

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Her Husband's Voice Tells Friend Wife About the New Nationalism of Flowers.

BY AMERE MAN.



HER HUSBAND'S SILK HAT WAS A WRECK.

Excitement reigned in Mountairville, or rather, in that particular corner of it where the Amateur Wife practiced her domestic accomplishments and the Post Graduate Husband gave her the benefit of his superior learning and advice. The occasion was the opening day of a Collie Kindergarten.

The Post Graduate Husband had decided that their dog—the golden Wool-Woof—was too much of a thing of beauty and by no means a shining example of the higher education of canines.

“He’s nothing but a handsome brute!” the Amateur Wife had remarked, while Wool-Woof wagged his tail as if she had paid a subtle compliment to his intelligence.

“Like many supposedly higher beings, he was content to know that he was talked about, the nature of the comment he excited being altogether a secondary consideration.”

“He doesn’t know anything, because you don’t take the trouble to teach him,” Her Husband commented severely.

“But how can I teach him? Yesterday when you went away he ran to the parlor window to look after you and tore a big hole through the lace curtains trying to see out. I yelled at him and called him all the names I could think of, so I suppose he’ll never do it again. But you remember how he chewed the ear off our leopard rug? What good will it do for me to teach him not to do it again? The leopard only has two ears.”

“It’s all a matter of training,” Her Husband answered. “You can teach a dog to let things alone, if you go at it properly. Just to show you I’ll start tonight.”

It was thus the Collie Kindergarten began.

As it proved to be great fun for Wool-Woof and equally diverting for his master and mistress.

“First I’ll teach him to bring up the paper in the morning. You go up to the second floor and I’ll send him up. Or, maybe you’d better call him when I get the paper in his mouth.”

In ten minutes after the first trial Wool-Woof was following his news route up and down the stairs with unflinching fidelity and delight.

From handling the mails Wool-Woof was initiated into the difficulties of the express business, learning to carry gloves, a cane, an umbrella and even a pair of the Post Graduate Husband’s shoes.

“I had no idea the dog was intelligent,” observed the mentor, approvingly. “There’s no danger of his chewing anything up if you let him alone. The dog must not do it. Dogs are a good deal like children. Firmness and patience are all that is necessary in training them.”

The Amateur Wife smiled. But the smile was not altogether one of cynicism. Her Husband had made good in the matter of dogs. He had exhibited great firmness and some patience in training the collie. Perhaps his facial theories as to children needed only to be demonstrated.

It was early the next afternoon when Her Husband’s Voice told over the telephone that he had tickets for the opera.

The Amateur Wife got out his evening clothes and put the studs in a dress shirt for him.

The Post Graduate Husband reached his home early—so early that he was able to dress for dinner and sit opposite a rose-colored and spanielized vision that was lovely, perhaps, but by no means so comfortable and intimate as the shirt-waisted person that usually faced him.

“I’m all ready but my hat,” answered Her Husband, as the grandfather clock struck 7.

“I’m afraid you’ll have to find that yourself, dear,” answered the Amateur Wife. “I don’t even know where you keep your hats.”

Then the search began. It lasted for twenty minutes and at the end of that time it was nearly time for their train.

It was then that Wool-Woof awoke to the situation.

As the Amateur Wife stood disconsolately in the hallway the collie ran up to her wagging his tail violently, and ran into the unused parlor.

With a vague presentiment of evil his mistress followed.

And the first flare of light from the big chandelier showed that Her Husband’s silk hat was a wreck in a sea of chewed up pasteboard.

One arc of its circular surface had been bitten off—the rest had been licked carefully against the grain till it resembled a particularly thick and turbid plugh.

The Amateur Wife had been followed into the room by Her Husband and, awed by the magnitude of their doom, both reviewed the wreck in silence.

