

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Enter Again the Mysterious One

By Tad



A Husband to Bring Up

By WINIFRED BLACK.

"No," said the woman I know, shaking her elderly head with decent elderly vigor. "No, I am not sorry for her at all—or, at least, very little. She married a boy to bring up and then she neglected him. If he has run wild it's as much her fault as his."

"A boy to bring up?"

"Yes," repeated the elderly woman. "Yes, that is what I said and that's what I meant. A boy to bring up; that's what every woman marries when she marries at all these days, and every married woman knows it, too."

"If she isn't too lazy, or too cowardly, or too selfish to bother, she lives up to what she knows, too, or makes a failure of the whole thing."

"Men have no more sense of morals or of responsibility than so many good natured mischievous puppies that are always getting wet and shake the water all over people with perfectly fresh clothes and eating things that make them sick, and getting into fights with dogs that can whip them, and putting their feet in the pan of milk they ought to be drinking and bringing in old shoes from the alley and worrying them right on the parlor sofa, if you let them."

"Little boys used to go to Sunday school and learn what happened in Assyria and Sargina, and to the bad little boys who Sargina, and the prophet names, but, pahaw, what do they learn now? Rag-time songs and rag-time morals, and rag-time comic songs, and moving-picture honesty. How can you expect them to grow up into real men?"

"They don't; they are just big overgrown boys, the best of 'em. They have to be managed and bossed and teased like so many naughty children, and the woman who doesn't want to do that sort of thing had better stay away from the church on the day of the wedding. Women have the whole thing their own way nowadays if they'll only have sense enough to take it."

"Now this little goose of ours who just

sat still and let her husband run away with another man's wife and steal another man's money, and never did a thing but cry about it, what sort of a wife do you call her? Not a good one, at any rate."

"When she saw how things were going why didn't she call a business meeting of the firm and say, 'Look here, now, partner, I don't like the way you're doing. Either you'll have to mend your ways or there'll be trouble. I might let you ruin my life, but I think too much of you to let you ruin your own. Turn right around in the path you're walking, or somebody will come along and make you.'"

"There's the other woman's husband, you know, and her brother, and there are my brothers and my father. You'll have to reckon with them, too." And ten to one that fool of a man would be at home reading the evening paper this minute with his wife, pretending to like it, right opposite him, instead of being chased from one end of the earth to the other by the detectives."

"How about that man we know who's making an idiot of himself over that showgirl? Why, all his wife has to do is to say, 'Henry, come home and behave yourself. If you don't, I'll take the children and you'll have to support us all the rest of your natural life—and never see a eye on a hair of your boy's head again, or a button of your little daughter's shoes.'"

"He'd come to time all right; see of he wouldn't."

"Cry—what's the use of crying? Did you ever know a had boy to keep away from the jam closet because he knew his mother would cry if he went there? Fine mother she'd be to sit down and let him eat himself sick just because it made her cry to think he wanted to do it."

"Little boys—that's all they are; little, selfish, greedy, good-hearted, fool boys, and it's the women's business to teach them to be good."

A few days ago a Missouri judge said to a woman in a case before him: "Why didn't you keep this husband of yours straight?" I wonder what it all means. Is the new woman going to have new responsibilities at home as well as abroad?

What an interesting world it is, to be sure. I'd hate to die and leave it and all its brand-new news just now, wouldn't you?"

On With the Dance

By Tad

Daddydilo

THIS IS A FREE COUNTRY AND WE DO AS WE PLEASE TO.

TIGHTWAD BILKINS LIVED IN A SMALL TOWN. HE NEVER SPENT AN EVENING BUT THE EVENINGS AND USUALLY SPANDERED THOSE AT A NEIGHBORS WHERE THE WEEDS AND BREN WERE GRATIS. BILKINS OWNED EVERYONE IN TOWN TOO. THEY WERE ALL JEALOUS OF HIM BUT HE DIDN'T CARE AT ALL. HE THOUGHT THE NEIGHBORS KNEW HIM AT THE VILLAGE SPEND THRIFT. ONE MORNING HE GOT UP TO BORROW HIS NEIGHBOR'S RAPPER. HE SAW A SIGN ON HIS DOOR WHICH READ: IF A LETTER CARRIER BLOWS HIS WHISTLE DOES A SUBSTITUTE?

ON WITH THE DANCE LET JOY BE UNREFINED.

IT WAS IN THE DINING ROOM OF THE HOTEL AT LONG BEACH. THE THREE ENTERTAINERS WERE TEARING OFF EVENING DRESS KNOWN IN THE LINE OF 306'S. THE TRAMP PLANNER JUST STARTED A RAG WHEN THERE WAS AN ANGRY SPILL OF CROCKERY. SOMEHOW BUSH HAD TRIPPED OVER A TABLE LEG AND WOKED UP UNDER A SHOWER OF CROCKERY STONY DEANS ETC. HIS FIRST WORDS UPON ARISING WERE: HOW CAN WE HAVE A PARADE ON MARCH 17 IF THEY WONT LET THE TURKEY TROT.

