

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Undoing of Mr. Uplift

"Coaxing Men to Church," Argued by Father vs. Son.

"This preacher who serves hot free lunch on Sunday nights in his church ought to be excommunicated," declares Mr. Uplift with a display of feeling that almost startles his son and her into forgetting to seize upon the easiest chair.



DRAWING A CONGREGATION WITH A FREE LUNCH COURTESY.

"An up-to-date spy plot like that ought to do a good business," remarks young Mr. Uplift, "provided he sets up a good layout of the cats. All the regular free lunch places being closed, the bunch ought to camp with the dominie."

"It seems to me that a preacher should have a message of sufficient interest to draw the people," argues Father, who still clings to some of his puritanical ideas despite his residence in a great city.

"Line up a bunch of words as big as Mr. Webster's unabridged dictionary and a platter of rye bread and sliced liverwurst," tempts Son, "and see who gets the crowd. As long as you have to coax folks, why not coax 'em right?"

"Brown bread and hot cocoa were served at the first trial of the plan," explains Father. "My notion of nothing to lure a chap to church is a menu like that," complains Son. "I'd like to give the dominie a few pointers on how to set up a feed that would make him put on a few pounds in a great city."

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"I suppose he counts more on the novelty of the idea than on anything else," says Father. "The general idea is all right," approves Son, "but if he wants to play in crowded houses the rest of the season he'll have to come across with more variety. He ought to spring green onions, cheese sandwiches, pickled tripe, baked beans and soft drinks if he wants to be popular with my set."

"To my mind a strong sermon will prove to be the best drawing card," avers Father. "The game of talk isn't one, two, three, with the gentle onion when it comes to drawing," asserts Son. "This cute little vegetable has the reputation of sticking to a victim, once it lands him, while everybody knows a chap can be let it from church if he doesn't like the way the dominie pounds the pulpit."

"It really is amazing how the idea of getting something free seems to attract the people," comments Father. "One would think the average person could get

## PUDGE PERKINS' PETS



## Ways of a Wise Woman With Man

"When I want something very very much, and am rather doubtful about getting it, I wear my most becoming dress and have Rob's favorite dish for dinner. This confidence, given by a Wise Wife to a half dozen tea table friends, caused the entire six to pay strict attention and call eagerly for an encore.

"You have no idea of the soothing or, rather, the flattering effect of a becoming gown on a tired husband. A man likes to think the woman he has chosen to honor with his name and affection is the most attractive woman in the world, and when she dresses like a queen, he is more than willing to let her have her way. It is by a mere stroke of good fortune and a hasty replenishing of a frayed wardrobe that he is persuaded not to keep on noticing another and more attractive woman."

"The woman who commits the sin of drifting into careless clothes habits deserves a sharp lesson. Frumpiness is the best sort of a love cure and does as much to keep the divorce mills grinding as any other neglect. It is a kind of marriage outside, whereby the husband is submitted to a succession of shocks administered to his pride in and admiration of his wife. Gradually the ideal woman he wedded descends from her pedestal and becomes a mere creature of earth and disheveled hair. The dainty little ribbons of her tulle-trousered lingerie are but memories, and she invariably forgets to send her shoes to have the heels straightened. This is a tragedy sure to end in a decree with reasonable alimony.

"Now, I happen to know that Rob is very fond of white, and that he likes to see me wear it. So when I think he is coming home tired, or when there is something I want and haven't quite the courage to ask, I put on his favorite white dinner dress and pin some red roses at the corsage because Rob always sends me red roses.

"I've practiced this bit of diplomacy for five years now, and it has never yet failed to bring about the desired results. Moreover, when I feel I am pleasing in his eyes, it gives me new spirit and the coquetry of courtship days are unconsciously revived.

"When a man can look at his wife and think how clever he must have been to have won her away from all the other fellows, and how lucky he is to have such a woman for his companion and wife, she is in no danger of being replaced."

## Loretta's Looking Glass—She Holds it Up to the "Popular" Girl

An eminent Finn has been flapping forth some alarming information since he reached our shores. He says we have 50,000 surplus girls. Or, to put it in its most direful light, we are 50,000 short in men.

This condition makes me think of the frog story. I cannot tell it because it has a naughty word in it. But the idea is that a small boy was getting no end of fun throwing at the frogs. It was fun for him; but it was—well, it was something else for the frogs.

It is probably nice for the men to have an over-supply of girls. But it is—the girls and the frogs can sympathize.

