

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

A Succession of Pictures

By ADA PATTERSON.

"She's a good woman, your honor, all but her temper. But that's so bad I can't live with her. I'll pay two-thirds of my salary for alimony. Yes, I'll pay the corner fees, too. But go back to her I won't, I'd as leave live with a thunder-storm."



This was the plea made by the heart deserver in the Brooklyn courts recently, and that won him his freedom to live in the peace of a third-rate boarding house instead of his own home. The wife wept, but not enough tears, the neighbors said, to put out the fire of wrath. The same afternoon that the courts granted her voice was heard at wrangling pitch, ringing down the alley.

It is unfair on his part, but men are an unfair sex that a man should persistently hold in his memory a picture of a woman while she is angry, allowing it to eclipse all other pictures of her, letting it survive every other memory, but they are not to do this, and it is as well that women understand it and make their plan of marital campaign with that distinct knowledge.

A widow with two children, who was looking to a prosperous bachelor to lift her and her children out of poverty into affluence through their coming marriage, mourns the passing of the bachelor.

"I have reached the conclusion that we cannot be happy together," he said when he made his farewell call.

As a woman who is losing a prospect of a protector for life, a home and perhaps a man she loves, she wept and lamented. He was of demenor gentle, but of decisive judgment. "If only you hadn't written that letter," he said.

In vain she repeated that the letter in which she had said some bitter, biting things was written when she had a headache, when one of the children had been ill, when she had had to sit up all night with her, that she had written it under a misapprehension concerning him, she was as repulsive with excuses and explanations as is a woman in such a crisis of her life.

The bachelor would not relent. He went out of her life, lifting his hat and saying: "If you only hadn't written that letter."

"What makes women say things that will hurt a man's feelings so that he will never get over them?" a man asked me. "Probably because she is angry. Don't men do so?" I replied. "Yes, but that's different."

"Why different?" "The man never told me. Like the woman who says, 'Because,' it was sufficient to himself that he had said it was different.

And they make it different. That a man who is in love sees a girl's face flushed, her eyes shooting flames, her brow gathered into frowns, her cheeks burning, that the lips that usually breathe themselves about sweet words to him are pouring forth a flood of what he chooses to call abuse, though she may merely term it "telling him the truth," is something he finds it hard, perhaps impossible, to forget; that she has seen him in precisely that mood and with the same manifestations does not signify, it was different. And that was enough.

What a man thinks of a woman is a successive of the pictures he makes of her in his memory. There may be hundreds of them, lovely ones all, but that which stands for the softness of life he longest remembers. The picture of the angry woman is one he would like to forget, but in most cases he doesn't.

So if a man cuts a large figure in your life, don't indulge your temper in his presence, either before or after marriage. He may think it is for his happiness to leave home. And what a man thinks he thinks, please and tears to the contrary notwithstanding.

The scientist is wrong. Man isn't a descendant of a monkey. His ancestor was a mule.

In-Shoots.

Meet of us can plainly hear the echo of the knock of opportunity after it is too late.

The ground seldom has any friends, but he has the satisfaction of keeping the berries away.

The pace that kills effects quick work in some cases; in others it moves by inches.

When a man is lured by love's young dream, every lemon seems to have the skin of a juicy peach.

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An "Indoor Sport!"

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By Nell Brinkley



DID TAD EVER MAKE THIS?

When the spring rains come pelting—the spring rains that adventure down into the brown earth to the nests of sleeping seed and things—when there's a funny, sniffly sweetness in the air that makes you dig up memories from the very bottom of your memory chest, all about swimming holes and the tree with the owl in it, and the lane that led past the house of a girl you liked, and the kitchen table where your mother worked under the white window curtains that blew in and out when spring came, and John, your white and brown dog with the glad eyes who tagged you everywhere and is gone long ago when little boys' little old dogs go; well (I most got off my track then getting lost in the winding ways of memories), well, when the spring rains come down like silver beads in strings, and folks have to stay indoors, the call of spring thrills in their veins just the same! So Erros, alias Danny, alias

Cupid, the fellow who can always think up something to do when time drags, 'specially in spring, starts his famous old indoor sport, and this is it: He stands very straight and tucks his wings very close and holds his chin in proper, makes himself into a peg in the floor and bids folks peg away. Girl-folks! And the scrambling, laughing, pushing cluster of young things carefully, with their tongues tucked in a cheek or between their teeth, send their rings circling and glinting for the top of his love-locked head. Sometimes the ring flies true and slips over him, sometimes it whacks his fat person with a thump and rolls away (a broken engagement!), but he only grins and watches and prods them on with derisive little digs.

