



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



One More Boost for Kansas

To live happily with one husband has proved difficult enough to many women, but to live happily with a new and an ex-husband at the same time would seem beyond the power of any woman. Yet this is just what Mrs. W. A. Wilson of Wichita, Kan., is doing successfully, according to press reports. She makes her home with her second husband, while her first one, A. W. Luce, with fatherly interest dwells with the new-laws in the house which he owns. And the new husband is in his employ! It is a strange situation—the three of them under the same roof, happy and content, the young bride and her young husband anticipating every wish of the elderly ex-husband who acts as father and adviser to them both.

It was only a few years ago that Mrs. Wilson, then Anna Krohl, pretty, heart-whole and fancy-free met Mr. Luce, a successful business man and a bachelor, many years her senior. Later she met Wilson and they fell in love. She told Luce the truth.

"You may have your freedom," he said when he had solved his own problem.

So divorce proceedings were carried through and Mr. Luce made his wife a fine allowance. In due time she became Mrs. Wilson, but there was one fly in the amber of the young wife's love—her former husband who has been so kind to her. He was her father-in-law, the autumn of his days? Was he cared for? Mrs. Wilson told her new husband of Mr. Luce's many kindnesses and of her fears for his comfort.

"Let us ask Mr. Luce out here to live

with us," asked the bride, "so that I may care for him?"

The new husband consented. A letter was written and the answer came back promptly. Yes, Mr. Luce would be glad to make his home for the rest of his life with the Wilsons. A few days later and he was back under the same roof with his wife of other days.

Everything went famously until suddenly the young couple found out that their marriage was not legal—they had been married before the six months had elapsed after the final decree. So to make their status perfectly within the law, they were married again in January at Newton, Kan., the former home of the bridegroom. Now everything goes as merrily as the typical wedding bell. And happiest of all is Mr. Luce.

"Why," said he, "I want them to stay with me for the rest of my days. I shouldn't feel really happy without them. I know perfectly well that I made a mistake in persuading her to marry me; there was far too much disparity in our ages. Now I am trying to make amends the best way I know how."

"Mr. Luce," she said, with a smile of affection, "is the very best friend we have in all the world. Of course, we shall care for him as long as he lives. Nobody could have been kinder to my husband or myself, and we both have the highest regard for him. We owe him every care and attention that we can possibly give."

Bachelor on the Claim

Am enclosing money order to renew subscription, and if you don't see that I get the paper regularly I'll kick you in the shins first, chance I get.

Have now put in almost six months out in the open doorway of South Dakota, and am getting along fine. The other eight months will not be long going by, and then am going to treat myself to a visit in old Omaha, which looks better in my mind's eye every day I stay away. You ought to see me with three pairs of trousers on, one long pair, one that goes half way down my shanks and the third just reaches to the knees. That's my outfitting dress, which is do rigour every day except when I go to church. In that rig, with a sweater and a Scotch cap, I feel like 21. The expense will be worth the money, and what I have learned about frogs in getting my pond started will get me the money back. Frogs aren't as much worry as chickens, and pretty soon the spring crop of tadpoles will be swimming and feeding fine. They never get the pils. I understand, never refuse to "eat" and don't moult after they shed their tails.

Went to church last Sunday; drove four miles to a school house where the services were held. After listening a while, wondered if I had forgotten the Bible language, as I couldn't quite connect. Then a man told me the preaching was in Norwegian, so I settled down to enjoy a new experience. It was a fine day, and every

word was full of the faces of those who couldn't get inside, and all hands were in mighty earnest mood. The singing was powerful, but had to let my fine voice rest.

After church drove home with a Norwegian settler who is married, and had yellow legs and dumplings. Finest I ever tasted, and had to restrain my enthusiasm with the knife and fork. That's one advantage a married man has; he can eat better than a bachelor, but when it comes to buying shoe leather and things the lone person is resting easy. At plowing and stunts on the farm, though, the boys in that other house make things easy for the old man.

That girl I wrote about, on a claim eleven miles away, is still single. Says she hasn't time to get married, and yet we know she isn't altogether a literary person, because she can cook a mighty good meal. She says she is going to get a boy and train him up in her way before she ever marries; so, like every bachelor in this section I am not extra happy. She surely does "kid" the boys, and has them all going sideways when she's around. Looks as if she never could be lonely, and seems to know it. Lots of times her stock is found and brought home when it wasn't lost, and holding down a claim is not spilling her looks at all. Am learning to talk Norwegian, Solongosmo.

