



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT A Call Like That Should Detain One for Considerable Time Drawn for The Bee by Tad



What's in a Name?

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

An Italian lady by the name of Colombo writes to know why the name of her illustrious countryman, Christopher Columbus, was changed.

Here is her letter: "I had in my house Germans, Spanish and French people, and I am Italian. We all discussed about Christopher Columbus, and I said that the spelling is not correct. The name is Cristoforo Colombo. The Spanish and French said the name is Cristoforo Colon; then, of course, the American said no, the family name changed, and they believed Columbus was right. Now I was always taught the family name never changes, and I am sure the great discoverer's name as Colombo, as is my name. So will be obliged to you if you will explain why they change the Colombo name."



The lady is quite right in thinking that the family name should retain its spelling, and its pronunciation, through change of country, and during all the passing of the centuries.

But this law is not followed, for any length of time, in any land. Without doubt, the changes occur in order to oblige the inhabitants of the adopted country.

The handsome Italian boy who looks like his debonair name, Giuseppe, after a few years in America, becomes Joseph. That most unromantic of names ill befits him; but still, to Americanize himself he makes the change.

At a little seashore resort a Spanish cavalier, whose eyes and deportment are in keeping with his ancient lineage, has adopted the commonplace name of White in order to make his little shop more popular with the people whose custom he seeks that he feels would not be accomplished were he to use his Spanish cognomen.

Over in France our good George Washington, were he alive, would never respond to the name they use there in speaking of him, "George Washington."

But unless the traveling American learns to pronounce this American name in the French fashion he will never be able to make the cab drivers understand where he wishes to go, if his destination is Rue George Washington.

There are certain sounds peculiar to each language, and when a child is brought up from the cradle to speak only that language it is oftentimes a physical impossibility for vocal organs and lips to form sounds which peculiar to other languages without a long course of study. This necessitates changing those words when possible to the native tongue of that person.

The French man or woman cannot, without a course of training, say W or TH.

There are no such sounds in their language. The English and American cannot speak words containing the French U so that they can be understood.

Were a Frenchman and an English-speaking man to refer to a lady named Ursula, neither would know of whom the other spoke, so different would be the pronunciation of the name.

Speak of Paris in France, as we call it here, and no one knows what you are talking about. Speak of going to "Paris" here, and no one understands.

Up in Flanders there is a most interesting city, which we in America spell and pronounce "Ghent."

A woman traveling rushed to a ticket office in Brussels and asked for a ticket to Ghent, and lost her train before she was able to find anyone to translate her word into "Gans," by which name the city is known to its own people.

And the pronunciation of Gans was wholly unlike its own spelling, according to our rules.

It would seem that the pretty name of Colombo, pronounced in the simple, sensible way the Italians do pronounce words (every syllable pronounced exactly as it is spelled), might have been left without change.

It is difficult to understand why it had to be changed to Columbus. (Possibly to bring in "us.")

But so many centuries have passed since the change was made that our dear Italian lady who writes a letter of protest, must submit to the present pronunciation of that great and revered name.

And is it not interesting to think that Christopher Columbus, whose ambition, courage, patience and perseverance gave us our great country, gave it, too, to millions of his own countrymen; and so, after all, he is reaping through them his long-delayed reward. Just as every great act must bring its benefits to some one—somewhere in time—nothing noble is ever lost or wasted.—Copyright, 1912, by American-Journal-Examiner.

Mice Ate His Records

Postmasters in the small villages are paid according to the number of stamps they cancel. In many cases they are not proficient as bookkeepers and improvise a method.

The postmaster at Selma, Wash., a small logging town, sent here for an inspector to check up his office.

Arriving at Selma, Inspector Wayland found that the postmaster had been using two cigar boxes to keep his record of business. Small holes were cut in the tops of the boxes and into one the postmaster dropped a pea for every penny stamp he sold, or two for a 2-cent stamp. Into the other he dropped a pea for every stamp he canceled.

After the system had been in operation for a month he opened the boxes and was horrified to discover that mice had eaten the center of the peas and he at once sent for an inspector to count the residue and estimate the cancellations.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Where

By A. G. CHITTICK.

"Some eminent authorities attribute the high cost of living to an overproduction of gold."—News Item.

When on pay day you go to the market to buy

The supplies for a family of five,

And you gaze on the prices you'll leave a deep sigh

For the poor who are barely alive;

In a liffy you've spent what took six days to earn,

So you walk home dead broke in the cold,

And the reason you're broke, your amazed wife will learn

Is the overproduction of gold.

