

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



## How to Treat a Wife

"My, but it's warm out here!" exclaimed the Confirmed Commuter, dejectedly.

"It's warm everywhere, dear," answered the Hopeful Housewife, "and several persons who were in town today told me that, in comparison with the city, this place seems like a summer resort."

"Oh, well," retorted the Commuter, "I suppose I could kid myself that way if I liked. But I prefer to look the facts in the face. This place is a stalling town, and it's ridiculous to topaze it with the cool, delightful places further up the road, where the mountains have their vacation homes. A commuter's paradise would be a rich man's purgatory, and once in a while I almost wish I were a rich man."

"But you can be a rich man every little while," his wife urged, tactfully, "and that means the pleasure of spending fresh. You know you would yourself, for you could feel like a millionaire every Saturday, anyhow. I don't believe millionaires have the sensation of wealth nearly so often."

"Say!" he exclaimed, with a sudden energy in his voice, "that's true! That gives me an idea. Let's run down to Lake Hiawatha for my dinner. I can get away, and one of the boys who went there a few years ago tells me it's the delectable food—splendid fishing—great bathing, and the finest body of water in the states."

The Hopeful Housewife stilled, for she saw from the commiserated Commuter's face that she was confronting the inevitable.

"The neighbors say it's very hot there," she murmured.

"Bah!" said the Commuter, in his most superior manner. "What do they know about it while his wife packed two suitcases, he busied himself with sorting over his fishing tackle."

Next morning they arose at dawn, and even though the sun started them out of countenance.

At the station they learned that no parlor car ran to their destination, which was three hours distant. There was no breakfast car, either, and it would require a second train to describe the heat and the tortures of that long, dismal local train, which, like a wounded snake, dragged its length along.

"Never mind this," he remarked. "Here's a seven-mile trip up the lake to our hotel by motor boat. You'll forget about all the heat the first minute the lake breeze strikes you."

And at last the lake was reached. Huddled by something else, it crawled slowly through a thick haze of heat.

The small motor boat in which the Confirmed Commuter and his wife embarked reeked of gasoline, and as it chugged down through the sluggish water the travelers realized that if a breeze existed



"HE SIGNALLED FRANTICALLY AT THE DEPARTING BOATMAN."

anywhere it had declined to follow the boat. The sun, however, was as continually on the job as a brand new office boy.

"Do you know what I feel like?" the Hopeful Housewife observed sepulchraly, after they had traveled interminable miles. "As if that old man were Charon taking us across the river Styx, but that instead of landing us in the cool, shady realms of the parian Pluto he was steering straight for a forty gridiron hell!"

The Confirmed Commuter groaned. This was highbrow talk and, added to the temperature, was almost intolerable.

"After an hour's trip, during which the boat went out of its course every few minutes to land a barrel of elder or take on a case of empty beer bottles, they reached the hotel."

It was a dismal building of brown stucco, suggesting in its treeless exposure to the mid-afternoon sun that it had been cooked brown in that stalling frying pan—the Hiawatha valley.

Landing at last they dragged themselves into a deserted dining room.

"Dinner's over!" said the waitress. "Supper won't be ready for two hours. No milk; no milk, no buttermilk, we're all out of ginger ale. I might let you have a bottle of pop."

But the Confirmed Commuter had fled. Waving his wife a violet umbrella, he signalled frantically to the departing boatman, who stopped and permitted his recent passengers to crawl aboard.

"In four hours," sighed the Confirmed Commuter weakly but happily, "we'll be back home, where it's cool and clean and we can have everything we want to eat and drink. Look your last upon Lake Hiawatha," he added dramatically. "You can never drag me here again!"

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## THE RIVALS

### EXTRA! MISS KITTY DENIES RUMOR!

AS MISS KITTY PLACED THIS PHOTO IN THE PAW OF THE REPORTER, SHE SAID "THE REPORT THAT I HAD ACCEPTED THE PRINCE OF POLTROON IS FALSE, I LOVE MY COUNTRY TOO WELL TO MARRY A FOREIGNER!"



