



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Sherlocko the Monk—The Adventure of the Cross-Country Ride

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Drawn for The Bee by Gus Mager



Wedding Plans Should Be Well Laid

By ADA PATTERSON.

Girls' thoughts turn naturally to weddings in June as a young man's to love in March and April, but less lightly. A wedding is not a matter to be lightly undertaken. Leaving sentiment out of consideration, it has an extremely practical side, that appals many a prospective bride. The more thoughtful she is the more likely she is to be appalled. All that faculty of "a man's a man" which will make her notable as a housekeeper is taxed by the event. Even though her mother possesses the faculty in high degree and is willing to work her fingers to the bone and her brain to gray matters, the bride is the captain of the wedding ship. Everybody obeys her orders, and whether the white ribboned cart sail into the port of success or be shipwrecked on the shoals of a mass of details that go wrong depends upon her captaincy.



"Not I," answered the sturdy young woman, squaring her shoulders as she had when she played basketball at college. "I'm all through."

"What?"

"Yes; trousseau finished, wedding list of gowns made out and envelopes addressed. We've decided about the refreshments. The next two weeks I will give to resting and attending to the unexpected. My bridesmaids will visit me for a week before the wedding, and I intend to rest from my shopping and planning and have that week free for them and to enjoy myself."

The plan worked admirably. The bride appeared not fifteen years older, as the brides who work like galley slaves until the last moment and arrive late at the church do, but looked her loveliest, as a bride should, and she walked up the church aisle in perfect time to the music instead of two steps ahead of it, as she would have done had she been worried about whether the ice cream would melt before the guests were all served.

At the reception at the house all was serene as the steady ticking of the old-fashioned clock in the hall. There was not even any hurried thanking of the arriving guests for their wedding gifts, for each day as the gifts arrived the bride had written her thanks for them. Neither, by the way, were they on exhibition. The star of this event had ordered them all packed and sent away for storage until needed.

They were all lovely and I am delighted, but I don't want any of my friends to be made sensitive by comparison of their gifts. My heart was full of gratitude to every one and I determined that a solid silver vegetable set should not outshine a hand mirror."

Even to the impertinent parting volley had this bride planned her day of days. There was no rice to be laboriously swept from the carpets nor shaken from the hair nor pried from the eyes and ears.

Instead of the cereal she had provided rose leaves cut from pink and white tissue paper and placed in boxes. Into these boxes of American confetti the more exuberant guests thrust their hands, and with the floating paper peited the freshly departed pair. From the window of the departing carriage the bride tossed away one pink petal that rested on the bride groom's shoulder and laughed.

A bride who has so well ordered her wedding may laugh.

A Young Man's Plight

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Suppose fancy turns to love? How can a young man, who is a stranger in a town, go about it to make the acquaintance of the girl his heart is seeking?

There are chances offered him for hardening his muscles in a gymnasium. He can get lessons in swimming; opportunities for improving his brain are fairly thrust upon him; he gets free balls, free books, free music, free art galleries, free parks, and if he gets financially embarrassed he gets aid from a provident association.

But if he is a self-respecting, honorable, steady young man with ability to support a wife, and the longing to have one, how can he find her? He is a stranger in a big city; his employer is concerned in his brain, his back, his hands and his habits.

His heart doesn't concern the man who employs him; neither does it seem to concern the altruists.

This is the fifth letter of this tenor I have received in a week:

"I am a young man who came to the city a few months ago, taking a good position. But I find my chances of meeting girls my equal are not very good. Perhaps you will tell me to join some church society, as you told a business girl who was dying a chance for the same reason. But I have been to several churches, and I do not believe the opportunities for a stranger to meet girls come that way."

"I have met a few ladies of well-respected families who seemed to like me, but they are so much older than myself. I only want one girl, but I want one suited to make a happy marriage. I believe there are as many girls as you men who find themselves in a position similar to mine. Now, how are they going to get together?"

"I can dance, and have gone to several dances lately, but the class of girls one finds at dances are not to my liking. My love goes deeper than just beauty. So many girls nowadays seem to have nothing but foolishness in their heads; they want the real sports man, and will not give the other fellows a chance, and from what I know the men they prefer are not the men with good intentions."

