

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

JUDGE RUMHAUSER TALKS ABOUT THE 20 GREATEST MEN

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By Tad

GENTLEMEN I CAN'T SAY THAT I AGREE WITH BOTH MR EDISON AND MR CARNEGIE WITH THEIR LISTS OF THE 20 GREATEST MEN. SOME GREAT MEN THEY FAILED TO GIVE A TUMBLE TO AT ALL. WHAT ABOUT OLD DOC COOK WHO DISCOVERED THE NORTH POLE BEFORE IT WAS LOST AND THEN AGAIN?

I HEARD NO MENTION OF MARYVILLE CHARLEY WHO WAS THE FIRST BIG LEAGUE PLAYER TO STEAL SECOND WITH THE BASES FULL THAT WAS A FEAT ONLY EQUALLED BY THE SCRIBE WHO WROTE 'BAKER BUNTED SAEBLY OVER THE RIGHT FIELD FENCE'

THEN THERE WAS RUBBER NOSE TOM WHO WENT PAST WEST WHERE THE HAND OF MAN HAD NOT YET SET FOOT AND INVENTED FREE LUNCH - A GREAT MAN I FAIL TO SEE HIS MONICKER AMONG THE LIST OF GREAT ONES - I - U - H - A - H -

I AGREE WITH BOTH HOWEVER WHEN THEY MENTION SIR ISAAC NEWTON - HE DISCOVERED THE LAW OF GRAVITATION WHEN THE APPLE FELL AND HIT HIM ON THE BEAK - HE TOLD US OF THE -

LAW GOVERNING THE BRODIE OF THE APPLE AND THE RISE AND FALL OF SOME MEN!! (FROGGED APPLAUSE)

Married Life the Second Year

Helen Sees in Alice Brooks Her Own Blind, Worshipful, Unreasoning Love.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

Helen was sewing some buttons on Warren's shirts, that had just come from the laundry, when the doorbell rang. It was Alice Brooks.

"Oh, no; don't stop-please go on with your sewing. Tell I had to come to tell you. You're the only person I can talk to-the only one that knows."

Helen looked up.

"Then you've heard from him?"

"Not direct; but yesterday afternoon, while I was out, some one phoned twice. The girl said it was a man with a deep voice, but he wouldn't leave any name. Oh, I know it was he! And this morning I got the most beautiful box of roses!"

Helen shook her head. "Dear, I had hoped you wouldn't see him any more-that you would let this quarrel end it."

"Oh, how can I-when I'm thinking of him all the time, when--"

Here the phone in the hall rang loudly.

"Oh, it may be for me!" eagerly, as Helen went out to answer it. "I left word I'd be here if any one called."

But it was only the seamstress, who was to come tomorrow to help Helen sew, saying she could not come until Monday.

"Oh, in a tone of disappointment, as Helen came back, "I thought-I hoped it would be--"

"Alice," as Helen again took up her sewing, "I wish there was something I could say that would make you give up this man entirely, but I suppose no one could influence you now."

"But if I care for him so much, and can't care for any one else--"

"You haven't tried."

"Oh, yes, I've tried, but no one interests me. I go out to dinner and to the theater with men that other girls would think attractive, and yet I'm bored, just bored all the time. I have to force myself to be pleasant. Ah, you understand without my telling you-for that's the way you love your husband. I know it! And I suppose that's why I want to talk with you-because I feel you do understand. Because you could never care for any one but Warren-no matter what he did."

Helen could only nod her head in admission of the undeniable truth of this.

"Well, then, you ought to sympathize with me."

"I do sympathize with you, dear. But my sympathy doesn't blind my judgment. I don't think Dick Fairchild is the man for you to marry. And he hasn't even his freedom yet."

"No, but he will have in a few months. And you know, don't you, that I had nothing to do with this? You know that his wife and he were separated long before I ever met him?"

"Oh, yes, I know you are blameless in that. But, dear, you admit the fickleness of the man, when you say even now he's lying to you constantly-that when he says he has a business appointment, it's more often to lunch with some other girl."

"I know-but that's his nature. He says he needs diversion and since he can't have me all the time, he must have other people. But when we're really married-then he'll be content to settle down."

"And you believe that?"

"Oh, I want to believe it!"

Helen shook her head. "Oh, my dear-my dear!"

"Very well, then," defiantly, "admitting that he won't be true to me-I'll be his wife-I'll be more to him than any one else! And since this quarrel, since we've been separated these last few days-I know now I love him enough to marry him under any conditions. I would make up my mind to accept things as they are and make the best of them. Women often marry men knowing that they are blind or deaf or have some physical deformity-they make up their minds to accept that condition. And, if need be, I'll make up my mind to accept Dick's moral deficiency. I'd be happier to be his wife, even though he won't be true to me, than the wife of any other man who would be!"

