



The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT :- Don't Count Your Chickens Before They're Hatched :- Drawn for The Bee by Tad

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What Man Should You Marry?

By DOROTHY DIX.

A woman who is getting her fourth divorce, and who should have cut her wisdom teeth on husbands and know whereof she speaks, advises all girls to marry old men. She says that a young man does not know how to treat a wife, and it is only the elderly husband who is tender, kind and considerate to a woman, and who may be safely trusted out of her sight. "I'm I wonder? Of course there is an old proverb that has been handed down from mother to daughter for ages that says, "It is better to be an old man's darling than a young man's slave." But like other proverbs this one is only true in spots and under certain conditions, and, as a general thing, the girl who marries an old man, thinking that he will make of her a pampered pet, finds that she has been grievously gold bricked in the transaction. She has got the old husband, and the slavery to boot.



and when he does love it is with an ardor that makes the calf love of youthful Romeo taste like milk and water beside champagne. He is a man at the full maturity of his powers, knowing what he needs in a wife, body and soul, and the woman who marries him need never give herself a moment's uneasiness as to his loyalty. He's seen the whole generation of charmers and passed them by for his ideal, and the flattery of the thing is enough to keep a woman dazed with happiness. Moreover, the man of forty has sown his wild oats. He is ready to settle down and be as domestic as the house cat, and he is almost tearfully appreciative of the efforts a woman makes to make him a good home. Finally, to glide the lily and paint the rose, the man of forty can nearly always give his wife a comfortable living, which is not a thing to be despised. So, if you want a soft snap, girls, marry a man of forty.

But at what age is it safest to take a matrimonial risk on a man? Twenty? Thirty? Forty? Fifty? Sixty? Pass up twenty to begin with. Heaven help the girl who is fool enough to marry a boy of twenty! At twenty a man has all the matrimonial faults in the calendar, and none of the virtues. He is callow, egotistical, self-centered, selfish, undeveloped, unstable, and marries with him spells certain misery. There's a divorce coupon that goes with nearly every marriage license that is issued to a boy of twenty.

The woman who marries a man of fifty can count on being bossed good and plenty, but very often fifty is able to offer some very attractive charms in the shape of automobiles and country places along with itself. Still, girls don't marry a man of fifty unless you are sure middle name is Patient Griselda. As for sixty, beware. All old people are tyrannical, and the elderly husband of a young wife can give lifelike imitations of all the fifty-seven different varieties of jealousy, and then some. If you marry a man of sixty you qualify as a nurse for rheumatism and gout, and being a slave to an old man's whims. And that's no picnic, believe me. Never marry a man of sixty, girls, without having a good lawyer draw up the settlements.

The Hurdy-Gurdy

By PERCY SHAW.

I am sitting at my window, And as far as I can see There are roof tops without number, But there's neither grass nor tree; Next a robin flouts his presence— Yet I know that spring is here, For the hurdy-gurdy's music Comes a-calling to my ear.

When I'm sitting at my window, Just as now it seems to me That the hurdy-gurdy's music, Rattles the dusty curtains free; Once again the birds are singing, And we roam the primrose way, And I look at Nell and falter, In that now remembered May.

Daffydils

THE ANIMALS WERE WALKING AROUND THE RING JUST BEFORE THE BIG CIRCUS STARTED BEHIND THE ELEPHANT WALKED A PEANUT PEDDLER WITH A STICK SAVING SOMETHING EACH TIME HE SPEARED THE FOX GLEAMING LITTLE IGNATE WALKS: "HMM AWHILE WITH LOOKING UP AT HIS PAM ASKED IF A CHAIR WAS MADE OF STING WOULD YOU CALL IT A ROCK-ER?"

ON HIM OVER IN CRISIS: "HMM, PA CHIEF OF POLICE DURING THE DAY WHILE ON MY BEAT I COLLECT ALL THE GARBAGE CATCH STRAY DOGS"

THEY I HONOR A WAGON DO AND I BEHOLD HAM, MIGHTY BLESSED AND JOAT WHEN THERE'S A FIRE I BRING OVER AS MY ASSIST CHIEF IN THE AFTERNOON I LIGHT THE LAMP POSTS AND TRADE

HORSES ON THE SIDE, AT NIGHT I PARADE THE TOWN BEING NIGHT WATCHMAN YOU KNOW I MUST BE ON THE JOB. I SWATH AN HOUR'S SLEEP AT SUNRISE THEN BACK ON THE JOB

THE WOLF WAS GROWLING AT LIGHTHEADED HOAG'S DOOR HE DID NOT HAVE ENOUGH COIN TO BUY A PAIR OF FOG FOR 3 DAYS HE FIGURED BY TRIGONOMETRY GEOMETRY AND ALGEBRA HOW TO MAKE THE LAST CAN OF BEANS LAST A WEEK HE COULDN'T JUST AS HE FELL BALK ON HIS COUCH A VOICE FROM THE CHIMNEY PIPED "IF BREAD IS DOUGH IS YEAST CAKE?"

MARY BRING IN THE ASHES, PA JUST SLIPPED ON HIS SHIRT.

IF AN APACHE IBNT SO CLEAN DOES A SIWASH?

KISS ME, THEN I'LL GO HOME

GE E YOU'RE A HAPPY GUY

YEP NOTHIN TO DOTILL TOMORROW

April Astronomical Happenings

There are two eclipses scheduled for this month, both of which miss us by a narrow margin. The first is a partial eclipse of the moon on the first day of the month, in which the moon leaves the penumbra twenty-two minutes before rising for us.

