

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Who's Who in the Home

"Here we are at last!" exclaimed the Hopeful Housewife.

"Yes, here we are!" the Confirmed Commuter replied, as the near approach of their destination revitalized a languid railroad porter to new life.

"Smell the pines!" she continued, enthusiastically. "Don't you breathe in health and perfume with every breath?"

The Confirmed Commuter, who had breathed cinders for three-quarters of the journey, sniffed anxiously and none too enthusiastically at the earthy mountain air, which bade them welcome to camp life.

Incidentally, it was a long distance welcome, for the estate on which a friendly capitalist had permitted them to pitch their 500 tents was ten miles from the railroad station, and they had engaged by telephone a guide, philosopher and friend to show them the way.

Expert Guidance, 5 a Day—Philosophy and Friendship Thrown In.

They were the only passengers for Eagle Ridge, and when their train slowed into the station a nonchalant porter and a ruthless baggage man dumped their belongings

—trunks, fishing rods, cooking utensils and portable beds—on the deserted platform, hopped aboard the train and sped back to civilization to invest their tips.

Meantime the Hopeful Housewife looked confidently toward the Confirmed Commuter.

Like other good wives, she was always confiding when there was nothing else for her to do.

"I suppose our guide is a little late," she hazarded. "Of course these mountain roads are very slow traveling. Let's sit down on our tents and wait for him."

"Oh, no, let's take a taxi!" sneered her husband.

Nevertheless he seated himself sulkily on a pile of canvas and scanned the horizon in gloomy silence for the space of five minutes.

The blue and brooding mountains rose high above them, and scanned their narrow paths padded with pine needles led into mysterious distances.

"Don't you think we might find Mr. Johnson's place without a guide?" asked the Hopeful Housewife when an hour had passed.

"And leave all these things here to be stolen?" inquired the Confirmed Commuter, indignantly. "What are you thinking about?"

Actually, woodsman as he had always claimed to be, he was afraid to strike out into that wilderness where experienced hunters had been lost for days at a time.

The little station, with its 2-year-old railway schedule, its closed ticket window and a sign which indicated that some day, some time, a telegraph operator would return, seemed their last clutch on civilization.

"Well, dear," she said, philosophically, "if we can't go away and somebody doesn't come to get us pretty soon I'm going to open a can of baked beans, and eat them out of the shell! I'm simply starved to death! And if we've got to stay here in this dinky, scary place all night I think we might put up one of the tents! And tomorrow morning there'll be a train back to



"HE SEATED HIMSELF SULKILY ON A PILE OF CANVAS."

New York, and we can go home!" she ended, plaintively.

"Huh!" snorted the Confirmed Commuter. "do you think I've traveled 400 miles to turn around and go back again? Now that you've brought me up here to gratify one of your whims you might show a little patience, a little fortitude. You got us in this place, you know, and you might as well wait for me to get you out!"

His wife sighed meekly and looked away. With all her soul she wished herself in her suburban garden, cooking the backward road bushes and bribing school boys to climb the cherry trees for her.

Suddenly the ghastly mountain stillness was broken by the sound of hoofs.

"Here comes our guide!" exclaimed the Confirmed Commuter, with marked energy. "I'll dock him half a day's pay for keeping us waiting!" he added, furiously.

In half an hour—for the same hoof beats which seemed so near had many miles to travel—a heavy, rickety hotel omnibus drew up to the station.

"Say!" called the hatless, coatless and collarless driver, "are you the folks that Bill Summers was talking about? He told me all about it," he added, genially. "He fully allowed he'd be over here to meet your train, but this is pay day, and it'll be a couple of days before Bill can travel. I guess you all had better come up to the hotel."

"We have come up to the mountains to camp," replied the Confirmed Commuter, in his most dignified manner.

"Sure you have!" echoed the bus driver. "That's what everybody comes for! We've got genuine tents with private baths attached, and balsam bough beds fresh laid every night—all meals served in the hotel—just a week for two! How does that strike you?"

"What do you say, dear?" asked the Confirmed Commuter, with usual hesitation.

"Say!" echoed the delightful young woman. "Why, you know I've always joned it rough! I think I'll be perfectly happy!"

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How to Treat a Wife

"If a lot of 'worthy husbands want to hand out to their better halves some domestic happiness which won't cost them anything except a few kind words," suggested the Knowing Husband as he adjusted Ruth's evening coat, "they will notice that their wife's new dress or latest purchase in millinery is mighty becoming, and they will mention the fact to her in a few well chosen words.

"I have known lots of fellows who could tell you their sweetheart's costume down to the last pin, but after the sweetheart had evolved into the nearer and dearer relation of wife they couldn't name the color of a single dress in her wardrobe, not if their whole business and personal salvation depended upon the answer. Ruth says there is a certain woman of our acquaintance who simply craves the admiration and attention of her husband. He used to be very lavish in his praise of her clothes, her mannerisms, her beauty. She possesses a marvelous contralto voice. In courtship days her husband actually raved about her singing, knew the name of every song on her list and sat for hours alternately dreaming and going into ecstasies over her music. He still sits for hours, for he has an inborn love for music that seems insatiable. At the end of the hours he rouses himself with the remark that it must be about time to 'turn in' or that 'a bit of something to eat wouldn't be bad.'"

