

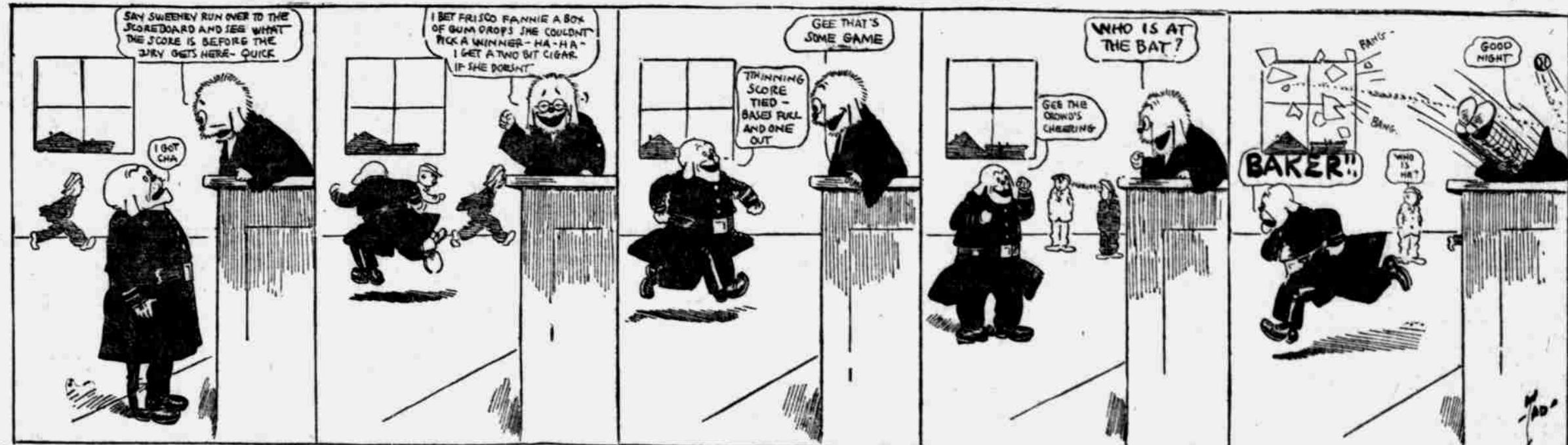
The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge Was a Base Ball Fan Only for a Day

Drawn for The Bee by Tad

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Reproduction of the Human Species

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Mr. Pendleton Dudley of New York City has sent to this column some interesting enclosures, which, he says, are forwarded with doubts as to their suitability for popular reading. These extracts refer to the great time, thought, care and skill bestowed by the government on the breeding of fine stock, particularly horses.

The United States Department of Agriculture demands that mothers of desired trotting horses shall be free from "curly hocks" or other decidedly faulty conformations. They must be free from "draft blood" and from "bone spavin," "ring bone," "lameness of any kind," "side bone," "heaves," "spring-halt," "roaring," "moon blindness" or other blindness.

Men and women possess sentiment, constructive brain power and wills, which would prevent obtaining ideal offspring if they were selected as animals are selected, purely for breeding purposes. But were it to become a law, that men and women must undergo a careful examination by skilled specialists before they could obtain marriage licenses, and that a heavy fine would be enforced if children were born of people who had not passed successfully such examinations, it would soon become the passion for young men and women to be strong in body and mind.

Our government ought to offer prizes to the men and women who can pass the best physical examination at the age of twenty-five.

A building lot would be an admirable prize to offer a young man; and a similar gift to the young woman would not be unbecoming.

In opposition to these methods, Mr. Pendleton places the harum-scarum methods, as he calls them, governing the reproduction of the human species.

Prof. Brewer of Yale tells of a case in Connecticut, some years ago, where a feeble-minded pauper woman, kept at a public warden, was admired by a half-witted farmer living in an adjoining town. A selectman of the town maintaining the woman, "to get rid of her support," encouraged the marriage. His short-sightedness, even from the standpoint of immediate money economy, to say nothing of racial economy, became apparent when, a few years later, she and her husband and three idiotic children drifted into the poorhouse of the husband's town.