"Happy! That way? Do you think you could be happy a single moment?"

"Very well, then, even if I knew I'd not be happy-still I would marry him. I'd rather be unhappy with him than unhappy without him! Can't you understand that? You ought to, because-because"-she stopped to sudden confusion.

"Because what?" demanded Helen, impatiently.

"Because, oh, dear, I didn't mean to say that," stammered Helen.

"You might as well say it as think it."

You started to say that I should understand because you think I'm not very happy with Warren-well, at least he's true to me!" fiercely.

"Oh, I know he is! I didn't mean to say that-you know I didn't."

"It's all right, dear-at least I know you didn't mean to hurt me."

Here the phone rang again, and again Alice started, eagerly. "Oh, that may be him now. If it is-say that--"

But Helen was already at the phone in the hall.

"Yes, this is Mrs. Curtis's apartment. Yes, Miss Brooks is here now. Very well."

"Some one to speak to you, Alice."

But with a joyful little cry Alice was already at her side and had taken the receiver. Helen went back into the sitting room and once more took up her sewing, but this time it lay idle in her lap.

"Yes," came Alice's voice from the hall. "Yes, the girl said some one phoned, but I didn't know-I wasn't sure. Oh, but you goaded me into saying that. Oh, don't-I can't talk about it over the phone, when? No. Wait, I'll call her."

She let the receiver hang and ran into Helen. "It's Dick," excitedly. "He wants you to take tea with him at the Ritz-Carlton at 5. You will-won't you?"

"Why, Alice, how can I? You know I don't approve of this man-and I can't put myself in the position of encouraging your friendship."

"Oh, you won't be-just to go with us this once."

"No, no; I can't-don't ask me, dear. I'll do a great deal for you-but not this."

Alice ran back to the phone. "Hello! Helen says she's very sorry, but that she has an engagement. Why, I-I-I suppose so. Then you'll call for me here at 4:30. Yes, goodbye."

"Then you're going with him anyway?" said Helen, reproachfully.

Alice stopped over and kissed her, impulsively. "Don't, dear; don't spoil my happiness now."

"It's your happiness that I'm thinking of."

"But my happiness depends on him-even though that happiness means unhappiness. Oh, there's no one like him-even he's over the phone-wasn't it strong and deep and forcible?"

Helen nodded reluctantly. She had been unwilling conscious of the charm of his voice.

"Now he'll be here for me in half an hour," joyously. "May I go in here and fix?" running in Helen's bedroom. Then a moment later, "Oh, have you any white powder-this is pink!"

When Helen went in for the powder, she was taking down her hair.

"I must do it over-that hair weighs it down so."

It was beautiful hair, long and wavy and with a glint of gold. Helen watched her with something like envy as she did it up in a simple coil, low on her neck.

Helen was always an ardent admirer of beauty, and Alice Brooks was beautiful. And there was around her now that tremendous glamour of love that made her almost radiant. But why-why must she love Dick Fairchild? Older than she, a clubman, a man about town, a man with a strong physical charm, but wholly unfitted to marry this young girl.

It was just 4:30 when he was announced. Helen could not deny the charm of his personality, and the ease with which he greeted them. It was unquestionably an embarrassing position. Alice was plainly flushed and self-conscious, and yet he was wholly at ease.

"If you're quite sure you can't join us, Mrs. Curtis-can we take you anywhere? The car is here."

Helen murmured some excuse.

They chatted on for a few moments, Alice watching his every movement with adoring eyes.

The door had hardly closed after them, when Helen noticed a handkerchief on the floor. It was Alice's. Hurriedly picking it up she started to call them back, but as she opened the door-she paused.

They were standing by the elevator. Alice, her hand on her arm, was looking up at him with all her love in her eyes. The elevator ropes were moving, but just before the car came in sight, with a masterful movement he drew her toward him and kissed her. Helen closed the door softly, without either of them having noticed her.

That look in Alice's eyes. The tender, trustful, worshipful love of a woman. The love that no man ever really appreciates-and that usually breaks the heart of the woman who gives it.

During the reigns of Yao and Chun in 230 B. C. virtue pervaded China and crime was unknown, while property abounded.

Please Stop That Sale

By Tad

Dabbydils
A COMPOSITOR ISN'T NECESSARILY A GOOD FELLOW BECAUSE HE'S ALWAYS SETTIN' EM UP

CLUB FOOT FRED AND OSWALD THE BOOB WERE CHOPPING DOWN THE TREES ON THE HIGHWAY. FRED PUT ALL HIS STRENGTH IN HIS LAST BLOW AND STARTED TO RUN AWAY. HEARING A YELL HE TURNED AROUND AND SAW POOR OSWALD UNDER THE TREE HE PULLED HIM OUT AND LIFTING OSWALD'S HEAD UP HEARD HIM WHISPER "IF A TREE BROKE A WINDOW WOULD THE WINDOW SAVER MEND?"

