The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Mrs. Rumhauser is So Suspicious

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Drawn for The Bee by Tad

Smoothing the Sea---Many Boats Have Saved from Destruction by the Use Oil on the Turbulent Waters

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The growing use of motor boats has given renewed interest to the question of the usefulness of the method, which has been known from remote antiquity, of smoothness the waves by means of oil spread upon them. It is a matter of common observation that a thin film of oil resting upon a surface of water prevents the latter from rippling under the action of a brisk wind. The popular explanation is that the oil holds the water down. But this is not the true explanation, for the oil is lighter than the water—if it were not it would float on the surface. The action of the oil is due to the fact that its surface tension is less than that of the water. In consequence of this difference the oil spreads rapidly over the water, and wherever it spreads it presents a surface whose tension is less than that of water and which has a less tendency to break into combing crests. It protects the water beneath from the combing force of the wind driving across the summits of the waves.

In a series of letters published in the May number of the magazine Motor Boating the experiences of navigators with the use of oil on stormy waves are interestingly summed up. The oil cannot "hold the sea down." The waves continue to rise and fall, whether they are covered with oil or not, but the oily film prevents the breaking of the upper edges of the waves, which is the great source of danger to ships and boats. If waves do not "break" the boat will simply ride smoothly upon them, running over the crests and down through the hollows like a bird riding and dipping in the air.

It has been suggested that the use of oil in this way was first called to the attention of navigators by observation of the "slick" which forms in the wake of a whale. It may also have been suggested by the effect of oil accidentally spread upon the surface of wind-driven water. At any rate, it was known as long ago as the time of the early Phoenician navigators, and yet it is only in modern times that its use has become general. Even now there are seamen who express little confidence in it—probably because in their experience it had been improperly applied, or because in great storms it has not proved effective. When a ship is driven through a heavy sea the application of the oil must be continuous in order to afford any protection. Means must be found, if practicable, to make the oil spread to windward in order that the crests of the waves may be smoothed at the moment when they rush upon the ship.

Undoubtedly the effect of the oil is more pronounced in the case of a small boat than in that of a large vessel. The impact of the waves against the bow or side of the latter is sufficient to cause them to break in spite of the oil, but the small boat offers less resistance, and if the surface of the waves is sufficiently smoothed to prevent the wind from combing them the boat rides triumphantly over the stormy water. Still, there are many cases on record where large vessels, in the opinion of the navigators, have been saved from damage, if not from destruction, by the free use of oil.

The effect has sometimes been described as almost miraculous, and there is, I believe, a rule prescribed by the conditions of marine insurance requiring the use of oil at sea, and this rule insures the use of oil even by sea captains who, personally, have but little faith in it. One of them is quoted as saying: "I use oil according to prescribed rules, because I have valuable lives and cargo in charge. Suppose my vessel should be lost and the investigation disclosed that I didn't use oil. I'd be censured, probably lose my certificate, and have a deuce of a wait before getting another command."

But this same old salt, who apparently personally prefers to fight it out with old Neptune with bare fists, makes this statement, containing a significant confession: "One big sea generally does the damage in hurricanes. A sea as big as a mountain, that may not have another anywhere as large in twenty-four hours. Oil might smooth that particular sea enough to enable a boat to live, provided that you hadn't wasted all your oil before it happened along."

In other words, it is a question either of having enough oil to outlast a storm, or of husbanding the store, and rightly judging the proper moment to use it.

Various kinds of oil may be employed. Fish oil appears to be a favorite with many; others prefer lard oil or some kind of vegetable oil; still others cylinder oil or mineral oil. In fact, any kind of oil is effective, although not all are equally so. The general method of application is to put the oil in loosely woven bags, such as gunny sacks or specially prepared canvas bags, together with oakum, and then to pierce the sacks with holes, through which the oil may slowly escape. When at anchor the bags may be bent to the cable ahead of the boat. From a ship running before a gale the oil may be dropped from the quarters. The bags may also be suspended over the bow or along the quarters, or fastened to the forward catheads, or allowed to drip through the forward water closets.