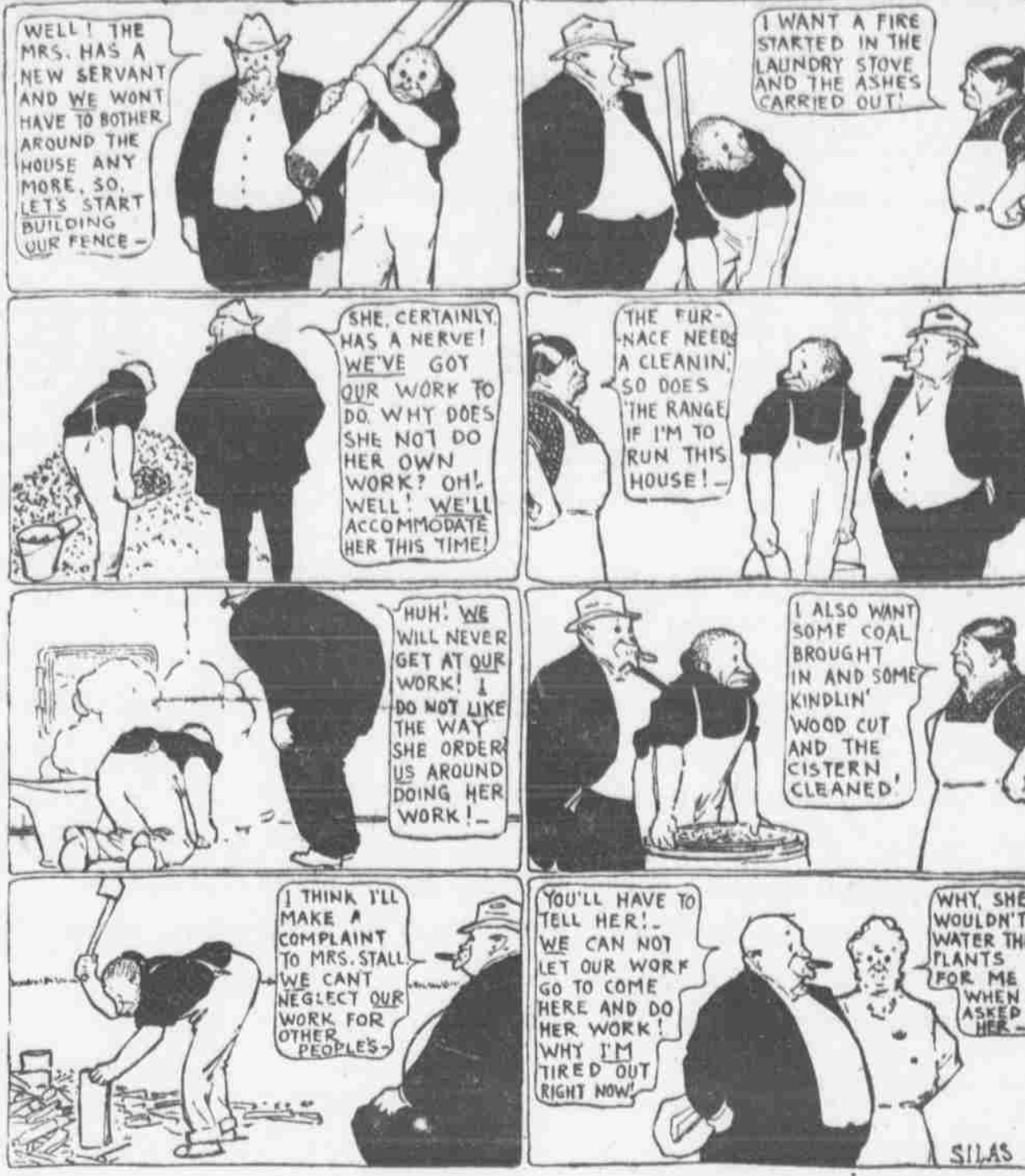
But Wool-Woof had him trained to applause. Seizing the silk hat, he took a final bite out of its once glossy surface and then humbly carried it to his master’s feet. He waited expectantly. Then he barked loudly, insistently.

“I see it’s all a matter of training,” said the Amateur Wife.

And she went upstairs to change her spangled opera clothes for a kimono.

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WHEN YOU GET YOUR WORK DON'T COME HERE FOR YOUR POOR JAKE



ANNALS OF ANGELICA JUST-OUTGIRL BY M.F.

Agnes simply teems with romance and sentiment. It tries our friendship a lot, because sometimes I can't sympathize. When she fell in love with the boy who brought the laundry at school I helped it along a bit; because, although he was so plain, I could see that he had magnetism. He had pinkish hair that stood up straight all over his head. His eyes didn't have any eyelashes, but he was able to look at the girls the most expressive and languishing way.

Ever so many of them seemed to feel that he had some subtle charm. But there was evidently such a strong soul sympathy between him and Agnes that she out the others out altogether. As a result there was an awful storm—just like a book—and if only he had been "Lord" O'Toole, instead of "Sammy," it would have been ideal. I was helping them, and so was Blanche Davidson, and we couldn't help wishing we were eloping, too. Blanche knew she was his real love. The trouble was he had looked at her too expressively when he wasn't looking at Agnes. I knew Agnes was the only woman in the world for him, but I do think him ought to be more careful. The result was that all our plans fell through and we nearly got expelled and all sorts of terrible things.

