The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Her Husband's Voice

Concerning the Self-Sacrificing Male and the Selfish Female

BY AMERE MAN.

"Sacrifice is the cornerstone of character," proclaimed the Post Graduate Husband in his most oracular manner.

It had taken two hours of brooding silence to produce this epigram and the Amateur Wife was profoundly impressed by it. Nevertheless, she said, with the smiling calm that veiled her most tumultuous moments, "I trust you are not planning to give me up. The sacrifice, fair you know, wouldn't make such an exchange."

"Oh, no," disclaimed Her Husband smilingly. "But I have made up my mind to dispense with another luxury—another lady—the one immortalized as My Lady Nicotine—at least I'm going to do without her in her most insidious aspect. I intend to wean off cigarettes."

"Why?" asked His Wife, stripped of all her eloquence and reduced to the skeleton of fact.

"Because," slowly replied Her Husband (he had to answer slowly in order to evolve a reason why)—"because they are extravagant—out of money, out of health and brain. What great man ever smoked cigarettes?" he added.

"Well, if we are going to talk about great men," rejoined the Amateur Wife, who was nothing if not argumentative, "what great man was ever a prohibitionist? But what's the matter with cigarettes, anyway? You've smoked them all your life and I can't see that you're any the worse for it."

"But who knows what I might have been if I had never acquired the fatal habit?" replied Her Husband, obstinately. And from her tone, she might have gathered that only the fatal practice of cigarette smoking stood between him and the vacant seat in the United States senate.

"Of course, if you are going to run for office, that puts another face on it." His Wife replied. "But don't pretend to me that you intend to give up smoking altogether."

"Certainly not!" Her Husband answered. "I'm going to smoke a pipe! It's far cheaper and more healthful. Cigarettes, physicians say, are very bad for the throat. Go out in the hall and look in my overcoat for a package. It's the new pipe I bought—a beauty, don't you think so?" he asked as she returned, with his newly purchased briar. "Did you bring the sack of tobacco with it? Oh, yes; thank you. I think I'll light up now."

If the news that Her Husband had decided to smoke a pipe affected the Amateur Wife she did not show it.

She watched him fill it. She held a match for him.

"I suppose," she said, resignedly, when the operation of smoking it was fairly started—"I suppose it will smell even worse after a while."

"Even better," replied her lord, complacently. "I know an Englishman who had the same pipe for fifteen years. It smells like Camembert and he calls it his 'darling.' He says he's going to be buried with it."

"To prove an alibi on the day of judgment, I suppose?" His Wife retorted.

But the Post Graduate Husband puffed on.

His Wife looked at the parlor curtains and sighed.

Wreath after wreath of malodorous smoke floated towards them.

"My Irish lace curtains are going to reek of that awful smoke for the rest of their lives," she said. "My, what a terrible smell; do you really like that thing? Why the very sight of it makes me ill."

"It's the only harmless method of smoking," the Post Graduate Husband answered. "If you don't believe me try it! George Washington's mother smoked a pipe, you know. It's the only way to get the pure aroma of the tobacco."

His Wife lapsed into silence—hopeless silence—and Her Husband puffed resolutely on.

And yet with every puff his enjoyment waned. His throat grew more parched. It seemed to him that his head throbbed. What could be the matter?

"I'll save 30 cents a day by smoking a pipe," he confided to His Wife. "Why, if I'd only thought about this ten years ago we'd have our own home bought with the money I saved on cigarettes."

"Certainly, dear," His Wife agreed after a long pause. "I am glad you are saving money, but didn't you hear Woof-Woof sneeze just now? I'm sure our dog doesn't like that awful pipe."

And then the Post Graduate Husband, who had grown green around the gills, made his supreme sacrifice.

"Of course," he said reluctantly as he removed the pipe from his mouth, "if you find it obnoxious I will give it up. I'm not the sort of man that will make himself objectionable to a woman even for the sake of his health and economy."

"No, dear, I understand," His Wife answered sympathetically.

And she looked the other way as the Post Graduate Husband reached for his cigarette case.