"Now, what are the fellows like myself going to do to find the right girl? I have about decided to go to the matrimonial papers, for, among all the girls adver-

tising in these papers, there must be some chance of finding a few with some education and good sense who could make life happy for a man. It certainly is hard for men placed in positions like mine to find them."

An interesting letter, and one that carries with it a conviction of sincerity and good faith. But who can give the remedy?

This young man goes to church, no one knows him, and in the great majority of churches no one cares to. If some good brother takes him by the hand, it is to express the hope that he will come again. If he goes again, he may, by going many, many times, finally get his passport to good society (this fact) passed upon favorably, and be introduced to a woman.

This may happen; often it never happens. One cannot blame those inside the shelter of the church and who are entrenched in their circle of friends too harshly.

Serious happenings have resulted from introducing the casual acquaintance into a family fold.

At the same time there is sympathy for the well-meaning man like the writer of this letter who must suffer isolation and loneliness because of the crimes of men before him. So much sympathy that his protest should open some way for him to meet the right kind of a girl.

It is his due. He was put on earth to marry, and the progress of the world depends, in a measure, upon that marriage being a happy one. Every mis-mated marriage is a factor for national disaster.

He is hard-working, sensible, ambitious and wants a wife who will possess good sense. He has looked for her at public dances, and no one is surprised that he did not find her there.

He threatens to look to the matrimonial papers, and I seriously doubt if he will find her there.

Then, what chance is left? If he waits in patience I am sure he will meet her, but it is hard to accept such counsel when one is young and it is springtime.

It is a problem for the altruists, who must know that true love is as important a factor in the soul's salvation as free libraries, free art galleries and free swimming pools.

The Manicure Lady—Another Talkfest with the Head Barber

"Brother Wilfred had a grand time when them German sailors was here," George, said the Manicure Lady. "What has your brother Wilfred got to do with the German navy or the German sailors?" asked the Head Barber. "It seems to me that your brother is all the time horning in and mixing up in things that ain't his business. Why doesn't he spend his time in getting a job somewhere?"

"You don't call your job a good job?" Wilfred looked him up and took him ashore to give him a good time. He had him up to the house to dinner, and he sure was a nice chap. His name is Otto something. The dinner up to the house was all right, but Wilfred had to take Otto out after dinner and make a night of it. He got a ten from the old gent to cover expenses, and father only gave it to him because he liked the friend. Father ain't giving Wilfred many fives and tens these days. He is too much loser.

"Well, anyhow, George, Wilfred goes out with Otto and it seems they got tangled up a little with the brew that makes folks make dates and promises. And after they got tangled until they thought they were walking on sticky fippaper Otto asked Wilfred to be sure to come over to the flagship the next day and meet all the officers. Wilfred ain't none too good a judge of things when he is eating a early breakfast, let alone when he can't eat any dinner, so he fell for the silly stuff and believed that he was going to meet the officers of the flagship. He even went so far as to write a poem that went like this:

