

several States, and why Uncle Sam does not levy a tax on the sale of these goods, when they contain more alcohol than most of the wine being sold, is a mystery which is yet to be solved."

## BEEES AS FIREMEN

HOW A COLONY OF BEEES kept a fire that badly scorched their hive from destroying the contents is told by a writer in *Gleanings in Bee Culture*, quoted in *The Guide to Nature* (Sound Beach, Conn., May). According to the writer, the work of preservation accomplished by the bees was done by stationing themselves in the entrance to the hive and creating a current of air by the action of their wings. This act of "ventilation" is one that bees are frequently called upon to perform, but the task of carrying it on so vigorously as to keep the hive cool in the midst of a fire must have required heroic exertion. The "busy bee," in fact, must have been even busier than usual, and his hive a veritable "hive of industry." It is well that we have these two authoritative nature-observers to vouch for the story. Says the paper named above:

"The heat was so intense that all the woodwork under the metal cover was burned away, even the front rail. A piece of it is shown where it dropt down at the entrance. The fire not only burned deep on the side, but actually burned a hole through the center. The comb next to it was melted down, as will be seen by the black stain where the wax ran on to the side board of the hive-stand. Not only was the wood burned out from under the tin roof, but the top bars of the brood-frames were charred half-way down. That a colony could survive under such conditions is unbelievable.

"Any one would suppose that they would have been driven out of the hive, and that all the combs would have melted down, and that the wax would have ignited, leaving nothing but a pile of ashes. But, remarkable to relate, at the time the photograph was taken there was a nice colony of bees, and all the combs were intact except the one next to the hive, which had been melted down.

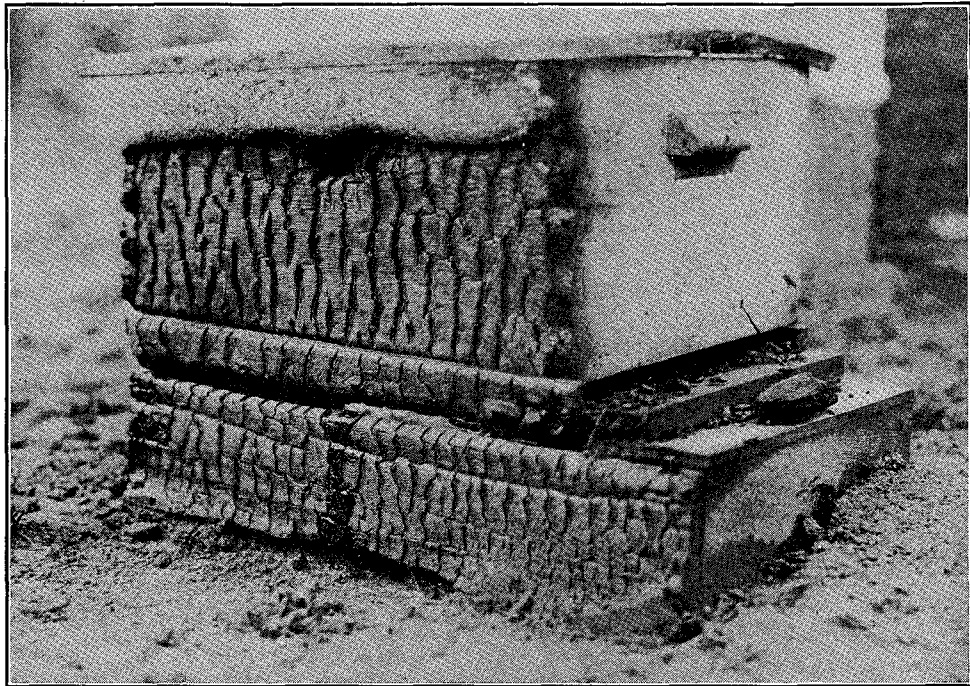
"These bees, as soon as the hive became scorching hot, must have gone into the business of ventilating with the knowledge that the flames of Hades were after them. The men who fought heroically to keep down the big lumber fire could not have worked harder, and every bee must have gone into the business of fanning, blowing a current of cold air into the hive and the warm air out. It surely was a life-and-death struggle.

"We have heard of instances where colonies left out in the hot sun have had their combs melted down; but evidently they had a restricted entrance, or too many bees in the fields, to keep up the necessary ventilation.

"Why the hive here shown did not burn up entirely will remain an unsolved mystery, unless we admit that a good colony can do more in ventilating than we usually give it credit for. It is possible and even probable that some firemen, seeing the plight of the hive, dashed a pail of water on it and thus saved for us a relic that is exceedingly valuable in showing the power of bees to keep down the internal temperature of the colony, even tho the outside of the hive was afire. It will be noticed that the entrance is seven-eighths by the width of the hive, and that would afford ample ventilation. If it had been contracted down to the usual space, in all probability the combs would have melted down and the bees been destroyed."