A very old game. Eve played it all by herself—though her ring was a woven circlet of daisy blooms. In the courts of castle gardens—

in the yew-shadowed pleasure-groups of bright-gowned maids with swinging hair played at the old game of swinging the love-ring round the small, fat god. And all over this broad land—in the gray spring of the city streets, in the soft spring meadowsides where brown-listed maids pass through old brown gates, in the soft snow of northern spring, in the sun-washed, orange-blossom-scented spring of the southwest where the fronds of the palms clatter softly and the bird of paradise flower glows and poises—when the subtle song of spring sings in the blood and lazies the spirit—Dan stands in myriads of himself with the hum of flying circlets set with glinting, water-white stones sailing about him.

That's the beginning of the honeymoon flower that blooms in June. NELL BRINKLEY.

Wholesome Plan to End the Big War is Urged

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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New York is full of societies of all kinds formed for the benefit of the unemployed and the poor. Among the most interesting is the Humanitarian Cult of New York City.

This society has no dues and no by-laws. It does not accept contributions of any kind.

It has relieved since last November, when it was organized, 28 families, found employment for 115 men and women, taken care of ten dependent cases by paying rent, provided medical treatment for fifty-seven cases; furnished a wardrobe, wearing apparel, etc.; in each instance given relief (on the average) twelve hours from time of receipt of application.

The founder is M. E. Applebaum, who says in his prospectus: "We claim that all people are deserving. We must help those who have had habits to change them and thereby regain their self-respect. We have not collected any money and don't intend to! We do not preach nor find fault. All we maintain is that human nature is beautiful and responds readily to love and kindness, and the record of our work justifies our faith in fellow man."

"Our meetings and concerts are free. No collections or contributions permitted. If you come once we will guarantee your further visits."

The Humanitarian Cult recently made the following suggestion to the legislature against capital punishment:

"All religions distinctly prohibit the killing of men and do not permit the taking of life, even by law. Since law is made by man, and man admits God to be the Supreme Power, he cannot justify the killing of man by any process.

"We therefore ask that you use every endeavor to do away with capital punishment."

"We furthermore suggest that proper laws be enacted so that prisoners of all descriptions should be compelled to work; that the prisoners receive regular allowances; to be disposed of in the following manner:

"Part of the allowance to be used for the support of those, if any, dependent upon them; part of the allowance to go to the state for the betterment of prison system, and the balance to be held to the credit of the prisoner, so that when released he can once more face the world with some means. Very often on account of lack of means the prisoner reverts to his old mode of living, for it is a known fact that the public at large has an aversion to employing a man out of prison, and therefore he has not the proper opportunity of earning a livelihood."

"The religions practiced in the respective countries distinctly prohibit the killing of man. You admit that God is supreme power, and yet you have placed your own will and judgment above His. If you desire to still leave in man a spark of faith in higher ideals you will listen to this appeal of true humanitarians, which is being echoed by your own countrymen."

"We therefore ask, in the name of all that is fair, just and beautiful, and consequently holy, that you submerge your pride and stop the combat immediately. The first amongst you to take this step will prove to the world the understanding of true patriotism."

"You are raising billions for the purpose of destroying your neighbors. If you will but stop the war and apply a small percentage of this toward relieving those who are suffering through your actions, and if you will in addition stop the combat, disarm and place the relics of war in the public galleries as a symbol of past ignorance, you will have shown the world true wisdom, and then your flag will be respected because they represent peace and not false patriotism."

"While this idea is wholesome and expresses the feeling of the whole world not engaged actively in this war, it is about as practical and useful as the shooting of perfume through an atomizer against a strong northeast wind blowing in odor from a glue factory. Higher powers than man knows of are controlling this world calamity. Not until the purpose for which the world calamity was sent is achieved will the war stop."