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The Bee's Junior Birthday Book

OMAR ADAMS.
4228 Burdette Street.

February 28, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year
Omer Thomas Adams, 4228 Burdette St	Clifton Hill	1902
Bernice Armgdale, 939 North Twenty-fourth St	Kellom	1897
Joseph Brown, 818 North Seventeenth St	Cass	1905
Paul Berstein, 1004 North Twenty-fourth St	Kellom	1900
Mary Brown, 2322 South Central Boulevard	High	1896
Floyd E. Brown, 2620 Cass St	Webster	1902
Susie Betts, Creche	Central	1902
Elizabeth Carr, 3222 Cass St	High	1895
George Cogan, 2507 South Twentieth St	Vinton	1901
Victor Clayton, Creche, 1824 Harney St	Central	1905
Frederick L. Clark, 2713 Leavenworth St	Mason	1900
Ralph Curtis, 2602 South Thirty-second St	Windsor	1897
Clara K. Emerick, 1122 South Twenty-eighth St	Park	1902
Agnes Elliott, 2324 Bedford Ave	Sacred Heart	1896
Hazel Frogge, 318 North Fifteenth St	Cass	1900
Alice L. Flynn, 1514 Castellar St	St. Patrick	1901
Marguerite Forsell, 2237 North Nineteenth St	Lake	1903
Althea M. Graves, 1618 North Thirty-sixth St	Franklin	1905
Meyer Greenberg, 1462 South Thirteenth St	Lincoln	1905
Pearl Graser, 106 William St	Train	1898
Edith F. Gaskill, 3721 Hamilton St	Franklin	1904
Marion Hill, 836 South Thirty-fifth St	Columbian	1904
Charles R. Haberstroh, 1224 North Twenty-sixth St	Long	1897
Byrn S. Hetrick, 3718 North Twentieth St	Lothrop	1905
Edith Hazell, 3327 Emmet St	Howard Kennedy	1899
Pauline Hanicke, 2320 South Thirty-second Ave	Windsor	1902
Myrtle C. Horne, 2612 Parker St	High	1894
Effie Hult, 1019 South Twenty-second St	Mason	1899
William G. Hier, 3220 North Thirty-fourth St	Monmouth Park	1904
Alez P. Hult, 1019 South Twenty-second St	Mason	1899
Sarah M. Hamhan, 1109 Bancroft St	St. Patrick	1899
Hazel G. Johnson, 2302 North Forty-first St	Clifton Hill	1896
Olivia Johnson, 1131 North Seventeenth St	Kellom	1896
Paul A. Jenkins, 3349 Harney St	High	1897
Frank Jindro, 1702 South First St	Train	1902
Emma Kosumbersky, 1245 South Fourteenth St	Comenius	1902
Sarah Kennedy, 603 North Forty-eighth St	Saunders	1899
Beulah B. Marlenoe, 2124 Maple St	Howard Kennedy	1902
Helen Matolepsza, 2504 South Twenty-sixth St	Im. Conception	1902
Harry Marquitz, 1016 South Twentieth St	Leavenworth	1898
Hugh McGrath, 2220 South Fifteenth St	Comenius	1898
Aileen Murphy, 2924 Burdette St	Long	1902
Earl W. Nell, 212 North Tenth St	High	1894
Isabella Edith Neale, 2826 Charles St	High	1892
Lula C. Pritchard, 2525 Charles St	High	1894
Edward Peterson, 1470 South Sixteenth St	Central Park	1902
Inez Pearson, 2720 Shirley St	Park	1898
Joseph J. Reidy, 4148 Erskine St	Clifton Hill	1905
Rhoda P. Remstrom, 4248 Maple St	Clifton Hill	1905
George Rasmussen, 3516 Parker St	Franklin	1899
May Royce, 1618 North Thirty-second St	Franklin	1900
Frank Slovack, 1910 Cuming St	Kellom	1896
Elmer Schultz, 2612 Taylor St	Saratoga	1905
Glenn A. Stromberg, 2102 South Thirty-third St	High	1897
May Safranek, 1301 South Third St	Train	1898
Gertrude Sandberg, 707 South Thirty-ninth St	Columbian	1905
Frank Tomczykinski, 2721 Walnut St	Im. Conception	1899
Earl F. Van Wie, 4002 North Twenty-fourth St	Lothrop	1905
Mabel C. Walrosky, 4025 Jackson St	High	1894
Erol V. Willey, 4323 Seward St	High	1895
Florence B. Wright, 1108 South Fifty-first St	Beals	1902
William Wallace, 2504 North Nineteenth St	Lake	1901

