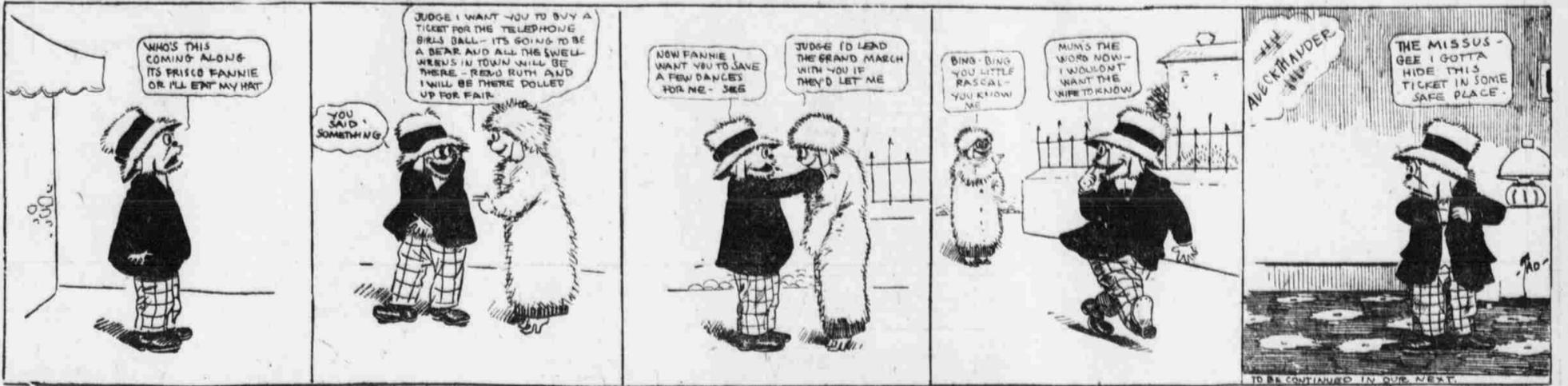


# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT The Judge Bought a Ticket for a Swell Ball—Then— Drawn for The Bee by Tad

Copyright, 1912, National News Assn.



TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT

### Heroes in Every-Day Life

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

We have had in New York City within the last few weeks two notable examples of real heroism. In each case there were thirteen men to share the honor, and one of those thirteen was included on both occasions.



Of course, I am referring to the trial of Becker and the "Ganssen." Very likely there may have been actual physical danger for both Justice Goff and the jurymen in those cases, but what we chiefly honor them for is their moral courage. It is all the more refreshing to contemplate because, for the majority of the public, it was unexpected. Everybody who knew Justice Goff knew what he would do, but the men in the jury box were unknown, and the fact that two successive juries, drawn from the mass of the population, followed the same unswerving course seems to indicate that there has been a clearing of the moral atmosphere, and a growth of genuine heroism in the metropolis.

What is a hero? Thomas Carlyle, who made heroism the subject of one of his books, appears to have been very much muddled in his thoughts on this question. He spread a dragnet and scooped in everybody who had a name for himself, in history or mythology, from Odin, the Norse Jupiter, to Robbie Burns, the Scotch poet, and treated them all as heroes. But he mentioned no heroines, except Mahomet's wife. To Carlyle's mind, apparently, anybody was a hero who had got himself written and talked about. You might as well call J. P. Morgan or J. D. Rockefeller a hero. Very likely both of those able men have done some heroic acts in the course of their lives, but getting immensely rich is not one of them. Squeezing the public is not heroic. Mahomet was one of Carlyle's greatest heroes; but there is not much heroism in his Koran.

The hero is most heroic when he most resembles a heroine, and the mark of a heroine is disregard of self and performance of duty though the heavens fall. The man who jumps into the river to save a drowning person is, of course, a hero. Like the fireman who mounts a trembling ladder to rescue a child from the flames—and both deserve to receive

one of Mr. Carnegie's medals. But who has ever thought of establishing a fund for the benefit of the men and women who exhibit moral heroism, which is the greatest of all?

A shining example of this kind of heroism is Abraham Lincoln. He was magnificently heroic when he defied the venal sentiment of the triumphant north, and determined to treat the "erring brothers" with leniency and justice.

