

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Who's Who in the Home

"Of course," observed the Hopeful Housewife, "Aunt Miranda has lived all her life in a small town, and if we are not careful there will be a great many things during her visit which you and I take as a matter of course, but which will seem very shocking to her."

"Well!" answered the Confirmed Commuter rather haughtily, "I don't see why she should revolutionize our entire lives just because your maiden aunt has invited herself to spend two weeks with us."

"You don't?" the Hopeful Housewife asked. "Then, I'll tell you. Of course, I might say it's because she's a sweet old lady, for she is—but she's also the possessor of about \$50,000, and so far I'm her favorite niece. She has approved of everything I've ever done, except my getting married—and that's because she's never seen you."

The Confirmed Commuter made an exaggerated bow of acknowledgment.

"In view of my manifold perfections, what do you mean by things that will shock her? There's nothing goes on in this sedate community that would cause a scandal in heaven!"

"Oh, I mean little bits of things that no one in or about a big city ever thinks of!" his wife answered. "But where she lives the best man in the community don't drink or smoke. I'm sure it would grieve her to come here and see cigars and cigarettes all over the house and to find that sometimes we have cocktails before dinner."

"In other words, you suggest that during a two-weeks' infliction from an elderly spinster I make a blooming hypocrite as well as a martyr of myself by refraining from cigarettes and the deadly bowl of I do, and, respectfully, but firmly and finally, your insinuating proposition!"

The Hopeful Housewife laughed and for

the time being said no more.

But no one with a working knowledge of that still unwritten manual of matrimony, "Who's Who in the Home," will be surprised to learn that when Aunt Miranda arrived there was not a cigar or a cigarette on the premises!

As for cocktails—there were not even the makings of the harmless clam or oyster variety!

The Hopeful Housewife and her spinster relative had not met for more than fifteen years. It was not therefore particularly surprising that the Confirmed Commuter should have found his new aunt-in-law less narrow in both mind and body than his wife's forecast had led him to believe.

From the start they had a delightful time together discussing for the Confirmed Commuter's favorite subject—the rare merits and accomplishments of the Hopeful Housewife.

Never, he thought, had he met a more comfortable old lady. Surely his wife must be mistaken—that jolly old soul would not object to his worst pipe!

By the time they had reached their destination Aunt Miranda was calling her dear nephew-in-law by his first name.

And when they strolled arm in arm up the path hung with lilacs and bridal wreath the Hopeful Housewife gasped with astonishment. Really, she thought, if Aunt Miranda had been younger and prettier she might have aroused her jealousy.