The "popular" girl monopolizes anywhere from two to a half-dozen of these too-squeaky men. And then, she ends by marrying one of the worst specimens of her train or she does not marry at all. She has shot

brilliantly across the social firmament, a splendid rocket. And she ends as rockets do—with the stick.

She has had three partners clamoring for every dance. She has been shown off effectively in automobiles, open boxes and racy parties. She has been "a feature" at social functions. She has been trotted around the social ring, the blue-ribboner of the girl show. But she does not marry the men who have furnished the violets and bought her expensive dinners.

She "goes through the woods and picks up a crooked stick at last." She falls to marry one of the best of the spare men who have swarmed about her, leaving the rest of the 50,000 girl surplus to take what she cannot use or does not want.

And those girls have envied her! They could not wear their clothes so well and with such refined daring. They were not so decorative at a party. They could not be so smart and wise to a plethora of men. They were not in the spotlight.

But they marry and marry well.

The history of the "popular" girl repeats itself, yet girls keep falling to read the lesson. That is why I mentioned this tar-

ble 50,000 shortness. It may help them to see!

Men are sheep and follow the leader in the ball room; but they go on personally conducted trips when they look for a life partner instead of a dance partner. The little-gray-mouse girl in the corner has lots more chance at the good husbands than the popular girl.

So stop envying her! She gets dazzled by her crowd of admirers. You can keep your head and use it to advantage when one of her train wants to be serious instead of amused. He may come your way; and you will be all the more attractive to him because you have not made a social monkeybank of yourself.

I really feel sorry for the "popular" girl. And I shall feel more disgusted than I do now with the rest of you if you continue to envy her the empty admiration that rarely leads to the altar. She will be eating lobster and getting indignation while you are making your trousseau to marry one of the 50,000 short. You have only to remember that a marrying popularity is an especial kind. And it is definitely NOT the kind the POPULAR girl represents.

## The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book



This is the Day We Celebrate

Table listing names and addresses of children celebrating their birthdays on April 12, 1911. Includes names like Magdalena Ahmteier, Helen Anderson, Eddie Adam, etc.

## History of Transportation

Carrying oak plugs to use as brakes in case the car broke away. These plugs were thrown into the car-wheel spokes, and caught the wheels against the car floor. The horses went round and round like those working the power of a threshing machine. They were blind, for safety's sake, and simply pushed against iron yokes fastened to a beam. The bands of the harness were wide and strong, and when the horses cleared from the ground when the cars gathered too much headway, they sometimes held them suspended in the air until the cars reached the level, where the cars were stopped by oak plugs thrown into the wheels.

Into a general store of a town in Arkansas there came a darky complaining that a ham which he had purchased was not good.

Traveling Inspector (cross-questioning the terrified class)—And now, boys, who wrote "Hamlet"?

Down in Virginia, folks are somewhat apt to think the sun revolves round and round their little verdant spot of ground, so it is an actual fact that one day when the mountain on which a bright citizen resided caught fire, he ran to his cabin calling:

When a woman gets spring fever, she will take the carpets up. Hubby dams like any grub. When the carpets say, "Come, tack me!" Then he swears like anything. For he knows he's reached the same of her fever in the spring.

When a fellow has spring fever, he will take the carpets up. In his heart he will receive her. And the woman gets the shakes. With the carpets say, "Come, tack me!" He'd faint and swoon and sing. For it makes him very gay. Does the fever in the spring.

"Settled in your new flat yet, Mrs. Smith?" "I think so. Everything is unpacked now except the things we really need."

## When is a Widow?

Just now the New York supreme court is trying to find out when a widow ceases to be a widow, or if she remains a widow, no matter how many times other marriage ceremonies are performed, with her as one of the principals. The question came about through a damage suit brought by a woman against a corporation which she claimed, was responsible for the death of her husband. Since she started action she has been married again, and the defendants maintain she cannot now sue as a widow. The bride swears, though she has another habitation and name she is still the widow of the fatally injured man, and as such will fight for her rights.

At Madison university the president for many years was Dr. Eaton, beloved by the entire student body, who went to him for advice in matters great and small. After some commensurate valedictorian anxiously asked him his opinion on his work, and Dr. Eaton, after a pause, said: "Edward, if you would pluck a few feathers from the wings of your imagination and stick them in the tail of your judgment, you would make better speeches."

BORROWING TROUBLE. "Oh, dear! Two managers have offered me an engagement and I don't know how to act." "Don't worry; they'll soon disagree."