

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge Knows a Wren When He Hears It

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



The Pose of Helplessness

By WINIFRED BLACK.

She's a dear, sweet, innocent girl—but, helpless—oh, very helpless. No utterly ignorant of the ways of the world, so absolutely unable to take care of herself.

She has a friend—such a good, devoted, unselfish friend—not a thing wrong with him—only he's married. And he has written to me all about it.

Here is part of what the man says in his letter:

"I fear for her inherent weakness, or let us say the inability to take care of herself. She cannot stand alone.

I think it was that element of dependence that attracted my interest in the first place and also my world's knowledge of the men whom we both know. Please don't imagine I am taking a 'hail' position. I am trying to be strictly honest. I never had designs on the girl, even if she had evidenced a wish for anything other than what we were, which she did not. I may have 'thought' things, but there was no encouragement. I know she is as true a girl as one could find.

R. N. L."

Tut tut, my dear sir, it is possible that you can do better yourself, and really make yourself think that the thing you want to do is the right thing, no matter who is hurt or forsaken when you do it? Helpless, indeed! I've seen lots of that sort of "helpless" girls, and many, many of the same sort of "helpless" full-grown women.

They are never so "helpless" that they can't catch their "helpless" hands into the coat of some good able-bodied man and, make him believe that it is his duty in the sight of heaven to take care of them—until they find another man with more money or a greater knack of spending it.

"Helpless!" A girl like that—helpless,



innocent, trust! Mark ye, my good sir. There never yet lived a woman, old or young, who didn't have sense enough to know just one thing, no matter how helpless and innocent she may be or be pleased to seem to be. And that thing is that she has no claim, and can have no claim whatsoever on any other woman's husband.

Divorce the faithful woman who has borne you children and marry this clinging "helpless" if you dare—and then watch her being "helpless" when you see another "helpless" person who appeals to your sense of chivalry.

"Helpless!" She will soon show you and the other women, too, how weak and defenseless she was when it came to a question of her own comfort or pleasure.

If she's the sort of girl who will step off over the precipice because you, a married man, show her that you are too busy at home to concern yourself with her absurd little affairs, do you imagine for one moment that a plain, every-day man like you can keep her in the straight and narrow path?

Why?

How?

She shows no such great principle where you are concerned; why should you think she would behave differently under any other circumstances? No, I'm not a bit sorry for the "helpless" girl, nor for you, either.

You are old enough to have some plain, every-day common sense. You must be, or you couldn't have grown children. You've earned your own way in the world for years; why don't you use some of the practical principles that have taught you success in business, right here in this absurd case of yours?

Of course, a clerk might take money from the till at your friend's shop and turn out to be a model of honesty and trustworthiness for you—but what are the chances in the case?

The girl is a selfish, calculating young person who has found your weak point—an over-weening belief in your strength of influence on others—and she's making a plain, every-day goose of you, that's all.

Look at her as she is, for once. And

Daddydillo

ALL MEN ARE NOT HOMELESS BUT SOME ARE HOMELESS THAN OTHERS

IT WAS AT THE BUTTON-HOLE MAKERS BANQUET THE BOYS WERE RAPPING THEMSELVES AROUND THE FODDER WITH GREAT SPEED THE TOAST-MASTER DOMINICK BERGAFITZ AROSE AND IN A VOICE THAT SHOOK THE HALL SAID

"IF YOU CANT GET HIS GOAT CAN YOU GETYSBOEG UP WITH THE NAKKINS BOYS!! HERE COMES THE SOUP."

CLANG!! WENT THE GONG AS JOSEPH ALOYSIUS GEORGE GAN THE "HARLEM ENBALMER WITH FIRE IN HIS EYES DASHED TO THE CENTER OF THE RING ASSUMING A STEVE KETCH POSE HE POKED A TERRIBLE LEFT ON THE CHIN OF HIS HANDSOME RIVAL WEARYWILLE SENDING HIM DOWN FOR THE COUNT ROLLING OVER ON HIS SIDE WEARY HOWLED "DOES TOMORROW TO-DAY OUT OF EXISTENCE QUICK THE AMMONIA DOC, OUR MAN IS OUT AGAIN."