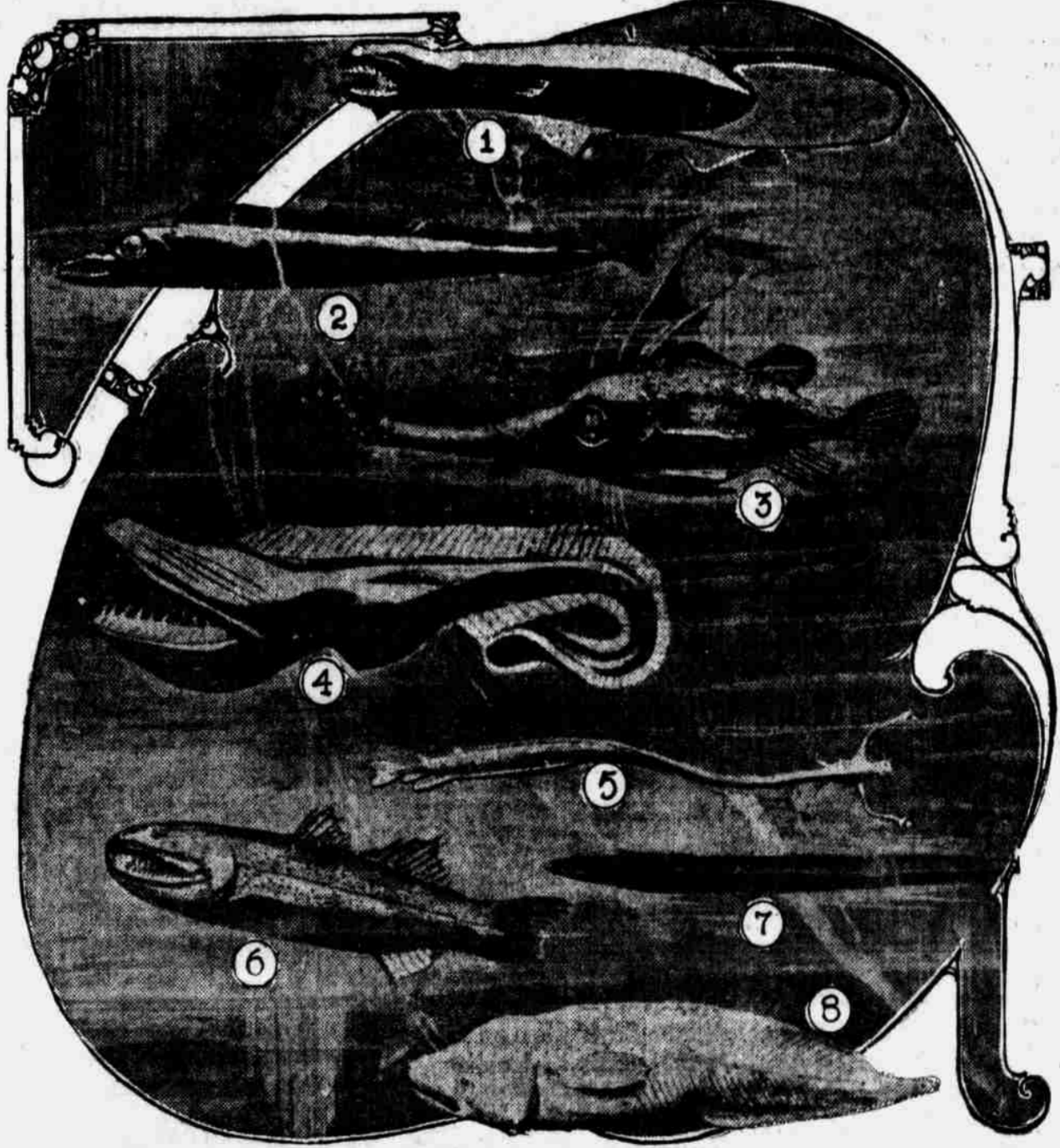
"Here's to the German flagship, its size is immense. It's a modest and not a brag-ship. And its officers are all gents. "Poor Wilfred actually thought that he was going to meet them officers and recite this poem at some kind of a banquet, but Otto must have realized the next morning the foolish thing he had did in inviting anybody to take dinner with his superiors, because he stood up poor brother, and Wilfred never got no chance to recite his poem at all.

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Life in the Abysses of the Ocean

Strange Creatures that Furnish Their Own Light and Are Killed if They Leave the Depths of the Ocean.



- 1. 900 FATHOMS: SACCOPHARYNX FLAGELLUM.
- 2. A DWELLER IN DEEP WATERS: APHONOPS CARBO.
- 3. 143 FATHOMS: HALIOCHIRURGUS CENTRISCOIDES.
- 4. 2,200 FATHOMS: GASTROSTOMUS BAIRDII.
- 5. 1,000 FATHOMS: STYLOPHthalmus PARADOXUS.
- 6. 1,500 FATHOMS: CHIASMODON NIGER.
- 7. 345 FATHOMS: THE SCABBARD FISH (LEPIDOPUS TENUIIS).
- 8. 1,400 FATHOMS: APHYONUS GELATINOSUS.

