



# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



## "US BOYS"---You Can't Beat Shrimp Flynn

Registered United States Patent Office.

By Tom McNamara



## Bernard Shaw Tells His Deepest Thoughts About Life and Marriage

Prepared by EDWIN MARKHAM.

Prof. Archibald Henderson's brilliant volume, "George Bernard Shaw: His Life and Works," is at last completed and published. It is a work of high value, revealing all the whims and seriousness of the great dramatist. In the extract that follows we get Shaw's own words as to what is our real business on earth. Prof. Henderson says:

"I once asked Mr. Shaw what answer he had to make to the statement that he was a bloodless, passionless, intellectual machine. His answer made upon me a more profound impression than anything else that has ever occurred in my association with him.

"'Look here,' he replied, 'real feeling is the most difficult thing in the world to recognize. Two men are walking down a crowded street gazing at the vast throng of people as they hurry along with a thousand different aims.

"To one the spectacle signifies nothing more than the ordinary metropolitan aspect of the greatest city of the world. The other sees in the spectacle a company of men and angels ascending and descending an endless ladder which reaches from earth to heaven.

"The one passes a starving child whose face is plucked with the cold; he shudders with discomfort, draws his greatcoat tighter around him, and, after giving the child a penny, passes on, thinking God that he is not as other men. The other man regards the little waif with infinite compassion, his heart goes out in profoundest sympathy, and his whole being protests against the social system which makes such things possible. And he devotes his life, not in giving pennies to individual sufferers, but to exposing conditions which produce such horrors and to agitating for such reforms as will mitigate these horrors and eventually render them impossible.

"Shaw's fundamental socialism prompts him to batter down the social barriers which set off the aristocrats from the common people--these barriers which result in the aristocracy feeding upon its own vitality, breeding and in-breeding, until the sexual product is hopelessly anemic and degenerate.

"Stronger, better, saner men and women, Shaw believes, would be bred

through the intermarriage of the duchess and the navy; he strongly advocates the experiment, not simply for the sake of breaking down the social barriers, but primarily for the cause of the ultimate betterment of the race.

"It is Shaw's chief distinction, that for the sake of sentiment, he would deny sentiment. 'I verily believe,' a distinguished author once remarked to me, 'that Mr. Shaw lives in mortal terror of the public for fear that it will discover his great secret--the possession of a warm heart.' His reaction is not against the sentiment which civic virtue and personal integrity bespeak, but against the popular clap-trap, romanticized notion of sentiment which to the unilluminated goes by the name of sentimentality.

"Bernard Shaw is a man of tremendous sentiment--social and humanitarian sentiment. Sociologic thought and social service are the ruling moral passions of his life.

"The final ideal for civic life,' he said in a public address not long ago, 'is that every man and every woman should set before themselves this goal--that by the labor of a lifetime they shall pay the debt of their rearing and their education, and also contribute sufficient for a handsome maintenance during their old age. And more than that, why should not a man say, 'When I die my country shall be in my debt.' Any man who has any religious belief will have the dream that it is not only possible to die with his country in his debt, but with God in his debt also.

"The germ of Shaw's philosophy of life belongs to the whole community and may be found in these words:

"'I am of the opinion that my life belongs to the whole community and as long as I live it is my privilege to do for it whatever I can.

"'I want to be thoroughly used up when I die, for the harder I work the more I live. I rejoice in life for its own sake. Life is no 'brief candle' for me. It is a sort of splendid torch, which I have got hold of for the moment, and I want to make it burn as brightly as possible before handing it on to future generations."

