The Bee's Home Magazine Page

How to Train a Wife

"Woman, the backbone," remarked too often, is the conservative force of the world. It is she who provides stability, even if she doesn't provide it.

It is she who is thrown upon a trip to Northfield and puts her foot down whenever another trip to Europe is mentioned, because she has read a snappy magazine article on what she may do to bring out a daughter.

Finally, it is she who would rather sit in the dark of a summer evening and weave fancies about a still unpurchased "little house in the country" than to spend $4 on a perfectly vacuous show.

The Confirmed Commuter's wife had been talking about their "little house in the country" for five years. Now, with real money in the savings bank they had only to decide whether to choose a cruise down the seaburn or a breezeless but heavily-timbered estate in an inland paradise.

"In six months we can actually buy our little house. I'm going to begin to choose it tomorrow," the Hopeful Housewife exclaimed joyfully.

"Why not today?" the Confirmed Commuter rejoined. "You've got all the Sunday papers to look through."

At that moment the cheerful chug-chug of a neighbor's automobile interrupted the conversation.

"Why, it's Mr. Stiffens and his new motor car," she announced from the parlor window. "He has two other men with him, so I think they're going to ask you to take a ride."

"It's a beautiful car," commented the Confirmed Commuter, and hastened to greet his visitors.

He did not require much persuasion.

"I'll be back in a little while," he announced cavalierly to his wife as he seized his cap from the hat rack.

"All right, dear," she agreed idly. "Remember, we have dinner at 7 o'clock on Sunday."

The Confirmed Commuter gave her what the poets call a "laugh of merry scorn."

"I'll be back in half an hour," he said, and the impatient motor pulled stentorously out of sight.

It was 6 o'clock [illegible] Sunday dinner and his wife's welcome had had an hour to cool when the Confirmed Commuter, blown and burned and dusty, returned to his home.

"HE GAVE HER A LAUGH OF MERRY SCORN."

"The roast is ruined," his wife plaintively exclaimed.

"Never mind the roast," her lord answered exuberantly. "I don't care for any dinner. I've had some sandwiches and beer and the most glorious ride. Say, that's the greatest car you ever saw, and only $1,800, hood and all. I'm going to buy it. Say, I can run it already. Stiffens is going to introduce me to a friend of his in the automobile business, and he says he thinks he can induce him to let me have a car just like Stiffens' for $1,700. Why, that's like finding it in the streets. There never was such a bargain. We've got the money, and why should we be foolish enough to put it into a house when an automobile is simply waiting at the door. You can draw me a check for it right now, and we'll still have a nest egg in the bank."

"Yes," said his wife, as a grim light of determination showed the steely structure of her face till she took on a look of the steel skeleton of a skyscraper, "we will have a nest egg and we will have a little house in the country." "And if you insist on having a car, I'll find you a kind that is always on time, never breaks down, and doesn't know such a thing as a speed limit. It's a railroad car, and your commutation ticket is good any day in the year. How much did your little automobile trip cost you, anyway?"

(Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

Have Been Numerous "Fads" in Bread

"Early in the 90s there was much talk about a process of bread making from unground wheat," says the Operative Miller. "It was introduced by one Avery of Moscow, and the same dad has now been reintroduced in Paris.

"Then came Jungers, a whole wheat bread, no longer baked, of hand Brandenburg's potato flour bread and graham bread. In 1898 Dr. Heim, a gerontic, was to the fore with a special bread for the diabetic, which he called Albuminat bread. This seems to have fallen into innocuous desuetude.

"The next specialty was earth nut bread. At about the same time as the Albuminat bread the English National Health association proposed that bread for the poorer classes should be made with an admixture of a very nourishing ebullient of ox blood which hitherto had gone to waste at the slaughterhouses.

"Bunker also offered to the world a mill for making bread direct from the unthrashed grain. The government tried this out in its prisons and orphan asylums. A truly Russian idea, this.

"Also in 1898 this year was specially prolific—came Stoughton's bread, which was as notably heralded as Lapdon's standard of today. In this year also came Swedish palatable hard bread.

"In 1898 or '99 a good chemist of Hamburg, name Pleskum, patented a process for mixing skimmed milk with yeast and leaven, after which the mixture stood for twenty-four to thirty-six hours before going to the dough machine.