JIMMY WAS SETTING UP THE PINS AND HAD JUST PICKED UP THE LAST ONE WHEN RATTLEHEAD RALPH LET HIS FAVORITE BALL GO SHOOTING DOWN THE ALLEY. IT CAVED IN POOR JIMMY'S ANATOMY AND RECLINED HIM ON THE SOFT WAX FLOOR. JUST BEFORE HE CASHED IN HE CHIRPED "IF A BOWLER MADE A STRIKE WOULD IT CAUSE A RIOT?"

REARDY! AIM! CAPTAIN JACK SHEEHAN STOPPED, LIT HIS PIPE AND LOOKED HARD AT GUY SKIP THE ROYALIST, HIS ONETIME FRIEND, WHO WAS STANDING UP AGAINST THE WALL READY TO BE SHOT DOWN BY THE REVOLUTIONISTS. "HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY, SKIP? THOUGHT A MOMENT AND CRIED OUT "I STILL INSIST THAT PORTUGAL IS MEXICAN PUBLIC OH WASN'T SHE THE FOOLISH GIRL TO BE A BARTENDER'S BRIDE."

WELL I'M AN ACTOR IN A MOVING PICTURE FACTORY NOW. I DON'T GET THERE TILL 5 AM THOUGH I UNDRESS RIGHT AWAY AND POSE AS A NEVADA INDIAN AND GET KILLED - IN A

BATTLE - THEN I RIG UP AS A SAILOR AND WIDE AS A WHOLE REEL - THEN WE RIDE OUT TO THE WATER WHERE I DO A COMEDY ACT GOING OVER BOARD 3 TIMES.

AT ONE WE RETURN - AND I PLAY THE BAKER IN AN INSIDE ACT THEY THROW A BARREL OF PASTE OVER ME IN THAT. AT 5 I PLAY A COP AND AFTER DOING 2 MORE ACTS I'M OFF AT ONE A.M.

GEE YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY

YEP NOTHING TO DO TILL TOMORROW

AUCTIONEER, PLEASE STOP THAT SALE TAKE THIS CHAIR OLD LADY.

Sherlocko the Monk

The Mystery of the Many Fires

By GUS MAGER

MY HOUSE IS ON FIRE! INCENDIARIES ARE AT WORK ALL ALONG OUR STREET!

THE FIRE HELMETS, WATSON - HURRY!

YOU SEE? THE FIRE STARTED IN 3 DIFFERENT HOUSES ABOUT THE SAME TIME!

NO NEED FOR EXCITEMENT, WATSON! THESE FEW PIECES OF WRAPPING PAPER MAKE MUCH SMOKE, BUT CAN DO NO DAMAGE ON A CEMENT FLOOR!

HAD THE CULPRIT INTENDED TO DESTROY THE HOUSE, HE HAD ONLY TO BUILD HIS FIRE UNDER THESE WOODEN STAIRS! HIS OBJECT WAS PERFECTLY ACHIEVED!

MARVELOUS!

AND HERE AS THE MAN STOOD TO LIGHT HIS PIPE, HE DROPPED THIS NOTE BOOK - SOLD 3, NO. 26, SOLD 1, NO. 28; SOLD 3, NO. 30 - THERE'S THE DOORBELL RINGING - I THINK WE SHALL FIND OUR MAN UPSTAIRS AT THE DOOR!

MR. PEDDLE, YOU MAY BE SELLING YOUR FIRE EXTINGUISHERS ALL RIGHT BY SCARING PEOPLE BEFORE HAND WITH FIRE FIRES, BUT IT'S HARDLY WITHIN THE LAW!

YOU WON'T SELL ANY MORE, 24 OR 26?

WELL, I SOLD SOME BY NO. 26 AND NO. 30

It's What We Do With the Chance that Counts

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE.

A horse confined in a field looks over the fence at the field just beyond and beholds the pasture of his dreams. The clover in the distant field looks more tender, or more luxuriant growth, and there seem fewer thistles than in the field in which he is compelled to graze.

In discontent with his surroundings, he jumps the fence and starts on a brisk trot along the road to find the promised land of his hungry hopes. But he travels along dusty roads, with the grass on either side fenced beyond his reach, and when he finds a field that is open he realizes how much of its attractive verdure was due to the enchantment of distance, for the thistles are many and the grass and clover are scant, just as in the field he left behind.

