



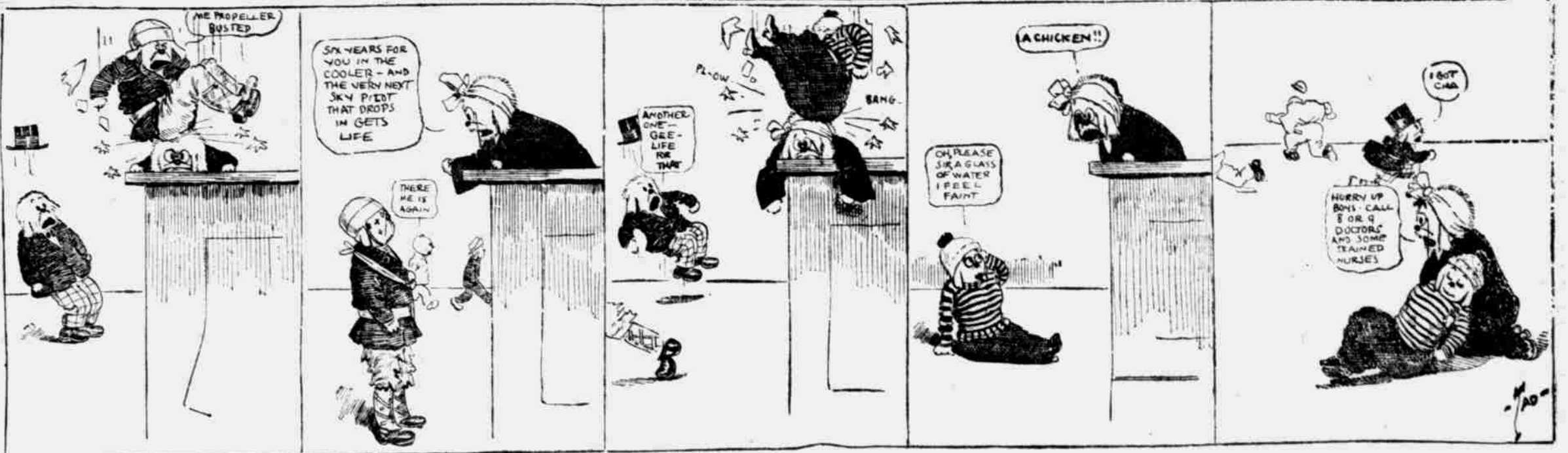
The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Two Sky Pilots Drop In on the Judge

By Tad



Woman's Lack of Pride

By DOROTHY DIX.

I said in my last article that the reason the average husband refused to make his wife any personal allowance of money, cash in hand that she might do with it as she pleased, but expected her to perform all the multitudinous duties of wife and mother and housekeeper for her board and clothes, was the woman's fault.

It was because the woman herself undervalued her services, and had so little pride in woman's great essential work in the world that she didn't demand anything for her labor, but was humbly grateful to get what she could, and to first earn her wages and then wheedle them out of her lord and master. This is why men have taken the labor of the domestic woman without so much as even a thank you.

More, they even have the colossal nerve to swell out their chests and go about bragging self-righteously about "supporting" the women who work eighteen hours a day like slaves to make them comfortable. They never dream that these women's work is really worth a pay envelope on Saturday night until some poor, overdriven drudge dies, and Mr. Man finds out that it takes about three-fourths of what he earns to pay the cooks and chambermaids and nurses and seamstresses to do the work that she did.

The real reason that widowers are always in such a hurry to get married again is because it is so much cheaper to support a wife than it is to pay a woman for working for them.

And wives are the only people on earth who work for their board and clothes.

But, alas and alack, woman's lack of pride in her work does not end with the performance of domestic duties. It extends to every variety of work except the three professions about which linger a halo of bogus romance. If a woman is on the stage, no matter how poor an actress she is; if she is an artist, no matter how weird the pictures she paints; if she writes, no matter what drivel she scribbles, she is proud of her work. Otherwise she is ashamed of it, and apologizes for it, and keeps it concealed as far as she can.

And in that lack of pride in her work is the whole secret of why she succeeds, and so often fails. She doesn't lack the ability, she doesn't lack intelligence, she doesn't lack industry. She simply lacks the punch that we put behind anything that we are proud of and glory in doing. She lacks the kind of inspiration that comes about a thing of which we think every minute we are awake, and which we bore other people to death talking about because we are so interested in it that we imagine it the most thrilling subject on earth to everybody.