ANNALS of ANGELICA

A JUST-OUT-GIRL. BY M.F.

We were in Kitty Cheeseborough's room yesterday, and I do wish she'd make her uncle get a carpenter up there.

She lives with him in a big, old house, and though most of the rooms seem comparatively safe, Kitty's really makes me nervous. Her uncle is sort of peculiar. He doesn't care for anything but dead languages and has a room (in pretty good repair) with bookcases in it full of terrible

"MISS BIDDINGTON IS RELATED TO DUKES AND IS REALLY VERY STYLISH."

looking volumes that he reads. Kitty says he's very clever and is a celebrated scientist, and never read a novel in his life and has invented something.

Agnes said, "Oh, my dear! Your uncle is a marvellous man. I must talk to him some time!" That's just like Agnes. Kitty said, as a favor to her, she wished she wouldn't try anything funny like that, as he probably would tell her afterward that he didn't want Agnes to come to the house any more. Agnes said she was only joking, but I wouldn't trust her.

He doesn't like society. He used to go in it a great deal at one time. He hires a sort of chaperon to live with them for Kitty, and she's absolutely nutty. Luckily she hasn't got a very strong character, so Kitty has her pretty well trained by this time. For a long while she used to ring a big bell at exactly 10 o'clock whenever Kitty had a man calling on her. It used to scare them to death. Her uncle is crazy about old clocks, and the house is full of them. He keeps them in good repair and there is the most incessant striking going on all the time. He had one in the drawing room that struck every quarter of an hour. A kind of tune, too, sort of thing you had to notice. Between that and Miss Biddington's bell any ordinary young man would get nervous prostration.

Miss Biddington is related to dukes, and is really very stylish. She has a family tree pasted up in her room that has little red balloon things growing out of it with all her ancestors' names on them, and William the Conqueror is down. She's going back all the time, too, and I suppose she'll get to Adam finally. Kitty said she spends her evenings at it. Cousin Anne says she's a wonderful woman, that family means everything and that we don't appreciate a lady when we have a chance to.

Bid's quite a good sort, though, in spite of all that. Kitty had a beau once that didn't mind the clocks, and when he heard the bell went out and dashed up to the head of the stairs and kissed poor old Bid.

Told her he thought she was ringing for him. She was under the care of two trained nurses and a specialist for nearly a month. That stopped the bell ringing for a long time, until Tom Meekman began to rush Kitty.

Tom's awfully good looking, and Kitty was quite keen about him. He was always very nice to Bid, and even used to pretend to flirt with her. Kitty was sewing when she came to the head of the stairs and rang the bell as loudly as possible one evening when he was there. Kitt's beau

"SHE TOOK ALL THE DOORS DOWN."

still two years, and Bid has relaxed her vigilance and has given her up, anyway, as quite hopeless. She won't come into her room if she can help it now. I don't blame her, as far as that's concerned.

Kitty got an idea in her head once that she was going to get some money from somewhere and fix the place up. She took all the doors down—Agnes and I helped her—and was going to put up curtains. She got a new riding habit instead, though, so we put two of the doors back. We couldn't fix the screws in one, so we just sort of closed it in place.

Poor Bid came through that way one morning and, of course, when she opened it he fell on her. When she was helped to a chair in the excitement she sat down in the one that had the cushion on it, which was only for looks, and went right through it. She avoids Kitty's room now. I tell Kitty most everything has a bright side to it, though.

