

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## The Tired Business Man

Tells Friend Wife Married Folks Should Have "Union Labels."

"That Chicago woman was right," declared Friend Wife. "It's unfair to label an unmarried woman with 'Miss,' while all married women are 'Mrs.'"

"You believe in the union label for both sexes, eh?" asked the Tired Business Man. "Ah, well, a miss is as good as a smile, while a 'babe' by any other name might be as half-baked. There are a lot of girls who, in the words of Sir William Gilbert, never will be Missed as soon as they reach marriageable age."

"You and the lady agitators of distinctive titles for the unmarried young man talk as though you considered the proclaiming of a woman's unmarried state as something shameful. I thought those days were all past and that the independent girl was now the real object of every married woman's envy. True, most of the women who declare they wouldn't marry the best man living usually keep their word and marry some awful humbug. But why this sudden agitation?"

"It wasn't long ago that some New Jersey woman was crying out to have married men so designated on the handle, the idea being that too many old married men were gay-frits who went around as walking delegates for the Heat-Resistors' union, peddling huggies, luffis, and salve to unsophisticated girls who never suspected but that they were handsome, even distinguished old bachelors."

"Where do we stand, anyway? One day a woman wanted the married men indicated by title, the next week another woman wants the unmarried men to be decorated with names exclusively their availability. Seems as though all the women thought single men were for to marry."

"Why worry yourself about titles in this democratic country—no at least it was democratic at the last election, though you never can tell what will happen. The situation is simple enough, eliminate huggies and married folks. Call a man by his name, John Jones, until he is coaxed into the blissful state of matrimony—the original suffragette-ruled state, by the way. Then call him Mr. John Jones. The same with the dear, fair-if-convenient sex. Call her Mrs. Smith until she becomes Mrs. John Jones."

"Or retreats all hypocritized names to married people they can't afford much else. Let the bride's name always take the lead, like the will, while hubby's proud old family name can trail along, a sort of trailer or equilibrators, because that's all he ever is. No. On second thought that wouldn't do, for after the third generation of such combinations had amalgamated their family titles in a name trust, the string would look like a mixed freight, alternate box cars and flats."

"What makes me mad is that the women agitators of this scheme stop with depriving the unmarried man or the flirty husband of their anonymity. Why not elaborate the idea to its full possibilities? Why shouldn't the widows and widowers be properly advised as such instead of being allowed to hover around, ready to snare in a new one. The handkerchief hasn't been made that will dry a widow's tears without having the monogram changed."

"Why not label the widows and widowers Robert Mary Smith, Robert John Jones? And if they are of the grass variety call them Renald Smith or Jones. If they have married frequently let the degree be indicated in the name. In this manner a great many charges of false pretense can be forever silenced. As for changing the results—it is mighty hard to identify a widow who has made up her mind and is ready to make up the man's."

"Widows rush in where angels fear to tread," observed Friend Wife. "What kind of wife would you like?"

"A short wife and a married one," replied the Tired Business Man.

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"WIDOWER"