Whatever the manner of application, the chief essential is that the oil shall, as far as possible, be made to spread over the surface in the direction from which the waves advance.

Dabbydils

THE LIPS THAT TOUCH LICKER SHALL NEVER TOUCH MINE.

UNEASY LIES THE TOOTH THAT WEARS NO CROWN SAID OATABAR. WHICH REMINDS ME OF A LITTLE STORY I ONCE HEARD. WE WERE AT A BANQUET AND THERE WERE A LOT OF US THERE TWARDS MIDNIGHT IN COMES TWO RATHER SMALL FELLOWS WITH RATHER BIG PACKAGES. ONE OF THEM WAS A PECULIAR NERVOUS CHAP. INDEED I NEVER SHOULD HAVE NOTICED IT BUT FOR THE FACT THAT HE KEPT JUMPING UP AND DOWN RATHER UNLOLY IMITATING AN EAGLE. WELL SIR TO MAKE A LONG STORY SHORT—AW GEE THERE'S NOT ENOUGH ROOM HERE.

GUSHINGLY I SAW DONT YOU THINK IT PERFECTLY LOVELY FOR SOMEONE TO DADDLE UP TO YOU AND WHIMPER "IF YOU ONE I WHAT DOES THE POTATO? I JUST KILLED A GUY FOR THAT. THEY NEVER CHANGE THE VEGETABLE. I SAW SO WITH TEARS COURSING DOWN MY MAP. COMING BACK FOR AN AWN-CORE I RETURN WAVE A KISS TO YOU AND ASK "IF YOU OWED A DOLLAR WHAT WOULD THE TOMATO" AH, ALL'S NOT LOST YET HE CHANGED THE FRUIT.

AW GO ON YOU GOL DARN HIKER.

"I'M GOIN AWAY SOON" SAID HORATIOUS MCSNUGGLE AS HE SAT WITH MARY ON THE FRONT STOOP. "OH LAWS HORACE WHERE YOU GOIN' RIDED MARY. "NOT FAR." RETORTED OUR HERO BUT BEFORE I GO I HAVE SOMETHING TO ASK YOU." MARY GUBBLED UP FOR AN ERA FULL AND MS SAID. IF A NATIVE OF HAWAII WENT OUT ON A LARK WOULD YOU SAY THAT HE WAS "ON A LULU"

VINCENT!! WILL YOU 'AVE WINEGAR ON YOUR WITTLES?

GEE BOYS I'VE GOT A SNAP NOW. I'M A STATION AGENT OUT WEST. I DONT SHOW UP TILL 7 A.M. THEN I SWEEP OUT AND FIX THE PLACE UP A BIT. THEN I

BUILD THE FIRES CHECK THE YARDS AND MAKE THE SWITCH LIST. THEN I RUN OVER AND GET THE MAIL COME BACK AND SELL TICKETS. CHECK BAGGAGE. BILL OUT THE EXPRESS.

ANSWER THE PHONE. TAKE TELEGRAMS AND TRAIN ORDERS. DELIVER THE FREIGHT. THEN WAIT FOR THE MIDNIGHT CAR AND CHECK UP ON 3 CARS OF FREIGHT. THEN MAKE UP THE DAILY REPORT AND AT 2 A.M. I'M DONE

GEE YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY

YEP NOTHIN TO DO TILL TOMORROW

Ask the Man Who Owns One By Nell Brinkley

An Appeal to Spirit Land

By WINIFRED BLACK.

My old friend of many years is dead. The wreaths that made a sad splendor of his coffin are turning brown, and still I see in print stories of him and of his genius.

Great men have stopped in their busy lives to tell each other what a marvel of a man he was, and all over this great country eulogies have been spoken of the man who lies asleep in his narrow grave, and doesn't even smile to hear the things men say of him, now that he is gone.

I read in the papers long accounts of his funeral, and one whom I knew he thought his bitter enemy sent him a beautiful wreath, with a tender message to the family he left behind. And the one who made him misery when he lived smothered his coffin with roses and wept aloud all through the service, and the one who loved him best of all sent not a single flower, and sat alone and very quiet in the back of the darkened church.