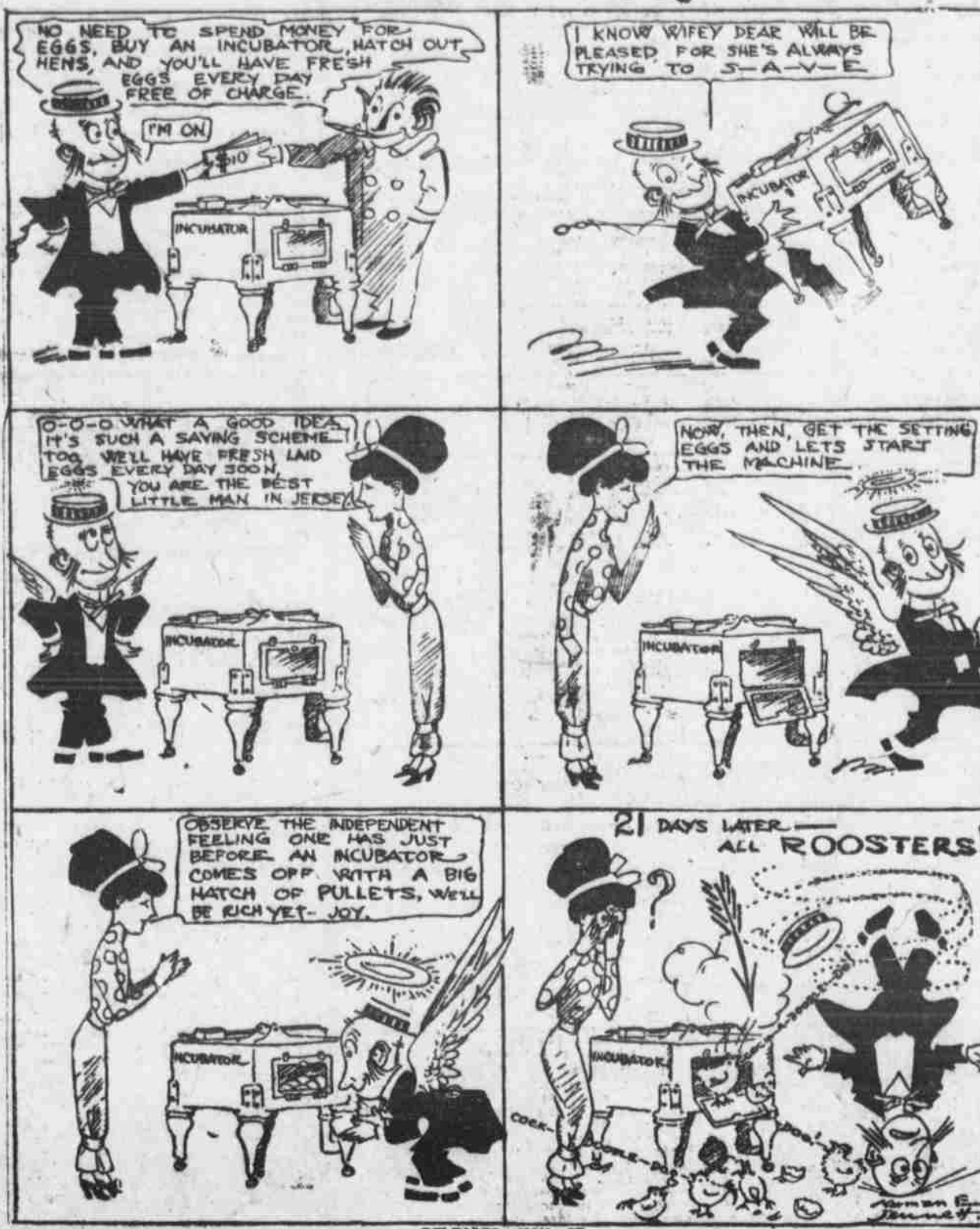
"Dear Aunt Miranda!" she exclaimed, "It's wonderful to see you again! But you must be dreadfully tired after your long journey! We have dinner in half an hour, but can't I get you something in the meantime?"

Aunt Miranda smiled expansively, delighted.

"Yes," she said, "I am kind of tucked out. Have you any rye? I never cared for bourbon."

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MRS. SAVE-A-CENT



The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book This is the Day We Celebrate



