



# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

## Judge Rummy Got it All Balled Up

## Drawn for The Bee by Tad



**EXTRA!**

**Hired Assassins Attempt to Kill Noted New York Judge.**

Judge Alexander Rumbaugh set upon by thugs who almost kill him.

On his way to court this morning noted jurist was enticed to a gilded cafe where rough necks jump upon him and treat him roughly.

The silk hat Harry divorce case has been postponed owing to Rumbaugh's bum leg.

### Happy-Go-Lucky

By WINIFRED BLACK.

A millionaire for a day. That's what they called him, the man who went east not long ago throwing quarters out of the car window and tipping the waiters like a crazy man.

What a bad name for him. Little did the one who gave him the name know anything about millionaires.

How many of them do you know—millionaires? A dozen or so?

How many of them did you ever see throwing money out of car windows or anywhere else? Do tell!

A millionaire for a day. Do you know what I'd do if I wanted to make people of discernment think I was a millionaire? I'd count every penny till my eyes ached, and I'd look dangerous, at every one who seemed to expect me to spend a cent of it.

Traveling? Why, look at that man there in the seat opposite you in the dining car. He's a millionaire or next door to one. I'll stake a good dinner on it.

How do I know? Why, can't you see him counting what every thing is going to cost before he orders it? Look, he's calculating whether another chicken ought to have a separate order of richly or not, or whether she couldn't get on with a part of his and—There he's telling his son that it doesn't do to eat too much traveling; it is bad for the digestion.

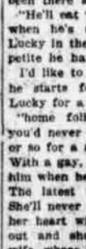
Tip? Not so you'd notice it. He'll watch the waiter and get a chance to slip out of the car without remembering him at all, if he's a real millionaire.

That's the way you can tell them. That's how he got his money—by watching it. And that's the way he is going to keep it, too.

The man across the aisle there, who's he? He's a poor relation, and always going to be a poor relation, too. It takes no prophet to tell us that. He couldn't raise a \$100 at a minute's notice to save his life; but just observe the dinner theascal is ordering.

Soup, bird's salad, wine—the most expensive on the card, but wine—desert. I'll warrant he takes the best cigar the car manager has, too.

He's out for a trip with a hundred or so in his pocket, and, dear me, how he



is enjoying it! And he will go to a good hotel, too, the spendrift, and have one of the best rooms in the place, and every bellboy in the establishment will know the number of his room before he's been there a day.

"He'll eat when he's hungry and drink when he's dry," like dear Happy-Go-Lucky in the old tale. And what an appetite he has and what a thirst!

I'd like to look into his suitcase when he starts for home. Trust Happy-Go-Lucky for a bag full of presents for the "home folks." Queer presents—things you'd never think of. An alligator pear or so for a salad, just to surprise them. With a gay, knowing fellow they'll think him when he shows them how to eat it. The latest thing in fads for mother. She'll never wear it, dear soul, but how her heart will warm when she takes it out, and shows it to the millionaire's wife, whose husband never brought anything as personal as that for her in his life. Why should he? Hasn't she her own bank account and dress allowance? Hunted all over town for that book the spiritualistic old aunt who lives with him wants. And what's this, a vanity box for little sister? You couldn't afford that, Happy-Go-Lucky, you know you couldn't, an imitation metal would have done just as well.

Theater? He's been to every one in town, and he's taking the program home to show, too, and he can remember the plot of every play he saw and the very costume of the girl on the end of the row—well—he won't say so much about that, but he'll remember it.

How delighted they will be to see Happy-Go-Lucky at home. How dull the house has been without him.

He'll whistle all the new tunes and tell all the new jokes and who'll care whether he has a penny in the bank or not, or whether his note is good in the market?

For? Well, maybe, from the standpoint of his rich uncle; but whither? What's money for if it hurts you to do anything with it?

For my foolish part I'd rather spend a dollar and let it ring when I drop it on the counter than to have a thousand of his brothers locked up somewhere and get heart disease every time I imagine I might lose some of them.

Rich, poor—what relative terms they are, after all.

A millionaire for a day. You didn't know how to play the part, Mr. Man, and any one who knows anything about the breed will tell you that.

### The Dog's Story

By PERCY SHAW.

(Amundson has given away the dogs who made the trip to the Pole.)

But the soul of a dog is a thing of clay.  
You have written it down; you have said you know.  
Do the words of your choosing make it so?

We clung to him when the way was steep;  
When our feet were sore, when our eyes were dim;  
When we groaned for food, when we ached for sleep  
We strained at his voice and we lived for him.