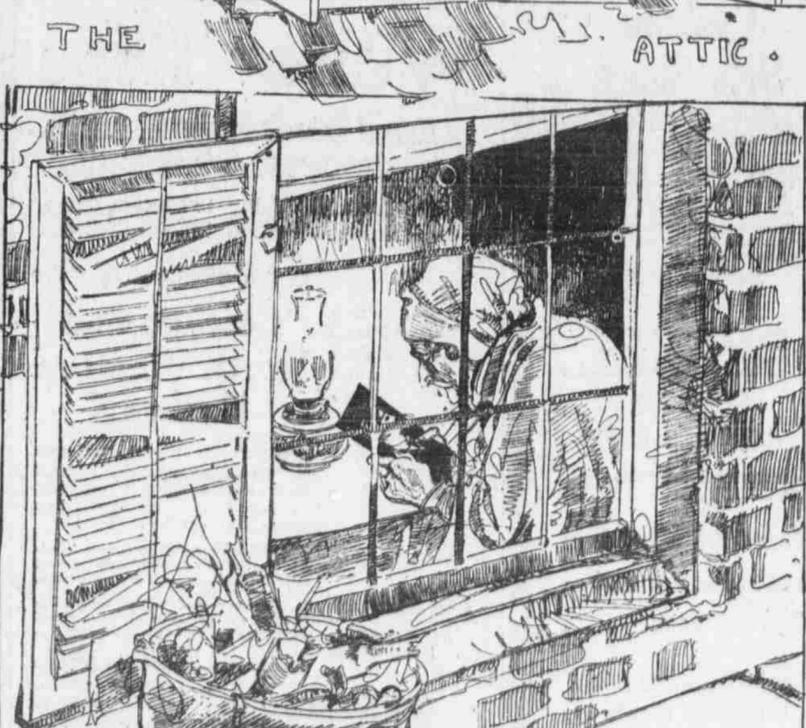
## "All Under the Same Roof" -- By Nell Brinkley

Copyright, 1911, National News Association.

By Nell Brinkley

## The Art of Being Liked

By DOROTHY DIX.



"One half the world never knows how the other half lives."

### SOBS OF A KEY WINDER

"You don't remember, I reckon," said the sour-faced man putting his arms on the showcase, "that I bought a clock of you twenty-five years ago?"

"I certainly do not," answered the elderly jeweler, "but I'll take your word for it if you say you did."

"Well, I did. It was twenty-five years ago last Monday."

"It's a pretty good clock, then, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes; the clock's all right. But I've found out something about it that you didn't tell me."

"So?"

"Yes. When I bought it I asked you how often I'd have to wind it. You said once a week."

"Well?"

"Well, I've just found out that it'll go eight days without winding."

"Certainly. Most clocks are eight-day clocks. That's to allow for your forgetting to wind it sometimes."

"I never forgot to wind it, sir, regularly every Monday morning for twenty-five years I've wound that clock. That makes fifty-two times a year. If I had known it would go eight days I would have wound it up on the eighth day, and I would have had to wind it only forty-six times a year. It takes me two minutes to wind it up. I've wasted twelve minutes every year on the thing. See? In twenty-five years I've put in 300 minutes, or five hours, the half of a man's working day, standing on a chair winding up that blamed old clock when it didn't need winding!"

"Well," said the stupefied jeweler, "what do you want me to do about it?"

"Nothing, sir. I only wanted you to know it that's all. When you sell an eight-day clock to a man you ought to tell him it's an eight-day clock. Good day, sir!"

Straightening himself up and pulling his hat brim down in front, he turned on his heel and stalked out of the shop with the air of a man with a grievance who had freed his mind.--Brooklyn Eagle.

### AGED APOTHEGMS

They laugh that win  
Speech is a mirror of the man.  
Condemn the fault and not the actor of it.  
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.  
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues they write in water.  
We are all greater dupes of our own weakness than to the skill of others.  
How bitter a thing is to look into happiness through another man's eyes.

## Daysey Mayme and Her Folks

By FRANCES L. GARSDIE.

Daysey Mayme Appleton's extensive research into ancient Egyptian archives; her dive into what was hitherto an impenetrable mystery of the occult and from which she emerged bearing the truth in her hands; her knowledge of the great human heart, gained from the study of medical records and joke books, have made her an authority on what to give as Christmas that is unquestioned among all the weary, distressed women who are confronted at this merry season with a wilderness of stockings yawning to be filled.

With her great heart aching for her sisters who are walking, dazed and bewildered, through department stores, with a long list of names of friends in one hand, and an empty purse in the other, she submits this suggestion:

"For many years past women's magazines in so-called 'Helpful Hints,' have told of pretty dainty bags that could be made of almost nothing, and which every woman should have.