If you sit down on the train by a prosperous-looking man before you've known twenty-five miles he will tell you that he is the leading banker or merchant in Squeedunk, or that he travels for the biggest wholesale grocery in the country, and that his sales last year broke the record for his house. But if you should sit down by a snarling or dressed woman you might travel with her from New York to San Francisco and she would never pipe once about her shop.

She would talk about fashion and ask you if you didn't think Mrs. Astor per-



fectly sweet, and casually remark that she thought dear Gertrude Vanderbilt such a darling. She would discourse about motor cars and Pomeranian pups, but wild horses couldn't drag out of her a single detail about the state of the trade in the bonnet or dress business. For no matter what an artist she might be in her line, no matter how much she was making, she would be ashamed of it. She would have no sense of the dignity of labor or the glory of independence. She would have no pride in her craftsmanship. She would want you to think her a silly, incompetent, useless waster instead of the admirable, sensible, competent, upholder that she was.

Isn't that funny? And sad? Couldn't you laugh over it? And weep?

I want to repeat, with all the emphases I can, that the reason women fail at their work is because they are ashamed of it. You can't put your heart into the doing of a thing unless you are proud of it, and unless you believe that it's the most important thing going, and the doing of it will reflect glory on you.

Can anybody imagine the woman making a fortune, taking boarders who she calls them "paying guests"? Can anybody imagine the stenographer who comes down to an office dressed as if she were going to a reception even advancing to the position of confidential secretary? Can anybody imagine the cook whose feelings have to be soothed by calling her "an active housekeeper" or "domestic assistant" ever become a high-priced chef?

Not in a thousand years. The woman who becomes a hotel keeper is she who

Daffydils

IT WAS A STORMY NIGHT IN WINTER. THE WOMEN'S RIGHTS CLUB HAD CONGREGATED FOR THEIR WEEKLY EMPLOYMENT LUNCHEON. SUSAN HAD JUST FINISHED READING A VERY IMPORTANT PAPER ON HOW TO HANDLE JOGGY HUSBANDS. A LOUD APPLAUSE FOLLOWED. THEN THERE WAS A SCREAM AND A DULL THUD. THE SERGEANT AT ARMS HAD FAUNTED AT THE SIGHT OF A MOUJIE. THE SPEAKER LIFTED HER UP AS SHE ASKED, IF A TABLE HAS LEGS HAS A CUFFION-IER?

I DON'T CARE IF HE IS A HOUN' THEY GOTTA STOP KICKIN' MY DAWG AROUND'.

LEAVE THAT WOMAN BE.

OFFICER, TELL YON GENDARME TO SUMMON ME A CONSTABLE.

SEE WHIL' CHARLEY ISURE HAVE IT JORT NOW. IM A TELEGRAPH OPERATOR AT HERRIKER AND ITS SO EASY IM AFRAID THEY'LL CATCH ME AT IT.

I DON'T SHUN UP TILL 6.30 THEN IM OP UP THE FLOOR. THEN I HAVE 3 WIFE CALLS THEN ABOUT 30 MESSAGES COME IN- AND I THEN GO OUT AND DELIVER THEM AROUND THE TOWN.

THEN I ANSWER COMPLAINTS TAKE MESSAGES OVER THE PHONE. THEN I SEND NEWSPAPER SPECIALS FROM MARYAMON TO NY. AT 11 PM FINISHED AND WALK SMILES TO MY HOME AT 2 PM UNDER THE QUILT.

QUEE YOU'RE A HAPPY GUY BILLY.

OF A TRUTH I'M NOTHIN' TO DO TILL THE SUN RISES.

YES SIR IF MY POLKS SAW ME NOW THEY'D DISHONERIT ME."

Sir William Johnson

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.



February 21, 1738.

One hundred and seventy-four years ago today—February 21, 1738—there came into the port of New York a ship from the Emerald Isle bearing among its human freight a young man of 23, who was to exert great influence upon the fortunes of this continent.

The name of the young man was William Johnson, to be known to fame later on as Sir William Johnson, the king of diplomats, natural born soldier, statesman and master of men.

In his native county of Meith, Ireland, wherein he was born, about 1715, Johnson fell deeply in love, but when he told his love to the black-haired, blue-eyed beauty who had enthralled his heart he was rudely rejected. Broken-hearted and miserable, he reached the conclusion that life was not worth living, and in the depths of his despair he even contemplated suicide.

But Johnson was intended for a nobler end than that of filling a suicide grave. His uncle, Sir Peter Warren, owned large tracts of land in the Mohawk Valley, and, thinking to cure his nephew of his love sickness and at the same time to make him of some use in the world, he sent him to look after his big estates in New York.

