

One Bee's Home Magazine Page

Why My Wife Left Me
No. 1—The Man Who Was a Domestic Tyrant Tells How He Killed Love



By DOROTHY DIX.

"The reason that my marriage was a failure," said the first man, "was because I was the most despicable of human creatures, a domestic tyrant."
"Oh, of course, I didn't deliberately go to work to humble my wife's pride and crush her spirit and break her heart, but that's what it came to in the end, and now that I've gotten far enough away from the years of strife and struggle that composed our married life to get a clear perspective on them, I don't blame her for leaving me. It was the only thing that an intelligent human being with an inch of backbone could have done."

the measure of the two generations of women, and it's a cold, hard fact which we men will do well to sit up and take notice of.
"I married a beautiful young woman, with whom I was head over heels in love, and with reason, for she had every quality calculated to make her, under proper conditions, an ideal mate for a man. She was intelligent and highly educated, college bred; she was keenly alert and alive, and interested in everything in the world; she had been in business before we were married, and had commanded a good salary, and she was

"My mother endured her persecutions without a whimper or a protest. My wife went to Reno."



Blanche Ring, in a photographic study of the smile, showing how it lightens up the face and makes a beautiful countenance more beautiful.

The Smile's the Best Doctor

Blanche Ring Says So, and What's More, Declares She Can Prove It



The recipe of this popular actress for the preservation of good health is one which every woman can afford and should not be so foolish as to neglect.

By BLANCHE RING.

Who is playing at the Palace in "Oh, Papa," a Tabloid Parce.
>Show me the man or woman whose smile begins in the heart and is reflected on the face and I will tell you without asking that doctors and medicine play only unimportant parts in that person's life.
>The dyspeptic, the idle woman whose only occupation is enjoying poor health,

and whose heart goes wrong the minute she is crossed in anything, seldom smiles.
>Every frown and every sigh add a tiny wrinkle or an almost imperceptible line to the face, while a smile does more to eradicate the ravages of time than all the preparations of beauty doctors who ever lived.
>The man or woman who looks only on the bright side of life never grows old. I found that out one day last summer when I went to call on some one described as "a dear old lady of ninety."

Land Prices and Fuel Problem

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Q.—Where is destined to be the highest priced land in the world in the future of our race?—V. L. Chicago.
>A.—This is a question of very great importance. My emphatic answer: Every arable square foot of land between the tropics of Cancer and Capricorn will become almost as valuable as present city lots.

This belt around the earth is twenty-three and one-half degrees on each side of the equator, or a band of forty-seven degrees width. Humanity in due time must crowd toward the equator for solar warmth. All of the surface coal will be mined, and then deep mines will be the only source of supply. This will greatly increase the cost. In the fulness of time only the wealthy can hope to use coal.

This problem of fuel must be faced. There will not be land enough to grow wood for fuel and food also. The sunny southland must soar in price so that it will be sold by the square yard or foot. Equatorial sunshine will then be worth as much as the precious metal—the iron, the magnetic metal—the most valuable of all.

Unless science shall find a way of taking electricity directly from the cosmic store, unless the heat of the sun shall be made available mechanically in solar heat engines to run dynamos to generate electricity, or unless solar energy can be transformed and stored in accumulators, i. e., storage batteries, to be surrendered as flows of electricity; unless these conquests of nature are made by discovering the fuel of heat problem will tax the human race. Then the chilled millions will go ever toward the southward and westward will be "the course of empire take its way."

If the energy of the sun now wasted on Sahara and all other arid areas can finally be conserved as electric heat, light and power by electro-magnetic ducts, the fuel of heat problem will be solved. If not from sun, wind and waves, running streams or cosmic source, then man must secure heat in some other way when coal has vanished.

This other way cannot even be surmised now. Coal and iron consumed in the manufacture of our Automotors, dreadnoughts, if all heaped up in a pile, as a real object lesson, would startle the most thoughtless at man's awful waste of precious materials. Enormously increased value of land must ensue in between latitude 30 degrees and the equator.

Houston, New Orleans and St. Augustine are in the vicinity of the 28th parallel. Mexico must become by far the most valuable land on earth, and Florida, with southern California, also.
>Q.—If a solid metal is made of several compounds and it is wanted to find what they are, and respective proportions, how would chemists proceed? A claims that no matter what metals they are they can be dissolved in acids and then analyzed. H. claims that to a certain extent this is true; but how can a metal such as platinum be determined when it cannot be dissolved by acids?—R. H. P., New York City.