General Grant was more heroic when he gave Lee's men their horses to go back and look their farms than when he cut his lines of communication in order to surround Vicksburg.

But we are all more or less like Carlyle; we think too much of the leaders when we talk of heroism. One of the things which make the last grasshopper of history the "hero" of the war that is driving the Turk out of Europe will be King Ferdinand and General Savaoff. The men who charged the lines at Tebalta and piled their bodies in mangled heaps will excite no more sentiment than the pieces swept from a chessboard. The women who stayed at home and worked in spite of their fears will have no history written about them.

The heroism that really carries the world forward is the heroism of common life. The poor mother, working her fingers to the bone in order to send her children to school, is a sublime heroine, but her reward is only in her own heart. Carlyle had no place for her in his book.

The doctor who inoculates himself with a new serum to determine whether it is safe to apply it to his patients does as much for his kind, and does it as heroically, as the soldier who meets the bayonets aimed at the heart of his country.

The policeman who springs upon a runaway team in the crowded street, the engine driver on the derailed train who sticks to his post and dies trying to minimize the wreck; the ship captain who defies the wishes of his dividend-crazed owners and goes down when he hears of leas ahead; the inventor of some new machine whose first thought is to give a monopoly patent; the maker of some great discovery who has sacrificed his health and shut his eyes to the temptations of money-making "business" in order that knowledge may be advanced in his day and generation, these are some of the heroes of everyday life, but they are not greater than the heroes.

### Little Bobbie's Pa

Pa thinks that he is awful smart, but he met a feller up here in the country that is smarter than he is & the feller had never been in a big city in his life. I think that after Pa gets over the first sad & sick feeling, he'll be a better & a wiser man.

Pa & me are hunting up in the country, & the first few times that Pa came up here he used to bring some extra home. I don't know whether he shot it or not, but he used to have a partridge or sum thing to show for his trouble & this last trip he didn't get a bird or anything except a chipmunk for three days. I think he felt twice as bad about it because I was along for my first trip into the country, but anyhow he was determined for to get sum gain sumhow.

So this morning he met a man that had long whiskers, his name was Kip Whipple, & Pa started to kid him a little but all the time I seen that Mister Whipple knew more than Pa. He was a old man but he luffed all the time like a boy & I sed to myself that there are only two kinds of real men in this world, old boys & yung boys.

My dear friend, sed Pa to Mister Whipple. I wish you cud tell me wate to do to find a few partridges. All I want is a chanse to get a shot at them sed Pa. After I got a shot at them the war will be over.

I dare say, sed Mister Whipple. Well, I will tell you wate to do. You know how a male partridge sets on a log sumtimes & makes a noise like a drum. He does it by slammung his big wings against his breast. Pa's new friend sed like this, & then the old man hit Pa on the breast so hard that Pa fell over against the bar— I mean the corner. Just so you keep drumming, sed Pa's new friend, you will surely have a few other male partridges cummung around there to see wate the trouble is about. Then, if you are anything, you'll shot that you claim to be with a shot-gun, the rest will be easy.

So Pa got a lital gun for me & he took the big gun with him that he had brat all the way from New York. All the way we went to the place wate we was going he

was telling me how he had shot birds & big gain from one end of the world to the other. The way he talked I was afraid that there wassent any birds or big gain left.

When we got to the place that Mister Whipple had toald us about, Pa set down with me on a log & started to hit himself on his chest like a base drummer wud hit a drum. Pa kep hitting himself on the chest for a hour, & then I had to hit him bekaus his arm was tired, & then his chest got tired & sore & he sed to me, Bobbie, you hit yurself on the chest, yer are yunger than I am.

Not a chanse, I told Pa, you think you are pretty wise, but I knew all the time that Mister Whipple was kidding you.

Maybe I am a lot littler & yunger than Pa, but I ain't any fool, & Mister Whipple ain't any fool either. There is more fools in cities than there is on farms.

**Pointed Paragraphs.**  
Impatience is the father of inefficiency. Truth is stranger than fiction and equally dangerous. People are always doing things they woud condemn in others. If a man and wife are one it is because they are tied for first place.