May 17, 1911. ELOISE POWELL, 181 1/2 Maple Street.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Gertrude Aikin, 322 North Forty-first St.	High	1895
Andrew Berney, 3826 North Seventeenth St.	Lothrop	1896
George A. Becker, 2102 Spencer St.	Sacred Heart	1904
Evangeline Borcherding, 2868 Ohio St.	Howard Kennedy	1898
Joe Baratta, 1312 South Twenty-fourth St.	St. Philomena	1896
Jay Burns, 2017 Binney St.	Vinton	1898
Helen Cveta, 517 William St.	Train	1901
Paul Ira Craig, 607 Poppleton Ave.	Train	1898
Grace Dukes, 1045 South Twentieth St.	Mason	1897
Michael Dino, 1213 Pierce St.	Pacific	1904
Leo N. Dahir, 1211 William St.	Lincoln	1905
Thelma Erickson, 2201 South Central Boulevard	Vinton	1905
Mary George, 1315 South Twelfth St.	Pacific	1905
Margaret Glvens, 4921 North Seventeenth St.	Sherman	1902
Herbert Goldsten, 716 North Twenty-second St.	High	1895
Virginia F. Greene, 1023 Georgia Ave.	Park	1899
Albert Gaglini, 1217 South Fifth St.	St. Philomena	1905
George Graham, 324 North Twenty-third St.	Central	1901
Irene M. Hamilton, Bernard, Twenty-ninth and Leav. Park		1898
Leottie Horn, 621 North Central Boulevard	Webster	1897
Cordella Johnson, 217 South Twenty-eighth Ave.	Farnam	1897
Emma Kauth, 2023 Bancroft St.	St. Joseph	1897
Dorothy Klingler, 201 South Thirty-second Ave.	Farnam	1897
Ines Klunier, 1820 Clark St.	Kellom	1898
Roland Kubick, 1917 South Fourteenth St.	Lincoln	1900
Irving Kelly, 716 North Thirty-second St.	Webster	1902
Victor Kloza, 1908 South Twelfth St.	Lincoln	1902
Walter Lund, 1705 Hickory St.	Comenius	1901
Donald L. Loorman, 1712 South Thirty-fourth St.		1903
Edward A. Matthews, 2864 Ohio St.	Howard Kennedy	1904
Clark F. Morris, 2424 Emmet St.	Lothrop	1901
William Marsh, Jr., 4157 Davenport St.	Saunders	1905
Ruth McMillan, 2324 South Fifteenth St.	St. Patrick	1901
Isidor Osherone, 1811 Lake St.	Lake	1902
John O'Neill, 1902 South Twelfth St.	Lincoln	1895
Morse C. Palmer, 411 South Fortieth St.	Columbian	1900
Myron Pinkerton, 2564 Meredith Ave.	Saratoga	1900
Eloise Powell, 181 1/2 Maple St.	Lake	1905
Harry L. Patchen, 216 North Nineteenth St.	High	1894
Walter A. Peterson, 1122 North Twenty-ninth St.	Webster	1902
Mary Ruback, 1124 North Seventeenth St.	Cass	1904
Glady's Rarekine, 1003 South Twenty-second St.	Mason	1902
John Riley, 717 Pierce St.	Pacific	1900
John Rhedia, 1516 Canton St.	Edward Roosevelt	1898
Harold V. Story, 3856 W. Leavenworth St.	Columbian	1904
Vincent Sgarlato, 1115 South Twelfth St.	Pacific	1900
Hazel Snow, 2804 South Thirty-second Ave.	Windsor	1896
Helen F. Verrill, No. 19 The Strehlow	Lake	1896
Sidney Wirg, 1005 South Forty-second St.	Columbian	1897
Glady's Westbrook, 2532 Maple St.	High	1894
John Winkler, 412 Hickory St.	Train	1902
Lorraine Warner, 3044 South Eighteenth St.	Vinton	1903
Lucy Weir, 3412 Dodge St.	Farnam	1903

American Cities Grow Fast

No country on earth exhibits such a rapid growth of cities as is revealed for our own by the census of 1910. Nearly half (46 per cent) of the population of continental United States is now urban, that is, living in communities of 2,500 or over. Our cities numbered but little over 4,000.

The arrival and multiplication of the foreign born are quite enough to account for the remarkable growth of New York in the last decade—34.7 per cent—greater than that of any city in its class save Cleveland. But what of our other cities? The United States has 47 communities of 2,500 inhabitants or more. Since the last census New York, Los Angeles, Minneapolis and Jersey City have reached the 250,000 mark, making a total of nineteen cities over a quarter of a million. Fourteen cities within the decade have passed the 100,000 mark, making a total of 129 cities in this class, with an aggregate population of over 20,000,000. In the same period seventy cities have advanced above the 25,000 mark, making a total of 174. This group shows an aggregate rate of increase of 36.1 per cent, and its growth has been more than a third faster than that of the cities in the two higher groups. Of our communities numbering between 2,500 and 25,000 there are 225, and one-third of them show an increase of 50 per cent in the last

ten years. In the north there are 164 of them; in the south forty-three; in the west twenty-one. But the most startling rate of increase is shown by two cities in Oklahoma, a sparsely settled state. Oklahoma City is more than five and one-third times as populous as in 1900, and Muskogee nearly five times. Meanwhile the population of the state itself has but little more than doubled. Next to these, the most rapidly growing city is Birmingham, Ala.—Robert Sloss, in Harper's Weekly.

Question for All Fathers.

John Drew, the famous comedian, tells about a little girl, who is now grown up.

"This little girl once asked her father to buy her a pony. But her father, an actor, was hard up at the time, and, despite her earnest pleading, he had to refuse."

"But why?" she persisted. "Why can't you buy me a pony, father?"

"Because I can't afford it," he replied.

"Then, father," said the little girl, reproachfully, "why don't you act better and earn more money?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Gloomy Indications.

"John," said Mrs. Binks, unsmilingly, the other night, "I am very much afraid that my bank is in a bad way."