Interesting records exist of two families of criminals, the so-called "Jukes" and the "Tribe of Ishmael." From the one man who founded the "Juke" family came 1,000 descendants in seventy-five years; out of these 300 were professional paupers, who spent an aggregate of 2,000 years in poor houses; fifty were evil women, seven murderers, sixty habitual thieves and 100 common criminals.

Dugdale has estimated that the "Juke" family was an economic loss to the state, measured in terms of potential usefulness wanted, costs of prosecution, expenses of maintenance in jail, asylums, and of private loss through thefts and robberies of \$1,300,000 in seventy-five years, or over \$1,000 for each member of the family.

Similarly the "Tribe of Ishmael" numbering 1,000 individuals in six generations, has produced 120 known evil women, and has bred hundreds of petty thieves, vagrants and murderers. The history of the tribe is a swiftly moving picture of social degeneration and gross parasitism, extending from its seventeenth-century convict ancestry to the present-day horde of wandering and criminal descendants.

Prof. Irving Fisher of Yale says in his most interesting bulletin report on "National Vitality, Its Wastes and Conservations":

"It is well known that cultivated plants and animals have been greatly changed and developed by breeding. The original apple, as offered by nature to mankind, was the small, sour, bitter crab of the forest, unpleasing, indigestible, insipidous." In 1865 Dr. Daventian, a writer of political economy, estimated that the average weight of dressed cattle did not exceed 500 pounds. In 1885 McCulloch stated that at present the average weight of cattle is estimated at or about 900 pounds."

"Human heredity is now dependent on haphazard selection. Little attention is paid by those who contemplate marriage to the question of how much stamina will be transmitted to the next generation. The story was told of a famous dog fancier who, when asked why he paid so much attention to his dogs but neglected the care of his children to nurses, replied: 'My dogs have a pedigree.' Human pedigree, no less than canine, rest on a physical basis; yet genealogical records of human beings, while they have much to say on social practice, have very little to say of physical capacity or intellectual ability. Those like Galton and Pearson, believe in a science of eugenics, hope that the day will come when pride of inheritance will include as important, if not as the chief items, physical, mental and moral stamina. A tendency in this direction can be observed. When the nobility commanded the reverse of all classes, quite irrespective of ability, commoners, however well-endowed by nature, could never obtain the same respect. But to



Daffydil

DABAR SAYS SOME MEN ARE SO VERY GOOD THAT IT'S A QUESTION WHAT THEY'RE GOOD FOR.

JACK WEINBERG THE GREATEST DUPER OF CHICAGO EVER KNOWN WAS TEARING IT OFF TO BEAT THE BAND AT BOB LEEVEE'S CASTLE MERCH. HOW THE WIND BLEW. JACK HAD STOPPED FOR 2 SOLID HOURS. SUDDENLY THERE WAS A KNOCK ON THE STEAM PIPE FROM DOWN STAIRS AND A DEEP VOICE BELLOWED.
IF GAMBLING IS ILLEGAL WHY DOES THE ALPHABET?

OUTSIDE! OUTSIDE!
WE DON'T RECOGNIZE THE PROFESSION IN NICKEL SHOWS.

SAY I FELL INTO A SNAP JOB NOW I'MA MESSENGER BOY, REPORT AT THE CITY HALL AT 6:30 CARRY BAGS AND RUN MESSAGES. THEN RUSH BREAKFAST FROM A BAKER TO 10 PRINTERS UP THE LINE.

JOHN CASEY WAS AT LAST RECOGNIZED FOR 5 YEARS HE HAD LIVED IN A GARRET IN PARIS. HE KNEW HE HAD IT IN HIM. THEY COULD NOT FOOL HIM. NOW AT LAST HE HAD A PICTURE IN THE SALON. HE BROUGHT A FRIEND UP WITH HIM TO SLANT AT THE MAILED PIECE. THE FRIEND GUARDED IT THEN HE SAW GREAT BY MY WHA LONG SIGNATURE. THAT'S NOT MY SIGNATURE. PIPED THE ARTIST. THAT'S A NOTE ITAYS. IF PRIEST OF THE YANKEES WAS TRADED TO ST LOUIS FOR ROGER BRESNAHAN WOULD THAT MAKE HIM A CARDINAL?

