

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

## They Didn't Mean What the Judge Meant

## Drawn for The Bee by Tad



## Married Life the Third Year

The Voyage Home from England—They Quarrel Over a Ventilator.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

"Beginning to feel pretty shaky," asked Warren, as a still larger wave threw a spray almost to the edge of their steamer chairs.

"A little," admitted Helen, "but didn't the purser say it would be smoother when we got to the gulf stream?"

"Well, we're not there yet, and we may get it rough all the way."

"But, dear, we didn't have anything like this coming over!"

"We took a more southerly course; besides, going east is always a better trip."

He rose from his chair, stamped his feet to shake down his trousers, and stood there for a moment, his hands in his pockets.

"Don't feel like any luncheon?"

Helen shook her head. "Oh, I couldn't eat anything."

"All right, guess you're just as well off without it."

He took a couple of turns around the deck, and then went down to luncheon, while Helen lay there battling with waves of seasickness. It was the first time that she had felt the least ill. The trip over had been ideally smooth. But this return voyage had begun rough, and now the third day found them in an angry, lurching sea.

So far, Helen had kept on deck, although most of the other women had given up and taken refuge in their staterooms.

When Warren came up from luncheon the waves were breaking still farther over the deck, sending the spray almost into their faces.

"We can't stay here, it's getting too wet."

He called the deck steward and had their chairs moved to the other side, where the deck was sheltered by a high canvas railing.

Helen stood it for about an hour longer, then as the roll of the ship grew more stoking, she finally had to give up.

"Dear, I'm going down to the stateroom. Perhaps if I loosen my clothes and lie down a while I'll feel better."

Warren put down his book. "All right, guess it's getting a bit rough for you. Want me to bring this pillow?"

He helped her down to the stateroom. Helen had hoped he would come in, but he threw in the rug and pillow and left her with a brief, "Try to get a nap, you'll feel all right by dinner."

The room seemed close and the motion of the ship worse than on deck. There is nothing so depressing as seasickness, and as Helen lay there listening to the throbbing machinery and lashing waves, her eyes filled with tears of sheer despondency. But the swaying motion soon rocked her into an uneasy sleep.

"How are you now?" Warren was hanging up his coat and steamer cap. He had turned on the light, and Helen could see through the stateroom window that it was already dark. "Had a good nap?"

She tried to rise, but a sudden lurch sent her back against the wall.

"Pretty heavy sea," as he shoved back the steamer trunk that had slid from under the berth. "Guess we're going to have a night of it."

"Oh, dear, is it getting worse?"

"Well, it's not getting any better. How do you feel about dinner? Think you'd rather stay where you are?"

"I'm afraid I'll have to. I'm so dizzy."

"All right, the stewardess will bring you what you want. There'll not be many down tonight. See here, we can't have this window open!"

"Oh, Warren, don't shut that!"

"Why not?"

"Oh, it's so close in here, I couldn't stand it."

"Well, this has got to be shut. Can't have the waves coming in here and getting everything soaked."

"But they're not coming in now."

"No, but they may any moment. The wind's getting around this side."

"But I'll watch it," pleadingly.

"Huh, the whole place would be flooded before you'd know it." And Warren with his knee of the couch began closing the window.

"Oh, Warren, please don't! I'll be deathly sick here without air!"

"Now, for heaven's sake, don't get one



### Daddydile

IT WAS A RIOT BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE OPERA HOUSE. THE HAMS WERE DISCUSSING THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF THE STARS AND 12 OF THEM WERE SAYING DIFFERENT THINGS ALL AT THE SAME TIME. FINALLY THE STAGE MANAGER RUBBED IN WITH A MEGAPHONE AND BARKED, "IF A WOMAN COMMITTED MURDER WOULD THE COAT HANGER?"

HORACE!!-TOMKINS HAS BETRAYED US.

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED TA-RA-RA-RA INTERLOCUTOR-BONES WHY DONT YOU GO TO WORK YOU HAVENT WORKED FOR A YEAR BONES-ISE GOIN TO WORK TO-MORROW MR. SCOTT. ISE GOT A JOB PILOTIN' SCHOONAHS ACROSS THE BAR. INTERLOCUTOR-DOWN IN THE DAY? BONES-NO SUN DOWN IN DE CORNHAN SALOON. I UNLOAD THEM AFTER I GETS DEM ACROSS

BLIND HERMAN HAD BEEN SITTING ON THE CORNER FOR E LONG HOURS AND NOT A SOUL HAD DRESSED ANY FILTNY LUCRE INTO HIS CUP. JUST AS HE WAS ABOUT TO WEND HIS WEARY WAY HOMEWARD SOME THING HIT HIS MATT. LOOKING DOWN HE SAW IT WAS A NOTE. QUICKLY ADJUSTING HIS GREEN CHEETERS PETE SLANTED AT THE PARCHEMENT AND READ, "IF LARRY DOYLE HURT HIMSELF WOULD THE BASE BAWL?"

