

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Her Husband's Voice On the Inferiority of Women as Household Economists.

BY AMERE MAN.

Like the plagues of Egypt, one domestic dynasty followed another in the household of the Post Graduate Husband.

Some cooks came in answer to advertisements; others, the most incompetent, were recommended by supposedly helpful friends.

For three days the kitchen of that innocent suburban house had harbored the village cut-up, who had brought the strongest kind of reference from an elderly maiden, who, knowing nothing whatever of her, had been willing to commend her for everything in the conscientious way that women have.

Finally the Amateur Wife decided that it was utterly useless to depend upon local sources of supply for a servant. She must go to town and select a trusty retainer for herself. The Post Graduate Husband had tried and failed. She would show him. The superior judgment of woman would triumph where man had failed.

To Her Husband's most annoying thing about His Wife's self-confidence was that events usually justified it.

And on the morning when she journeyed to town with him to carry out her purpose he was not in the least surprised when, an hour after they had parted, he called him up to say that she had found the pearl of pearls—the Kohinor of Cooks.

"She's French—she doesn't speak a word of English, and I'm coming in on the first train tomorrow to get her. She only reached America day before yesterday and she brought a heavy enough load."

She said she heard there were no good waitresses in this country and so she brought it along. Isn't that cute, and interesting, and exotic?" gurgled His Wife.

"Humph," growled the Post Graduate Husband. "I'll bet you she never shows up."

He was ever reticent over the telephone, but that night while striving valiantly to eat the dinner prepared by His Wife's fair hands he unbursed his soul.

"What on earth did you think we wanted with a French cook?" he asked, irritably. "Wasn't our expense heavy enough when we had a woman who spoke our own language and naturally had some regard for our feelings and bank account? You know how those foreigners are! They think all Americans are millionaires. Even with Mary McGooogan our bills were beyond all reason."

"I should say so!" His Wife ejaculated. "Why, the last week she was here we had seven dozen eggs! Now, you know, dear," she added thoughtfully, "eighty-four eggs for three persons in one week is not probable—it isn't even plausible!"

"No," agreed the Post Graduate Husband, "but I'm sure our expenses will be reduced the moment you place an ignorant foreigner in charge of the kitchen."

"I hope just the contrary," replied His Wife, with more than her customary firmness. "I am sure the washwoman used to get a dozen eggs from Mary every week. French women are thrifty and I'll be very much disappointed if she doesn't save at least her wages on the housekeeping bills."

"Dream on!" exclaimed Her Husband, bitterly. "Dream on!" and said no more.

Next day the new cook, her trunk and the globe-trotting wool mattress arrived in Mountairville.

She could cook divinely. The menu of her dinners read like a passport to heaven! Every evening the Post Graduate Husband was introduced to some new culinary masterpiece, but invariably, as he praised its excellence, came some disquieting reflection as to its cost.

"She certainly can cook," he observed one evening as the buxom and black-eyed Marie pattered down the basement stairs. "But just wait till the butcher and grocer's bills come in! I'm afraid, my dear, we're rather poor to afford the luxury of such a first-class chef."

The Amateur Wife smiled mysteriously. "Don't worry about the bills in advance," she answered lightly. "We'll know the worst soon enough. But you should have seen Marie's face when I told her to give the washwoman her dinner!"

As though answering to the utterance of her name, there was a sudden clatter upon the stairs and a flashing, heaving and highly enraged French woman burst into the room.

"Madame! Madame! Come quickly!" she called excitedly. "That woman has dared to touch the butter! I have explained to her that butter is not for the domestics, but she understands not my language! It is a crime—a sin! As long as I have been in Madame's house I have never once eaten of the butter!"

The Amateur Wife smiled triumphantly at the Post Graduate Husband, who was lost in utter admiration.

"Say," he remarked contentedly as Marie disappeared, "she certainly is a crack-jack! I'm glad I discovered her."

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MADAME, THAT WOMAN DARED TO TOUCH THE BUTTER.

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LITTLE SERMON FOR THE WEEK END

Advertising Jesus.

St. John, 1:30: "Behold the Lamb of God." John the Baptist is the spot of these words. I do not believe that we speak rashly when we say that, aside from the Adorable Trinity, John the Baptist is one of the most unique characters of the entire Bible. He undoubtedly had a tremendously hard place to fill. It was he more than anyone else that marked the transition from the old to the new dispensation. Transition is difficult for the most of us. As it were, John stood with one foot upon the Old Testament and with the other upon the New. But he was thoroughly qualified for the task, and we must be filled with admiration for his simplicity and genuineness of character, fully able to cope with the task set for him to do.