## THE PLACE OF DEATH IN EVOLUTION

A SINGLE ORGANISM can grow and develop only up to a certain point, limited by its degree of specialization. That further progress may be made, the individual life must cease and give place to a successor. This, we are told by F. H. Pike, of the department of physiology in Columbia University, New York, writing in *The Journal of Heredity* (Washington, May), is the rôle played by death in evolution. Death itself, from this point of view, is an adaptation for the benefit of the species. Dr. Pike shows, in various ways, how



Courtesy of "The Guide to Nature," Sound Beach, Connecticut.

THE BEEES KEPT THE INSIDE OF THIS HALF-BURNED HIVE COMPARATIVELY COOL.

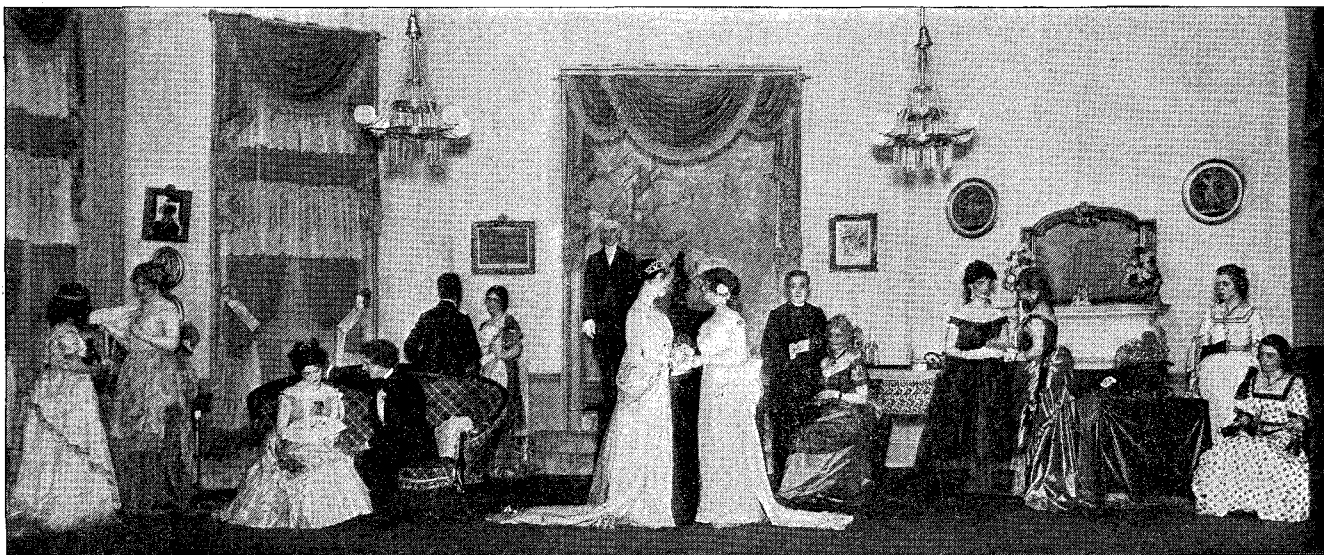
the greater efficiency of the human organism has uniformly tended to limit that organism's period of existence. He goes on to say:

"It is man's nervous system which has raised him above the animals, and on which his progress for the future depends. Limitation of change in this system probably means a limitation of personal achievement, and would mean a limitation of the achievement of the race if no progressive change through the production of new individuals were to occur. Changes of sufficient magnitude for purposes of organic evolution can occur only through the cumulative effects, persisting through many generations, of the small changes, always toward something better if the race of the species is to endure and take its place in the hierarchy of organic life, appearing in each successive generation of new individuals. The immortality of all individuals who have ever appeared upon the earth would have resulted in an insufferable congestion and a ferocity of the struggle for existence which would transcend anything we now know. Ferocity does not seem to be now, nor to have been in the past, the sole object of evolution. . . . .

"The restriction of cell-division is a necessary consequence of the regulation of body form. . . . The restriction of cell-growth extends even to the germ cells, since uncontrolled development of such cells within the body would lead to disaster exactly as uncontrolled development of . . . tissue in malignant growths finally leads to the death of the organism. The germ cells of higher organisms have lost the power of parthenogenetic division, and develop only under such conditions as will decrease, in large measure, the danger to the parent organism. The limitations to possible change during the lifetime of any individual preclude changes of sufficient magnitude for purposes of evolution. The death of the unmodifiable organism may be considered as an adaptation from the point of view of the species."



