

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## How to Train a Wife

The Hopeful Housewife had been spending the day in town. Shopping, luncheon and the matinee had given such an impetus to her conversational powers that dinner was all over before the Confirmed Commuter had gotten in a word.



"Did you meet anybody you know?" "Oh, yes, lots of people," she exclaimed brightly. "Three of my friends and one of yours—that nice, agreeable Mr. Winters you introduced to me once at the theater."

"At the mention of 'Mr. Winters' the Confirmed Commuter gave his voluble spouse a sour look.

"He's no friend of mine," he said severely. "Just the most casual acquaintance. Where did you meet him?"

"In a drug store. He insisted on paying for my soda water," she answered. "I thought he was a great friend of yours. He spoke of you so admiringly."

"Hub! I suppose so," the Commuter snorted. "He said," the Hopeful Housewife bubbled on, "you were such an exceptionally brilliant man that before you were married your friends all thought Fate would strike a balance by giving you a very ordinary little wife, and that they were all so perfectly delighted when you married me!"

"Hub!" said the Commuter coldly. "Do you let a cheap masquer get away with you that way? I thought you had more sense!"

"Instantly a look of pained bewilderment overpread the infantile features of the Hopeful Housewife.

"Why, I don't know what you mean!" she exclaimed.

"Of course you don't," he bitterly ejaculated. "Women always let their silly vanity carry them away, so they don't recognize vulgar flattery when they see it. You don't suppose that fellow ever gave a hang about me, do you? He was just using my name to pay your compliments."

"You don't really think that?" was his wife's incredulous question.

"I don't think so—I know it, and if women had the right amount of sense they would find these things out for themselves! I'm tired of warning you all the time about men! I'm not jealous—there never was a man with less jealousy in his disposition than I, but I wish you wouldn't let yourself be imposed upon by cheap flattery. Why, a man of Winters' type has only one thought when he talks to a woman, and that is to wonder how he can start a flirtation with her! I know men, and I know what I am talking about, and it seems to me the right sort of wife wouldn't let herself be hoodwinked by her womanly instinct should warn her of the approach of such a reptile!"

## A Little Sermon for the Week End



CARL E. BADER, Pastor Pearl Memorial M. E. Church.

Is Your Taste Good? "Set Your Affection on Things Above," Colossians, 2:2.

Every life is constantly giving expression to likes and dislikes. The business men at the cafe indicate his tastes by selection and rejection of foods. Two gentlemen who prefer different effects. At the band concert one hearer thrills at the scintillation from "Lucia Lammermoor," another is enthusiastic over "Ogallala" and "Redella." So in home and shop, in concert hall and library, at work and play, we daily reveal our tastes and preferences. And we cannot help doing this, for all action and speech are expressive tastes.

This apparent commonplace becomes significant when we come to realize that taste is the index to character—the revelation of the moral status of the individual. There are some tastes of which we may justly feel proud. There are others which reveal traits which we might well be anxious to hide. It is often comparatively easy to deceive ourselves by alleging plausible motives for questionable actions. We may argue that to learn how to live we must run the whole gamut of experience and we may thus attempt to excuse "wild oats," indiscriminate theater-going, promiscuous reading, fondness for the dance. We may declare: "The Sabbath was made for man," and thus attempt to justify our desecration of the Lord's day in frivolity and worldly amusements. We may say we are too tired to attend church, and with such excuses we may fool ourselves and imagine we have convinced others, but the wise observer will see in our "wild oats" a weak surrender to vicious desire; in our love for the theater the subordination of intellect to sensation; in our reading of pernicious books a thirst for the vulgar and vicious; in our love of dancing the craving for unhealthy and unhealthful physical pleasure.

It is disconcerting to learn that these expressions of our tastes reveal to men our grave deficiencies in character. But this law is not merely an embarrassing publication of our weaknesses; it may serve as a most valuable revelation to ourselves. We will find some things that will shock us and reduce our conceit.

Were we more automaton externally controlled self-knowledge would be useless. But we are personalities with power of choice. We have individual will which makes each man a potential king in the kingdom of himself. Will is not merely to be exercised in securing what taste demands; it may be used to manipulate and cultivate our tastes themselves. Emerson says: "Poltroonery is the acknowledging an inferiority to be incurable."