ISAAC, Ash Creek Line.

Would Have Law Solve Servant Problem

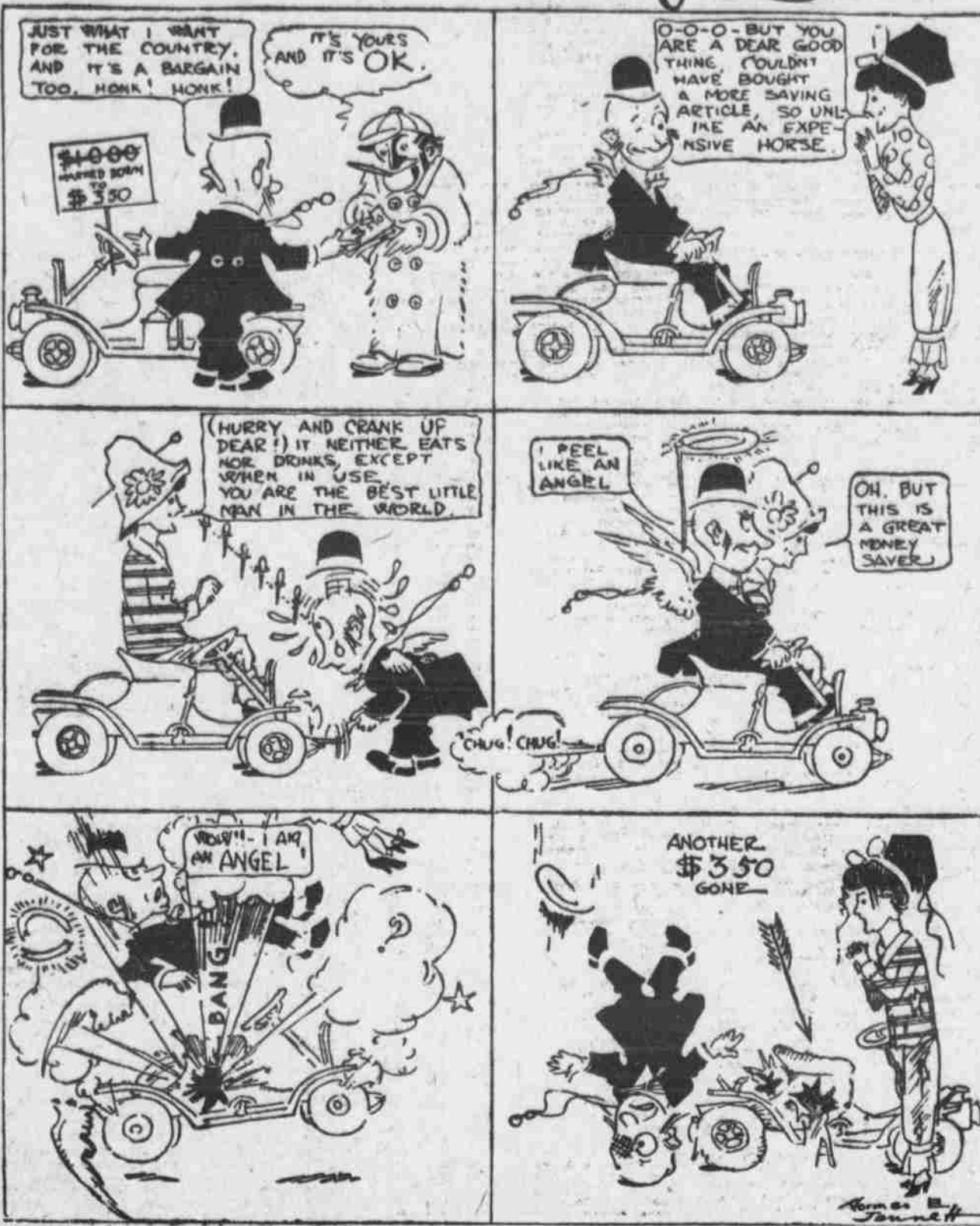
The domestic servant problem is growing serious for the simple reason that it monopolizes half the energy of the women who employ servants and three-quarters of the time of those who do not, writes Mrs. Havestock Ellis in the London Mail. No legislative body has seriously tackled the subject, because it seems insoluble either from the idealistic or the realistic standpoint. Law, however, is always a good stepping-stone to an ideal. The moment the legislature interferes in this matter of domestic service and removes it, by so doing, from an unskilled haphazard occupation to a high calling, our troubles will minimize in the region of domesticity, says Mrs. Ellis, and then continues:

