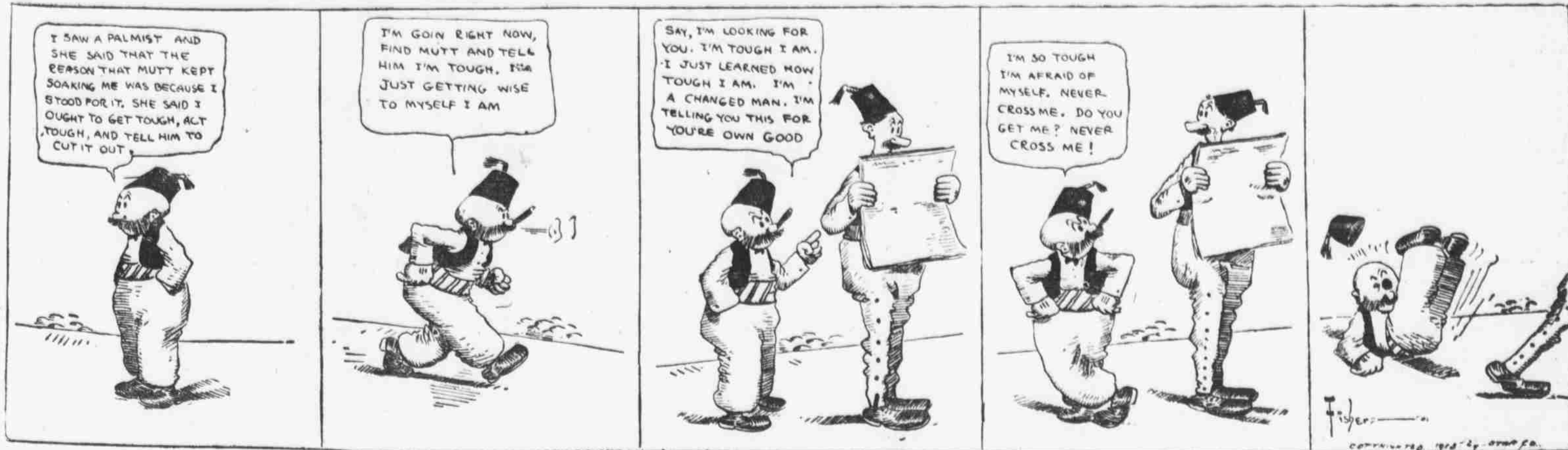


# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Mutt Crossed and Spoiled Everything

## Drawn for The Bee by "Bud" Fisher



## Ella Wheeler Wilcox

### Success as a Writer—Aspirant with Forceful Ideas, Unflagging Industry and Colossal Patience Cannot Be Checked.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

"I should be very grateful if you could advise me how to make money by my pen. I have occasionally sold stories and articles, but as I am capable of writing I think I ought to be making a more regular income by some other sort of writing. Only I do not know how to go about it."

Doubtless a every man or woman who writes for newspapers, magazines or other periodicals receives hundreds of letters like the one given above, which come in the morning mail.

It is always a bit discouraging to receive such a letter, because it indicates the existence of one more leaver in the world; one more God-endowed individual who yet looks out, instead of within, for help, and the army is so vast already one dislikes to think of new recruits.

There is but one way to go about any kind of business, and that way is to go about it.

And to go about it yourself. No one can help you, no one can hinder you.

There is a droll little story of "Torchy," who was a hustling lad in search of a position as office boy.

He found a line of applicants waiting to be admitted to an office which had advertised for a boy.

He pushed past the line, took down the sign "Boy Wanted" and walked into the office.

The astonished manager asked: "What are you doing with that sign?" "I am taking it down: I am the boy," was the answer.

So he secured the place just by his assurance.

This exact action might not always succeed, but that spirit will always succeed.

The very first requisite for a writer are ideas and the power to express them in a grammatical, concise, interesting manner. The ideas need not be new (for in truth there are no new ideas). But there must be something new in the manner of expression, or at least something interesting to readers.

Each of this must be an intense desire to be heard, and a determination to make a place in the world of letters, whether as a reporter, correspondent, author, poet, playwright or essayist. Then the aspirant must himself make all the effort to arrive at the desired goal.