"Oh, nonsense! my dear Maria—nonsense!" said Binks. "Why, it's one of the strongest financial institutions in the country. What ever put that notion into your dear old head?"

"If you're very funny," said Mrs. Binks, still unconvinced, "they've just returned a check of mine for \$25 marked no funds."—Harper's.

Loretta's Looking Glass—Held Up to the "Detective" Wife



"Did you see that sporting goods display on Blank street?" you ask with an elaborate air of indifference.

Your husband, absorbed in his dinner or his thoughts, says he did not. You carefully feigned indifference grows a shade more evident, a trifle too evident. It indicates an ulterior motive.

"Why, it was so conspicuous, and you are interested in such things. You must have noticed it," you urge.

SOME WARMTH.

"I haven't been on Blank street for a month," your husband asserts, with some warmth because of your persistency.

"Oh, the deceiver," you cry in your heart; but you keep your lips silent.

You saw him yourself in that very street, and in front of that very store. He was trying to hide something.

"I thought you often came that way from the office," you continue, watching like a hawk to see him tangle himself in his own deception.

"Well—yes, I do," he concedes, wondering what possesses you to want to talk about such an insignificant matter.

"What made you say you had not been there for a month, then?" you cry, with suspicion aroused.

"Why—I-I forgot."

"Forgot," you exclaimed, convinced that he is hiding something. "How can you forget what you do every day?"

"Maybe that's the reason. I get so used to doing it that I do it without knowing," he says, ready to be agreeable if you insist on talking on an uninteresting theme.

"You know you were in Blank street today at 8 o'clock. I saw you," you exclaim with just that animation which is the sign of your inward conviction that something is being purposely kept from you.

And it flashes over him that you are employing detective methods to trip him in an evasion or a lie. It makes him angry, whether he is deceiving you or not. It inclines him to "do it again in" just to convince himself that he is a free agent. If he had forgotten, or if he had paid slight attention to what you had said and answered at random, he is suddenly confronted with the fact that you do not trust him and are trying to make him convict himself.

No wife can be a detective, too. If you are a good detective you are apt to be an unhappy wife. If you are a good wife you have too much respect for yourself,

too much respect for the matrimonial firm in which you are a partner, to even imply a lack of faith in its strength.

A DREADFUL NAME.

But you and the other rat smell—er—er—that a dreadful name? I am so sorry I cannot think of one worse—who go nosing into your husband's affairs, are guilty of a crime that is quite as bad as any he is apt to have committed. Your detective methods will disgust him into doing what might never have occurred to him if you had inspired his respect and given the culture of your faith in him to make his best self grow stronger every day that he lives with you.

When a dog scratches a hole in the ground there will be a funeral in the family.

Yawning is to be avoided, for the devil is in the habit of leaping into a gaping mouth.

Among merchants in some European countries the first money taken in the day is spat upon for luck.

Quills of quicksilver were commonly worn about the neck as a preventive against plagues in the olden time.

Spitting for luck's sake was of considerable importance among the ancients. Greeks spat three times into their bosoms at the sight of a madman or one troubled with epileptic fits in order to ward off such maladies.

Gentle Cynicisms

Revenge is sweet until it begins to ferment.

The people who buy their popularity can't afford to wait for bargain days.

The difference between a statesman and a politician is that the statesman is dead.

Unfortunately the people who marry in haste are not the only ones who repent at leisure.

When a man says that misfortune drove him to drink the chances are that drink first drove him to misfortune.

In the matter of binding too many books spoil the cloth.

From the point of view of society, a wall flower is merely a bud who has gone to seed.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Odd Superstitions

If the good wife's keys persist in getting rusty some friend is laying up money for her.

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Tree and Berry Lore

What tree in its old age sadly cries? Elder.

And from what tall one comes low sighs? Pine.

Which bears the mark of a smoldering fire? Ash.

And which to chastise takes your sire? Birch.

Which one do you carry about in your hand? Palm.

And which one, tall and slim, does stand? Poplar.

Which one bears fruit so golden and round? Orange.

And which one hears the sea's deep sound? Beech.

Come, tell now, which is a stale joke? Chestnut.

And which from a small acorn awakes? Oak.

To which would you liken a trim young man? Spruce.

Which one yields fruit, round and rosy? Apple.

And which would you like to put in a pot? Tulip.

Which tree is cloth and fuel in one? Cottonwood.