"Ruth has known that wifely wife to spend days concocting a dainty fur-blow for her throat or a becoming hat, in the hope of attracting his attention and eliciting a word of admiration, only to have her efforts passed by unnoticed. Once she heard him say that he liked to see women wear white, whereupon she flooded her wardrobe with billows of white. It evolved into a single remark from the self-centered man, who took the personal appearance of his wife for granted.

"Flattery is very dear to the heart of woman," continued the Knowing Husband, "even after she has passed the marriage milestone. I have reason to believe it is

vastly more mellifluous to the ear of the matron than the maid, because in these days as rapid progress and Renos a woman is never quite sure—and, anyway, assurance is doubly sweet when it comes from the one man.

"I'd like to hand a little tip to the husbands who can't see their wives except with the eye of the commonplace—Leave your business cares and worries locked up behind the door of your office or shop, and if the woman who cares for your home and for your looks particularly well when you come in to dinner, if her hair is becomingly done or her dress unusually attractive, don't be above the pretty attention of telling her so. A little compliment goes a long way in keeping the home atmosphere clear."

Strangled by Her Collar

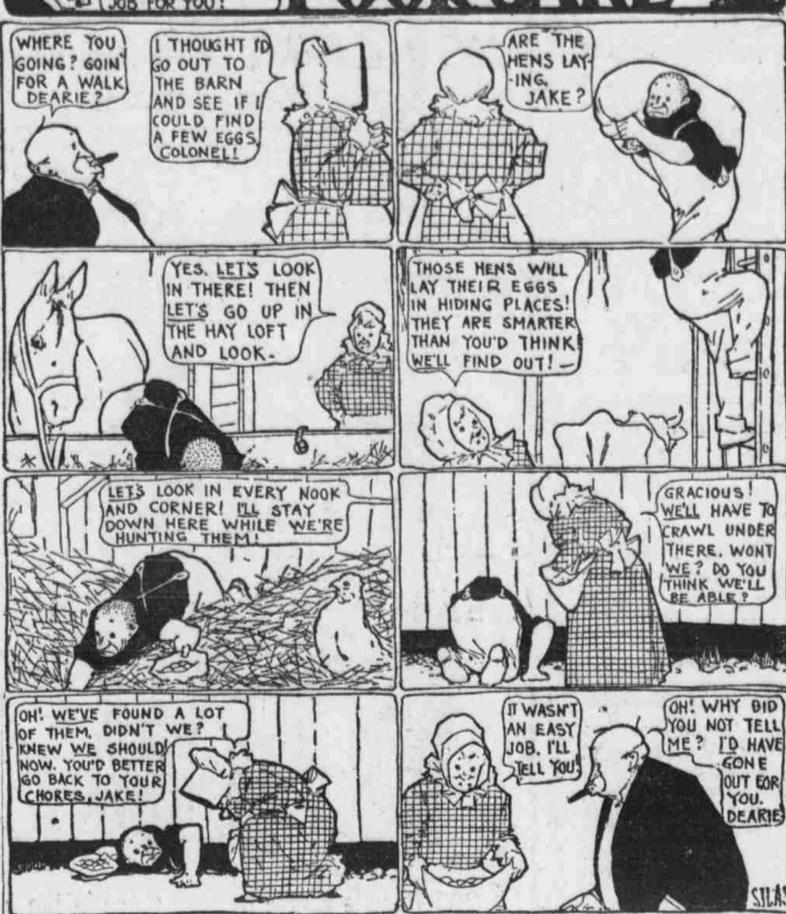
The man or woman who wears a tight fitting collar will find a lesson with a moral in the death of Rose Degeran, a New York woman, says the world. She was strangled to death in her sleep by the tight collar she was wearing at the time. Miss Degeran was a professional cook. On the afternoon of her death she was taking a few minutes' rest on the sofa and feeling rather tired, she dozed off and was soon sleeping soundly.

An hour or so later, when every effort to rouse her had failed, a doctor was sent for in alarm. Dr. Ross of New York hospital responded and pronounced her dead. She had died easily and painlessly in her sleep, strangled to death, because her collar was too tight. In turning her head in her sleep she had unconsciously increased the tightness of the collar on her throat. This promptly stopped the circulation of the blood to the brain, taking her from a state of sleep into one of insensibility. As the tight collar also prevented respiration she slowly strangled to death, powerless to save herself.

As it Really Happened



POOR JAKE



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Wit and Wisdom of Bildad

We may be sorry for Adam and Eve, but who cares to live in a garden after the fall, anyhow? It is apt to be very cold until spring.

If one-half the world understood how the other half lived, it would probably decide that life was not worth living.

When a man is ambidextrous, he should be careful to let his left hand know what his right hand is doing, lest he overdraw his bank account.

