

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Tired Business Man

Tells Friend Wife That Boys Will Be Vegetables.

Luther Burbank is going to have an awful time of it trying to make a model out of the common or garden variety, even though garden work is his specialty.



When he gets to work boys will be vegetables, paraphrased the Tired Business Man. Let us hope that Mr. Burbank won't repeat his experiment with the cactus, which is as near to boy nature as I can imagine, and produce the spinose boy.

He has great hopes for Mr. Burbank. He has done about everything but make two-dollar bills grow where one blossomed previously. Some carping critics who have their own ideas which they never put into practice think that because he is a dead-end bachelor he has no license to try bringing up a boy like a prize pumpkin.

Of course, most of us think boys ought to raise themselves. Just imagine Burbank trying to improve the class of the Huckleberry Finn. In the first place, he could probably prune off all the long hair, rags and lankers, dead cats, warps, dirt and crossbones. The result might be perfectly lovely, but not as interesting as the original.

Troubles of the Pocket Venuses

Every man who was ever in love has referred to the object of his devotions at some time or another as the "little girl." In fact, one of the surest signs of love in the first degree is to bear a thin, frail wisp of a man with a chest as flat as a board, and if you happen to be a woman, as the "little woman." His case is hopeless when he gets that far along. Never, however, as you value your good standing with any little woman of your acquaintance, refer to her as a "doll" or a "pocket Venus."

"I am constantly reminded of my tiny size," is the wall of the little woman. "People look around at me when I pass them on the street and I know they are looking at me because I am under the average height of women. If I get in a street car I cannot get out if it is crowded unless someone will force a way through for me. I do not like to tug at people's coat tails any better than anyone else, but I have to do something to attract their attention, and it is that or stick a hatpin in them. They usually carry me a couple of blocks

past my destination on a crowded car, as it takes me a long time to fight my way out through an aisle full of big, bulky humanity with their arms full of bundles. "I can't get on a car alone just because I am climbing up on a high platform, and I feel that I am risking life and limb every time I step off. There is no fun in being tiny and cute and petite. I had rather be an Amazonian lady, with shoulders three feet wide and arms like a blacksmith's, than to be tramped in a car alone just because I am so little and 'cute' that I cannot fight my way out of the mess and get off."

"No one takes me seriously," wails another little lady who is a scant five feet and is greatly admired by everyone in her set because of her "cuteness." "They won't take me seriously when I am angry, and when I get angry they laugh at me unless I get fearfully angry. Seems to me that people ought to be able to tell when you were displeased, even if you do not happen to be six feet high and wear No. 6 shoes. People laugh at me no matter how much in earnest I happen to be, and I know they do it because I am not big enough to look right squarely in their eyes and show them that I am in real earnest. What can you accomplish when you have to look at a point nearly a foot above the level of your eyes when you are making a really telling argument?"

"Wise Workers Will Marry Servants"

"I sometimes feel I would rather bury than marry girls who cannot cook. This is the opinion publicly expressed by a Nonconformist minister with nearly forty years' experience of London parochial work.

Speaking at Highbury, Rev. William Cuff of Shore-ditch tabernacle mentioned that girls of 14 and 15 left school and entered the office and factory rather than take up domestic service.

"They obtain," he said, "no knowledge of how to cook, or do household work. Eventually they come before me to be married, and I sometimes feel I would rather bury them than marry them."

SLIGHT MISTAKE



"Why does Percy look so dojected?" "He wanted to compliment Mabel, but instead of calling her a 'vision,' told her she was a 'sight'."

ant of the elementary principles of woman's true work. "The smattering of domestic knowledge which they are taught at school," he said, "is perfectly valueless in after life. "It should be compulsory for girls to undergo a six months' course of housewifery when they pass out of school. No girl should be allowed to pass from under the national educational authority until she can peel a potato, wash a cabbage and cook well enough to appeal to a luxury and fry-meat's palate. "How to live—not to shiver up—a rasher of bacon, and how to make two tenement rooms comfortable are other things she should learn. "The woman is made between the ages of 14 and 15. Thirty-nine years' experience in parochial work in London has taught me that. "At 14 a girl begins to take a pride and interest in household things. If she is taken in hand properly then she will never forget what is shown and taught. "But under present conditions thousands of girls get married every year without the least knowledge of domestic economy that every wife should have. They can't even cook a piece of fish and they don't know how to make a home tidy and comfortable. And untidy and uncomfortable homes send men out to public houses, and lead to half the separations and divorces which take place. "Just as a good dinner makes a good husband, so does a comfortable home keep him safe and contented. "And it is because she has generally obtained experience of these truths—and had a chance to appreciate them—that a domestic servant makes the best wife for a poor man. "He is a wise worker who marries a servant."

