

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Picking a Husband

### Shall a Girl Trust Her Head or Heart?

By DOROTHY DIX.

A young girl desires to know whether she should be guided by her head or her heart in choosing a husband.

Both, child, both.

A happy marriage must be backed by both love and judgment. A proper husband must come up to your ideal and fire your fancy.

Of course, this is a rare combination, but unless you get it you will never make marriage a success. It doesn't do for a girl to be guided entirely by her heart when she chooses her husband, because, unfortunately, some of the most charming men on earth are the least desirable as life mates.

The man, for instance, who has all the social graces at his fingers' ends, so often can do nothing with his hands to make a living.

Often the very fact that a youth is light-hearted, and gay, and irresponsible invests him with a transcendent charm just by contrast with those who are earnest and serious-minded.

It doesn't matter to a woman that her husband is as handsome as Adonis if he can't make a living.

No woman finds any abiding charm in irresponsibility when she's married to it and ascertains that its other name is incompetency.

Therefore, daughter, when you go to pick out a husband, remember that the heart is an unreliable guide and one that is mighty apt to lead you to repentance.

Take counsel of your head, but bear in mind that just as the heart is apt to err in one direction, so the head is prone to err in the other.

Your head will tell you that when you go to pick out a husband you should give him the once over, and see if he is strong and healthy, and intelligent and moral, and ascertain the state of his finances.

Those who advocate this business-like system of picking out a husband contend that such marriages turn out better than those founded on love alone.

When the sentimental illusion is gone, the girl who has picked out a husband by her heart alone has nothing left with which to comfort herself.

To a degree this is true, but the heart is an unruly member, and there are not very many women who are philosophical enough to take his cold-blooded view of the subject.

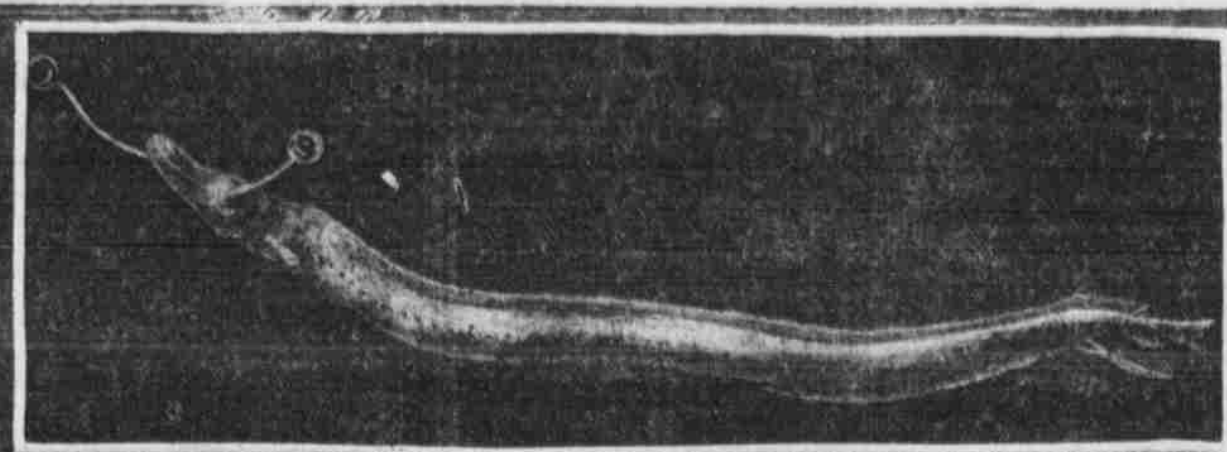
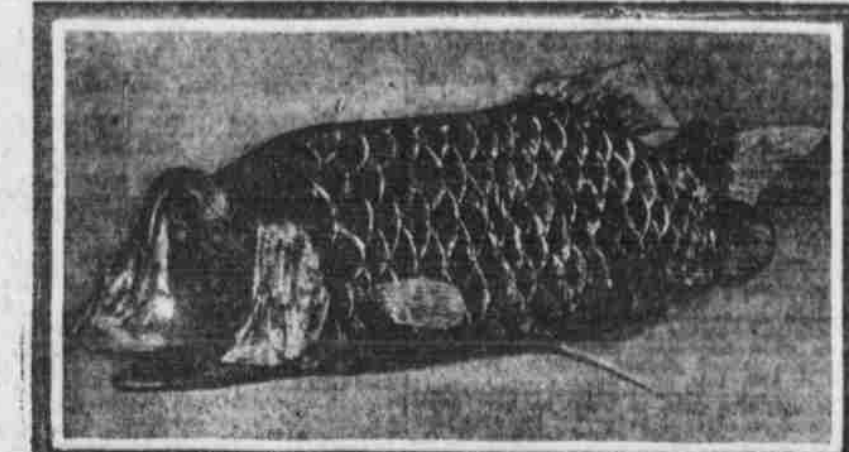
Cupid is a revengeful little chap, and he punishes mercilessly those who flout him in arranging their own marriages instead of leaving the job to him.