TAKE YOUR FOOT OFF THAT THIRD RAIL.

THEN I GOT A CALL FROM ALL IT'S SUM STOCK OUT CHECKS OVERDRAFT. GET COMPARTMENTS FROM 10 JOINTS THEN GET A CALL POSTAKING 30 LONG. THEN I RUSH TO 42-2 AT 6 RUN THEATRE TICKETS TO THE BIG HOTEL.

THE COP HAD NEVER SEEN HIM BEFORE BUT HE TOOK TO HIS HEELS AND FOLLOWED ALONG. THE BOOB RAN THIS WAY THEN HE TURNED

AND RAN THAT WAY. THE COP WAS RIGHT ON THE JOB AFTER HIM BUT HE SUDDENLY SWITCHED

AND TURNED AGAIN. THEM OF IF ONE DOG CAN TREK 3 BIRDS IN AN HOUR HOW MANY CAN A DEAR-TREE?

DROP THAT WHEELBARROW WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT MACHINERY?

GE!! YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY
YEP NOTHIN' TO TELL TOMORROW

STRETCH

Cooking Secrets of a Famous Chef

The Proper Way to Prepare Salads and Recipes for Chicken Patties and Ham Mousse.



The Cause of the Spring Poet

By JAMES RAVENSCROFT.

Long have the spring poet and his effusions been laughed at and reviled at by practical minded people, and subjected to much more shocking discourtesies from editors. But, nevertheless, this feverish Pan of Posey is of honorable lineage, and his hereditary traits are not without cause.

The spring poet was incubated in an uncomfortably inconvenient time away back yonder when people were glad to see spring when it rolled around.

They warmed themselves by fires that put them in a fix similar to that of Mother Earth—one part blistering in equatorial heat and the rest shivering in polar frigidity—and kept them dry and stale as snakes, and they had influenza and rheumatism and various other miseries of the flesh, including the ills of the miserables.

After one or two hundred years it will take as much interest in good specimens of men and women as it does now in good specimens of fruit and horses.—Copyright, 1912, by American-Journal-Examiner.

The Cause of the Spring Poet

By JAMES RAVENSCROFT.

Nothing is more healthful than a good fresh salad.

Nothing is more easier to prepare, yet how seldom we eat a really good salad, with a dressing which is properly combined and blended.

In America you have a pernicious habit of putting lettuce leaves, water cress and other greens in ice water and letting them soak in it, believing that this makes the salad crisp.

Believe me, it makes any kind of vegetable tough to soak it in water for any length of time.

Wash your salad very carefully. Dry off the leaves on a clean cloth, wrap the greens or lettuce in a damp napkin and put it away in a cool place until you are ready to serve it.

Never mix a salad with the dressing until you have dried off the salad leaves, celery or whatever your salad consists of. Salad dressing and water won't mix and the combination ruins both the dressing and the salad itself.

I am giving today at the request of some of my readers the proper way to make French dressing.

My next article will deal with mayonnaise and the other sauces which are made on the same base.

Let me warn the readers who are about to launch into the realm of salad making not to over season, especially not to put too much salt with their green salads. Potato salad usually has a special dressing, with a foundation of mayonnaise. Of that I shall write next time.

FRENCH DRESSING FOR FOUR COVERS.

One tablespoonful of vinegar.

Two tablespoonsfuls of olive oil.

One pinch of salt and half a pinch of white pepper.

To this foundation you can add different seasonings, such as chopped herbs, or paprika, eggs or tarragon, the leaves of which are delicious and can be ob-

BY EMILE BAILLIE OF THE ——.

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Tained here at the big markets from the French dealers, or what is much better, you can get a small plant or tarragon and grow it in your garden or in the kitchen window.

AMERICAN CHICKEN PATTY.

Take two medium sized chickens. Clean them, singe them and empty them.

Cut each chicken into four pieces. Two wings and two joints and legs. Take the carcass, the livers, etc., and make a good broth, in which boil the cut pieces of chicken. When they are done take them

out of the broth and strain it. From this broth make a sauce, adding enough butter to thicken it, also salt and cayenne pepper. Heat the sauce without letting it boil, and put the pieces of chicken in it. Have ready a dish or set of individual dishes with a small onion chopped fine, some "finis herbes," and a bit of lard.

