

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Good Fellow

By PERCY SHAW.

Have you ever thought of the cost of titles? Is a million too much to pay for "duchess," three-quarters of a million for "marchioness," half a million for "countess," and so on ad infinitum? "Preposterous," you declare. "degrading," and so on ad infinitum.

Ask nine out of ten of your acquaintances how much they pay for the American title of "good fellow."

If they tell the truth they will reveal a tragedy; if they lie, they will conceal one.

The title of "good fellow" is the American patent of nobility, bestowed ad libitum by a long-earred brotherhood, each on the other. It is the hall mark of mutual disrespect.

Like holders of other titles the good fellow has ancestors; the fact that he does not know them encourages him in his possession; if he could gaze on their portraits he would hasten to forswear his title, but Fate has handicapped him by having long ago marked them "Not worth keeping."

Still, in compensation, she has left him something—a vivid imagination—or he would not smile when others of his order wag their ears and bray. One virtue often counterbalances many shortcomings; hence the good fellow may save himself through his imagination.

And in this fashion:

He may call to his sober mind's eye a full pay envelope, a saloon bar and his wife and children.

He has taken his wife for better and for worse, and he has brought his children into the world heedless of the Malthusian doctrine; evidently he owes them a good deal.

He meets other men with pay envelopes and the issue is joined.

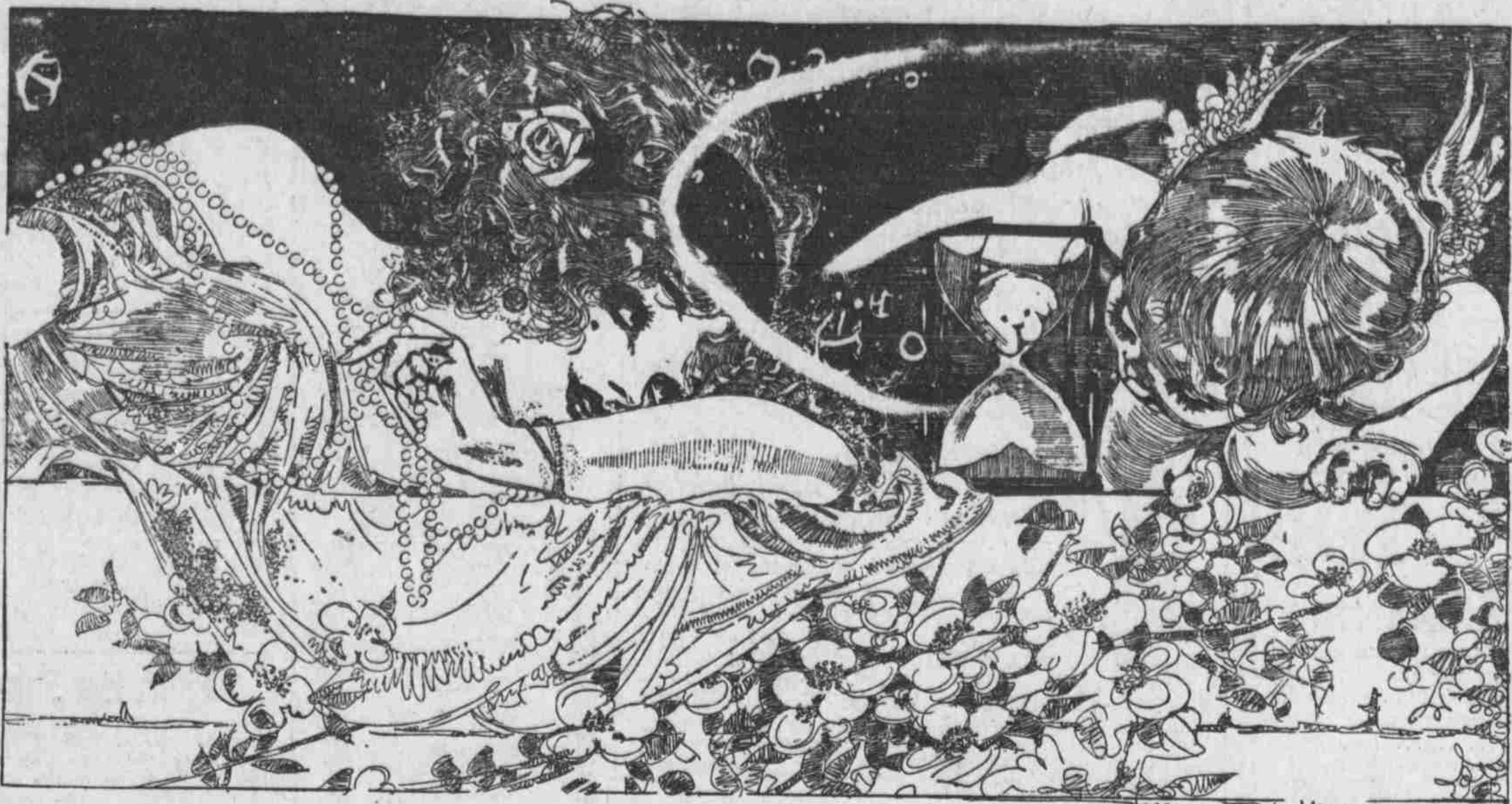
Just as the duchess, the marchioness and the countess must use their endless American dollars to keep up their titles, so he must use his few American dollars to keep up his title.

