

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

"Giddap!"

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By Nell Brinkley

Hustling

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

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If you are an American you probably have great respect for the American word, "hustle." If you employ help, no doubt you use that expression, "Get a hustle on," which has been dignified by classification in Mr. Bell's "The Worth of Words."

"Getting a hustle on" is supposed to be the first long stride toward any success in life. It is an excellent thing, indeed, to feel impelled to put all your powers into immediate action.



Every human being is a reservoir of the energy which is back of all creation. The more fully he realizes the fact and the more earnestly he puts that energy into action the more positive and immediate are the results.

There is such a thing, however, as over-hustling. The continual "hustler" who never rests and never allows any one about him to rest at times defeats his own ends. He breaks down with the nervous strain of his own hurry and causes others to break down.

Aside from these direct disasters he is the indirect cause of innumerable accidents and misfortunes, which he attributes to "ill luck" or "carelessness" of others.

This carelessness may in countless cases be traced to the door of the hustler. The scientific men have decided that there is a close relationship between fatigue and accidents. Investigation of the cause and conditions leading to accidents has given an interesting number of statistics to prove that as a workman grows more fatigued he becomes more liable to meet with accidents and to produce them.

This is the scientific argument for shorter hours for man and beast.

The investigators found that in each succeeding hour of the first half of the day's work accidents became more numerous, while after the midday rest during the first hours of the afternoon they were fewer. Then later in the afternoon the number of accidents increased until toward the end of the second half of the day the proportion was larger than for the latter half of the morning hours.

Therefore the scientists argue that a short rest spell in the middle of the afternoon would tend to decrease the number of accidents.

What we term nonliving objects are capable of weariness as well as men and animals. It is a good thing to change your implements of labor, whether you are in the trades, arts or professions, periodically. Science has proven that even inanimate things are capable of a certain amount of feeling.

Take an occasional rest yourself whenever you feel worn and nervous. See to it that your employes are enabled to do so. Let them relax for five minutes even after a strain of hard hours of labor, and you will find they turn out better work and show more interest in your affairs for this privilege.

Let your horse relax and rest at intervals during the day. When it is a possible thing to do, even at the cost of a little money, hire a fresh animal for half a day and let your own tiring beast rest. He will last longer and do better service as a result.

Instead of the continual cry of "Get a hustle on you!" say to your helpers occasionally, "All relax and rest five minutes." Set the example yourself and then urge to work with your old American battle cry if you like.

But how much better if the new generation of Americans would cultivate the spirit of earnestness instead of that of continually "hustling." It is a great thing to be in earnest. But—

The hurry of the times affects us so in this swift rushing hour, we crowd, we press

And thrust each other backward as we go.

We do not pause to lay sufficient stress upon that good, strong word, "earnest."

In our impetuous haste, could we but know its full meaning, its vast import; oh,

Then might we grasp the secret of success.

In that receding age when men were the bone and sinew of their purpose lay

In that one word, God loves an earnest soul—

Too earnest to be eager. Soon or late it leaves the spent horse breathless, by the way.

And stands serene, triumphant, at the goal.

