

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Her Husband's Voice A Mountain Tragedy with an Accompaniment of Hysterics.

The Pearl of Piedmont has graced her mountain setting for a week in that every delicacy known to an Italian d'hotie had appeared in ravishing succession on the table of the Amateur Wife.

The Post Graduate Husband was entranced. Many have automobiles and a goodly number enjoy season boxes at the opera, but upon the fingers of two hands may be numbered those persons in any community who possess anything worthy to be called a cook.

The Amateur Wife had found her after a series of experiences with native talent too disheartening to relate. She was born in Italy and spoke only Italian.

Once the Post Graduate Husband had tasted of her choice and highly flavored dinners he brushed up his Italian geography and christened her the "Pearl of Piedmont."

The Pearl, like every other jewel, was not without a flaw. The flaw in her case was a certain irresponsibility toward Wood-Woof, the Angel Colic.

Though the Amateur Wife had explained upon the Pearl's arrival, that Wood-Woof must never be permitted to leave the house unaccompanied and that his disposition to run away was equalled only by a drop of quicksilver on an inclined plane, the Sportive Colic had several times made his escape.

The Post Graduate Husband, detecting Wood-Woof as he was sneaking out the back gate, had given chase and on his return had asked His Wife to explain her handmaiden's carelessness.

The Pearl loved to explain! After cooking explanations were her greatest talent!

"Ah, madame, what would you?" she had volubly ejaculated. "How could I know, the dog was going out? I was on the very point of turning the omelette!"

The dog's increasing wanderlust and the wife's facile explanations, sowed the seeds of distrust in the breast of the Amateur Wife.

And one afternoon as she journeyed from New York in the company of the Post Graduate Husband a dull, depressing silence fell upon her.

"Something has happened to my Wood-Woof," she announced with sombre fatalism. "I have been worrying about him all day."

"Nonsense!" declared Her Husband with far more certainty than he felt. "Nonsense!" he repeated as he turned the latch key and they entered the dimly lighted and dogless hall.

The place usually contained a wildly welcoming Wood-Woof, and in a moment the Amateur Wife had sprung to the pantry door.

"Marie!" she called in her shrillest and most accusing accents, "where is my dog? What have you done with my Wood-Woof?"

"If you please, madam," began the Pearl. "Oh, madam, if you please!" And suddenly she dissolved into wild hysterics. "The dog has gone! No sooner were you out of the house than he ran out of the kitchen door and disappeared! I was just turning a skillet for my luncheon when—"

"Here the banging of the pantry door curbed her plaint.

"She has let my doggy run away!" the Amateur Wife explained tragically. "He's been gone for hours! Oh, my little Wood-Woof! What shall I do?"

And then she, too, melted into hysterics and tears.

The face of the Post Graduate Husband set in its sternest mask.

"Tell her she won't do! Tell her to go back to Italy! Tell her I fire her!" he thundered.

His Wife shook her drooping head. Being a practical young person she did not purpose to lose her cook merely because she had lost her colic.

"How can I fire her when I've asked people to dinner tomorrow?" she inquired.

"Slam at the Bride"

They were very young and very happy, and very foolish, and very newly wed. And they kept a kitchen garden.

"Angelina, darling," said the youthful husband, "as I was passing through the garden I saw some asparagus ready for cooking. Perhaps you'd like to go and gather the first fruit of the season yourself?"

She would love to, but she wasn't expert in horticulture and didn't want to "let on." If she went alone she might commit some serious blunder.

"I tell you, what, Edwin," exclaimed the girl-wife enthusiastically, "we'll go together. You shall pluck it and I will hold the ladder!"—Answers.

History of Transportation

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

(Continued from Yesterday.)

The last report of the Interstate Commerce Commission gives the following information in regard to the equipment of the railroads of the United States:

Passenger locomotives..... 13,306
Freight and switch locomotives..... 44,693
Passenger cars..... 45,292
Freight cars (exclusive of private concerns)..... 2,100,784
Locomotives per 100 miles of line..... 2.86
Average number of cars per 100 miles of line..... 5,980

The railroads are employing, it is estimated, as many as 1,500,000 men and women, principal among whom are 270,000 trainmen and 178,000 stationmen and helpers. The total of all employees being 465 per 100 miles.