By GARRETT P. SERVIS.

Unknown ages ago a wonderful emigration began from the surface waters of the sea to its sunless depths. Creatures whose kind had begun their career in the shallow, transparent waters of bays, inlets, river mouths and sand bars, crawled or swam down the slopes of the ocean floor, descending deeper and deeper, venturing at each step a little farther into the darkness of the great abyss, gradually accustoming themselves to the gloom, to the increased pressure and to the absence of marine vegetation, until, through the effects of evolution, they had lost all but the most essential marks of kinship with their relatives whom they had left in brighter waters above.

And thus originated the strange population of the deep sea, which sees nothing of the upper world except the lifeless remains that sink slowly down into the depths. Occasionally the wreck of a ship comes down, and continually there is a descending rain of little animals called protozoa, which have perished above, but are preserved from decay in the pure water, and furnish a large part of the food of the inhabitants of the

abysses. The remains of sea vegetation likewise sink down from the surface waters, and add to the food supply. But these sunless creatures also feed upon one another, thus imitating their abandoned relatives above. The carnivorous character of some of the deep sea animals proves that the tragedy of the struggle for existence continues in the sunless night. At a depth of 2,500 fathoms (nearly three miles) the pressure of the water amounts to about two and a half tons to the square inch. The animals that live amid such pressure have small, soft, yielding bones, and a physical constitution fitting them to their environment. They cannot safely venture far out of their usual haunts. If, in pursuit of their prey, they make an unlucky rush upwards, and go too far, they lose control of themselves, the gases expand in their air-bladders and they are hurled on, higher and higher, like runaway balloons, until swollen and distorted, or even

bursting from the tension of their imprisoned gases, they perish miserably. Thus, once in a while, they reach the surface.

The Flight of Louis XVI

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

June 21, 1791.

It was 22 years ago today—June 21, 1791—that King Louis the Sixteenth of France, made the famous attempt to run away from his people.

The great Mirabeau, in whom Louis had confided, was dead, and listening to evil counsel, the king decided to fly from the wild democracy which, with the bit in its teeth, was apparently running away with the state.

Accordingly, the king, dressed as a valet-de-chamber, the queen in the habit of a maid, Madame Elizabeth, the daughter, the princess and the governess of the royal children, were packed into a big coach, and started off for the frontier.

All went swimming for a while, and when they had got as far away as Varennes, the queen, full of hope, exclaimed: "All goes well. If we were to have been caught it would have taken place before this."

But the queen's hope was destined to be most rudely dashed. At Varennes the king was recognized by one Druet, an ardent revolutionist, and his royal majesty was apprehended and taken before the magistrate of the place for an explanation. The magistrate, Sausse by name, a "poor little timid shop keeper," was scared almost to death when he learned the character of the personages who stood before him. In the dingy shop a big rustic rudely informed the king that he recognized him. "If you recognized him," said Marie Antoinette, sharply, "speak to him with the respect which is his due."

The bridges of Varennes were barricaded and messengers were sent to Paris for the orders of the National assembly.

In the meantime the king was hearing that he be permitted to continue his journey. Marie Antoinette, with all the witchery of her charming voice and personality, was at the same time being the wife of the grocer-magistrate to let them depart, but Madame Sausse's only reply was: "You are thinking of the king. I am thinking of M. Sausse, each is for her own husband."

In due time the royal party was wheeled about for Paris, and on the evening of the twenty-third was moving slowly down the boulevard leading to the Tuilleries. The crowds were enormous. The National guards, lining the way, held their arms reversed, and none of the on-lookers uncovered. All marks of respect had disappeared.

On every hand were seen the notices set up by the assembly, "Whoever cheers the king will be flogged; whoever insults him will be hanged." A profound silence reigned over the crowd and midst the solemn hush the would-be fugitives entered the Tuilleries, the splendid doors closed behind them and all was over with them save the bloody finish on the platform.

The next morning the national assembly declared that the king's powers were suspended. In other words Louis was de-throned and the assembly was supreme.