The plan worked like a charm. The young man had scarcely planted himself in the Mohawk region when it became

apparent to all that his influence was to be tremendous. Among the redmen he became at once king. By the magical power of his personality he made them love him, fear him and trust him. His great common sense, iron will and unflinching justice made him the "Great Father" of thousands of savages over whom no other man, white or red, could exert the least control.

The value of this wonderful power, possessed by Johnson over the Indians was seen throughout the struggle between France and England for supremacy on the continent. By keeping the powerful six nations true to the English Johnson may be said to have saved the day for England. The strategic importance of the state of New York in the French-English war was immense, and it was Johnson's diplomacy in preserving that importance for the English that finally turned the scale. If the terrible Iroquois confederacy had been against the English it is more than likely that the struggle would not have ended as it did. In which event there would have been no English rule in America, and no United States as we now know them.

Johnson died in 1771, in his fifty-ninth year, rich and full of honors, having done far more than his fair part toward the establishment of progressive civilization among men. Our debt to him is incalculable; and we can never be grateful enough to the lassie who gave him the mitten and sent him across the seas to America.

EDGAR LARKIN ANSWERS QUESTIONS IN SCIENCE

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Questions—Since science has triturated matter down to electrons, and as we can pump them all out of a tube, and the mind of man can conceive that—but in the tube there is space, absolutely unafforded—did the creative mind create endless space?—A. Deleglise, San Francisco.

Answer—This question cannot be answered, because the plane of mind manifesting as human—this is, functioning in the human brain and issuing forth in the phrase called thought—cannot commence to think of space. Nor can this mind in man think of the mighty meaning of the word create, yet this same mind is well aware that there is such a world, and that it implies the existence of a mind able to create. For mind is the only entity in existence that can create. That is, to think a thought that has not been thought before. For no object can appear without a preceding thought of it.

Q.—As neither molecules, atoms nor electrons are visible in the most powerful microscope, what is the reason for discarding them for electrons, and how under the circumstances can the size and number of these electrons be determined?—John D. Blake, San Francisco.

A.—To answer this would require six pages of The Bee, filled with cuts and descriptions of scientific instruments. A particle of matter containing 3,000,000 atoms could scarcely, if at all, be seen even in the ultra violet entry microscope. Now let the 3,000,000 atoms separate out into a space fifty or 100 times greater than the solid particle occupies and charge each one with high-pressure electricity. They will move with unthinkable speed. Let them strike the hard metal platinum and it will become white hot, and even melted, if the bombardment is continued. Let the electrons hit the phosphor-cyanide of barium surface of the disk or screen of a Crookes spintharoscope, then at each impact or collision of an electron a minute brilliant flash or spark can be seen. These results of bombarding can be viewed in microscopes of great magnifying power. Rutherford, Thompson and Millikan by intricate methods of damping and isolating have succeeded in singling out one electron. Then by means of an accurate knowledge of each electrical unit of measurement as voted upon by the world's congress of electricians at the world's fairs in Chicago and St. Louis and in Berlin, Paris and London, combined with a perfect working knowledge of the laws ruling force, specific speeds and momentum, joined to complete knowledge of the highest mathematics, all joined in union with the most severe mental work yet surmounted by man, long continued, by these means and processes, the mass, charge of electricity and dimensions of one electron, the absolute unit of the universe, was determined. The secret in: Electrons were made sensitive to human organization by means of the electricity they carry. But the astounding fact now looms, they are entirely electricity. That is, what has for thousands of years passed under the name of mass, is in reality electricity.

Familiar Quotations An Ill Thing Was Never Made Better by Meddling By Nell Brinkley

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IT'S A WISE MOTHER-IN-LAW THAT SITS TIGHT, CLOSES HER LIPS AND ROCKS HARD, WHEN HER MARRIED CHILDREN HAVE A "MAD" ON EACH OTHER.

The Boy Scout

By MINNA IRVING.

The little boy scout goes marching out in a khaki suit or tan. And a broad felt hat with a silver cord. Just like a grown-up man. He feels so big as he swings along in step with the line of boys. That he knows he never again will cry Or play with his childish toys.

The little boy scout is only eight. And his eyes are blue and bright; His mother kisses and tucks him up. In his pretty white bed each night. Tramp, tramp, tramp, on the ward road— He is tired, and hungry, too. But to fall behind in the dusty march Is not what a man would do.

The little boy scout is home again. To bed in the dark he goes. No more afraid of the boggy-bears. That lurk on the stairs he knows. He has learned to conquer the rain of life. As only a brave boy can. And his mother stands to his cot to say: "Good night, my dear little man."