

Oh! It's Great to Be Married

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Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



Good Women and Starvation Wages

By WINIFRED BLACK. So you don't believe that the wages a good woman gets have anything to do with her being good, in that so, Mr. Chicago, philanthropist, millionaire and social uplift worker? You have just said so at a publication. Most men don't hear of the Illinois Vice commission, and I agree with you. I don't believe the wages a good woman gets has much to do with her being good either. Let's see, Mr. Philanthropist, didn't you and your partners admit that you make something like seven millions a year? You admitted that you employ some thousands of your girls who are paid, some of them five, and some of them three, dollars a week. You said that you consider such wages all they earned, and you declared that you were not at all ashamed of it; that you didn't know that it was our affair whether they lived or could live upon such wages or not. Quite so—very lucid, very illuminating of you. "A good woman is good whether she is poor or rich," you said to the Vice commission, "and her wages have nothing to do with the case." Again, quite so. You are a clever man; just about the cleverest man I have heard deliver himself of any opinion on the terrible question. Most men don't know any more about a good woman than a hen knows about a little brown hen. The brown hen couldn't laugh like a hyena to save her life, and a hyena would be absolutely useless when it came to providing omellets for the family table. "Good women are born good. Nothing can make them bad. They will starve, they will suffer, they will die before they will do what is wrong." "Some men would rather die than turn pickpocket. Some men would steal very handsomely almost any time to keep from going without a meal. I fear that there are many fairly good men who belong to this latter class, but women are different, entirely different in such matters. You know and I know of hundreds of women who die every year in the hospital of great cities just because they are different." They starve, and they freeze, and they go without decent clothing and decent shelter till nature says "enough," and then they creep to some hospital to die of inanition, of tuberculosis, of cancer—what's the difference what name you call this final disease they all come from the same beginning—nature is too tired to recoup, and those women die by hundreds, by thousands, every year just because neither you nor

No Other Part of an Animal's Body Serves So Great a Variety of Purposes as the Teeth

By GARRETT P. SERVISS. I have been reading some recent statistics about elephants' tusks which are of great interest, not only in themselves, but in what they suggest about the future. A tusk is an elephant's tooth, in the language of the anatomists of big game, is a tooth. Science also recognizes it as a tooth, because of its structure and mode of growth. Our ordinary ideas about teeth are very restricted. In fact, there is no part of an animal's body that serves so great a variety of purposes as the teeth. They are used not only for "biting, tearing, dividing, pounding, or grinding food," but also for weapons of offense or defense, for aids in locomotion, for means of anchorage, for uprooting or cutting down trees, for instruments of transport, and for handling building materials. All these uses were noted by the great naturalist, Owen. The elephant's tusks are, of course, examples of teeth used as weapons, but they also serve as means of transporting heavy loads. The beaver uses its teeth as cutting instruments, as well as to aid in arranging the materials of its "house." The walrus employs its long, downward pointing teeth, or tusks, for hooking up seaweeds and for helping it in locomotion. Even man has developed many other ways of utilizing his teeth besides that of chewing his food. He can fight with them if necessary. If he is "strong-jawed" he finds that they give him a better hold on a rope than his hands afford. There are not many seamstresses who do not find their teeth a ready substitute for scissors in cutting thread. If the prediction, which one often reads, that man will eventually become a toothless animal should be fulfilled, it is evident that it would not be merely the power of mastication that he would lose. He would lose weapons and tools, of whose utility away from the dinner table he seldom thinks. There would be one aesthetic gain, however, in the loss of the human teeth—it would abolish the gum-chewers in the street cars and subway trains. In the statistics that I have mentioned, the fact is stated that a single firm of billiard ball makers uses in one year the tusks of 1,140 elephants! Three hundred tons of elephant tusks are sold yearly in the London market. But the elephant is a vanishing animal, and manifestly this thing cannot go on indefinitely, unless elephants can be raised on farms, like ostriches, and "cultivated" for their teeth. In fact, it would be impossible to keep the ivory market supplied were it not for the "fossil" tusks of mammoths, which died thousands of years ago, and are now found in Siberia and elsewhere, preserved in the frozen soil. The African elephant's tusks are the most esteemed, because they are unusually hard and white. The tusks of the hippopotamus are also used. Man has never been able to invent a substance that can fully take the place of ivory. It owes its wonderful elasticity to its structure, which it shares, in a general way, with all tooth-like processes. The hard substance, says Owen, is arranged in hollow columns, which are placed perpendicular to the plane of pressure, and the elasticity is due to the curves of the columns. A piece of ivory under a microscope is a very interesting object. The average weight of a full grown tusk is about sixty pounds, but in exceptional cases it may reach 115 pounds. There is one pair of tusks in existence which weigh in the aggregate 460 pounds, the weight of one being 225 and that of the other 235 pounds. The length and girth are very variable. An eight-foot tusk is regarded as a notably large one, but there are some in museums measuring from ten to over eleven feet. Some years ago Major Powell-Cotton shot at elephant in the Congo whose tusks weighed, together, 372 pounds. Sometimes the greatest circumference of a tusk may reach nearly two feet. It only needs a glance at some of the current uses of ivory in order to understand why the elephant is fast disappearing. The largest quantity is probably employed in making billiard balls, but it is also used for pianoforte keys, combs, brush backs, cane handles, chessmen, carved figures, in which the Chinese and Japanese excel, panels for miniature paintings and many other things, and, in addition, the pigment called ivory black is formed by burning ivory shavings and dust in a crucible. In ancient times some of the most famous sculptured figures, which were occasionally of gigantic size, like the great caryatid statue of Athena in the Parthenon, were made of alternate plates of gold and ivory. But is the increasing demand of modern industry and luxury that has brought about a threatened famine of ivory. Not many years ago it was estimated that from 1,000 to 12,000 elephants perished every year to supply the trade.

