



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Who's Who in the Home

It is a well known fact that at one time or another every man has to choose between his love and his art—to forsake truth for woman, or woman for truth.

In the case of the Confirmed Commuter the crisis came with the purchase of a camera. He paid \$25 for it, and, of course, it was a good camera. Also, the man who showed him how to use it was an expert.

But, of course, there were many things he did not know about women. "I've bought a camera," he announced triumphantly one Saturday evening.

"I'm sure I've got some beauties of you," said the Confirmed Commuter. "I'll have them developed tomorrow."

All next day the Hopeful Housewife dreamed of her pictures. She would want a dozen each of the good ones, she decided, and then she settled down to prepare a list of persons to whom she would send them.

"Some of them are great!" her husband volunteered on his arrival home that night. But his tone seemed to lack enthusiasm.

At last every detail was settled, and still the Confirmed Commuter circled round and round the camera. He squinted dubiously into the depths of its single, cold glass eye.

"This thing seems to me mighty good! Don't you think you could take a more natural pose and try not to look so self-conscious? Are you ready?" he asked finally, with his hand on the bulb—and squeezed it just as his wife answered naturally enough:

"There's one film spoiled," the volunteer photographer exclaimed. "Why did you go and talk into the camera? You're not an after-dinner speaker!"

The Hopeful Housewife smiled meekly. To get angry would have spoiled her face and her picture.



"HE CIRCLED ROUND AND ROUND WITH THE CAMERA."

"Let's try again, dear," she said sweetly—and they did try again—and yet again—and again till twelve pictures had been taken.

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At the first one she laughed, and at the second she made a wry face, at the third her expression grew sadder, at the fourth it blanched.

Anyone who has looked upon the first pictures of an amateur photographer has no need to inquire why. Some were two-headed, others had been crowded two on a plate, one over the other. All were out of focus, all distorted as to face, and monstrously unattractive as to figure.

"Do I look like that to you?" inquired his wife through hysterical laughter.

"Sure, they're not bad!" declared the artist stoutly.

His wife laid her head on the table and sobbed over the pictures.

"If those things look like me I'm a freak—an awful, terrible freak!"

It was then that the Confirmed Commuter made Solomon look like a twopenny:

"No camera and no artist could do you justice!"

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DO IT AGAIN!



Standing Up Under Grief

In was on a Saturday night, November 9, 1910—a date not difficult to fix accurately in the years that followed. A Boston business man sat in his suburban home and talked over his affairs with his wife. The children had gone to bed, and the evening paper had been read. He invited his wife to look over with him a statement of his business affairs.

He was able to collect \$20,000, which was just about the amount he owed on his stock. The \$100,000, which represented the results of his original investment and of twenty-one years of business life, was lost. He paid his debts, made a new inventory, and instead of being worth \$100,000 net, as he had supposed, he had just \$1,125.

He was 47 years old then, and not in rugged health. He hardly expected to live beyond 50 years, and 49 years was the limit of all his thought of life. But he set to work with a brave heart.

Ancient Maxims

What a woman wills God wills. A blind horse goes straight forward. A clear conscience is a good pillow. Better a lean peace than a fat victory. To laugh at your own misfortune is a great art.

The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book

This is the Day We Celebrate



May 24, 1911.