"In 1899 a Dane named Wilmsie introduced a fruit re-fed, and after this, in the same year, came the fruit bread, pneumatic bread, leguminous bread and Schweitzer bread.

"The year 1901 contributed 'Sauerbrot,' a special health bread. It lasted two or three years, analysis finally proved its undoing and brought dismay to many bakers.

"In 1905 Simon's bread was introduced as 'the one satisfactory solution of the bread question.' Next came the 'N' bread, named after its inventor, Nierikar, a dentist, who claimed great hygienic properties for it in keeping the teeth free from impurities. Another inventor wanted to solve the bread problem with a loaf made from cottonseed flour. The latest to be announced, prior to the English 'standard' which now holds the center of the stage, were Feronia, an oven health bread, and Roggina."

The Oriental Way.

In China when the subscriber rings up exchange the operator may be expected to ask:

"What number does the honorable son of the moon and stars desire?"

"Hohi, two-three."

Silence. Then the exchange resumes:

"Will the honorable person graciously forgive the inadequacy of the insignificant service and permit this humbled slave of the wire to inform him that the never-do-be-sufficiently-censured line is busy!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Willie Knew.

Teacher—Why, Willie, don't you know what cloth it? What is your dad made of?

Willie—Father's old trousers.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

How to Take Your Vacation

"Now that I'm back from my vacation, I may be able to get a few hours' rest," sighed the Foolish Girl, just returned from the Seattle Inn.

"I'm fate a hard person, ready for work and ready for play," laughed the Wise Girl, just returned from the country.

Both girls worked in a downtown office. They received the same salary for the same work, had the same friends and when in town went to pretty much the same places. The only difference is that one pursues pleasure with an ardor that counts naught comfort, health, rest or any other thing that might temporarily put the slow-speed lever on the joy ride to Laughter Land. The other allows pleasure to overtake her and when it does come she is ready to transform it into real happiness, because she is healthy, is never in a state of "nerves" and is able to discriminate between the actual essence of joy and the hollow, if brilliant, exterior.

The Foolish Girl spent for clothes, hotel bills and incidental expenses of her vacation of two weeks a little more than $100, requiring two months of hard work. She danced, dressed, promenaded, lunched, dined and supped and she returned to the city with an empty pocketbook, worn out mind and body.

The Wise Girl accepted an invitation to spend two weeks with an aunt who lives in an old-fashioned home in a delightfully cool and small town. The aunt was so pleased with the girl's evident appreciation of the invitation that she sent a round-trip ticket and the entire two weeks cost her exactly $5. She couldn't have spent more to save her life, and of that amount was for a pretty white and black parasol she took as a gift to the kind aunt.

The young people of the town took her under their wing and showed her the very best time she could ever imagine. There were hay rides, lawn and porch parties, cool afternoons in the shaded arbor alongside Aunt Mary's old-fashioned garden. Such treats of strawberries, fresh from the vines, raspberries but ten minutes off the bushes, rich, yellow cream, eggs from the morning nest and crispy vegetables right from the garden made her bubble over with eagerness for meal time and built up the worn tissues of body and mind. When the visitor was ready to return to the city she was a picture of rotund cheeks and lips, creamy complexion and serene eyes in which the light of nature burned bewitchingly.