The words of the text express the life principle of this great man, and this thought is also expressed in the words of the subject, "Advertising Jesus." The business man knows the absolute necessity of advertising in secular business, and after all there is much analogy in the commercial and sacred aspect of life. Let us notice the subject under a threefold division:

First, the aim of advertising Jesus. The one word that expresses the aim more than any other is information. We all know that it is of supreme importance in our earthly business to be informed concerning it. It is also at once evident that they who know not the Gospel must be informed or they will remain in darkness.

When "an angel of the Lord spake unto Philip," saying, "Arise and go toward the south," the way that he took down from Jerusalem unto Gaza, he met an Ethiopian eunuch. The Ethiopian man very likely was religious, for he was reading the Bible. Philip asked: "Understandest thou what thou readest?" And he said, "How can I, except someone shall guide me?" After some conversation we are told that Philip preached unto him. In the tenth chapter of Romans St. Paul testifies that his heart's desire concerning Israel is that they be saved. He says: "They have a zeal for God, but not according to knowledge."

"For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." But how shall they call upon him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent? In these instances the argument is information. A prodigious responsibility is upon us that we who know Jesus, on to the one who does not know that which has been of such untold value to us.

Another aim of advertising Jesus—to nourish. There must be a shepherding of the flock or the seed of life will die. We have the command thrice from the Lord Himself that Peter should feed the flock of Christ. We of this land are not so much called to tell of Jesus to people who have never heard of Him, but to nourish the seed already planted. Second, The method of advertising Jesus. It is at once evident



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that the method cannot be the same at all times. Yet we can see two main lines running through it all. We either make Christ known by word or deed. The two ways must be employed by each individual. The one is lame without the other. St. Paul says in Romans, "With the mouth confession is made unto salvation." And in Matthew, "Whoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess before my Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven." This scripture indicates strongly that confession by the mouth is essential. It does seem contradictory to believe in something and be so quiet concerning it, that the mouth will never express the inner conviction. It is certainly the spirit of the entire Bible that every individual will at some time make an open confession for the Lord's sake.

But the word testimony has a wider application than mouth confession. We must advertise the deed. If we are not true to our confession our influence does not amount to anything. The Savior ever denounces the hypocrite in scathing terms. Emerson said: "What you are speaks as loud as I can't hear what you are saying."

Third—The result of advertising Jesus. It develops the one that gives and the one that receives. The one who gives I care not in what sphere of life, anything we will use soon become unfit for use. We cannot in any definite way arrive at any true estimate concerning results. Our motto ought to be, do our duty and leave the result with God. Yet sometimes to take a backward glance is interesting and profitable. For instance, had some of our great reformers of the sixteenth century been deterred in their duty, it is hard telling what the world might be today.

In the last place, it gives peace with God. What an inexpressible joy to anyone. We sometimes speak of earthly satisfaction or

of earthly peace. But the result of truly advertising Jesus passes us into another realm. A satisfaction that is more serene, a peace that is more enduring. Let us remember that we are the architects of our own fortunes. "There is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same and all of the same. He that is once admitted to the right of reason is made a freeman of the whole estate." Failure is ours only if we make it such. Our life is dull only if we make it so. "The highest duties of life are found lying on the lowest ground, in hidden and unnoticed ways, in household works, on common days."

Our lives are songs; God writes the words. And we set them to music at pleasure; And the song grows glad, or sweet, or sad, As we choose to fashion the measure.

We must write the music, whatever the song. Whatever its rhyme or meter; And if it is sad we can make it glad, Or if sweet, we can make it sweeter.

Nubs of Knowledge

Great Britain imports 10,000,000 apples a year.

Two-thirds of the world's supply of tin is produced by Malaysia.

Night years are required to bring the average coconut tree into bearing.

The population of Japan is increasing at a rate of about half a million a year.

Municipal tramways of the United Kingdom employ more than 60,000 persons.

On January 1 Philadelphia and its suburbs had a telephone for every eleven residents.

Line was one of the earliest materials used to improve the soil, being mentioned by Plato and Pliny.

Acetylene torches for use in dense fogs have been supplied to the Paris police.

If the bottom cellar step be painted white it will save many a fall in the dark.

Spain makes only about 40,000 tons of paper a year; half of it for the use of printers.

Pranksome Spring

Yes, the gentle spring is here. You can tell it by the gear of the ambient atmosphere.

You can tell it by the jolly glee Nature plays on trusting folks, Making spring a jolly no.

Morning genial as an apron Running full of vernal juice, Spring alone what the deuce, Morning sun all full of glow, Driv'ing off all thoughts of woe, Evening just a touch of snow.

Every prospect fair to see, So I'll fill all our hearts with glee; Then in spite of all our trust, Come along a windy gust, And our eyes fill up with dust.

On the lawn the robin sings Happy songs of genial springs While he flaps his pretty wings. Late on his feet so pert, Sits a shivering and inert, Glad of his red flannel shirt.

