

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT—Well, Now that We Know One Another : Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Divine to Forgive

By WINIFRED BLACK.

The man's wife has deceived him. She confesses it and says she is sorry and swears she will never deceive him again. Shall he take her back and try to believe her again?

She has always been a good woman before this. She is the most loving, comforting little wife in the world. She makes a real home for the man, and there is a little boy, a little laughing, roguish, clear-eyed boy, who loves his mother and thinks she is the most perfect being on earth. What shall the man do? He wants to know.



That's the worst part of it—he wants to know.

If he only knew himself now, there any doubt of what to do. If he could not forgive her, then the thing would be settled right then and there; if he could forgive her, and feel all right about it, why is there to interfere by one single syllable?

But he doesn't know, he can't decide. "I love her," says the man in his letter. "I love her and I believe she really loves me. She is a helpless little thing, and I don't see what she can do without me, and I believe it would kill the boy to part him from his mother. What is the right thing for me to do? I want to do the right thing, just the right thing; that's all."

Bless your heart, man alive, I wonder what you are! So big that you are almost godlike, or so small that you are beneath contempt?

Do you want to forgive the woman because you love her and are sorry for her and anxious to do the right thing for the boy?

If that's your idea—why, then, hats off to a man, every inch of him.

You are doing the noblest, kindest, bravest, truest thing a man can do.

Or do you want to take her back because you can't be comfortable without her? Do you care so little for her that you don't care what she has done, so long as you can have her again?

That's different, quite different.

Do you know where you stand yourself?

The path of a man who takes a woman back because he doesn't quite know where he could get as good a house-keeper is never strewn with roses, or even poppies, and it should not be.

I've known such men; one I think of in particular. His wife ran away from him with his dearest friend, and he followed the pair and begged the woman to go home with him; and the woman went, and that man never let her have one moment's peace again.

He twitted her, tormented her, suspected her, until she ran away again, and this time she stayed away, and all the man's world despised him and avoided him as they would avoid a

creature with leprosy, and I always thought he did have—moral leprosy.

I knew another man who did the same thing, but for quite a different reason. He went away on a long journey, and while he was gone a man he knew made a fool of the man's wife, and she threw her good name to the winds and followed the false friend, who brought her poor silly feet to the road of agony. And when her husband knew he went after his wife, and he took her home and comforted her, and stood her friend, and no one ever dared to hint to the man that any one but he himself and the wife and the other man knew of the wretched heart-breaking story.

And all who knew the real truth of the affair admired and respected the man, for they knew that he did what he did because he realized that his wife was a foolish, light-headed girl and that the husband should not have left her alone so long. And they knew that he took her back, not to gratify a whim of his own, not to minister to his comfort, not to have her and keep her no matter what she was, just because she could make him comfortable, but because he loved her in the higher sense. He loved her enough to protect her from her own folly and his own carelessness. And in all his little world no man walked more in the light of esteem and friendship than that man.

Another I knew once, long ago, in the far west.

A girl came from an orphan asylum to a great city. She was in love with a boy who had been at the same asylum, and the boy was in love with her, and they had promised to marry each other as soon as the boy had a home for the girl.

The boy went to the wild lands and took up a claim, and in time built a little house of logs, and wrote the girl that he was coming to take her home.

And when the girl received the letter she was in a hospital very ill, and she held in her arms a little child, a child of misery and disgrace.

She was very young and very helpless, and the man who had brought the cruel shame upon her was a man of experience and cunning, and she had had no more chance against him than a little whirling, white rabbit has against a snake.

So she wrote the boy she really loved in spite of it all and told him she could never be any man's wife, and told him plainly.

And the boy who was brought up in the asylum did not write and answer. He went instead to the great city and to the hospital, and there was a wedding and a little helpless child. I could have knelt on the ground and kissed the great coarse shoes he wore, and so could the girl he rescued from herself.

I saw that man and that woman not long ago. They have a comfortable home, a growing family, and the eldest son is growing up to be the prop and stay of it. I think that husband and wife have forgotten everything but their mutual love and trust.

