



# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT.

Alexander Is a Grand Old Name

By Tad

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## The Great Discovery of a Teamster

By DOROTHY DIX.

Not long ago I wrote a little article for this column in which I expressed the opinion that love and appreciation were the great and only solvents for all the domestic misery about us.



I said that I thought that all that was needed to streak the drab and drear matrimonial horizon with gold and purple was just for husbands and wives to have some sign made to them that all their sacrifices and labor were not in vain.

I said that I was convinced that the disgruntled and disillusioned men that we saw all about us would find joy and not weariness in their daily toil to support their families if only their wives and children would hurl a few bouquets at father and husband while he was still alive, instead of waiting to lay all of their flowers on his grave.

I said that it was one thing to bend every energy to keep a wife soft and warm, who told a man every day of his life that he was the finest and most admirable husband on earth, and she thought herself the luckiest woman in the world to have gotten him, and it was quite another pair of sleeves for a man to slave himself to death for a wife who took all of his work and worry and sacrifice for granted, and with never a "thank you," and who whined and complained because he didn't make more money, and couldn't give her the clothes and the jewels and the automobiles that richer women had.

I said that I believed that most of the morbid, unhappy, dissatisfied wives that we knew would find home-making the most interesting and thrilling occupation in the world instead of the dearest and dullest business extent, if only their husbands had the human intelligence to realize how disheartening it is to labor for a boss who always bats you when you make a mistake and never praises you for a triumph.

I said that women found marriage a failure because their husbands did not think it worth while to pay them compliments, or to tell them that they loved them, or that they ever perceived that their wives were bearing burdens cheerfully under which a hero might have fainted and fallen.

I said that it was one thing for a woman to slave and work eighteen hours a day, for her to wear shabby clothes and live in a cheap little home, for a man who told her every day how it hurt him that he could not give her every pretty jewel he saw, and dress her like a princess, and save her dear hands from any labor, and it was another thing to be poor, and shabby, and hawtworked and grumbled every time he was asked for a penny, and who never noticed that his

wife was offering up her youth and beauty as a sacrifice before him. In a word, my contention was that it isn't the hardships of married life that men and women resent. It is the fact that husbands and wives do not appreciate the sacrifices that are made for them, and that it is only love—love that expresses itself in words and deeds—that robs these sacrifices of their bitterness and makes them worth while.

It is always pleasant to have our theories confirmed by actual experience, and so I am going to quote a part of a letter that I have just received, bearing upon this article to which I have referred.

The letter is from a poor woman who works in a muslin underwear factory, where she runs a power machine for fifty long hours a week for the wage of \$8.

She fell in love with a splendid young fellow, a teamster, who gets \$10 a week, and they got married. Having a lot of common sense the girl did not give up her place at the factory when she married, but continued to work, and the two of them are boarding in a comfortable place and saving every cent possible of their combined earnings to start a little home, as they did not want to begin housekeeping overwhelmed with debt to the installment furniture man. This woman, whose husband has been able to give her nothing but love, and who still has to slave over her sewing machine, writes me this:

"We have been married over a year now and we have never had a cross word, and I did not know that any one in this world could be so happy as I am.

"We have nothing that rich people have, but my husband does not go to saloons, or places of that sort, and he never goes out without me.

"He makes very little money, but he gives me every cent he gets.

"He can't give me fine clothes, but he loves me with a love that few men ever give a woman. Every day he tells me that he never had anything but me, and that I am the best thing that God ever gave him.

"Every night when we come home from our work he kisses my hands that have toiled he hard all day.

"Do you think that I mind working for a man like that? Do you think that it hurts me that he can't give me fine clothes when he gives me a love like that? No, a thousand times no. His love makes everything worth while."