I HEARD DIFFERENT!

HALT!- MAKE IT A STOP

WHO GIVES IT A GO THERE?

OH SUCH A NERVE

I SHOULD WORRY

WHO ARE YOU TOUGH GUY?

IM THE BOOB THAT PUT THE RUBE IN RHUBARB

## Electricity

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

In the year 1878, when I attended scientific lectures at Harvard, a certain professor of physics once explained to us the nature of light.

I had a notebook and industriously wrote down the principal points of the address, hoping thereby to memorize what the professor said, in order, if possible, that some day I might be just as wise as he.

Said the learned professor, "There is no combustion without oxygen. There is no combustion without oxygen. The sun, therefore, is a molten mass of fire surrounded by oxygen. When the oxygen is consumed the light will go out, and that will be Judgment Day. Every form of life will then disappear from the face of the world, and the earth will be like the moon, an extinct planet." The oxygen has not been all consumed up to this writing.

It is not very long after I heard that lecture on light that a man at Menlo Park, N. J., succeeded in sending a current of electricity through a vacuum. In this vacuum was a small filament, and the current, when turned on, produced a soft, mellow light that illumined the room. Edison had succeeded in producing light without oxygen.

Of course, if Edison had enjoyed the same educational advantages that I had had, he would not have tried his fool experiment, because he would have known beforehand that there can be no light without oxygen.

Thirty years and more have passed since the incandescent light was first exhibited as a curiosity, and we do not know anything more, practically, about what electricity is than we did then.

"What is electricity?" once asked a professor of his class.

Several hands were held up. "Well, Mr. Brown, you can tell us what electricity is."

Mr. Brown hesitated and then explained, "I knew once, but just at this moment I have forgotten."

"What a pity that the only man in the world who ever knew what electricity is should have forgotten," mused the professor.

Electricity is not a fluid. A fluid is one of the three forms of matter, the other two being a gas and a solid. All matter can be subjected to these forms at will under the right conditions.

We sometimes talk about electric power. We see the trolley car flying through the country, and we say it is run by electricity. But this is the language of colloquialism, not of science. The electricity is only a means of transporting power.

Whenever you see a trolley car moving along so smoothly over the rails, just remember that somewhere there is a steam engine burning up coal or a water power that is falling without ceasing. If that water power should be diverted or the steam engine run down, the trolley would come to a standstill.

We say that electricity is everywhere in the atmosphere, but this is an assumption that passes for knowledge, since no one can refute you.

Electricity has never been placed under the microscope. It has not been weighed in the scales. Chemical tests fail to find it.

A wire that is charged with electricity looks, feels, smells exactly like a wire that is not charged.

Franklin caught it on a key, but did not succeed in his endeavor to bottle it. All he caught was a cold.

We say that electricity travels. But this, too, is only a figure of speech, and a variation of the good old bromide that "all we see is its manifestation."

Yet we manipulate this particular medium of energy which we call electricity. We know some of the things we can do with it, and we know a few of the things we cannot do with it.

Egypt, Assyria, Greece, Rome—great civilizations all—went down to dusty death knowing nothing of electricity.

The whole science of electricity had been born, practically, within our own time, and no man can say what the final achievement of the electrician will be.

Electricity is a phenomenon, just as the spirit that animates a man is a phenomenon.

Electricity is a form of attraction and repulsion; of give and take; of absorption and dissipation.

Electricity seems to fill the connecting zone between spirit and matter.—Copyright, 1912, International News Service.

## Exit Old-Fashioned Woman, Enter Selfish

By ADA PATTERSON.

Mrs. Rida Johnson Young, the author, is famous for her types, particularly for her types of women. The law of cause and effect brought about the question, "What is the most common type of woman?" Her answer topped the ancient woman off her high pedestal and ignored the modern woman, with her clear-cut ideas and her courage in living up to them.

"The most common type of woman that I know of is the selfish woman."

"Do you think women are more selfish than men?"

"Yes, in material matters. They are very selfish about their possessions. A man will give liberally of money and material things. When he is selfish it is in a mental sense. He doesn't want his purposes thwarted nor his ambitions hampered. Women are cruelly selfish as to their own belongings and what they want for themselves—as selfish as the cat that fights when you want it to leave its warm, soft corner."

