

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

How to Judge a Person

By ADA PATTERSON.

I judge a man by the way he answers a question. If he be honest and of good mental fibre and training he will answer the question to the satisfaction of the questioner. If he be dishonest or of poorly trained mind he will leave him mystified.



The only person who is excusable for evading a question is the young woman who is receiving a proposal of marriage. It is a part of the ancient and honorable feminine code that she hesitate during this romantic climax. Or her evasion may be prompted by a kind heart. She is a merciful executioner who pauses before letting the axe of her "No" fall upon the masculine neck.

Any other person, male or female, who declines to answer an ordinary question in a direct and satisfying manner, satisfying to the intellect if not to the heart, is either a wanderer as to wits, or one who is ashamed of the truth his answer would reveal.

New York furnishes in the course of a day more dodgers of questions than any city in the world. Ask a San Franciscan, a Chicagoan, a citizen of London or Paris a question and you have a fair chance of a reply to it. In New York you will get a reply to some other question or a question as to your question.

Board a street car in New York, receive a pink ticket which shows that you are a commodity that is transferable at certain points on the road, and you are possessed of a desire to know what lines that car transfers. You want to know, but the conductor won't tell you, not until there has been wordy combat and one of you has been browbeaten, and if the was has been carried far, doubtless bruised.

"Where do you transfer?" a portly and prosperous citizen inquired on a Broadway trolley.

"Where did you want to go?"

"None of your business. Tell me where you transfer," returned the man.

"The conductor informed the passenger that he was a fresh guy." The passenger caused the conductor's nose to bleed. The car was stopped. A policeman arrested both of them for disturbing the peace and twenty angry, shivering passengers were ordered to "Take a car ahead."

"Where do you transfer?" The sweet, soft voice in which a white-haired woman asked this should itself have earned a soft response.

Instead, the ruffian who collected the tickets snarled: "Where, d'ya want to go?"

"It depends on where you transfer," replied the snow-haired matron, a faint pink stealing into her cheek.

That was a more intelligent remark than the beetling-browed individual in the uniform realized. A woman sets forth on a shopping tour. She wants to buy silk for herself. The silk house of Brown & Co. is, we will say, on Thirty-fourth street. She wants to buy slippers for her daughter, who is at school. Her favorite shoe house is on Forty-second street. She must have a prescription filled for her son, who is ill. She always has her prescriptions filled at the chemist's on Fifty-ninth street. All these places must be visited. It doesn't matter about their sequence. Which place she will visit first depends upon which street that car transfers. It was an entirely logical situation that of the little woman, yet I heard the conductor heatedly complaining to a man on the platform of the "base the old woman had given him."

She heard it, too, and indignant tears rose to her eyes, forced back by her will.

The conductor would have spared himself laceration of feelings and would have saved vitality and nerve force if he had answered: "At Forty-second and at Twenty-eighth streets."

With this information she could have planned her morning's shopping to suit her. Transferring at Twenty-eighth, she could have walked to Thirty-fourth street, perhaps to Forty-second, and the errands done, have taken a Forty-second street car to one of the side lines that would have carried her to that block on Fifty-ninth she wished to visit. Yet he had ruffled himself and insulted her

The Girls He Leaves Behind Him or "The Departing Guests"

By Nell Brinkley



By NELL BRINKLEY.

From Summer's closing gate
Go Dan and I.
He swings upon a crutch—
"Looks" with but one blue eye.

His pinky knees are bruised;
On his fat cheeks—
Run through with crystal tears—
The dirt's in streaks!

And while he hops he sobs
In sniffs forlorn.
"Had I a heart, 'twould burst—
My elfin wings are torn."
I stumbled with no crutch
No bruise I show,
But my heart's laced with cracks,
And turned—with inward tears—
to dough!
Gone are our lazy days.

Danny's and mine.
Autumn's cold rain chills flesh
Warm with the Summer's wine.
Behind that gate lies Summer,
Golden and Blue,
Gold for the sweet, warm days,
Sapphire the deep sky's hue.
Gold for the flowers and bees
And butterflies,

Blue for the Summer girls!
Dear, untrue eyes.
Back in that Paradise
We leave all bliss;
There lies a velvet sea—
There lives a vanished kiss.
The girl who swam with me
The smothering surf.
The girl who "drove" the ball

'Cross green plush turf.
"Black-eyes" who danced with me
Through moonlight hoar,
"Brown-eyes," who, boylike, raced
Young Dan and I along the shore.
Sighs, songs and girls—
Long, lovely days—
My tennis shoes—white stocks—
Are all there by the ways.

Of Summer land, beyond
The gates. They fly
(Girls, flowers, all Summer things)
To Summer's steps—kissing good-
bye!
Into October's rain
Go Dan and I.
Scuffling through dry, sad leaves,
Blackened of heart and eyes!

because he had not trained himself to answer questions.

In shops, in offices, at work or play in the metropolis, we are more likely than not to find the inadequate answer to a warrantable question.