A.—But platinum is dissolved by aqua regia, a mixture of nitric and hydrochloric acids. No acid known to chemists will dissolve platinum, but these two combined, in the proportion of one volume of nitric and three of hydrochloric, will.

Q.—Kindly inform me whether the same projectile propelled by the same power will travel farther on a horizontal line four feet from the ground than if projected vertically.—Nat. Boas, San Francisco Stock Exchange.
>A.—Farther vertically. Thus a bullet fired vertically with a velocity of, say, 100 feet per second will ascend to a height of 156.3 feet; while if fired with the same speed horizontally, four feet from the ground, will strike the earth at a distance of fifty feet.

Q.—If an automobile or motorcycle maintains a speed of, say, six miles an hour to hold its momentum on a 90-foot saucer-shaped track with a 75-degree slope, would the same machine hold its momentum on a mile saucer-shaped track with the same slope, 75 degrees, and at the same speed?—C. T. Austin, Union Oil Co. of California.
>A.—Yes. Momentum equals mass multiplied by velocity.

Q.—Kindly inform me of astronomical telescopes. (1) What is the size of the largest? (2) If one of great size could be manufactured, would knowledge of planets be increased? (3) Have attempts been made recently to manufacture large ones?—N. W. Mohr, San Francisco.
>A.—Yes. Knowledge of planets would be increased, and millions more suns be brought into view. Each increase in dimensions of lenses in the past has been followed by increase in the number of stars made visible. It is not known, however, whether there is an end to the stars. Knowledge of these stars, however, cannot be obtained without the spectroscope attached to the telescope to analyze the light. No telescope alone can analyze light and thus discover what incandescent elements emitted it.

The largest telescope is not finished; they are at work on the 100-inch mirror in Pasadena, two miles from this observatory in the valley—that area out east of Paradise—below. I can see the roof of the optical instrument factory. The entire scientific world is watching and waiting to see what this huge mirror will reveal in sidereal depths when mounted on Mount Wilson, nine miles east of Mount Lowe.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

I asked Pa last nite what is a Dick-tator. Why? sed Pa. I jest saw the word in the paper, I sed, & I want to know what it means.
>A Dick-tator, sed Pa, that is a vary simple word. I am surprised to know that you are not familiar with that word, Bobbie. You ought to have larned that word long ago at school.

How To Get Rid of a Bad Cough

A Home-Made Remedy that Will Do It Quickly, Cheap and Easily Made.
>If you have a bad cough or chest cold which refuses to yield to ordinary remedies, get from any druggist 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth), pour into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Start taking a teaspoonful every hour or two. In 24 hours your cough will be conquered or very nearly so. Even whooping cough is greatly relieved in this way.
>The above mixture makes a full pint—a family supply of the finest cough syrup that money could buy—at a cost of only 54 cents. Easily prepared in 5 minutes. Full directions with Pinex.
>This Pinex and Sugar Syrup preparation takes right hold of a cough and gives almost immediate relief. It loosens the dry, hoarse or tight cough in a way that is really remarkable. Also quickly heals the inflamed membranes which accompany a painful cough, and stops the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchial tubes, thus ending the persistent loose cough. Excellent for bronchitis, spasmodic croup and winter coughs. Keeps perfectly and tastes good—children like it.
>To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex," do not accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Mysterious Rubber Tree

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The German emperor, it is reported, possesses a set of automobile tires made of synthetic, or artificial rubber. Two or three years ago artificial rubber tires were in regular use on an automobile belonging to Dr. Dui-senberg, in Berlin. It does not appear whether this laboratory rubber is as good as natural rubber or not, but, at any rate, the cost of its production at the present time is prohibitive, from a commercial point of view.
>The facts above mentioned suffice to call attention to one of the greatest triumphs lying at the doors of modern chemistry. Not more than the first step toward that triumph has yet been taken, but, judging by the history of all previous advances of practical science, its complete achievement is only a matter of time, and perhaps of a very short time.

Rubber is one of the strangest products of nature. It possesses properties which, until very recently, could not even be imitated. If its full usefulness to man could have been foreseen a generation ago, it would have been regarded as a special gift of Providence, just as it used to be thought that the "breadfruit," the cocoon with its "silkworm" and other similar "read-made foods" of the tropics were specially designed for the maintenance of human being who lived in climator too hot for daily work.
>Whatever view one may take of the theory that the earth was deliberately furnished as a home for man and filled with things that would come in handy for him, it is certainly a remarkable fact that if there had been no rubber trees the bicycle and the automobile would not have been developed.