It may be true, as some have said, that money talks; but it is generally in the form of a money-logue, rather than a real conversation.

Many an artifice of splendid technique never realizes that he is not an entire success until he tries to draw a check.

Riches are said to have wings, but, after all, even the best and surest of coupons are clipped.

Some men are so entirely devoted to the general proposition of uplift that at the psychological moment they are not backward even in raising the deuce.

There is compensation in all things. The man with a short pocket usually has a long face.

When it comes to sermons, man wants but little here below and wants that little short.

Love may laugh at locksmiths, but when he finds himself in the presence of a cross-eyed chaperon, the combination is too much for him.

The fact that truth lies at the bottom of a well is probably the reason why truth is often so fearfully watered.

The egotist is a man who has an I only for number one, and even that is so over-worked that it cannot see straight.

Many a man who is a poor shot is very successful when it comes to throwing bouquets at himself.

There are people who are so panicky that they send for an ambulance when all they really need is the water wagon.

Some men are so economical that, instead of hiding their light under a bushel, they conceal it under a pint.—Horace Dodd Garitt in Life.

Nubs of Knowledge.

Tournaments started in Northern Europe in 1200.

Names were given to bells as early as 988, when the mammoth bell of the Lateran Church was named by John XIII, for himself.

Needles were known to the ancient Egyptians. Steel needles were first used in England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but the process of making them was kept a secret until 1550.

Ice Cheap in Persia

The fact that ice is plentiful and cheap makes living in Persia more pleasant than it would otherwise be, and the fact that it can be obtained at all is indicative of the ingenuity of the people of the country. The ground is so porous that water percolates through quickly. There are therefore few rivers or lakes from which ice can be obtained, and it is seldom so cold in any part of Persia that ice of a thickness suitable for packing would form under the direct rays of the sun. The Persian obtains his ice by making a shallow pool and building a high wall which will protect it from the sun. A thin layer of ice will form; he then floods it with water, and so he goes on adding inch to inch until he can cut a block of considerable thickness.

Father Was Game

"When I knew John Fiske," said a western politician, "he was in the lumber business in a western city with his son as a partner. Both were heavyweights and both had the same name. John, sr., for years had scaled about 300 pounds. He was a mammoth man, being more than six feet tall, very wide and very deep-chested. His son was constructed on similar lines, and they were styled by their intimates as the 'heavyweight firm.'"

"Father," remarked the son one day, "I rather think that I've been gaining on you lately, and I wouldn't be surprised if I weighed more than you do now."

"Foolish talk, my boy, I'll beat you by 100 pounds. You are heavy, but you are not in my class yet."

"Let's get on the scales and find out what do you say?"

"Quite willing to submit to the test they weighed. John, sr., balanced the beam at exactly 302 pounds. John, jr. scaled 303. Although astonished, John, sr., merely said, 'I didn't think it, John, and you certainly don't look it, my boy.'"

"Separating, the young man gave no more thought to the incident, but the next day he was further surprised. The firm's name had been changed. Hitherto it had read 'John Fiske & Son,' but now the deposed heavyweight had transformed it to 'John Fiske & Father.'—St. Louis Republic.

Insanity Spreads Fast

Secretary Homer Folke of the State Charities association of New York says in the American Review of Reviews that it will doubtless surprise most persons to know that the number of insane persons in hospitals in the United States on January 1, 1910, (the latest figures are available for the country as a whole), was not less than 154,151. There was more than double the number in 1890, which was 74,028.

From 1904 to 1910 the insane in hospitals in New York alone increased 25 per cent. It is safe to say that the insane now in hospitals in the United States number, at least 200,000. These unfortunate, if gathered together in one place, would make up a city approximately the size of Rochester, St. Paul, Seattle, Denver or Louisville.

The population of the state of Delaware in 1910 is almost exactly the same as the number of insane in the United States in

The Hen

The hen is such a cheerful bird, I think of her today, And as she lays so many eggs, I'll sing to her a lay.

From dawn to dark, on busy days, She's always up to scratch, And when she's brooding on her nest She has some plot to hatch.

Her language is a little harsh, Her voice is sharp and raw, But it is very sweet to hear Her laying "cut-ter-qua-a-w!"

She never has been noted for a surplusage of brains, Folks say she doesn't know enough To go in when it rains.

She may not know so very much As learning goes, and yet Without her we could never have A Spanish omelet.

Kind nature has endowed her with A genuine rubber neck, And when she wants some corn to eat She goes and takes a peck.

Her natural temperament is calm, And placid is her mind, Though she gets quite excited when A dog comes up behind.

She always takes what comes to her, And doesn't blame her luck If she has but one little chick To summon with her "cluck!"

And she is most persistent, too, If she can only get A doorknob, she will start right in To hatch a dinner set.

In short, she is a useful bird, For ages she has toiled To please us, and we like her best When six months old—and broiled!

—Somerville Journal.

SAME EVERYWHERE



PROTECTED



"Contented these party lines! There's always a whole bunch talking on the wire"

"He makes some rank decisions, but he's the only umpire we've got that'll stick through a game."