Three hundred and sixty-eight railroad companies in the United States are paying out more than \$1,000,000,000 annually in wages, about 42 per cent of their gross revenue.

During the fiscal year 1907-1908, 1,522,982,730 tons of freight were handled. The tons carried one mile amounted to 215,351,544,802 ton miles.* The number of tons of freight carried one mile, per mile of road, was 974.84 such ton-miles. Each ton of freight handled moved 343 miles on the year's average. The average number of cars per freight train was 25.1. The average tons per train was 288. Our estimate of the tons of freight carried during the fiscal year 1908-1910 is 1,600,000,000.

The number of passengers carried by all the railroads in our country in 1908-1909 was 84,295,367.

The freight earnings of the carriers reporting to the Interstate Commerce Commission during the fiscal year of 1908-1909 were \$1,622,310,000, or \$71,222.75 per mile.



WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH WOOD-WOOF?

"Wait till the dinner's over. Besides, I don't know the Italian word for 'fire.' But I must have my Wood-Woof back—telephone to the police and send advertisements to the newspapers! Oh, just suppose somebody has stolen him! Or maybe he has eloped; yes, I'll bet some designing creature has lured him away from home!"

The Post Graduate Husband smiled grimly.

"Why do you want to get back such a worthless cur—such an ungrateful, miserable pup? Don't be silly over a mutt like that!"

But the Amateur Wife merely continued to sob out her grief for the wandering Wood-Woof.

"I hope he never comes back!" exclaimed the Post Graduate Husband viciously.

Then, as she continued, he added: "I'm going out! Don't wait up for me! Perhaps I can find him!"

And he went dinnerless out into the night. (Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

Loretta's Looking Glass—Held Up to the Wife With Money

I wonder why it is that the woman with money turns nasty when the whiffs in the matrimonial lute begin to sound. It happens so frequently that a good many sensible men hesitate about marrying girls who have means of their own.

You do not hesitate to make it very clear that your new home was built "with my money." You never think far enough ahead, when you emphasize the fact that "your money" pays for a good many of the luxuries of your menage, to see that you are offering a good big boost to the conclusion jumpers.

You make it easy for them to think that "your husband does not make a living." As a matter of fact, he may be making a very good income. Not enough, of course, to have the kind of house you have built.

Not perhaps enough to dress the children and yourself as you are dressed. But you always explain that "your money" pays for your own and the children's clothes.

Naturally, a man who neither houses nor clothes his family can be accused of not making their livings. But you could live, and you would live, if you had no money of your own, on his income. And it is the decent thing for you to do, if you cannot spend your own money without telling about it in such a way as to discredit him.

He begins to feel like a pensioner in "your house." When you go out together, you in Paris frocks that he could not afford to give you, he has none of the deep satisfaction of seeing you in the costume he has provided. And men do like to be the providers for those they love. It makes me boil internally to see how frequently their self-sacrifice in the treadmill of business to give their families comfort and luxury is underestimated.

"Your own money" invests you, in your own mind, with an independence which verges on license. You have the newly

rich spirit which refuses to bend or bow simply because it overestimates the power of the dollar. In the differences that will come, you fling up your head and intimate that you can do as you please since you can pay for the privilege.

If your husband wants the children to go to the public schools because he believes them the right educational machines to turn out good Americans, you insist upon a fashionable private school "because you can pay for it yourself."

The dollar spirit possesses you. You dominate everything with it. You consider yourself and are considered by women who have no money of their own a person to be envied. But you are not. You kill the love spirit in your home. You embitter your husband, who cannot but sense the fact that he is underestimated as much as your money is overvalued.

If I were a man, I would not marry you if you were the only woman left and I was wild with loneliness and longing. You regard marriage as a partnership as long as the money is being made by the husband. But you make it a kind of monopoly of privileges and power when you happen to have the most money. Without the least compunction you tumble the household gods in the dust and enthroned the golden calf.

Served Him Right.