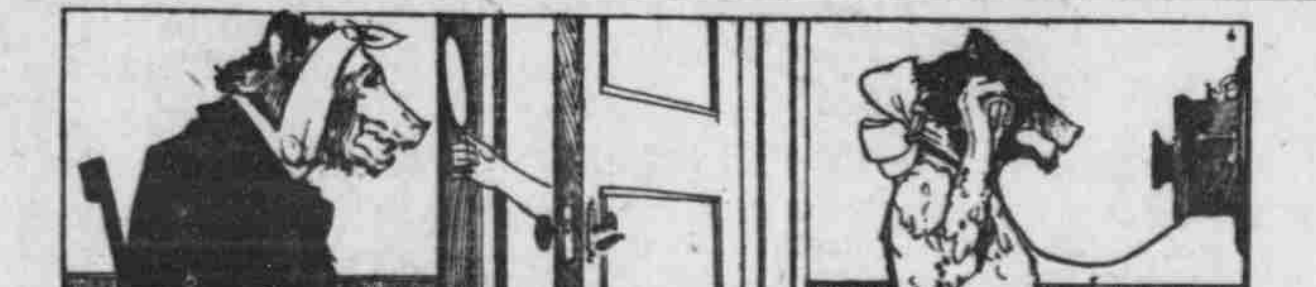
It is the business of every true man and woman to cultivate noble tastes. For taste not only reveals—they make character. And there is something startling in the thought that we can be what we choose to be. Paul, writing to the Colossians, said: "Set your affection on things above." Not "Oh, that you liked the best things," but "set your affection" on those heavenly prizes. Determine to seek what you ought to like and you will eventually love what you seek. It is a business like procedure which succeeds because it works in harmony with the inflexible laws of God. If all things are within our reach, certainly we want the best, the thing above. And what are these? Well, there's character. That's certainly above money, ease, temporal position. So we'll set our affection on character, and since all the world admits that Jesus Christ is the one perfect character known to men, we will set our affection on the character of Christ.

Then we want a system of education. Again we turn to Christ, for His teaching is above all other, and we adopt His teaching as our rule for life. It is set forth in the book, so we must have that.

And now with the character and teaching of Jesus Christ included in our affection we have a new and perfect standard of judgment. We find that the higher things we have chosen have actually become pleasure to us and we come to like the things that God likes, and therefore know that we are like God.

"Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth." And "When Christ, who is our life, shall be manifested, then shall ye also with Him be manifested in glory."

## Loretta's Looking Glass—Held Up to Man Who is Sore-Headed Bear



"Mr. Sore-headed Bear wishes me to tell you how sorry he is that he cannot come tonight. He—he has a severe headache."

You are Mrs. Sore-headed Bear; and, for the thousandth or so time, you are lying for the old animal, who sits at home nursing his 'head. Every one knows he is a sore-head. And every one knows that you are fibbing. He has so headache except the one that is a chronic complaint.

He usually has it when a dinner invitation comes to him. Being one of those tender-spotted creatures, he is always nursing slighta. If the dinner invitation comes from the wife of a man with whom he has had a liff at some remote date in his history, he will not accept because he is still brooding over the slight. He is so beastly in his extreme selfishness that he continues to show his bearish nature by utterly overlooking the fact that you have some right to consideration.

A man's life is full of little disagreements, small fuses, that naturally rise in the course of competitive business. But this sore-head bear of yours never forgets any of them. He numbles and mumbles them and, even when he is not actively engaged at that, he tucks them away in the back of his brain so he can drag them out when some social advance comes from the individuals who may have been to blame.

A man who is not a member of the Ursus family puts these small differences away with the end of the matter that caused them. Certainly, he does not expect his wife to turn sore-head, too, and help him worry with the quarrels as if they were bones.

When you make your excuse for your husband, a feeling of disgust rises in the hearts of the host and hostess. They know that you are prevaricating to spare your own and your husband's dignity. They know that you think he is behaving like a spoiled child instead of a grown man. They pity you, and they condemn you at once. It makes them a bit resentful that you should seem to think that they are so unintelligent that they will accept your excuse unsuspectingly. They are certain that your sore-head did not so much as send an apology for not coming. They are sure that you came alone in a kind of desperate determination not to give up a friendship with the wife of the man who had incurred your husband's displeasure.