"The old-fashioned woman, proud of her drudgery in the home, and the old-fashioned wife, absorbed in domestic organization and the comfort of her husband and children, are now becoming rare. The servant of the house is in her way, and the artist and delighted in the routine of her

work, which resulted in keeping a home clean and beautiful. Housework was to her what color and brushes are to the painter—a medium for an expression of loveliness. Her successor has only the worst faults of the artisan and none of the virtues of the artist. The pitiable mixture of vulgar sensuality and hopeless incapacity of the ordinary "general" is conclusive proof of our dilemma in this matter. The tyranny, dogmatism and insufferable self-sufficiency of the trained servants are equally insupportable. Both spend much time and energy in guarding their rights and evading their duties. What survives of the old-world mistress, who held sway over the old-fashioned servant is a club devotee, or a frankly dissatisfied woman who longs for a home and for the love which encompasses it.

The lead mines of Cumberland and Derbyshire yield about 15,000 tons of lead per annum.

MRS. SAVE-A-CENT



Modern Tests for Men and Women

Whenever a group of women calamity cryers get together over a cup of tea and a slice of lemon and start in to bemoan the absence of courage, chivalry and the rest of the knightly attributes, it is a sure sign that their capacity for observation is out on the bias. In nine cases out of every ten the women in question have been so busy looking for the polished armour and the helmets with the waving plumes that they haven't found time to learn the heart beneath.

Armours and plumes have gone out of fashion along with lances and caparisoned horses, but the quality of real courage remains the same yesterday, today and tomorrow. Instead of waxing with the advance of civilization and its complicated social system, chivalry has kept the pace, and the truly sympathetic woman recognizes it whether it is clad in overall, a motorman's uniform or a plain business suit.

"What about the tired workman who gave you his seat on the car last evening?" was the question to one complainant.

"Oh, that was just ordinary courtesy," she explained glibly.

"Yes, and there weren't any great crowds there to applaud or any medals or any of the trappings of knightdom either, were there?" added the first woman.

"Playing to the galleries and standing on two tired feet are two widely separated tests of chivalry, but I can't see where one has anything on the other, unless it

be in favor of the tired feet." "Why isn't your boy in school?" a social settlement worker inquired of a busy mother. "He's only 11 years old and should be at his books."

"Yes, ma'am, he should, agreed the mother across the buttonholes her flying fingers were fashioning. "But, you see, there are six of us, my man was killed, and Jimmie had to go out and help make a living for the little ones."

While she was talking Jimmie came in.

"Class in geography, stand up. What is latitude?"

"It is the allowance to be given to the professions of friendship made by a political candidate."

"Right. What is longitude?" "Longitude is the imaginary line which divides the platforms of the two great political parties."

"What is the equator?" "I guess it's modern politics."

"Because it's the scener of the earth." Buffalo Commercial.

Buying a Suit. "If madame will pardon me, this suit does not match her complexion as well as the other."

"The suit is allright. I want it to match a bull pup." Louisville Courier-Journal.

He was whistling the tune the street piano on the next block just ground out, swinging a big tin dinner bucket in his small, grimy hand. It was pay night. Up he marched, laying the envelope containing the equivalent of his week's labor in mother's lap.

If that isn't courage, the word has lost its meaning. Neither is it any the less real because it was done in a small parcel. The courage that counts is not a matter of form, but of principle and works independent of clothes.

Every day the papers tell of a man who has jumped in front of a train to save a child; has forced his way through a wall of smoke and flame to save a woman trapped in a burning house. It only takes some tremendous calamity to bring to the front a score of heroes who brave anything, who defy danger and laugh at death because courage bids them dare and do.

One man rudely pushing his way into a crowded elevator or running away when hunger pinches his children rather than fight does not make a world of cads any more than one swallow makes a summer.

Weighing in the balance the heart break, the pressure at which men work and live today, the ranks of modern knightly cryers are merely women who want to escape their share of life's responsibilities.

Help yourself now and then. It won't hurt you.

THE BEE'S JUNIOR BIRTHDAY BOOK This is the Day We Celebrate



OLE LORENTZEN, 1111 Ontario Street.

MARGARET KUEHN, 2514 Marcy Street.