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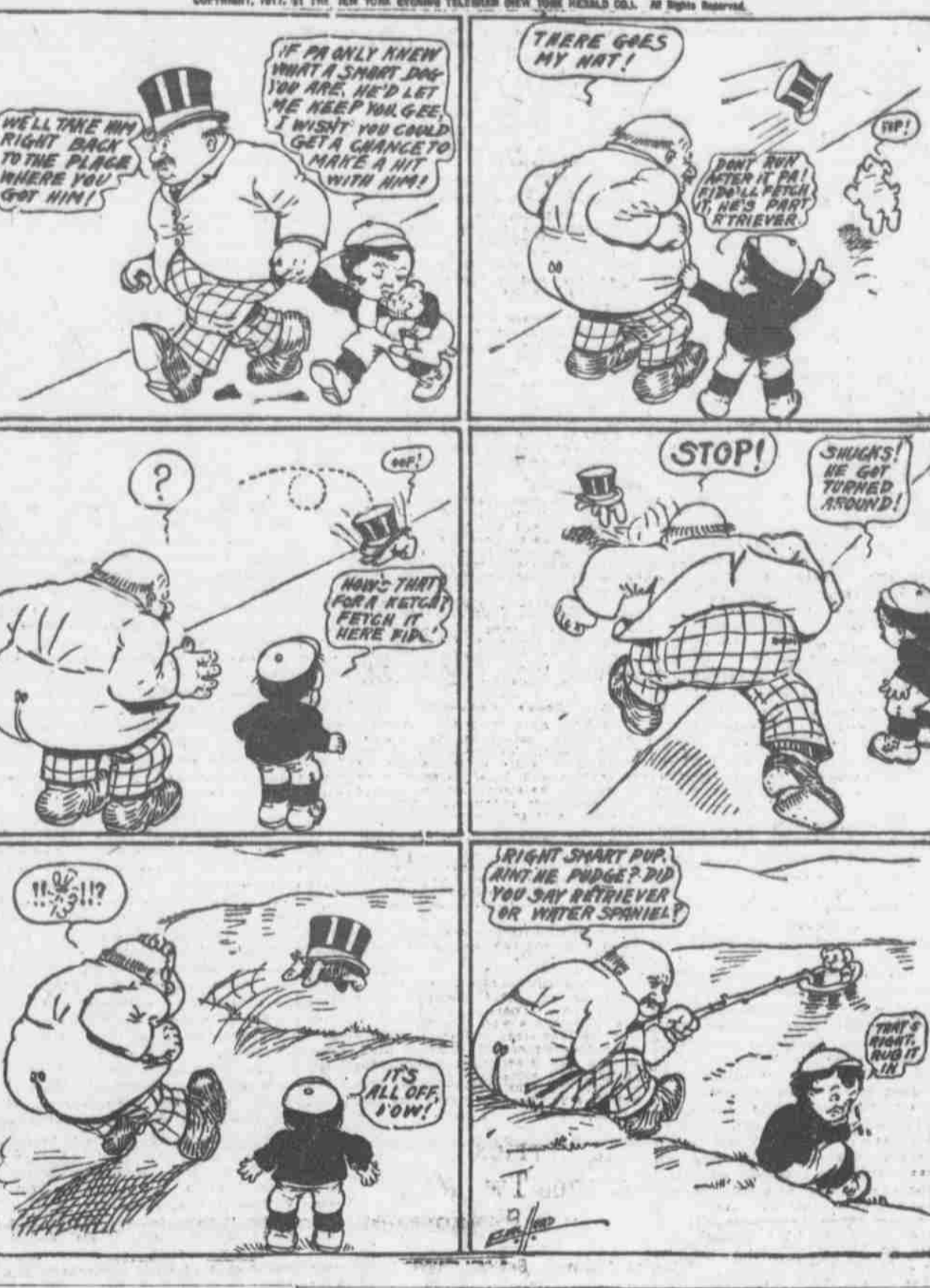
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## PUDGE PERKINS' PETS



### Views of Tennessee's "Marrying Parson"

"Of 2,000 young couples married by me in opposition to the wishes of their parents, not more than five divorces have been sought. The percentage of divorces in parent-made matches is very much larger. I feel sure that if parents would be more considerate of the desires of their children in so important a matter we would have less and less of the growing evil of divorce."

"These are the sentiments of Rev. Alfred Harrison Burroughs, known throughout the south as "The Marrying Minister of Tennessee," whose home is in Bristol.

He has married upward of 6,000 couples and his fees from marriages are said to have amounted to more than \$20,000.

Rev. Mr. Burroughs a few years ago took part of the fortune he had amassed from the marriage business and built a model "Gretna Green hotel," on the line between Bristol, Va., and Bristol, Tenn. The parlors are double, and a couple may be married in either Tennessee or Virginia, as they please. At one time six couples were married by Dr. Burroughs at a single ceremony.

Dr. Burroughs has been criticized by ministers, and some have said that he has a "corner" on the marriage business. Couples have come to him from distant states. He is 78 years old and his hair is white. He has a kindly face and a gentle manner. "Yes," he said, "I have been criticized by local clerical men. All I have to say is that I never violated the law and I do heed the scriptures bearing on the marriage relation."

"I am under bond to perform no illegal marriages. Formerly, I was permitted to marry persons not older than 13 years. The law was changed, so that the young set legal age for either party is now 16."