Probably the host cannot even recall the exact circumstance of the disagreement. He just vaguely recalls that there was one. He feels sorry for you that you have to suffer for the bearishness of your life-partner. But—neither hostess nor host is deceived by your lie; and they think less of you for telling it.

"Does she think we cannot see through her excuses?" your friends ask each other when the bear and you are being discussed.

What makes you perjure yourself while your sore-head sits at home nursing his grievance? Stop lying for him! If he is a disagreeable, surly, spiteful sore-head, you need not try to protect him in his ugly, ill-natured, unforgetting temper. And you need not become a Madame Sapphira. You have a right to your friends certainly as much as he has a right to his enemies. Have them. Let him sulk in his bear-pit. But do not try to save your pride by telling what is not true. It fails to serve the purpose. And, gradually, you will impress upon your friends the fact that you form a not ill-suited partner for your grumpy husband. Sore-head and Sapphira! What a combination! It is one that should never be formed. Prevent it by refusing to apologize for the hideous beast who will not be pleased.

Guessed Wrong. "And your husband gave \$50,000 for that old book?" "Yes," replied Mrs. Camrock. "To show how much you care for literature, I suppose?" "No. To show how little we care for \$50,000."—Washington Star.

## A Word to the Business Woman

Almost every woman who works is not doing the work she would like to do nor the work which she thinks she is fitted by right of temperament and talent. She labors not at a chosen profession, but at the task which seemed expedient at the time she entered the industrial arena. Often because her work is not absolutely congenial she grumbles at her lot and goes on rebelling against a fate which keeps her tied down with not a chance of change.

It is this very grumbling, by the failure to make their work likable, that many women add to the strain of their daily labor. If they would only regard their work in the right light they could get a great amount of good out of doing the thing they do not like to do and by doing it well. Such self-discipline is good for every woman, and if the girl studies and believes will change her point of view and look upon her daily work as the means by which she will improve her character and broaden her outlook on life, she will derive a great deal of benefit from the dreaded daily task. And, incidentally, the deadly routine will no longer seem a drudgery.

In our everyday work we learn things that no amount of ease and comfort could teach us. We learn the value of accuracy and action, the power of cheerfulness and self-denial, and greater than all these things is the lesson learned in self-control and self-reliance. All along the line we learn things which help to make up stolidity of character and which make superficial pleasures seem the silly and useless things they really are.

The woman who is in business, even though that business is not to her liking, has untold opportunities of developing herself along the lines that really count in life. Her idle sister, whom she may envy because of her apparent chance to cultivate culture, has little opportunity of developing self-reliance or self-control. And it is, after all, these qualities which are most to be desired in woman.

We often hear of the dignity of labor, but very few of us realize the large amount of dignity and culture there is in our daily task. It is the age of hard work and brains, and the brains without the hard work are of little avail. Success is perspiration, not inspiration, and the woman who works at her daily task, determined to get the most out of it, whether she likes her profession or not, is the one who is going to succeed in life as well as in her work.

## Potted Philosophy

The greatest ambition any man can have is to be happy.

Talent has a gay time spending the coin earned by genius.

The man who undervalues himself is never overrated by others.

He who is ashamed of honorable poverty will be proud of dishonorable riches.

The young man needs an old man's head, and the old man needs the young man's heart.

The man who hopes to wake up and find himself famous shouldn't depend upon an alarm clock.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

## Told by the Troubled Tourist

"My latest tour of your charming city has disclosed the fact that a new drink is probably born every minute. Like the proverbial sucker," remarked the Troubled Tourist, as he meditatively flipped a piece of ice around the bottom of his glass.

"No wonder, Alabama's going wet again after this spell of weather. After a week of this brand of atmosphere a covered bridge was probably a dripping solution of cool drink about every five minutes was a good enough average for me."

