

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Her Husband's Voice

BY AMERE MAN.

Why Women Are Failures Except in Their Own Sphere.

Springtime may be ringtime for those who have yet to learn the matrimonial lockstep, but to the married it suggests only the planting of gardens.

For some weeks the post graduate Husband had eyed the hired man next door, who was spading the flower beds, remarking dead twice by the wheelbarrow full and in every other way assisting Nature to get ready for her annual spring opening.

As yet nothing had flowered out of doors but the crocuses and the Easter bonnets—and, of course, the latter had been forced under the glass of fashion.

But everybody in Mountville was busy planning to outdo everybody else in the summer tournament of roses, dahlias and the simple garden flowers, which, like the simple virtues, we cultivate mainly because our mothers grew them.

"What shall we put in the marble urns in front of the house?" asked the Amateur Wife, by no means because she had not made up her mind on the subject.

"Red geraniums," promptly answered the Husband, who, when it came to flowers, human or vegetable, had a taste for the obvious.

"I think nasturtiums and pansies would be a great deal prettier—geraniums are so—so well, proletarian," answered His Wife.

"If you had already decided the matter," said the Post Graduate Husband with some asperity, "it was rather unnecessary to consult me. I have no desire to interfere in woman's sphere," he added.

"If you have such ambitious projects I would advise you to employ a landscape gardener," he continued.

"I don't call two 5-cent packages of flower seeds very ambitious," replied His Wife with visible exasperation. "But of course it's too early to plant them, anyhow. I bought the best together—pinks, marigolds, hollyhocks—all the old-fashioned flowers and a lot of things I never even heard the name of. I think it will be such fun to wait for them to come up and wonder all the time what they are going to look like. I bought some bulbs, too—only 2 cents apiece, and I'm going to set them out right away."

"Bulbs?" sniffed the Post Graduate Husband. "You don't expect any bulbs you picked off a bargain counter to grow, do you? It's not one of them that brings its nose out of the ground. Now, I'll bring home some bulbs that are worth planting. Rare specimens from a man who is under some obligation to me."

"You mean a man that owes you money?" inquired His Wife.

"No," snorted Her Husband. "I mean a fellow to whom I gave a couple of right tickets. I tell you they're some of the rarest specimens in the United States."

"The Post Graduate Husband started to walk away, but turned to add: "I am going to plant them myself in one corner of the garden and I don't want you to meddle with them at all. You'll have just as much fun tending your own 5-cent bulbs. You see, my dear," he said explanatorily.

"Was brought up in the country and know all about gardening."

"Yes, I know," His Wife meekly replied.



THAT'S RIGHT, BLAME IT ON THE DOG, SAID THE AMATEUR WIFE.

"If you'll promise not to give me any advice about my garden I won't even breathe in the direction of your's."

The Post Graduate Husband declined to promise, but his scornful glance was quite pledge enough.

Later they set out their precious bulbs. And then the winds came and once in a while the sun shone. Every morning the Amateur Wife rose early and visited the stretch of brown earth in which—for the time at least—she centered her heart and hopes.

The Post Graduate Husband stayed in the house and jeered.

"Why don't you dig them up to see how they are getting along?" he asked airily.

And then one morning a flushed and excited young person burst into the dining room where he lingered over his morning coffee.

"Come, see my bulbs. Oh, please come right away and see them," she called out.

"There's a lot of little green spears shooting out of the ground. I feel like the person that sowed the dragon's teeth and soldiers came up—what was her name, anyhow?"

The Post Graduate Husband rose and followed his wife into the garden, but after one quick glance at the pale green bayonets her bulbs had sent up his eyes strayed to the still bare garden spot he had planted with his own hands.

He was destined to watch it for many days. And then, when His Wife's garden was furnishing flowers for the center table he gazed at his still unquickered flower bed—and found the explanation.

"I must have known there was no use planting with a dog like that around," he exclaimed, gazing at the giddy, self-conscious Woof-Woof. "I'll bet he dug every one of those bulbs up."

"That's right, blame it on the dog," said the Amateur Wife with a queer little smile. "He can't deny it."

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PUDGE PERKINS' PETS

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"THE STRONGER THEY ARE THE BETTER, N'DEAR."

"AND PERKINS, I DON'T SEE HOW YOU CAN STAND THAT PUDGE I'M STRONG ENOUGH TO KNOCK YOU OVER!"

"I DON'T SEE HOW A PIPE COULD KNOCK ANYBODY OVER, WONDER IF HE REALLY MEANT IT."



"GEE, I FEEL FUNNY AN' DIZZY!"

"HE WAS RIGHT ABOUT THE PIPE, I SPECT IN ANOTHER MINIT IT'D 'A KNOCKED ME CLEAR OVER."

"WONDER IF THESE GREENS ARE GOING TO BIT?"

"GIMMINY, PUDGE GOT PA'S PIPE!"



"HONEST, PA, IT WAS THIS STRONG OL' PIPE THAT KNOCKED YOU OVER. 'TWAISNT PUDGE'S FAULT AT ALL."



"WOW!"