A large and pompous person, wearing a high hat, a long coat, yellow spats and a congenial sneer walked over to the car porter and said:

"Here, you; I am going to quit this town and I want you to buy me two seats in a parlor car and meet me at the station with the tickets. I want one to sit in and one to put my feet in."

The tickets were delivered at the train just before it pulled out. One of the seats was in car No. 2, and the other was located in car No. 4.

Horse and Horse.

"Look here, sis, I've been standing before this window twenty-five minutes!" said the fraze woman.

The agent, a gray, withered little man, answered gently:

"Ah, madam, I've been standing behind it twenty-five years."—Boston Herald.

LITTLE SERMON FOR THE WEEK END

The Power of Love.

John 21: Keep yourselves in the love of God. A no greater power on earth than love to influence human lives. For this reason the influence of Christ over men is greater than that of any other person. He stands alone, the one personality known to the race, who was the perfect embodiment of love. He loved the whole world and proved his love during his lifetime as he went about doing good and in his death, according to the statement, God commended his love toward us in this: That while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. His kingdom was founded on love, not force. Most people think of Napoleon as one of the strongest personalities in history, but Napoleon recognized before his death, that the power of Christ was infinitely greater than his because of His love for the human race. This convinced him that Christ was divine and that His kingdom was everlasting and would subdue all other kingdoms.

Jesus wept over Jerusalem when he saw their degraded condition and longed to help them. He said: "All power is given unto me," but he did not call a legion of angels which was at his command. He did not take the sword. God is love. He expressed to them and to the whole world sympathy and love. Here is the secret of power for lifting up the fallen, for the betterment of social conditions, for the solution of labor problems, political problems, business problems and for the maintenance of universal peace between all nations. Here is the secret of power for saving men, women and children to better lives.

A boy conquered by love. A friend of mine appealed to the authorities to turn over a reformatory to him and allow him to empty the institution and to place the 125 boys from it in good family homes. Many of the officials said to do this would be to flood the country with criminals, and the proposition was at first rejected, but one year later it was accepted, and he went to take charge of the boys. He began the power of love and sympathy to



Rev. A. W. Clark, Superintendent of Child's Saving Institute.

conquer the hardest hearts. The boys were brought in separately and many of them came with sullen countenance and defiant manner; they ended in tears and with a mighty purpose gripping their lives. The warden told him that one big boy of 13 years was locked up in a basement cell. "No use talking to him," the warden said. "He is the worst tempered fellow we ever had—would stick a knife into you as quick as look at you." The penitentiary is the place for him. My friend stopped all proceeding and murmured to himself: "What an opportunity to test the power of love!" He offered an earnest prayer and turning round said: "Warden, if I can't influence that fellow for good, I'll give up the whole job." The warden led the way to the dark cellar, and there was, gleaming behind the bars, the ferocious face of the boy criminal. The cell door was unlocked and the warden went upstairs. A little later he came back and saw the boy sitting in the corner of the dark passageway,

crying like a child. He was conquered by love and sympathy. My friend got him a position. He made good. Five years later he visited the city where the young man had made such a good record and upon reaching him the young man pointed with pride to his place of business and said: "I own all this, and that fellow over there works for me." Had the old methods of force been employed in this case the young man would be found in some penitentiary for life. Only six of those 125 boys have been locked up since that time and these were temporary.

Love is a silent force easily perceived. You need not announce it. If you have kindness and love in your heart toward others they perceive it. Children seem to apprehend it more quickly than older ones and it is sometimes wonderful how it inspires confidence and grips the life of a child for good. Some time ago a boy was committed to a reform school as "utterly incorrigible." An officer was sent from the reformatory to get him. Two constables were detailed to deliver the boy at the station. To their astonishment a young lady, dainty and delicate in appearance, stepped up and said: "Is this my boy?" Alton T. Anderson, 2506 South Fortieth St., spoke to the boy a few words. Her look and tone of voice revealed to him her heart of love. She said: "Can I trust you?" "Yes," She handed him the money for a ticket. He took her valise, and as they walked to the train the two officers were seen shaking their heads. They could not understand it. The boy's life was completely changed from that hour. Children appreciate kindness and are easily influenced by it. What a thrill it gives a child to be trusted by those who love them! The same is true of older people. A noted river thief in New York when he was down and out and no place to sleep at night, went into the Jerry McAuley mission and told them that he had decided to change his life and become a Christian. He was asked to serve as watchman that night, the regular watchman being sick, and was requested to take the watch. The superintendent, at 4 o'clock the next morning, to take a train. Mr. Hadley retired and a little later came a knock at his door. When opened there stood the river thief, who told him the clock was out of order and he had no means of knowing the time to call him next morning. Mr. Hadley handed him his big gold watch. The man stood for nearly a minute, tears came to his eyes and he said: "You know my reputation; you do not mean to trust that watch with me." "Certainly, you told us you intended to live a better life," Mr. Hadley called for his train. The river thief for years past has been one of the most successful mission workers in New York City. Somehow, when you really love people you go a long way in trusting them.

