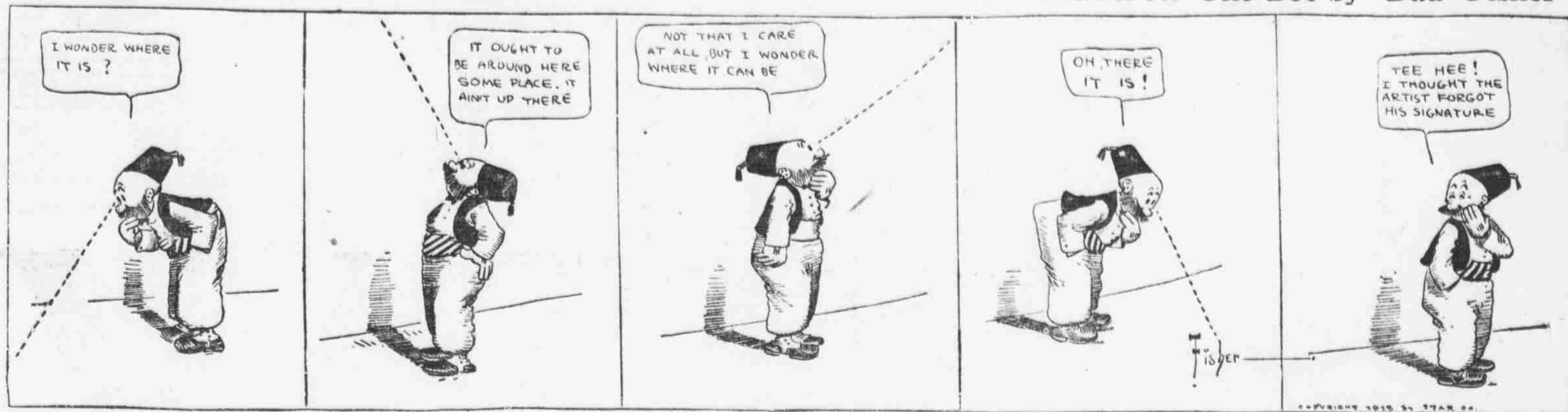


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Jeff Was Scared Until He Found It

Drawn for The Bee by "Bud" Fisher



Dorothy Dix's Article on Matrimony

Man Should Be Able to Support a Wife in Her Accustomed Ease Before She Promises to Love, Honor and Obey.

By DOROTHY DIX.

Do you think a young man should mention marriage to a girl before he is able to provide for a wife?

Suppose a girl of 19, who has not finished school, receives an offer of marriage from a worthy young man of 24 whom she thinks she loves, but who has not the means of establishing a home or supporting a wife, what advice would you give her?

I am asked to answer these two questions. Personally, I am strongly of the opinion that the game of love should be played according to the same ethics that rule in other gambling games, and that a man should either put up or shut up.



For his own sake, no less than that of the girl, the man who has no way of supporting a wife should keep out of matrimonial entanglements, both present and future. He has no more right to assume the obligations of love-making, without being able to make good for them, than he has to buy an automobile without having the money to pay for it. In either case he is getting goods under false pretenses.

The long engagement is one of the most blighting, and wearying, and wearing of all human experiences, and it nearly always turns out badly. It is a drag on a man's ambitions, a fetter to his liberty, a continual expense that he generally can't afford.

If he and the girl live in the same community they rub the romance off of their love by jar and fret, and jealousy, and misunderstandings, because they are in an unnatural relationship where each claims the authority of a husband or wife over the other's actions, without having the jurisdiction that matrimony gives.

If the man lives in a different city from his betrothed and sees her only occasionally, absence almost invariably does its deadly work and slays love, and he goes about dragging the fetters of a long engagement, dreading the day when he must marry a woman of whom he is already tired.

For the girl the long engagement is even more disastrous. Her position is

"Women Take Selves Much Too Seriously"

By ADA PATTERSON.

"The greatest trouble with women is that they take themselves too seriously!"

"Then you don't think we are the frivolous sex?"

"Women are the frivolous sex, and that is the reason that they have done the serious work of the world."

So began a chat with the woman who has, according to reports, "more women friends than any woman in New York." Mrs. Minnie Nye, well-to-do widow and charity worker, and, in a not too extreme sense, club woman, is a "woman's woman." She is self-appointed missionary to make women like each other better, and she admits it is not an easy task.

"The reason men have such good times together is that they really like each other. A man who lives in this club apartment has an amalgamating spirit. He started with four or five men all he calls an open table. In a short time all the men in the club house belonged to that open table and the women were puzzled and furious. I have been saying to them: 'The reason the women don't get together and have just as good times as men is that they don't like each other well enough. They are not interested in each other.'"

"And don't trust each other," I amended.

"Not where a man is concerned—yet," returned the woman who has more women friends than any woman in New York.

"Women could enjoy life so much more, not to mention doing their part in the world's work vastly better, if they would only learn to like each other."

"Can that be learned?"