There are in the world about 3,000,000 lepers, 2,000,000 being Chinese. India has about 20,000 and the United States about 50.

The quantity of guano exported from Peru during the last twenty-two years is reported to have been 1,134,315 tons.

The output of maple sugar in the province of Quebec, Canada, is about 14,200,000 pounds per annum.

The United States now owns exactly 3,000 islands, supporting a population of 10,000,000.

Heligoland was at one time the Green of North Europe.

Europe boasts of 50 varieties of birds, but in Australia there are 60 different species.

Oats were domesticated in Egypt as early as 1800 B. C.

Do You Know That

Some Mysteries of Great Explosions

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

The explosion of a bomb in the Hindoo temple in Sen. Examined a few weeks ago has brought me a number of questions in regard to explosives and the mysterious ways in which the force of explosions exert themselves. Here is one of them enclosing a newspaper clipping, which reads:

"The force of the explosion appeared to be outward toward the Hubert street entrance of the temple. Little destruction was done by the bomb directly under the spot where it was exploded, and it is believed that Vavra constructed it with giant gunpowder instead of with nitroglycerin. The force of nitroglycerin exploding is almost invariably downward."

An inquirer who mailed me the foregoing clipping asks:

"Concerning the enclosed clipping, there is a common opinion that different explosives exert their forces in different directions. Now, then, if explosions are due to the instantaneous transition of matter from a solid or liquid to a gaseous state, I fail to see what the relative position of the earth has to do with it. Can you explain?"

In answering I would say that the relative position of the earth has nothing to do with the problem. "Little destruction was done by bomb directly under it." Then a slow explosive was used; the force of the liberated gases had time to enter the air above before it exerted full force on the floor.

Had any one of the rapid explosives as dynamite, lyddite, melinite or nitrocellulose been used, then all below as well as above would feel the force. This is because high, rapid explosive compounds explode in an infinitesimal of time. Then the adjacent air is compressed to a solid. I once saw a two-pound disk of gunpowder stamped on one side with raised initials of the name of the firm, the manufacturer.

The circular disk, about five inches in diameter and three or four thick, was placed with letters downward on the heavy mass of iron, all in the open air, and then the cotton was exploded. But

the gas from the cotton forced the shape and size of the raised letters on the disk down into the iron. Then the top of the disk pressed against the solid air with the same force, and this because Newton proved that "action and reaction are equal."

But the air behind a gas could not be seen. Therefore, every explosion whatever exerts force from its precise center equally in all directions, whether high above the earth's surface or in direct contact with its surface.

Q.—"Was not that rather heartless in you to say in The Bee recently that the war in Europe is 'Much ado about Nothing'?"—Subscriber.

A.—This world and all of its inhabitants, and 1,000,000,000 more worlds just like it, with all of their inhabitants, if there are such worlds and such inhabitants, if suddenly destroyed, totally annihilated, would never be missed from the universal universe—the billions of suns would still move as though nothing had occurred above microscopic proportions.

Insane kings, should they keep on murdering until only two humans were left, these two could say each other and the human race come to an end, and none in the universe would ever hear of the extinction of man.

The earth itself is almost exactly next to nothing in comparison with that part of the universe at present measured and weighed; so the term "Much ado about nothing" should read "Much ado about next to nothing."

Facts are heartless or not. In the case may be; but any fact about any war is heartless. Let there be any number of suns whatever, and any number of worlds like the earth, Venus, Jupiter, etc., then all the world, if annihilated, would not affect the gigantic suns. The earth in space is comparable to the particles of dust in a room.

Wants Appreciation. "So you are bad sometimes?" "Yes."

"And why, my child, are you bad sometimes?" "So that I'll be appreciated when I'm good."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

IOWA WOMAN TELLS OTHERS

How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Carried Her Safely Through Change of Life.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa.—"At the Change of Life the doctor said I would have to give up my work and take my bed for some time as there was no help for me but to lie still. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and kept up my work and now I am over the Change and that is all I took. It was better for me than all the doctor's medicines I tried. Many people have no faith in patent medicines but I know this is good."—Mrs. E. J. RICKETS, 354 8th Avenue, West, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

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Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound invigorates and strengthens the female organism and builds up the weakened nervous system. It has carried many women safely through this crisis.

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