Richard Grant White's maxim, "We think in words, and when we lack fit words we lack fit thoughts" applies to the answering of questions. If you notice irritation in the manner and vexation in the face of persons when they talk with you, the chances are seven out of ten that you answer their questions at random. It would be a good mental training to focus your attention upon the next question asked you and note whether you answer them crisply and with intelligence, giving no more information than asked for and no less.

A civil question is entitled to a civil answer directed with such intelligence as we possess.

Man or Woman, Which is Superior?

Each Excels, as Each Fails, in Certain Particulars; Are Necessary to Make Up Humanity; to Argue Further is Futile

By DOROTHY DIX.

A correspondent writes: "Will you please discuss the subject, 'Is Man Superior to Woman?' A neighbor of mine, a foreigner, contends that man is superior to woman. He holds that he is far superior to his wife, yet she does twice as much work as he does. She runs both his home and his store, and it is her energy and intelligence that have made his business a success."

To argue about whether a woman is superior to man, or man is superior to woman, is as futile as to discuss whether winter is better than summer, or rain or sunshine is more advantageous to growing crops.

Each excels in certain particulars, each fails in certain respects, and both are necessary to make up humanity. Take them by and large, and man and woman are cut out of pretty much the same piece of goods. As Mrs. Fowler truly said: "Women are foolish—God made them that way to match the men."

Undoubtedly, the vast majority of men believe, on insufficient evidence, that they are far superior to women, and that the mere accident of sex is a sort of genius in itself, so that anybody who is entitled to wear trousers by reason of that fact is more intelligent, with a broader vision and a saner judgment than even the most gifted creature doomed by nature to skirts.

A few women also hold of this view, and a great number profess to subscribe to it because experience has taught them that man is superior in at least one quality—vanity. They have found out that the easiest way to work a man is to sit at his feet and wait him hot air, and tell him how big, and wise, and strong, and handsome he is, and what a

poor, miserable worm in the dust a mere female is. It is these cheerful workers among women, aided and abetted by the fact that the law gives man the right to rule over women, and until lately has given him also her property, that has fostered man's belief in his superiority to woman.

But why, goodness only knows, because it is woman who takes care of man at every stage of the game, from the time when she washes out his little eyes when he's born, to the day when she closes them in death. And all between times she helps him, she braces him up, she tugs him into the right path, and keeps him going. Many a big and successful man is really a little inferior man made by a superior woman.

Of course, men are superior to women in certain respects. A man, for instance, is stronger than a woman. He has bigger bones, more muscle. The average man can lift his wife with out hand. But it is the woman who stands an eighteen-hour workday, devoted to the most monotonous labor on earth, a strain under which any man would break down, or take to drink.

It is the weak mother who can nurse a fretful, teething baby month after month, who can be up with it half of the night, and in times of sickness hold it in her arms for a week at a time without getting nervous prostration. Any Sunday taking care of the children on the nurse's afternoon off leaves an able-bodied man worn to a frazzle.

Men have greater physical endurance than women. Yet any doctor will tell you which bears pain better, a man or a woman. Let a man get a toothache, or a headache, and he howls to heaven about it and wants doctors and trained nurses and everybody in the family to be on the jump waiting on him, while there are thousands of women who never draw a breath that isn't fraught with pain, and who go uncomplainingly about their daily duties without even mentioning how they feel.

Men are braver than women. There are even women who are afraid of mice, but every woman who bears a child goes smilingly forth to look into the face of death by torture. Only the exceptional man ever has his courage put to the test that practically every woman experiences, and when he doesn't flinch they

call him a hero, but woman's courage is so common that we never notice it.

And women have far more moral courage than men. Men are afraid of shame, of ridicule, of having the finger of scorn pointed at them. A man turns a disgraced daughter out of doors. He divorces a drunken wife, but a woman stands by her own no matter how low they fall. It is women, and not men, who are waiting outside of the penitentiary doors to take the freed convict home.

Men are the financiers of the world, but the average woman can make a dollar so twice as far as a man can when it comes to spending, and in those families where the wife is the cashier you will nearly always find prosperity. It is also notable that in a business where both men and women are employed, although the women receive a smaller salary than the men, they will have a little bank account, and the men be borrowing money.

Men have better health, as a rule, than women do, yet when the head of a big firm which employed both male and female labor was asked if he did not find that the women lost a lot of time on account of sickness, he replied: "Not so much as the men do from drunkenness."

A man is the official head of the family, yet it is men who desert their little children and leave them to starve. It is men who commit suicide when life gets over hard. You hardly ever hear of a woman abandoning her helpless little children to the mercy of the world.

Undoubtedly men have displayed more genius than women. They have written the big books, painted the great pictures, made the marvelous inventions, yet what man has ever done anything so wonderful as the creating of a man? A woman does that. Great men seldom beget sons, but every great man has a great mother.

And so you might argue the question endlessly as to which is the superior, man or woman. It is, in reality, a personal question. Some men are superior to some women, and some women are superior to some men. But they average up about the same percentage of wisdom and folly, of weakness and strength, of nobility and meanness. If it is any pleasure to a man to think he is superior to his wife, let him enjoy it. She, and generally the neighbors, know better.

