

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

A Judge and His Wise Words

By ADA PATTERSON.

"Take your wife out to an entertainment now and then."

A Brooklyn judge rustled the black silk of his robe and looked severely down at the man who stood before him awaiting judgment.

A couple were standing at their heads as one at a desk. They waited to get away from each other. They were tired of each other. They had gotten on each other's nerves. They were making a mutual demand for freedom.

The judge, looking down upon them, believed that this condition was a temporary one. He thought he had before him another case of a couple who are homebound.

Being a wise judge, he knew that home, like all other good things, might be overrated. And he gave the advice: "Take your wife out to an entertainment, now and then."

I called one day at the home of a man who never "took his wife out to entertainments," nor to anything else. She had that morning committed suicide, and as he stood there he was wondering whether he might have made a mistake. The neighbors said of her, the men looking grave, the women wiping their eyes on their aprons: "She was a good woman. She was hard working. And she never stepped outside of the house."

I went back to the newspaper I served and wrote a story of the woman to whom the passing of the hands of the clock by day meant always some new duty. Never rest. Never any relaxation. Yes, she had the compensation. She had a good husband. At least he never got drunk but seldom, and he had never beaten her. They had a goodly brood of children. But he did not know that a woman's delicate nervous organism, if stretched too far, like a rubber band, will break. He did not know that work unrelied by play is fruitless. Nor did he know that monotony is a foe to in-



sanity as it is to health, which is proven by the fact that there are more farmers' wives than any other class of women in institutions for the insane. That women who work in factories do not lead the list is explainable upon but one ground. Tired as they are, they drag their aching bodies out to an occasional entertainment. They open the sluice gates of their thoughts and let them flow into another channel than their work.

The farmer's wife has the advantage of fresh air, and she should have that of fresh food, though. I'm told, farmers' greatest fault is his habit of sending the fresh things to market and providing his family with those which are stale and salt. But the life of the farmer's wife is an isolated one. While her lungs have the benefit of fresh air, her mind has not the stimulus of contact with other minds. There's nothing for polishing our wits like sandpapering them with another's.

The woman who has a large family, much work to do and little leisure for rest and recreation, need not be depressed by this. Nor need the farmer's wife fancy the gate of an insane asylum swinging open to receive her. But they would do well to recall the words of the Brooklyn judge, and remind their lords of those words.

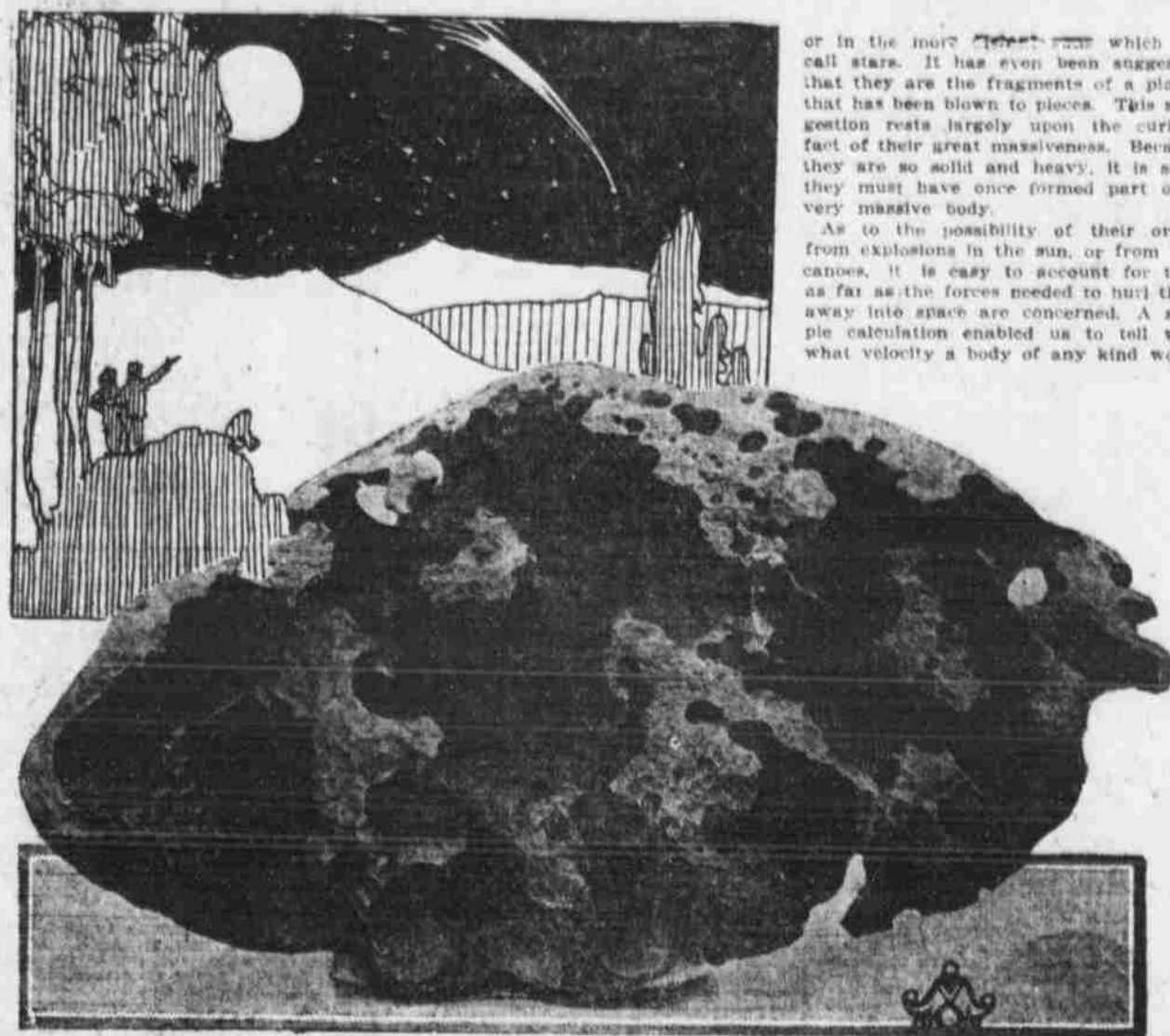
It is good to love home. It is bad to be homebound. The world has widened and life has been enriched since it was a woman's pride that she never stepped beyond her own doorstep. She must meet other women. Although she thinks her husband's fireside circle, and it is sure of it, she must hear what other men think. That is necessary to keep up with the procession of thought. That way lies good health and sanity, clear vision and sane rule.