"They related how a woman with a waste piece of cretonne found in her work bag and a piece of ribbon stolen from around the cat's neck could make a bag for half-combings that would look as if it cost \$7. Or, perhaps, they suggested a bag for soiled collars, a bag for handkerchiefs, a bag for opera glasses, a bag for fancy work, a bag for baby's feet, a bag to keep the teapot warm, a bag for rubbers, or a bag for shoes.

"With this waste piece of cretonne found in the work basket and the ribbon stolen from the cat's neck, a bag could be made that suited any person in any station of life, and the great demand in life, 'Helpful Hints,' always added, was bags, bags, bags.

"Every woman's life was a desert waste, and a bag was the only oasis. Every woman needed more bags to light her path, and while the suggestion was mean in a kindly spirit, regret to say that its effect was calamitous.

"All over the country women for five years past have been giving other women

bags, and there isn't a woman living who hasn't a ribboned bag for everything in the house, from a bag for her washboard to a bag for her copy of Ibsen. She has so many she doesn't know what to do with them, and because of this glut of bags, this bag-swamped condition, I make the following suggestion for a holiday gift:

"Make a bag for your friends large enough to hold all the bags received in previous years. If made of an old sheet it will cost nothing and will bring comfort and peace to the woman whose house is filled with bags her bag-crazed friends have given her.

"The woman who has fancy bags hanging on every door, bags concealed in every trunk and drawer, bags overflowing from the closets into every room in the house, bags hanging on every bed-post; bags, bags, bags; so many bags that her bag-weighted brain has been every bag and she has been guilty of using the bag given her to hold prizes for holding her majestical wave, will experience a peace and satisfaction she hasn't felt in years when she can stuff all these little bags into one big bag and go off and forget them.

"Hence my suggestion to my wide-eyed sisters with long Christmas lists to fill: Make for every distracted friend a bag of an old sheet."

The third signboard on the road to popularity is marked Tact, and only those who follow the pointing finger of it may hope to ever arrive at the goal of their desire.

All of us have our personal preserves hedged about with placards that read "Keep Off the Grass," and our fellow creatures ignore these at their peril. It is possible to forgive an enemy who deliberately does us an injury, but nobody has grace enough to forgive a friend who wounds his tenderest susceptibilities through sheer blundering carelessness.

Of course, the tactless claim that an instinct for doing and saying the right thing at the right time comes by nature, as Dogberry thought a knowledge of reading and writing did. Perhaps in its finest form tact is genius, but anybody who will take the trouble to acquire a reasonable working capital of it; that will be enough to insure the liking of all of those with whom they are thrown in contact.

As a matter of fact, there is no excuse for anyone, who is not a congenital idiot, or afflicted with parents, not being tactful, but taking thought of what will be pleasing to the party of the second part.

What apology, for instance, can the bull in the conversational china shop offer, even to himself, for asking a woman whose son is a bank defaulter and in a penitentiary, where her boy is? He will say that he didn't think, but it was his business to think. People who are incapable of coherent thought should be locked up in padded cells, and not be permitted to ravage society.

This is scarcely an extreme illustration. All of us know people who have a fatal facility for putting their clumsy fingers right on the sore spots in our hearts. If there is anything unpleasant or disgraceful in your family life you can count upon their making it the subject of their conversation. If there is a secret sorrow, so terrible to look upon that you only open your closet in the darkness of the night to gaze upon it, they are dead sure to ruthlessly drag it out in the first crowd in which you happen to meet.

If you are trying to blind yourself to a husband's unfaithfulness they feel it their duty to come and tell you that they saw him out with a peroxide blonde who looked young enough to be his own daughter. If you have a child whose affliction you deny even to yourself, they ask you if you don't think that little Johnnie is very slow learning to talk, or if you've ever suspected that little Mary has curvature of the spine. If you are struggling to keep up appearances and make one dollar look like five, they compliment you on how cleverly you have disguised your year-before-last hat and



hidden the worn spot in the rug under the sofa.

It is no use in telling yourself that these people are not malicious, and that they did not deliberately stab you in the most vital point on purpose. It is no use in trying to convince yourself that they are really well meaning, kind-hearted, dull blunders, who, as the Irishman says, never open their mouths without putting their feet into them.