LET HIM UP HE'S ALL CUT.

DROP THAT ONYSTER AND LEAVE THE WHARF.

AND GET THE MUSH READY FOR THE MORNING, AFTER THAT I WALK THE FLOOR WITH THE DABBY AN HOUR OR SO THEN I'M FINISHED FOR THE DAY.

GEE YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY.

YEP NOTHIN TO DO TILL TOMORROW.

I'M MARRIED NOW AND GEE IT'S A LEMON. I GET UP AT 6 CALL THE OLD MAN 10 OR 11 TIMES, MAKE THE BREAKFAST, GET THE YOUNG ONES READY FOR SCHOOL, WASH DISHES, EMPTY ASHES, FIX FIRES, AIR THE HOUSE, SWEET UP DUST AND MAKE THE BEDS, DO MARKETING, BLACK STOVES, SCRUB THE FLOORS, WASH IRON AND MEND CLOTHES, THE I BAKE A BIT OF BREAD, DARY THE DOGS, THEN I PUT THE KID TO BED.

The Cotton Gin

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

March 4, 1794.

It was 118 years ago today—March 4, 1794—that Eli Whitney, the New England school master, patented the cotton gin.

The Yankee pedagogue, who was at the time down in Georgia "teaching the young idea how shoot," little realized that his invention was to result in another kind of shooting—between Georgians and New Englanders, northerners and southerners; a shooting that was to light up half a continent with the flames of civil war, and cost the nation, before they were extinguished, the lives of a million of men and the expenditure of billions of treasure.

The cotton gin made cotton culture profitable; cotton culture seemed, in the opinion of the southern planter and the New England slave trader, to necessitate negro slavery; and the mere truth is that negro slavery that brought on the war. It is perfectly true that the south was fighting for the right to have negro slavery without dictation from the north, rather than for negro slavery itself; but it is none the less true that slavery there would have been no trouble.

To get an idea of the effect that the invention of the cotton gin had upon cotton culture, and, therefore, upon slavery, it is only necessary to consider this single fact, that in 1794, the year of Whitney's patent, the cotton product of the whole country was less than 200,000 pounds, while in 1800, six years later, the product had risen to 18,000,000 pounds. And that was merely the beginning, which was to mount up by great leaps and bounds to the 3,000,000,000 of pounds in 1890.

There was prosperity with a vengeance! There was never anything like it. It was wonderful! "King Cotton" was the greatest of monarchs, and upon southern planter and northern trader he showered his riches with a magnificent prodigality. The southern slave holder, delighted with the wealth that there was in cotton, wanted more negro slaves, to make more cotton to make more wealth; and the founders of the "blue blood" houses of Massachusetts and its sister states, and New York, kept the slave ships busy plying between Negroland and southland—and all went merry as a marriage bell.

Of course, there had to come a reckoning. It was very cute and very nice in Mr. Whitney to invent a machine that was able to do the work of 5,000 human hands, but the sequel, the sequel!

Well, the cotton gin is still here; and the 3,000,000,000 of pounds of cotton has grown to 6,000,000,000; and the south is still here, with more people and more wealth than the whole country had in 1800—and slavery is gone—and neither north nor south would have it back again for the world.



Replies to Science Queries

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN

Q.—"How is an arc lamp self-regulated when the carbons are continually burning away? Is the adjustment made by clockwork?"

A.—No; there is no clock. A clock could not make accurate adjustment of distance between carbons unless they waste away absolutely without change of rate. The distance of the points of the carbons, or rather point in one and crater in the other, is maintained by a magnetic apparatus, whose force varies with varying intensity of current in the arc.

Q.—"Is the pressure of light an accepted scientific fact? Is light always curved by heat?"

A.—(1) Light rays exert pressure upon all objects upon which they make impact. The pressure is very minute, but has been detected and measured by exceedingly sensitive apparatus; and is now a settled scientific fact, and amount known.

(2) Light without heat is produced by nature in some instances, notably "auroras"; but the most sensitive thermometers cannot sense their heat. The heat of nebulae seen in large telescopes emitting light is thought to be without heat. These are very large masses of matter in a tenuous condition in fringe space, yet they emit light intense enough to be concentrated by great lenses into the spectroscopes, which proves these bodies to be gaseous.