True, the domestic pendulum swings 'twixt two extremes. The man who never wants to go anywhere and the woman who was always wants to go somewhere. The groinch and the butterfly. But midway between these two are reasonable men and women who need contact with their fellows. They must talk. They must read. They must visit the libraries. They must see pictures, if only moving pictures. They must hear music and some of them must dance.

Occasional entertainment is necessary for happiness and mental balance. Remember the words of the wise judge of Brooklyn: "Take your wife out to an entertainment, now and then."

Mysterious Sky Nomads

Meteorites, Some of Which Strike the Earth, May Wander for a Million Years



Here is a meteorite known as "The Willamette," found in Oregon. It weighs 31,000 pounds and is 91 per cent iron.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

"What would result if a large meteor struck the earth? What causes its fall? I often read in the newspapers of meteors falling on our planet, but I have been very much puzzled to understand the causes and results.—S. B. P., Brooklyn."

One of the greatest of all mysteries with which science has to deal is that of the solid bodies called meteorites which fall upon the earth from the sky.

A magnificent collection of the largest meteorites known to exist is to be seen in the foyer, or lobby, of the American Museum of Natural History, the most attractive place in New York for lovers of the wonders of nature and science.

A photograph of one of these huge visitors from outer space is herewith shown. It is called the Willamette meteorite, and was found in 1802 in a forest about nineteen miles south of Portland, Ore. It is ten feet long and weighs 31,000 pounds. Two prospectors, searching the rocky ledges for gold, came upon it and thought that they had discovered a mine of pure iron.

Expert investigation showed that the mass was a gigantic meteorite, the largest ever found in the United States. One of the finders had the meteorite removed to his ranch, but the owner of the land on which it had fallen brought suit for its recovery, and the supreme court of Oregon, after a determined legal contest, returned this gift from the sky to its

original possessor, who, however, had not been aware of his good luck until the gold hunters stumbled upon the treasure. Mrs. William E. Dodge secured the great meteorite for the museum.

It contains more than 91 per cent of iron and more than 8 per cent of nickel, so that evidently nature was familiar with nickeliferous iron long before man invented it as a shield for battleships. But no battleship, ever went through so fiery an experience as this strange object had, when, at some unknown time, it plunged through the earth's atmosphere and fell thundering into the Oregon forest.

There are two kinds of these bodies—iron meteorites and stony meteorites. The former always consist of about 90 per cent of iron, mixed with 8 or 9 per cent of nickel, and often containing in minute quantity two or three other substances, such as cobalt, phosphorus and carbon. Even the stony meteorites almost invariably contain scattered grains of nickel-iron.

The place and manner of the origin of the meteorites is purely conjectural, and many theories have been proposed. Some have thought that they may have been ejected ages ago, from the now extinct volcanoes of the moon, which look as if they had been incomparably more powerful than those known on the earth.