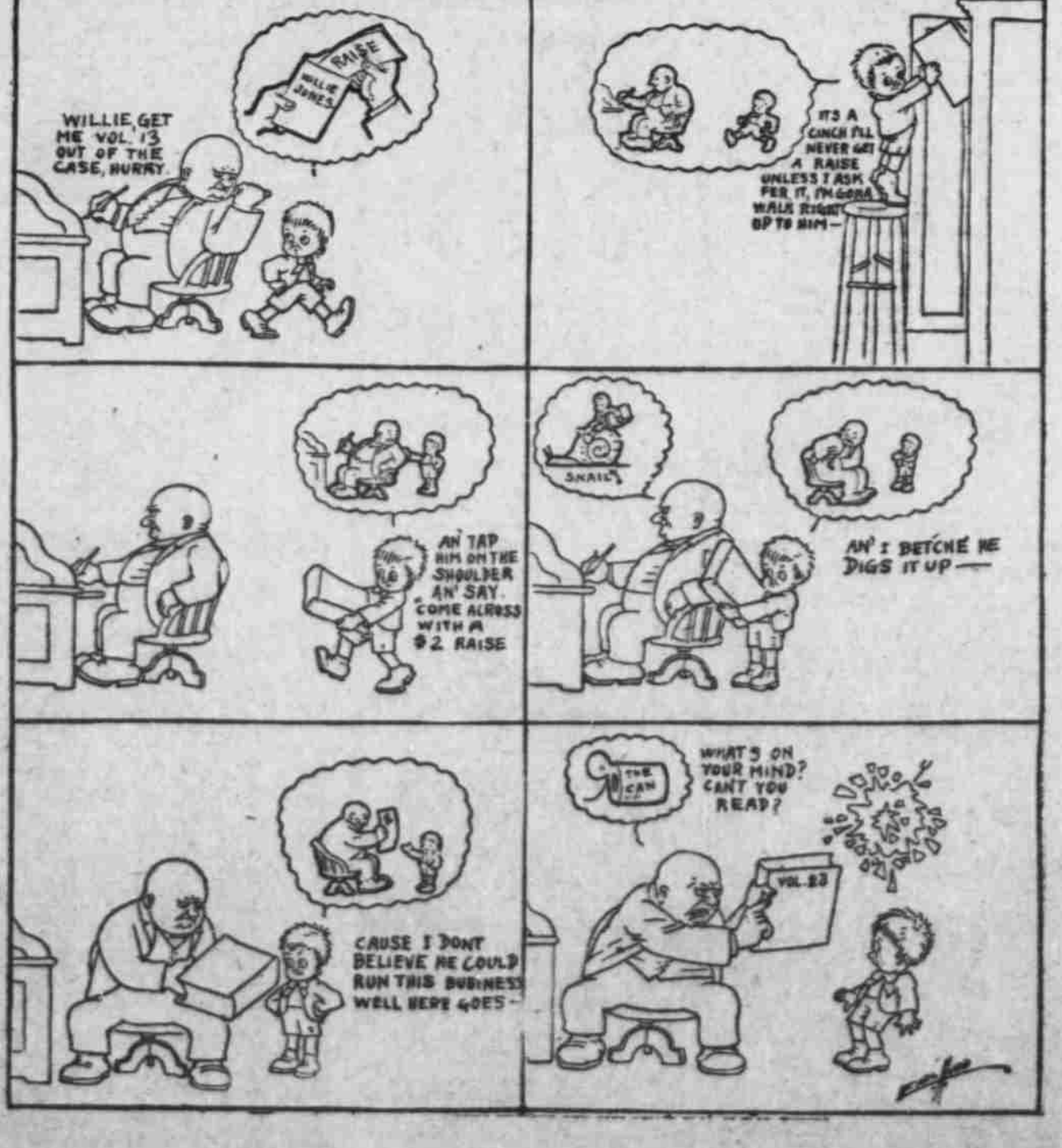
"I started in on mineral water, but I read a warning from some fellow who said water in great quantities during a hot spell was dangerous, as liable to drown the constitution, or rust it, or something like that. He recommended milk, so I swore off on water and took to milk. I had consumed about eight quarts in the space of a few hours when I happened to notice a little item that said sugar was bad in the heated term and that milk had too much sugar in it to be wholesome. Iced sarsaparilla was strongly urged as a substitute, so I switched to the tord sarsaparilla and was proceeding to take an extended course of treatment in the same when I was solemnly advised that the only way to keep cool these torrid days was to partake of ice cream sodas.