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The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book



This is the Day We Celebrate

April 18, 1911.

ARTHUR FRIEDMAN, 2010 North Twentieth Street.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Mabel J. Anderson, 981 North Twenty-fifth Ave.	High	1893
June L. Abrams, 2104 Douglas St.	Central	1897
Emil Anderson, 1910 Webster St.	Webster	1896
Ethel Anderson, 4411 North Thirty-sixth St.	Monmouth Park	1895
Adell Abond, 1314 Pierce St.	Pacific	1906
Lbbie Chool, 2417 South Seventeenth St.	Castellar	1896
Mildred Caughey, 3502 Seward St.	Franklin	1902
Geraldine Conner, 1821 North Twentieth St.	Lake	1904
Madeline Collins, 2335 South Eleventh St.	St. Patrick	1899
Martin D. Davis, 4324 Burdette St.	High	1898
Mary Day, 3843 Franklin St.	High	1895
Mildred Ellis, 612 North Thirtieth St.	Webster	1894
Elsie Fick, 565 South Twenty-eighth St.	Farnam	1899
Thyera Fair, 610 North Twenty-first St.	Farnam	1904
Arthur Friedman, 2010 North Twentieth St.	Lake	1897
Marguerite Greenough, 2002 Manderson St.	High	1894
Borghild Hanson, 4410 Pierce St.	Beals	1903
Carrie J. Hansen, 967 South Fifty-seventh St.	Beals	1898
Toft Hanisemeka, 1903 Buffalo St.	Im. Conception	1897
Dave Holland, 933 North Twenty-fourth St.	Kellom	1896
Walter Halsey, 3720 North Twenty-eighth St.	Lothrop	1897
Alice Johnson, 2720 Parker St.	Long	1905
Clair M. Krocblor, 2311 South Nineteenth St.	High	1894
Josie Kokra, 1707 South Ninth St.	Lincoln	1902
Fannie Koller, 2105 Ohio St.	High	1896
Sam Kroestl, 1446 North Twentieth St.	Kellom	1895
August Lorino, 1111 South Twelfth St.	Pacific	1901
Amos Leach, 1328 North Eighth St.	Cass	1896
Cora McHenry, 2614 Dodge St.	High	1894
Phyllis Marty, 1329 North Nineteenth St.	Kellom	1902
Mildred McFarland, 1916 Lothrop St.	Lothrop	1898
Beryl E. Meaton, 3936 North Twenty-first St.	Saratoga	1903
Russell Mattson, 2616 Leavenworth St.	Mason	1905
Gulle M. Nybbelin, 3124 Lindsay Ave.	Howard Kennedy	1902
Kenneth Norton, 3346 Harney St.	High	1896
Jeannette M. Olson, 1731 South Ninth St.	Lincoln	1903
Douglas E. Peters, 206 South Thirty-second Ave.	Columbian	1897
Ralph R. Root, 2703 North Central Boulevard	Farnam	1896
Bennie Rosenblom, 1955 South Fourteenth St.	Lincoln	1900
Samuel Siegel, 1724 Dorcas St.	Castellar	1900
Lillie Stoller, 1214 North Twenty-second St.	Kellom	1902
Allan Street, 2130 South Thirty-fourth St.	Windsor	1897
Helen L. Thiel, 610 South Thirty-fifth St.	Columbian	1902
Anton Trummer, 3068 South Twenty-eighth Ave.	Vinton	1903
Sammy Theodore, 2230 Poppleton Ave.	Mason	1904
Robert Wakenight, 3401 South Forty-second St.	Windsor	1900
Elvera Wedell, 219 Lincoln Ave.	Train	1903
Madeline Young, 505 South Twenty-sixth Ave.	Farnam	1902

Loretta's Looking Glass—Holds it Up to the Finicky Girl



My dear Loretta: You write as if getting married ought to be a girl's chief ambition. It puts us in an undignified light to have you say that. It makes me feel cheap and uncomfortable to have a woman writer always talking about men and girls as if they had no use for each other except as sentimentalizing allies. Men are too conceited, anyway. You egg them on. I believe in fine friendship between a man and a girl. They do not need to be just "sugar."

"From a Girl You Embarrass." "Sentimentalizing allies!" That is a pretty bad name to call a lover and his lady. But it proves the old rose saying: "What is a name? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Even such an approbrious epithet cannot take one down from the loveliness of those who really love.

"DO believe that getting married is a girl's best ambition. It is the only one which I have been able to discover where nature lends her approval. Every other ambition seems to fight against the strong current of Nature's powerful stream. And let me beg you to spare yourself being embarrassed for me. You need all your embarrassing energy for YOURSELF. What is there to be ashamed of—to blush about, in aspiring to do what is at once nature's intention for you, your largest chance for development, your possibility of greatest usefulness and your opportunity for happiness? You ought to be ashamed to judge

Laws for Painters

Belgium has just drawn up a special code of laws governing painters and the exercise of their craft, which are singularly strict and exhaustive, according to reports.