Others have suggested that they may have been thrown out of former volcanoes of the earth, and still others think that their source should be sought in the sun,

or in the more distant space which we call stars. It has even been suggested that they are the fragments of a planet that has been blown to pieces. This suggestion rests largely upon the curious fact of their great massiveness. Because they are so solid and heavy, it is said, they must have once formed part of a very massive body.

As to the possibility of their origin from explosions in the sun, or from volcanoes, it is easy to account for that as far as the forces needed to hurl them away into space are concerned. A simple calculation enabled us to tell with what velocity a body of any kind would

need to start from the surface of the sun, or of any planet, in order that it might get away and not fall back. In the case of the earth this velocity is nearly seven miles per second, and in the case of the sun it is about 800 miles per second.

Now, while no modern volcano has sufficient power to hurl matter out of its crater at a speed of seven miles per second, it is at least conceivable that ancient volcanoes may have been able to do so. As to the moon's volcanoes the problem is simplified, because the velocity needed to get away from the moon is only about a mile and a half per second, or less than three times greater than the initial speed of many of the projectiles shot from modern cannon.

On the sun we know, by actual observation, that matter is often hurled away into space with more than the velocity of 800 miles per second, required to escape from the control of the sun's gravity. This matter is in a gaseous, or at the best molten, condition when it leaves the sun, but it would cool rapidly when once put out into open space. A mass of matter could be ejected from the sun (or formerly from the moon or a planet) at a speed which would not send it entirely beyond the limits of the solar system, but would cause it to become, as it were, a wanderer among the orbits of the planets, until, in consequence of the variations in its motions, produced by the multiplicity of attractions to which it would be subject, it was brought down upon the earth, or some other planet. It

Why My Wife Left Me

By DOROTHY DIX.

"I lost my wife," said the seventh man, "through drink. Believe me, Cleopatra was not the only sinner who has dissolved a priceless pearl in the wine cup and quaffed it down."

"We hear a great deal about the drunkard's wife, whose love never wavers, no matter how low the man sinks, and who can still see her husband as the hero of her girlish dreams, even when he wallows in the gutter, but I wonder if that isn't a fairy tale that men have invented for their own consolation. I wonder if any woman's love ever survives the disillusionment of seeing the man she is married to turned by drink into a maudlin, besotted beast."

"Certainly my wife's affection was not of the kind that can drap the pink chiffon of imagination about a reeling, senseless, speechless drunkard and see in him a figure of romance. She was a delicate, refined, sensitive woman, and when I was in my cups every fibre in her revolted from me. I was to her a thing unclean and abhorrent, and while she pitied my weakness, she had at the same time a contempt for me, and contempt is the death of love."

"When we were married I was a young lawyer, had already begun to make my way in the world, and had every prospect of success. We set up a charming little home. My wife was a capable manager, and anxious to help me in every way, and no young couple could have looked forward with more assurance to a happy life together."

"I had always been a little too fond of drink. The habit had not 'got me' at the time of my marriage, but I had got the habit, if I may make the distinction. I didn't get drunk, but I took just enough to get what Jack London calls 'joyfully afflicted,' just enough to make me see the world all rosy, as one sees it through the bottom of a wine glass."

"Soon after our marriage my wife



spoke to me about this, but I assured her with fatuous self-confidence that I knew just when to stop, and that I could break off whenever I wanted to, and that to drink a certain amount and be a good fellow helped me along with my business, because it brought me in close contact with certain men who controlled big interests. She looked the doubt she felt, but said nothing more."

"When our first baby came my wife went down into the Valley of the Shadow, and when she came back she brought with her a tiny, frail little creature, in whose frame the spark of life glimmered so feebly that only a mother's incessant devotion could keep it alive."

"I was passionately in love with my wife and family with anxiety about her, and, like many another man, under such circumstances, I tried to drown my fears and sorrows in drink. The night that my wife was fighting with death I was nursing drink after drink down my throat, and when with her first conscious breath she asked for me I, who should have been standing by her side, was lying in a drunken stupor in the back room of a saloon. I had fallen her at the great crisis of our lives."

"I don't know what they told her. I don't know what she thought. I suppose she suspected the truth, and in her woman-wise way made allowances for me, but her face, when I was sober enough to be admitted to her presence, wore for the first time the look of sorrow that I was never to see out of her eyes again. It was the look that every drunkard's wife wears."

"My wife had to give most of her time and attention to the care of our sickly little baby, and I got into the way of spending my evenings at the club and in saloons, and before I realized it I had passed from being a moderate drinker into being a hard drinker, and the habit that I had boasted that I could control controlled me."