It was India rubber that made the pneumatic tire possible, and we should have to give up the pneumatic tire today and go back to the jolting locomotion of our fathers in case the rubber trees should suddenly fall—unless the creators of these artificial rubber tires in Germany or other chemists still more skillful could greatly improve their product and enormously increase its quality and decrease its cost.
>But even the chemists would never have thought of such a thing as rubber if nature had not first produced it. And the botanists, on their side are yet in a

quandary over the question why nature ever did make rubber, anyway!

A more generalized name for rubber is "latex." Latex is a kind of viscous, or thick and sticky, juice contained in certain plants, in addition to the sap which all plants have. It flows through a set of vessels of its own, independent of the sap. In the rubber tree these vessels are in the inner bark just outside the cellular network that carries the sap. Any boy who goes to a country school is likely to know what latex is, though he may not know its name, for he gets it on his hands every time he breaks a "milk-wood."

India rubber is simply another kind of latex closely related to the "milk" of the milk-wood.
>The botanists understand very well what the sap in plants is for, but they are not sure what the latex is for, and especially are they puzzled by the rubber species of latex.

But however ignorant botanists may be concerning the uses that rubber serves for the plants that contain it in their veins, all the world knows exactly what it is good for when it gets into the hands of man. It not only makes his life far more agreeable and luxurious, but, it helps on the material triumphs of civilization in a hundred ways. A few years ago a kind of shudder seized the riders on pneumatic tires when some pessimist predicted the approaching exhaustion of the rubber trees. It was that that set the scientists at work to see if they could not make an imitation of rubber, while at the same time plantations of rubber trees and plants were started in various countries.

The best rubber is the product of a tree growing in the Amazon valley, and this is known as Para rubber. For several years the export from the Amazon district has averaged about 4,900 tons. There are native rubber plants of different species in Congo, Mexico and elsewhere, while plantations of the true rubber trees are now flourishing in Ceylon and the Malay peninsula.
>There does not appear to be any danger now of the exhaustion of native rubber, so that a first-class artificial rubber would be another boon from science.

The Explanation.
>George Cohen, at a luncheon at the players' club in New York, was talking about a millionaire banker of 60, whose wife threatened to divorce him on account of his "ward," a beautiful chorus girl of 17.
>"Home," said Mr. Cohen, in his quaint more agreeable and luxurious, but, it helps on the material triumphs of civilization in a hundred ways. A few years ago a kind of shudder seized the riders on pneumatic tires when some pessimist predicted the approaching exhaustion of the rubber trees. It was that that set the scientists at work to see if they could not make an imitation of rubber, while at the same time plantations of rubber trees and plants were started in various countries.
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Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Three weeks ago I returned from a business trip in the west and learned that during my absence my mother had suffered a serious accident and was nursed by a girl neighbor and her mother. I am going to be married, and you, my mother, are proper and manly for me to extend an invitation to the girl and her mother to live with us, as my own mother needs a companion and I will be called away very frequently? Would it also be proper to give this girl and her mother a gift?—ED. K.

You must consider your own mother first of all. If it would have her happy to have these kind neighbors join household with her, ask them by all means. You might very properly make some little gift to each of the two who took care of your mother in her time of need. I like your spirit of appreciation; it shows the depth of feeling for your mother.

Tale Bearer.
>Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 23 years old and expect to be married soon. My fiancee lives out of town. Lately I found out that the letters which I sent him are all try my wonderful preventive and him to know that I was told of this, nor do I want to send any more mail to him through the third degree as to where he has been and what he has been doing, the chances are that the next time he wants a little recreation after his day's work she will be included in the festivities.
>Let the tired business man, the nervous woman, and the sweet young girl who is sometimes impatient and fruitless, will feel both mentally and bodily.
>Of course, life cannot be all smiles; but just as the sunshine of a summer day is all the brighter because of an occasional tempest, so a little flash of spirit now and then only makes brighter the smiles that precede and follow it.

Keep on Refusing.
>Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 25 years old and employed as a stenographer to accept invitations from her employer to spend a day on his yacht? He has often asked me to dinner, but I always refused. He is keeping company with a girl and expects to be married this fall. Can you advise me what to do?—L. E. S.

I strongly advise you against accepting invitations from an engaged man, particularly when that man is your employer. You must not dream of spending the day on any man's yacht unless you are chaperoned.

Gratitude.

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The Vanderbilt Hotel.
>Thirty-fourth Street east at Park Avenue NEW YORK CITY
>An Ideal Hotel with an Ideal Situation
>WALTON H. MARSHALL, Manager