"Finis herbes," used so much in French cooking, consists of a little chopped onion, shallot, parsley and chervil, with a bit of chive. This is put into the dish or dishes covered with a sauce and then with a light pastry. Put in the oven to cook and color the patty. Serve on a napkin. Patties and most other dishes are better when made in one dish, though there is a growing tendency toward the individual dish described here.

MOURSES OR FOAM OF HAM.

One pound of lean ham.

Two soup spoons of very rich, thick chicken stock.

Three-quarters of a glass of chicken jelly.

One glass of thick cream well beaten.

Chop the ham up very fine and pass it through a sieve. Mix it in a dish with the thick stock and the jelly, which should be lukewarm. Cool it on the ice, beating it all the time until it begins to thicken, then mix in the cream.

Have ready a small silver dish or an earthenware tureen. Around the inside of the dish put a piece of paper, arrange like an upstanding collar. Have the paper come up about one inch higher than the dish. Put in the mousse and let it solidify. Decorate the top with jelly, according to taste, and just before serving it cut away the paper. This paper serves the purpose of making the mousse come up higher than the dish in a smooth and perfect form. Arrange the dish on ice or on a napkin. The picture shows a fanciful effect obtained with ice, which makes a pretty decoration and keeps the mousse cold.

I wonder how many of my girls recall the story of the hare. Her care was never to offend, and she claimed as a friend every creature in the woods or plain.

One day the hounds gave pursuit, and breathless and half dead with fright she appealed to the horse.

The horse replied that he would gladly take her on his back, but her many friends who were coming would claim the privilege of helping her.

The stately bull couldn't stop. But she must not worry, he said, for she had so many friends they would surely save her.

The goat, a particular friend, he said, was just behind.

The goat would gladly save her, he said, but felt that she would have a more secure hold on the back of the sheep.

The sheep reminded her that the hounds also eat sheep, and trotted away. In turn the calf, and every animal that passed, left her rescue to some other true friend.

"Finis herbes," every animal said, "you have so many."

The hounds caught up with the hare when she made her last appeal, and this ends the fable.

The hare's fate is due to the fact that she tried to make her friendship cover such a large surface that it was too thin to be of value in any place.

It was as if one took a gallon of paint, and tried to make it cover a square mile. To do this such a dilution would be necessary that the effect would show no paint at all, only an ugly looking moisture.

Both friendship and paint lose their usefulness by making them cover too large a surface.

Those who have many friends sometimes find that in quantity they have lost sight of quality.

A circle of friends may be so large that loyalty, justice, kindness and reliance are crowded out.

One cannot be all a friend should be

friends in need, if one attempts to be the best friend to several hundred.

The "appeals" made upon one's time, one's sympathies, and one's purse by three-score friends at once would make the armor of friendship soon look like a sieve.

With a loving heart, and a desire to like every one, and to be liked by every one, a girl leaves her mother's apron strings, and starts out for herself.

A most praiseworthy ambition, and one that makes the world love her. But it is one that will make her useless to herself and others if persisted in.

Like the hare she claims so many as her friend that not one feels the obligation of friendship.

Like the galion of paint that is spread over a square mile, her friendship shows such signs of dilution it is worthless, and a waste of time and material.

The difference is that the girl who "scatters" wastes more than time and material—she wastes emotions, opportunity, energy; loses faith and gains an opinion of human nature that makes her skeptical.

If she fails not in her interpretation of "friend" to the three or four score of whom she has pinned the badge of friendship, she hasn't time nor opportunity left to be a friend to herself.

Her confidences become almost public property; her secrets are not secret because she has confided in so many.

Her hopes, her ambitions, her loves, her disappointments, all her little plans and schemes are printed in billboard type when told to as many, and every telling makes the type larger.

As the years come she finds out her mistake, but every mistake leaves a painful scar.

It means an unnecessary headache; a little touch of scorn and skepticism, and a little less faith.

If girls, young and old, would learn to select friends for good old-fashioned wearing qualities, and to limit the number, it would show rare wisdom.

To have only a few, and to be good, loyal friends to that few, is to have a never-failing source of comfort, inspiration and joy.