

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

It's a Wise Client That Knows Its Own Lawyer

By Tad

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A Mother's Dilemma

By WINIFRED BLACK.

A friend of mine has a son—a handsome son, a clever son, an ambitious son, a good son. My friend is poor, and my friend's sister is rich. All these years my friend has worked and pinched and saved to get her boy through school with decent clothes and not too many economies before the rest of "the fellows."

Now that he's graduated he wants to enter an architect's office. The architect wants the boy and the boy thinks he'll like the profession, and it won't be long, if all goes as it should go, before the boy is earning a dollar or two, and soon he'll be helping the mother who has helped him so long. Good news— isn't it?

But here comes the mother's rich sister. She's a clever sister and a beautiful sister and a very well-to-do sister. All these years she has let the boy's mother struggle on alone, but now that the boy is well grown and good-looking and promising, the rich sister of my friend says, "I will send him to college."

And she wants the boy to visit her in the city where the university is, and she says she will get his clothes, pay his dues if he is selected for a good fraternity and do all the honors. "He can make his way in the world," says my friend's rich sister, "and he must be started right. No-body can ever hope to be anything without a college education."

And my friend doesn't know what to do. The boys say, "Whatever you say, mother"—and let it go at that, though it is easy to see that he is no student and

doesn't care a straw for college in any way at all.

"I don't like him to accept so much now," says my friend. "I hate to start my boy in life in debt to some one who has never paid the least attention to him before. My sister is lonely, she wants some one to love her, and I don't believe that my son can do that exactly if she does send him to college, and yet what shall I say?"

I know what I would say. I would say, with all the politeness and all the sincere gratitude in the world, "No, thank you, sister. My boy is not ambitious socially, he couldn't keep up with the college set after he leaves college; he isn't the sort of boy that really cares for study at all, and he plays foot ball well enough now, thank you. Besides, he really prefers base ball, he says it's here longer, and I don't think it is starting right to take some one else's money right at the beginning of life."

I'd rather have my boy proud, independent—stubborn, if you will—than too grateful, too easy going, too used to accepting favors from any one. Least of all from a relative.