"You don't mean that the good, old-fashioned, unselfish mother has vanished?"

"You unconsciously said so yourself when you applied the term, 'old-fashioned' to her. If she hasn't vanished, she appears to me to be in the minority. Most of the women I know are selfish. They are wasters of time, of talent, of self. They spend the mornings, from half past eight to noon, in various 'treatments,' massage and baths and scalp rubs and face manipulations and manicures. They lunch with some of their own kind. In the afternoon they go from one shop to another to see the new models. They dine and go to the theater. That is their day."

"But these women are rich, and the average woman isn't rich. The average man, you know, earns thirty dollars a week. His wife cannot be such a waster as you describe."

"The wife of the clerk imitates the rich woman, just as the rich woman, without position imitates the exclusive set. I know of nothing that can be done for them because they are satisfied. They like the life of the waster."

"But some of them must be dissatisfied with such emptiness. Suppose you suggest a way out for them."

"Their need is intellectual independence. They are as dependent upon their husbands for ideas as for money. They might take an interest in other lives. They will get them out of themselves if they really want to come. They can take soul excursions into the big world by reading about its problems and think of a way, even if it be a wrong way,



MRS. RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG.

to solve them. They might do settlement work; though I am not an enthusiast about the results of such work. Charity work waits always to be done, of course. A good course of reading is a means out of this squalid condition, but these women always manage to read the late novels. And they have superficial knowledge of a lot of things. I often wonder where they skim even the cream of current knowledge. Shall I show and pickled up as it is, the little they know is an apparent armor against the charges of ignorance. If they would take up a course of philosophy it would broaden their vision and give meaning to their lives."

"It would take the place of flirtations with which they while away the time. Flirtations by idle women are very common, even though these women are married. They say that they must have an interest."

"But their children should furnish an interest. They don't have them. These waste women I have described are childless. There are more and more childless women coming to our notice every year. Soon the woman with children will be the exception."

Mrs. Young herself turned interviewer. "What do you think is the greatest lack

## Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

My husband is always so sin-ickal, sed Missus White to Ma & Pa & me last nite, wen we wa out for a ride to see the Coney Island Mardy-graw. He knows Mister Robins & the rest of them nice fellers that keeps them amusement places, but he dosent want to go to Coney bekaus he says that he dosent like crowds & that there will be a lot of crowds during Coney's last big week. I wish he cud be moar like yure husband, Missus White sed to Ma. I can tell from the look of yure husband's square chin & square sholders that he isent afraid of crowds.

"Then Pa began to malk his chin & his sholders look squarer & his chest look rounder. Iks a ball-oon. You are rite, Missus White, you are rite, Pa sed. I do not fear crowds and I do not fear anything, for the matter of that. Long years of facing perils has made me a stranger to fear in every form. Pa sed isent that sweet? sed Missus White to Ma. I should think you wud be so proud of yure noable husband. How grand it must be to think you are wed to a man whose hart is a hart of steel, Missus White sed. My husband, on the other hand, she told Ma, is the tipe of a man who does snarling enuff at hoam, but who wud run from a man that is bigger than he is. I'll bet yure husband wud never run from a bigger man, said Misses White.

I shud say he wuddent, wud he, Bobbie, sed Ma to me. Ma was winking at me & grinning so the others cuddent see it. But he has offen ran from a smaller man, hasent he, Bobbie.

Why, wife, what do you mean? sed Pa. I hoap you doant want our friend to think that I know what fear is? Big or small, short or tall, sed Pa, bring on yure men and I will slam them crowd-rite and left.

Jest then we got to Coney, & after we had got off the car Pa kep talking to Missus White about how he feared no living man. He was telling Missus White how he had been in Patagonia & Uru-guay & Para-guay & in the South Sea Islands & all the far places of the earth, & Ma & me was walking behind listening and laffin.

He is a grand old bluffer, lanet he, Bobbie? sed Ma to me. Jest think how afraid Missus White's husband wud be of him if he cud chanst to cum along the street now & see our husband & father walking with his wife.

I doant know, mother, I sed, sometimes I think that father wud be a pretty dangerous man in a scrap, after all. I was reading in a book rote by a grate poeter, I told Ma, that lots of men which talked loud & hard fought looder & harder, I sed.

Jest then there was three men cum up and pushed Pa & Missus White off the side-walk into the street, wich is a very wrong thing to do. Pa went after them three men & before I cud git there to help him thars wenas any use, Pa had beater all of them up as easy as the pro-hibition party is going to lose.

Fine, fine, you darling boy, you are a hero and you wud, sed Ma.

I suppose so, sed Pa. Anybody can be a hero after he has wont.