Advice to the Lovelorn

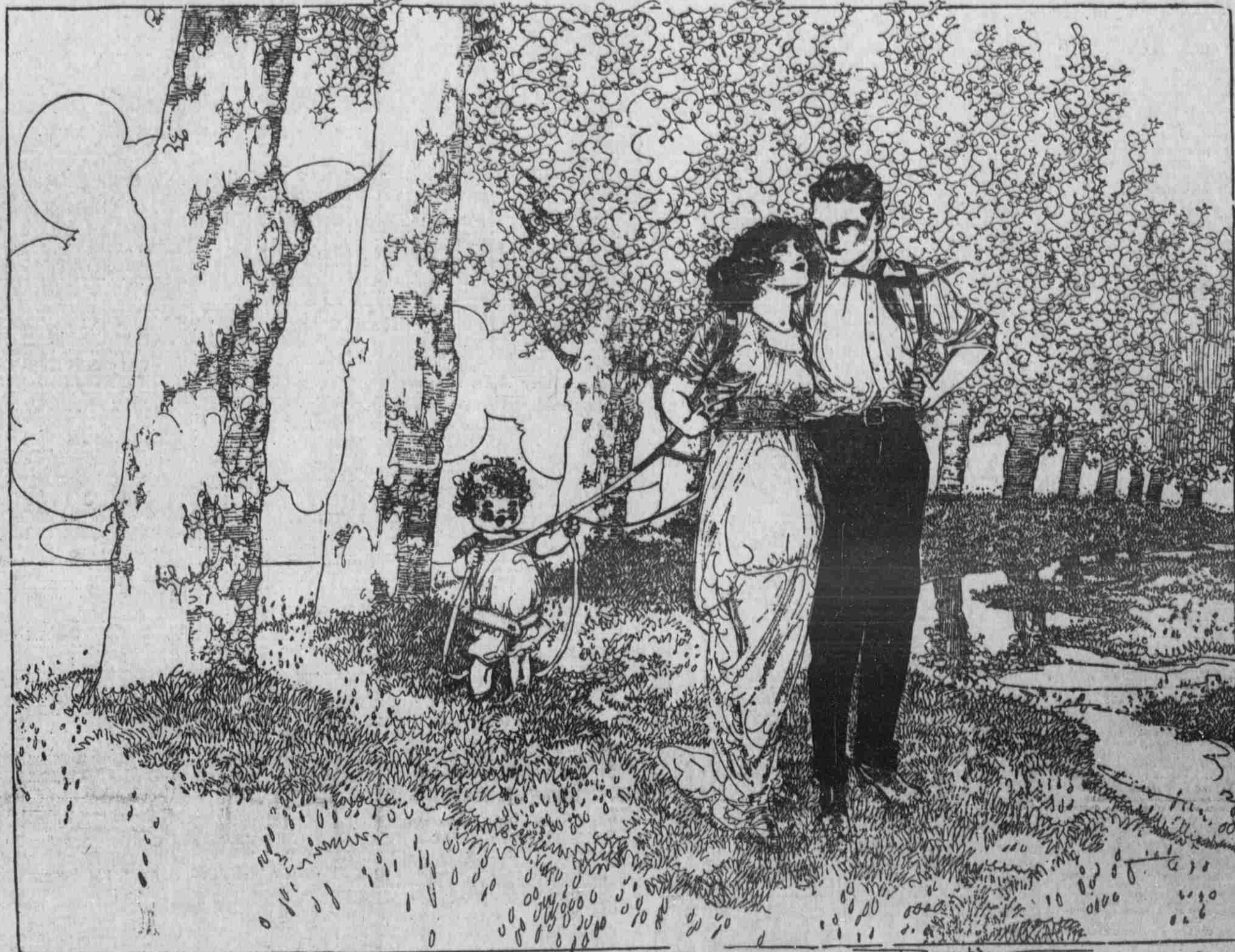
By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Dear Miss Fairfax—I am 20 and in love with a man three years my senior who reciprocates my love, and we expect to become engaged within six months. I have known this man for about seven years, and know all his people very well, and almost a year during which my folks have treated him very nicely. Suddenly my mother changed her attitude toward him, and says very miserable things about him. In fact, she wishes that I give him up. Her reason for this sudden change I do not know, only that she says she had had a foretelling that he is mean and will never make me happy. He is a very good young man, has no bad habits, smokes very little, and never touches liquor. He has a steady position with the government.

My mother feels that I should be able to get a man with more money, as I am considered very good looking. She is a very nervous sort of woman and one with whom you cannot reason. To give him up would kill me, as I love him very dearly and am only happy when with him.

As a rule, I advise girls to obey their mothers, but your case is so exceptional I hope you will not give up your lover. You have known him seven years, and know nothing against him. Your mother is a nervous, and bases her objection solely on a "foretelling."

My dear, love is too valuable to be sacrificed for the whim of one who believes in "omens."



Here is the driver of all relentless drivers. The baby in your house. He drives with a rose-leaf hand and an urge of iron. "The hand of steel in a silken glove." He is the greatest of all drivers because he prods even ambition—that demoniac little driver whom Tad pictured a few weeks ago lashing on the human race to labor and dare! The day he first lies between a man and his mate, no matter how poor material they are, the woman begins to dream, and, for the sake of bringing true these dreams, gallantly goes through the little, daily, grilling services and efforts that make big results; the man dreams, too, and under this new and mighty whip dares and labors and reaches! And as he reaches his power grows and lengthens. As when he strives to touch his elbows in the back. At

first they are wide apart and the muscles crack under the strain. Day by day the elbows grow nearer—more supple—they accommodate and strengthen themselves to this new, surprising effort.