It cannot possibly make any difference to a corpse whether it was shot by accident or design. Nor does it make any difference to our wounded and lacerated feelings whether they have been ground to a pulp by a fool or a villain.

Unless a man or woman has enough intelligence to know what to talk about, or she has no right to intrude in civilized society and inflict himself or herself upon innocent and defenseless people. Common gossip keeps all of us reasonably well informed about the private affairs of our neighbors, and if we wish to associate with them it is our duty to bear in mind what subjects are taboo to them and what topics are pleasing.

This is the most elemental form of tact, and yet it is amazing how few people have even acquired the first principle of this kindergarten diplomacy.

If we would be liked we must also use tact in dealing with our friends' opinions and prejudices. Heaven alone knows why some people can't be satisfied to have their own religion and politics and tastes, without being perfectly insulting to everybody who differs from them. Nevertheless, when it is the case and there is nobody that is more cordially hated than the man or woman who feels called upon to sneer at our religion and deride our views and sniff at the things we like, to do.

Perhaps the greatest obstacle to the use of tact is that many people consider it witty to say sharp, cutting things that put other people in the wrong, or make them look foolish. To make a bon mot they would alienate a friend, and to raise a laugh they would wound the most inoffensive person in the world.

Such people delight in being thought original, and unconventional, and peculiar. They always take the opposite side of every subject under discussion, and never fail to point out to anyone who has made a mistake where he blundered. They are a wet blanket on every festive occasion, and keep a hostess on pins and needles because she is perfectly sure they are going to strike some discordant note in every breast.

These people are not tactless through ignorance, but with malice aforethought. They deliberately set everybody by the ears, and they wonder why they are not liked, why everyone avoids them, and why they are only asked about under compulsion.

Acquire tact if you wish to be popular, for though you have all other virtues and have no skill enough to keep off of your fellow creatures' toes, you are become as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. Selah!

## Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

I think Missus Cully rites a beautiful letter, sed Ma. Lissen to this letter that she rote to her husband:

Dearest Tom--I am setting on a settee in Sullivan County thinking of you, dearest, & next cheek day, I luv you moar & moar each passing hour. I often think you & me must have been sweethearts in sun previous existens. Please send me fifty poor dollars, everything is awful high up here. You grate big beautiful doll, you grate big beautiful doll, I adore you. I wish you cud make it seventy-five instead of fifty. I was reading a thing of Balzac's last nite about how butifal a woman's devoshun can be, but I think Mister Balzac never had the faintest idee about reel devoshun. I wish you cud make it a hundred dollars. You know, dearest, that I never cared anything for money. Yure luvving wife, ETHEL.

Well, sed Pa, that reads pretty well for a plain or barynard variety of a letter is in yure pouches? There is something which is left to be explained, sed Pa. If Missus Cully & he received it, sed Pa, where in the dickens do you git off totting it around? Woman, sed Pa, yure force--woman, how calm that letter into yure pouchesun. Aggenn I ask you, woman, sed Pa.

You may ask as many times as you like, Steve, sed Ma, & then you won't get any satisfaction. I want, sed Pa, it is facks. How did that letter cum for to be into yure pouchesun?

Husband, sed Ma, I am gitting sick & tired of yure insinuations. As I have offen told you befoar, sed Ma, all of my friends advised me that I was going to tie up with a man wich had one (1) foot in a sport's gravly so far that his Oxford shoe on the right foot was about all that remained for to be saw. Besides, sed Ma, patting Pa on the cheek with the hand that she didnt use for to pick up the stove lifter. Besides, dearest, sed Ma, you have got into a vary easy way of living, like a bear, Ma sed, or like a toad.

Well, sed Pa, if that is the way you feel you can go plumb to the Next County. As for me, sed Pa, I am going to the wilds of Pap Off Alaska. Mitt me at onst, Mike. Then I felt kind of sorry for the gurl, but she will git over it.

Never Too Old.

Richardson was 59 when he published his first novel, "Pamela."

At 79 years of age Michael Angelo said, "I am still learning."

Milton in his blindness, when past 50, completed "Paradise Lost."

Benjamin West was 61 when he commenced his series of paintings, one of which is "Christ Healing the Sick."