Dynamite a Great Aid in Fertilizing Farms

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The Swiss farmers have taken a hint from America and are beginning to plow up the soil and stimulate its productivity with dynamite, after the fashion of those whom they still call Yankees.

We on this side of the ocean have known for some time that this is an excellent method of breaking up hard soil and making worn-out land astonishingly fertile, and now they are learning the truth in the old world.

They have set about it very systematically in Switzerland, under the lead of the federal department of agricultural chemistry, and they have obtained results which fill them with enthusiasm. The cultivation of fruit trees has been their first care, and they are delighted to find that this Yankee notion of shaking the earth awake works like a charm. Trees planted in soil prepared by dynamite explosions grow faster and produce more fruit than those standing on land cultivated in the old way.

The explanation is plain and easy. The fertility of the soil—which is mostly nothing but disintegrated rock worn and resting upon the hard skull of the earth—depends upon certain chemical elements that nourish the life of plants. Some of these elements are soon exhausted by the plants, where crop rapidly succeeds crop, and thus constant manuring is required to keep the land in a productive state. Another portion of the plant food is washed away by rains or buried deep in the soil, beyond the reach of plows and cultivators.

At a certain depth, below the level ordinarily cultivated there is often an accumulation of valuable chemical elements that the roots of plants cannot attain. No plow can go so deep, and if it did it could not break up the hard, rock-like layers which are full of unused nourishment. But a dynamite cartridge skillfully exploded two or three feet below the top of the ground causes an instan-

taneous overturning of the soil and a releasing of its chemical energies. By planting the cartridges from twelve to twenty feet apart and exploding them simultaneously by electricity a large space of ground may be thoroughly broken up and the soil completely triturated in an instant.

Ground that is thus prepared possesses more than ordinary fertility, because not only is a greater depth of soil, filled with nourishing elements, brought into action to feed the plants, but the pulverizing by the explosions of virgin layers that were never before broken up into soil brings a fresh store of plant food into use. Then, too, it has been shown that the greater degree of fineness to which the explosions reduce the particles of earth is an important matter, since it results in the freeing of chemical elements, even from soil that is regarded as worn out, that the usual methods of cultivation do not reach.

The Swiss experimenters confirm the previous ones made in America in showing that cultivation by explosion can be conducted without danger if the most elementary precautions are used.

A single dynamite or gannite cartridge exploded at a depth of about a yard produces a cone of pulverized earth from thirty-six to forty square feet in area at the surface, and the force of the explosion is so completely used up in trituration of the soil that there is no serious throwing about of fragments at the top. A young fruit tree planted in one of these cones of triturated earth shows immediately the stimulating effects of the process.

Evidently we have hardly scratched the surface of the earth hitherto. It is filled with riches only a few feet down, which only need to be brought to the top in order to double the capacity of the land for the production of grains and fruits.

I am writing this in the hope that thousands of young Americans who now crowd the cities to overflowing and pass their lives in occupations that add virtually nothing to the wealth and well-being of their country will perceive how interesting and how worthy of their utmost powers and efforts is the life of the modern tiller of the soil, aided by the discoveries that science is continually making for him.

Cause for Divorce

By DR. C. H. PARKHURST

Under the auspices of a society of which the archbishop of Canterbury is president, Dr. Woods Hutchinson has been delivering an address on divorce, in which he urges that drunkness should be considered sufficient ground for breaking the marriage contract.

Without raising any question as to the soundness of Dr. Hutchinson's position, a line of thought like that which he pursues in his address raises the question whether we may not be talking and writing too much about the way by which married people can get out of matrimony and too little about the straight and narrow way by which alone unmarried people ought to be allowed to enter into matrimony.

Easy divorce makes easy marriages, and easy marriages make easy divorce. The moral soundness of society depends in very considerable measure upon the solidity and durability of the marriage tie, and every new divorce is another blow to social integrity and to the whole-

someness of popular sentiment and life. The cordiality accorded to divorced parties, who, half a century ago, would have been regarded as social outcasts, indicates the ease and rapidity with which the moral sense of the public has become weakened and debased.

The greater the ease with which the contract can be broken, the larger the part which will be played by inconsiderate passion in forming the contract.

Great credit is due to the Catholic church for the rigid position which it continues to maintain. The Episcopal church holds to the old ground with almost the same intensity of tenure. "Till death do us part" is the pledge insisted upon in its marriage service.

That same service furthermore insists that the "holy estate is not by any to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly, but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly and in the fear of God."

It is just the lack of this, the habit of blundering into marriage, that feeds the divorce court. Courtship would be a different thing and be conducted with an altered spirit if it were understood by each of the parties that once the contract is consummated, death of one or the other of the two is the only way out of it, and that "Till death do us part" is not merely a phrase, but a solemn covenant that cannot be broken.

Better than a plan for getting out of trouble is a policy for not getting into it, and the wiser it is to get out the more there will be that will get in.