A Witty Member.

A member for a northern constituency who was one day reproached by a disappointed supporter for never opening his mouth in the house repudiated the accusation with indignation. Not a day passed, he declared, but that he said something; and it was reported in the papers, too. In confirmation of his statement he produced the report of the late debate and pointed triumphantly to the "Hear, hears," with which certain speeches were punctuated. "That's me," he said.—Tit Bits.

An Accidental Omission.

The cynic was discoursing on matrimony.

"You say that no man ought to marry a woman who is fat or thin, tall or short, large or small," he said. "Then in your opinion the only sort of woman one ought to marry is one who is of medium size?"

"Mercy!" said the cynic. "How forgetful I am! I forgot her!"—Lippincott's.

Get Over the Worry Habit

Worry, excitement, overstrained grief, emotional shock, remorse, fixed ideas of one kind or another, morbid fears—these are a few of the demons that murder sleep. Perhaps the most frequent is worry. The reason why worry has this disastrous power is that it is a disagreeable emotion, which keeps the brain cells in a state of unrest. Unfortunately, worry tends to become a habit, a pernicious tendency of the mental mechanism, in which the sufferer ceases to be master of his thought and becomes its victim. To take one's worries to bed with one is, of course, to render sleep impossible. More than once a victim of the worry habit has said to me:

"I know right well that worry is slowly killing me; that it is all a miserable habit; but try as I may, I cannot conquer it. If only I could stop worrying I would sleep. But how to stop? That is beyond me."

My answer is: "The forces that sustain the worrying habit are unhealthy self-analysis and brooding introspection. The mind is like a machine turned inward upon itself and tearing itself to pieces. If a nervous downfall is to be averted, the mind must be concentrated on some object or purpose that goes beyond the petty, self-centered ends of the sufferer. Nothing so dissipates the phantoms of an undisciplined imagination which cast their gigantic shadows upon life as a touch of reality, as contact with the world of fact and truth."

Moreover, it is to be noted that the worry habit is the sign, not only of the selfish, but also of the untrustful, temper. It springs out of a skeptical, unbelieving pessimistic attitude toward things in general. The apprehensive, worried soul has no real faith in the good will of the universe. It matters not how orthodox may be, the creed which he professes—one's real creeds are those which govern life. Hence the sovereign remedy for worry, and therefore for the insomnia which worry creates, is a faith grounded upon the conviction that the universe is on the side of order, peace, self-control and is as much opposed to irritable weakness and morbid fancy as it is to vice and crime.

To the man, then, whose sleep is tainted by worry, I would say, at all costs get some kind of a faith. Then enter upon a course of self-education by which gradually you compel yourself to act upon what you believe.—Everybody's Magazine.

Rats!

A recent dispatch from Copenhagen brings the news that, since the Danish government pays a premium for every rat caught and destroyed, inventors got busy devising new traps. The most successful is operated by a man in Jutland, who baits the rodents in large masses by offal and springs the trap when a thousand or more are imprisoned. At his last catch he took six thousand. He often catches from three to four thousand in a night, says the veracious correspondent, who adds that so far the champion rat catcher has collected premiums for one hundred thousand rats from the government.

"Pa, what is a foot ball coach?"

"The ambulance, I suppose."—Pittsburg Observer.

Calmed the Kicker

"Once," said the flat dweller with musical daughters, "our neighbors living in the flat under us complained: the man of the house down thru came up to see me about it.

"'How do you suppose we can live down there,' he said, 'with your daughters forever pounding on the piano in minor, medium and major keys, but mostly in the major, and forever singing at all hours of the day and night songs that seem to be mainly in a high pitch? Your daughters are most estimable young ladies, both I know, for I have seen them; but I wish you would come down into my flat some time and listen, listen, to that continuous pounding and singing. If it don't drive you plumb out of your senses I miss my guess.'

"'My dear sir,' I said to him, 'I appreciate your situation, and I thank you for the candid hint at the same time kindly courtesy with which you have stated your grievances; but consider.