The story of the horse that breaks away and wanders along dusty roads is the story of the man who has a steady job, and instead of staying by it and looking for the clover at his feet, cranes his neck and wastes his time to look with envious eyes at the clover in some other man's field. Like the discontented horse, he jumps the fence and starts along dusty roads with hope leading him. But the best fields are fenced in, and when he gets nearer to his neighbor's field he finds that his neighbor's thistles are many and his rewards not as great as they seemed in the distance.

He can't go back to the field he abandoned, and he soon begins to show the effect of fruitless travel along a dusty and weary road. He becomes a man without a job because he didn't make the best of the one he had.

It is like the boy who is sent out to pick berries and comes home at night with an empty bucket. The berries were plentiful, but he passed the bushes with a slight yield in scorn, waiting to fill his bucket when he reached a patch with berries in greater abundance. The boy with the empty bucket travels farther than the one who returns with a bucket that is filled; he comes home more tired, more footsore and more discouraged, but the experience has taught him nothing. If, when he becomes a man, he doesn't make the best of the job he has, if he slight the opportunity at hand because of a greater promise afar he will always come home at night with an empty bucket. He will always be the foolish boy.

The worry of today, the treat of tomorrow are the result of carelessness of yesterday. If, as every day comes, a man does his best with the berry patch nearest at hand he will never fear the empty bucket of tomorrow. The returns may be small for the effort expended, but there always will be returns for effort, and there never are returns for hopes that are inspired by envy.

"The little task of today that is well done has a greater reward than dreaming of a more imposing task for tomorrow. It is what we do with the chance we have that counts, not what we might have done had we had another man's opportunity."

Say that again, and say it often: "It is what we do with the chance we have, that counts; not what we might have done had we had another man's opportunity."

A Swimming Lesson

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Dear Winifred Black: I would like to hear from you on this question: Should a stenographer accept attention from a business manager who is married, such as escorting her to a car, luncheons and sending her flowers, and the so return, making him presents?

I am broad enough to think this can be done and no real harm result.

No, I am not jealous, but I would like to protect them both from criticism.

What should a wife do in a case like this? If I spoke to either they would think I was jealous, and that is what I want to avoid.

I have read the many beautiful things you have written, and I know you have helped so many to master conditions.

"So your heart aches and know it for fear he'll think you are jealous?"

What kind of a husband is this of yours, anyhow? Didn't he promise to love, cherish and protect you all your life? And how many times did he tell you before you were married that he would never let the softest sephyr that ever breathed blow too hard upon you? And now he takes his stenographer to luncheons and gives her flowers and takes presents from her, and you're so afraid of him you don't dare tell him that he's breaking your heart? Nice, agreeable man he must be.

Jealous? Of course you are jealous; you'd be a blind fool if you were not. Jealous? I'd let that husband know I was jealous, and let him know without a minute's delay, either.

Tell him that you are very miserable, and that you don't believe he wants you to be that. Tell him you want him to keep away from the woman who is making all this trouble, and to keep long ways away from her, too.

There's no use making a scene or being tragic over the matter. There probably isn't a bit of real harm in it yet. Make it your business to see that there is no harm in it any time.

You may do that husband of yours the favor of his life by putting a stop to this affair right now. He may have blundered into it blindly. The woman hasn't.

Women know when they are doing the wrong thing, and no woman ever lived so stupid that she doesn't know that she has no business alienating a man from his wife.

The sort of woman who will encourage a man to do things she knows will make his wife unhappy will make that very same man more than a trifle unhappy when she gets a few of his letters tucked tenderly away at her lawyer's.

Simon Ford, the New York humorist, said at a recent supper: "These attacks on New York's dishonesty and extortion usually come from pickers."

"The latest attack comes from Peleg Pease of Croydon Four Corners, up in New Hampshire. Peleg said the other day at the general store: "Yes, I bin to York, and it's a fine town, but crooked!"

"How crooked?" asked the storekeeper.

"Well," said Peleg, "I bought out an' a 2-cent paper o' p'nt down to York, an' on the train ride home I counted 'em. They was marked 3,000, but, by crinuss, they was fourteen short by actual count!"

Some Sunday History.

Ponce de Leon on Easter Sunday, March 2, 1521, discovered a new land which he named Florida, partly in honor of the day called in the ritual of the church Pascua Florida, and partly to describe the delightful landscape that opened on his sight-the Land of Flowers.

The United States secretary of war issued a special order on March 12, 1893, abolishing Sunday dress parades at military posts.

A synod at Roussillon, France, decreed in 1807 that enemies at war should not make an attack between Saturday evening and Monday morning.