His wife and children therefore suffer; where they might be happy they are miserable; where they might be proud of their lord and master they despise him.

For one of the demands of the order of Good Fellows is inevitably that the members shall be Good Fellows only among Good Fellows.

At the bar he smiles, at home he frowns; he lends to another Good Fellow a dollar, to his wife he denies a dime; he kisses another Good Fellow on the shoulder, he strikes his little boy in the face.

If the Good Fellow is not too far gone, he may see in the shadowy form that



Love makes the whole world young, and his chubby fingers are adept at holding back the sands of time.

Conspirator Against Time :: :: :: By Nell Brikeley

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The Boy Scout

By THOMAS TAPPER.

How many American boys have inquired the exact meaning of the word "scout"? It is an interesting word.

And it means: To hear with attention; to listen.

This shows you that scout is a great and sublime word. In that it brings to mind, when you understand it, the one essential habit every person must form in order to do either good team work or good individual work. That one habit is: To hear with attention, and then go ahead and do what you have been told to do.

This one fact of following directions is so valuable that it alone will keep the boy scout movement alive, even if nothing else recommends it.

But many other things quite as valuable do recommend it.

Of these the first is this: It provides you with all the "gang" company you want. A "gang" is a good thing if it be a decent one, devoted to some purpose that does not include destroying property and doing the rowdy act generally.

Dr. Luther H. Gulick of the Russell Sage Foundation has written about this gang spirit of our boys, and he does not condemn it. He says of it that it is your natural impulse to be with your mates. It is nature's call to go out and learn what other boys are like, and with them to learn the social spirit.

Hence school games are a great institution. They bring boys together and engage them in doing some one definite thing.

And your school games are not mere idle pastime either. You learn honest team work; to keep your places; to hold up your end of the game; to play fair. Later in life, when you are at work, you will find that just exactly these qualities and actions will bring you success. It is merely another game, and one of the greatest games ever invented, for it permits you all sorts of "gang" life, and sets body and mind at work in a game of great importance.

Now, the boy scout movement is that it teaches you to be prepared.

The people who do not make good are they who are not prepared.

One scout master (and there are now 4,500 of them registered with the national organization), who has twenty boys, reports that they are working at scout activities with all the earnestness that they play ball. They go to camp for a week or more. Local doctors teach the boys "first aid." One of his boys, born in the great woods, has taught the others woodcraft. They have all quit cigarette smoking.

Factory men are anxious to have their boys learn the scout activities.

Why? Because the result is a better boy and a better worker.

The boy becomes more manly; he can think for himself; he becomes self-reliant and these are the very qualities a boy must depend on to be a success in business or in anything else.

As Dr. Gulick says, the gang spirit is a very natural one.

There are two kinds of gangs. The first kind is of boys who: Tell like madmen.

Interfere with other people. Smash car windows. Frighten women and children. Steal signs.

Try to play ball in the cars. And more of the same. Their motto is: Smash everything.

The other kind is of boys who are: Playing an earnest game. Hearing with attention. Following directions. Learning something. Quitting bad habits. And more of the same. Their motto is: Be Prepared.

Real Economy

Claus A. Spreckles, the sugar refiner, was talking in New York about economies in the sugar trade.

"We work very economically," Mr. Spreckles said, "but we haven't got things down to such a fine point as some folks would have you believe. We are not quite so economical, in fact, as the lady with the pet cat."

"A lady who owned a tortoise shell cat called her grocer up one morning and gave her usual economical order—an order for dried beans, hominy, yesterday's bread, and so forth—and she concluded with a request for 1 cent's worth of cat's meat."

"The grocer sighed, for this order would have to be delivered three miles away. But as he was entering the items in his order book she called him up again.

"Mr. Sands," she said, "oh, Mr. Sands!"