Stark walls dared us—their peaks we scaled;  
We toiled, we suffered, but on we sped.  
Shall a hero say that his dog teams failed  
When they dragged his fame on a burdened sled?

The blizzard came and the ice flakes flew  
Like the bite of firebrands thick and deep;  
Three of our brothers were gone, we knew  
The song of the dark was the call to sleep.

In the teeth of the gale we picked our dog  
(As men in the stress of despair might do);  
Sublime is the soul of a man, you say,  
We sent him back through the snow-walled fog  
To look for his brothers—the all he knew.

He found them and died—but on we went—  
"The end of the world!" was the hero's cry;  
Our leaders sank and their flesh was rent  
(Man eats his brother, so why not I?)

The hero won; on a springtime day  
He reached the end of the long rainbow;  
Stopped, then raced on his homeward way  
To let his world of the mortals know.

We who clung when the way was steep,  
He gave away to a needy friend.  
Oh, different far is the faith we keep  
In the crowded mart or the world's bleak end!

Sublime is the soul of a man, you say,  
But the soul of a dog is a thing of clay.  
Do you still believe who have writ it so?  
Are you sure in your wisdom you know you know?

### Daddydile

"NO YOU CAN'T JUDGE A CHICKEN BY THE PARLEY" ROUND THE DISH.

THE MOONSHINERS WERE IN THE HANDS OF THE LAW AT LAST. CROCKERY GIM HAWKINS THE SHERIFF ON HIS GALLANT STEED LED THEM ALONG THE MOUNTAIN PASS TO THE COOLER. HIS TRUSTY GUN WAS OVER HIS SHOULDER. SUDDENLY WHITE WINE WILL HALTED AND RAISED HIS PAV. "BUT WHO IT WATS UP PINK THE SHERIFF. WILL WHINED. HOW IS IT SHERIFF THAT THE BEST SHIPS COOK ALWAYS MAKES A "MESS" OF HIS MEALS

SH-H-I'M CRAZY ABOUT YOU.

HA-HA, I'M A LAWYER NOW GET UP AT 6 BEFORE THE BEST OF THE HOUSE THE BARE MY BREAKFAST RUSH TO THE TRAIN. GET TO THE OFFICE AT 10 AND ANSWER MAIL

STUDY THE COURT CALENDAR, TAKE A GLANCE AT A NEW LAW BOOK, SEE SOME POOR CUL, SEE THEM THE GATE POST, SEE MORE WITH DOLLY RUJA TO COURT, MEET THE JUDGE BEFORE HE CASE

COLLECT FEEL, PREPARE MORE CASES AT 7 TAKE OUT A JUDGE AND A FEW POLICE OFFICIALS FOR EARLY SHOW THEM THE HIGH JUMPS, HOME AT 3, PUT THE KETTLE ON FOR HOT WATER IN MORNING

YES YOU'RE A HAPPY GUY

YEP NOTHING TO DO TILL TOMORROW

HASTLEY ACHMET, THE BASTINADO.

PUT THAT WHEEL BARROW DOWN, WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT MACHINERY?

IF A CARTON IT IS CROOKED IS AN ILLUSTRATOR?

### The Unification of the World

By GARRETT P. SERVIS.

Hudson Maxim, inventor of high explosives and terrible guns, and discoverer of the "science of poetry," believes that "in a very short time there will be only three countries in the world—the United States of Asia (including Europe), the United States of Africa and the United States of America."

I have a high regard for Mr. Maxim, but I cannot put much faith in his "three-nation world." I think that, like Napoleon, he underestimates the strength of race feeling. The great Corsican wrecked himself on that error. Only at St. Helena, where he had time to think in quiet, did he begin to comprehend why the English, the Germans and the Spaniards would never stay down after he had put them down. Even his genius could not unite Europe.

Asia and Europe united in a single nation! The white and the yellow, separated by a psychological gulf that has never been spanned, and yet blended under one flag and following one ideal! Such a thing is in contradiction to the whole course of history.

We are apt to be blinded by the brilliancy of modern mechanical triumphs. Because we have brought all parts of the planet into close communication with railroads, telegraphs and steamships; because we see Japanese wearing derby hats and shooting American guns and Chinese rolling their pistols into chignons and perceiving the advantages of republican government, we assume that the world is all one now, and that it requires but the waving of a fairy wand to banish forever the differences that have divided men from time immemorial and

that are implanted as deep in their nature as is their mother's milk.