When we had Agnes all arranged in a big basket of clothes that were going to the wash—just like the little Dauphin-Bianche became absolutely hysterical and said she would stop with him, too, and if there wasn't room in that basket she would get in another, and he could call for both of them.



A Horse on Him

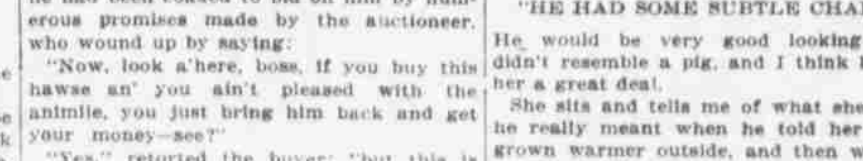
The fall-of-the-season reform that swept over Coney Island might well be considered the welfare of the wretched horses which are used for the "time-ride" business. When the season closes they are auctioned off, and are knocked down to the bidders at next to nothing. Generally they are so skeleton-like that they are practically useless.

At the end of this season a buyer bought an exceptionally attenuated specimen after he had been coaxed to bid on him by numerous promises made by the auctioneer, who wound up by saying:

"Now, look a'here, boss, if you buy this horse an' you ain't pleased with the animal, you just bring him back and get your money—see?"

"Yes," retorted the buyer; "but this is the last day of the sale, and the beast is so blamed thin he may die on my hands. Then, supposing I did bring him back, you probably wouldn't be here to receive him."

"Oh, well," blantly replied the auctioneer, "if you do bring him back and we ain't here, you kin just shove him under the door."—Everybody's.



HE HAD SOME SUBTLE CHARM.

She would be very good looking if he didn't resemble a pig, and I think he likes her a great deal.

She sits and tells me of what she thinks he really meant when he told her it had grown warmer outside, and then wants to know what I thought he meant. The other night at a dance she couldn't find her maid and let old Brady take her home. When he goes to a ball, anyway, he is so old he has to be propped up against the wall until he is assisted into the supper room, and she told me, in great excitement, he had tried to kiss her on the way.

I told her I didn't think it meant anything, because if he took Bingo, her bull terrier, home from a dance, and it had a skirt on and a rose tied to its ear, he wouldn't know the difference.

She was perfectly raving, because she was going to tell Picky about it, and she said he wouldn't now, and she'd never confide anything to me again. I told her I didn't see what use it would be to make Picky jealous of poor old Brady, who would be perfectly delighted if any girl would say he had kissed her. She hasn't spoken to me for three days.



THE LIMIT.

Strickland W. Gilliland, the humorist, goes about the country entertaining audiences. But it is not likely that he ever told a funnier story than this Gilliland was met by the lyceum committee and asked what further arrangements he desired.

"Nothing but a glass of water on the table," said the humorist. "To drink!" asked one of the committee. "Oh, no," said the funny man, "I do a high dive in the second act."—Human Life.



ACID TEST.

"Finished your honeymoon yet?" "Well, what exactly do you mean by honeymoon?" "I should have said, 'Has your wife commenced to do the cooking yet?'"



TOO MUCH.

"So you've dismissed that maid who used to wear your hats in the street." "Yes; she started borrowing my complexion as well!"

Prevaricators' Club

In a little country village, a crowd of loafers around a store, got to talking about echoes, and Jim Sanders said, down where he was born and raised, there was an echo, and he used to put it to a peculiar use. He said that every night before he went to bed he would hold his head out the window and say:

"Jim Sanders! Seven o'clock; time to get up."

He would start that echo going and next morning at a quarter of eight he would get back and say: "Jim Sanders! Seven o'clock; time to get up."

Deacon Witherspoon said he didn't know much about echoes, but he'd seen it rain about as hard as anybody ever seen it rain.

"Deacon, how hard did you ever see it rain?"

"Well, sir," said the deacon, "once upon a time, when I was at home, we had an old cider barrel laying out in the yard with both ends out and the bung-hole up and would you believe it, it rained so hard into that bung-hole that water couldn't run out of both ends fast enough and it swelled up and busted."

We thought that was pretty good for a deacon.

Euchen Henry said he'd never seen it rain very hard, but he'd seen some mighty cold weather. Somebody said: "Rube, how cold did you ever see it get?"

He said: "Well, sir, one time when I was living down in Pickaway county, in hog-killing time, we had a kettle of boiling water setting on the stove, and we took it out in the yard and it froze so doggone quick the ice was hot."—Mack's National Monthly.

