

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Some Men Are Born Lucky

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Married Life the Third Year

A Letter from Helen's Mother Asking Her to Do Some Shopping.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

Cartersville, Mo., April 27, 1912—Dear Helen: Could you do a little shopping for me? I know it is hard to shop for other people, and that is why I try not to send you to often. But Mrs. Dawson has so much work this spring that she cannot make me any more until July, and you know there is no one else out here.

"What I want most is some kind of a good white dress. All last summer I wore shirt waists with my black silk skirt for best, but I thought I would like at least one good, white dress."

"I intended to have your cousin Molly come and help me do some sewing this spring, but since George's little girl is so sick, she has to stay with them. And with this rheumatism in my hand I can do very little sewing myself—nothing good."

"Now about the dress—it seems to me some kind of a plain white muller or India linen, with a few tucks or a very little lace. Not much lace—you know I don't like things very fancy or much trimmed. Something simple and well made with a good full skirt, long sleeves and high neck. Size 38 bust, but if they run small perhaps you had better get #39—that would allow for shrinking."

"Mrs. Parish got a very pretty one last year at Chicago, but it had elbow sleeves and round neck—and that wouldn't look well for a woman of my age. (Helen smiled as she read this, and thought of the woman much older than her mother who wore elbow sleeves, low neck and peek-a-boo waist.)

"I thought you ought to get something fairly good for about \$20. As I wrote you, we are preparing the dining and the sitting room this spring and putting down a new floor on the side porch, so I don't think I would care to pay more than that. I have seen a number of very pretty white dresses advertised by some mail order house from \$12 to \$15. I am enclosing a clipping of one. Of course, this would be much too fancy for me, but I judge from this that you should be able to get a very good plain one for about \$20."

"I looked at Strauss' and at the Trade Palace here, but you know they never have anything. They wanted me to order something, but I tried that gray suit, and you know what it is like."

"And now, Helen, if it isn't asking too much, I should like to have you get me some kind of a hat or bonnet also. Just something small and close-fitting, that I can wear a veil with. And it should be light; you know I can never wear anything heavy; it gives me the headache. Either all black or with a little touch of white or lavender. However, I will leave that to you."

"You remember the one I got in Chicago about five years ago—black lace straw with a bunch of violets and black velvet ties? Father always liked that so much, thought it looked better on me than anything I ever had. But I suppose they're not wearing ties now. Anything you select I am sure will please me. But I think you ought to get the hat for about \$5 or \$6."

"I am enclosing a money order for \$20. In case you should have to buy a few dollars more for either the dress or hat, it you should have any left you might get me a pair of black kid gloves, size #8. I like the soft, thin kind, not the stiff, heavy kind."

"Now do not worry over this shopping. You know I am not hard to please and will be satisfied with anything you send."

"I am writing this in the dining room by the open window, and the whole place is filled with the odor of hyacinths. How I wish I could send you some! That bed by the back porch has never done so well. The tulips are all in bloom and the lilac bush by the cistern is just coming out. The garden is looking fine. Your father says things are a little late this year, but it seems to me they are all doing well."

"Am sending you a recipe I cut out the other day for lemon jelly cake. I made some last week and it was delicious, and so it was so easy to make, would like for you to try it. It calls for almond flavoring, but if you don't happen to have any, vanilla will do as well—that is what I used."

"Now, Helen, do write me a long letter. Your letters have been so short since Warren returned. I know you are busy,

Daffydils

A MARRIED MAN SAYS THAT MALE IS ONLY A MISTAKE IN SPELLING OF MULE.