A listener may hear good of himself after talking into a phonograph. And a tricky man, like a worm out deck of cards, is hard to deal with. When a woman shrugs her shoulders at the mention of another woman's name it's a sign she can tell something. When a man tells you that his word is as good as his bond it doesn't necessarily imply that his bond is any good.

**Forgotten.**  
"What are you looking for?"  
"This is the public square, isn't it?"  
"Yes."  
"It's mighty strange. I can't understand it at all."  
"What do you consider, strange about it?"  
"I don't see a monument to any of the heroes who helped to win the battle of Gettysburg for this town ten years ago."—Chicago Record-Herald.

### Daffydillo

WHAT DO IT PROFFT A MAN IF HE MAKETH A THREE-DAGGER AND DIETH AT THIRD DAGE?

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED TA-RA-RA-RA BONES-MISTAH GREEN, CAN YOU TELL ME DE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A FARMER AND A BURGLAR GRABBING THE CASH DRAWER? INTERLOCUTOR-NO BONES TELL ME THE DIFFERENCE BONES-WELL SUH, ONE TILLS THE LAND AND THE OTHER LANDS THE TILL

SCENE-DESERT ISLAND CRUSOE AND HIS MAN FRIDAY PLAYING POKER AT A DENN TABLE. CRUSOE CALLED HIS MAN AND FRIDAY HELD FOUR ACEES BEING A REGULAR DEALER HIMSELF. IT WAS AN IDEAL HAND FOR FRIDAY OR ANY OTHER DAY WHEN FRIDAY WON THAT GOT ROBINSONS SORT. FRIDAY WAS GLAD TO WIN BECAUSE ROBINSON CRUSOE WHENEVER HE BEAT POOR FRIDAY, ROBINSON GOT FRIDAY BY THE EAR AND BLEW INTO IT! "WOULD YOU CALL JOES SHARE FROM THE WORLD SERIES A WOOD-PILE?"

STAND BACK! PERGIVAL ROBIERRE NEVER FALTERS IN HIS DUTY.

SIT DOWN!! YOU'RE ROCKIN' THE BOAT

WELL, I GUESS I'LL GO OUT AND DO A LITTLE EARLY CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

GEE WHIZ! I'VE LOST MY PURSE, WITH ALL MY CHRISTMAS MONEY. WHAT DYE KNOW ABOUT THAT?

WHY DO YUH PRESENT YURSELF HERE?

SEE, THIS IS A COLD RECEPTION, DON'T CHA REMEMBER ME, YUH?

NIX, WHO ARE YOU?

I'M THE BOOB THAT TOOK YOUR PURSE FROM YOUR PERSON.

### How an English Woman Sees New Yorkers

#### "Luxuries Are Responsible for the High Cost of Living"

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

Why is the cost of living high? "It is the standard of living that is high, especially over here in America," said Mrs. Hugo Molliner, a clever young Englishwoman who is spending her first winter in New York.

"Everyone is talking so much about the high cost of living, but I have not yet found any one who is willing to go back to the old-fashioned way of living, or who cares to give up one of the luxuries which you Americans consider so necessary to life.

"A foreigner is struck by this at once. You see we are not yet used to American ideas of living."

Mrs. Molliner is visiting friends, who live in one of the big beehive apartment houses that boast a marble entrance, several hallboys and laurels and palms in the halls. Her home just outside of London, photographs of which she showed me, is a moderately large house with a garden, which she is renting this winter for what seems to us an exceedingly moderate sum, less than half what the apartment costs.

"Let us take the rent first of all," said Mrs. Molliner, in a businesslike way. "I am told that rents are much higher than they used to be. I should think they would be higher still. Look at what you are getting. The old-fashioned apartment house has no elevators, no open plumbing, not more than one bathroom, anyhow, no marble halls, no elevator boys, no telephone girls.

"With us in England the individual bathroom is still a great luxury, though we are supposed to be the 'rubbier' people in the world. Even in the model tenement I have seen here in America, the bathroom, with modern plumbing, is accepted as a matter of course.

"People in America seem to telephone all the time. Women must spend hours at the telephone. Naturally, that is a luxury that adds to the cost of living, yet nobody is willing to give it up.