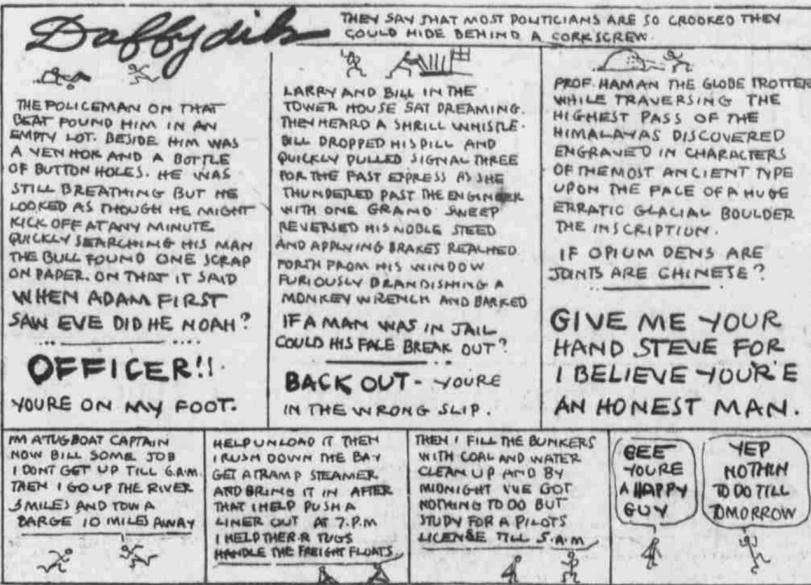
This is a bona fide letter. In it the writer says that her husband was left an orphan when a little child, and that he never had any opportunity to get an education or even learn a trade.

Perhaps he is ignorant in books, but he has the supreme wisdom to solve the great matrimonial problem that has stumped the wisest philosophers and sociologists when he kissed the work-hardened hands of his wife. That kiss made her willing to work them to the bone for him. And the same thing would have the same effect on any other living woman.

Let all the unhappily married follow the example of this couple, for it's love, and only love, that makes the domestic wheel go round without creaking.

## Officer, You're on My Foot

By Tad



## Sherlocko the Monk

By Gus Mager

The Case of the Disappearing Nimrod



## The American Boy

Getting Into Business

By THOMAS TAPPER.

I have received a letter from a book-keeper which is interesting:

"Can you tell me why it is so difficult for a person with a foreign name to secure a position from the American business man?"

"I was born in America and have graduated from one of the best business colleges in the United States. One of the professors now states that it is difficult to place me, for the reason that my name is foreign.

"Can it be possible that the American business man will not employ a young man who is trying to better himself just because his name is foreign, and who is perhaps better fitted for the position than the young man with the American name?"

"I read your 'Winning Success' and am very much interested. But it is difficult to succeed in getting inside of the doors of the business world."

The first thing that attracts the attention of the business man who reads this letter is the statement attributed to the professor. If the professor will walk from No. 1 Broadway to Madison Square and read the names on the signs he will be convinced, even without going into the buildings, that foreign names do succeed in getting into the business world.

So it is safe to dismiss that statement and to assume as a fundamental fact in all business that:

Men never employ names.

They employ ability.

The American boy or young man who fits himself for a professional or commercial career at a school is often refused employment on the basis of "inexperience." This is particularly true of young

teachers in certain branches. The supply of teachers is so great that boards of education instinctively look for ability plus actual experience.

This makes it difficult for the beginner just out of school. It is instinct, the hardest problem he has to meet, for even a little successful experience in the actual work of his specialty is rated very high by those who need men in business or in education.

There is little further to be said to the writer of the above letter. If his knowledge of his subject is of high order, he will ultimately be able to find a place; but, decidedly, his name is no serious handicap.

These are days of keen competition, particularly in such an occupation as bookkeeping. Business colleges are turning them out in great numbers. Thousands of young men and women who graduated with college degrees in June come into the open market to compete, without experience, with the hundreds of thousands already in business. Naturally, the degree of success with which they meet the situation before them is to be judged by the effort they make, by their equipment, and by the impression which they make as men and women.

But decidedly it has nothing to do with their names.

Let bookkeeper imagine that the business world is a great river. The water is crowded with swimmers. Tens of thousands of graduates are thrown into the water in the month of June (when the water is warm), and told that the prizes to be won in professional life are a long way down stream.

To begin with, they all must splash around in the water until they learn to swim. Some never do learn and go down, or beg to be pulled ashore again.

## Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Well, sed Pa, I see that Mister Rodgers has flew across the continent. I think it is the most wonderful feat since the grate fight made by Oser Joe's wife, when she ran away from him & went to London. That was sum trip, sed Pa. As the husband sed, wen he calm hoam & found the note tied to the oil cloth on the hum-bel table.