Dr. Burroughs says that he holds the world's record as the "marrying minister" and that he is proud of it. He says parents are to blame for the majority of the divorce evils of today.

Notha' but Feathers.

Idea Black had retired from the most select colored circles for a brief space, on account of a slight difficulty connected with a gentleman's poultry yard. Her mother was being consoled by a white friend.

"Why, Aunt Ester, I was mighty sorry to hear about Ida."

"Yes, Ida ain't never tuk dem chickens. Ida wouldn't do sich a thing! Ida wouldn't demage herself to rob nobody's hen-roost—and, any way, dem old chickens warn't nothing 't all but feathers when we picked 'em."—Lippincott's.

An intensely laudful young man was driving one evening with a young lady whom he had been calling on for some time previous. The stillness of the evening and the beauty of the scene around him inspired his courage, and sitting back erect and with his face forward, he asked suddenly, "May I kiss you?"

"Surely," she coyly replied.

"Aw," he said, his face scarlet, and lurching his horses to a run—"aw, I was only foolin'!"—Lippincott's.

### The Voice of the Press

See, look at me! If I ain't free, I'm mighty close to liberty! And, say, there's no other way. For the press to be free!

See! It is the voice of the people! A nation's fame Or a nation's shame It is my duty to proclaim. If fame, to let all glory; If shame, to let it sting; He know that all may know And make a common effort Against a common foe That's me.

See! That's the press. No more, no less! A menace to the well, A bugle call to fight, A helping hand for weakness, A fist for vicious might. By critics. Me for the stars and stripes! Me for the public welfare! Me for the great and small! But neither big nor little. Except for the good of all! I'm a straight proposition, and I've never lost.

The power of the press Would be handed the wad. Sure!

—W. J. Lampton in Lippincott's.

Nice for the Boys.

"Patty" said grandma, "I think it about time you stopped playing with boys. Little girls ought not to care to play with boys, when they're as large as you."

"Oh, that's all right, grandma. Why the bigger we get, the better we like 'em!" —Lippincott's.

### Forecasting Summer's Popular Fabrics

NEW YORK, April 8.—Midsummer materials now hold full sway in the shops for the woman of today likes to have her warm weather outfit in readiness for the first hint of the hot season.

Summer gowns are always attractive to look upon, but they seem to be especially alluring this year in the various new bordered, striped, figured and flowered designs. A favorite feature at the moment is striped gingham, instead of the checked gingham which have been so much in favor during the last few summers. For a useful, and at the same time pretty, morning frock there is nothing more attractive than a simply made bright pink or deep blue gingham frock. Even in the cheapest

effect still more finished the folds should be all held down by rows of good sized French knots.

There is no comparison between the effect of a gown trimmed with hand knuts or pleats and one machine sewed. Just a touch of real lace also will make a far handsomer costume than yards of imitation lace or embroidery. Among the ready-to-wear garments in the shops there are, of course, many marvellously effective gowns well worth the buying, even though machine sewed, but the woman who makes or designs her own simple gowns will do well to expand the small extra time necessary in hand trimming. Naturally the seams and all stitching that will not show is finer done by machine, but that is all.

A particularly fetching frock is shown in the illustration. This is a combination of gray figured foulard and garnet mesaline. The mesaline matched in color the small figure in the foulard. A touch of black velvet ribbon added a note of character to the waist. The tunic of this frock presents what has become the favored outline of the season. It will be remembered that last year's tunics were most popular when made with a point on each side. The shaping on the model here illustrated has supplanted this former style and bids fair to outrank it in popularity.

For young girls the flowered cordanes and mullis now offered make delightfully pretty afternoon and evening frocks. A dainty lace-edged fichu about the neck, a velvet girdle with bow, and streamers of lace or net with one of the season's models of a short round skirt—and fit would be impossible to find more charming gown. A pet gumpie made on a fitted piece of mousseline de sole or sheerest lawn will render the one gown possible for either afternoon or evening. There are, of course, always an infinite variety of designs and patterns from which to select in the flowered organdies. Small wreath designs are pretty, and there are some cherry patterns that are exquisite. Blue roses are offered as usual, but if blue is desired it is well to choose some hydrangeas or else forget-me-not pattern, for blue roses are too incongruous to be artistic.