"'You,' I said to him, 'have between the mind and yours if a floor and a ceiling, which must deaden the sound somewhat; but I have to sit here and hear it right in the same apartment with it.'

"He understood; he knew that mine was the greater cross; and he looked at me sympathetically and went away quite mollified."

The Husbandette.

He said: "I'd like to wash the
Supper dishes for you, pet,
But if I did the world would say
I am a husbandette;
And so I can not wash them,
And alas! dear, and alack!
I can not put the curtains up
Nor hook you on the back."
And did the sweet wife weep and grieve
And with her self tears wet,
She pulled? She did? She should have seen
The meals that husbandette.
—Houston Post.

"Plenty in the Pantry"

A few convalescent sailors, dismissed from hospital, but not yet strong enough to report for duty, were placed in a make-shift asylum near the naval station and entrusted to the care of an orderly, the surgeon's assistant, says the Youth's Companion. The orderly determined to make an impression at the outset by serving a memorable breakfast to the languid "tars."

He decided that an omelet was the thing to bring him renown. "They who know nothing fear nothing," and he broke his dozen eggs into a big mixing bowl with all the assurance of a five thousand dollar chef.

After he had beaten the eggs till his arms ached, and still they did not rise and foam as he felt sure an omelet should, he cast about him for some promising ingredient to work this wonder for him. His eye lighted on a box of baking powder.

"That it!" he exclaimed and dumped the contents of the box into the eggs.

Presto! The reluctant material rose to the top of the bowl, overflowed on the table and ran along the floor in pursuit of the novice as he fled to the door.

Pausing on the step, in a yellow flood, he called to his men, "Say, there's plenty of stuff in the pantry! Get yourselves a good breakfast!"

"All the Comforts."

"There's no place like home," says Mrs. Lafferty to Mrs. Dolan, as she paused in her tea drinking to cast a glance at her loved possessions, and admired the old stove, polished by neighborly hands till it shone almost like new.

"Tis glad I am to be back here wid my old friends wance more."

"I suppose 'twas grand at your niece Mary's?" ventured Mrs. Dolan, who had heard much talk of splendor before Mrs. Lafferty went off to visit her young relative.

"Grand is all right," said Mrs. Lafferty, with a toss of her head, "but let me tell you wan thing, Mrs. Dolan, there was none of their automobile shows, nor trolley cars, nor the-a-ters, that looked half so good to me as McCormick's Court looked to me this day when I come around the corner, stepped over the Casey's hop-scotch game and saw the ashes blowing out of Dan Grogan's barrels as they hit the back o' the ashcart. And whin the Donahue baby let out that screech o' hers I said to meself: "Praise be! I'm home again!"—Youth's Companion.

Safe Bet.

Nebuchadnezzar had taken to the turf.

"Bet some women will bet on me because my name sounds so cute," he sighed.—New York Times.

Daily Health Hint

Those who are anemic or have a poor reaction and are unable to enjoy the stimulus of a cold bath in the morning should (until their circulation improves) take a cold rub with a wet towel, following that immediately with a brisk rubbing down.

His Money's Worth.

"Sixtane shillums a da' did they charrge me for my room at the hotel in Lunnon!" roared Sandy, indignantly, on his return home from a sightseeing expedition.

"Oh, aye, it wasna cheap," agreed his father; "but ye must 'a' hay a grey fine time seein' the sichts."

"Sein' the sichts!" roared Sandy. "I didna see a sicht a' the time I was in Lunnon. Mon mon, ye dinna suppose I was going to be stuck thar much for a room, an' then no get the proper use o't!"—Tit-Bits.

Before Rome Burned.

Roman Citizen—What's the matter, friend Tullius Marcuequo?

Roman Insurance Agent—Matter? Why, the companies have just decided to cancel all their policies here on the ground of a "moral hazard," and the board of underwriters has appointed me to acquaint Nero with the fact.—Puck.

WELL POSTED.

"Algy is ever so well posted in Shakespearian quotations."

"Oh, don't let him deceive you. There is no such stock on the market!"