



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Some Fire and Some Smell

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Hunting a Husband

The Widow Finds that She is Really Falling in Love Again.

By Virginia Terhune Van DeWater.

Two days after the theater party Beatrice received a note from Robert Maynard inquiring if he might call that evening.

late Beatrice had neglected her music. There had been nobody special to play for and sing to. Tom had enjoyed her little talent and that had been one of the few subjects on which they had not quarreled, as he had always urged her to take lessons and to practice.

Beatrice was ashamed at the unsteadiness of her hand when she sat down to pen her reply. "I might be a silly girl of sixteen," she exclaimed disgustedly.

By the time she had eaten her dinner, and seen the children tucked into bed, it was 8 o'clock, and Beatrice felt that the stage setting was ready for the drama of the evening.

But her voice was gently regretful. "Oh, Mr. Blanchard, I am so sorry. I have just made an engagement with a friend for tonight. It's too bad. Can't you come some other evening instead?"

"It is a strange coincidence," he said delightedly, "that you should be wearing tonight just that shade of soft purple, for as I passed Thorley's I saw a bunch of violets that were simply screaming to be brought to you and they will blend beautifully with your gown."

She thought Beatrice amusedly. Did this old bachelor suppose that he was the only man who ever paid her attention? But she resisted the impulse to tell him that he had made a mistake in the sex.

"I know it!" was the grave response and as Beatrice raised her eyes she saw a tenderness in the gaze fixed upon her that made her flush hotly, and she began talking rapidly of indifferent topics.

Was she really flirting with this old bachelor? she wondered as she hung up the receiver. And why was she doing it? Was it sex-instinct or was it because she did not want to let him slip through her fingers until she was sure that she had secured another man?

"I was it because I knew you liked this color," murmured Beatrice, as she removed the wrappings from the superb bunch of sweet blossoms. "Ah," as she inhaled their fragrance, "how delicious. And they are my favorite flowers."

She found her little talks about the house uninteresting that day. They bored her, and she kept looking forward to the evening and what it might bring. She opened her piano and played over some of the old songs she had forgotten for several years, singing them in her clear, sweet voice, and enjoying the sound of her own tones.

The evening slipped away quickly. It was full of thrills of gratified vanity for Beatrice, as Maynard was one of the men who know how to say pretty things to women and his admiration for his hostess was sincere. It was like a lovely dream to the widow. She sang in a way that surprised herself, while Robert seemed to enjoy her and her music even more than she had expected him to do.

And Beatrice, concealing her joyous excitement, promised demurely to go with him at 8 o'clock the next afternoon.

QUESTIONS IN SCIENCE

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Q.—"Would it be possible for the Chinese republic to adopt our calendar?"
A.—Yes. Why not. Ancient modes of reckoning could be prohibited by law, and the calendar in use by us substituted. Thus, a law making contracts and deeds illegal unless dated in the new style would soon force the change.