"Keep yourselves in the love of God." Keep yourselves in the spirit of God's love toward men. You can then love everyone. Only the Christian can really love his enemies. Those who are in the love of God are conscious of power over the lives of others to do them good. The world is growing better. There is more of human kindness and love in the world than ever before. The spirit of gentleness, of forgiveness, of love is increasing everywhere. This is the spirit of Christ and His kingdom of love is conquering selfishness in business, in politics, in social life. God hasten the day when His blessed kingdom shall be universal! God help us as individuals to learn the secret of the power of love and then to exercise it for the elevation of our fellow men and to make the world better and brighter!

The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book



This is the Day We Celebrate

April 22, 1911.



MALCOLM TURNQUIST, 309 North Twenty-third Street.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Mabel K. Anders, 5090 North Thirty-third Ave.	Monmouth Park	1896
Henry Anderson, 2910 North Twenty-sixth St.	Lothrop	1904
Nellie Abramovitz, 2212 South Thirtieth St.	Lincoln	1899
Alton T. Anderson, 2506 South Fortieth St.	Windsor	1905
John T. Branton, 3520 Blondo St.	Franklin	1903
Gertrude Boenman, 1738 South Seventeenth St.	St. Joseph	1897
Ethel Bredin, 3435 Patrick Ave.	Franklin	1904
Cathryn Crocker, 1117 South Thirty-second St.	High	1895
Ruth Coglier, 1817 North Seventeenth St.	Saratoga	1893
Phillip Czaplens, 2530 South Twenty-sixth St.	Im. Conception	1904
Katherine Collet, 2112 South Fourth St.	Train	1905
Charlie Drago, 2520 Charles St.	High	1896
Ethel L. Davey, 3902 North Twenty-seventh St.	Lothrop	1897
Lee Dodson, 3115 Burdette St.	Central	1900
Marjorie Dunn, 1141 Park Ave.	Park	1905
Mable Elkins, 1625 North Twenty-second St.	Kellom	1903
Francis Hammond, 2004 Nicholas St.	Holy Family	1905
Chester N. Hess, 3305 Poppleton Ave.	Park	1900
Talbot C. Hogarth, 1921 South Tenth St.	Pacific	1896
Eugenia Inda, 2313 South Twenty-seventh St.	Dupont	1899
Anna Jorgenson, 2427 South Twentieth St.	Castellar	1894
Sahra V. Kjeldsen, 3709 South Thirtieth St.	Edward Rosewater	1903
Charles Kuapp, 1511 North Eighteenth St.	Holy Family	1905
Alice Kiewit, 2567 Marcy St.	Mason	1905
Ingus F. Lightel, 3464 Ames Ave.	Monmouth Park	1896
Walter H. Lycke, 3316 Hamilton St.	High	1892
Carl Lumry, 4735 North Thirty-ninth St.	High	1892
Bessie Mikkelsen, 1531 Spencer St.	Lothrop	1897
Margaret P. Mann, 5122 North Forty-first St.	Central Park	1904
Beatrice McGowan, 2414 South Twenty-ninth St.	Dupont	1900
Fredman Mancuso, 1024 South Twenty-first St.	Leavenworth	1901
John Marchetti, 1120 South Ninth St.	Pacific	1903
William Peterson, 3022 Franklin St.	Long	1899
Florence Praivit, 2703 Camden Ave.	Miller Park	1900
Verla L. Pine, 4303 Grant St.	Clifton Hill	1905
Allice Robinson, 4719 North Fifteenth St.	Central Park	1903
Gertrude Rosenberg, 708 North Thirtieth St.	Webster	1899
Will P. Roo, 1522 South Fifth St.	High	1892
Georgianna Steel, 2504 Pierce St.	Mason	1901
George St. Clair, 2113 Castellar St.	Castellar	1899
Walter Sebron, 1407 South Fourth St.	Train	1902
Malcolm Turnquist, 309 North Twenty-third St.	Central	1903
Lillie Thuren, 4111 South Twenty-fifth Ave.	Mason	1903
William Walsh, 411 North Fifteenth St.	Holy Family	1897
Elmer Wengal, 211 Walnut St.	Train	1901
Lawrence Withrow, 3313 Dewey Ave.	Farnam	1903
George Wiese, 2422 South Nineteenth St.	St. Joseph	1904
Floyd Wilson, 3401 South Forty-second St.	Windsor	1900
William H. Walsh, 411 North Fifteenth St.	Cass	1897