A youth came to New York a year or two since, with only debts and desires to recommend him. He had made a partial place in newspaper work in another portion of the states, but he wanted a metropolitan field. He asked no aid of any one: some aid was offered him in the way of letters of introduction, but all these letters did for him was to obtain personal interviews with editors, who told him they had nothing for him to do. But undiscouraged, the youth began to write articles and send them to editors, and he wrote something every day and sent it somewhere.

He read all the magazines and weeklies and dailies which were popular with the public, and he decided what he was capable of doing for all of them.

Then he wrote accordingly, and when an article came back he sent it out again in the next mail.

Today he has regular contracts with several editorial concerns and an assured income, besides being a free lance and sending out his mental freight ships to five ports continually.

A girl, aged 14, on a western prairie, felt she had a message for the hearts of the people. She was five miles from a postoffice and mail came and went only three times a week.

She had never seen an editor or a literary person, yet she wrote her crude articles and verses, and sent them to editors in the next every time the mail went out.

Two years ago in the East she sent a manuscript every month for five years. And at the end of five years one was accepted.

Meanwhile others began to accept and she began to grow in ability of expression, and one must write continually, if one

gradually found her way to success. Had any one taken her manuscripts and sold them for her she would never have developed her own character, or learned the technique of success.

The only individuals to approach for assistance in a literary career are the editors and the literary agencies.

It is oftentimes a saving of time to employ a good agent. Now, right here comes in your self-reliance: if you want to find out where there is a good literary agent, do not write to some busy person and expect to have the address given you. Find out for yourself.

"There is a little magazine published for the purpose of telling people things of this nature."

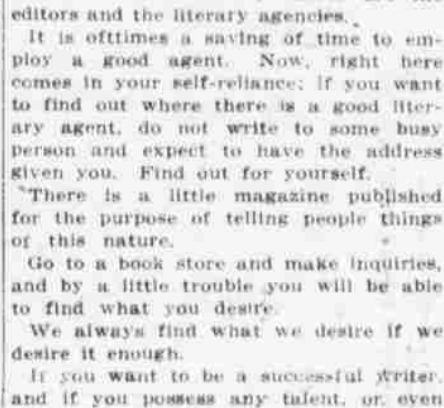
Go to a book store and make inquiries, and by a little trouble you will be able to find what you desire.

We always find what we desire if we desire it enough.

If you want to be a successful writer, and if you possess any talent, or even ability, and enormous industry and colossal patience, you will succeed, and no one can help you or hinder you.

And the same is true of any other occupation you are seeking.

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## Our Daily Fashions



By LA RACONTEUSE.

Afternoon costume of light gray charmeuse with coat of chestnut "frappé" velvet.

The smart little jacket opened in front in "M" shape and down the front to the waist line, is fastened by a huge strap button, and the sleeves are long and fitted tightly. The small square collar is of sable.

The gown is décolleté, V shaped, bordered by deep Valenciennes lace. Three buttons trim the front of the waist.

The skirt hanging perfectly straight, has a box pleat in front, with a row of the same tiny strap buttons and loops of

### "Organize for Opportunity," She Says

## How Woman Can Be a Friend to Woman

By ADA PATTERSON.

"Organize for opportunity," Miss Laura Sedgwick Collins is not a member of a trades union or a strike agitator though her words sounded as though that were her field in the world's activities. Instead she is a composer and a club member, a woman of enormous energy, of a wide outlook and of an amazing number of friends. She told me that women are everyday becoming better friends of women and how they might show themselves still better friends.

"We mean well and we are gaining in our efforts to show ourselves the true friends of our sex," she said. "We will do still better when we focus our energies on the essential points of that friendship. We best show our friendship for any one by giving her a chance to help herself. In other words, we can help her by aiding her to turn the key in the door of opportunity. That is what we need to do. Women should organize for opportunity for women."

Casting a smiling glance across the sea Londonward she said: "Not as in an antagonistic way that may put us back 100 years or so, but by making ourselves felt as a force for construction and betterment. Every woman should organize and be organized in some movement to help her sex."

"What movements should women favor as a help to their sex?"

"The most vital is that of a living wage. If women would insist everywhere and always that the difference between \$5 and \$6 a week that is generally paid for unskilled labor, and the \$9 a week that a girl must have to live on, is the difference between right and wrong living, and align themselves accordingly, they would be helping their sex. Strong public sentiment in that direction would force employers to pay living wages."

"Women could throw their powerful influence in the scales for trade schools, where girls will be so trained that even in the domestic field there would be no unskilled labor. They could work for vocational schools and for compulsory training in some means of earning a livelihood, in the public schools. Whatever women become thoroughly interested in they bring about."