THEY WERE PLANNING TWENTY ONE RALPH WAS BANKER. ON HIS LEFT SAT FORD SWENSON, MALE AND POWERS. ON HIS RIGHT WERE QUARTER LIMIT ELMER, POWERS, LARRY AND SWENBY. THEY WERE FULL OF THE "BET HIGH AND SLEEP IN THE STREET STUFF. THE BANKER DREW A "NATURAL" AND THE MOB SIGNED THEIR CHECKS AND WENT TO PATHE'S APARTMENTS. SOME APARTMENTS, BELIEVE ME. A HUSH FELL OVER THE ROOM AS THE PHONE RANG "HELLO! COULD A CHINESE ACTOR ACT WITHOUT A QUEUE? OH! I'LL WRITE A LARGE POST OF DEMITIAE

SAY, VINCENT, HOW ABOUT THAT TOMATO OMELET? IT WAS THE VOICE OF LILLIE BRISCOE. SHE HAD ONE OF THE REGULAR "A NO! IOWA" APPETITES THAT NIGHT. VINCENT KNEW THAT COMMANDING VOICE AND STARTED TO PUT ON SOME EXTRA SPEED. HE WAS SWIPING THE "EIGHTEEN HOUR LIMITED" SCHEDULE, WHEN HIS PATH WAS BLOCKED BY FULLER'S CRY OF "HALT"! IF YOU WROTE NOTES TO A GEL WOULD YOU BE A WRITER OF NOTE? HIRE A HALL.

KELLY WAS TELLING JANE AND BROWNIE ABOUT THE OLD DENVER LEAVE WHEN "BOHANNAN HAD CHRISTY MATHEWSON BACKED OFF THE MOUND" SOME GAMES TOO 41 TO 29. THEY LET KELLY GET AWAY WITH IT TILL GREEN CAME IN. HE LIVED IN DENVER AND WAS READY TO SHOW KELLY UP. KELLY'S PARTING SHOT WAS "IF A LOBSTER OWES THE BOSS \$10 HOW MUCH DOES THE BACONCHO? LIE STILL ROGER!!

I'VE GOT SOME JOB NOW. I GET UP AT 6 A.M. AND RIDE DOWN TO THE ISLAND. I RUN AROUND WITH A DEVICE IN ONE OF THE PARKS. I OIL THE MACHINE, TIGHTEN THE BOLTS. I FIX UP THE MOTOR. MAKE REPAIRS AND SWEEP THE PLACE. I GET OUT AND "BARK" TILL I GET A CARLOAD. I SELL THE TICKETS, AND COLLECT THEM. I JUMP INTO THE CAR AND RUN THE MACHINE AROUND 900 CURVES. I DO THIS 26 TIMES A DAY. I COVER THE MACHINE AND THEN RUSH FOR THE LAST TRAIN HOME

GEE, YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY

YEP NOTHING TO DO TILL TOMORROW

Compelled to Act Pauper

By BYRON H. STAUFFER.

When Jesus told Simon Peter to pay the Jewish head tax with the proceeds of his morning's catch, He taught the world a lesson in paying up! No man can really enjoy wealth which is obtained by defrauding commonwealth, corporation or individual.

I know a man who will never dare to flourish a roll of bills. He will always be compelled to turn away from the gaze of bystanders when he draws out his pocket-book. He never can boast that he is comfortably fixed. And, by the way, have you ever noticed how few people, comparatively, can be induced to confess that they are well off. They seem to fear that in making the admission may shortly cost them something. The assessor, too, might hear of it. Methinks if I were rich I should like to tell about it in a wailing point to you house and announce that I am going to have a new veranda added next spring; comment on the price of New York Central and say that I expect to buy a little more of it if it goes down to a hundred.

Well, this poor fellow I was speaking of dare never indulge in that kind of pleasure, though I suspect that he could do so truthfully. The reason is that he had not paid what he owes. He has unsatisfied judgments out against him. There are those who are watching him, hoping to discover where he keeps his pile, so he has the Jewish head tax of a secret. He has no employment; he must be classed as a vagrant, having no visible means of support. Yet he looks very comfortable. He wears good clothes, and dines on succulent steaks. He and his wife take rather extravagant vacations and go to the best shows. But for fifteen long years they have never been heard to say one word about their circumstances.

Is not that an awful life to live? And all because he holds what someone else ought to possess. He never intends to pay up. Consequently his life is dwarfed; he has no close friends; he lives alone in the world to about the same extent as if he had absconded to New Zealand. He is being automatically punished for having broken God's law.