I do not know, Missus Oser Joe, How any lady cud trest me so.

Well, sed Ma, now that you have did all yure talking about Mister Rodgers, I wis yure wud tell me about yure reason for not getting here in time for the last course of our two (2) course dinner.

Well, sed Pa, you see, it was this way. I met a man with has jest calm back from the upper part of Michigan, where yure brother is playing in romantic drama, Pa sed. I thought you wud be glad to know something about yure brother, sed Pa, so I made up my mind that I wud stick around the actor's club & find out how yure brother had done in his work in the frozen North. He toald me, sed Pa, that yure brother was one of the finest actors he had ever saw or heard.

I sent that luvly, sed Ma, wen is yure friend going to cum & see us? He is going to be here this evening, sed Pa, jest for a hour or so, to talk about the old times that he used to spend with yure brother. There he cum now, sed Pa, & jest then the door bell rang for a long time, & in calm Mister Offenalt. He was a very short, fat man with

made good in Michigan.

Well, sed Mister Offenalt, is isent so hard to make good in Michigan, but it takes a hero to malk good in the East.

How did my dear brother look? sed Ma to Mister Offenalt.

He looked kind of groggy, sed Mister Offenalt, his cuffs was fuzzy where they ought to be smooth, & his new style hat was smooth where it ought to be fuzzy.



but I guess he was going along fair. He had one song that was a riot, sed Mister Offenalt, he sang it in the second act of this romantic drama. There is a prince & a princess & a peasant. The peasant mashes some potatoes, & the prince will not eat them, & then the peasant, which is yure brother, rises up in revolt & says: I mashed those here potatoes.

For then, prince, I suppose, And if you do not eat them, I will mash them on the nose.

Poor brother, sed Ma, poor brother, I think the stage is a terrible place for a young boy to be.

## Rhodes Was Brutal



red, curly hair & the minkit that Ma looked at him opt she looked at Pa twict.

Wife, sed Pa, this is Mister Offenalt, the gentleman that sed he knew yure brother up in the frozen North, the upper part of Michigan, where yure brother is playing in romantic drama.

I am gla dte know you, sed Ma to Mister Offenalt, & so you know yre brother, well, well, I am so glad that he has

Theodore F. Rhoads, at a dinner in New York, said of the subway fight:

"At least this fight has been conducted with politeness and gentleness and refinement. There has been none of that brutality about it which used to be imputed to Cecil Rhodes.

"I heard, just recently, a story of Rhodes' brutality. He was entertaining some guests at Groote Schuur, and after luncheon he took them over the grounds, pointing out to them a son-of-Lobengula's, who was one of the gardeners.

"This led naturally to a talk about the Matabele rebellion, and a visitor asked Mr. Rhodes when it took place.

"Rhodes scratched his head, then beckoned the young native to his side.

"Look here," he said, "in what did I kill your father?"

## The Passing of the Fire Horse

By CHESTER FIRKINS.

With quick-nerved hooves still lifted high, With supple limb but drooping eye, A tugging dray-team passed me by Along the thoroughfare,



When sudden clanged the warning bell, The auto siren's rolling swell, Rose menacing, and, waiting, fell Upon the startled air,

With jolt and rumble, swerve and turn, Swift through the traffic's busy churn, Rode, splendid, merciful and stern, The fire-truck rolls down, Tall fellows clinging to the side, Who don their helmets as they ride To death, or—if the Fates provide—To rescue and renown.

But midst the clatter and the cry, Mark you the dray-team standing by, Heads up, with sudden-flashing eye And nostrils flaming wide,

They pull upon the tight-drawn reins, Like prisoners against their chains—Half turn—but the grim load restrains Their fine and fallen pride.

The crackling whip's sharp-stinging coil Recalls them to their bitter toll, On through the rough pave's grinding mill

They plod their heavy way, Gone is the glory that was theirs, Now no one knows, and no one cares, The kings, who ruled the thoroughfares, May haul the common dray.

So was it ever with the brave Who to the world their courage gave—Or beast or man, or king or slave, Forgotten are their deeds,



Or harness-yoke or diadem, In equal-wise we bury them; and And yet—for these—our requiem: The grand old fire steeds!