"I had fairly entered on an ice cream soda orgy of considerable proportions when I stumbled over another 'What to Drink in Hot Weather' information bureau that said the only thing that could possibly assuage the thirst during a hot wave was a business of iced tea with a lemon in it. I did fairly well with the iced tea until I was called up on the phone by a bibulous friend of mine, who insisted on my joining him in the nearest cafe and imparting the weighty secret that the only thing to drink in warm weather was a gin rickey. I obliged and was making my escape when a Georgia colored whom I met on one of my tours blew in and said he would now save my life by handing me the only summer drink—a mint julep.

"Because, sub," said my Georgia friend, earnestly, "I really think the trouble with you is that you don't drink enough."

"YOU DON'T DRINK ENOUGH." general saturation compared to the dryness of Alabama. "When I get to be so hot around here they were picking baked apples out of the orchards in Connecticut, and leaving frankfurters out in the sun to cook down at Coney Island, I began to read up some on what to drink, for I decided that one

## What's On Your Mind?



WILLIE GET ME VOL'3 OUT OF THE CASE, HURRY

IT'S A CONCH FILL A RAISE UNLESS I ASK FOR IT, I'VE GOTTA WALK TO HIM—OP TO HIM—

AN TAP SON ON THE SHOULDER AN' SAY, COME ALONG WITH A \$2 RAISE

AN' I BETCHE NE DIGS IT UP—

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND? CAN YOU READ?

CAUSE I DON'T BELIEVE HE COULD RUN THIS BUSINESS WELL HERE GOES—

## THE BEE'S JUNIOR BIRTHDAY BOOK This is the Day We Celebrate



ALMENA M. ELY, 115 Binney Street. CLARA KEMPF, 115 Dorcas Street.

SATURDAY, July 15, 1911.

Name and Address	School	Year
Izelle Alperin, 602 1/2 North Sixteenth St.	Cass	1891
William Anderson, 525 South Thirty-fourth St.	High	1893
John A. Anderson, 1361 Ohio St.	Lake	1901
David Bowman, 502 South Fortieth St.	High	1891
E. Charles Balzer, 2110 South Twenty-third St.	Vinton	1895
Richard Brady, 4806 Poppleton Ave.	Beals	1900
Sam Beck, 3113 South Eighteenth St.	Vinton	1899
Milton Barmettler, 3609 South Twentieth St.	Vinton	1902
Viola N. Brown, 212 South Twenty-eighth Ave.	Farnam	1905
Hulda Carlson, 2317 South Twentieth St.	Castellar	1902
Marcel J. Clark, 2415 Boyd St.	Monmouth Park	1895
Pearl P. Case, 2525 South Ninth St.	High	1891
Helen Campbell, 102 North Eighteenth St.	Central	1895
Raymond G. Durks, 3601 Farnam St.	High	1895
Walter Danilewicz, 4819 North Thirty-sixth St.	Monmouth Park	1895
Dorothy Davis, 5023 North Thirtieth St.	Miller Park	1895
Almence Ely, 2120 Binney St.	Lothrop	1903
Clare Foley, 2320 Burdette St.	Sacred Heart	1900
Roy Feltman, 714 South Eighteenth St.	Leavenworth	1898
Frances Frank, 1210 South Twentieth St.	Mason	1902
Louis Fellman, 505 South Twentieth St.	Leavenworth	1905
Willie Francis, 1612 Ohio St.	Lake	1901
John Grasso, 2732 South Twelfth St.	Bancroft	1897
George George, 1209 South Thirteenth St.	Pacific	1902
Josephine Goettsche, 1716 Van Camp St.	High	1893
Elsie Ghaseman, 4708 North Fourth St.	Sherman	1898
Alfred Hook, 2431 South Nineteenth St.	Castellar	1903
Lee Thomas Huff, Sanford Hotel.	Central	1899
Harry Hultgren, 5124 North Twenty-second St.	Saratoga	1899
Agnes Hubbeck, 1917 North Fourteenth St.	Lincoln	1898
Edward Huslop, 4811 North Twenty-seventh St.	Saratoga	1895
Oscar Hug, 2456 South Nineteenth St.	High	1895
Walter I. Horton, 4534 North Fortieth St.	Central Park	1897
Leslie T. Johnson, 4236 Grant St.	Clifton Hill	1904
Harold Johnson, 3220 Woolworth Ave.	High	1892
Clara M. Kempf, 1120 Dorcas St.	Lincoln	1896
Julie Kessler, 2517 South Twenty-fifth St.	St. Joseph	1900
Marie Laurie, 1719 William St.	Comenius	1894
Garrard Leeds, 3015 Leavenworth St.	Park	1901
Helen Levinson, 1821 North Twenty-fourth St.	Long	1905
Grant Ed Lantz, 524 North Seventeenth St.	Central	1901
Gertrude Meyers, 2415 Blondo St.	Long	1899
Bennie Meyerson, 983 North Twenty-fifth Ave.	Webster	1900
Carl Magnusson, 503 Locust St.	Lake	1899
Lyll Matthews, 2515 North Nineteenth St.	Lake	1901
Donald Miller, 3511 Seward St.	Franklin	1903
Emma R. Nollman, 561 South Thirty-third St.	High	1892
Fred Peterson, 1903 Ontario St.	Vinton	1895
Julia Pardene, 1122 South Thirteenth St.	Pacific	1904
Adolph Prescher, 1617 Ohio St.	Lake	1901
Edward Ryan, 813 South Thirty-sixth St.	Columbian	1904
Mary J. Stefan, 920 Homer St.	Bancroft	1897
Grace L. Snagg, 3636 Hamilton St.	Walnut Hill	1896
John Sobetaki, 2907 South Boulevard.	Im. Conception	1897
Frank Stojak, 304 Woolworth Ave.	Train	1902
Sophie Sirmad, 1015 Homer St.	Vinton	1895
Sarah Smitzer, 2009 Paul St.	Kellom	1897
Bertha Siegal, 1916 South Nineteenth St.	Castellar	1903
Flora Tobin, 1036 South Eighteenth St.	Leavenworth	1899
John Valenti, 613 Pacific St.	Pacific	1903
Mabel Venz, 2517 Blondo St.	Long	1902
Viola Wainright, 2116 Laird St.	Lothrop	1905
George E. Whitney, 823 Pierce St.	Pacific	1899
Emma Weible, 2318 South Thirty-second St.	Windsor	1901
Geraldine Woods, 705 South Twenty-sixth St.	Mason	1899
Gordon Watson, 4138 Grant St.	Clifton Hill	1903
Helen E. Westergard, 1719 North Thirty-third St.	Franklin	1897
Lorine O. Yoder, 4116 Nicholas St.	Walnut Hill	1904