# LETTERS - AND - ART



REVIVING A DU MAURIER DRAWING-ROOM SCENE.

On the sofa sits *Peter Ibbetson* (Jack Barrymore) at his first party. In the center stands the *Duchess of Towers* (Constance Collier) talking to her hostess, *Mrs. Deane* (Laura Hope Crews). She was the *Mimsey* of *Peter's* childhood days, whom he had never seen since.

## "DREAMING TRUE" ON THE STAGE

PUTTING NOVELS ON THE STAGE is always a dangerous experiment. Good readers often make bad playgoers, and dissatisfaction results from seeing the dramatization of one's favorite author. Thackeray came to the test this season in "Pendennis" and "Newcomes" with no enthusiastic results; Du Maurier is having better luck, and yet at first blush he would seem as undramatic as his great Victorian predecessor. "Trilby" has long been a favorite with theatergoers, and visions of Virginia Harned and Phyllis Neilson Terry as the heroine are permanent possessions. Now the two Barrymore brothers have added portraits to the Hall of Fame as the *Ibbetsons*—uncle and nephew. With a novel whose mechanics, such as the recurrent "dream scenes" in "Peter Ibbetson," presents peculiar difficulties, this stage adaptation satisfies the exacting taste of Mr. Towse, of the New York *Evening Post*, for preserving at least "some of the flavor and atmosphere" of the original. And he declares that "it is very seldom that a stage adaptation of a popular novel retains much of the spirit or charm of the original." Mr. Towse runs through the incidents of the play to refresh our memory. How the main outlines of the story have been followed by the adapter is indicated in the order of the scenery:

"A ballroom scene in the house of *Mrs. Deane* introduces most of the principal characters in the first act, and—altho the effect of the miscellaneous dialog is somewhat chaotic—this is a happy bit of early and mid-Victorian representation. Details of dress and manner were faithfully caught. Some of the men were queer specimens, but the women were excellent. The dancing of the schottische and varsovienne must have revived pleasant memories among many of the older spectators. In the second act, in the Tête Noire Inn, at Passy, *Peter Ibbetson* revisited the home of his parents, had the revealing vision of his childhood (which was managed with nice adroitness and feeling, in spite of the wilful perversity of a back drop), and discovered his lost *Mimsey* in the *Duchess of Towers*. In the third act, in *Colonel Ibbetson's* rooms, *Peter* learns from *Mrs. Glyn* of the atrocious libel directed against his mother by his abominable uncle, calls the latter to account, and in the ensuing quarrel strikes him down and kills him. The scene of this unpremedi-

tated homicide is a bit of extremely well-managed realism, which excited the audience to prolonged applause. The concluding scenes are in the chaplain's room in Newgate and in *Peter's* cell forty years later."

The *Times* reviewer—presumably Mr. Woolcott—points out the better fortune of this play in not, like "Trilby," being pitchforked on to the stage at the moment of its first success as a novel. This "earlier, rarer, and finer novel did not reach the stage until a quarter century after it was written, and, except for a single performance for a war-benefit in London, was never presented to an audience" until the production now made at the Republic Theater. Mr. Woolcott confesses himself "inordinately fond of 'Peter Ibbetson,'" and yet "enjoyed the play greatly, feeling that it reproduced its story ingeniously and well, caught admirably a good deal of its precious flavor." He gives us the interior story, whereas Mr. Towse presented externals:

"'Peter Ibbetson' is the story of the man and woman who dreamed true. Have you ever experienced a recurrent dream? Was it one that took you back as a fascinated spectator to the wonder days of your childhood? Suppose that you learned the trick of thus revisiting that scene any night that it pleased you. Suppose, sir, that there you met and spoke with a beautiful woman whom you had seen wistfully and but for a moment once before in your waking life. Suppose that later in everyday life you were to cross her path again and learn by chance that at the same day and hour she, too, had been dreaming, and that in her twin dream she had met and spoken with you.

"Then would you have the conditions of *Peter's* great adventure, the strange capacity these two had for dreaming deliberately and spending their dreaming hours together—*Peter Ibbetson* and *Mary the Duchess of Towers*, *Mary* who had been the little short-haired *Mimsey Seraskier* of his childhood. How this spirit romance flourished unseen to the world which separated them as widely as the poles; how, even after *Peter* was sent to prison for life, he lived for forty years in blessed union with the gracious lady of his dream, this is Du Maurier's famous story, which, after many years, has reached the stage in a play by the late John N. Raphael.

"The difficulties of staging such a story thicken, of course, when the effort must be made to show the limitless resources of these two spirits who could travel together to any spot on the