Strawberries come on the scene Looking pallid, sour and green, In the spring air, nipping, keen, The gardener, blithely goes Down to cheer the thirsty rose, Lo, there's ice upon the nose!

So it goes from A to Z, Somehow rather seems to me, Once asked what the poets sing, In the days when I was young, Ain't no longer being sprung!

—A. Suffering Man, in New York Sun.

The Easter Message

Afar in quaint old Brittany A heartless tale is told— A legend of the lily's birth By peasant sages old.

The sweetest of the folk-song bore Is true this Easter day, Lends hope to those who hear its words And cheers life's darker way.

"Years back, in yonder pleasant grove," Thus speaks the graybeard seer, "A tree there was which lives no more; A punishment severe.

Once killed its growth, for from its grain Was cut the fateful cross. All verdure drooped and all mankind Felt burdened with the loss.

"But that despair should not enthrall The lily's bloom 'neath balm grew bright, A token of His worth; And as the blossom's birth was marked Its light shone clear above.

The darker lines of sorrowing life— So hope was sent through Love."

"Tis true today, this Easter tide, A joyous tale should bring, Take thou a text from Calvary, Of Resurrection shine.

Cling thou to Hope—the flower proved Its light would banish gloom— And let thy smile all sorrow end, As did the lily's bloom."

—A. V. B. in New York Telegram.

History of Transportation

(Copyright, 1911, by Union Pacific Ry. Co.) (Compiled by Charles J. Lane and D. C. Russell for the Union Pacific School of Railroad for Employees.)

(Continued from Yesterday.)

The engine, "Locomotion No. 1," was noble because of the fact that the pistons were linked directly to cranks on the driving wheels, thus doing away with the toothed wheels previously employed. This engine on its first trip hauled a train made up of thirty-four wagons, an aggregate weight of about ninety tons, at an average speed of five miles per hour, and a maximum speed of twelve miles per hour.

Notwithstanding the flattering showing made, this locomotive was employed only to a small extent on the road. It could not compete in economy with horses and was only used to handle a portion of the coal traffic.

Locomotives were in disfavor at the time it became necessary to decide on the kind of motive power to be used on the Liverpool & Manchester railroad. Stephenson, after much persuasion, finally prevailed on the directors to consent to a public trial of locomotives, open to all, for a purse of £500.

On April 25, 1825, the conditions of the trial were published and were as follows: First—The successful engine shall effectually consume its own smoke.

Second—If its weight is six tons, it must be capable of drawing after it, day by day, on a level plane, a train having a gross weight of twenty tons, including tender and water tank, at the rate of ten miles an hour.

Third—The steam pressure must not exceed fifty pounds.

Fourth—There must be two safety valves, one of which must be completely out of the reach or control of the engineer, and neither of which can be fastened down.

Fifth—The engine and boiler must be supported on springs and carried on four wheels, the total height not to exceed fifteen feet.

The trial opened October 1, 1825. Four engines were entered, but only three of them completed. The track on which the competition took place was only one and one-half miles long. Each engine had to traverse this track back and forth ten times, thirty miles in all. On October 14 the prize was awarded to Stephenson's Rocket, the only one of the engines that fulfilled the requirements.

The success of the Rocket in this competition, which is remembered as the "Rainhill trial," silenced further opposition to the use of steam locomotives as the motive power of railroads.

The Rocket had a cylindrical boiler six feet long and three feet in diameter. Extending through the lower half of the boiler were twenty-five copper tubes three inches in diameter; these formed a passage from the firebox to the stack. There was an outside firebox surrounded by a water space. The firebox was three feet deep and the grate was three feet wide and two feet long. The inclined cylinders which were fastened near the rear of the boiler were eight inches in diameter and had a stroke of sixteen and one-half inches. The driving wheels were four feet eight and one-half inches in diameter. Draft was created by passing the exhaust steam from the cylinders into the stack. This engine weighed about four and one-half tons and hauled thirteen tons at a speed of twenty-nine miles an hour.

(To be Continued.)



ONE CHAP COCKEYED DOLLIES FOR A HOOD

one woman who got a great deal of pleasure by collecting postage stamps.

"All the skirts are winners at that collecting game," argues Son, "and take it from me, they get a bunch more fun out of it than the boys who have to give up."

"If any wife can't lift a little change when she goes through hubby's pockets collecting stamps, she's apt to lose her card in the Housewives' union. Married men don't call that kind of work a hobby," emphasizes Son, "they call it graft."

"There are any number of little things a married woman can take up for a hobby," believes Father.

"Carrying up coal for the kitchen range is one very pretty little idea that I have to suggest," Son promptly offers. "That not only takes up her time, but is fine exercise, at the same time keeping hubby's temper in check by saving him from such a sordid toil."

"Wealthy men, of course," Father goes on, "have a much wider choice when it comes to selecting a hobby."