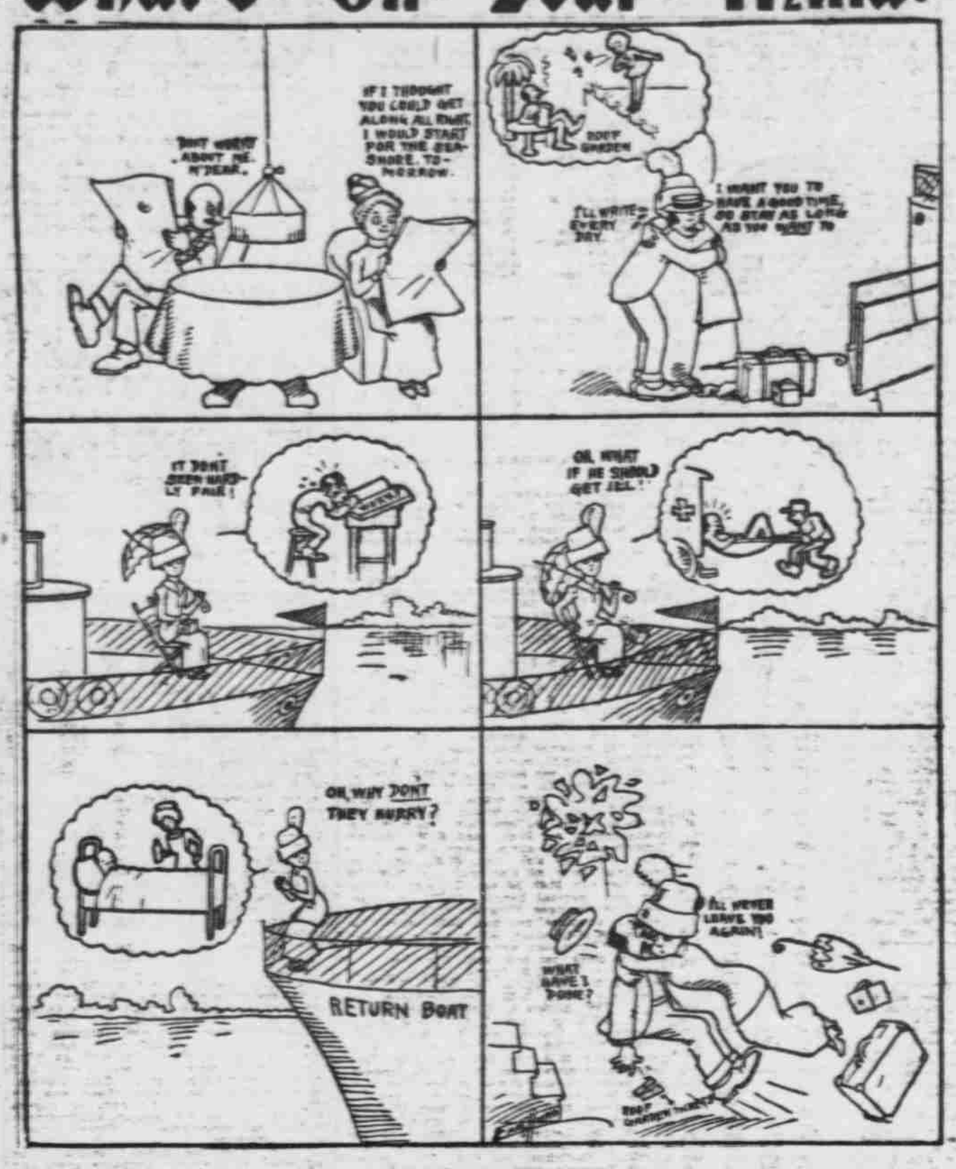
The girl who swims or enjoys the water should go some place where she can gratify this liking to its fullest, for nothing is more beneficial or more likely to refresh the frayed system. Let her choose a place where clothes are merely incidents of the day, but events, and where she can practically live out of doors. The profit of such a vacation trip, both in pleasure and health, would, maybe, save sensible girl thinking her nose to the money, which of the regulation summer resort.

Persistent Advertising is the Road to Big Returns.

The Summer Vacation.
The summer vacation
Oh, isn't it the rage
To pack your belongings
And take to the wilds
To bind up your hearts
Secure in a strap
And make for the region
Where fish are on tap?

A MOUNTED POLICEMAN.

What's On Your Mind?



Loretta's Looking Glass—Held Up to the Man Who Double Deals

"My Dear Loretta. Won't you please say a few of the cutting things you know so well how to write about the man who keeps coming to see a girl and acting like a lover, but never proposes. I don't think it's fair, when a man knows that a girl has to wait for him to make the advances, for him to take advantage of the fact and defer speaking the words he ought to say. I really believe this man loves me; and I think he has an idea that he must wait till he is better fixed. But it's hard on the girl. Please tell me what you think of him and of the situation. Very Sincerely

"WAITING ONE."