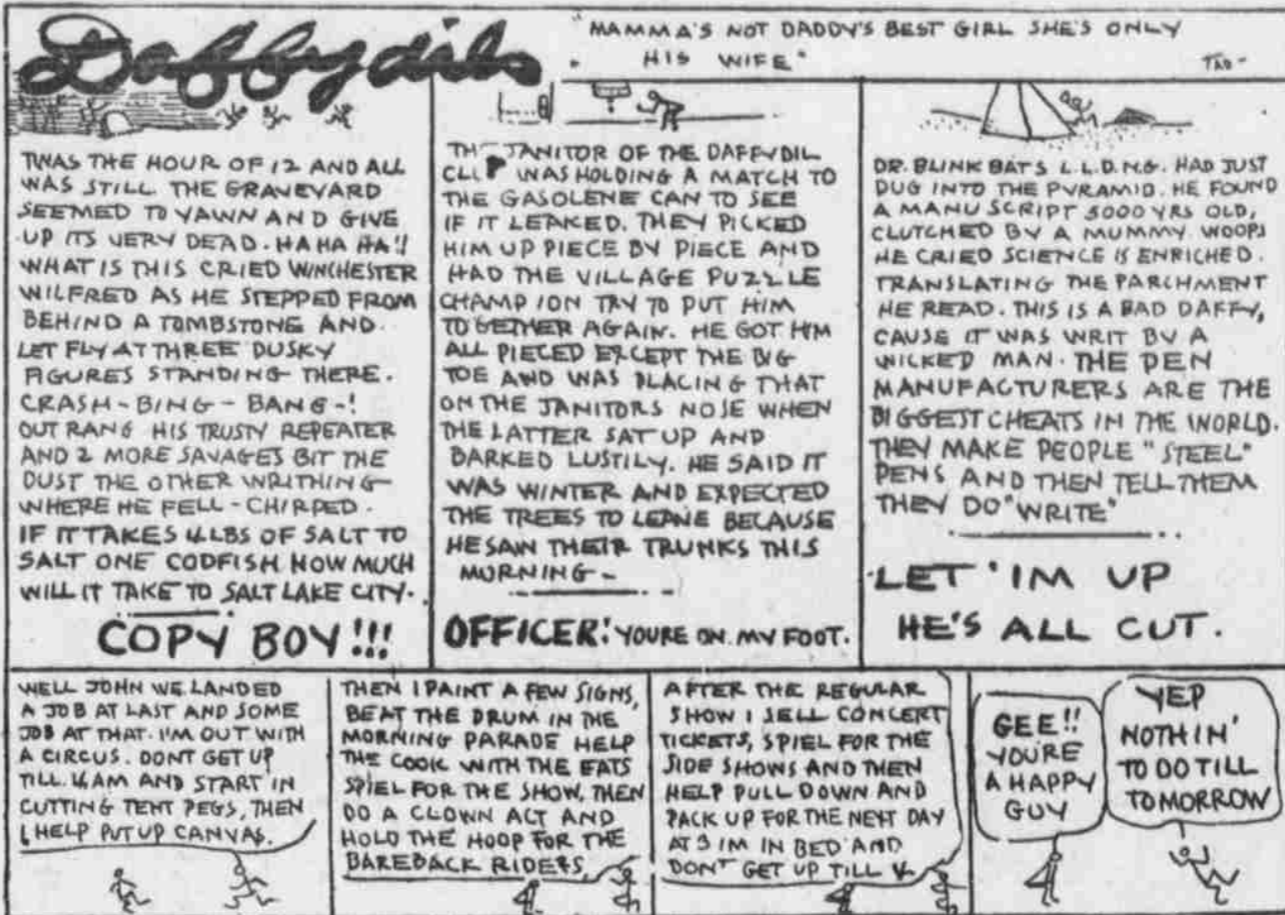
I'd rather owe a thousand dollars to the worst dun on earth than to owe \$50 to a relative. The dun will dun you and call it square; the relative will remember that money if you pay it back a thousand times—and she'll want every dollar of it paid back in heart's blood, drop by drop, if she's anything like most relatives who do that kind of thing for their kin.

"My boy's a free man now, I'd rather he stay that way."

And I'd mean it, every word of it. There's one thing that is more important to the average man than all the education in all the books on earth, and that is his own independence and his own honest pride.

I'd rather my boy would never see the inside of a lecture room than to have him see it through the eyes of a parasite and a flatterer. I wonder if I'm wrong?

Order the Ambulance . . . By Tad



Radium Versus Coal

By GARRETT P. SERVINS.

Sir William Ramsay has stirred up a hornet's nest in England by renewing the warning, which already has often been uttered, that the coal supply, at the present increasing rate of consumption, will be exhausted in a relatively short time, and there is some source of power to take its place, goodby to the prosperity of Great Britain!

Sir William Ramsay fixes upon 175 years as the longest period that the known supplies of coal can last. One of his critics undertakes to show that this should be extended to 600 years.

But what matters the precise time if there is a sure limit? Whether it comes sooner or later, the exhaustion of the coal supply will spell ruin—unless in the meantime a substitute can be found. Sir William Ramsay himself suggests the bare possibility that the needed substitute may be found in a radium.

If, he says, the 1,700 years which a ton of radium requires in order to evolve half the enormous energy stored within it would be artificially cut down to thirty years, the power thus developed would be equal to that derived from the con-

sumption of 1,300,000 tons of coal, and thus the energy of a single ton of radium would suffice to propel a ship of 15,000 tons burden, with engines of 15,000 horsepower at a speed of fifteen knots an hour for a period of thirty years.

The only difficulty is to find the way to accelerate the atomic disintegration. That problem, at present, presents a blank wall, which there seems to be no means of surmounting. But let it once be solved and there appears to be no reason why the rate of acceleration should not be indefinitely increased, and radium or some cognate substance, be turned into a source of mechanical energy, such as the world has never dreamed of.