But how can this gas in void space radiate light? The theory now is that free electrons are in constant motion everywhere in space at high specific speed. These strike the atoms of the gas and generate light, yet without heat; or, if heat is established, it is too weak to be detected along with the light. If this doctrine is not the true one, then the cause of light in frigid nebulae is unknown. In this connection it is perhaps well to say that absolute cold removes all resistance against the transmission of electricity through pure metals. Absolute zero of cold has not yet been reached; but liquid helium approaches near that wonderful point. Then wires of pure metal cooled by this liquid lose all resistance—that is, they become perfect conductors and let all the electricity pass.

My attention has been called to an ap-

parent error in wording made by me in a recent article in The Bee, where my statement made it appear that white-hot ingots of iron and steel are lifted from furnaces by means of powerful electromagnets. This does not mean that the magnet-heads touch the hot ingots, for heat destroys the magnetic properties of metals. Huge masses of metals are lifted by large magnets and carried about foundries by the magnets suspended from cars of overhead tracks. But these masses, weighing tons, are cold. If a hot ingot is to be carried, it must be clutched by cold metal, which may be attached to armatures of lifting magnets by cool rods or chains.

COURT HOUSE BRIBE IN COUNTY SEAT FIGHT

In the old boom days of Sioux City and South Sioux City, twenty years ago, a movement to remove the county seat of Dakota county, Nebraska, from Dakota City to South Sioux City was pushed forward by a quartet of the leading business men of the Nebraska suburb. At the special election which was held on the question of removal, South Sioux City won by a large majority, but the supreme court decided, upon an appeal from Dakota City, that the court house building erected by the real estate boomers of Dakota City was a bribe offered to the voters of the county. The court, bidding to this view, enjoined the removal of the county records from Dakota City. Work on the construction of the new "court house" had proceeded to a point where the plaster was about to be put upon the walls and the doors to the vaults were about to be hung. Upon the announcement of the court's decision the work stopped short and the building has remained in that condition until this day. A photograph was taken of the building on the day the decision was rendered. That photograph shows that the building has not changed in these years. The "court house" is about to be converted into a beer brewery.—Sioux City Journal.

Cooking Secrets of a Famous Chef



WOMEN TO BE GOOD COOKS MUST HAVE PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE AND INSTRUCTION.

Many people have asked me why the most celebrated cooks are men when the kitchen would seem to be a woman's rightful domain.

I have even heard that it is one of the arguments used against woman's suffrage, that men have outstripped her in her particular field.

It isn't true that there are no great women cooks. There are many very remarkable ones. In Europe, especially in Germany, there are women cooks with a big staff of kitchen employees under them in various hotels and restaurants. They are not only excellent cooks, but good managers. A chef has to be both.

The chef has to have at least five years' experience before he can say that he is master of his art.

These five years are years of study only. During that time the future chef is learning his profession at his own expense and working much harder than any regular employe.

I spent one year learning the art of pastry making. Now, few women can afford either the time or money which is needed in learning to cook like that; they have to get their practical experience and instruction while they are earning their living, and naturally their range of knowledge is apt to be limited to the kind of cooking demanded by the small family or the modest restaurant and hotel kitchen.

The chef usually studies in other coun-

By EMILE BAILLY.

tries besides France, which is undoubtedly the main seat of culinary learning. Another question which I am asked very often is: What are the best things to order from a menu. To this I will answer at once—the simple things.

No art can enhance the delicate flavor of good lamb, for instance, fed on salt meadows. The art lies in cooking it so that all the flavor is retained. The same applies to chicken and all kinds of meat and vegetables.

I think that every bill of fare should be printed in such a manner that one knows exactly what one is getting. Fancy names are disguises, very confusing to the average guest.

EGGS WITH LEFT-OVER MEAT.
FOUR COVERS.

Take five good-sized hard tomatoes. Peel them and cut the bottoms off. Scoop out the inside, season with salt and put in a little fine minced chicken mixed with a little sweet cream. Place the tomatoes in a dish and over each one break an egg. Then place the dish in the oven. When the eggs are almost cooked cover them with a thin mixture of chopped ham, beaten up with cream. Put the dish back in the oven and finish cooking it. Serve the tomatoes and eggs on toasted bread covered with a light cream or tomato sauce.

Cream sauce is made by stirring two ounces of butter into two tablespoons of flour over the fire and moistening with a pint and a half of boiling milk. Flavor to taste with salt, ketchup, beetroot, etc., and cook for fifteen minutes. Pour into this half a cupful of sweet cream.

Worth a Drink

The shabby man with the blushing nose approached the stranger who was sipping a cocktail.

"Friend," said the shabby man, "if I can convince you that you have eleven fingers, would you consider me worthy of a drink at your expense?"

"I certainly would," replied the stranger.

"Now start the count," said the shabby man. "On your right hand here are one, two, three, four, five. Now the left hand—six, seven, eight, nine, ten."

"You lose," announced the stranger.