Intelligence is common to all men. They only need education and opportunity in order that all shall adopt the advantages of modern discoveries in science, government and sociology. It is that sense the world is fast becoming one. But behind all that the differences of mental constitution that 300 centuries may not eliminate—if they ever can be eliminated.

The unprecedented success of our American experiment in self-government also tends to make us dreamers when we turn our thoughts to the unification of the world. But we lose sight of the unparalleled series of circumstances that have favored us.

We have made one nation of all the best part of North America because, in the first place, this whole country was practically unoccupied when our ancestors landed on its shores, and then, owing to historic causes, the entire land fell under the dominion of a single race, and before other races began to send their sons here in considerable numbers we had become so dominant that they had, perforce, to make themselves one with us.

The second cause operating in our favor was geographic in its nature.

East of the Rocky mountains the whole land is a geographic unity, and, fortunately, before another civilization could grow up west of the mountains the railroads had shot through them and the telegraph lines over them, so that we, alone in the history of the world, have achieved the seeming miracle of leveling a great mountain range as a barrier to common nationality.

But as long as the world stands it will be composed of many nations, cultivating many different ideals, and they will continue to struggle with one another, to their great mutual advantage, although in a broad sense, they will be brothers, and will cease to fight one another with dynamite.

The war of the future will be the war of brains, not of bullets.



### Cooking Secrets of a Famous Chef

How to Make Fine Sauces and Other Relishes.

By EMILE BAILLY.

The moment you talk of French cooking you summon up thoughts of marvelous sauces. The sauce is pre-eminently French, but nowadays it is a much-abused addition to cooking.

There are many hundreds of sauces. Every one has created one, at least; but all of these sauces are made from one of three sauces—called in French "les sauces meres"—the mother sauces.

These sauces are:  
Sauce Bechamel,  
Sauce Allemande, or German sauce,  
Sauce Espagnole, or Spanish sauce.

Of course, every hotel and restaurant keep these principal sauces on hand all the time, so that all orders for different sauces can be filled at once, but it is a good idea for a house keeper when making one of these sauces to put some of it away for future use.

Carefully strained and placed on ice, the sauces will keep some time, and of course, they are always valuable in fixing up dishes and left overs.

There is an art in cooking, a gift which only the born cook possesses and which so amount of teaching will impart in preparing sauces. I can give the same recipe in twenty assistants and every one will make it just a little different, but the born cook will have a sauce which is perfection.

Bechamel sauce was first made by the marquis of Bechamel, who rose very high in the estimation of his master, Louis XIV of France, because of the sauce he invented. It is made in this way: Take 25 grammes of butter and 20 grammes of flour (21 grammes make an ounce). Wet this with four quarts of boiling milk and boil it gently for three hours. Add seasoning (mirepoix, see below), rub through a sieve and beat it thoroughly. Place a piece of butter on top to keep it smooth. Let it thicken it is to be kept for some time, but be sure that it is perfectly smooth.

SAUCE ALLEMANDE.  
Take some white stock made of veal bones and left over; add water, carrots and onions stuck with cloves, a bouquet of kitchen herbs, several grains of pepper and salt. Let it boil three hours and strain through muslin into a sauce-



LOBSTER SAUTE WITH RICE. An easy way to make this delicious dish is fully described in the accompanying article by M. Bailly.

pan. Have ready 200 grammes of butter and 20 grammes of flour. Melt together and cook for a few minutes without letting it brown; add three quarts of the white stock described above and let it boil for three hours, skimming it when necessary. To add to the taste, put in mirepoix which has not been browned and made without lard. This is not absolutely necessary. Strain the sauce and put it aside. In a large saucepan put 1 1/2 quarts of cream, 1/2 of the juice or water in which mushrooms have been cooked, add a little lemon juice and nutmeg. Whip all together and thicken over a good fire. Strain through muslin and beat it until cold. Get aside for use when needed. This recipe is not as complicated as it may seem. The quantities given may be greatly reduced and only enough made for the immediate use of two persons.

SAUCE ESPAGNOLE (SPANISH SAUCE).  
In a deep saucepan melt 200 grammes of butter or good grease, with 400 grammes of flour. Let it get slightly brown, then add five quarts of beef or veal stock. Boil it for four hours on the back of the stove. When it starts to boil add this mirepoix, which goes into all the sauces and is a famous French seasoning: MIREPOIX.  
One big carrot, two onions, two pieces of celery, one sprig of thyme, parsley, two laurel leaves, pepper grains, half pound of bacon or smoked lard. Cut the lard, onion, carrots and celery into small pieces, put in the lard or bacon, let it melt, add the other ingredients and brown them, then turn them into sauce.