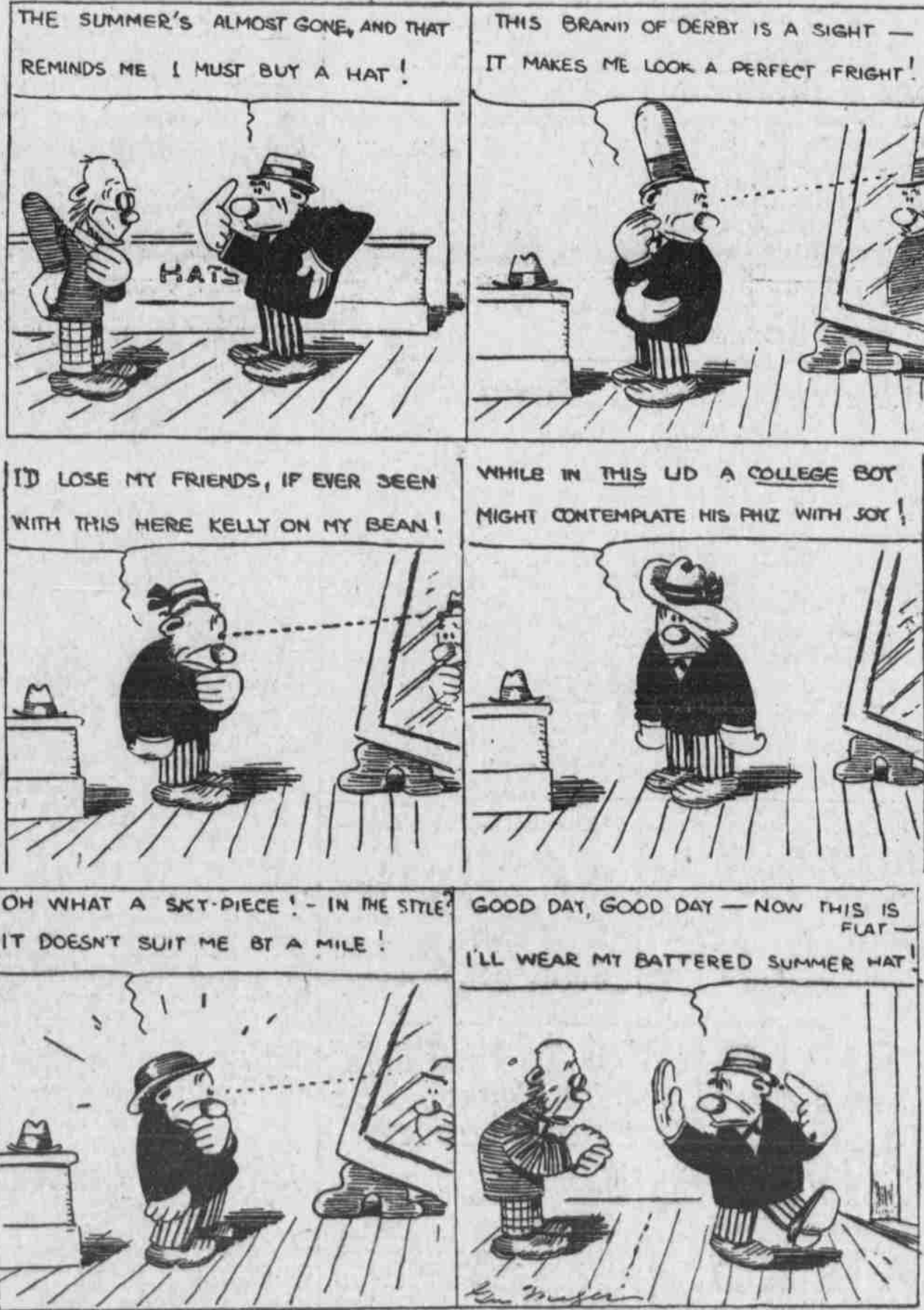
"Yes, madam."

"Mr. Sands, I want to cancel that order for cat's meat. The cat's just caught a bird."

Malthus, the French poet, was over-sensitive on the score of diction. He had a delicate ear and a refined taste. Being regarded at the court as the oracle of elegant language, he assumed such an authority as to be called "the tyrant of words and syllables." When the poet was dying his confessor, in dilating upon the joys of paradise, expressed himself inaccurately. "Stop!" cried Malthus. "Your ungrammatical style is giving me a distaste for them."

RHYMO THE MONK :: By Gus Mager

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McGuire's Finish

By Berton Braley.

"I'm the wild man of the prairie," says McGuire, as in he come. "An' there ain't a livin' mortal that kin put me on the bum. I kin lick me weight in wildcats, I kin throw the bouncer out, I'm the livin', breathin' image of a terror—hear me shout! I'm a cyclone an' a temptest an' a ragin' forest fire, An' my Christian name is Trouble—an' my Irish name's McGuire."