"How can they throw this influence in the scale as you suggest?"

"By working for it in their club or clubs. And by forming clubs for that purpose. Organization is power, and we should organize more and more, organize for opportunity for our sex."

"We should organize for the spread of the knowledge about the beauty in environment. A new paper on the wall, or hanging, replacing a bad chromo with a good print, may cause a revolution in the lives of persons living who look at it. Knowing the power of reforming and uplifting of such inanimate things, we ought to give much thought and time to bringing instruction about house decoration within the reach of every one."

"We could do a great deal with classes and lectures on sanitary living and surroundings. Mothers' clubs are invaluable. Whenever you find a club that is not formed for card playing or for purely social purposes you find work for humanity being done. You find mistakes being made of course, for clubs, like all other mortal manifestations, are human; but more good than harm is being done by all these organizations."

"We can do more good for our sex if, while organizing, we consider most thoughtfully what our sex most needs. My own judgment is that what woman as such needs more than anything else is modesty; and that what women most need is knowledge of the momentum of a word."

"How do you distinguish between woman and women in making that statement?"

"In an abstract sense I think of woman as representing the sum of our sex qualities. Viewing us all as one, I should say that our great need is modesty. It would seem that we appear to have lost it, and the best first step toward regaining it would seem to be to remove all traces of make-up except when you are dressing for the evening. Once we could tell at a glance an estimable woman from one of the other sort. Now we can't. Prevalence of make-up on the street is to blame for this. We should set the example and work, organize if necessary to suppress this folly. We should impress upon woman that no or is fooled by it. The most casual recognizes the complexion that is got out of a box."

"What women, that is, every woman singly considered, needs, is to know the value of the word she utters. She must



MISS LAURA SEDGWICK COLLINS.

learn not to babble, not to talk as in a hysterical vent, but to weigh her words, knowing that each one has a strong propulsive power, that words are things. She should utter no word that means nothing and she should speak no word that hurts unless it is a hurt that, like the wound inflicted by the surgeon's knife, is necessary.

"Men are far ahead of us in this knowledge. A group of them can gather and discuss a matter in a purely impersonal way. Women find this hard to do. They must learn it, and a good way to learn it is to organize. If you belong to a club, any organization, you must recognize the power of parliamentary law."

"Stingly she repeated her motto, the motto she would have her womanhood follow: "Organize for opportunity."

## The Case of Cassie Chadwick

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

Cassie Chadwick's business was to borrow. Just that and nothing more.

Her specialty was the man of 60—the deacon in a church—the man who wore whiskers and shaved his upper lip, as an apple's comforter.

This dignified pillar of society was an easy mark for Cassie.

Through Ohio, Indiana and western Pennsylvania Cassie carried on her gentle machinations for ten years.

Her scheme was to go into a town of five, ten or fifteen thousand inhabitants, stop at the best hotel and let the news get out that she was a rich widow who was thinking of buying a home.

To this end she looked at various places that were for sale and interviewed various business men as to real estate values. Among others she called on the banker. Having located her man, she called on him the second time.

"We explained that she was about to take his advice and buy a home; that she had \$20,000 in bonds in the tin box

which she carried with her and held carefully in her lap.

The banker did not know the contents of the box. There was no necessity of anything—merely that the kind banker would take care of this box for her, dis-

"So, here was a widow, evidently very rich, innocent and, withal, intelligent and fairly good looking.

And so she fishes out \$25, lays it on the box and asked the banker to take this money as fee for storing the tin box. This he gladly does, and the woman goes away.

Of course, she comes back in a week or two. Incidentally, she needs a little money, and is in doubt whether to sell one of thousand-dollar Steel corporation bonds or borrow the money for thirty days until her next interest comes due.

She explains that she has private information from Wall street that steel bonds are going up. She hates to make a sacrifice. If she knew of some kind person who would loan her \$1,000 she would not mind paying \$100 bonus. And when she mentions the word "bonus" the deacon becomes quite interested. And out of her reticence, as she glibly and innocently talks, Cassie fishes a one-hundred-dollar bill.

Here was great psychology. I have noticed that insurance and railroad adjusters are apt to display their money when they want to get a quick compromise. In case of possible damage suit have your money with you. A package



## Dorothy Dix Says: Life's Great Tragedy is When a Husband or Wife Outgrows the Other.

By DOROTHY DIX.