Strain the whole into a casserole and put it back on the fire next day with 1/4 quarts of tomato juice and 1/4 quarts of soup stock. Bring it to the boiling point and let it simmer for three hours. Strain frequently. Pass through a Chinese strainer and then through muslin. Put it in a bowl or jar and stir until it is cold. Use when needed. Many cooks make these sauces in a few hours and wonder why the result is not what it should be. Slow, careful preparation is needed to make a perfect sauce. The more care a cook takes the better the result.

The two illustrations today give an idea of serving dishes tastefully. The one shows the popular apple salad in its own apple dish, the other is



A TASTEFUL WAY TO SERVE APPLE SALAD.

### The Ideal Marriage

By DR. FRANK CRANE.

Let us think to the end and consider what the ideal marriage ought to be. Let us for a moment put away all practical ideas, common sense arrangements, adjusting ourselves to things as they exist, and all that. Frequently light can be thrown on the perplexities of present problems by stripping them of their concreteness and treating them in their claim absolute. Algebra often saves time that baffles arithmetic.

Marriage is never going to be ideal until it is absolutely free in choice. The only reason for getting married should be the mutual, irresistible attraction of love.

Any other factor mixed into the matter is bad. Hence, economic dependence is not good. No woman ought to get married in order to be supported.

Somewhat, I know not how, marriages ought to be removed from the list of occupations, where it now too often is among school teaching and typewriting.

The fundamental thing to do, then, is in some way to render woman economically independent. Thus her selection of a husband need not be alloyed with the base metal of seeking a means of livelihood.

For this reason I look upon the invasion by women of the many fields of business as, on the whole, a move in the right direction, although, like all human conditions, it is naturally accompanied with some peril.

"Whatever," says E. H. Griggs, "tends to free women from any external compulsion to marry places marriage itself upon a nobler plane."

Secondly, the permanency (and, hence, the beauty) of marriage can not finally rest on strict divorce laws. Outer compulsion of this kind is well enough at present, owing to our "barrenness of heart" and our imperfect morals, but at last the sureness and firmness of marriage must depend upon the development of an appreciation of the worth and beauty and joy of it.

I believe in monogamy, not because of any law or authority, but because it is psychologically and physiologically the most satisfactory arrangement for the ideal expression of love of women and love of children. Any other system debases the affection of man and woman, and results in cruelty and injustice to the child.

There is no hope for the family outside of the growth in the race of strong ethical and religious feelings; that is, a sense of the sacredness and nobleness of sex relations. It must be something man

wants to work for, suffer for, and, if need be, die for.

And then marriage must be between equals. I do not mean in rank or money or education, nor any such idiosyncy, but in nature. It must be eye to eye, and hand in hand. There must be no superiority. A man is most manly when he is womanized; that is, when his strength is made gentle and forbearing and kind. A woman is most womanly when she is thoroughly mingled with the manly qualities; that is, when her tenderness and sweetness acquires power and firmness and practicality.

Love does this. Love is the equalizer. It is the hydrostatic paradox of souls, for as a column of water rises to the same level in an inch tube and a six-inch tube when they are joined, so love puts two souls on a spiritual level.

After all, therefore, love is the hope of the race. With it we shall go on up to divine stature; without it we shall surely revert to barbarism.

Thus Tennyson:  
For woman is not undeveloped man.  
But diverse; could we make her as the man  
Sweet love were slain; his dearest bond  
Is this—  
Not like to like, but like in difference.  
The solution of marriage, therefore, depends on three things: Freedom, nobleness and equality. More deeply, on one thing—love.

### POINTED PARAGRAPHS

Grounds for divorce may be the cemetery of love.

Getting rich quick is as dangerous as it is difficult.

A man with money to burn seldom starts a conflagration.

A man has reached the turning point after a pretty girl passes by.

Love is apt to be blind until a third party enters—then it can see a mile.

Perhaps a young widow might get rid of her weeds by marrying a gardener.

Nothing joins an eyelid like the refusal of people to pay any attention to him.

When an old man dies and his relatives say that he is better off the chance or that he is.

A man may think the world of a woman, but he should remember that there are others in the world.

Rather than lose out at the last minute, the bride will promise to obey—but she always has her fingers crossed.

Chicago News.