So the man's talent grows more supple—answers "right up" to his resilient call. For the call here is "I must!" And the urge behind these two human beings is the biggest dream—the future of their baby and love of him!

He drives sundere people back into one another's lives; drives under the great impulse of tenderness. For his sake the man steps over the busy ant on the pavement. Thinking of him, the woman feeds a forlorn kitten and stops to tip a carriage top between the sun and the eyes of a stranger's baby. Through him ancient feuds have

healed over. The man writes great stories—because he needed money—and he needed money because of this driver. And, oddly enough, men have drawn out the greatest and the sweetest of themselves under a lash.

This picture—until you think—seems something too mild and Paradisal and blissful to show the driver of all relentless drivers at work. But a toy harness is all he seems to use. Knit close to one another, they never know they are driven. Their way is sometimes pretty rough, but it seems to stand lovely around them painted by the hand of the joys they know. And his spurring-cry is the babyish word "Giddap!" So the picture seems to tell the story—to me.

NELL BRINKLEY.

Advice to Girls in Picking Husbands—Great Care Should be Exercised in Selecting a Helpmate—Liberality, Tenderness and Even Temper Are Necessary to Happiness

By DOROTHY DIX.

I have received a letter signed by thirteen girls who request my advice in the selection of a husband, and ask what qualities they should look for in picking out their life partners.

Of course, the conventional way to answer this question is to say to a girl: "My dear, marry a man who is honest and honorable, who neither drinks nor smokes nor plays poker and who belongs to the Young Men's Christian Association, and goes to church every Sunday, and you will be happy ever after."

Unfortunately, this isn't true. Some of the best men on earth are the meanest husbands. Many a man who never says anything stronger than "Oh, fudge," can grouch for six weeks at a stretch. Many a man who has moral principles that are as firm as the Rock of Gibraltar is as hard and cold also as the said rock. Many a man who is as honest as the day is as close as a steel trap, and has to be chloroformed before he can be pried loose from a quarter. Many a philanthropist is so busy promoting the welfare of the world he has no time to devote to making his own home happy.

I am not disparaging the big virtues. Far from it. Every girl in selecting a husband should see that the man she marries is moral and upright. But she shouldn't stop there. She should see that well as its virtues, that she's got a few graces as well as a backbone.

Now, if I were picking out a husband, after satisfying myself that the man was neither a drunkard nor a thief, nor leading the double life, the very first thing

that I would take into consideration would be his temper. I would see whether he was good natured and could meet the ordinary little misadventures of existence with philosophy, or whether he went off into silent grouches whenever anything crossed his sovereign will, or else flew into a fury about it.

I should know that in the ordinary run of married life there would be plenty of times when things went wrong; when I would make mistakes and do foolish things, when the soup would be too salty, and the roast burnt, when a million things would happen to vex him, and I shouldn't want a husband who sulked around the house, or said things to me

in anger that cut like the lash of a whip every time there was a hitch in the domestic machinery.

Nor should I want to spend my life, as many wives do, going in mortal terror of doing or saying something that would rouse the slumbering devil in their husbands. Believe me, temper has wrecked more homes than the demon rum ever has, and between a man with a temper hung on a hair trigger and one who goes off on an occasional jag the choice is with the jagsist.

The second quality that I should look for in a husband is tenderness. If I were thinking of picking out a man to spend the next thirty or forty years with,

I should watch like a lynx to see how he treated old women and little children and servants. If he let an old woman stand while he sat; if he called children "brats" and knocked them out of his way; if he was insolent to servants I should say "no" to him, no matter how attractive he was in other ways.

For I should know that he had no pity nor sympathy for the weakness and the helplessness of humanity, and that when the day came when I was no longer young nor strong nor vivacious and able to entertain and amuse him he would forsake me for somebody able to minister to his pleasure.