What shall you do, oh man with the struggling soul? Search your own heart and find there the answer.

The Right Road to Health

The Girl with the Uneven Figure

MISS ANNETTE KELLERMANN.

(Two Poses in Silhouette by Clara De Beers of the Winter Garden.)



By ANNETTE KELLERMANN.

I never like to hear a woman "knocking" this age and the habits and customs of the women of today.

There never was a better time to live in than the present century, and as for us women, we ought all to be mighty glad that we were born in the days of athletics and the suffrage agitation, even if we have to take hobble skirts and some other follies along with our blessings.

The everyday woman of olden times was not as good looking as the average woman of today, nor was she as healthy or as well formed.

We have a better chance from babyhood than queens of olden days, who were born in the purple, but who lacked the knowledge that modern science is instilling into the average nurse and mother.

The child of today has the right to be born healthy and under happy circumstances, and now, with the science of eugenics, it will soon be a sin to bring a badly formed child into the world, provided, of course, science and knowledge could have prevented that misfortune. Science is teaching us to prevent and cure most deformities which the women of olden times covered up with pads, hoop skirts, bustles and balloon sleeves.

The dressmakers of great-grandmother's time never expected their customers to have symmetrical figures. I knew one who is of the third generation of dressmakers, and who learned all the tradition of her grandmother. She told me that even the most celebrated beauties of forty or fifty years ago depended on their dressmakers for the symmetry of their figures, and not on athletics and exercise as they do now.

"My mother wouldn't believe that when I tell a customer she has one hip larger than the other, the woman will go and exercise until she cures the defect," said this young designer. "In the old days she would just say to the dressmaker, 'Go pad the other hip.'"

To cling to physical defects which you can cure is merely a sign of laziness, and it is not fashionable to be lazy, so the mothers of tomorrow, who are learning a thing or two from their dressmakers about their irregular figures, are turning to people like me for instructions to remedy these defects.

Lots of models have one hip higher than the other, and usually the shoulder of that side is a trifle lower than it ought to be. This may not be perceptible when one is young, but the fault becomes more and more prominent with the years,

"TAKE A DEEP BREATH AND PRESS THE ARM BACKWARD."

"STAND ENTIRELY WITH THE WEIGHT ON THE LEFT FOOT."

tion not only ruins the figure, but is exceedingly bad for the health, as the high heels turn in, the ankles turn out, and the entire figure is out of balance.

You can't give too much attention to your child's shoes, for upon their comfortable, sensible and hygienic build depends the poise of the child's figure in walking. No young girl should wear a high heel and certainly a child should never be allowed to wear some of those outlandish French slippers, which we see on the youthful and unformed foot. A low, flat heel, a well arched shoe, with the suitable length and width is necessary for comfort.

So much depends on the shoe that I want you to impress this on your own mind and get sensible shoe-gear before you try to correct your daughter's bad habits of standing, which have contributed to make the one hip larger than the other, or to make one shoulder sag.

Occasionally these defects arise from a spinal difficulty and a physician should be consulted, the spinal column being carefully examined. For the rest, the girl or woman who has this uneven figure must think about it constantly, and with conscious effort she must elevate the shoulder that is too low and pull down the shoulder that is too high. If the left shoulder is the lower one, stand entirely with the weight on the left foot, hold the chest out, bring the left arm up close to the head and the right arm out at the side level with the shoulder. Take a deep breath, press the right arm backward and stretch up energetically on the other side. Now swing the arm that is up backward and forward, making very small circles. Put all

Ex-Convict Denounces Prison Barbarity

Selected by EDWARD MARKHAM.