Great Inventions

By ELBERT HUBBARD. Copyright, 1913, International News Service. An epoch is a pivotal point, something that changes old methods, cleans up the slate, and starts the same of life afresh. In the lives of individuals there are pivotal points. It is a calamity, indeed, may be pivotal points—times when an issue bravely met adds oublets to our stature. Great successes are usually those where victory is snatched from the jaws of defeat. And the old idea of the Indians that when they killed an enemy they absorbed his strength into their own is poetically true. The greatest invention of modern centuries is the steam engine. The principal of the expansive power of water under heat was known to Pythagoras, who lived 600 years before Christ. However, the value of steam as a producer of power was of no avail until we had a receptacle that would contain it. The rolling of iron plates was the thing that made the steam engine practicable. It was the steam boiler and not the steam engine that ushered in the age of steam. Robert Fulton said his job was to make a boiler to hold the steam—the engine was easy. Stephenson rigged up an engine and boiler on a wagon, ran a chain over the hub, and this chain ran around the fly-wheel of his engine. With this steam-wagon he could travel on a good roadway at the rate of four miles an hour. Four miles an hour is the speed of a traction engine. Stephenson found that when he increased the speed of his wagon, it jarred his engine so that it was impossible to manipulate it. The wheels of a wagon hit the ground and every inequality caused a shock. Driving horses on a stone pavement faster than five miles an hour is not practical. I once rode to a fire with Chief Hale, in Kansas City, at the rate of ten miles an hour. We certainly did make the sparks fly. We swung from curb to curb, and the racket, the friction, the pounding were terrific. I vowed that if I ever got out of that red wagon I would never climb into such a vehicle again. The invention of the rubber tire, made the automobile possible. And if rubber tires had been invented before iron wheels were utilized, the railroads would never have existed. When Stephenson discovered that it was impossible to make speed on a roadway with an iron wheeled vehicle he laid wooden rails and covered them with



strips of iron, thus getting a comparatively smooth surface. When I used to jog horses with my neighbor, Ed Geers, the silent man, I realized, in driving a single block over a macadam pavement from the barn to the track how impossible speed was on any road excepting one specially prepared. The race track was made up of loam and tan bark. Here was a soft footing for the ironshod feet of the horse, and a yielding pavement for the iron tires of our sulkeys. One fine day someone sent to Ed Geers a present of a little low-wheeled sulky. The wheels were evidently those taken from a bicycle. At that time I had never heard of ball-bearings, but I soon understood that the ball-bearings shift the friction from one place to a great many. The little low-wheeled sulky was laughed at, then admired. Finally, Ed Geers hitched a horse to it. Two turns around the half-mile track and his horse was used in the contrivance. It ran as silently as Ed Geers himself, and with so little friction that it seemed to be chasing the horse and pushing him along. And I saw that the horse was drawing the sulky by the reins, and not by the traces. And so we came down the homestretch, neck and neck. And then Ed Geers drew out in front of me very easily and went under the wire three lengths ahead. We tried it again, and the silent man delivered himself thus: "It means about ten seconds on the mile." Then he dived into silence and pulled the silence after him. A few days later Ed Geers drove to this little low-wheeled, ball-bearing sulky in a race at Buffalo. When he drove out to warm up he got the laugh from the grandstand. But he walked away with the race just the same. He had just ten seconds' leeway over the rest. The next year on the Grand Circuit not a single high-wheeled sulky was seen. The bicycle tire and the ball-bearings were here to stay. As Emerson's shoemaker carpeted the earth with leather, so has the pneumatic tire paved the roadway with rubber. Fifty years ago the principal use for rubber was in making gun shoes for politicians. The gun shoe is not now so much in demand as it was then. Dr. E. E. Goodrich was a practicing physician at Tarrytown, N. Y., when the high bicycle came in. It had a solid tire. One day Dr. Goodrich just took a piece of garden hose and fastened it on his high wheel with the aid of vines. He found that this lessened the bumps, but the hose flattened. Then he put a smaller hose inside of the other. And the third move was to blow the little hose that was inside of the big one up with air—and the pneumatic tire was born. Curiously enough, a man by the name of Dunlop, in England, did the same thing at about the same time. It was very much like the invention of the telephone. Gray of Quetzil, Doulbear of Tufts, Alexander Graham Bell of Boston and Thomas Alva Edison of the round world, turned the trick at the same time. Everybody now agrees that it is the rubber tire and the pneumatic inner tube that make the automobile possible. With the iron tire we would still be hitting the pavement at five miles an hour and no more.