This is such a common man question. And like all the others, it, too, is a woman question. If I could only force into one girl's head the truth that it is hers to control the world of courtship and love, but that she must manage it or go under, I should feel happy. This man is a double dealer. And the reason he can be so is because you and other girls let him. He cannot continue to take you about, treat you as a lover, and then not propose to you if you will not go with him.

I know where the shoe pinches. You love him. And you keep hoping that he will come to the point. Well, he won't. He is one of the selfish absorbers who soak up privileges and have not the faintest shadow of an idea of proposing.

You indulge your hope and deceive yourself with the thought that he fears he is not making enough to satisfy you. Did he ever tell you that? No, he has implied it. Of course! That implying dodge is a favorite one of the double dealer. He has worked it so often that he does it well.

To be quite clear, I think he is a marplot, and the situation is literally shrieking for strenuosity on your part. Invite him to desist in his monopolistic methods. Emphatically assure him that he is no longer welcome. He will be angry. And you—Oh! I'm afraid you will back down and submit to the condition that you cry out against and manufacture for yourself.

If this self-considering octopus who reaches out the multitudinous arms of his desires and seizes you and your time has the enormous and brazen effrontery to grab so much, he will also have the nerve to come back to you. A more sensitive man would not. But if he had been of the sensitive type he would not have proven himself an octopus. He will come back on one condition—if he loves you more than himself. Or rather, if he loves himself so well that he misses your society, because it pleases him.

Personally, I think the only thing that he deserves is a harpoon with a sharp and wounding point. But you—well, I know girls. You would fling yourself into his tentacles for life—if he would but ask you. And, when he has you and squeezes the very life out of you with his selfish exactions, you will whimper and beg to be released from the grasp of the devil-fish. Oh! woman! woman! woman! what a queer, dear creature you are! But don't be a fool about this particular man. He isn't worth it. There are lots of better fish in the sea than octopuses!

Too Many Pupils Fail to Reach High School

A study has recently been made by the Sage foundation to determine the rate at which children drop out of the elementary public schools of this country. The study covered 86 principal cities in the United States. The results of the investigation show these facts:

For every eighteen children to enter the first year in the grammar school only ten remained in the fifth grade, five in the eighth and but one remained to graduate from the high school. Thus 94 per cent of the children who entered the city school systems in the United States failed to complete the full twelve years which lead to a high school diploma.

The proportion of boys who fail to reach the high school is even greater. There are no accurate statistics with regard to the children who enter the public schools in the rural districts, but observation leads to the conclusion that a still larger proportion does not complete the high school course.

The complaint is heard on all sides, says The Independent, that the public schools do not prepare men and women for their life work and in many quarters there is a demand for vocational and trade schools to fill this want.

In Germany the attempt is being made to meet this demand by continuation schools. Regular attendance is required in the common schools until the age of 14 is reached and from 14 to 18 the boy is required to spend from twelve to sixteen hours a week in a continuation school.

He enters a trade at 14, learning the practical side at a bench, and in the continuation school gets a theoretical training in the branch to which he intends to devote his life, which gives him a broad foundation and the chance to become a skilled workman. It is possible that practical training of this kind might serve to create a deeper interest in education and teach both parent and scholar the advantages of further training in the public school.

Hubby's Views.

"I think a trip to Europe would do your wife good. However, I shall call in another physician to see if my diagnosis is correct.

"I guess it's correct enough, Doc. Better call in a dressmaker if you want to hasten the cure."—Pittsburg Post.

Admired Him.

Mr. Henpeck—Are you the man that gave my wife a lot of impudence?

Mr. Scraper—I reckon I am.

Mr. Henpeck—Shake! Your a hero.—Pathfinder.

As Seen by Them

THE BEE'S JUNIOR BIRTHDAY BOOK.