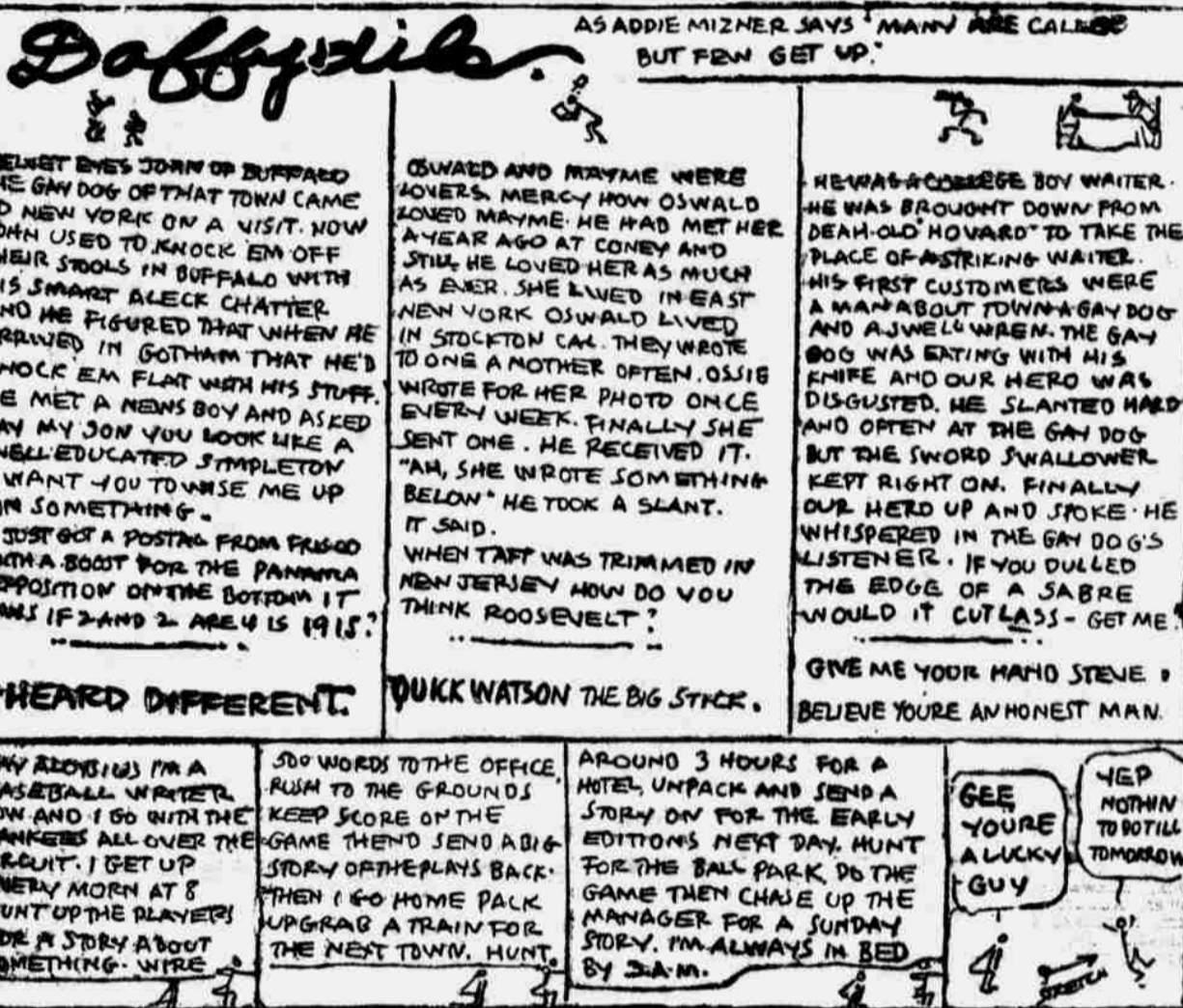
any kind of animal or plant has not changed fundamentally—the primordial specifications are still in activity, in use. The idea of a court of science has been advanced. That is, a court of high jurisdiction in each state, before which all cases involving strictly scientific problems and questions should be tried. The judges would be selected upon scientific qualifications. Suits involving patents, or for damages for electrical or other mishaps, and all others where technical procedure is required, would be tried out before these tribunals. The sciences are now so immense, and cases so numerous, that the idea of scientific courts is a very good one.

Q.—"Is the doctrine of evolution established, or settled as a fact?"
A.—No. Evolution is itself evolving, changing, transforming. After a full, books are now coming at a renewed and rapid rate. Heredity is being discussed as never before. Animals and plants have ever been developed, produced, propagated, by plan; but the original plan of

Q.—"What is the space of the spark-gap in magnetos, used in carburetors in autos and motorcycles?"
A.—As long as one-sixteenth inch and no doubt short as one-seventy-fifth inch. I suppose that the average of all magneto air-gaps would be near one-sixty-fourth of an inch.

I Heard Different!

By Tad



The Oregon Treaty

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

June 10, 1846.

It was sixty-six years ago today that the president of the United States, finding himself in somewhat of a dilemma, asked the senate of the United States for the bit of "advice" which, being given, prevented a war with England.



With the exception of Abraham Lincoln, no president had a stormier time of it than James K. Polk. His very candidature was tempestuous with angry discussion. The democrats were moving heaven and earth for the annexation of Texas, and the anti-slavery people were furiously opposing the plan.

of the "Lone Star" state, and was by no means opposed to the settlement of the Oregon boundary matter. But how was it to be settled? Whig, democrat, and everything else, were making the welkin ring with the martial cry of "Fifty-four or fight," and the cry could not be ignored. It had a sound of earnestness about it that had to be heeded by all parties. England was at last ready to discuss the boundary question, and would the United States meet her half way?

It seemed doubtful. The "Fifty-four or fight" sentiment was so strong that it became a question whether the country would stand for a settlement based on the forty-ninth parallel as the boundary line. But something had to be done, and done quickly, and Polk turned in his dilemma to "Old Bullion," Thomas H. Benton, the long-headed senator from Missouri.

And so between the slave holders "hollering" for Texas and the Free-soilers shouting for Oregon, poor Mr. Polk had a great deal more excitement on his hands than was comfortable for him. However, he got out of the situation very creditably to himself and to his party.