"Nay, nay," said the shabby man. "We will count back. See—ten, nine, eight, seven, six—and five on your other hand are eleven."

He got the drink.—Washington Star.

Only a few men have such an interesting career that they can make money selling their autobiographies.

The Jealous Wife

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER.

Last summer, seated upon a hotel veranda, I was an interested listener to a conversation between two women, both married, and, the casual observer would have judged satisfied with their condition.

In spite of the fact that I, a comparative stranger, made a third in their group, they discussed their experience with the green-eyed monster, jealousy, freely. One confessed honestly and unembarrassedly that she was jealous of her husband; the other said, with more evidence of regret than her companion manifested, that she was "sometimes a little jealous of James."

She added: "So far as I can discover he has never given me any actual cause to feel so, but I doubt if any woman can love her husband deeply and not be jealous of him."

The remark made a lasting impression upon me, and I have thought of it often since then. To be jealous is to be so uncomfortable that one would, I should think, avoid the state as one would shun smallpox. I have pondered on the subject so seriously that the other day I turned to the definition of jealous in the dictionary at my elbow. I read as follows: "Anxiously watchful; suspiciously vigilant; suspicious."

Must one be those things in order to love deeply? If so, love cannot be a happy condition, but a species of painful insanity.

"Anxiously watchful." Yes, many wives are that. I wonder if men appreciate how many. "Suspiciously vigilant"—and these women claim they love their husbands enough to entrust to them their lives and fortunes. Then why not trust their love?

Perhaps I do not look at such matters in the conventional orthodox fashion—but if one does not trust a man, why ever marry him? The Good Book informs us that "perfect love casts out fear." Is a fearful and doubting love then perfect? Understand, I am not at this point in this familiar talk speaking of the woman who has good and sufficient reason to be suspicious of her husband, but of the woman who is "anxiously watchful" in principle, and because she has the habit of being so.

Why should she watch? Why not rather decline to allow her doubts to make a slave of her? Does she, herself, never enjoy chatting with any entertaining man besides her own husband? Then is she not foolish to be made unhappy because she sees that same husband talking with an attractive woman or engaged in conversation with a bright and lively girl?

There is a word right here that I would say to wives—a word they may do well to remember. It is this: It is a mistake ever to let a husband think you are jealous of him. It produces upon the masculine mind one of two effects—he is either amused or resentful.

If he is indifferent to his wife, he may be scornfully amused; if he loves and trusts her and is a decent sort generally, his feeling is one of indignant resentment when he becomes aware of her

Jealousy. What, he reasons, has he ever done that the woman he loves cannot believe in him and in his protestations of affection? If he is not a very decent sort he may add, angrily, that since she suspects the worst of him he may as well have the game as the name.

Jealousy is so futile, so ruinous. Let us look at it in a cool, philosophical way, if possible. I acknowledge that it is hard to be philosophical where one's feelings for the opposite sex are concerned, but let us try. If your husband loves you enough to remain absolutely faithful to you, you wrong him shamefully if you doubt him and are "suspiciously vigilant" of him. If, on the other hand, he loves you so little that he will be unfaithful to you, your vigilance will do no good, for if you suspect him and accuse him he will keep on in the course upon which he has entered—only he will be more careful than ever to conceal it from you. So in either case your watchfulness would be useless.

But, to do men justice, I do believe that there are hundreds of thousands of good, honorable, faithful husbands. I know that cynics and man-haters will sneer at this statement of mine, and will scoff at my credulity. Some disappointed wives will do the same, and one can hardly blame them. Yet it is a pity to let one unfortunate experience make one doubt an entire class.

Men are not trained as are women; their ideas are different. I have known good husbands who would hold a pretty woman's hand and mean no harm by it. It was but an amusing episode in their lives, one that was forgotten five minutes after it occurred. But if the man's wife had seen it, do you suppose that she would ever forget it or ever let him do so? If she would, she is an exceptionally wise woman (there are such), and will probably retain her husband's love always.

If she does not retain it she may be sensible enough to appreciate that a love that requires watching lest it escape is not worth the guarding. The sooner one learns to live without the worthless thing the better.

And what about the husband whose wife's hands another man holds for a half-minute longer than that is absolutely conventional—will he be unjealous and philosophical, too? Well, as Kipling would say, "That is another story," and one that is too long to begin just now. Moreover, we are dealing with the wife's suspicions, not the husband's. A woman must, if she would be happy, trust the man she loves.

If he is worth loving, he is worth trusting; if he is not worth trusting, he is not worth loving. Let her then determine to believe that he is as honorable as she is, if she really loves him, and such being the case, let her set for him an example of honest faith and open dealing by refusing to wink so low that she can be "anxiously watchful" or "suspiciously vigilant" of a husband who has never given her just cause to be jealous of him.