In the flowered materials there are many striped and gause effects that make up attractively the stripe being in the weave and of the same shades as the background.

Bliss.

Mrs. Quackness—Am yo' daughter happily marr'd, Sistah Sage?

Sage—She sho is, Bliss goodness, she's got a husband dat's skinned the death of her.—Western Christian Advocate.

### Road of Yesterday

A big road circles round the world, sure fine it is and gay. But the heart of my heart runs lone and far away: The winding over weary seas with many a high breeze. But, oh, of all the roads I know it is the sweetest yet.

By common ways and common graces and common homes it goes; But, oh, the beauty of one but the soul within me knows. Its dawns are drenched with dew from heaven, its nights are tearful sweet. And sometimes One long crucified walks there to guide my feet.

It leads me down by purple hills where fancies sport of nights. It shows me beauty in a by-gone lane, the scene of dead delights. It clothes again with living grace the faces laid away.

Beneath the cold of grass and mold, my road of yesterday.

Oh, twilt boreen of my heart, the world is vague and vast. But you are holy with the balm of all my hallowed past: You thrill me with the touch of hands my hands were wont to hold. You lure me with the bill of dreams I dreamed and lost of old.

The big road of the world leads on by many a stately town. But the little horse of my heart keeps ever drifting down. Common ways and common graces and common homes, but oh, the little road in life it is the sweetest road I know. —T. S. Arthur in the Rosary Magazine.

### Loretta's Looking Glass—Held Up to Girl Who Judges by Clothes

"He wears the worst looking tie I ever saw!"

You whispered it to another girl as the man was escorted toward you. He had asked to be introduced.

His tie was an alarm. To your finicky taste it seemed like an excrescence from the hideous depths of his awful taste. A man who would wear such a scarf would commit every kind of a social crime.

And you were a young Princess Daintain when he tried to talk to you.

It is queer that women, giving so much time to thinking of men, study them so little.

This particular man of the tie happened to be the constructor of a huge city railway, and he found time to lend his executive ability to the direction of a big philanthropy as well. He was not the kind of man to be accused at all of snubbing because of his bad taste in ties. Fortunately, he had better taste in girls. He lost the desire for your society in about two minutes after he had secured the introduction.

There is a man who wears his dress clothes worse than a scarecrow in a strawberry patch disgraces his borrowed miasms; and he preaches sermons that are copied by every newspaper in the country that can get them.

It is a notorious fact that the lord who manages the English court functions, on whom the brilliancy and order of the coronation ceremonies are to depend, as they have before depended, dresses up carelessly and in such atrocious taste that he is taken for his own underservants. His house servants so outshine him that they are constantly in misery lest they condescend to some garden or stableman and find that he is their honored lord.

Any girl has a natural preference for a man who looks well, but she is apt to be taking an active part in a surgical operation on her own nose when she sets up the "dress standard" as the means of judging men.

One of the happliest women I know not only endures the most hideous red ties, but she encourages them. Maybe it would be stretching a point—or the necktie—to say that her happiness hangs on her husband's neck. But she does indulge him in the whim. She knows people laugh, but she sees deep into the psychology of that tie. She recognizes that it is an outward manifestation of a certain rebellion against the commonplace that is one of her husband's fine traits. She looks at it as a small red flame from the fire that makes him a master-man.

You can count upon one thing. An evidence of bad taste in clothes, whether it be in the horrible shape of terrific plaids or nameless awfules in scarfs, is a sign of something positive in a man's nature, something that defies any control but his own. And a girl is thrice foolish when she scores the tie for she is sparing as well the quality for which it stands, the quality that creates, makes good—makes good husbands among other things, like railroad and sermons.