"Say, doctor," inquired a man who was fishing for free medical service. "What do you think makes me so bald?" "It isn't," rejoined the doctor. "I ascribe it to the fact that your hair comes out."

PUDGE PERKINS'S PETS



Bachelor on the Claim

Dear J.—I knew it, and always said so: Just as soon as women wanted to vote, then it would only be a little while until they wanted to wear the trousers. Of course, we've always heard of some who did anyway, but only one man, or a few boys, to deal with them. Now we'll have to put it to keep up with the trimmings on pants that will be introduced by the great clothes makers. You watch and see if I'm not right. "When we saw those Bee pictures of the pantaloons skirt out here on the prairie, well you could have knocked me over with a feather. Of course, I wasn't in that class, and having seen the women riding cowboy fashion I wasn't shocked at this Constantinople stunt. I just wondered how they get them on. We can't figure they are pulled over the head, and yet they look a little odd compared to overall. I suppose the wearers sit down and pull them on like boots, but do they have to get a bootjack to draw them off? If they fit tight underneath, mebbe so. A good many years ago I went to see Dr. Mary Walker just like I went to the circus parade. One of mine went from Turk to Trebizonde and other places where harem are real institutions, and when he came home he had us all going dippy by his stories of nifty trousers worn by the women; but he said they kept their faces covered and seemed a little shy. I bet you see any vests of the Omaha trousers women, and it would surely be a shame if they had to wear those blanket face coverings we see in pictures from Turkey. "Talking of Dr. Mary Walker, she went the whole way through when I saw her, and looked like a statesman wearing a

A Sorrowful Sermon

I have heard of poor and sad congregations, but the saddest preacher I ever knew went from Posey county, Indiana, to Pike county, Missouri, (where John Jay discovered Little Breeches and Jim Bludsoe). He was starving to death on donations of catfish, possum and a \$100 salary. Finally he made up his mind to go away. With wet eyes, he stood up in the prayer meeting to bid good-bye to his weeping congregation. "Brothers and sisters," he said, wiping his eyes on his red bandanna handkerchief, "I've called you together tonight to say farewell. The Lord has called me to another place. I don't think the Lord loves this people much; for none of you seem to die. He doesn't seem to want you. Are you don't seem to love each other, for I've never married any of you. And I don't think you love me; for you don't pay me my salary—and your donations are mouldy fruits and wormy apples. By their fruits ye shall know them. "And now, brothers and sisters, I am going to a better place. I've been appointed chaplain to the penitentiary at Joliet. "Where I go ye cannot come; but I go to prepare a place for you."—From Hearst Thrills.

Loretta's Looking Glass—Holds it Up to the Rainbow Chaser



I have an interesting letter from a girl who tells me she is "NOT a bean-staler." Very well; but you ARE a rainbow chaser. "How about the girl who does not steal beans?" she writes, "who looks higher than the fickle 'love,' who endeavors to use her mind with which nature has entrusted her to the best of her ability, who goes seeking with her lantern through life for a single man who knows more than she, whose soul is more intense, to whom she may look up and find support? But she has not found him yet. All is hollow. Knowledge is found only in the old. "You are not using your mind to the best of your ability. You dream a world like you would have it and set up a standard for a lover to reach. "It's a way girls have. I know. I did it still do it myself. But I have paid. And you will pay if you do not deliberately wake up to see things as they are and