WEDNESDAY,

May 3, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Stella Brewster, 4723 North Thirty-ninth St.	Central Park	1898
Mary Birdsall, 2705 South Fourteenth St.	Bancroft	1904
Virginia S. Brillhart, 1001 Park Ave.	Park	1904
Ernest Brown, 1814 North Twenty-sixth St.	Long	1897
Carolyn Chapman, 2626 Pratt St.	Lothrop	1899
Kenneth R. Copley, 911 North Twenty-third St.	Franklin	1903
Jemmeren Edwards, 4415 North Twenty-eighth Ave.	Saratoga	1901
Gertrude Eastman, 3030 Cass St.	Webster	1905
Alex O. Ebbesen, 4008 North Twenty-sixth St.	Saratoga	1901
Carla Fischer, 2207 Military Ave.	Clifton Hill	1903
Fern Furrey, 4704 North Twenty-eighth St.	Saratoga	1904
Lottie Giventer, 2005 North Twentieth St.	Kellom	1904
Mary Griger, 412 Pierce St.	Pacific	1899
John Griger, 412 Pierce St.	Pacific	1898
Wilhelmina Hansen, 2029 Lincoln Ave.	Castellar	1901
Alice Hall, 1608 Maple St.	Lake	1902
Edna Harris, 2924 Valley St.	Windsor	1904
Marie Juneck, 1613 Frederick St.	Castellar	1903
Hemolin Jones, 1817 Capitol Ave.	Central	1896
Margaret Kuehn, 2514 Marcy St.	Mason	1897
Edward Kunkel, 2825 Charles St.	Long	1899
Bessie Kohen, 1528 Charles St.	Long	1894
Dewey McGuire, 3920 Arbor St.	Beals	1898
Sadie Marcus, Thirteenth and Boulevard.	Bancroft	1903
Clara McAdams, 1314 South Thirty-fifth St.	Park	1900
Lawrence Miller, 5102 Grover St.	Beals	1896
Dorothy Mitchell, 1301 South Thirty-first St.	Lake	1905
May Miller, 1614 Maple St.	Lake	1903
Horace Meredith, 2424 Hamilton St.	Kellom	1895
Edward Carl Rann, 1909 California St.	Sherman	1902
Ernestine Robertson, 3714 Spalding St.	Cass	1898
Donald E. Roush, 4720 North Twenty-fourth St.	Druid Hill	1905
Dorothy E. Rich, 3918 North Twenty-third St.	Saratoga	1904
Kathryn Szulzer, 3024 Pacific St.	Lothrop	1903
Ole Sorenzen, 1711 Ontario St.	Saunders	1899
Georgia Tuma, 2420 South Twenty-third St.	Vinton	1901
Leonard Thiessen, 2528 Blondo St.	Castellar	1901
Max Tennebaum, 1441 South Sixteenth St.	Long	1902
May Uhlcamp, 2816 Manderson St.	Comenius	1903
Hazel Updike, 3614 Jackson St.	Lothrop	1900
Clarence Vomberg, 4109 Corby St.	Columbian	1898
Ruth Wright, 3638 South Twentieth St.	Clifton Hill	1905
	Vinton	1901

Story of an Elephant

In every large circus where the animals and trainers and performers travel and work together many strange friendships are met with. The story about to be told is about the friendship of a huge elephant and a little girl. The little girl who was the elephant's friend was the daughter of the trainer. She was only 4 years old and all the animals knew and loved her, but Betsy, the elephant, especially favored her. She would pick her up with her trunk and swing her high in the air, which was great fun, Mimi thought.

Of course everyone knows that while there are good tempered and gentle elephants there are also very wicked ones. In the herd there was one very big fellow, who gave the trainer considerable trouble. One day when he was more bad tempered than usual he was given no hay for supper. His punishment made him sulky, and presently when the trainer walked by with Mimi trotting along behind him a wicked gleam shone from his little eye. He concluded to be revenged by killing the dear

little girl whom everyone loved. But faithful Betsy was watching him. Just as he leaned forward and raised his powerful trunk to strike Mimi, Betsy quickly picked her up and placed her beyond his reach.

All the circus people came and praised Betsy and it was decided to sell the bad elephant, so that he might never again try to injure Mimi.

Cornered. "And you say," questions the possible customer, "that this globe is an exact representation of the earth?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, sir," asserts the salesman.

