

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge Remembered it Well

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



The Marriage Market

By DOROTHY DIX.

A man writes me a letter in which he asks this question: "Don't you think the reason why girls are more anxious to marry than men is because when a girl marries she gets a meal ticket, and a man divides his?"



Are girls more anxious to marry than men? I doubt it. Of course there is a tradition that woman persuades man and drags him, or inveigles him to the altar, but this is a fiction that has grown out of masculine vanity.

A girl likes to have beaux because to have a lot of men dangling after is the visible and tangible proof of her good looks and her attractiveness. A girl likes masculine society, and she likes a good time that a man can show her. She enjoys the theaters, the dances the candy and flowers that she showers along her pathway, but that does not necessarily indicate that she is trying to kidnap some youth into the matrimonial fold.

cause for his sake she is willing to undergo all of the hardships and privations, and sacrifices of matrimony.

And let us thank God that this is true, and that it is going to be true as women come more and more into their own, and the doors of opportunity are opened wider to them. Men may not have thought of this, but the girl of today is the first girl that a man could marry without suspecting that she was marrying him for a support. Our grandmothers, and even our mothers, had no other way of making a living except by marrying for it, and our papas and grandpapas must have often asked themselves whether they represented their wives' ideal, or merely a good thing to them.

This generation of women is the first in the world who were not compelled to sell themselves in matrimony. The girls of today can consult their hearts instead of their necessities about marrying, and undoubtedly that is going to enormously increase the pro rata of happy marriages.

As for my correspondent's assertion that girls are more anxious to marry than men because when a girl marries she gets a meal ticket and a man halves his, that is nonsense. No more girls marry to get a meal ticket than men marry to get a woman to whom they don't have to pay wages. And the proportion of both is infinitesimal.

EXPRESS WHAT'S IN YOU

By DR. FRANK CRANE.

Of all the various grounds of happiness that have been imagined and advertised, the surest is this:

To express what is in you.

The more one thinks of that and turns it over and over, trying its bearing on different phases of life, the more one is convinced that here, and here alone, is the secret of efficiency, of real success, of scientific (i. e., not authoritative) morality, and so of happiness.

Just look at it. "To express what is in you" that means to create.

As religion teaches us that we are the children of God made in His likeness, so our greatest pleasure is in the same kind as His, which is creation.

Hence, the noblest of passions, love, in its intensest manifestations is bound up with the creative instinct.

No woman ever did a diviner piece of work than to have a child, to reproduce her own life in another life.

And to express what is in you is the secret of that most moral, most anti-criminal, most mind-sane and body-healthy thing in which a soul can function, to wit: Work.

The joy in work I reckon the chief conserving instinct of the race.

For in every one of us is a desire to make something. It is noticeable in children. Their play shows it. They build houses, sailboats, ride horses and contrive and produce constantly in the nursery.

So, if a man has wood carving in his blood he will never be happy till he carves wood. Another man is born with sculptor of marble blown in his metal, another with the passion to speak in public, another for banking, another for poetry, another with the itch for writing.

Every soul comes into the world with an inborn craving, a propulsion in some certain direction. Let him find and follow it. That way lies his happiness.

The men who are running the world's locomotives and tilling the world's crops and writing the world's books are not doing it for money; they are doing it for fun. They may deny it and laugh; but rob them of their work and they would be miserable.

Their work is the expression of what is in them.

I said, too, morality.

For, when you think to the bottom of morality, nothing is so utterly, purely moral as doing as you please.

The very fact that this might land you in crime shows how moral it is. For the sinner who does what he desires is simply a known sinner, who is always a healthier subject than the undiscovered sinner, the man full of wrong wants controlled.

For real morality consists not in governing one's vile instincts, but in getting rid of them.

Herein Jesus was the wisest teacher, who said that the only sensible morality was to be "born again," which simply means that we should not aim at the fool's task of eternally repressing bad desires, but at the intelligent task of ousting them.

Express what is in you. So doing you will come to encourage and cultivate the better parts of you. You will be ashamed from lowness.

Let the soul go; and the more beautiful forms of its life will outflow the brighter.

This is a very perilous doctrine, because it is so true. The only real safe doctrines are those that are half false.