Tabloid History of the Presidents

James Monroe, fifth president of the United States, like all his predecessors save the New Englander, John Adams, was a Virginian. He was a student at the college of William and Mary when the revolutionary war began, and he, with about thirty fellow students and three members of the faculty, joined the patriot forces.

It was during this war that he won the friendship of Jefferson and began the intimacy which lasted through life and started Monroe on his early advancement and ultimate success. With Jefferson and Livingston he was the representative of the United States at the Louisiana purchase, of which Livingston said: "We have lived long, but this is the noblest work of our lives."

He held two places in Madison's cabinet, whom he succeeded as president in 1817 at the age of 58. His administration commenced under favorable circumstances. The war with Great Britain was over, the country was at peace with all foreign powers and American commerce sailed on every sea.

The country was growing. Illinois, which up to 1809 was a part of the Northwest territory and until 1809 formed, with Indiana, the Indiana territory, and subsequently became a state in 1818. Alabama was admitted in 1819 and Maine, which until then had been a district of Massachusetts, was admitted in 1820.

James Monroe served through two administrations, of which the principal events were the Missouri compromise and the Monroe doctrine. A bitter controversy pre-



JAMES MONROE

ceded the admission of Missouri into the union. The northern states opposed his entrance as a slave state, while the southern states favored such admission.

In 1820 the bill known as the Missouri compromise was passed, by which it was declared that, with the exception of Missouri, slavery should be prohibited north of the parallel 36 deg. 30 min. and west of the Mississippi. Under the compromise, and with a constitution permitting slavery, Missouri became a state in 1821.

In his annual message of 1823 Monroe declared that the American continents "were henceforth not to be considered as subject to future colonization by any European power." This is the famous Monroe doctrine. (Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

Some Silhouettes of the Sidewalk

When the P. M. hours begin, And the shadows lengthen, 'Round the base ball bulletin 'The crowds begin to strengthen. Bankers, brokers, errand boys, Find a common reason For sharing democratic joys In the base ball season. Good old greeting start once more, Now that spring's beginning.

"How's the game?" "Say, what's the score?" "Are the Phillies winning?" "Say, head, don't this sambree set your fingers itching?" "Who's ahead?" "The Giants!" "Geet! Guess Bug Raymond's pitching!"

"What! the Phillies won?" "They'd lose if the Yanks were playing!" "Aw, you're crazy—full o' booze!" "I don't know what you're saying!" "I'd put money on that game!" "If I was only richer!" "Well, you'd lose it just the same." "Count o' that bum pitcher!"

"What, three runs! I'll bet a hat That some old goll-basted Umpire is to blame for that!" "Well, this game has lasted Long enough for all the fans Roasting on the benches To grow up into Also Raps Or qualify as preachers!"

"There's the last! The game is done! Four to three the score is! Hip, hurrah! Our team has won!" Hear the mighty chorus, Cheer and jeer and hoot and shout, Jubilation, sorrow, As they melt away. No doubt They'll all come back tomorrow! (Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)



MRS. SAVE-A-CENT