Every girl at some time or other has made the declaration that she wouldn't marry the best man living.

One way to pay doctor bills. Every time the young emperor of China gets the colic the royal physicians are notified that their salary is cut off until his majesty is perfectly well again. The passionate zeal with which the physicians of the royal household work to get the emperor into a condition of health where their salaries begin again is said to be something astounding.

Many a promising college youth becomes addicted to the pernicious habit of study who might have been a fine athlete.

"Do you know that love is blind?" "Yes; that is why you never see the clock."



BORED.

"Do you know that love is blind?" "Yes; that is why you never see the clock."

The Bee's Junior Birthday Book This is the Day We Celebrate

TUESDAY, January 24, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Virgil Anderson, 1148 North Nineteenth St.	Kellom	1904
Martha L. Anderson, 3841 Seward St.	Walnut Hill	1901
Grace M. Baker, 413 South Nineteenth St.	Leavenworth	1903
Bertha Buskiet, 2913 Grant St.	Howard Kennedy	1897
Robert L. Buckingham, 1141 South Thirty-first St.	Park	1899
Delores Chandler, 1613 Webster St.	Cass	1904
Idea Chlman, 4417 North Thirty-ninth St.	Central Park	1897
Alvin Chuman, 4923 North Thirty-third Ave.	Monmouth Park	1899
Charles F. Clement, 1017 North Twenty-ninth St.	Webster	1898
Robert B. Dohse, 3429 South Fifteenth St.	Forest	1900
Robert H. Edwards, 1126 South Thirty-fourth St.	Park	1907
Marian Entrikin, 4232 Farnam St.	Saunders	1900
Charles Foley, 2121 Grace St.	Kellom	1900
Thomas Nelson Flinn, 3316 Fowler Ave.	Monmouth Park	1902
Gladys Furness, 4626 Capitol Ave.	Saunders	1901
Grace Gille, 1508 South Fourth St.	Train	1903
Louis Gonick, 2534 Hamilton St.	Long	1909
Hazel Grover, 2416 Bancroft St.	Castellar	1899
Helen Gilmoro, 2885 Miami St.	Howard Kennedy	1901
Herman D. Harfe, 5016 California St.	High	1894
Hortense H. Hyde, 3119 Pacific St.	Park	1898
Lawrence Hogue, 2121 Charles St.	Saunders	1900
Agnes Hansen, 2029 Lincoln Ave.	Castellar	1899
Gladys Huse, 618 South Twentieth St.	Central	1899
Ora Humphrey, 2918 Grant St.	Howard Kennedy	1903
Rosie Kohlborg, 1220 Capitol Ave.	Cass	1904
Elsie Kronpa, 4113 South Ninth St.	Forest	1899
Anna G. Larson, 3806 Decatur St.	Franklin	1898
Carmel S. Lawrence, 3116 Seward St.	Franklin	1904
Emma Lank, 1708 Webster St.	Cass	1899
Theodore W. Lindeman, 2858 Ohio St.	Howard Kennedy	1902
Fred Laughlin, 2105 Miami St.	Lake	1901
John Markhorf, 418 Cedar St.	Train	1902
Celia Miller, 817 North Fortieth St.	Saunders	1899
Frank Maur, 3006 South Twenty-first St.	St. Joseph	1896
Eva M. Osborne, 813 South Twenty-second St.	Mason	1901
Robert S. Odell, 3318 Charles St.	Franklin	1898
Arthur Pedersen, 2725 Chicago St.	Webster	1900
Harry N. Rice, 4244 Douglas St.	Saunders	1905
Lloyd Randolph, 1614 Chicago St.	Cass	1900
Mary A. Shelly, 4612 Parker St.	Walnut Hill	1902
Mary Smith, 1840 North Eighteenth St.	Lake	1903
Evan Hale Smetton, 4650 North Twenty-ninth St.	Central Park	1903
James F. St. Clair, 2010 Elm St.	St. Patricia	1901
Raymond Schreiber, 616 Center St.	Train	1900
Ellen Smith, 4018 Lafayette Ave.	Walnut Hill	1900
Ernest Strom, 2767 South Tenth St.	Bancroft	1895
Irene L. Timme, 4328 Maple St.	Clifton Hill	1903
Frank Trouba, 2916 Gold St.	Dupont	1902
Edna Tracy, 2575 Cumine St.	Webster	1902
John Vankat, 3003 Frederick St.	Windsor	1903
Morton Wakeley, 311 South Thirty-third St.	High	1896
Elizabeth Zechmeister, 979 North Twenty-fifth Ave.	Kellom	1901

Stomachitis

After all, it is pleasant to reflect that we are not all made upon the one pattern—inside or outside; and that what is one's person's meat is another person's poison, says Edwin L. Sabin in Lippincott's. We who love beefsteak, and whom beefsteak appeals, do not feel inclined to drop it (as long as we can get it) just because somebody, out of his own experience, insists that the best diet for the human race is nuts or fruit or vegetables.