Do you know why the eggs that in storage grow stale

Are dumped on the market in spring,

And the newly laid crop leaves a price raising trail

When to cold storage vaults it takes wing?

Do you know why the same eggs cost six cents apiece

When the trust lets them out to be sold?

No, it's not through cold storage that prices increase—

It's the overproduction of gold.

The coal trust philanthropists, humane and good,

"Whom God in His wisdom ordained,"

With those of the beef trust, who furnish the food,

By present conditions are pained.

The ice trust and milk trust are champions of right.

Bright halos their features enfold;

What folly to blame these poor trusts for our plight—

Blame the overproduction of gold.

We don't find an overproduction of bills,

Of quarters or nickels or dimes;

The wages they pay in the stores and the mills

Are barely enough for the times.

Perhaps when the eggs are a dollar a pair,

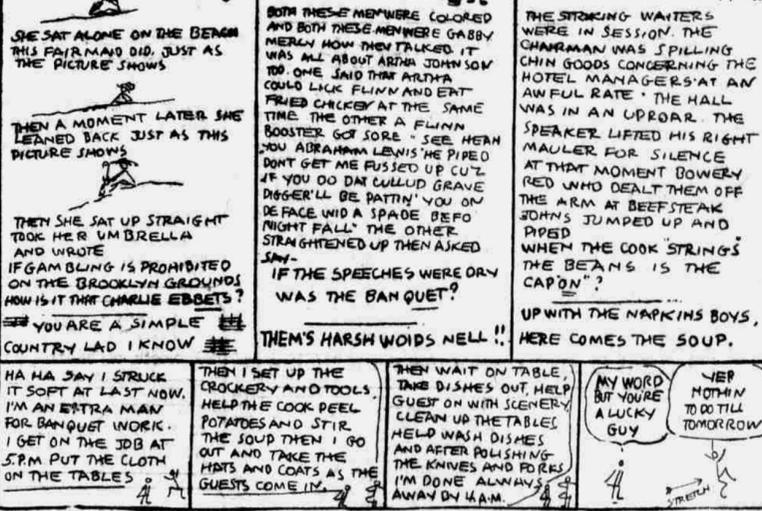
And when two-dollar butter is sold,

They'll call in the silver and give us a share

Of the overproduction of gold.

Dabbydils

A BOOB IS AN AWFUL THING.



Cooking Secrets of a Famous Chef

By EMILE BAILLY. Copyright, 1912, National News Association.

The strawberry certainly deserves its popularity, for no fruit is more delicious, provided it agrees with one. But that is the trouble—not everyone can eat strawberries, and to some they are absolute poison, just as shellfish or peaches are to others.

Unfortunately, it is impossible to foretell whether the strawberry which tastes so good will turn out to be one's bitter enemy until one has eaten it and suffered in consequence. Then there is another curious circumstance: Some people who have always eaten the berries with impunity suddenly realize, for most unpleasant reasons, that their strawberry days are over.

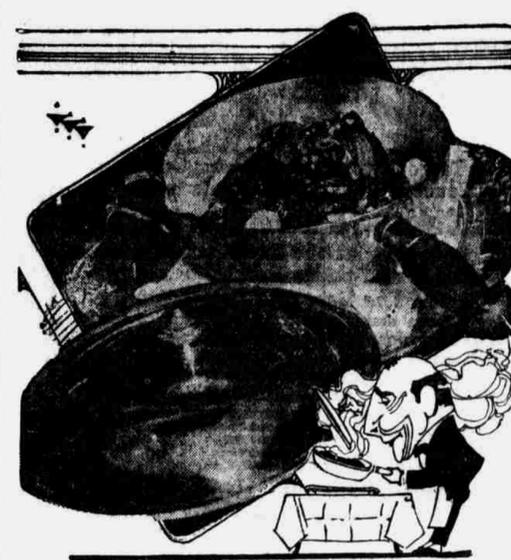
The change which constantly occurs in the blood, the increase of certain chemicals, reacts on the acid of the strawberry, and this change can only be told from experience.

Personally, I think the wild strawberry is much more desirable than the cultivated member of the family, though of course the latter will always be popular because of its size, which is often quite imposing. But these mammoth berries, while they are good to look at, lack the perfume and the flavor of the small wild berry, which grows everywhere and of which the most delicious deserts, syrups and summer drinks are made.

STRAWBERRIES MANON are made by steeping the berries in a syrup of Marshmallows after they have been hulled and then serving them in the center of a water ice flavored with mandarin.