**MR. RODNEY ROCKS - THE EMINENT FINANCIER, A GREAT ADMIRER OF MISS KITTY, IN HIS ADVICE TO YOUNG PUPPS SAID THE PRINCIPAL RULE FOR MY SUCCESS IS, WHENEVER GET MY TEETH INTO A GOOD THING, I NEVER LET GO! WELL IT ISN'T EVERYDOG THAT HAS TEETH LIKE MR. ROCKS.**

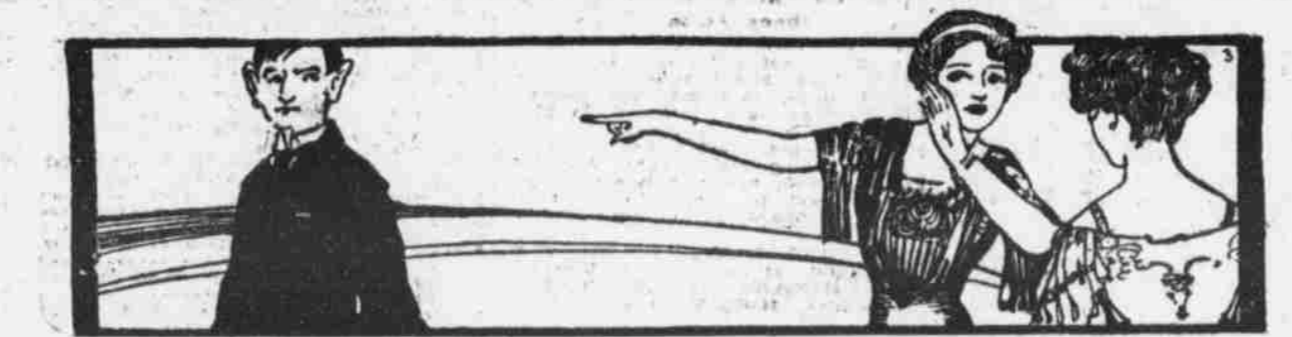
**MR. REGINALD VAN DER DOOD HIS CLAIM TO FAME RESTS IN THE FACT THAT HIS GREATGRANDFATHER LOST A LEG IN THE REVOLUTION, AND HIS RELATIONS BOAST ALSO OF A FAMOUS FAMILY TREE. IT'S A SLIPPERY ELM.**

**MR. JAY ARMSTRONG GOES - THE FAMOUS AVIATOR - THIS IS HIS FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE SINCE HIS FALL. HE WAS ABOUT TO BREAK THE ALTITUDE RECORD WHEN HIS BI-PLANE OVERTURNED. THE DOCTORS HAD GREAT DIFFICULTY IN PATCHING UP HIS REMAINS. BUT THEY SAY DOCTORS CAN DO ALMOST ANYTHING NOW - ADAYS!**

**MONS. PIERRE DE BOURBON - HIS PORTRAIT OF MISS KITTY THAT HE PAINTED FOR THE FRENCH SALON, IS NOW IN THE LOUVRE. HIS ADMIRATION FOR MISS KITTY IS WELL KNOWN. "SHE EZZ THE LOVELIEST CAT I 'EVAIR MET" SQUEALED MONS. PIERRE, AND I GUESS HE OUGHT TO KNOW.**

**THE TWO RAH-RAH BOYS JEREMIAH & OBEEDIA - THEY ARE THE ATHLETIC IDOLS OF YALE. "YE SCRIBE DROVE THEM IN THE GYMNASIUM DOING STUNTS I BAW OUT THE WINNING RUN AND YOU CAN SAY IN THE PAPER I'LL WIN KITTY TOO!" FOR JERRY, HE MEANS WELL BUT LOOK AT THE OPPOSITION!**

## Loretta's Looking Glass—Held Up to the "Look at That" Girl



She was a girl who needs to be known to be disliked. But it is easy to know you. Just one trip with you on a street car convinces your companion that your room is better than your company.

"Just look at that man! Isn't his nose funny?" you whisper to your friend.

You never seem to have the slightest perception that the man with the "funny" nose may be entirely unable to regard it as a joke. It may be a calamity to him. He may suffer torture every time any one looks at it. Going down town may be a long tour of dismal embarrassment.