The woman who marries for her heart, instead of for her head, doesn't good naturedly come around and shoot off an arrow where it will do the most good so that she will fall in love with the prosperous and worthy man to whom she is united.

Luckily, the combination is not an impossible one, and any girl can find such a mate if she'll just bide her time and look carefully enough.

## Light Bearers of Ocean's Midnight Depths

### Fishes of Wonderful Hues Collapse When Brought from Their Zero Haunts



In this deep-sea fish the head glows with a soft light, while the body is dark.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The earth has no stranger inhabitants than the light-making fishes of the deep sea. They are the remote and scattered descendants of the ocean which ages ago were driven into the depths, where the darkness, the pressure and the scarcity of the ordinary necessities of fish life arrested the pursuit of their ravenous enemies.

They may be likened, in their situation and in the peculiarities which distinguish them, to the remnants of ancient races of men chased, like the native Britons and the indigenous inhabitants of northern Spain, into corners and upon mountain heights.

It is important to see this fact clearly into the mind, for the popular supposition that the deep-sea fishes originated where they are now found is erroneous. They have become adapted to conditions of life entirely different from those in which their remote ancestors were accustomed.

This is shown by the curious adjustments, atrophies and developments which their sense organs and the structure of their bodies have undergone. They no doubt originated in the shallow waters along shores and coasts, like other fishes, and when the struggle for existence with stronger tribes became too pressing they fled, in the only direction in which they could go, which was downward, from the daylight of the surface water into the night of the ocean abysses.

Those who wish to see the forms of some of these strange fishes, and to study the arrangement of their self-illuminating apparatus, should visit the exhibition of models of deep-sea life recently prepared in the American Museum of Natural History.

There are two controlling circumstances affecting deep sea life—first, the absence of sunlight, and, second, the enormous pressure of the water. Below a depth of a few hundred feet there is practically no light received from above.

Of course, the first fishes to take refuge in the depths did not go as deep as their descendants now live. They had to become adapted to the new conditions gradually. The process of adaptation is seen in the curious forms which the eyes of some species have assumed.

The luminous organs are extremely varied, according to the species bearing them. In some cases they may be likened to little lamps carried on the ends of poles projecting from the head of the owners. Often the lights are arranged along the sides of the body, like the illuminated portholes of a ship.

The second peculiar condition which these creatures have to face is the enormous pressure of the water. This increases at the rate of about fifteen pounds to the square inch for every thirty feet of descent.

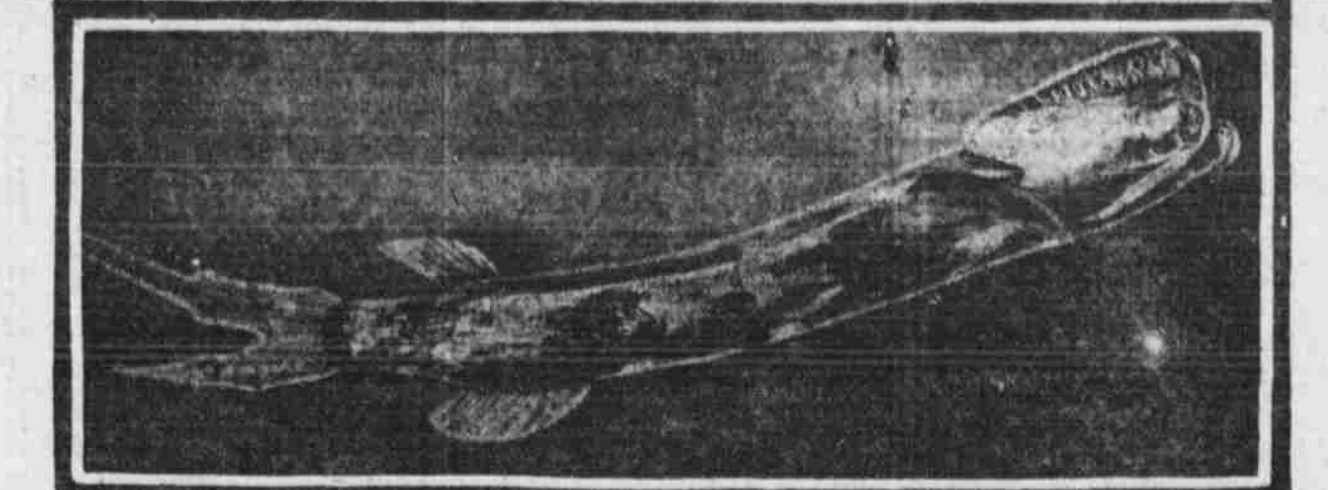
At the depth of a mile the pressure per square inch exceeds a ton. In consequence of this the fish are so constructed that water can easily penetrate their tissues, equalizing the strain within and without.