And from which does sweet fluid run? Maple.

Then you may try this:

What berry is red when it's green? Blackberry.

What berry is used for making woman's dresses? Mulberry.

What berry is found in the grass? Dew-berry.

What berry is found on a dunce? Gooseberry.

What berry is irritating. Raspberry.

What berry is used for bedding cattle? Strawberry.

What berry is used for celebrating a great festival? Holly berry.

What berry should be respected for its age? Elderberry.

What berry is melancholy? Blueberry.

What berry is named for a month? June-berry.

What berry is used in sewing? Thimble-berry.

What berry is named for a bird? Pigeon-berry.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Defended Her Friend.

Hostess—I'm so sorry to hear that you and Gladys's have quarreled.

Her Dearest Friend—Yes, darling, and it's all about you. She said that you were mean and untruthful, that you flirted outrageously with Jack Rakes, but when she said that you had your clothes made by a small local dressmaker, well! I really couldn't stand that!—Punch.

Absent-Minded.

The professor had just succeeded for the thirtieth time, and it naturally attracted some attention.

"What's the matter with the professor?" asked the visitor. "He appears to have a bad cold."

"Oh no," said Madame laProfessoress. "It is only his fearful absent-mindedness. I left him in charge of the baby for a few moments this morning, and when he cried he gave him the pepper pot to play with instead of his rattle."—Harper's.

An Exclusive License.

"I am very sorry, sir," said the inn keeper, addressing the noisy visitor, "but I shall have to ask you to leave, sir."

"Me, sir? What for?" demanded the noisy visitor.

"You are intoxicated, sir," returned the landlord.

"Well, wharf I am?" retorted the noisy visitor. "You gotta sign up there on th' wall sayin' licensed to be drunk on the premises, Ah'ther?"

"Yes, I have," said the inn keeper, "but that's my license, not yours."—Harper's.

The Singing Cure

A very agreeable cure and preventive for consumption is that recommended by Mme. Jeanne Jonell, formerly of the Metropolitan and Manhattan opera houses. Her remedy is singing.

"If you are consumptive," she says, "sing; if you think you are drifting into consumption, sing. I do not advance the ridiculous claim that singing alone will save you from consumption or cure you; besides singing you must have plenty of fresh air and good food. And, speaking of fresh air, I must say that not one person in a hundred knows how to inhale it. People seldom breathe deeply enough; they seldom ventilate properly their lung cavities, which resemble stuffy, unsanitary apartments, where all germs thrive undisturbed. Acquire the habit of taking the big, deep breath which is a primary requisite of any kind of singing, bad or good, and the physical joy derived from it will never allow you to relapse into lazy breathing. The breathing exercises recommended by certain physicians, and which are so monotonous in themselves, become much more pleasant when some artistic pleasure is attached to them.

"Furthermore, the mere effect of singing compels the singer to stand straight and to throw the chest out, a good corrective for the bad physical habits of weak chested people. Finally, the exhilaration of singing is not a negligible element as a mental adjunct to the cure. If you doubt my statements go to the opera, turn your glasses upon every singer, man or

woman, and see what a wonderful chest development they have attained. Personally, I have never heard of the singer becoming consumptive."

Picked Her Stamp.

A fashionable dressed young woman entered the postoffice in a large western city, hesitated a moment, and stepped up to the stamp window. The stamp clerk looked up expectantly, and she asked, "Do you sell stamps here?"

The clerk politely answered, "Yes."

"I would like to see some, please," was the unusual request.

The clerk dazedly handed out a large sheet of the 2-cent variety, which the young woman carefully examined. Pointing to one near the center, she said, "I will take this one, please."—Lippincott's.

Certainly.

In the recent New York examinations for chauffeurs' licenses was this perfectly civil question:

"If you were going along the road and met a skittish horse, what would you do?"

To which one candidate replied, "I would stop the car, then the engine and then, if the horse was still skittish, I would take the machine apart and hide it in the grass until he got safely by."—Lippincott's.

A man who can let his lawn go unwatered without getting into trouble with his conscience has lots of faith in the ability of his wife.

A flower that always blooms in the spring, tra la, is the big red moving van.

Trouble on the Border



It's bad enough to have quarrelsome neighbors.



Without being made an unwilling participant.



Admiration

Coquetry

Indignation

These Things Will Happen