## Some Silhouettes of the Sidewalk

Wants a busta  
Chistof? Columb?  
Sella cheapa—musta  
Maka becoms hum!"  
Thus, through winter rigors,  
Or when summers reek,  
Tony hawks his figures,  
Modern and antique.

From his well-filled basket  
Julius Caesar frowns.  
What lies near? Don't ask H—  
Busts in whites and browns.  
Modern faces stupid,  
Pippant, Frenchy things.  
Bathing girls and Cupid,  
With arrows, bow and wings.

Della Robbia's pretty  
Children lie between  
Venus and a gritty  
Bust of Edmund Keen.  
Abraham Lincoln's tragic  
Mask looks sadly forth  
Near a mighty magic  
Bear from out the North.

And above his treasures  
Tony smiles with glee.  
Though, meanwhile, he measures  
Your capacity,  
Innocent and breezy  
He answers your "Hello!"  
If he thinks you're easy  
High his price will go.



But if you're a wise one,  
And carry off a prize one,  
For your manly shirt,  
While Tony goes off smiling  
To find an easier man,  
And, childlike and beguiling,  
To cheat him if he can.

## Widows and Worry

A healthy looking woman dressed in deep mourning stepped onto the platform scales and requested the grocer's clerk to ascertain her weight. He looked, and said, "One hundred and forty pounds."

"You made a mistake of twelve pounds in that woman's weight," said another man who had also watched the scales. "She weighed 122 pounds instead of 110."

"I know that," said the clerk, "but she never would have forgiven me if I had told her so. That woman's husband died about six weeks ago. She has gained seven pounds in that time, but to keep her in good humor with herself I had to make her think she had lost five. I don't know why it is, but anybody who has suffered a bereavement seems to think it a disgrace to take on flesh. That woman has been weighed three times since her husband died. (It.) would be shocked if she knew she had gained right along. Fortunately she is too near-sighted to read the scales herself, so it is easy to make her think she is wasting away."