"What followed is the old story. I became a drunkard. I lost my practice. I lost all of my friends who were worth while. The money that should have gone to the support of my family went over the bar. We moved and moved and moved, each time to a cheaper and poorer place. Our furniture and clothes became shabbier and shabbier. We became the typical drunkard's family."

"At first I was ashamed to come home drunk, and would sleep off my carouse in my office, or at some hotel. Then I lost all shame, and my wife saw me reeling, tottering, maudlin, my eyes bleary, my mouth dribbling, my clothes filthy; surely the most disgusting sight on earth to a woman of delicacy and refinement."

"She knew what it was to watch and wait through long nights for the coming of a shuffling step. She knew what it was to open the door for a man whose fumbling hand could not even find the latch. She knew what it was to help a big, strong thing in the shape of a man—who had lost all manhood—to bed, there to slumber in a soporific sleep, with open mouth and agonious breathing until his alcoholized blood awoke to life again."

"My wife stood all of this with the patience of an angel for a few years. She stood it until her every effort to reform me had failed, and her every hope was dead, and then she left me. The shock of her going shattered me so that I have never taken a drink since, but my reformation came too late. I had killed her respect and her love for me, and I could no more bring them back to life than you can breathe life into a corpse."

"I had had hope and happiness, wife and child, and I lost them all through drink."

Read it Here—See it at the Movies.

Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

By special arrangement for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the installations of "Runaway June" may now be seen at the leading moving picture theaters. By arrangement made with the Mutual Film Corporation it is not only possible to read "Runaway June" each day, but also afterward, to see moving pictures illustrating our story.

June went to the door and opened it, aware that the eyes of Joe were fixed on her in undying gratitude.

The woman looked doubtfully at her husband, but the figure at the door was so inflexible that she succumbed to discipline.

"Well, so long, Joe," she said. "See if you can't get your money for that drive by the time I come again." She waved a wifely hand at him and stalked out. She turned to June in the hall. "If the fellow that's putting up for this room will give Joe the money instead we'll be a lot better off."

June was so shocked at the cold callousness of this speech that she could only dumbly nod her head, and she walked down to the nurses' little desk at the end of the hall, leaving the woman to find her way out alone. Joe, the chauffeur, lay, cheerfully grinning, with the thermometer in his mouth.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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EIGHTH EPISODE.

Her Husband's Enemies.

CHAPTER I. (Continued.)

"Well, it was a rotten week." And the man turned his eyes toward June, who looked steadfastly out of the window. There being no help from that quarter, he proceeded in helping himself. "You got enough to run you for ten days. You know you have. Come on, Alice, be sociable."

"Oh, I can come on all right, and I can be sociable all right, but suppose you don't get out of here in ten days! Then what do I do? Starve, I guess! Say, how do you come to be in a private room?" She looked at June and sniffed.

"And with a private nurse?"

"The good sport that picked us up put me here."

"The woman surveyed the bare little room. There were no curtains at the windows, no upholstering, no softening graces of any kind on the white enamel-cased fittings, yet it had an immense superiority, the cause of which she could not fathom. It was absolutely clean, and she paid an unconscious tribute to that phenomenon.

"Why, it's better than I got it home!" she complained. The man turned his head over and back again, but he said nothing.

"Say," the woman went on, "the fellow that spent the money for this room and the private nurse would have done better to let you go in the public ward and give you the money for your wife!"

June, at the window, moved impatiently.

"Nurse," said the man, "can you get me my pants?"

June opened the door of the tiny white enamel wardrobe in the corner and brought out the man's trousers, handing them down with the tip of her thumb and forefinger. The woman took them and deftly ran her hands into the pockets.

"Seven fifty-five," she reported and checked the money into her purse. She hung the trousers in the wardrobe and shut the door. "That'll help a little. Did you get your pay for this drive?"

"Not yet, Alice." And his head rolled restlessly.

"Well, you tell me who it was and I'll go after it!" She turned from the wardrobe and was regarding a tray which stood on its folding stand by the wall. She lifted the napkin. "My God!" she exploded. "A hothouse peach! And you didn't eat it all that! You know what I had for my breakfast? Coffee and sinkers and hash! And here you are living on the fat of the land!"

"Looky here, Alice!" The man had raised up in bed, and there was a twitch of pain at the corners of his lips as he stretched out on an oil blackened forefinger.

June whirled from the window with a snap of her big eyes. She still carried the thermometer which Dr. Remert had given her. Now she thrust it in the man's mouth, put a hand at the back of his neck and bent forward to feel his pulse. "The time is up," she crisply told the woman. Her voice was low and soft, and the visitor puzzled afterward as to how it could be so effective without shouting.

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