The attempt to run away from his people sealed the king's fate. All firmly believed (and the belief was probably correct) that Louis had intended to escape to the emigrants and to make open war on his country. The thought mad-denied them and out of the madness grew the possibility that such men as Mirabeau and Robespierre, the creators of the anarchy and blood of the "Terror."

If the king had been a man of sense and courage he would have remained at his post to face the situation like a man, and had he done so, the chances are a thousand to one that he would have constituted with his crown on his head, the constitutional king of a happy and devoted country.

Questions in Science

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Q.—The Titanic, when it struck the iceberg was moving with a speed of twenty-three knots per hour. What does knot mean here?

A.—Unknown with accuracy. A circle is divided into 2,160 minutes of arc. It is supposed that the circumference of the earth at the equator is 24,898,562 miles. But a knot or nautical mile equals this number of statute miles divided by 2,160, which, performed and reduced to feet, gives 6,083.3, the legal statute mile being 5,280 feet. Thus, the fatal moment of impact the velocity of the ship was 25.11 legal or land miles per hour. Should have been five miles per hour in that region at this time of year. But a crime was committed in taking that course. Ought to have been 290 miles farther south.

Q.—I have a cistern ten feet wide at the bottom, seven at the top and nine high. Please tell how many barrels it holds?

A.—Five hundred and sixteen cubic feet; 3,890 gallons; seventy-seven and one-fifth barrels at fifty gallons each. Against the dictates of human reason there are several measures named barrels, so I select one in reason, fifty gallons.

Q.—I have a garden whose sides are in length 110, eighty and four feet in length. What part of an acre does this triangle contain?

A.—0.058 acre, or 2,528 square feet, as there are 43,560 square feet in one acre.

Q.—What is the density of the sun?

A.—1.41—that is 41 per cent greater than if the entire globe of the sun was composed of water.

Q.—What is the lowest temperature known in the upper atmosphere?

A.—The lowest temperature yet found in the upper air is below zero, 119 degrees F at an altitude of twelve miles, and this over Central Africa. At an altitude of six and one-half miles, in different stations, cold ceased to increase, and stationary temperature or a slight rise of thermometer occurred. The highest sounding balloon so far is 38.9 miles, and highest kite, 4.5 miles.

It appears that at great heights some gas exists of great tenacity, and this name for it has been proposed, "geocoronium," to correspond to the corona around the sun.

At a height of eighteen miles the air is 1.76 as dense as at sea level.

Q.—At a moving picture show horses were drawing a carriage at a brisk trot.

Part of the time the spokes of the wheels turned toward the horses all right, then in the opposite direction, then forward again. How is this possible?

A.—The cause of this effect and reverse effect of motion of the spokes of a wheel in cinematographs is the relative rates of exposure of the photographic film in rapid motion to the spokes, also in motion. Differences and coincidences must occur. The film moves at a set rate, but a carriage drawn by horses has a variable rate. Likewise wheels of an auto or locomotive. Suppose that exposures of the sensitive film are thirty times per second, steadily, and that the wheel brings spokes around in time for next exposure; wheel will advance; if not, will retrograde apparently.

Butterfly in Wall Street

By CHESTER FIRKINS.

I know not whence nor how it came, That vital flash of golden flame That through the Street of Gold went down. At noonday, in the roaring town, Could birth so beautiful as this. Come from some clinging chrysalis Upon a stone, above a tomb, In Trinity's calm churchyard gloom?

I caught the bright vision suddenly; Saw, o'er the dash of hardened things, The flutter of those gauzy wings; Above the toilers' rude parade, A thing of beauty unafraid, And by its very frailty free Where kings must bow to God's decree.

I saw the men of money-might Pause, child-like, 'neath the dizzy flight; The gaunt newswoman, wistful, gaze On the high wings with sun ablaze; The shopgirl, point, the urchin scream, The truckman pull his plodding team; The clamoring trade-rush halted by A little fluttering butterfly.

And who shall say how many heard From the winged messenger a word? Who in that march of princes and clod Had vision of the might of God. To whom one gilded wing is worth More than the gold of all the earth; Who sees His sordid man-sons die, And saves the "useless" butterfly?