"Right!" agrees Son, "but at the same time even us poor white slaves can always take up that most popular whim of the day."

"I don't think I've heard about that," confesses Father.

"Exercising the goat," concludes Son, as he beats it for Broadway.

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Undoing of Mr. Uplift "Why Not Have a Hobby?" Argued by Father vs. Son.

BY LAFAYETTE PARKS.

"I believe that doctor is right who advises folks to have a hobby if they want to live long," begins Mr. Uplift as his First Born, the autocrat of the Harlem flat, strolls in for the daily verbal hand-out.

"Count me in on that hobby stunt," exclaims young Mr. Uplift, languidly prying a cork tip from his cigarette case as he sinks into the easiest chair.

"He says it takes one's mind away from tell and worry," continues Father.

"Anything that will help a gink sidestep work will certainly get your little Willie's O. K.," approves Son.

"Some folks take up a different line of work outside of business as their hobby," relates Father.

"So I've heard," admits Son. "I read about one chap who crocheted dollies when he didn't have anything else to do. That's my notion of no kind of a hobby to take up for fun. A stunt like that is all right if a fellow is running for office on the anti-suffragette ticket, but outside of that I can't fall for it."

"This doctor tells of a noted musician who collects watches as a fad," goes on Father.

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Fight for the Babies

Babies are not wanted in London flats, and as a result a three-cornered fight is raging in London. It is a fight for existence between flat landlords, parents and babies. The flat landlord says that one howling baby is enough to empty a whole block of flats, and as that means his ruin he declines to permit babies in his flats.

The parent says that he cannot afford to live anywhere except in a flat, therefore his refusal means his extermination as a parent.

And, of course, the baby's main grievance is that under these circumstances his chance of getting born at all is diminishing year by year. For the moment the flat landlord appears to be getting the best of the fight, and the parent bunts the streets for a flat where babies are allowed, and is thankful if he finds one even though the terms of his lease bind him to put down an extra thick felt, lest the neurotic tenant below be disturbed.

and on the understanding that the number of the family be strictly limited.

But this combine between landlord and parent on a basis of compromise unfavorable to the other babies can only be a temporary arrangement and already the babies are putting up such a strong fight that garden cities with small cottages are growing up right and left around the big English towns, and the flat landlord will soon be advertising "family flats."

Dates to Remember.

Paper was first made from linen in 1390. Glass windows were first used for light in 1390.

Weaving of woolen cloth started in England in 1391.

In 1392 lead pipe began to be used for carrying water.

Chimneys became a part of house construction as early as 1393.

Gunpowder was discovered in 1393, and guns were invented in 1393.

Loretta's Looking Glass—Reflects Girl Who Refuses Costly Gifts.

It is hard to refuse a beautiful vanity box with a seductive reason for not doing it in the shape of a monogram in fresh water pearls!

"If I do not take his expensive gifts, some other girl will. I know girls!"

That is what you say to yourself. And you do know girls. Only you confine the application of your knowledge to "other girls."

You carefully refuse to admit that you know yourself.

On an occasion like this, with the vanity box dangling enticingly before you, you do not want to know yourself. You keep up that senseless "other girl" argument, encouraging yourself to accept the gift.

"Most girls say to take all you can get. And I believe it is the right way. Somebody else will get what I do not take. And I might as well have it. Besides, my monogram is on it."

It is done. You take the expensive gift unless—

A second thought comes! How does the

man think, how does he feel about the delicately disguised greediness with which girls snap up his gifts?

If he has time and taste and money you can make up your mind that there is no no particular novelty to him in having his presents taken. Why not give him a new experience in having one refused?

Girls are regular grabbers! They take the flowers that he sends and count the number of roses. Why not offer a little opposition to his generosity? Tell him that you hesitate to accept flowers in bunches.

Ask him to send you a single rose. Let him see that you have sense enough to value the thought that the one flower would indicate more highly than you do the dollars that paid for the dozens.

Instead of deliberately turning yourself into the pen with the "hard" of other girls, select an exclusive piece of your own. Be a class by yourself.

Lots of men have the notion that girls want expensive gifts. And they get the

idea direct from the girls themselves. They make ready to give them costly trophies that indicate their subjugation of a male. And they have a bad habit of being more proud of reducing a rich man to paying toll than a poor one.

They ought to be ashamed of regarding any man's gifts as signs of their power. But they are not! They should have finer feelings than to judge a man's heart by the price of his flowers.

Why not conquer your barbaric love of display? Why not disturb this particular man's belief that he has only to offer a high-priced novelty to have it instantly accepted? Why not refuse the vanity box because it is too expensive?

The thermometer of his appreciation will show its mercury fairly racing upward. And here's a prediction! If you are not already engaged to him—and you are not—believe me just as well decide in which corner of the parlor you would rather have him propose!

The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book



This is the