Strides into print Tom Jones, relating how he lives upon a handful of nuts daily for lunch at noon, and an apricot salad for dinner at night. This course saved him from death by indigestion or malnutrition, has made a new man of him, and he would spread his gospel of how to get well and keep well. Yet from where I write, I can see at work a man weighing close to 200, who was once a "dyspeptic," and who saved his life by a strict diet of warm blood and raw meat.

To the vegetarian and the fruitarian, the meat eater may point to the fact that in far hunting days of the west the daily ration of employees of the American Fur company was six pounds of buffalo meat; and that from year to year the sole food of the trapper was meat—raw, cooked and jerked. The Sioux and the Comanche alike lived upon the buffalo, and the wild cherries occasionally mixed with the pemmican were the only fruit or "vegetable" that even went down their gullets. Yet who could or can surpass in endurance the mountain-man of beaver times, or his contemporary, the Indian?

The Eskimo subsists solely upon blubber; the Bahaman upon fish; the tropic dweller upon bananas and breadfruit, as said, the menu of trapper and Indian was meat exclusively—meat as strong and red as beef. To some persons, strawberries are a poison; to some, milk; to some, peaches—I would much rather put away a porthouse steak than a spoonful or forkful of Tom Jones' apricot or peach salad.

There is the no-breakfast cult. But if I have no breakfast, I have a headache instead; and a moderately hearty breakfast carries me gallantly through the day until dinner at night. And I notice that many of the no-breakfasters and one-mealers in their two meals or their one-mealers up for previous commissions.

This volatile world is running to stomachitis, and it behooves a squad of us independents to stand firm for our rights. When breakfast agrees with us and we with it, we will retain it, and not be driven into experiments. And when we so relish a thick steak, or pork chops, or macaroni, or mince pie, or tea or coffee, and they cannot be arranged by us for cause, we will stick by our principles.

For our stomachs are our own; they are individual stomachs; and by a little care we learn to know their aptitudes better than does somebody a thousand miles away, who would submit his stomach as a universal estimate.

Died 'By Herself'

Like many of the older set of southern districts, when the civil war closed, Uncle Ephraim and his wife, Aunt Jane, as they were familiarly known, chose to remain with their former mistress rather than to try their fortune elsewhere. Because of this fact Mrs. Smith was peculiarly attached to her former slaves and saw to it that they stood in need of none of the ordinary comforts of life.

Sickness, however, had laid hold on Aunt Jane and for days Ephraim had been kept away from the "big house." Early one morning upon opening the rear door of her home, Mrs. Smith saw Ephraim approaching. Knowing that Aunt Jane had been sick, she said:

"Ephraim, how is Jane?" "W'y, she's dead."

"Ephraim, you don't say so, is she dead?" "Yes, yes'm; she's dead."

"When did she die, Ephraim?" "She died about midnight, last night."

"Well, well, well—did the doctor get there before she died?" "No, m'n, she jes' died by herself."—Mack's National Monthly.

Good to Remember

The statistician does not live who can compute the value of a smile.

Enter your enemies as liabilities. You can't tell what they are liable to cost you.

You might as well keep your temper. Nobody else wants it.

Put it off until tomorrow. By that time you may want to put it off altogether.

Many a man has been saved by being snatched from the arms of prosperity at the right moment.

Anyone who knows how to tell a lie can invent a "good excuse."—Graham Hood in "Business."

SLANDER.

An Englishman walking along the main street is a small town in Maine, stepped into a hole in the walk and broke his leg. He sued the city for \$1,000, and Hamibal Hamlin, who was once vice president of the United States, was counsel for the Englishman. Hamlin won the case, but the city appealed to the state supreme court. Again Hamlin won. Then the lawyer sent for his client and handed him \$1.

"What's this for?" asked the Englishman. "That's your damages," said Hamlin, "after taking out my fee, the cost of the appeal and other expenses."

The client looked at the dollar and then said: "What's the matter with this dollar? Is it bad?"—Human Life.



"She made him sign the pledge before they were married."

"I always heard that marriage affected a man's spirits."