## The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book



### This is the Day We Celebrate

MONDAY

HELEN M. BLAIR, 2011 North Twenty-eighth Street.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Emil Adam, 1921 South Fourth St.	Lincoln	1900
Vera L. Adamson, 3503 North Twenty-fifth St.	Kellom	1904
Helen M. Blair, 3502 Parker St.	Long	1905
Stanley Banchecht, 1905 South Tenth St.	Lincoln	1904
Lorens Bonds, 421 North Thirteenth St.	Cass	1900
Albert Blaisdell, 2748 Fort St.	High	1895
Helen E. Beisel, 2520 North Nineteenth St.	Lake	1897
Ester Brodkey, 511 South Twenty-fifth Ave.	Mason	1903
Angel Brown, 1035 South Twentieth St.	Mason	1899
Rita Cohen, 1528 Charles St.	Kellom	1899
Ida Dolgoff, 2014 Charles St.	Kellom	1903
Daniel Dorsey, 2212 Spencer St.	Sacred Heart	1896
John Deal, 2315 Mason St.	Mason	1903
Bernice Derby, 1825 Van Camp Ave.	Vinton	1905
Pauline E. Fillmore, 4123 North Twenty-fifth Ave.	Miller Park	1903
Elizabeth Feldhusen, 1020 North Forty-seventh Ave.	High	1895
Emma Gansle, 2020 North Nineteenth St.	Lake	1903
William H. Gatewood, 1014 Martha St.	Lincoln	1895
Virginia E. Heiser, 519 South Twenty-sixth Ave.	Central	1898
Robert H. Ingalls, 1318 South Twenty-fifth St.	Park	1906
Emma Koesper, 2211 Larimore Ave.	Saratoga	1897
Leo Krakowski, 2407 South Twenty-ninth St.	Im. Conception	1900
John Klostermeyer, 2709 South Sixteenth St.	Castellar	1900
Bessie Keyser, 312 North Twenty-eighth Ave.	Webster	1900
Alfred Larsen, 4609 Hamilton St.	Walnut Hill	1903
Cecil Magnuson, 621 South Twenty-eighth St.	Farnam	1895
Yetta Nathan, 725 South Eighteenth St.	Leavenworth	1896
George Nachsgall, 2020 Dorcas St.	St. Joseph	1897
Carl Noctia, 402 Center St.	Train	1898
Lusa Nowak, 2590 South Thirty-first St.	Im. Conception	1901
Trimbler Porter, 2122 North Twenty-eighth Ave.	Long	1905
Peter Quatuca, 1117 South Nineteenth St.	Mason	1899
Joe Rosso, 3611 Jones St.	Columbian	1897
Charlie Roseman, 2421 South Twenty-ninth St.	Park	1895
Ruby Swenson, 2624 Hawthorne Ave.	Franklin	1899
Agnes Stodola, 2217 South Twenty-eighth St.	Im. Conception	1899
Ione Scott, 1916 North Twenty-fifth St.	High	1895
Oldey Stulik, 1714 South Twenty-sixth St.	Park	1898
James Salathiro, 701 1/2 Pacific St.	Pacific	1899
Robert Shriver, 2208 North Twenty-first St.	Lake	1898
Ruth Swanson, 3694 Hawthorne Ave.	Franklin	1899
Rosenbaum M. Smith, 4314 Emmet St.	Clifton Hill	1905
Stella Skurnik, 1416 North Twenty-fourth St.	Long	1895
Raymond Turek, 2227 North Fourteenth St.	Comenius	1898
Bennie Telpner, 1715 Webster St.	Cass	1897
Margaret S. Tharp, 1908 South Fourth St.	Train	1899
Neille Turner, 2528 North Twentieth St.	High	1894
Mildred Urban, 3450 South Fifteenth St.	Edward Rosewater	1900
Edward Vejroda, 1236 South Thirteenth St.	Comenius	1902
Anna Vaneik, 1596 South Third St.	Train	1897
Antonio Virgillito, 1215 Pierce St.	Pacific	1904
James Vickery, 724 North Eighteenth St.	Cass	1896
Clifford Walls, 2588 Miami St.	Howard Kennedy	1895
Eloise W. Wade, 124 North Twenty-fourth St.	High	1893
Ruth Lee Wallace, 1824 Dodge St.	Central	1903
Martha Weinstein, 1440 South Thirteenth St.	Comenius	1892
Henry Windheim, 1310 Georgia Ave.	Park	1898

### History of Transportation

(Continued From Yesterday.)