In the little village where he was born and "raised," as he always called it, I suppose long beards wagged on the day the coffin came to town—alone, he who never lived one hour alone, solitary; he who never spent one minute away from his kind; and the wiseacres of the village asked each other with simple wonder what in the world the people out there in the cities could have been thinking of to make such a fuss just because one of the good old Blank family had died, like everybody else.

And I am wondering, too, for all that was best in the man who is dead came from the little village on the outskirts of the world; all that was simple and homely and great and noble and friendly and kind came from the old farm where he lived when he went to school, barefoot, with a tin pail full of milk and a crust of home-made bread for his luncheon.

All that he had that was cruel and forgetful and careless and hard, if there was any of that in him—and in whom of us is there not?—came from the city, the great, careless, cruel, selfish, raveningvanity-mad city that praised him and flocked around him when he was merry, and sat at his feet when his great art compelled them, and ran away when he was too tired to make them laugh or cry any more.

I keep thinking of the day I knew my friend when he first came to the great city. A day when the chalice we call success was first held ungrudgingly to his thirsty lips, and he was trying to drink it and could not on account of the yearning homesickness for the plain life he had known.

The day I remember he had gone home for luncheon with a contract in his pocket for more money a year than he ever had hoped to make in his whole life.

When he came back from luncheon I went to his desk to congratulate him. What was this, the victorious hero, this disconsolate figure, his hat on the back of his head and his head down on his desk like a schoolboy, crying?

The man who was a success lifted his head and smiled wistfully.

"Let me get my breath," he said. "I'm knocked out." And then he told me about it.

"Why, it's like this," he said. "Six months ago I had a little home out west, and there was a fine place to keep chickens, and I had the prettiest wife in town and a baby boy I wouldn't swap for all the millions on earth. One night, just about six months ago, I went home and woke my wife.

"'Honey,' I said, 'I've lost my job.'

"My wife sat up as straight as a string. 'Never mind, dear,' she said, 'They'll be sorry they let you go. Don't you care one bit.'

"That wasn't quite six months ago. This morning I went home with my contract and these letters and there wasn't a soul on the train I could talk to them about. I tried to tell the elevator boy at the flat about it, but he stared so I guess he thought I was crazy, and when I went in I kept thinking there wasn't any place for the chickens. And there sat my wife, in a flat, and there was the baby asleep in a flat.

"I started to tell the good news, 'sh!' said my wife. 'Don't talk so loud. That woman above us is a regular rubber plant. I've found that out already, and say, there isn't a bit of air in this hole. The baby will never live a week here,' and that's all there was to the whole thing.

"When you came over to me just now I was sitting and thinking, 'What's the use?' so loud you could have heard me downstairs if you had listened.

What is the use, old friend? I wonder how many times I've thought of that since when I was wasting myself out trying to get something that amounted to nothing—when I got it.

The Casabiancas of 1912

By JEAN CABELL O'NEILL.

Beautifully has been told in many ways by many writers the story of the "noble band" of the Titanic, whose melody carried courage to the hearers and shrived those about to die.

Prophetic seemed the name of the great vessel, for everything connected with her fearful end seemed on the titanic scale—gigantic courage, unselfishness, self-control, on the one hand; gigantic carelessness to the point of titanic crime, on the other.

But of the great and beautiful happenings on the ship which lived so brief a period in reality, but will live in history as remains the language in which the story is told, none was finer than the courage and obedience of the faithful little chaps, "the marine buttons," the bell-hops of the sea. These lads were told to "sit still," to "keep out of the way." They knew boats were scarce; probably with the keen eyes of boyhood, they knew more of conditions than the owners of the ship; also these lads must have guessed that if they did mingle with the passengers they would probably be pushed into the boats with the woman and children, for they were but children in many cases in point of size, though men in courage.