Oh that our preachers would say more about this class of sinners! We have bitter denunciations for transgressions that vividly appeal to our imagination. We can easily portray the misdeeds of the prodigal, and look with horror upon them, forgetting that they are really abnormal phases of virtue. But the manner sins of selfish greed catch men into an earthly hell, which makes the drunkard's lot look like a paradise.

For remember that God is the author of all rules and commercial morality. He framed the first statute against short weights and wrote it upon the fleshy tables of our hearts. All who break His code lose the zest, the charm, the peace of an open life.

Almost Copartnership

Upon Similiar at a vegetarian banquet in Wilmington, said on a certain charity: "It's got a big income, a sumptuous suite of offices and a very highly paid staff, but what it actually gives to the poor is infinitesimal."

"This charity reminds me of a trust that employs 8,000 hands."

"We've worked out a grand benefit system for our veteran employes now," the trust president said one day gleefully.

"Yes," said the listener.

"Yes," the president resumed. "Every man that's been with us over thirty years is to get hereafter a nickel medal; over fifty years a bronze medal, and over fifty years a solid silver medal, together with an embossed certificate suitable for framing."—Washington Star.

The Life and Death of Metals



ADMIRAL CERVERA'S FLAGSHIP, THE "VISCAYA," AS IT NOW LIES OFF THE COAST OF CUBA. The Vessel Sank Here in July, 1898, After the Spanish Admiral's Dash from Santiago Harbor. Stained by the Weather and Epurated with Barnacles, a Gun Turret Still Raises Itself Above the Sea.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The two photographs accompanying this article possess a very great interest, not only in their relation to recent American history, but also with regard to the question of the durability of metals under the action of weather and other destructive forces. They show the present condition of the great armored ships of Admiral Cervera, which were battered to pieces and sunk by the American fleet in the battle of Santiago. Pathetic memories are recalled by the sight of the huge rounded turret of the *Viscaya*, projecting above the waves, with its great gun pointed helplessly skyward, for not many months before the outbreak of the war that was to end it, the bottom, that vessel, in all the pride of its strength, lay peacefully at anchor in New York harbor, offering its hospitality to admiring visitors, when no one dreamed that it would soon be the target for American guns. Many will remember, with a thrill, the uncertainty that prevailed when the news came that the *Viscaya*, accompanied by its great escorts, was crossing the ocean, with the possible intention of attacking New York, then a busy port, and that the Oregon, on the Pacific coast.

Battered by the hurricanes and winter storms, these wrecks have lain during all the intervening years on the coast of Cuba, and so little have they apparently been affected by the disintegrating forces to which they have been subjected that recently, our government thought of the possibility of raising and reconstructing them for use in the navy.

It does not seem likely that this project will be carried out, but the sight of the wrecked warships, fighting a more successful battle against the elements than they were able to do against a human enemy, recalls the problem with which science is now dealing of still further prolonging the life of metals. The constantly growing use of iron and steel, and their various alloys, in constructions of all kinds, renders this problem one of the most important of modern times.

Covered with barnacles, and washed by the pure ocean water, the *Viscaya* and the *Oregon* have escaped some of the most destructive forces to which metallic constructions are subjected in other situations. The great enemy of metals

is corrosion, and recent investigations have led to the conclusion that this is mainly due to electro-chemical action. It has been proved that stray underground currents from electric railways exercise a powerful effect in disintegrating metals which lay in their way. These wandering currents are very insidious, and sometimes they stray far from their origin, in unexpected ways. As the use of electric power spreads the danger is accentuated.

The huge skyscrapers of today are all built upon a metallic skeleton, and the question of protecting their steel ribs from corrosion is of primary importance. It was once thought that imbedding iron and steel in concrete furnished a perfect means of protection, but that conclusion is now seriously questioned. In 1899 a notable instance occurred of the destruction of the metallic members of a reinforced concrete building by electrolytic corrosion. Some authorities unhesitatingly declare that concrete is not an infallible protection to imbedded iron and steel. Under the influence of a moist atmosphere electric currents appear to be capable of penetrating the wet concrete, thus reaching the metal beneath with disastrous effects. An instance is known in which the short-circuiting of lightning currents, in such circumstances, resulted in the corrosion of the concealed metallic members.