The third quality that I should look for in a husband is liberality. I should watch to see how he spent his money. If he bargled over the price of everything, if he shooed away every beggar, and gave the waiter the least possible tip, I should know that he would make the kind of a husband who does out car fare to his wife, goes over the grocery book, and sneers around the kitchen to see the thickness of the potato parings. And I wouldn't marry him if he was the last call to the dining car I was ever likely to get. No woman on earth works as hard for their living as those who have to chisel it out of a tightwad husband.

The fourth thing that I would take into consideration in a man is his ability to get along in the world. He wouldn't need to be rich. I would rather marry a man, and take my chances for future comfort with him, if he was getting \$2,500 a year that he made by his own effort than one who had an income of \$5,000 a year that he had inherited from papa, and who had never made a dollar of his own. The best luck that can ever fall to a woman is to marry an energetic, capable young fellow and help him make his fortune, but the worst fate that ever befalls a girl is to be tied to a shiftless ne'er-do-well, who fails at everything he tries to do.

Therefore, before I married a man I'd make it my business to find out whether he had strength enough to stand on his own feet, or whether he would be one of those clinging vine men that somebody else has to support all of his days.

I'd know, for one thing, that I should be hungry and need clothes after marriage just as much as I did before, and also that I shouldn't have much respect for a husband who wasn't man enough to hold his place among other men.

Then I should positively refuse to marry any man who wasn't a suffragist, and who didn't believe that women had a right to have a half of the pleasures and perquisites of the world. I should know that the man who thought that women in general were only fit to be classed with criminals, idiots and the insane, would make the sort of a husband who decides his wife's opinions, refuses to give her an allowance, and who regards her as an upper servant to minister to his lordly self.

That's what I'd do, girls. I'd look out for a man who was good-natured and good-tempered and generous and sympathetic, and who thought that a woman, even a wife, was a human being with a right to her own opinions and pocket-book, and when I'd found that sort of a man I'd marry him, if he asked me, no matter what other faults he might have. For I'd know he'd make the kind of a husband that is lovable and easy to live with. And that's the thing that counts in matrimony.

he'll show 'em—he'll fool 'em—the "honest men" who put him behind the bars. There must be something crooked about them. There is about everyone. He'll find it out, he'll track 'em down, he'll get even—see if he doesn't.

Turn straight! Keep honest! Do the square thing! Why, he can't—poor, crooked man—he couldn't save his life. That's why he thinks no one else can, either.

It buys so little—the crooked money—and it's always crooked, too, the thing the crooked money buys, and nobody wants anything to do with it but crooked people. I'd rather be poor than have any of it, wouldn't you—poor and honest and self-respecting and light hearted?

It's a kind of disease, the crooked way of looking at things. A disease like meningitis or lockjaw or anything else dreadful and mysterious. Let's hope we never catch it. And if any friend of mine ever sees me stopping in my path to look even a little longingly at a crooked expense that happens to fall in my way, I hope that friend will love me well enough to turn me around in my tracks and keep turning me till I come to my senses. For I do not want to live in a "crooked house" or have anything to do with what a crooked expense will buy—do you?

But he didn't. He's crooked yet, the crooked man; born so and will stay so as long as he lives.

I don't think the crooked man likes straight things or honest prosperity. I believe he'd rather cheat someone out of \$100 than earn \$1,000 fairly and honestly. That's how he is made. He isn't sorry for what he did that got him into the penitentiary—not he. He isn't a bit ashamed of it. He's ashamed of being caught—that's all. He feels foolish about that; but never mind, when he gets out

him and laughed at his strange talk of "come ons" and "easy marks" are busy laughing at the jokes of the man who bought the crooked man's house the day he went to the penitentiary.

And He Found a Crooked Six-pence

By WINIFRED BLACK.

It's all there—ever bit of it—in the Mother Goose book. The little boy showed me the pictures this very morning.

"There was a crooked man and he went a crooked mile." Of course he did, poor, crooked man; he never could walk a straight one to save his life. "And he found a crooked six-pence"—crooked to be sure it was. If it had been straight it would have been in a good, sensible, straight purse—somewhere or in a till or anywhere else where good straight money goes. And it lay "against a crooked stile."

"He bought a crooked cat which caught a crooked mouse" that's the only kind the poor, crooked cat ever does think of catching. "And they all lived together in the little crooked house"—poor, crooked things, poor, warped, twisted-out-of-hon-