The girl with you, to whom you are giving a short course in instruction how to dislike you, may have the sympathy to appreciate the man's feelings. She carefully turns her gaze to the opposite end of the car from your victim.

"You're not looking at the right one!"

You act as if there were a certain cleverness in your having detected the nose, and by the right of discovery you have achieved the privilege of exploitation. Your companion is in a cold sweat of fear lest the already afflicted man should be made more miserable by your rudeness.

"Yes, yes I know," she says, without turning her gaze toward the man and with a vain notion of shutting you up.

But you are not the shutting-up kind. You insist upon her seeing the sight you have to display.

"No, you don't see the one I mean. He's over there, the second from the front end. Just look at his nose! Isn't it awful?" you continue, with a fervor of expression that makes your voice carry painfully.

The girl with you suffers the embarrassment that you have not the sense to feel. She is finally forced, as a last resort and with the hope of silencing you, to turn and look. Every one around the two of you is making the uncomplimentary mental comments which her sensitive imagination can easily picture. She feels humiliated.

But you—why, you are enjoying yourself.

You have caught sight of a novel trimming on the gown of a lady opposite.

"Just look at that braid—the way it's put on, odd, isn't it? Do you like it?" you ask.

Of course the braided lady knows you are talking about her. And it makes her nervous. She shifts and squirms and tries to look unconscious. And your companion registers a solemn vow never to go out with you again.

One of your kind met a man once who was her match. She sat behind him at the theater and observed his huge ears.

"Mercy! Look at that man's ears!" she exclaimed with the carelessly distinct speech of the chronic "look at that" girl.

She continued to exclaim and remark till her escort trembled lest the man in front was preparing a return for all her objectionable attention.

Again she burst out, "Did you ever see such ears?"

"Madame, you must be tired of such prolonged contemplation of my ears! Have a look at my nose for a change!" and he rose and faced her, calmly submitting his feature to her scrutiny till the curtain was rung up.

She nearly died of embarrassment. What a pity the same near-extermination method cannot be tried on you!

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### Saving Money.

A northern woman with philanthropic symptoms was trying to install a little economy into her husband's tenancy. One of them, an anti-race-succidist, kept a colored girl as nurse to her group of ten growing American citizens.

"Mary," remarked the woman, "do you think a woman in your circumstances can afford a nurse?"

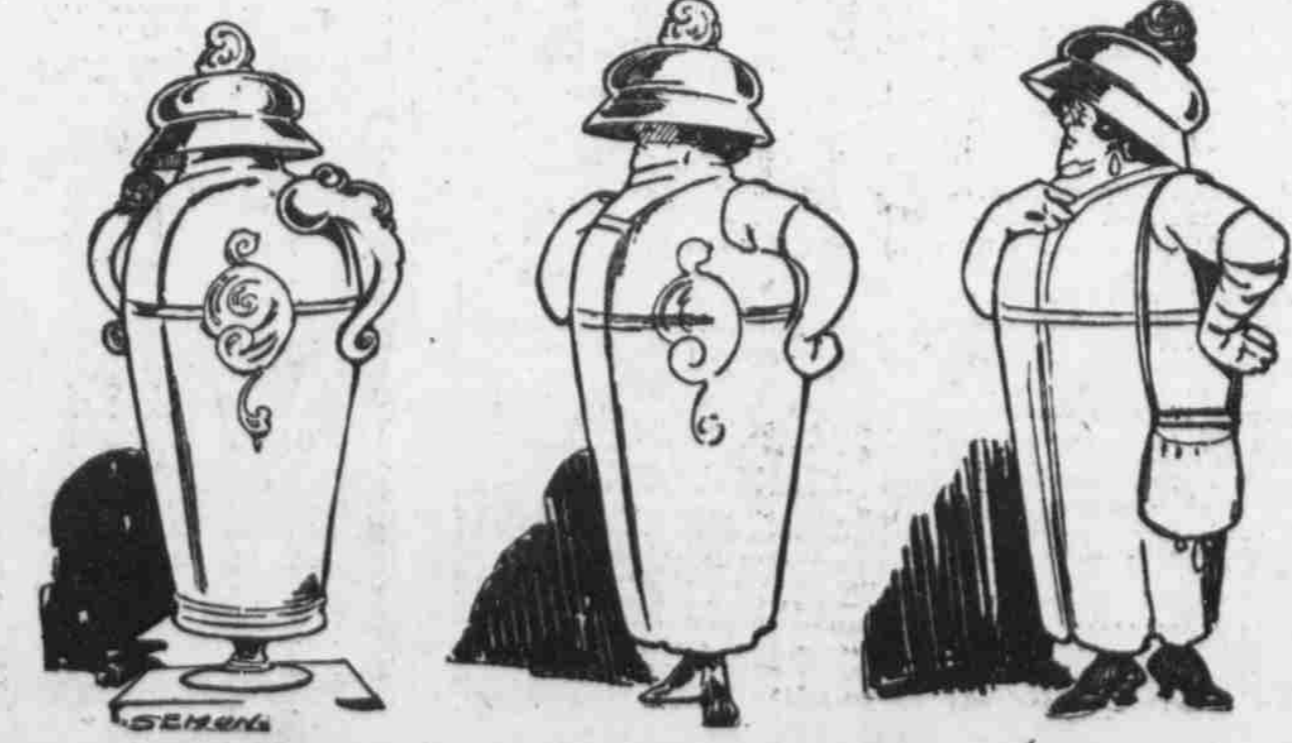
"I dunno, as I kin, but I don't pay her but 25 cents a month, an' I pays dat in ole clo'es, an'—with a wide smile—"she don't get dem!"—Lippincott's.

