her part of the work of making a thrifty and pleasant home pretty soon comes to the place where he entertains for her the same sort of contempt that he does for a business partner who lies down on his end of the job.

Therefore, I say to any young man who is thinking of getting married to choose his wife by the same standard that he would choose a business partner. Pick out a girl who knows how to work, and who isn't afraid to do it. She will make you a wife who will boost you up the ladder of success. She will conserve your health, your temper and your strength, and be a blessing to you all your days.

On the other hand, a lazy, idle, shiftless girl, who shies at the sewing machine, and balks at the gas range will be a handicap as a wife that will prevent you from ever winning the race. If you marry her you will spend your life toiling to pay dressmakers and milliners, you will come to haunt intelligence offices for servants, and you will waste your business, in walking beds, and doing the household work that your wife should have done.

Lack of energy in a woman is just as bad as lack of energy in a man, and it's just as shameful a thing for a woman not to be competent in her business as it is for a man not to be competent in his. Marry a girl who is some account, son, and you'll get a some account wife. Take the girl who knows how to cook and sew if you want to be happy.

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