Radium, it is true, is a very rare substance, but this fact need not be regarded as fatal to the supposition that radium activity may some day be utilized as a source of power. Dr. Gustav Le Bon believes that he has proved, and Sir William Ramsay also admits the possibility, that all the chemical elements, when placed under proper conditions, may exhibit a similar tendency to change with evolution or energy.

"It," says the great English chemist, "some form of catalyzer, would be discovered which would usefully increase their almost inconceivably slow rate of change, then it is not too much to say that the whole future of our race would be altered."

Who will find this catalyzer, and how soon? It is the fountain of youth for the world—may the Ponce de Leon of science be more successful than his buccaneering predecessor.



Sherlocko the Monk

By Max Mager

THE CASE OF THE \$10,000 CHEQUE.



New York Nature Notes

By SAM SMALL, JR.

The modest violets are showing their tender blue and fairy-like faces along the lanes and byways. They can be seen nesting against a background of silk or satin, or topping the skirt and belt line. How charmingly they match with a pair of flashing blue eyes or contrast with the roses that these plucking days bring to the cheeks of the violet hunters.

Modest violets. At \$5 to \$50 the bunch they must have a castron sense to look a man in the face.

Chestnuts are again in season, and all signs point to a plentiful and varied crop. We should say that the chances on chestnuts gathered now are about even, with the odds glowing as the season progresses.

Chestnutters are out in force during the days and evenings, and the pungent smoke from their smouldering fires is caught ever and anon as a welcome whiff in the pervading odor of the product from Neighbor Rockefeller's refineries.

Constable Waldo and his hired men, as usual, are making things lively and interesting for the chestnutters. When one of the hired men appears the chestnutters scatter, and their lanterns flit and dance over the roads like will o' the wisps. Still the exercise adds zest to the sport.

We haven't heard from the goosebone or our other neighborhood prognosticators, but there are some signs that we have noticed which point the way of the coming weather.



It is no secret. A stroll along the Big Luno will find the actors always on the sunny side of the street. That is the sign of a long, hard winter.

A large quantity of malt in the shape of brown October is being put away all over the community, but especially along the big roads. At the Forty-second Street Country club several barrels are put away every day, and the boys laugh and sing at their work.

It is a curious thing that the harvesting of brown October should bring forth so much gaiety. It is entirely different from the gathering of, say, the potato crop. But a group of harvesters working together on brown October sooner or later break into song. That is one reason why Maine will be sorry it went west. Brother Joel tells us he has gathered his frijole beans and the chile is now in season. Joel also brought into our community a Bohemian hop of the early morning species, which is best about the time the frost is gathering or the dew falling. These imported things change the customs, as well as the bedtime of many of our neighbors.

Lysander John

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE.

Lysander John Appleton, Kin Commissioner-General disposes of many troublesome kin questions for others, but his authority is not recognized in his own family.

He decides for an anxious public if a first cousin has any rights through the ties of kinship, and limits those rights to the minimum, but when his wife's cousins, seven degrees removed, appear with sine trunks, he meekly gives up his bedroom and den (i. e., the room where he is supposed to do all his growing) and climbs the stairs to the attic, taking with him his many volumes on kin questions, all works of his active brain, and which are regarded as masterpieces by his kin-ridden constituency.

He has seven volumes for the control of wives and can't control his own according to the rules laid down in one of them. Whatever influence the kin commissioner-general has over his wife is gained through a circuitous route.

The following instance is related for the benefit of husbands whose stomachs faint at the sight of the potatoes brought on the table meal after meal, either in half-mashed lumps, or without having felt the potato masher. It is the only occasion when Lysander John gets ahead of his wife.

When he leaves from the sounds coming from the kitchen that she has taken the potatoes from the fire he scatters

into the kitchen and looks at her in a listless sort of way till she has the potato masher in hand and is ready for action.

"I saw that worthless brother of yours," he will say, "and he was drunk as usual."

"Talk about your own worthless kin, why don't you?" she will snap back, bringing the potato masher down on the potatoes with unusual vigor.

