

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT—There Are Moments When One Wants to Be Alone

Drawn for The Bee by Tad

The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Sarpints an' Rich

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

There are several things in New Jersey besides mosquitoes, Jersey justice, Jersey lightning and presidential timber. Came to Roycroft not long ago a young man by the name of Foster, from the town of Elmer, N. J. He had three grips—one on his dignity, one for his clothing, and the other grip was full of snakes. They seemed like kindly, gracious, generous snakes, filled with force and right intent. Some of these snakes were black, with yellow spots on them, and underneath they were yellow, fading off into russet browns. Others were pink, with art colored geometric studies. A few were green, and one was a bright purple. Snakes of the same variety take on local color. Also, they are of different colors at different times of the year. In time snakes will become an extinct product in America. They are very few now as compared to what there were thirty, forty, fifty or a hundred years ago. Civilization is at war with the snake, and deep in the heart of man is a prejudice against this pleasing "insect." There was a snake in Paradise, and Omar Khayyam states plainly who it was placed the snake there. Paradise without the snake would not be Paradise. Before the days of Adam and Eve, the snake, we are told, walked on its tail and was then compelled to travel longitudinally, or horizontally, not upsidically. In any event, the snake is much safer when crawling and wiggling along on the ground than if he walked upright like a man. So the change wasn't wholly bad—nothing is. Many snakes have rudimentary legs that can be found under the skin. Nature evidently has tried every possible plan for producing life, and the snake is a sort of second cousin to the newt and the lizard. The crocodile, or as he is familiarly called in the Congo, "croc," is a lizard with a college education. All of these animals seem to belong to an extinct age. They are rudimentary survivals like the kangaroo, the beaver, the calico dress and the fascinator. Fra Foster of Elmer, N. J., is an expert on all questions pertaining to these peculiar, strange, little brothers that creep, crawl, run and swim. He has made friends with them. Fra Foster is a thin, small, slender, little fellow with a bulging brow and bright blue eyes. He is very mild, very gentle and very animated on the subject of his speciality. There are only three kinds of venomous snakes and these are not found in the northern states excepting on very rare occasions. The garter snakes, bull snakes, black snakes, rat snakes and snake-snakes are not venomous. Snakes that run out their tongues and hiss do not possess stingers, as were told in our youth. No such thing as a stinger in a snake exists. The snake's tongue is a wireless, very sensitive apparatus by which the snake hears and realizes the approach of an



enemy. The wiggling of his tongue is not for the purpose of threat, but is used solely for his own private information, to catch the etheric vibrations. Fra Foster went out with our girls and boys in the woods at Roycroft and caught several snakes and proved that, so far as he was concerned, they were absolutely harmless, and, in fact, could be soon tamed. I have written a little vaudeville sketch for Fra Foster that will be unique in its way when it is produced this fall. The entire scene takes place in the office of a hotel. A colored man brings down the baggage from room No. 23, and not being sure that he has the right luggage, opens up one of the grips for African American inspection, and the snakes escape. The disappearance of the colored man into space and the scene that follows between the naturalist and the hotel clerk afford the piece de resistance, as it were. The hotel clerk rings up the police, and before the hurrr-up wagon arrives, the wonderful blonde girl with the wealth of golden hair, who always presided at the cigar case, comes to the assistance of the snakeologist. Suddenly she recognizes him as her long lost lover. When a girl believes in a man, she believes in all of his ambitions, aims, aspirations and properties. And so this girl with the golden crown, relieved of all fear by love's glad acclaim, turns to and helps catch the snakes. The policeman enters, and thinks sure that he has 'em. He hesitates to make the arrest, accusing the hotel man of violating the excise. The hotel door is hastily locked by the girl with the golden crown in order to keep the properties of the scientist from escaping. The policeman cannot get out to join the colored

Daffydils

HARD PAN PETE WAS WEARY OF HITTING THE TRAIL SO HE EASED DOWN ONTO THE DESERT. THE SUN BEAT DOWN. PETER, POOR PHOOL, WAS ALL TUCKERED OUT WHEN NIGHTCAME ON. AS HE UNPACKED JINNY HE SAW THIS MESSAGE SCRAWLED IN THE SAND. "THAT SKEW YOU SAW HERE WAS OUT OF THE BED OF THE MILE. WE JUST BIT IT BACK." NEVER MIND THE NAPKINS BOYS—WE HAVE HARD BOILED EGGS. OH CHES—I AM A LOOKIN' A BIT THIN. YOU SEE I GET UP IN THE MORNING, CHOP THE KINDLING FOR THE FIRE. PUT ON THE EGGS AND COFFEE WAKE FATHER AND THE HANDS MILK THE COWS 'CHURN THE CREAM AND JUM THE MILK. THEN I PITCH HAY AND HITCH JERRY TO THE BUCKBOARD AND MEET THE EARLY MORNIN' TRAIN, DRIVE BACK UNHITCH AND GIT LUNCH READY. LANDSAPES, YOU MUST BE A HAPPY GINK. YEP—NOTHIN' TO DO TILL PAW AND THE HANDS GIT DONE EATIN'.

Political and Social Genius of Women

By CHARLES FERGUSON.