Quick, Watso! The Needle!! -:- By Tad

Daffydils DON'T TELL ME - I KNOW THAT BOOB - THE ONLY THING HE EVER READ WAS A BILL OF FARE

THEY FOUND THE MUTT ON THE PUBLIC HIGHWAY HE SEEMED TO HAVE LOST HIS SENSE OF DIRECTION SO STOOD STILL SKIPPING THOUGHT THERE MIGHT BE A REWARD SO HE AND CHICK THOUGHT IT OVER HIS ADDRESS MIGHT BE ON THE COLLAR PIPED JIMMY LETS TAKE A SLANT AT IT THEN DID RIGHT ACROSS THE COLLAR IT SAID BECAUSE THE ATLANTIC OCEAN WASHES EVERYTHING AROUND WOULD YOU CALL IT AN ANTI-FLATION OCEAN?

DROP THAT WHEELBARROW, QUICK WATSON, THE NEEDLE

IF IN THE 24 HOUR MAN MORN WITH A CIRCUS BOING ONE NIGHT STANDS SAY ITS SIMPLE I HAVE TO GET TO A TOWN IN HOURS BEFORE THE SHOW - HIRE THE LOT

EMERGE A GROUND MAN ORDER HAVE A PIPED ORDER MILK AND COFFEE BUY LOADS OF BANDUST ARRANGE FOR POSTERS SEE ALL THE NEWS PAPERS AND WRITE ADVANCE NOTICES

ORDER EXTRA POLICE BEEN ARRANGE WITH THE R.R. FOR DEPARTING - THEY MIGHT GRAB AN EARLY TRAIN FOR THE NEXT TOWN SLEEP ON THE WAY DO THE THING ALL OVER THEM HIT FOR THE NEXT PLACE

THE COLONEL WAS UP ON THE PLATFORM HONEY FUSLING THE SMALL TOWN BOYS TO BEAT THE BAND HE WAS JUST STARTING TO TELL HOW HE KNOCKED AN ELEPHANT DEAD WITH ONE PUNCH WHEN - CRASH THE PLATFORM FEL - IN WITH ONE HERO THE MOB FLANKED FROM HIS NECK HE IMMEDIATELY MOUNTED A LIPOR AND SPOWING HIS TONGUE PIPED IF TART IS GOD NATURED IS TIM WOOD RUFF

GEE YOU'RE A HAPPY GUY

YEP NOTHIN TO DO TILL TOMORROW

The Busted Joy Ride

By HAL COFFMAN.



Science Questions

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Q. Has the moon any influence on vegetation?

A. The moon is made of material supposed to be stone, since its specific gravity is about that of the rocks within reach here on earth. It reflects the light it receives from the sun to the earth, but in greatly weakened proportion. Therefore this light will affect plants in the same ratio. The effect is very small, indeed. Heat energy sent from the sun to the moon is very nearly the same as that radiated to the earth, but the quantity sent from the moon to the earth is so small that it is almost negligible.

Q. Please answer this question in The Bee. Is there any scientific reason why the hind wheels of a wagon should be higher than the front? Would a load pull as easily on a wagon when all the wheels are on the same height?

A. In an ordinary wagon the mechanical principle of the incline plane is made available slightly. Let the bottom of the wagon be level, then it will be slightly inclined to a straight line drawn from the front to the rear axle. This inclination helps in drawing the load on the principle of a ball rolling down an inclined surface.

Q. Is it a fact that the waters at the North pole are higher than at the South pole?

A. Water at the sea level at both poles is at the same distance from the center of the earth. From Shackleton's explorations at points within 100 miles of the South pole it is thought that the pole itself is on a high plateau, as great as 10,000 feet in altitude. Water or ice up there would, of course, be that much above sea level—the true base of all determinations. But from water at both poles must be at equal distances from the earth's center, for the force of gravitation is the same at equal distances from the earth's center of gravity.

Q. Will you kindly tell me if the star Canopus was visible from the ancient city of Ur, in Chaldea, 6,000 years ago; or has the precession of the constellations lowered the celestial dome, taking Canopus out of the line of vision of Chaldea entirely?

A. Canopus, the brightest star, is at present 32 degrees 40 minutes south of the celestial equator. The exact location of Ur in Chaldea, mentioned in Genesis, xii:8-9, is unknown; but the ruins commonly called those of ancient Ur are close to latitude 31 degrees north.