LITTLE SAUSAGES AND RICE.

Take a medium-sized white onion, chop it up fine and brown it slightly in butter; add five ounces of rice, a pinch of salt, half a pinch of pepper, and moisten it with three-quarters of a pint of boiling stock or bouillon. Bring it to a boil, cover it and then continue to cook gently. It is a mistake to wash rice in the usual way. One should put it into a piece of cheesecloth or fine sieve, pour water over it, and then spread the rice



RAGOUT OF LAMB WITH VEGETABLES. (Prepared from the recipe accompanying this article.)

on a white cloth or towel to drain. Never stir the rice while it is cooking. The rice will be done when it has absorbed all of the fluid. Now add butter the size of an egg and mix it in the rice, using a silver fork. Place the rice in a serving dish. While cooking the rice, get ready twelve small sausages, roast them and place on the top of the rice. A brown gravy can be served with this, and grated

cheese can be added to the rice is desired.

RAGOUT OF LAMB, WITH VEGETABLES. (4 covers.)

Take five pieces of lamb cut from the breast about three inches long and three inches wide; five more pieces of the same size should come from the shoulder or five small chops. Salt and pepper and put in a pan with hot grease, roast the meat to give it a nice color. Drain off the grease now and add it to a teaspoonful of flour; put it on the stove again to color the flour; moisten it with bouillon or water, add the meat and a bouquet of herbs and boil. Cover and cook slowly. In the meantime, prepare some small onions, carrots and turnips; also potatoes. The turnips and potatoes should be touched with garlic and turnips, carrots and onions should be plunged in boiling water and then cooled off, to give them a nice color before cooking. Put these vegetables in the ragout when the meat is half cooked; the potatoes, however, should be cooked separately, and put on the dish just before serving.

When the meat and vegetables are about done, put the pan at the corner of the stove, so that the grease will come to the top. Skim the grease off carefully and put the ragout into a serving dish; arrange the potatoes and a few peas over the top.

The Parson's Hope.

"And how is your mother?" inquired the parson, who was making a parochial call at the home of one of his wealthy parishioners.

"She is in her room, upstairs. She is very ill," replied his hostess.

"You don't say so?" exclaimed the clergyman, whose tact was not always reliable.

"Well, I sincerely hope that she will soon be down and out," Judge.

The Father of Italy

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

June 6, 1801.

Camillo Cavour, the regenerator of Italy, closed his unselfish labors for his country and mankind fifty-one years ago today, at the age of 51. But since we "live in deeds, not years," Cavour's early death is in no way militated against the beautiful completeness of his life-work.

Short as his fifty-one years were, they long enough for him to practically finish the work that had been given him to do, and to die with the triumphant exclamation: "Italy is made. All is safe!"

In the annals of no nation on earth is there to be found an instance of greater patriotism than that which burned in the breast of Cavour. For Italy he lived and for Italy he died.

In his ardent devoted, unceasing struggle for the regeneration of his country he wore himself out, literally sacrificing himself to the cause that was far dearer to him than life. But for his devotion to the idea of a "united Italy" he would undoubtedly have lived thirty years longer; but what was life to him with the country that he loved split up in fragments and the dismembered parts kept in perpetual strife and degradation by scheming political tricksters?

When a very young man Cavour threw aside the allurements and advantages of his high social position and solemnly dedicated his soul to the cause of Italian unity. For a quarter of a century he thought of nothing else, worked for nothing else. Wherever he happened to be Italy was first and foremost in his thoughts. No slight ever more ardently



adored his God than Cavour did his country, or worked for his religion more earnestly and unselfishly than Cavour did for the land, that he so sincerely loved.

And what a giant he proved himself to be in struggling for the wish-for consummation. If statesmanship is to be measured by the difficulties contended against and the odds that handicap one, it is certain that a greater statesman than Cavour never lived.

Not in the entire history of diplomacy are there to be found more brilliant moves than those which were made by Cavour in the great game he played.

With what consummate skill did he shuffle the cards in the Crimean war game, and in his later play with Louis Napoleon? With what sublime tact did he handle Victor Emmanuel, Garibaldi, Mazzini and the rest of the patriots who, along with himself, were striving for the regeneration of Italy.

To do what Cavour did required the highest order of intellect, the most perfect skill, abundance of patience, a world of self-abnegation, and above everything else, a love of country that was without a flaw.