Knowing this; the brave youngsters stuck to their post, obeyed orders to the letter, kept their accustomed station, not with pale, drawn, frightened faces, but with characteristic Anglo-Saxon grit faced the situation with grim and in pretended enjoyment of the usually denied cigarettes.

For half the time remaining to the sinking ship all the boys sat at attention, but when told to save themselves if they could they scattered without an instant's delay, showing how truly they understood the situation, how real was their appreciation of the danger they were too obedient to attempt to escape.

Under the feet of Casabianca the fires raged. He stood bravely at his post because his father had ordered him to, and he trusted and loved his father. But these modern Casabiancas were paid servants; there was no filial incentive to obedience, only loyalty to duty, faithfulness to the firm that paid their tiny wage.

Surely it is doubly true, as Milton wrote, "They also serve who only stand and wait." so much easier is it to do and to dare. Those who just "waited," under orders, had the hardest part of all the hardships felt in that fated ship. But surely for every one of the faithful little lads sounded the Master's invitation, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

When the great light rears its head to throw a helpful beam over the dark waters in memorial of those who died so finely, some part of that memorial should tell of the little servants of the ship who obeyed to the death.

Alas, the Poor Bachelor

By ADA PATTERSON.

The world seems to have conspired against the peace of mind of bachelors—both kinds. A Boston woman wants them to wear labels: "Not Taken," or words to that effect, like the "To Let" sign on a vacant house.

Another says she is quite willing to see the rule enforced with both sexes, the word "maid" being blazoned in a conspicuous place on the apparel of the woman who is without a husband.

A famous woman declares that women who will not wed should be fined; that a bachelor sex-tax should be imposed upon the skirted as well as the trousered bachelor.

And now comes from a pulpit the sweeping statement that all bachelors, regardless of sex, are useless beings and should be banished to an island, there to get along as well as they can, but to finish their work out of sight of useful citizens.

So Jane Addams, who founded Hull House, and Clara Laughlin, who has guided the destinies of so many maidens by her tender pen that she is known as "The Girl's Friend," and Mary Garrett Hay, who is the president of the Federation of Women's clubs in the Empire state and Miss Mary Dreier, who directs the Women's Trades unions, and Gertrude Barnum, who is similarly active, and Florence Guernsey, who is arranging the transcontinental excursion of women's clubs to San Francisco, and Ada Rehan, who never married because she was too busy immortalizing the characters of Shakespeare's women, Maude Adams, idolized by the young girls of this country, to whom she is an example of the studious life, of the gospel of self-development, of quiet charity, are useless.

And Harrison Fischer, who draws the new beauty in her perfection of health and character setting a new standard for womanhood; the Wright brothers, who blazed some of the first paths to the skies; George Ade, who has furnished the tonic for dispirited lives by making laughter, and James Whitcomb Riley, who has sunk his plummet to the very depths of feeling by his homely verse.

Suppose they were all banished to a far island in the Atlantic or Pacific. Harrison Fischer would cease his sketches of splendid, long-limbed young women and peevishly set about crayon drawings of landscapes without allure or promise. The Wright brothers would dabble no longer in aeronautics, and would suddenly try their constructive power at plows. George Ade, with no masses of humanity to inspire him to jest, would compose dirges for the funerals on the island, and James Whitcomb Riley would lose his interest in humanity and write about squirrels. Brand Whitlock, having no scope for his organizing powers and no inspiration for his novels, would turn sullen misanthrope.

Jane Addams could build no more Hull Houses except for the bachelors, who would probably ungraciously refuse to live in them. Miss Laughlin might pen essays on "Suggestions for the Great Amiability of Men," which would not be appreciated and certainly not followed. Miss Dreier, Miss Hay and Miss Guernsey would grow fretful because they had nothing to do, except for themselves, and Ada Rehan and Maude Adams would play for each other, and each, unstimulated by large audiences, would turn acid critic.

Better not banish them, Mr. Preacher. The world is not of your opinion of their uselessness. And, doubtless, each of these distinguished individuals, and all the lesser company of bachelors by choice know better than you, whether they would make good husbands or wives.