stop your rainbow chasing. Nobody ever caught up with the gay golden promise. It's MUCH harder running! And it is SO useless! And for all the glimmer in the distance you never will get past the thorns of disappointment and the shadows and loneliness hung as thick as the moss festoons in southern forests. "There are no men you can lean on—all the time! Any man's arm will go to sleep" or his legs get a cramp if he is used as a constant support. You must do some of it. You have your kind of support to give; and you must not be hunting for someone toward whom you expect to act the undignified role of sponge. "And let me tell you something about these 'old and knowledge-filled men.' The reason you like them is because they know they must win youth by deferring it. So they talk about the things YOU know. "But do not make the mistake of thinking that a man knows less than you because he does not know the SAME THINGS. He may know a great deal of which you are ignorant. "Put the 'intensity of your soul' on a diet. Nothing is so deforming to the character as a small ailment, by 7 a. m. or 'intense soul' or a more intense one. You would fight like cat and dog. Marry a hardware merchant whose dumb soul craves an inspiration. Be that to him. "Body plays its part in love. You are wrong in trying to make it 'of the mind' alone. It's a good, big, splendid part if you acknowledge its claims and control its desire. Body is love's steam and brain its regulator. "Stop chasing rainbows and see life and love and men as they are. They are none of them even half bad.

The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book



Table listing names and addresses of children celebrating birthdays in April 1911, including names like Muriel Baumgart, Philip Barnett, Ruth Brnecat, etc.

Mrs. Harris Says Women Spoil Husbands

"There are just as many private divorces as there are public ones. The public divorces occur among the degraded rich and the degraded poor—both the waste materials of society—but the private divorces are not confined to any class or classes. "This is the opinion of Mrs. Corra Harris, the author, in the New York World. "Marriage is an undeveloped, primitive state at present," continued Mrs. Harris. "For the majority of men and women who go into it do not seem to know how to make the best of each other. The women especially seem to manage to make the very worst of their husbands. The women, best educated and best trained and best suited to wifehood and motherhood, are refusing to marry, or, being married, they are refusing to remain so. "Speaking of the remedy for the growing divorce evil, Mrs. Harris declared that women should "pay more attention to the inside and less to the outside of their little Besses and Frannies. Girls are too well dressed and too poorly trained. "Mothers, as a rule, have too little moral influence over their sons," she said. "What they want is to study their own little Jimmies and Johnnies more, even if they have to take some of the time from the study of political economy and parliamentary law. "Twenty years ago Mrs. Harris was the wife of a circuit rider of the Methodist church in Georgia. When her story, 'The Circuit Rider's Wife,' appeared last year as a serial it brought much criticism from conservatives of the church. At that time Mr. Harris, who was said to be the hero in the story, occupied a high official position on the Board of Education of that church. Just about the time the story appeared last fall in book form Mr. Harris committed suicide. "When asked for her opinion on the reason for the increase in divorces Mrs. Harris said: "There are several reasons for it, I think. One is due to the awakening of women to the sense of justice in regard to their condition and relation to the order of things, as shown in modern law. Justice has become to them a personal matter, not a sentimentality. They have not only taken the matter up, but they have taken it to the courts. "Another reason is the false standards of education for women. These standards tend to draw them out of the home instead of into it. The whole system of education for women in this country is wrong, for it tends to develop them like men instead of like women. It is inexplicable to me that learned men, who would resent instantly the feminizing of the education of men, do not see the danger of masculinizing the education of women. "If training tended to make women more womanly and men more manly a better class of children would be born. "What quality in women is calculated to

hold man's affection longest, do you think? "Undoubtedly, charm. She may remain faithful, virtuous and industrious—in short, she may have all the qualities of Solomon's famous women; but if she drops the corners of her mouth or loses the sweet, beautiful beam out of her eyes she may as well give up the ghost so far as he is concerned. She cannot hold him. He may remain faithful to his marriage vows, but not to her."

Called the Bluff

"The Marquis de Villabar," said a Washington diplomat, "is trying to put young King Manuel back on the throne. He is going around collecting. But he has a good deal of trouble to get the Portuguese nobility to shell out. "The nobility profess the most devoted loyalty, but when it comes to cash—" "The diplomat smiled. "The Marquis de Villabar," he said, "asked a Portuguese count for a subscription the other day in London. The count drew himself up and answered haughtily: "My blood is always at the service of his majesty. "Yes, I know," said de Villabar, nettled, "but you see, we don't want to start a sausage factory."

ALL IN-THE FAMILY.



"Her car knocked a man down yesterday, but she didn't have to pay damages." "How was that?" "Fortunately, he was her husband."