**First Railroads.**

The first rail roadways called tramways, a name still used extensively in foreign countries, and less here, to designate street railways, were constructed in England in 1802, at the collieries near Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Rails of timber, consisting of hardwood stringers, grooved at the side or in the center, were laid on improvised supports. A horse could haul about 3000 pounds of coal on such a tramway, the coal being loaded in bulky carts, the wheels of which fitted the grooves in the rails.

From this period until the opening of the Stockton & Darlington railway, on September 27, 1825, about twenty-seven railways were built in England, ranging in length from four to thirty-five miles, and having an aggregate length of about 270 miles. These railways were used almost exclusively for the transportation of coal and iron, and were of crude construction. Developments in track constructions and experiments with stationary steam power plants and steam locomotives were numerous.

The culmination of this period of experimentation was reached when the Stockton & Darlington railway, twenty-five miles long, was opened. This road had four inclined planes at which stationary power plants were located. Between these planes, both horses and locomotives were used. The Stockton & Darlington was the first railroad opened for general traffic. When it was projected, the carrying of passengers was not contemplated, but the success attending the opening of the road induced the company to put on a single coach as an experiment. The number of persons desiring to travel by rail was so great that additional coaches were provided, and in a short period passenger traffic became an important part of the road's business.

Railway transportation, in the modern sense of the term, began, thus, with the Stockton & Darlington railway.

The success of the Stockton & Darlington revived another railway enterprise, which was destined to aid greatly in railroad development. The Liverpool & Manchester railway, spanning the thirty miles between the cities so named, was opened for traffic on September 15, 1825. As the model railway of its time, the track construction of this road deserves some mention. Upon the graded road surface was placed a layer of broken stones two feet deep. Stone blocks, two feet square, were set three feet apart in this ballast and upon the blocks were fastened cast-iron "chairs," in which the rails were secured by wedges. The rails were "fish-bellied," fifteen feet long, and weighed thirty-six pounds per yard. Considerable difference of opinion existed as to the motive power to be used when the road was completed. This led to the Rainhill trial, which will be spoken of later, the result of which determined not only the practicability of

locomotives for the motive power of this road, but of all future rail projects as well.

No doubt, at an early date, tramways were operated as public utilities, very much as the tramways of today, but the records are extremely meager. The first legislative act franchising a public carrier, of which we have any record, was one given to the surveyor from tramroad by the English Parliament in 1801. This road was nine miles long, and horse-power was used.

The success attending railroad development in England awakened other nations. In Austria, a railway from Budapest to Lintz was begun in 1828, and forty miles were completed by 1829. In France, the first railway, from Saint Etienne to Audrefeur, thirteen miles, was also completed in 1828. Development in other countries followed. In Great Britain, in 1826, ten years after the opening of the Liverpool & Manchester railway, there were 1,321 miles of railway in operation.

(To be Continued.)

**Brought the Family.**

While David Belasco was telling some reporters about his troubles with the "free-press" problem, he related an experience of a friend of his out west. This manager was taking a company on tour. One night he met the town's influential citizen in a hotel and before they parted the manager had invited the citizen to come to the show next night and "bring his family."

About 8 o'clock next evening the man put his head into the box office window, and was recognized by the manager, who said, "How many have you with you, Mr. Blank?" reaching for a pen to write out the price.

"Well, you see, some of my family were not able to come on account of sickness," said the citizen regretfully, "so I have been able to bring only fifty-eight."

"You will understand," continued Mr. Belasco, "that my friend had quite forgotten that he was in Salt Lake City. His new acquaintance, the influential citizen, was an old Mormon."—Lippincott's.

**Penance of the Links.**

"The observance of Lent is my happy to say, is worldwide. Lent even manifests itself on the golf field."

The speaker was Mrs. B. H. Barlow, the Philadelphia champion. Smiling she resumed:

"At the Country club the other day I played in a foursome with a young clergyman. As this young clergyman prepared to see off his caddy, taking a pinch of sand in his hand, stooped and said:

"High tee, sir!"

"No, thank you, my lad," said the young clergyman, "flat on the ground. I oblige sand during Lent."

The Key to the Situation—Don't Want Ads.