The second is a central eclipse of the sun on the 17th, visible as such on a line drawn from Guiana in South America across the Atlantic ocean through a corner of Portugal and Spain, the Bay of Biscay, France, Prussia and Russia, up to beyond the Ural mountains. For the most part the eclipse will be annular; the maximum duration being thirty-nine seconds. In Portugal and Spain, however, and for a short distance out into the ocean, the eclipse will be total, but the largest duration will be only one and six-tenths seconds. On account of this short duration of totality it will hardly be possible to take good photographs of the corona, but the opportunity to get excellent ones of the flash spectrum has never been equalled. The path of the total eclipse is a very narrow one and owing to our not yet knowing the moon's motions with sufficient accuracy, there has been some discussion in astronomical journals as to its exact location. This eclipse will be visible as a partial



CORONA OF THE SUN. Photograph Made During a Total Eclipse, one over the eastern part of North America, the northeast part of South America, the northwest of Africa, the whole of Europe, and the intervening ocean, and the western half of Asia. Omaha misses this eclipse by only about twelve minutes, the eclipse being just over at sunrise on a line drawn through Des Moines, Ia.

The Beginning and End of Our Coal Supply



This picture shows an artist's conception of a forest as it looked on earth millions of years ago, filled with strange plants and trees of extraordinary form which, after being buried under the earth's surface for ages, are now being dug out in the form of coal.

More than a million men are thrown out of employment in England, huge factories are closed down, ocean steamships are held at their docks, railroads are scurrying about for fuel to run their trains, householders are wondering where they shall obtain heat to warm their homes and cook their food, great electric power stations are threatened with lack of means to continue in operation, war fleets are immobilized, the cost of living gets another boost, and the industries of the whole world are trembling with anxiety lest they shall be totally arrested—and all because some hundreds of thousands of ill-paid and ill-treated men have refused to bury themselves deeper a thousand feet beneath the surface of the earth, digging out the blackened remains of forests 200,000,000 years old, unless their wants are better supplied, and their grievances properly adjusted.

The world is in the grip of the carboniferous age.

Because men have not learned to supply themselves with heat and power except from the stores that nature laid up millions of years ago, a strike of coal miners threatens to arrest the progress of civilization.

This is one of the strangest and one of the most unflattering stories in the history of the human race.

Suppose your ancestors had left you a sum of money in a bank paying no interest, and you should keep on, year after year, drawing out that money to pay your daily expenses, exhausting the capital faster and faster, and never thinking of making any addition to it, or of finding any other means of support. You would be doing precisely what the civilized world has been doing for a century, in spite of all warnings,

How the Dead Hand of the Carboniferous Age Now Grips the Modern World.

and you could look for nothing but overwhelming disaster at the end.

The picture at the top that accompanies this article shows the great, non-interest paying bank that nature filled, millions of years ago, in the carboniferous age, with a store of wealth which is the basis of money and of all mechanical progress, and which we have been looting with the thoughtlessness of savages. The carboniferous age will not return, its bank will not be reopened for business. The mint that coined its money has ceased operations. There can be no additions to the contents of its vaults.

Among all the fantastic scenes through which our planet has passed none exceeds in strangeness the age of the coal plants. The living world was young then. The great continents had just begun to lift themselves above the waves of the ocean. You can see by the picture how flat and swampy the land was. The great mountain ranges that we know today had not yet swollen into domes and peaks. The site of the Alleghenies and the Rocky mountains was then covered with seas and swamps. The air was heavy with carbonic vapors, and impregnated the heat of the sun like the wails of a furnace. None of the monstrous animals whose remains you see in the museum had yet appeared, but crawling through the fens were awkward amphibians, crabs and scorpions, and flying heavily in the dense atmosphere were huge insects, some of them with a two-foot spread of wings.

But the wonder of that age consisted of the strange plants and trees. The artist has not exaggerated their extraordinary forms, or their abundance. Science has had to invent curious names for them. Lepidodendra, Sigillaria, and so on. We may say that these plants, which with their feet buried in the stagnant water, bore an outward resemblance to forests of gigantic ferns, club mosses, marattas, rushes and weeds. It was something like the bladders forest that an ant sees about him when he takes his walks abroad in a grassy meadow, or amid the tangled thickets of a brookside. Some of the pillar-like trunks of these dreamland trees were several feet in diameter, and occasionally the minor comes upon part of one of these enormous trunks still standing amid the seams of coal.

All this vegetation was extraordinarily rich in carbon, derived from the warm vaporous atmosphere, under the action of the sunlight. As has often been said, it stored up sunbeams, the heat of which it given forth again when we burn the coal, into which it was turned, in our stoves and furnaces. For, after the close of the carboniferous age a great change came about in the condition of the earth's surface. The immense plants had helped to purify the air, the climate was altered, the remains of the vegetation was buried under deposits laid down at the bottom of lakes and seas, and under the combined effects of pressure and chemical change all was gradually changed into coal.

But it took probably millions of years to effect all this and it will never be done again. When we have burned up all the coal we shall be forced to look elsewhere for heat and power, and we ought long ago to have been doing far more effectively than we have done. It is immensely to the credit of man that he had the intelligence to discover the use

OCCASIONALLY THE MINER COMES UPON PART OF ONE OF THESE ENORMOUS TRUNKS STILL STANDING AMID THE SEAMS OF COAL.