BETTER THAN MEDICINE

Breathe Hymel and Be Rid of Catarrh—Clears Stopped-up Head. Nature has a remedy for catarrh and troubles of the breathing organs, a treatment that is far better than dosing the stomach with medicine. It is the healing oils and balsams of Hymel which medicates the air you breathe, reaching the most remote air cells in the nose, throat and lungs, killing the catarrhal germs, and restoring health to the mucous membrane. In using Hymel you are treating your catarrhal troubles with the natural remedy, for it gives a curative air bath to the air passages. It has a powerful healing and antiseptic effect similar to the air in the mountains where the forests give off the fragrant and healing balsams. Hymel has benefited so many sufferers of the worst cases of catarrh, with offensive breath, drainage of mucus, frequent sneezing, rousings in the throat and spasmodic coughing that it is sold under an absolute guarantee to refund the money if it does not do all that is claimed for it. If the treatment does not help you, there will not be a penny's expense, while if it cures the cost is nominal. Aromatic Hymel Ointment sells for 25c. Hymel Ointment is sold in 1/2 oz. and 1 oz. bottles. If

Begin With the Girl as a Baby

Often unjustly, but never unjustly when the child has grown up knowing nothing but indulgence. A spoiled baby, a willful child, a stubborn and unreasonable young woman, the transition is easy and natural, and when the stubborn and unreasonable young woman falls in love with the wrong man, the tragedy begins. To those parents whose love still kneels before a cradle there is time to avert such a tragedy. The baby girl may be taught filial respect, self-control and learn that her parents know best. For those parents who surrender to every childish whimper, there is only one thing to do when a girl loves and marries a man of whom his own parents cannot approve and that is to make the best of it. They did not punish her when she suffered in having her own way as a child; they must be patient with her now. And so I ask forbearance, pity, charity and an all-enveloping love for the girl who will not listen to reason. She had long ceased to be a virtue. She is in greater need of patience, and how much more it would prove a virtue to show it to her now!

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK. "There was a awful smart gentleman up to the house the other nite, his name was Billie Lee, at least that is what he seemed like. He is the boss of the Public Kool playgrounds, & all he has to do is to go out & find out what is the best places for the kids to play." I had a friend that was a member of the Board of Education onst, sed Ma sed, & he was a graduate of Cornell, too, Ma sed, & if there is anything in this world that I love it is a college graduate. Doant you that way? I doant know that I do, sed Billy Lee, becaus I never loved a college graduate. I am paying no attention to college graduates anyhow, becaus all of my atenshuns is being devoted to little bits of kids, the age that kids like yure little kid is. I always figured, Mister Lee sed, that if we talk care of kids that size the college graduates will talk care of themselves, the best that any college graduate can talk care of hisself. I never was one, so I doant know, sed Mister Lee. Well, sed Pa, I won't say too much about this question of children getting educated in public playgrounds instead of in public schools, becaus wen I was a little kid there wasn't much in the line of public playgrounds. The only public playgrounds that we had was rite out in the open air behind the old red barn, & it was as free as the air we are breathing now. Of course it was in a small town. Pa sed, were their things is always free, but you may be sure it was sum playground, & you may also be sure that I was always the champion at every

MAKES YOUR BACKACHE VANISH, DRIVES RHEUMATIC PAINS AWAY

Eases Stiff, Sore, Swollen Joints and Muscles, Relieving Backache and Bladder Disorders After Few Doses are Taken. This is what Crozone, the new scientific discovery, does for sufferers of such troubles. It promptly relieves these diseases because it reaches the cause. It soaks right into the walls and linings of the kidneys and cleans out the stepped-up, inactive organs like water does a sponge—neutralizes, and dissolves every particle of uric acid and makes the kidneys sift from the blood all the waste matter and poisons that lodge in the joints and muscles, scratch and irritate and cause rheumatism. It soothes and heals the delicate linings of the bladder and leaves the kidneys in a clean, strong, healthy condition, so they can filter the blood and keep you well. If you suffer with backache—have pains in the neck or sides—nervous or dizzy spells—a few doses of Crozone will relieve the congestion and you will be surprised how quickly all kidney, bladder and rheumatic troubles will disappear. Crozone is different from all other remedies. It is so prepared that it is practically impossible to take it into the human system without results. An original package of Crozone costs but a trifle, and all druggists are authorized to return the purchase price if Crozone should fail in a single case. Advertisement.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young girl of 16 years and considered very attractive. About six months ago I met a young man through business and he called several times, after that, at my home. Then he went on his vacation and we corresponded. On his return I saw him once, then did not hear from or see him till three weeks ago, when he wrote and asked if he might call. I answered, yes, and we spent a very delightful evening. I have not heard from him since. Now I know that I have not offended him, and as I think a great deal of him, what shall I do? PATIENT. If he cares for you he will come back. If he goes out and seeks him. Such a would only result in driving him