"What," the barkeep answers quiet, "is the poison you desire?"



Now McGuire he swore an' swaggered in a voice that was immense, But he couldn't get no battle, 'cause nobody took offense; They just let him rant an' thunder, they just smiled to hear him roar, An' at last he left the barroom with a temper very sore; But he slammed the door behind him an' he cussed 'em all at that, An' to show his state of feelings—well, he went an' kicked the cat.

Which, the same, a maiden lady was a-keepin' as a pet, An' she seen the rough encounter when McGuire and Kitty met, So she loaded with a soapstone an' a teapot an' a mop, An' she started off McGuire-ward with a holler an' a hop, An' she handed him his needin' till he fell upon his knees, An' was hollerin' for mercy, yellin': "Stop it, lady, please!"



All the fellers from the barroom gathered round with smilin' lip When they heard the bad man cheepin' like a chicken with the pip; An' they seen her drive him homeward in a very rapid style, An' they says, "That oughta hold him fer at least a little while!" Which it did—an' when there's "Trouble" sort of writ upon his brow You kin make him meek an' humble if you simply say, "mf-ow!"

Pointed Paragraphs.

Many a man mistakes the echo of his own voice for applause. It is usually a man's idle curiosity that induces him to look for work. Perhaps more men would be glad to pay their taxes if it were against the law.

"Take a Siding"

An unkind critic is sometimes the best helper we have. If we are quite sure that that which we propose or have done is best then we may with easy conscience stand by our colors. But if the judgment of others, though unkind, happens to be just, and if we then open our minds to the good there is in it, we have achieved a genuine victory.

We are like a number of trains trying to go in different directions on the same track. Congestions are certain to come, but a congestion need not degenerate into a collision if we will remember that there are plenty of sidings. Now a "siding" is a sort of abbreviated second track whereby trains going in opposite directions may pass each other in safety. In railways they bear curious names; on the invisible pathway of life they are all called Love. Sometimes they are nicknamed Patience and Common Sense. So in case of danger remember the sidings. It is true that we are not responsible for others' mistaken notions, but we are overmore guilty if we have willfully allowed a wreck of Peace—J. M. Stuffer, in "The Fighting Saint."

A lion may be beholden to a mouse.

Three Wishes---And Their Realization

Artist Herriman's Idea of Which Trio Should Be Chosen



The Hungarian Revolt

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

September 29, 1848.

Sixty-three years ago today, September 29, 1848, the Hungarians began their memorable struggle for independence. Appointing a provisional government under the leadership of Kossuth and Batthyany, they threw down the gauntlet of battle to the Austrians, and, though falling to make good their challenge, their heroic struggle enlisted the admiration and sympathy of all mankind, save the few little cliques of believers in the antiquated doctrine of the "divine right of kings."

As against the rights of humanity in general.

If there was ever a revolution that was completely justified, it was the Hungarian revolution of 1848. A great people were being treated as though they were children. The commonest rights of mankind were denied them. They were cruelly oppressed, and on the soil that had belonged

to them from of old, they found themselves, at all intents and purposes, the slaves and hirelings of the foreigner.

Inspired by that incomparable patriot and prince of orators, Louis Kossuth, they raised the standard of independence, and pledged themselves to die, if necessary, for the liberty that was dearer to them than anything else in the world. And right manfully did they uphold their righteous cause, in battle after battle they beat the Austrians, and the prospects of their victory were growing brighter every day. Austria was upon the verge of recognizing Hungarian independence.

And then something happened. The czar of Russia, chronic enemy of human rights and human progress, came to Austria's assistance, and the doom of the Hungarian cause was sealed. The mighty odds that were created by the advent of the giant power of the north, still they fought on, strengthened by the hough of the holy cause for which they were pouring out their blood and treasure. Defeated finally, they preserved their honor and self-respect untarnished, and when, by the logic of war, they dropped back into the old situation, they had nothing to regret. They had done all that brave and honorable men could do to secure to their children the freedom which belonged to them, and there was no room for any kind of self-reproach or shame.

There are many of our people still alive who will remember with a thrill the visit that Louis Kossuth made to the United States in 1851 at the invitation of congress. Our country could not aid the Hungarian in any substantial way in their struggle for freedom, but it could at least show its sympathy with their cause by inviting its eloquent spokesman to be its benediction to us, and like the glory that lingers in the western sky after the sun has set, the memory of that visit is still one of our most beautiful possessions.

Personal Opinions.

There are people who regard the depreciation of their own country as a positive luxury.—Spencer Leigh Hughes.

A trial is curiously like a play, and one forgets that the words and the gestures are part of a real action, and not a mimic show where the actors are but shadows.—James Douglas.