"For the most part I have found both houses, hotels, churches and places of amusement very much over-heated in America. An English winter at the hotel, the bathroom, with modern plumbing, is accepted as a matter of course.

"People in America seem to telephone all the time. Women must spend hours at the telephone. Naturally, that is a luxury that adds to the cost of living, yet nobody is willing to give it up.

"I am sure that if a great movement was started to abolish the luxuries which quickly become necessary to us all, and which have so raised the standard of living everyone would protest on the ground that these so-called luxuries make for more hygienic living, for greater happiness and comfort; but, undoubtedly, if such a movement could be started the cost of living would be lower, but no one wants to go backward and it would be retrograding.

In London for the most part the butcher exposes his meat outside of his shop, where it is at the mercy of every germ that is flying about, and unprotected from the dust and dirt of the street. Meat is somewhat cheaper. The



grocers are almost as careless. I am astonished here in America, and I must say I am delighted to be able to get so many of the necessities of life done up in neat packages straight from the factory, and to know that they have not been handled by anyone else.

"I am willing to pay for this cleanliness, though I am sure if I bought biscuits by the pound out of a big tin, into which everybody's hand went, I might get them a little cheaper.

### The Magic in a Smile

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Miss Alice Johns Hedges died in England the other day and left \$500 to a woman that she barely knew.

She left the woman that money because the woman smiled at her when they walked out of church together once in awhile, and sometimes she even said: "Good morning."

Hurrah for Miss Alice Johns Hedges and the woman that she barely knew! I understand exactly how they both felt about it.

"There," said the woman that she barely knew to herself when she saw Miss Alice Johns Hedges walking out of the church alone. "There's a pleasant looking woman—all alone, too—I wish that I knew her. I am going to speak to her anyway."

"Dear me," said Miss Alice Johns Hedges to herself, when she saw the woman that she barely knew by sight, smiling; "dear me, what a pleasant person—that a smile. I declare she makes the morning brighter. Doesn't she?"

I wish that I had money enough so that I could leave some to every person who smiles—at the right time—just for the sake of smiling. The world is so full of cross-graces.

I went to buy something at a shop and the woman who waited on me was so sudden that I wouldn't stay where she was at all, and the shop lost a customer.

"Tired? Perhaps she was. So was I, and so was the little mother who stood at the counter with a little baby in her arms, and another at her skirts—but she wasn't too tired to smile.

Disappointed? Well, maybe she was—-and so undoubtedly was the elderly woman, who wanted some gloves and couldn't get anyone to listen to her while she told them what she wanted.

Did it make the crosspatch any better to frown the way she did. No, there's no use getting around it or trying to. She was just a crosspatch, that's all; just a self-centered, conceited person who thinks that her own trouble is all there is in the world.

I'm mad, as the crosspatch, I'm mad and I'm tired of everything. I'll make everyone who sees me tired, too. And she does it—and then wonders why no one ever urges her to come visiting, or go on a larking, or to do any of the pleasant things that other people seem to find to do.

"Why do you keep that maid?" said some one I know to some one I like. "She stands on the wrong side all the time."

"I know it," said the one that I like. "But she has such a delightful smile. She lights up the whole room when I look at her."

"I could learn to love you when you smile, smile, smile." "There used to be a photograph next door that played that rather banal song night and day. Early in the morning it began, and at noon it sang again, and at night, when the dusk crept round the corner of the house, when the stars shone and when the moon rose in splendor, the photograph played again, always the same tune.

My heart failed me sometimes, and I longed to go and break the photograph into shattered pieces. "I could learn to love you," what an intolerable bore.

But one day I learned that the son who owned the photograph was an invalid, one who lay for long hours alone in a fireproof room, one who suffered great and almost unendurable pain, and I saw the pale face at the window smiling, and then I understood and began to love the song, too, for it meant comfort and encouragement and stubborn resistance to pain.

"When you smile, smile, smile," I wish that every sullen crosspatch in the world would have to learn that song and the lesson that it teaches; for indeed it is easy to love almost anyone when they smile, smile, smile, and hard to tolerate even the most fascinating when they frown, frown, frown.