When they are brought up and the pressure is suddenly relieved they sometimes explode on account of the expansion of the internal gases. In fact, it is conceivable, as has often been remarked, that one of these deep-sea creatures suddenly darting upward might throw itself out of equilibrium, and through the uncontrollable expansion from within, be helplessly carried higher and higher until its tissues burst. One of the consequences of the great pressure is that all the largest sea species are very small, the largest seldom exceeding a few inches in length.

Several of the species represented by the models in the museum are reproduced on this page. In the one resembling an eel in shape the eyes at the ends of the tentacles projecting from the head are both organs of vision and lamps, since they give forth a greenish light.

The stout-bodied one, with the formidable snout, is remarkable, because it dwells at a depth of at least two and a half miles, where the pressure cannot be less than about three tons to the square inch.

The absence of light on the ocean bottom prohibits the existence of plant life there, and for this reason, if no other, the deep-sea creatures are all carnivorous, some species feeding upon another. Sometimes their jaws are more formidably armed than those of sharks, and one can imagine the terror which these little self-luminous monsters inspire in their dark, cold world of waters, the profoundest retreat of life on the globe.



This strange deep-sea fish is known by only a single specimen dredged from a depth of four-fifths of a mile, in the Gulf of Guinea, and the west coast of Africa. The body of the fish is a shimmering glow of iridescence, while the protruding eyes shine like automobile headlights. The formidable teeth mark it as a ferocious carnivore.

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## Science for Workers

Q.—If a spiked wheel is set in motion at a given speed, then, in order to throw a stone through the wheel, is it necessary to throw it at the same rate of speed to have it pass through in the clear?—Fred Heidt, Glens, Cal.

A.—No. A stone might pass between the spokes having either greater or less velocity than a point on the circumference. Light travels at a speed of 186,330 miles per second. In a moving picture, light falling on a revolving wheel is shown, as some passing between and beyond the moving spokes, while other rays strike them and are reflected back and enter the lenses of the camera. But no wheel in existence can revolve so that its tire shall move at a rate of 186,330 miles per second. A wheel of solid steel or platinum would burst into fine pieces long before any such speed could be stepped up from a state of rest.

## Snap-Shots

By ANN LISLE.

Oh, foolish soul that could not watch and wait! Until the bud should of itself unfold. Spreading each satin petal in due state. To show at last its heart of virgin gold.

Oh, foolish fingers that could tear and soil. The close-furled petals, seeking to disclose. Their precious hoard too soon, the bud you spoil. And never know the beauty of the rose.

Even a new broom falls to sweep clean unless there are a pair of willing arms behind it.

A pessimist is a woman who believes that a week after they have sailed for the Orientals she will discover that she knew people who could have belted her if she had guessed it in time.

The easiest way to be wise about women is to be without experience—says the cynic. That is all right with experienced women. But the pretty little debutants with a million is likely to marry a man with a series of pasta.

When a clock is all run down it simply stops working, no matter who depends on it. But a man is different—especially if he is a husband and a father.

## Do You Know That

The Persians used not to punish murder if it was a first offense.

The word "whig" means a pack-saddle thief; the word "tory" a band of robbers.

At the close of the seventeenth century a tax was placed on widowers in England.

Wearing collars which squeeze the neck tightly is said to be conducive to happiness.

## Read It Here—See It at the Movies



By Gouverneur Morris and Charles W. Goddard

Copyright, 1914, Star Company.

### Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

After the tragic death of John Amesbury, his proscribed wife, one of America's greatest beauties, dies. At her death Prof. Stilliter, an agent of the interests of the beautiful 3-year-old baby girl, finds her lying in a paradise where she sees no man, but thinks she is sought by angels who instruct her in the mysteries of the world. At the age of 18 she is suddenly thrust into the world where agents of the interests are ready to pretend to find her.

### TWELFTH EPISODE.

"I know that you believe that," said Tommy. "If I didn't know that you believed, I shouldn't let you go to the stock-ade."

"You couldn't hold me forever," he drew the back of his hand across his eyes, as if to shut out some horrible scene.

"No," he said, "I couldn't hold you forever. They would come and take you away from me. I should have you would have to be so that you couldn't speak to them—any more."

"You couldn't have the heart, Tommy—not me—no matter how wicked you thought I was."

"I couldn't," said Tommy, "thinking that you are a misguided angel of light. No I couldn't. . . Well, dear, God knows I wish I had your eloquence and the power upon hearts. You wouldn't find everybody on your side. You'll find many slyer men than I talking and writing against you, and trying to save this country from madness. I—oh, I love you so that I feel as if my heart was breaking. And to think that I can't even wish you luck."