Donald Lowrie, formerly a prisoner in San Quentin, but evidently a man with a sense of justice and honor, has written a startling book, "My Life in Prison," telling without malice of certain barbarism in prison methods. He cries out especially against the straitjacket and other treatment of "incorrigibles," which in his time was permitted. I quote from his volume:

"The straitjacket consists of a piece of canvas about four and one-half feet long, cut to fit about the human body. When spread out on the floor it has the same shape as the top of a coffin, broad near one end for the shoulders, and tapering either way. Big brass eyelets run down the side. It is manufactured in various sizes, and is designed solely as an instrument of torture.

"Upon being sentenced to the jacket, the prisoner is first taken to the clothing room, where he is stripped of the clothing he has on and is given and old suit, consisting of shirt, trousers and work shoes.

"A guard, armed with a loaded cane, then escorts him to the dungeon, where a straitjacket that will fit snugly is selected. This jacket is spread out on the floor and the prisoner ordered to lie face down upon it. The sides are then gathered up over his back and a rope about the size of a window cord is laced through the eyelets.

"If the word has been passed to 'give him a cinching,' the operator places his foot upon the victim's back in order to get leverage as he draws the rope taut, and when the lacing is finished the remnant of rope is wound about the trussed body and tied.

"Then the victim is rolled over on his back and left to think it over. He is left in one of the dungeon cells, where there is no light, and where it is cold and damp.

"Several years ago it was no uncommon thing for a prisoner to be rolled in old blankets before the jacket was applied.

"This was done for two reasons. First, if the prisoner were thin the blankets eliminated any possibility of the packet fitting him loosely; second, when it was desired to give the victim a 'sweat' as well as a squeeze the blankets served that purpose.

"At that time there was no limit to the duration of this punishment. Twenty-four hours was the ordinary sentence, but I know of many cases where men were kept 'cinched up' for a week and in one instance for ten days.

"Just stop and think what that meant. Bound in a coarse, heavy canvas so that the hands and legs were held rigid, and left to lie without relief for days. Trussed up on Monday and not untrussed until the following Sunday.

"During that time the victim must remain recumbent, without moving, and could only vary his position by rolling over on his side or upon his face on the stone floor."

Some of the physiological details consequent upon this prolonged torture are too horrible to be repeated here. The reader is further told that "once each day, in the evening, attendants used to go down and hold a tin of water and a crust of

bread to the victim's lips. This was known as 'feeding time.'

"When the jacket was laced brutally, as was frequently the case, the victim could scarcely breathe. His hands and feet would 'die,' they would become cold and inanimate, and he would suffer the pins-and-needles sensation that one gets if one holds the feet or arms in one position for any length of time.

"Quite often, when the jacket was removed, the victim could not stand, but was obliged to grovel and wiggle on the floor like a snake to restore circulation. And when the blood began to return to the deadened parts the torture was excruciating.

"There is no regulation limiting the period of time that this alternation—six hours in, six hours out—may be continued. Not only this, but, realizing that as a means of extorting 'confession,' the torture of the jacket has been reduced by the six-hour limit, it is cinched with much greater severity.

"I know of instances of comparatively recent occurrence where the victim has screamed and begged for mercy within the hour after being 'cinched up.' A trusty, known as 'the dungeon man,' has a little shack just outside the dungeon door, and I have seen him come up there gathered up over his back and a rope about the size of a window cord is laced through the eyelets.

"I've seen men thrown into the jacket on Saturday afternoon for not having their tasks done for the week, stay there on bread and water until Monday morning, and then to be run to the mill and expected to get out their tasks for the next week. If they failed it was a case of the jacket again over the next Sunday. A couple of fellows went crazy over this kind of a deal."

Valuable Possession

By EDWARD LUCIEN LARKIN.

Take a bar of hard steel, magnetize it, and the adjacent space will be in a very peculiar state; and this space is called a magnetic field of force; for short, magnetic field. And the energy is supposed to exist in lines, or flow in lines from the north pole of the magnet backward through the neutral line, the equator, to the south pole, and thus complete the circuit. The flow of energy is supposed to be very rapid.

To magnetize the bar, it must be touched by another magnet, or by lodestone, the magnet made by nature.