This is the Day We Celebrate

WEDNESDAY, July 12, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Walter R. Ahlstrom, 3205 California St.	Webster	1898
Oscar Arrambon, 2425 South Twentieth Ave.	Castellar	1905
Dorothy Booth, 3024 Grant St.	Lake	1902
Edwin Busch, Thirty-eighth and California St.	High	1894
Ethel M. Baryer, 3908 Gold St.	Windsor	1901
Leroy Benbow, 2570 Evans St.	Lothrop	1902
Leon Barber, 207 North Seventeenth St.	Cass	1904
Florence Benson, 2574 Pratt St.	Lothrop	1900
Edwin Brewer, 1821 North Twenty-third St.	Kellom	1902
Jacob Brookstein, 1826 North Twenty-first St.	Kellom	1902
Elsie Carlson, 1105 Miller St.	Edw. Rosewater	1905
Leonard Corney, 1457 South Fourteenth St.	Comenius	1901
Honora Cusick, 2820 Burdette St.	Long	1906
James E. Corwin, 1312 Pierce St.	Lincoln	1902
Merle L. Crew, 2262 Arbor St.	High	1893
Hattie Chambers, 314 North Seventeenth St.	Cass	1902
Rose M. Carr, 1507 Park Ave.	Park	1899
Frank Carpenter, 3825 Cuming St.	High	1895
Arent Christensen, 3011 Franklin St.	Franklin	1897
David Dunaha, 230 North Twentieth St.	High	1897
Florence Erickson, 2835 North Twenty-first St.	Lothrop	1900
Ruth P. Edwards, 1904 Corby St.	High	1893
Grace Erickson, 2935 North Twenty-first St.	Lothrop	1900
Kendall Fradenberg, 4236 Burdette St.	Clifton Hill	1897
Vera A. Fuller, 2618 Davenport St.	Webster	1897
Grayson Garner, 2213 Vinton St.	Vinton	1897
Joseph Leo Gross, 2412 South Forty-first St.	Beals	1899
Max Gentis, 1124 North Twelfth St.	Cass	1902
Ralph A. Harmon, Forty-seventh and Harney Sts.	Columbian	1905
Henry Hayes, 220 North Fourteenth St.	Cass	1899
Agnes Hoffman, 1928 South Fourteenth St.	Comenius	1900
Dorothy M. Hipple, 1402 North Fortieth St.	Walnut Hill	1899
Fred A. Heitfeld, 2019 Pinkney St.	Lothrop	1896
Esther A. Johnson, Thirty-fourth St. and Fowler Ave.	Monmouth Park	1901
Verna Jensen, Thirty-seventh St. and Newport Ave.	Central Park	1904
Margaret Konka, 2714 South Twenty-first St.	Castellar	1897
Joe Konka, 2714 South Twenty-first St.	Castellar	1897
Leverne Littrell, 1510 Webster St.	Cass	1905
Lucile Latham, 2620 Capitol Ave.	Farnam	1902
Abraham Menk, 420 North Sixteenth St.	Cass	1894
Magdaline Meidlinger, 2407 South Twelfth St.	St. Joseph	1905
Edwin Moses, 1511 Georgia Ave.	Park	1900
Byne Mason, 1511 Leavenworth St.	Leavenworth	1896
Helen Milk, 2523 North Twentieth St.	Lake	1902
Helen Peterson, 421 North Thirty-fourth St.	Webster	1901
Jacob Pankowski, 1717 North Twenty-eighth St.	Im. Conception	1900
Ida M. Peterson, Thirty-fourth St. and Fowler Ave.	Monmouth Park	1901
Frank Earl Peck, 839 South Fifty-first St.	Beals	1898
Marie Peterson, 4124 Chicago St.	Saunders	1896
Fred R. Pierce, 812 North Twenty-second St.	Kellom	1901
Anna K. Plealer, 1270 South Thirteenth St.	Comenius	1896
Esther L. Rouse, 2516 Dodge St.	Central	1898
Donald Reid, 2614 St. Mary's Ave.	Farnam	1898
Chester Rouse, 2718 North Twenty-eighth St.	Howard Kennedy	1895
Edwin F. Sheely, 2116 Elm St.	Vinton	1898
Paul Sack, 1715 Pacific St.	Leavenworth	1904
Ruth Sutton, 2515 Patrick Ave.	Long	1905
Francis E. Sheely, 2116 Elm St.	St. Patrick	1898
Alma May Smith, 2213 South Twenty-third St.	Vinton	1899
Margaret Spann, 1122 South Thirty-second St.	Park	1904
Mercedes Shepard, 1802 Wirt St.	Lothrop	1898
Harry Swain, 1819 Pinkney St.	Lothrop	1901
Wesley Sloup, 1901 South Fourteenth St.	Comenius	1901
Joseph Swoboda, 1214 South Seventeenth St.	Comenius	1906
Frances Sawyer, 2226 North Eighteenth St.	Lake	1903
Russell Tetard, California St.	High	1896
Julius Trustin, 837 South Twenty-first St.	Mason	1900
Ruth Thomas, 1618 Oak St.	Castellar	1904
Henry Vieser, 1714 South Second St.	Train	1901
Lillian Weare, 2426 Decatur St.	Franklin	1904
Alice Weibel, 1620 North Twenty-second St.	Kellom	1900
Walter M. Woell, 2217 South Twenty-sixth St.	Park	1896
Frances Wiles, 2509 Maple St.	Lothrop	1903
Annie Wasophsky, 909 South Eighth St.	St. Philomena	1898