Oh, Italy! You cannot love Cavour too much. In all probability but for Cavour you would still be what you were before he was born—a lot of disjointed principalities and dukedoms, the prey of adventurers and scoundrels, the victims of the jealous competitors in the struggle for power and self—rather than what you are, a united nation, free, proud and progressive, with your face toward the sunrise and your hands reaching out for the grand destinies that unquestionably await you.

To this magnificent result Victor Emmanuel contributed his part, as did Garibaldi and Mazzini and a host of others; but all would have failed but for the genius and devotion of the man from Turin—Camillo Cavour.

What's a Man to Do?

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Considering the alarming prevalence of a certain odious practice, it is a wonder some young man has not made the following protest before:

"I am a young man 19 years of age," writes N. K., "and dearly in love with a girl one year my junior. I have but one fault to find with her, and that is she paints and powders dreadfully. When we go out we have people looking at both of us, and this annoys me greatly. Now what would you advise me to do: Tell her about it, or let it pass?"

What could one advise a man to do under these circumstances? The girl disfigures herself; she cheapens herself; she makes herself a hideous duplicate of the class of women every self-respecting woman shuns, but if there is anything that can be done about it, it requires greater wisdom than I possess to point the way.

The sweetest and mildest girl in the world will grow fiercely antagonistic when attacked on what she considers "her rights" to dress as she pleases. Plastic to extreme, she will endeavor to make over her mannerisms and mend her ways to please one she loves, but if he objects to the dab of powder on her cheeks, she replies by spreading it over her nose.

He doesn't like her lips painted, and she answers his arguments by tinting her cheeks.

He objects to high heels, and her next purchase of shoes show higher heels than she ever attempted before.

His criticism of the extreme, no matter how kindly, no matter how just, is met with a greater extreme. And what is a man to do about it?

I intend that, in a measure, the men are largely to blame.

Who gets the most attention from the men? The girl with the complexion the Lord gave her, dressed modestly, and with no hair on her head but that which grows there, or the girl so artificial and fantastic that men turn to stare as she passes?

I will not answer that question. I will let "N. K." answer it for himself, and other young men who are perplexed as he is, may also answer it.

Has it ever occurred to "N. K." that the only way to cure a girl of appearing with so much powder on that she looks like an over-floured noodle, is to transfer his attentions to a girl who asks no assistance from powder can or rouge box?

Remonstrances will have no effect so long as devoted attentions do not cease. If she mistakes the wondering stares of others for bold admiration, who can blame her so long as her lover continues in his devotion? Without doubt, with the

"admiration" of others in her mind, she attributes his objections to jealousy.

The feminine mind is an intricate thing, and its course of reasoning is beyond explanation, but in some way, some how, a girl can convince herself that every criticism of the man who loves her originates in jealousy.

Love is a self-hypnotist, and the assurance that one is above criticism is one of its results.

Girls who paint and powder usually abandon this silliest of all customs when marriage brings more serious obligations and cares. Girls who paint and powder have been known to be good, sensible girls in every other particular. They have been known to become faithful, hard-working, economical housewives, and some of them continue this most hideous of all practices till they have become old women.

But, whether or not their good qualities outweigh this foolish one, this fact remains: No girl of great intelligence will use powder and paint to excess. When "just a little" becomes "excess" it is so difficult to determine that the sensible girl avoids the danger line by using none at all.

"N. K." has my sympathy. So has every man who loves a girl so blind to good taste. But the remedy lies in his own hands. If this girl loves her powder and paint more than she loves him, he has a rival it would be a waste of time, energy and opportunity to overcome.

There are plenty of girls who are not addicted to this vice. Show them an appreciation of their good sense which many of them have so far failed to receive.

A Tale of Gratitude.

Sir Thomas Lipton relates the following experience of his own:

"When I was starting in business I was very poor and needed every penny I could earn, to enlarge my little business. I had a lad of 14 as assistant. One Monday morning the boy came in with a very mournful expression. I asked him what the trouble was, and he said:

"I have no clothes fit to wear to church, sir. I can't get a new suit because my father is dead and I have to help my mother pay the rent."

"I thought it over, and finally took enough money from my hard-earned savings to buy the lad a good, warm suit of clothes, with which he was delighted.

"The next day he did not come to work, nor the next, and when three days had gone by and I had heard nothing from him, I went to his house to find out what had become of him.

"Well, you see, sir," said the mother of the boy, "Robert looks so respectable in his new suit, thanks to you, sir, that we thought he had better look around town and see if he couldn't get a better job."—Everybody's Magazine.