My heart failed me sometimes, and I longed to go and break the photograph into shattered pieces. "I could learn to love you," what an intolerable bore.

But one day I learned that the son who owned the photograph was an invalid, one who lay for long hours alone in a fireproof room, one who suffered great and almost unendurable pain, and I saw the pale face at the window smiling, and then I understood and began to love the song, too, for it meant comfort and encouragement and stubborn resistance to pain.

"When you smile, smile, smile," I wish that every sullen crosspatch in the world would have to learn that song and the lesson that it teaches; for indeed it is easy to love almost anyone when they smile, smile, smile, and hard to tolerate even the most fascinating when they frown, frown, frown.

There's a little rose of remembrance to you, Miss Alice Johns Hedges of England, whoever you were, and may the woman you scarcely knew keep right on smiling as long as she lives.

### Little White Christmas Lies

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"There is no playing fast and loose with the truth in any game, without growing the worse for it"—Little Dorrit.

The flakes that fall in the Christmas snow are beyond any man's power of calculation, and the counting of the little white lies that fall at this season would prove as great a task.

There seems to be an accepted theory born in the brain of some one whose highest ambition is to be agreeable, that no one at Christmas time must speak the truth. The lies are so little, and so very, very white, and we are sent out in such a spirit of agreeableness that the strictest inerrant finds no fault with them.

On the contrary, she takes the little white lie with her when she buys her gift, uses it in writing the card that goes with it, and works it overtime in her acknowledgment of the gift she receives in return.

I say "she" for the reason that men are not so addicted to the Christmas habit. Neither are men given to telling little white lies. When a man tells a lie, he tells a big black one and makes it count. No man was ever known to make a practice of using the little white lie for garnishing or trimming.

When a woman makes out her Christmas list the little white lie of what she calls "necessity" compels her to put names on her list that are not there in any spirit of love. They are there for the same reason that the name of the grocer or the butcher appears on her monthly account.

She takes the little white lie with her when she buys, and under its influence she buys a costly gift for the friend who doesn't need it, and a senseless little

adds yearly to the cost of living. Fortunately, the desire for luxury brings much good in its wake; it sets higher standards of health, comfort, cleanliness, education and refinement, except where it is perverted and is merely an outlet for reckless expenditure.

But you will never solve the problem of reducing the high cost of living, until you lower the standards of comfort, and I doubt if any American woman will submit to that.

shabby makeshift for the friend whose needs are great.

The little white lie directs her pen when she writes "with love" on her Christmas cards, though no love attends, and the little white lie leaps to the tip of her tongue and serves as a sentinel to keep back the truth when she expresses thanks for the gift she receives.

If there is one day in the year when the truth should prevail, that day is Christmas. Yet it is the day of presentment of the little white lie. It is the day when the little white lie holds high carnival, and are in such control the truth-loving soul fairly sickens.

"We must keep our friends," argue the little white lies, "and we cannot keep them by telling the truth at Christmas." "Can't we?" Let's try it. Let us make out a Christmas list that carries no name written there in a spirit of policy or indebtedness. Let us be honest at Christmas just once.

Let us prune and trim and cut down that list till it holds only the names of those we sincerely love. Then let us buy in a spirit that knows no hypocrisy, consulting each individual need, and not the station in life of the recipient.

Let us spend most on the poor, and not add to the burdens of the wealthy. Let us write no Christmas apartment that the heart and the head fail to endorse.

And when Christmas morning brings to us the gifts from our friends, let us be sincerely grateful, and show it in simple words, and not in phrases of wild exaggeration.

You may argue that the little white lie grows and embellishes, and doesn't hurt. My dear, "There is no playing fast and loose with the truth in any game without growing the worse for it."

**On the Road.**  
It was getting very late and Dubbeigh's gasoline had given out.  
"My dear," around here got any gasoline?" he asked, drawing up at a small hotel by the roadside.  
"Nobody but me," said the landlady.  
"Good," said Dubbeigh. "How much do you want for it?"  
"Couldn't sell it to ya today," said the landlady. "It's Sunday."  
"But see here, my friend," protested Dubbeigh. "What can I do?"  
"Ye might put up here for the night," said the landlady, indifferently. "I got a nice room I can let ye have for \$7."