"Yes, by self-training. Every woman can shame herself out of the cave woman idea that every other woman wants the man she cares for, or the man she might care for. This is a thinking age and it is time for women to get rid of the primitive idea which makes them see in every other woman a man-taker. We can train ourselves to think of every woman as a woman, a creature with tenderness and sympathy, and fineness of sensibilities that no man on earth can possess or ever will possess. We should think of every woman we meet as having some of the qualities that make our mothers the most beautiful person, or memory, in our lives. That is the way to begin to like a woman. But what are we inclined to do? What have we for centuries been doing? A woman contrasts or compares every woman with herself. She meets a woman who has done some work in the world. She doesn't think of the woman in connection with her work. No, she regards her in competition with herself. She sees that she is wearingables, and she says to herself or to others: 'Now, where did you get those sables, I haven't any sables!' or she looks searchingly at her and says: 'I'll bet she's as old as I am, if not older.' We are inclined always to make ourselves the standard of comparison."

"We make the mistake of taking ourselves too seriously. Why do men get into so much trouble? Because they are not weighed down with self-reverence. Have you ever heard men who are good friends call each other names? In a discussion one will say, 'You insufferable idiot, can't you see this?' Or 'Listen to that dub's opinion!' And they will laugh, throw their arms about each other's shoulders, unashamed, and go out together for a drink or smoke. If women talked to each other so frankly there would be tears, maybe hair pulling. And they're ashamed to admit that they are such good friends as they are. They think it is 'mushy' or silly to have a genuine sisterly affection for another woman."

"The first year of my widowhood a friend sent me every day a reminder that she was thinking of me. It may have been only a cheap post card when she was in the country. Or she called me up by phone to ask me if I had seen an article in a magazine that she thought would interest me. But for a whole year no day passed that this friend did not let me know that she thought of me in my sadness and loneliness. Don't imagine that she was some woman of leisure who 'could spare the time.' She was one of my working friends. She was supporting myself and herself and others, but she was a friend. But women are coming to like each other better!"

"What signs do you see of this change?"

"I see it in their getting together more and more, for social and philanthropic work. They show that they feel the need of each other and the power of getting together. Charles Reade tells a wonderful story of a prisoner who hated the world. He loathed humanity and he came into prison an enemy of all mankind. A beautiful character approached him and thrust his hand through the bars of the prisoner's cell in greeting. The prisoner turned his back. All night the kindly character kept his hand through the bars, until his arm became numb, until it ached, until it was nearly



MRS. MINNIE NYE.

paralyzed. Toward morning he felt faint apologetic clasp. That is what some women are doing toward many women today. The prisoners of bitterness must turn about. They must take the extended hand."

"Perhaps since man was the cause of their not liking each other, as fewer women marry and those who marry do less hero worshiping, the cause is in a way removed?"

"Yes, but that is a menace I am sorry to see grow. Women are thinking less of men. They are growing more self-sufficient. And what is going to become of the race? That is my fear. I should like to see women adopt men's code in friendship. A man's code is 'stand by.' If a friend tells him anything in confidence he would be torn to pieces before he would tell it. When women learn to keep each other's secrets they will be better friends."

"But I have great hope in the growing sense of humor in women. They are gradually learning to take themselves more humorously, feeling as men do, that they and their problems are more or less a joke, and they are gradually developing the ability to laugh, or at

Earth's Rotations the Greatest of All Clocks; Should They Stop We Wouldn't Know Time

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

A correspondent asks for information about the various ways of measuring time that man have invented. This is of interest to everybody, for not only is time our most precious possession, but upon its accurate measurement our whole civilization is largely based.

The greatest, oldest and best clock is the rotating earth, which makes the heavens appear to turn round us like a movable dial. If the earth stood still on its axis we should have no clear idea of time, such as we now possess. But it takes an astronomer, with his instruments, to read this clock.

The first measure of time that men employed was the length of the day, between sunrise and sunset. But when they tried to divide it into twelve shorter periods or hours, they found out the things—first, that if they would keep the same number of hours for the measure of a day they must make them longer in summer and shorter in winter, and, second, that if they wished to have the hours always of equal length they must count more of them in a day in summer than in winter. They might have divided (as they did eventually) the whole period of one day and one night into hours of equal length, whose number would never vary, but the first men were not astronomers, and had no means of accurate observation of the stars. It was the daylight hours that were important to them.

In order, then, to get an unvarying measure for short periods of time they had to use their inventive faculties, and contrive some kind of a clock. The earliest devices of this kind were clepsydras, or water-clocks. A water-clock in its simplest form, consists of an upright vessel with a small hole in the bottom to let the water gradually escape, and marks to show how far the water has descended in a given time.

But here a difficulty was encountered immediately. The rapidity of the outflow varies with the depth of the water; consequently the water will descend faster in a given time at the beginning than at the end. To avoid this either the distance between the marks must be carefully varied, or else the vessel must be made in the shape of an inverted cone, smaller at the bottom than at the top, so that as the pressure diminishes the quantity of water that must

flow out in order to lower the surface equally in equal intervals is proportionally diminished.

The ancients succeeded very well in overcoming this difficulty, and they made clepsydras of many ingenious forms, which could even be employed for astronomical observations. The hour-glass is a kind of clepsydras in which sand takes the place of water.