OH JOTTY OH RAPTURE I GOTTA SOFT JOB NOW I'M OFFICE BOY IN AN ADVERTISING AGENCY, GET THERE AT 7 OPEN AND SORT THE MAIL, GO TO THE POSTOFFICE

AND BRING BACK SOX I TALKS OUT OF TOWN PAPERS, BOTH THROUGH THEM AND CHECK OFF THE ADS THEN FILE 'EM AWAY THEN STROLL AROUND TOWN TO GET

AND FURNISH DAY, BRING THEM TO THE APPELANT PAPERS GET PROPS MAKE THE BOSS OK THEM THEN RETURN SAME BACK TO THE OFFICE AND MAIL AND PAPERS AT 9, I'M DONE

SEE YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY

YET NOTHIN TO DO TILL TOMORROW.

Motive Power for Ships of the Future

BY SYDNEY H. NORTH.

"The liner, it's a lady," sang Kipling of the beautifully shod ocean palace, but its fair fame and beauty are sullied by the ceaseless stream of waste fuel it pours forth from its funnels. There is no beauty in the uneconomical, the true meaning of which is inefficiency. His reputation will be cleared only when the cause of the bluish haze has been removed, and the Persian in this instance will be all the power which will drive her graceful form across the ocean, untroubled by the spirit of inefficiency. The winded hosts of heaven—acceptance—feed only on oil, and could neither soar nor live without it. Fuelkin would have delighted in this inauguration of the true economy.

In my previous articles I have dwelt more with the achievements already effected in the application of oil for power purposes, and may wing forth potentialities which lie therein. There are many questions bound up in oil's progress, many difficulties to be overcome, and I wish, while showing what has already been achieved on the sea, to suggest a solution of one difficulty with which we are faced. So, for the nonce, I leave the general for the particular, practice for policy.

Our leading marine engineers, among whom is such a high authority as Sir Fortescue Flannery, are all now oil advocates. Lord Fisher, some little time back asserted that oil was the future power producer. Such experienced and far-seeing authorities are ample justification for our faith in oil, but practical results speak with even more authority than they.

An estimate that was made some little time since by Mr. Kernode of London showed that in a vessel like the *Lusitania*, running on oil, the total saving would amount to \$2,300, while the net savings and additional carrying capacity for the trip would amount to the large total of \$33,750.

Now, a certain amount of confirmation of the economies shown in the above estimate has been proved in actual practice. In a Japanese liner, the *Teiyu Maru*, having an oil equipment capable of producing 15,000 shaft horse-power, the consumption of oil per horse-power amounted to 1.06 pounds, which compares

with a coal consumption of 1.62 pounds, so that oil consumption in proportion to coal is approximately in ratio of 2 to 3. It is not difficult to calculate what saving would be effected over a long distance, and in addition to this there is to be added the extra income derivable from the greater tonnage of cargo and number of passengers capable of being carried. Another instance, in a smaller vessel in use for certain services in connection with the American navy, it was found that by the use of oil fuel the annual saving amounted to \$1,300, which was made up by \$300 saving on fuel and \$100 on the saving of labor.

This brings me to the chief argument of this article. The efficiency and economy of the oil engine, as well as those of the oil fuel burner, are admitted and proved, and big shipping lines have recognized these facts, but their difficulty has been, and is, that of obtaining sufficient and continuous supplies of oil. Is this an insuperable difficulty? I contend that it is not, and I also suggest that the rational way out of the difficulty is the addition of one or more oil tankers to their existing fleets. With such an oil tanker at their disposal, they would be enabled to buy oil in the cheapest market, which is, of course, the only business-like way of management. The construction of an oil tanker would speedily be paid for by the saving effected, and the extra income which would be earned by the use of oil fuel. Furthermore, it is the crux of the situation at the present time. It would banish forever the question of supply, and it would place every shipping company above the contingencies which arise from the fact of Great Britain being a non-producer of oil.

That oil will become the great propelling power in the navy there is not a shadow of a doubt; for it not only enables a greater speed to be obtained, but it provides a far greater radius of action. In addition to this, a vast saving of time is effected in loading up the fuel, and the time taken for steam raising is very much shorter than that when coal is used.

The Stoker

By CARL WERNER.

Go thither, sweetest sympathy, where widowed woman weep,
Where countless heroes slumber 'neath the sea;
Go sing thy song consoling of the sorrows of the deep,
Deny no heart or home that calleth thee,
Applaud the splendid courage of the captain and the mate,
Of wireless heroes dying at the key,
The chivalry of millionaire, the glory of the great,
Who fearless faced the end, nor planned to flee,
Go lend thy soothing presence to philanthropist and peer,
Pay tribute to the brilliant and the bold;
But ere thine errand endeth, shed thou one single tear
For the grim and grimy hero in the hold!