"I haven't any as worthless as yours," the Kin Commissioner-General will reply, and the potato masher comes down on the potatoes with all the weight of outraged wrath, and as he enumerates them the blows come harder with every kin named, and her ire grows, and she doesn't know her arm aches, and she mashes and mashes, pounding the potatoes with a viciousness that reduces them to the consistency of cream.

Then, having accomplished his object Lysander John walks out of the kitchen. "But I do not recommend this plan to all husbands," said the Kin Commissioner-General, in a recent exhaustive decision on the Rights of Man, "for the reason that all wives under such irritating circumstances would not confine the noble work of the potato masher to the potatoes. There are women and women, as I state specifically on page thirteen, chapter three."

Autumn in Town

By CHESTER FIRKINS.

A bit of a bite to the evening air; A livelier rush on the subway stair; A touch of shame for the clothes you wear.

And the shivers that show their plight, Your tailor's sent you his bulletin—

The serge out and the woollens in— You haven't the price, and yet you grin— There's joy in the autumn night.

When the early dusk of the cloudy day Falls swift and soft and gentle and gray On the busy end of old Broadway.

A regular poet might Describe it—sobody else, I guess— It's chill, but charming, And gloomy? Yes.

But still there's warmth and there's coziness In the soul of an Autumn night.

The hurrying crowds are on the run For "I" and trolley—the day's work done.

Nobody speaks to you—friend or non—

In the speed of their business flight, And yet, in the photograph ear, The chatter of shopgirls passing near, And echoes of the masher's ring with cheer.

In the clasp of an Autumn night.

The glowing heights of the building call From skylights, to a glowing wall, As the dark of the windows, one and all, Breaks quick into cheerier light.

The wind may cut and the rain may pour, But something—this is the wife man's love— Goes topsy and sideways, and something To the world on an Autumn night.

Clock Children

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE.

Crowd closer together, all you who occupy positions on the platform of Fame, and make room for a man who has proved he is superior to his sex; who is so great in his achievements he is almost a woman! Make way there, for Frederick Elliston Brandt of St. Paul, Minnesota!

There was held in St. Paul recently a state fair, to which farmers brought hogs so fat they had lost all facial expression, prize calves, big pumpkins, horses with slender ankles and heavy tails and corn that grew high. The women were there with insane quilts, jelly of three colors in one glass, cakes of so many layers they looked like a band, stand, quince preserves, dollies on which were embroidered marvellous strawberries and panicles, green grape pickles, hair wreaths under glass frames and squash pies.

But move, closer together, you who occupy position on the platform of Fame, for here comes Frederick Elliston Brandt, a man who invaded woman's domain and did her work better than she had ever done. He hid among the acres of embroidered roses and tulips, drawn work, hemstitched and Irish crochet, there was found a Hardanger embroidered lunch cloth five feet square, the work of a man, and to it the committee pinned the blue ribbon.

And the women embroiderers of St. Paul, who had sat back so cheery and complacent, threw one big fit that made the walls of the bazaar look like a demonstration of tooth soap.

Frederick Elliston Brandt did it all himself, and he used ninety-three skeins of embroidery floss, and it didn't take him long; it was pick-up work, you know, and he worked at it in odd moments; and, yes, it was the first work he had ever done, and, no, he is not married and has no wife to come forward with her photograph taken in a low-necked dress and the claim that by her kindly encouragement she made him great. He climbed to the platform of Fame supported and sustained alone by his embroidery needle. No woman's hand gave him a boost.

If the example of Frederick Elliston Brandt is followed by other men of Minnesota their wives will find the time they now lack for the spinning of their sex from the tummy of the needle and the System-pan. If Frederick Elliston Brandt can master the thousands of little squares in Hardanger he can learn to hem squares for little babies and cut out garments of business stages for children that see shoes, and turn an eye without landing the yolk. His invention of woman's domestic purchase great things for the women of Minnesota; it means emancipation; it means freedom.

So make way on the platform of Fame for the mildest man of them all, Frederick Elliston Brandt, and his five-foot square Hardanger.

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men."