From the fashion in which the new laws hedge them in with enforced precautions one would think painting the most dangerous trade in the whole catalogue. In the first place no employer of painters may employ a man who drinks alcoholic beverages to the temporary extinction of his logical power, and no intoxicating liquors are to be brought into the vicinity of the workers. Employers are responsible for the care which their men take of their persons.

They must see that every painter washes his hands before eating, suspend the men

Tabloid History of the Presidents

First of all the presidents, George Washington's first term, which began on April 30, 1789, was so auspicious that he was chosen unanimously for a second term by the electors. Washington himself desired to retire to private life, but his contemporaries persuaded him otherwise.

Two of the greatest statesmen of that day, Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton, although they differed widely on many subjects, were at one in this. Jefferson wrote, "The confidence of the country is centered in you. * * * North and south will hang together if you hang on."

And Hamilton's plea is as urgent, "I trust, and I pray God," he wrote, "that you will determine to make a further sacrifice of your tranquillity and happiness to the public good."

Consequently Washington took the oath of office for the second time on March 4, 1793.

The first inauguration took place in New York. Griswold says of the occasion: "In the evening the city was brilliantly illuminated and there was a display of fireworks, under Colonel Bauman, surpassing anything of the kind hitherto seen in New York. Between the Bowling Green and the fort at the foot of Broadway was a large transparent portrait of Washington under a figure of Fortitude, and the senate and house of representatives were exhibited, one on the right, the other on the left, under the forms of Justice and Wisdom."

William Maclay, senator from Pennsylvania, said of him, "The president's amiable deportment, however, smooths and sweetens everything." Count Moustier, the French minister, wrote to his government, "The opinion of General Washington is of such weight that it alone contributed more than any other measure to cause the present constitution to be adopted."

In March, 1797, Washington attended his successor's inauguration and retired to his country place at Mount Vernon to resume the life of a country gentleman of Virginia. In a little more than two years after he passed away, and tributes to the memory of the great soldier and statesman have been such as no other historical character has commanded.

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THE FIRST PRESIDENT

Ways of a Wise Woman With Man

"What I don't understand," remarked the Wise Wife, "is why women aren't good enough diplomats to shift the responsibility of decision to the men's shoulders. Men just adore being big and strong and masterly, and it is so much easier and more profitable to pat their little bump of self-importance and play the clinging vine to their role of sturdy oak. Of course, it is only play-acting, for every really clever woman has her way in the end."

"Ever since Father Adam was given precedence of birth, whether by accident or design, Eve has been standing about, figuratively trembling with fear when the Master made known His pleasure. A lot of Eve's gained their wishes by wheedling, by cajoling, even by tears. Then some wise women, who would have shown to advantage in the diplomatic service or as a field secretary in a large department, discovered that suggestion, with the responsibility of thought shifted, was the best sort of little vice."

"I don't believe for a minute that when Cleopatra plied for a new kingdom she commanded Antony to go out and win it for her, she probably remarked that laurel

A TRIP TO MARS



History of Transportation

(Copyright, 1911, by Union Pacific Ry. Co.) (Compiled by Charles J. Lane and D. C. Buell for the Union Pacific School of Railroad Engineering.) (Continued from Yesterday.)

The first rail roadway, constructed in 1802, consisted of nothing more than crude supports on which timber stringers were laid, the stringers being grooved to hold and guide the wheels of carts passing over them. Later the track was made more serviceable by pegging the wooden stringers or rails to cross-ties placed some distance apart, and placing on the rails a facing of strips of hard wood where the weight of the cart wheels came. The grooves for guiding the cart wheels were soon transferred from the center to the sides of the rails and formed what were known as "strap rails."

The next development was the "strap rail," introduced about 1785. This was a slender strip of iron about three-quarters of an inch in thickness, pegged down to the wooden stringers in such a position as to receive the weight of the rolling wheels. Although strap rails were very unsatisfactory, they were, nevertheless, in quite general use as late as 1820. The principal difficulty with strap rails was that no satisfactory means was ever devised to keep them securely fastened to the wooden stringers or ties. The weight of the rolling stock would loosen them at the joints and the rails would spring up, forming what were called "snake heads." Usually a

trackman had to follow each train to fasten down these snake heads. High speed was dangerous on such track.

Cast iron rails came into use about 1797. The first rails of this kind were made by the Colebrookdale iron works and were used at the Duke of Norfolk's collieries near Sheffield, England. These cast iron rails took the place of the wooden stringers previously used. They were usually three feet long, four inches wide at the top and three inches high. They were later cast with a ridge or shoulder along the edge, making them similar to the step rail.

In 1798 the most important development recorded up to that time was introduced by William Jessop, who transferred the flange which guided the wheels from the rail to the wheel itself, a principle that endures to the present day. Jessop's rails were of cast iron and had a smooth level top about one and three-quarter inches wide, carried by a thin "fish-belly" web. These rails were at first bolted or pinned direct to the ties, but were later supported by "chairs," which were fastened to the ties.

(To be Continued.)

Did Not Boast. "This village boasts of a choral society, doesn't it?" asked a rambler in the country. "No," the resident addressed; "we don't boast about it—we endure it with resignation!"