The national convention of the Federation of Women's clubs at San Francisco would have filled more space in the newspapers and in the thoughts of intelligent people if it had not chanced to coincide in time with the absorbing Baltimore convention and the subsequent political excitement. There are, however, credible prophets who foretell that some day soon the domain of women in civic and sociological affairs will be the most compelling kind of news. The San Francisco convention discussed the question whether the Federation of Women's clubs, which heretofore has confined itself to practical, good works, ought now to commit itself to the stratagem program. Mrs. Pennypacker of Texas, was elected to the presidency of the national organization because of the general acceptance of her view that every woman ought to insist upon her right to vote, but that the federation has a special function to perform apart from the suffrage agitation. This stand, taken by so many representative women, suggests the important truth that voting is after all only one of the rights or duties that citizens should claim or discharge in the state. Probably it is because men have, for the most part, limited their activities and interests in civil society to an annual discussion around the ballot box that the powers of the state have so largely fallen into unworthy hands. It appears that political powers naturally go to those who take a personal interest in them. And the woman's movement may perform its best service in bringing the men of the country to an understanding of the fact that they need an all-the-year-round political consciousness if they mean to beat the bosses. Certain philosophers who pretend to know the abiding difference between the mental make-up of women and that of men assure us that men are only amateurs or "practice hands" in politics, anyhow; that women alone have the real and innate political genius. They say that men are by nature crass individualists, fit only for private enterprises, and that nature reserves to women the peculiar task of weaving the tissues of human society and the superintendence of all social relations. A color is lent to this view of the matter by the observed fact that men are apt to use their ballots, i. e., for merely aggressive or self-defensive purpose. It may turn out, therefore, that the twenty-first century will seriously debate the question whether men ought to be allowed to vote—whether the business of keeping human beings in equitable relations with one another ought not to be left entirely to the women. Men would then be left free to prosecute the conquest of the elemental forces—and to fight bears and barbarians.



"The Way of a Man With a Maid"

By Nell Brinkley



Just so Eve hung her head and listened, and just so Adam slipped his hands over hers and strove to lift her eyes to his while he told her the story that was brand new then.

Pointed Paragraphs

Not every fortune hunter is a good shot. A free thinker is a man who isn't married. Some men's idea of luck is to owe more than they can pay. It's difficult for a man to be upright after he is down and out. How the average married man would like to see a tax on the old bachelors! Does a girl take a stitch in time when she mends the clocks in her stockings? Culture will do much for a woman, but it will not permit her to sneeze graciously. In the eyes of a silly girl clothes make a mighty poor specimen of a man look like the real thing. And many a father loses all interest in the prohibition movement when the baby cries for water at 2 a. m. When a young man tells a girl she is the only one he ever loved it's up to her to tell him to go and get a reputation.—Chicago News. Dyspeptic Philosophy. The fool's mistakes are often the wise man's opportunities. When you sit on a fellow you can't very well blame him for acting like a bent pin. It takes a mighty little shove to send some men down hill. Even when they have one foot in the grave some people can't resist kicking. A woman is as old as she looks, but not as young as she thinks she looks. Some people spend most of their lives trying to sprinkle salt on the tails of opportunities.—New York Times.

Questions in Science

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Q.—(1) "Is there a south magnetic pole?" (2) "Does the compass point to the north no matter on which side of the equator it is?" (3) "What is the deepest sounding that has ever been made in the ocean and what was used?" (4) "When a ship sinks does it go to the bottom of the ocean regardless of the depth, or is there a point at which it will sink no further?" A.—(1) Lieutenant Shackleton, 1906-1909, measured the position of the south magnetic pole of the earth and found it to be in south 72 degrees 18 minutes, and in longitude 155 degrees 18 minutes, and in altitude varies. This is the latest to be published. If Admussen has published a position I have not seen it. Yes; there is a south magnetic pole. (2) Go to the north magnetic pole of the earth with a compass needle free to move in any direction. It will turn into a perpendicular direction. Mark the end that points straight downward. Now carry it toward the magnetic equator—an irregular line around the world not far on either side from the real geographical equator. The end that pointed downward the south will begin to turn downward and the other upward. When on the exact magnetic equator the needle will be horizontal, or level. Carry it south, and the south or unmarked end will begin to dip, and it will be straight down when exactly over the south magnetic pole. (3) The ship Nero, off Guam, sunk a sounder to the bottom at a depth of 5,300 fathoms, or 31,614 feet. The sinker was metal, probably iron. (4) The Titanic is at the bottom and part of it is in mud at a distance a little below the ocean floor. Q.—"You have stated in The Bee that two balls of equal size, but one weighing twice as much as the other, if dropped from the same height at the same time, would strike the earth at the same time. Please explain the reason why the heavier one does not strike the earth first." A.—Newton made the capital discovery that action and reaction are equal. And by his law of gravitation its attraction between any two bodies is directly as the product of their masses. From this it is clear that if the mass of any body increases the force of attraction also increases at the same rate and also its specific speed. In a vacuum, free from friction of air, all bodies, whatever their respective masses, obeying the attraction of universal gravitation, fall through the same distance in the same time. Q.—"Will you answer the question whether there is more timber in a mountain section of land than on a section down on the plains, the trees being spaced the same?" A.—This is similar to the picket fence problem. Let one square mile be set with rows of trees, as in an orchard, at equal distances apart. Take another square mile, with a hill inclosed. On the plain let the trees be ten feet apart in rows from north to south; then there would be 328 trees. Let a row running over the hill contain 550 trees; then there would be as many more trees on the rough section as there are rows having this excess of twenty-two. True of any excess.