Benton proved his salvation. There was an obsolete custom by which the president in times of uncertainty, would ask the advice and counsel of the senate. Now said Benton to Polk: "Fall black on the old rule, and request the advice as to the terms of settlement with Great Britain regarding the Oregon boundary dispute, submitting for such advice, a draft of the treaty that had been drawn up." Thus was the responsibility for receding from the "Fifty-four" line shifted from the president to the senate.

Me was of course committed to the an-

in the meantime Benton, by personal solicitation secured a sufficient number of the opposition senators to carry the day, and the treaty was confirmed which forever fixed the Oregon boundary and stayed off for all time the threatening war clouds between the United States and Great Britain.

Work and Play

By HAL COFFMAN.



Science and Marriage

By WINIFRED BLACK.

"The breeding of good human stock is the highest work of the new humanity," says the Rev. Mary Andrews, Unitarian preacher and sociologist.

"The time is coming, and coming fast, when we will exercise as much care in evolving men and women as we do now in evolving stock."

Our children may marry because they "fall in love," but our grandchildren will be examined to see whether they are fit to marry, and if they are not fitted to be parents they will not marry, that's all. So shall the higher race be evolved.

Great idea, splendid plan—no more criminals, no more "weaklings," no more degenerates, no more drunks, no more fools, no more villains; everybody good, everybody clever, everybody sensible, everybody happy, everybody sane, everybody "normal."

"Be good," says Dr. Andrews and her followers. "Not because it is right to be good, but because you had the right kind of a grandfather. Be kind, not because you are happier when you are kind, not because you wish to make others happier too, but because you had a kindly grandmother, and that's why your grandfather married her, not for her sake, and his own, but for yours." Wasn't it nice of him?

What you are is nothing, but what your grandfather was is the main thing. Look up his record and see what you've got to be, willy nilly.

What! The son of the village drunkard in your town is the president of the temperance society—says his father's example started him on the right path. Tut, tut, that's just an accident—don't even remember it, it isn't scientific to do that.

What kind of a woman was your grandmother? A giddy thing with an eye for fine feathers and not an idea of economy in the world? Take off that sober frock, throw away your daily account book—you've got to be what your grandmother was; it's scientific.

Courage, will, principle, the right kind of home training are nothing, not a thing in the world to do with you, it's grandma and grandpa that do it all. That is the rule with horses and dogs, so, of course it must be the rule with human beings too. There is no difference between the capacity of a man to rise above his natural inclinations and a monkey's, any

authority on heredity will tell you that or imply it anyhow.

Where do all our great geniuses come from? That's a little confusing, I'll admit.

Cæsar, Confucius, Galileo, Napoleon, Mahomet, St. Paul, not one of them "normal," not one of them in good health, not one of them the right kind of folks, and their parentage, oh, that won't be investigating at all. This new rule won't work backward a bit.

Just stretch out your hand and pick a few names from the great roll of honor through the centuries. Pick them out at random, from every climate, every race, every field of endeavor.

Thomas Carlyle, Daniel Webster, Richard Wagner, Joan of Arc, Robert Louis Stevenson, Edwin Booth, Bret Harte, Richard Mansfield, Sarah Bernhardt, Robert Burns, Lord Byron, but what's the use, not one of them would pass muster at a "scientific examination" for a right to live. Something wrong with everyone of them, not one of them bred right, not a single one, from a scientific point of view.

Oh! Yes, I suppose some little cut and dried professor in some little cut and dried school, is worth more to the world than Napoleon with his record of bloodshed, and yet—

Leonardo Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Abraham Lincoln, Oliver Cromwell, who were the fathers of this brood of giants.

"Selected" parents, scientifically chosen husbands, astiratically mated women of perfect physique and wondrous moral fiber.

Be careful, professor; you are going to step off into deep water before you get much farther from the safe and sane shore with the books and the theories and the teachings.

"Sentiment has no place in marriage," says Doctor Andrews. "Not the selfish sentiment we call love these days, a higher, holier ideal will take its place, and when it does we shall have the foundations of a perfect race."

How encouraging, how uplifting, how spiritual! Wouldn't you love the kind of woman who would pick out a man to marry, not because she loved him, and couldn't help it and would rather die than live without him, but because she considered the future of the race?

Fine race any future would have that sprang from such a soul and such a body as that.

And once again, dear Doctor Andrews, tell us precisely, why do you consider your grandson so much worthier of consideration than yourself, or your own son? Why is it nobler to be good tomorrow than it is to be good today?

And wouldn't it be a joke Dr. Andrews, if we should find out some day that there really is a good deal of common sense about the old law of selection after all?