The whole theory of metallic corrosion is under investigation and it presents some strange and apparently contradictory phenomena. In some cases iron, steel and other metals yields with surprising rapidity to the disintegrating influences while in other cases they exhibit equally surprising powers of resistance. Iron used in construction thousands of years ago has sometimes been found almost intact, and, on the other hand, the same metal employed in modern constructions has been dangerously affected within a few years.

A curious fact which has recently come to light is that the presence of a little copper in iron often renders the metal singularly resistant to corrosion. At Newburyport, Mass., some of the links constructing the cables of a suspension bridge erected a hundred years ago were found to be greatly corroded, while other links in the same chain were scarcely affected. Examination showed that the links which had escaped corrosion con-

How Salt Water Corrosion Has Completed the Work American Guns Started.

tained a little copper. Various alloys exhibit different powers of resistance, some giving greater strength or toughness and others presenting greater powers of resistance to corrosion.

But the discovery that electric action is responsible for the worst effects of corrosion puts the matter in a new light, and may lead to a solution of the problem. It is a curious thought that, in bending the vast energy of electricity to his purposes, man has endangered some of the things most useful to him. He has let loose mysterious forces which tend to shorten the life of metals upon whose long continuance much of his greatest work depends.

The Weakness of Humanity

Modern enlightenment laughs at superstition, but few persons have become so enlightened as to have divested themselves of all superstitious fancies. In this light we need not consider fundamental differences of belief, which cause the faith of one person to be viewed as a superstition by another. There are innumerable minor fancies of this nature from which few of us can claim to be absolutely free.

If any man claims to have shaken off the last vestige of a sneaking belief in "bad luck," there is reason to believe in the progress of a gradual educational of this ancient folly, but it is so gradual that we seldom have to go outside our own families, and never beyond the circle of our immediate acquaintances, to find strong lingering traces. We loudly profess to be an excellent terms with the rules of common sense, and yet we find ourselves clinging to certain things, and avoiding certain others, for vague reasons that have no basis of common sense and to which there attaches no authority but that of pure superstition.

We deny any belief in these things, as a matter of course, but have to admit with some embarrassment that as a matter of practice there are some things we avoid, such as the wearing of an opal, or the beginning of some enterprise on Friday, the 13th. We carefully explain that we avoid passing under a ladder because something might drop on us from above, with resulting damage, but we seldom admit the truth, that our care in this respect is based on the half belief that it is a sign of bad luck to go under a ladder. We may have reduced our superstitions to a minimum, but we still cherish a certain respect for signs and portents.

In certain trades and callings the dictionary of superstition is a large and more complicated volume than it is to the ordinary citizen. Most of us possess only the common, stock traditions that have been passed along from one generation to the next and might be called a heritage of the race, but certain pursuits have their specialties in this line, which are almost unknown to outsiders. The people of the stage, for instance, have various beliefs and semi-beliefs concerning good and bad luck signs which would seem queer to their audiences.

Among sailors, probably, there is more superstition than is to be found in any other class. The ancient mariners hold the wildest superstitions, believed in "enchanted islands" and all that sort of thing. Even with all the practical side of modern improvements the sea still holds much of mystery and the sense of terror that tends to keep superstition warm. A common superstition among sailors is that which attaches an evil influence to some member of the crew or to a passenger. Undoubtedly this belief originated with the venturous voyage of Jonah.

A writer in the London Globe tells us that ill luck is supposed to attach to a vessel whose name has been changed, and that there is also a general belief among sailors that a vessel whose name ends in A also rests under an evil spell. This is because certain vessels thus named have been wrecked, but there are hundreds of other vessels with a final A in their names that have had the most fortunate careers. One has only to consider the Cunard line and its proverbial good luck, with the final A, a historic tradition in the name of every ship—Providence Journal.

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THE "ALMIRANTE OQUENDO" AS IT NOW LIES OFF JUAN GONZALEZ. This Vessel Also Sank Near the Shore of Cuba in July, 1898. President Taft Has Spoken of Raising One or Two of These Vessels for Future Active Service, but from the Views Given Above They do not Appear to Be Worth the Trouble.