Mirandy on the Women Proposing

Illustrated by E. W. Kemble

By Dorothy Dix

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"Well, I spon, 'women is got de right to propose, but my lan', a woman is sholy lackin' in probableness of she has to pop de question herself. Any woman what can't tote a man on to de plat where he ass her himself ain't got enough sense to lead a blind goose to water. She suttinly is a dumb woman, an' she's got so little gumption dat she might just as well been haws a man to start wid."

"Shoo, chile, dere's leventy-seven ways to make a man propose, an' ev'ry one of 'em wuks—case heah's all of em all married women to prove hit."

"Case women lays might low bout dis, and gives all out dat de men dey marry jest chased 'em up to de altar and coteh 'em, but you better believe dat we wouldn't have no call to shake our feet at many pore weddin's if it was jest left to de men to pop de question. Tansum, ev'ry man dat's safe in de matrimonial' foid has been helped over de fence by some woman."

"Honey, did you ever notice de curia way a man acts when he pops de question? He's so surprised to find himself doin' hit dat he most swallows his Adams apple, an' his eyes pop out lack a skinned rabbit in de brush pop."

"You see de wareforness of hit to dis—when a man starts out to galavantin' aroun' wid a woman he ain't got no idea of marryin'. He jest want to have a good time, an' he goes projickin' along, feelin' jes as safe as ef he had took out insurance papers, an' den some day, just news he knows, he hears himself a axin' he ef she will let him wuk an' support her de balance of his life. An' he don't know how hit all com' bout, but de woman does."

"Case you has to use different ways wid different men, for men is own broader up de mule—dey's powerful apt to balk befo' de matrimonial' fence, an' some of 'em has to be called, an' some of 'em has to be driven, an' some of 'em has to be steered befo' you can make 'em take de jump over hit."

"Now dere was hit what kept a banterin' aroun'—Ella Jane's entel he wa' out de rockin' chair, an' 'most at her folks into de po' house. Si was one of dese bageety men dat was so stook on himself dat he thought dat folks out to be willing to pay out money, jest to git a look at him, but law, he didn't have no more idea of marryin' dan nothin'."

"But Ella Jane, she did, so what does she up an' do when Si was a startin' home one night? She busts into tears."

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"What is you a cryin' about?" asks Si. "The weepin'," spon Ella Jane, "be- cause you're a gwine away, an' I won't see you ontil tomorrow, an' I don't know how I'e a gwine to stand hit."

"An' dot fotted Si, because he felt so sorry for anybody dat had to be deprived of his society dat befo' he knowed hit he was a tellin' her dat he wouldn't never leave her no mo'."

"An' dere was Bro' Tom Johnsing, dat was one of dese heah bashful men what gits right ash colored when dey looks at a woman, an' loses deir voices when dey speaks to her. How you reckon Si Mariah got him spunked up enough to pop de question? She didn't, but ev'ry time he speaks she answers "Yes," an' at last she guessed right."

"An' I ain't a tellin' how I led Ike up to de proposin' pint, because Ike has done believe for thirty years dat he done hit all his lone self, an' dat what brought matters to a head was along of me faintin' an' fallin' in his arms because I was so cheered of a snake dat we come across when he was takin' his walk, an' dat by de time I done come to be done tote me dat he loved me an' axed me to marry him."

"The say dat just for de accident of dat snake we might never have gotten married, an' don't argify de pint wid him—but I spon, I know de way dat dead garter snake at dat particlar spot in de road."

"Naw'n, I ain't got no opinion of a woman what is got to pop de question to a man. She sho' do need a guardian."

"An' hit wouldn't do her no good of she did, because all de men would say, "No," for de reason—a man don't never think well of nothin' unless he thinks he thought of it first. Dat's de reason dat of a woman was to pop de question to a man he'd be contrary dat he wouldn't have her, no matter how much he wanted her, because he didn't think of her first. Men sholy is cur's critters, and hit suttinly does rub de fat de wrong way wid 'em for a woman to git de start idea wid 'em, an' de woods would be full of ole maids of women took to doin' de courtin'."

"But sho, daughter, I says to Mary Jane, don't you worry none. What does a woman wid a tongue in her head an' a cookin' stove to her hand, to tote a man into matrimony wid, need wid de right to pop de question. She don't have to. And woman dat don't know no more dan dat 'bout how to git popt a man an' manage him ain't got no call to git married. What she belongs air't in de holy estate. She was predestinated an' fore-ordained for de spinster's Retreat."



FAINTIN' AND FALLIN' INTO HIS ARMS.