Man Should Walk on "All Fours"

Three of Germany's most reputed scientists have been making experiments to prove that humanity makes a great mistake in walking upright, instead of on all fours as nature intended. Thereby, they declare, man brings upon himself many physical evils from which the more sensible and less aspiring horse and dog are free.

When man first stood on his hindlegs and learned to walk as a biped he disturbed the whole equilibrium and poise of his organism; and since then he has been trying in vain to adapt his architecture and organs to his unnatural carriage. As he has failed in this attempt he has brought upon himself weakness and disease. This is their argument.

One of the first to occupy himself with this thesis was Prof. Ernst Haeckel, the Jena thinker and Darwinian, who broke a leg the other day, as if to demonstrate the contention.

The problem has now been brought much further by the experiments which Dr. H. Gerhart has lectured up at the Berlin university polyclinical institute. His experiment indicated, he said, that when, ages ago, man first walked upright, certain important changes took place in his internal organs and muscles. The organs tended to fall, and the muscles, which were originally intended for a quadruped, tended to suit themselves for a biped. But as walking upright displaced the organs and put strain on certain muscles greater than was intended, the upright carriage brought with it certain penalties.

What these were is indicated by Dr. Ernest Klotz of Leipsig. Since man has been walking upright he has been trying to adapt his architecture and organs to his new walk. But as this process of adaptation has never been completed, man is still an imperfect animal, as indeed Mitchnikoff and other scientists admit.

The natural architecture of man, says Klotz, is quite obvious. It was plainly intended that the spinal column should be horizontal; and that all the vital and easily-injured organs, such as the heart and stomach, should hang downwards from it, and be protected by it. "The spinal column," he says, "is nothing but a roof of bone." It is not at all intended to stiffen the body into an upright carriage. When man went four-footed, with his organs pendent from his spinal column, all the organs were in exactly defined positions as regards one another.

When he began to go upright, these organs tended to sag, and fall downwards, and this distributed their mutual interfunctioning. This caused many ailments, and particularly digestive complaints, which no animal suffers from. These complaints have been a cause of weakness to man, and instead of returning to an all-fours attitude, he has for millions of years past been trying to adapt himself to the new conditions. But he has not altogether succeeded, and is still suffering from the disturbed equipoise.

Curious Facts

The domestic cat had its origin in the north of Africa.

In the Isle of Man a breed of cats without tails is quite common.

Franklin drew electricity from the clouds on June 10, 1752, and proved its identity with lightning.

Wager of 1,000 guineas "that a boat will go twenty-five miles an hour" was made on February 26, 1798.

Prof. Morse successfully operated the first telegraph line on May 27, 1844, between New York and Philadelphia.

Italy each year uses 1,000 tons of orange blossoms and 1,000 tons of roses in the manufacture of perfumery.

In 1787 the king of France was naturalized in New Jersey in order him to hold thirty acres of land in Bergen.

William Lawrie, of Bournmarie, Wales, weighing forty stone (560 pounds), drank eight gallons of ale daily in 1794.

A five bill was found in a box of hard on June 20, 1797, at Allen Taylor's store, No. 39 Barclay street, New York City.

It was reported by the Pennsylvania Packet of April 19, 1784, that a child 2 years of age in that state tipped the scales at 111 pounds.