"There's the motor for me now," said Celestia. "I know you can't wish me luck, but you could kiss me if you wanted to."

Those who had heard her speak often said that she had never spoken so well, with the exception of just the first few moments, when she seemed to be a little dazed and nervous. Three times during her speech the crowd rose to her and shouted till it seemed as if there was never going to be any end to the shouting, and when she had finished speaking, and stood there swaying like a lily, and flushed with a sense of nobility of power, and triumph, pandemonium broke loose.

Out of that pandemonium that began with cries of Celestia—Celestia, another name gradually took form and substance—Barclay—Barclay, they bellowed, at first in a kind of syncopeated roar, then in unison, and finally with a rhythm that drove men half wild with the desire to be in time with it, and that actually made some of the buildings in the enclosure sway.

"Barclay—Barclay—we want Barclay; Barclay for president—Barclay—Barclay." Thus the boom was launched. Barclay rose from his place on the platform, walked straight up to Celestia, took her right hand in his and lifted it to his lips. Then he turned, standing on her right hand and faced the shouting and the tumult. There was no smile of triumph on his face, only a look of grim, bulldog determination and probity.

After a long time they let him speak. And after he had spoken they went wild again.

"I will do what a man may," he said, in a voice that carried to the most remote part of ears. "To make the wishes that you do me the honor of wishing, come true. If I am elected president, I will make these United States into a fit

habitation for men and women and little children. So help me God!"

A little later Barclay's secretary stole away to the telegraph station and sent a message. An hour later the inhabitants of Bitumen, dispersed now, and for the most part drunk, were electrified by the spectacle of a snow white train of cars that pulled slowly into the station, and was then backing on to a siding.

Celestia transformed her few belongings from her tent to the rear car of this train. The car ahead was for Stilliter and certain other managers and advisers. The next car was the office car. The one ahead of that was for a chosen body of select, able and pampered correspondents. The snow-white train pulled out of Bitumen and the whirlwind campaign began.

I cannot at this moment lay hands upon her exact itinerary, but it is enough to know that representative parts of the whole country had a chance to see her. Now for the most part her audience would be composed of their tall white men in long, black coats, with broad black felt hats. Upon the outskirts of such negroes could be seen, or she would speak to men in flannel shirts and leather "chaps," or from the rear platform of her car, halted at some little station that stood in the midst of wheat or corn spreading to the horizon, to hard-headed farmers and their hard-headed woman folk. Or to foreign-looking men

and women, their hands stained with picking and sorting oranges; or to wildly rough and chivalrous men in mining camps; to sophisticated crowds in great halls in cities, to crowds of sweating laborers in choking halls in cities that belched out so much smoke day and night that you could hardly ever see the sun or moon. Wherever she went the effect that she had upon her audience was magical. But she could not go everywhere; she could not hope to reach every body in the larger cities; and those who were sent north, south, east and west to speak for her, able orators, long tried in the political arena, and worth every cent of their pay, had not, of course, the power of hypnotizing into beliefs. She merely looked at a man and he believed. Whereas from them, with all their golden tongue work, their impassioned friendship for the downtrodden and unfortunate, many went doubting.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## Advice to Lovelorn : By Beatrice Fairfax

Your Mother Must Meet Him. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 23, considered fairly good looking, and am fairly educated, both in music and in business. I am fond of a man 28 years. He is a successful business man, and his business would improve about 100 per cent if he could win me. I tell you this because my mother is much against this match, because of his age, although she has never seen him. He loves me dearly. He thinks a great deal of me because I tell him that I can't go against my mother's wishes. He wants to meet her and try to explain to her that it is far-sighted to think so. Kindly let me know what to do, as I want to please them both. You know that no one can afford to lose a mother's love, but, still,

I think it is almost my duty to marry him. Arrange for the man you love to meet your mother. If she is convinced of his sincerity and devotion and integrity of character I am sure she will overlook her unwillingness to have you marry her, even though he be 10 years older than you. The difference in your ages is really somewhat too marked, but congeniality, sympathy and real love do much to bridge a gap. In fairness to you, your mother must consent to meet the man you love.

# Buy and Boost Omaha-Made Goods

**EITHER way you look at it, it's worth your while and worthy of yourself. It's decidedly to your interest because Omaha products stand ace high with the whole outside country—they are better in quality and usually less expensive than competitive things made elsewhere.**

**It costs money to do things right. And there's some risk—financial risk. But the Omaha manufacturer banked on your being able to recognize merit when he put in his machinery, hired his men and started to turn out honest goods.**

**He wants to get better acquainted with Omaha people. He wants a side by side showing with the other fellow's goods. He doesn't fear the result. That's what he calls an even break. Will you give it to him?**