"Nonsense! Tell me how they could get far enough away from it to make the model and how they could stay up in the air long enough to sketch both sides?"—Chicago Post.

At Titusville, Pa., in 1899, the first oil well was driven in the United States.

Loretta's Looking Glass—Held Up to Girl Who is a Social Absorbent



Do you know that you soak up social life—fast? Of course, it is no use for any of us to pretend that we are not interested in people. We all like to know if Mr. and Mrs. Blank are going to Florida or are contemplating a divorce. It's fun to be informed on the price of a debutante's Paris gown, and it is interesting to know whether the wife of Mrs. Nobody's husband's law partner was invited to Mrs. Nobody's reception. The partnership dissolving disagreeably for the men makes it exciting to conjecture whether the women will take up the quarrel.

But, much as we all delight to listen to personal, we invariably have a more or less silent contempt for the individual who feeds us with the food which we know disagrees with us. You are that person. You do not mean to do any harm; and more often than not you do none. The very lack that makes you repeat what others say—your short supply of imagination and the consequent inability to do original talking—makes you carry your stories very accurately. You haven't inventiveness enough to improve them or twist them. You have just one reason for being a social absorbent. You do it that you may have something to give out that will make you welcome among your friends.

You are not a gossip. Your "personal

quotations" are never maliciously meant. There are some girls who quote from books as conversation. It's because they have not the originality to form opinions, so they take the text word for word. But you quote from people. And you do it just to "make conversation," too.

I am sorry for you. You are one of the lonely ones. You feel that you have nothing especially to recommend you to the

Had Something to Learn. "Have you ever supported Booth?" asked the manager.

"No," replied the applicant. "I never saw Booth act."

"How about McChugh?"

"McChugh died before I went upon the stage."

"Of course, you were with Mansfield?"

"No, sir, I am sorry to say that Mansfield never had a place for me in any of his companies."

"Hm! Have you ever seen Mrs. Pike's leading man?"

"Not yet."

"I guess I'll give you a chance. You may be able to learn something."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Patagonians are the tallest people in the world; the Laplanders the shortest.

interest of our circle of acquaintance. You are conscious that you are invited because you are your mother's daughter or because you keep up your share of entertaining so accurately that you are awarded the exchange of the social banking system. But, in and of yourself, you are nothing; you have nothing that makes people want you around. So you absorb all the personal things you can and enjoy a questionable kind of companionship with those who want to squeeze out information in regard to their friends.

Did it ever occur to you that in an empty cash there is most room for filling? Why don't you begin to fill up? Not with personalities, but with facts. Have a new one every three months. It will be such a shock to your friends to know that you are actually doing something besides soaking up social nothings that you will interest them. Try it!

Cooking is a fine one to begin with. Nothing really amazes the average woman so much as to see one of her sex deliberately doing what she seeks to avoid. You may be suspected of a mild mania; but that is better than to be considered what you have been. And there's one thing but that you may find the way to a man's heart. It is said by some who profess to know that the kitchen is a very important station on the route there.

A gentleman never snatches his trousers away from his wife when he discovers her going through his pockets. He only hopes she will leave him enough with which to go down town in the morning. He is perfectly welcome to go through her purse any time and help himself to anything he can find. That is what married life means. A man should not allow his feelings to be hurt when his wife runs across "tootsie change" or a roll in his pockets; he ought to play the game and take such little conjugal pastimes for granted.

Chloroform never was mentioned as the best means to gain the money end. A woman never would chloroform her husband, she respects the home bond too highly and her spirit always shrinks from a scandal.

An earthquake at Montreal, Canada, November 2, 1723, damaged 100 houses.

It's a shame to go through your wife's pockets, but I need the money.

Hi there! Stop thief! Wife! Wife! Wife!

I just found a burglar going through the pockets of my skirt, but he escaped through the window.

Never mind dearie! I'll get a detective and I'll find that burglar if it takes.

Oh my! I had fifty dollars in my pocket.

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Oh my! I had fifty dollars in my pocket.

Oh my! I had fifty dollars in my pocket.

Well, boys! What's the bid? Found fifty dollars just before I came in.

You buy.

Huh! These Harlem skirts are cinches.

Huh! Not even car fare!

Huh! Not even car fare!

Huh! Not even car fare!

Huh! Not even car fare!

Huh! Not even car fare!

Huh! Not even car fare!

THE MOUSE TRAP! A VEE-ERY GOOD IDEA!

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