We imagine that gold and diamonds are valuable, but a magnetic field is at present the most valuable possession of man. Thus three great standard fundamentals, heat, light and power, can be, and are, incessantly taken out of it. And several billion dollars are now invested in one little apparently trivial act, namely, that of moving masses of metal in this most wonderful field. No moving metal must touch another, the motion is in space without contact; the moving molecules of metal must cut or pass through the invisible lines of force.

Lay a straight bar magnet on a table with end projecting over. Take a wire, hold it at right angles to the end of the bar; you have two pieces of metal apparently useless. Move the wire, and one of the most extraordinary events within the entire range of human experience will occur; electricity will appear in the wire. The lines of magnetism being cut by the atoms of the metal generate electricity.

Move the wire up and down faster, it will begin to develop warmth; faster still, it will become red hot, white hot and melt.

Instead of allowing the wire to be destroyed, connect the ends by means of another wire; then a new event appears, a flow of electricity is set up within. Move the wire up and the electricity will flow in one direction; move down, the flow will stop during a minute instant of time and at once flow in the opposite direction. The name of the apparatus is magneto.

Look closely into this matter; we have a straight bar of steel whose atoms are saturated or endowed with magnetism, totally unknown to us. A short piece of thick wire, whose ends are connected by a thin wire to complete a path or circuit for electricity; motion and a series of rapid changes in direction of motion.

An additional name may now be added—"alternating current magneto." On the face of this matter, the word alternating is superfluous because all magnetos set up or generate alternating currents, or momentary impulses succeeding each other. To secure direct currents all flowing in the same direction external devices called commutators must be added.

Foghorn Tales

By HANK.

"Ho-o" blew the fog horn over the bay. "I suboose," said the captain Pinochle sarcastically as the noise died away, "you will be bringing von of dem fishing stories around soon."

"I was going to tell you one today," replied the pilot pleasantly. "It happened last Sunday when I went to the Banks."

"I eggspregted id," sighed the captain. "Vell, vot iss disa new lie of yours?" "This is a true one," averred the pilot in spite of the captain's look of incredulity. "There was a man on board the excursion boat who had a dog with him. In the afternoon the man got tired of fishing and fell asleep on the deck. Would you believe it—"

"I wouldn't," said the captain. "Well, anyway," the pilot went on, "this dog held the line while his master was asleep, and when he got a bite he would bark and bark until the man woke up and pulled in the fish."

"I guess dot vass a flea bite dot dog got," said the captain. "Dots der dot kind of a bite I effer kenn a dachshund to get."

"Perhaps you can tell a better one," said the pilot scornfully. "If I couldn't I would neffer haf received my captain's papers," was the reply. "Disa story iss about der vunderful ducks dot dey haf in New Zealand. Id takes ten years to train a duck so dot

he can catch fish there—" "A duck catch fish!" exclaimed the pilot.

"Just der same as dot dog you vass beeing about," said the captain witheringly. "Vell, der vey dey do it iss to tie a piece of line mit a hook und a worm on it to von of der ducks legs. Den dey set der duck swimming in der ocean of der lake, vlenffer happens to be in der place, vlenffer soon a fish hooks himself on der line. Den the duck he swims to der shore as hard as he can and der owner of der duck takes off der fish."

"Vell, der vass von verry vunderful duck dot der friend of mine named Hans-Precken owned vunce. Disa duck vass verry intelligent animal, so my friend got lots of fish. Von dey he saw dot der duck had a fish, but der duck vout not come to der shore. He kept swimming around and around und my friend vass puzzled. Preddy soon he seen der duck vass in trouble und he put out in a boat and dragged it in. Vot do you suboose? Disa duck had felt a small fish on der hook, so instead of coming ashore he kept swimming and swimming, knowing dot pretty soon a big fish vould come along und vallow der smaller fish. Und dot iss just vot happened. Ven my friend pulled der duck into der boat dere vass a parrot fish on der hook dot veighed von hundred and fifty."

"Ho-o," blew the fog h