During the last winter there have been two interesting and successful plays presented in this city that had for their theme the trading of old wives for new.

In each of these plays the hero was a self-made man. He had begun life as a poor boy of humble social station, and by his own brains and brawn, and grit, and determination he had worked himself up to fame and fortune, so that at middle life he sat among kings, as it were. And in his climbing up the ladder this man had educated himself, and had been educated by life until he took his place among the highest in the land as an equal. He was fitted

for the place he filled.

Each of these men had married a girl of his own people when he was very young. She had been a devoted and faithful wife to him, and in the stress of his beginnings had toiled with him, she had washed his clothes and patched his trousers, and cooked his dinners, and had been perfectly happy in doing so, but she could not climb with him, or she would not climb with him. So in the end she was left at the bottom of the ladder, while he was at the top, and the play revolved itself around the man's effort to find some answer to this common and insoluble problem of matrimony where one of a couple outgrows the other.

Of course, in a play, melodrama and sentimentality demanded that the husband should be faithful to his dull and

uninteresting and commonplace old wife, and he was held up to our bitter scorn because he was tempted to forsake her for the brilliant women of the new world into which he had passed, and we only forgave him when—for the sake of the fool happy conclusion that they say faithful old Marjorie—

he went back to his faithful old Marjorie.

In these plays it was intended that the pathetic figure should be that of the forsaken wife, but the one that I wanted to bedew with my tears was the lonely man who was tied to the corpse of a dead love that he must drag about with him as long as he lived, and whose success was made dust and ashes in his teeth because he had no one with whom to savor it.

For the woman who does not understand the woman who never can understand—is not always of the vampire type. She is oftentimes just the narrow, stupid, prejudiced woman who cannot see an inch beyond her nose, who cannot comprehend a thing outside of her own little range of personal experience, and who can no more change her point of view than the leopard can change his spots or the cheetah his skin.

It is this woman that strips the man who achieves "to his foolish hide," to borrow Kipling's phrase, and makes all that he has done of no account, so far as bringing him any happiness is concerned, because she has not grown with his growth, nor strengthened with his strength. She has sat supinely down and let him go forward while she stayed put, and because he is bound to her hand and foot by the most unbreakable fetter in the world—the fetter that is forged by honor.

They have a phrase that describes such a woman. We speak of her as "the wife of his youth." In that is the tragedy of many a successful man's life. The woman he is married to is the wife of his youth. She is the wife of his callow immaturity. She is the wife of his uneducated, unread, uncultivated youth.

But at middle age he is no more that crude, gawky, unlettered boy than his immaculate broadcloth is the blue denim of the overalls he used to wear. He has worked, and striven, and improved, and polished himself in mind and body, and the woman who has stayed just as she was, who has not advanced an inch in any way, and who was the wife of his youth, is the wife of his maturity in name only.

They have not one single thing in common, not one taste, not one interest, not one idea, and in the pathos of their lot he is just as much to be pitied as she.

Nay, more, for it is always the one with the keener intellect, the more far-seeing eye, that suffers most. The offending can, to a large extent, be satisfied with material things, but the one who soars aloft is tortured by the vision of what life might be in the rapture of a perfect companionship.

In all the world there is nothing more terrible or more sorrowful than this development of one of a married pair, while the other is stunted. Nor is it always the husband that grows away from his wife. Sometimes it is the woman whose mind and heart get bigger, and broader, and wiser as the years go by until she walks in green pastures and on uplands, where her husband does not even attempt to follow her.

In such cases the woman who has outgrown her husband clanks the chains of her marriage, which is nothing but a bondage, after her, just as does the man who has outgrown his wife. She, too, knows the loneliness and the dreariness of a life in which husband and wife speak different languages, have different standards of measurement and look at life from the point of view of aliens. She too, surfs on the husks of affection and dreams of what the full meal might be with an equal.

And the worst of this tragedy of development is that it cannot be helped, nor remedied. The mind that has the germ of growth in it must unfold and attain its full stature, no matter whether it brings happiness or misery. The cold cannot aspire and achieve, no matter how it might wish to. The cold cannot aspire and achieve, no more, nor may they run the race together.

There are those who are forever telling the dull wife of the brilliant man that she must strain herself to keep up with him. Doubtless this is good advice. At least it probably mitigates the situation for them both, for they are equal sharers in the calamity that befalls a marriage in which either the husband or the wife outgrows the other.