PAUL G. THACKER, 4340 LAKE STREET.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Frederick W. Anderson, 967 South Fifty-second St.	Beals	1901
Minnie Anderson, 3011 Marsha St.	Windsoor	1896
Harry A. Burkett, 3481 Larimore Ave.	Monmouth Park	1903
Dora Braun, 1052 South Twenty-second St.	Mason	1898
Ruben Brown, 1021 Farnam St.	Pacific	1901
Paul Cullen, 3027 Emmet St.	Howard Kennedy	1900
Julia Christensen, 1519 North Twenty-first St.	Kellom	1900
Conrad L. Carman, 1213 Dorcas St.	Lincoln	1904
Glenn Danielson, 2232 North Nineteenth St.	Lake	1901
Vera Dunn, 2701 Hamilton St.	Long	1902
Irma G. Edwards, 2515 Emmet St.	Lothrop	1905
Ludwig Endres, 2410 Ames Ave.	Saratoga	1900
Katy Frankl, 3229 South Seventeenth St.	Comenius	1895
Edith Gottneid, 2729 South Twenty-third St.	High	1896
Otto N. Glaser, 1410 Garfield St.	Edw. Rosewater	1904
Jennie Hendlamm, 2218 Grace St.	Kellom	1905
Archie F. Hurford, 2216 Military Ave.	Clifton Hill	1898
Arthur M. Herring, No. 1, The Utah.	Farnam	1898
Julius Haykin, 1002 South Eighteenth St.	Leavenworth	1904
Harriet B. Johnson, 511 South Twenty-fourth St.	Mason	1904
Charles Jensen, 617 North Thirty-second St.	Webster	1896
Howard Kelly, 1625 Ohio St.	Lake	1904
Elizabeth Kane, 1730 South Eighth St.	Train	1904
Hattie Iversen, 4730 Ames Ave.	Central Park	1900
Dell Litz, 2902 North Twenty-second St.	Lothrop	1902
Agnes McCabe, 2114 South Eleventh St.	Bancroft	1902
Robert W. Moore, 4612 Burdette St.	Clifton Hill	1900
Loren Mith, 3919 North Twenty-fourth St.	Lothrop	1905
Lucille Mith, 3919 North Twenty-fourth St.	Columbia	1895
Roy Melvin, 610 South Thirty-eighth Ave.	Lothrop	1905
Thomas Maganel, 2319 South Thirteenth St.	Bancroft	1895
Paul H. Palmquist, 4122 Hamilton St.	Walnut Hill	1898
Earl E. Patterson, 1812 Chicago St.	Central	1898
Roy Ryden, 2389 Ohio St.	Howard Kennedy	1903
Myrtle Rosengren, 404 William St.	Train	1895
Virginia Roberts, 2500 Ames Ave.	Saratoga	1899
Gertrude Stout, 1103 South Thirty-first St.	Park	1899
Annie Snyder, 1501 North Eleventh St.	Holy Family	1899
Abe Smith, 1504 North Twenty-fourth St.	Kellom	1903
Charles Trebbleck, 4526 Decatur St.	Walnut Hill	1900
Paul G. Thacker, 4340 Lake St.	Clifton Hill	1903

Are Women the Real Heads of Families?

It is a long cry from New York City to Tacoma, Wash., but club women here have ideas as to what constitutes the head of a family which will carry to the western coast, where an authority, in the guise of a commissioner, has defined the head of a family as the one who pays the bills, whether the defined head wears real trousers, merely harem, or the softest, laciest gowns, says Theodora Bean in the New York Telegram.

and mother knows her place always is at the head. "My husband wouldn't hesitate to give an opinion if he were here," spoke up Mrs. A. Everett Stone. "He knows very well I am, and he is quite satisfied—so am I. I suppose he knows he would have to be content, anyhow. If a woman has a home it is most natural she should be at the head of it. I haven't any children, but I am head, nevertheless, and it is a real home, too."

Stables of Santa Claus' Steeds

Among the picturesque sights of arctic America is a large herd of domesticated reindeer. The animals feed on the moss which grows in abundance on the Arctic prairies. The introduction and breeding of these hardy, useful and fleet-footed creatures from a nucleus herd obtained from across the neighboring shores of Siberia has proved a most successful venture by the government, according to Harper's Weekly.

At the completion of his service he comes into possession of about fifty deer, which, with the increase of the herd, are sufficient to support himself, his wife and his children.

Gotham Paradise for Pa-handlers

In New York City the pa-handlers' paradise, and why? asks Theodora Bean in the New York Telegram. She says: There are no new spring styles in bagging, and the demand for labor is not calling the vagrants to town. Yet there are 1,000 beggars among us, the most skillful of them are making about \$5 a day, a tax of \$2.00 a day on the innocent citizens.

Where do they come from, all these people with the open palms? was asked James Forbes, secretary of the National Association for the Prevention of Mendicancy. "Do you know?" he returned. "I almost give it up. The farmers are crying for help and nobody listens. The men who live by the reach route only flock here about Easter time. They find easy picking on the parade, and they wait for something more profitable. If the response isn't ready they set out as tramps through New England and the middle west and farther toward the Pacific."

Loretta's Looking Glass—She Holds it Up to House Cleaning



One of the funniest things—funny with the rich humor of contrast—I ever heard was the recital of a German poem by a southern girl whose thick, soft, dusky dialect was absolutely r-l-e-a-s-e. The sonorous German consonant was lost in the feilfulorous musio of her speech. And it was an effect at once surprising and laughable. Maybe talking of Christmas presents at housecleaning time may seem as funny to you. With the buds bursting and the flowers blowing and other conceivably springlike phenomena happening, the sprimed festival of gift-giving may seem a long way off.

friendship lies beside me as I write. I too, have been housecleaning. You are digging out of their long seclusion all the lace-trimmed uselessness that your friends gave you last Christmas. And the question in your mind is: To keep or not to keep?

I should have liked to believe my gift was a jest. But I knew the sender. She is the typical female economist, who spends 25 cents cartare and lunches downtown to "look around" for a bargain in 5 cent lace. Her economical spirit just drove her to the indignity. She needed it, but "a thirty-eight" does not.

All is Not Gold—



It was a Christmas present last year. It had been the year before. How do you know? Because I sent it first; and she sent it back to me second!

A Solution