Alfred the first invented a candle-clock. He had his candles so proportioned that they would burn down three inches per hour.

Plato, the philosopher, invented an ephydra, which caused a flute to play at the end of every hour, so that the time could be told at night.

Haron-al-Hasel sent to Charlemagne as a present a clepsydra in which the falling water opened a little door at the end of every hour and caused a number of balls, corresponding with the number of the hour, to fall upon a brass drum. At noon and at midnight twelve miniature horsemen pranced forth and shut all the doors for a new round.

After the clepsydras came the gravity clocks, in which a weight is made to turn a system of wheels which move the hands over the dial. It was only after this invention, the date of which is not known, that it became possible to measure accurately such small intervals as seconds. It is known that such clocks began to be used in Europe in the fourteenth century, and some think they were in use several centuries earlier.

With the gravity movement it became possible to invent still more ingenious clocks than those made on the clepsydra plan. Everybody who has been at Strasbourg knows the famous clock in the cathedral, which towers up the height of a small house, and is populated with automata that, march in procession and perform many curious evolutions connected with the passage of time, while the movements of the planets and of the sun and moon are also indicated.

The next step after the invention of gravity clocks was the use of a pendulum to regulate the motion. Galileo discovered the law of pendulum motion, and determined by experiment the length of a pendulum that would tick seconds, but the first application to a clock was made by Huygens in 1656.

The invention of coiled springs to drive the clock movement also appears to date back to the fourteenth century, and it led to the contrivance of pocket watches, or watches. The old city of Nuremberg was the earliest center of this industry. The first watches were called "Nuremberg eggs," because they were egg-shaped. But the inaccuracy of the early watches is strikingly shown by an anecdote of the Emperor Charles V, after his retirement to a monastery. He had a large number of watches of the best make, and he used to spend hours trying to make them keep time together. It is said that he once exclaimed: "See what a fool I have been to squander so much blood and treasure trying to make men think alike, when I cannot even make a few watches keep step together."

It has required all the science of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries to produce the perfected watches and chronometers of today, but even they are so variable that they would soon be of no use if they were not constantly corrected by astronomical observations.

Man has come back to the point where he began in the measurement of time. The rotating earth is his only standard, and the entire time system of the globe is based upon the tireless watching of the astronomer, who times the passage of the stars over the meridian to the stomach and purity to the blood. He puts back in photos the watches and clocks of the civilized world.



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Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

It Certainly Would.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Last summer I met the acquaintance of a young lady in the seashore who I have become very much infatuated. I have taken this girl to several places of amusement and she yet has not declared my love but when in company I always show by my actions that I prefer this young lady to all other girls.

I am 19 years of age and do not intend to get married for five or six years, but do you think that this would be too long a period to ask this young lady to wait for me?

PERPLEXED HARVEY.

A long engagement is always an injustice to the girl, owing to the faithfulness of her sex and the fickleness of yours. Don't ask it of her, and for your own sake put thoughts of love out of your head until you are better fitted to earn a wife a living.

The Other Washington

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

It was February 11, 1816, 125 years ago, that Simon Bolivar, at the time a young man of 27, received his colonel's commission from the revolutionary junta at Caracas, Venezuela.



It was the beginning of a career that was as noble as it was brilliant, and with it to set justice Bolivar stands forth in history as the South American Washington.

Born at Caracas in line of a noble and wealthy house, Bolivar, after receiving a thorough education, devoted a considerable time traveling, visiting among other lands, the United States of America. While in this country he had his eyes opened to the blessedness of free institutions, and upon getting back to his native Venezuela he heartily identified himself with the cause of independence.

The sword that was given him by his countrymen he wielded in such way as to make him forever famous as a warrior. The campaign which ended with the victory at Bujaca stamps its organ-

izer as a military genius of the first order. With many handicaps he fought the trained veterans of Spain with his raw levies and beat them oftener that he was beaten.

When disaster came he bore it with undiminished fortitude and with amazing skill and daring, and when the enemy was least expecting it, turned the defeat into a victory. No fortune was able to put a shadow on his splendid hopefulness. Like our own Washington, he managed to see a star in the darkest night time of disaster and to bring some sort of substantial success from the most discouraging situation.

Like our Washington, again, he was deep against all guile and all corruption. In deep gratitude and full confidence the people he had freed from the Spanish yoke voted him "Perpetual Dictator" and his large powers he used with moderation, with kindness and with justice. There was not a drop of dishonorable blood on his sword or a smirch of evil report on his administration of civil affairs.

Bolivia, another country that he freed, invested him with the dictatorial power and voted him a grant of \$500,000. Declining the princely grant, Bolivar accepted the dictatorship and used it solely for the betterment of Bolivia's interests.

It is written of this remarkable man that he expended nearly all of a splendid patrimony in the service of his country,

MAN AND THE SOIL.

Dr. R. V. Pierce of Buffalo, author of the Common Sense Medical Adviser, says "why does not the farmer treat his own body as he treats the land he cultivates. He puts back in photos the watches and clocks of the civilized world."

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