But the giant star is near to 74 degrees in south latitude now, or that far south of the earth's orbit. But with the crossing point of the sun in between the North Pole and the star, the equator is 23 degrees 22 minutes farther north, and the south horizon that much higher. Hence Canopus did not rise above it and could not be seen from Ur. Then good Father Abraham, unless he journeyed far to the south of Ur, never saw the brilliant star Canopus, even if he lived 4,000, 5,000 or 2,000 B. C.

Q. As wireless telegraphy uses atmospheric waves to convey a message, it most probably will be confined to our own atmosphere. But is it not probable that light waves may be used to convey messages from earth to other planets supposed to be inhabited?

A. Waves in wireless telegraphy are ether waves, not air waves—that is, scientists teach that electrical impulses are a medium named ether, which is supposed to exist in all space and in all matter. No absolute proof is had of the existence of this ether; yet light and electricity both appear to require it for transmission. Some say that this is proof sufficient. At all events, the air is not set into vibration by the electric impulses in wireless work. Human beings cannot send messages by the agency of light to any planet in the solar system. And this for reasons which I have twice explained at length within recent years, notably regarding signals to Mars.

The First Long Pants

By C. A. RIDLEY.

'Twas a tonic to live in his atmosphere—that boy of mine—when the one perplexing question of getting his first long pants was settled. It had been the ever recurring and all-hampering question of his boy world for the past several months. Two of his chums had donned the enviable article, and for all the succeeding weeks the dangling legs or long trousers had fluttered in his dreams.

And now the thing is fixed. The real suit, with genuine long pants, has been purchased and the vision has become reality. But the boy's father finds himself wrestling with another vision, the passing of the small boy.

Since he could toddle with uncertain step that boy had been my companion and chum, but always as my own little boy. And now the clock is striking a new hour. Time is pressing unpleasant claims upon me. Somehow I feel the pressure of unseen hands as they are trying to pry open my fingers and loosen my grasp on the dying stream of the past.

The passing of the small boy! How it marks an epoch! How it changes things! Just yesterday I had a little boy, and tonight in my dreams, as in his, he has grown far on toward the sunlit heights of manhood. Tomorrow and a few to-morrows and the small boy will have gone forever.

I've dreamed much and often of the day when he would be a man, but I didn't know it would bring such moods and meditations as these. I want him to be man—a real man—but somehow I want him to remain a boy also. Perhaps I am disturbed over the seeming break that come in our fellowship, and yet, why should we not continue chums and pals to the end.

But I have lost my boy. He went away yesterday, and while the shadows hung their drapery across the world, a would-be man came in his stead. Only in memory shall I ever see my little boy again. Heaven's blessing on the memory. It is beautiful now, but should I live until the witchery of faded years is thrown over it, it will be more beautiful still. In the dim, uncertain future the recollections that now play around my little boy of yesterday will be glorified. Star-strawed and luminous I trust they will be when, leaning upon the strong arm of my big boy, I shall tremblingly wade through the shadows of life's evening into the twilight sheen of fadefest days.

And yet it takes more than long pants to make a man. May the elements be well mixed in him whom time is so ruthlessly tearing from me. May he grow on and up into a fearless, courageous manhood.

There is no room on the lower rungs of life's ladder and never will be. Aspiration is capital. Ambition is better than bank stock. Character is the only commodity that alloy will not cheapen.

And my final word to the small boy as he passes on is: "Be a real man!"

Ancient Puppet Play.

In a Berlin newspaper there is a description of a benefit performance which took place at Munich in honor of the birthday of Josef Schmid, popularly known as "Papa Schmid." The beneficiary has been the manager of a theater since 188, on the stage of which only dolls appear. "Through all the changes which have taken place on the stage and in its management," writes the correspondent, "Schmid has remained true to the puppet play, and children who laughed and wept over his Kasperl plays have seen their grandchildren do likewise."

Where the Weed Grows.

Tobacco is grown in forty-six states. Last year's production was 90,000,000 pounds. Fourteen southern states produced 44,000,000 pounds or 49 per cent of the country's crop. Kentucky alone produced 38,000,000 pounds, or more than 30 per cent of the total crop of the country and over 40 per cent of the southern crop. After Kentucky, Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee follow in tobacco production in the order named—Louisville Courier-Journal.