### "Offhand" Work.

A young woman prominent in the social set of an Ohio town tells of a young man there who had not familiarized himself with the forms of polite correspondence to the fullest extent. When, on one occasion, he found it necessary to decline an invitation, he did so in the following terms:

"Mr. Henry Blank declines with pleasure Mrs. Wood's invitation for the nineteenth, and thanks her extremely for having given him the opportunity of doing so."—Lippincott's.

### Evolution of a Vase



## Bachelor on the Claim

Editor of The Bee Magazine Page: While I was quite interested in the exchange of compliments you have printed from "A Staid Matron" and "Clementina Wallflower," things at home here kept me about as busy as I cared to be; hence this silence of mine. One of the things that puzzles me, even more than the modern development of strange fashions for women, is the fact that the dry weather has had an effect on my frogs. Some of them haven't learned to swim yet, although they are old enough to have gone to market before this, and would have gladdened some picture's palate and brought home money to me. Of course, the ponds are not as full and fresh as they used to be, and as I found they would be when first I started the frog farm, and the only reason any one hereabouts can account for the slowness of my frogs in learning to swim and get in condition for the table is that they need rain as bad as the grain does. We have had a little moisture lately, but not enough. One soddenous humorist was so mean as to say to me, at the postoffice that the frogs were waiting to see if the reciprocity treaty will pass.

The people in this section went twenty-five miles to a point on the Cheyenne river to celebrate the Fourth of July. I never saw such a celebration in all my life. The time was spent in round and square dancing, broncho busting, horse racing, and I upheld the honor of Nebraska by winning a fifty-yard foot race. Both whites and Indians took part in the whole show. I also won the waltzing contest, with a Plattsmouth girl for a partner, and then Nebraska was proclaimed to the skies. The dancing began at 4 p. m. and we kept it up until 1 o'clock next morning, and then had to ride twenty-five miles home, and no smooth road, either. Which brings to mind that the squaws of the Cheyenne Indian reservation have a quite graceful style of dress of their own, which out here looks all right. Somebody might do worse than copy the picturesque dresses worn by some of the young Indian women.

What's the use of quarreling about dress, anyway? My father used to tell of an old man who came to talk his way back in the early days, who saw the first pair of long trousers worn by some man of advanced ideas, about 1850. He said, when folks saw the "trousers" on that brave man they made all kinds of fun of him, and today we have our little fling at the man who wears knee breeches. Let the women wear trousers if they want to, like Mrs. Helmer's farmhands do. If strikes me they could be of lots more use, especially on a farm, if they would discard the skirts, and we would get used to it in time.

Since the grain crop looks so unpromising

### Nubs of Knowledge

In the Bible the word "girl" occurs but once.

Canaries have been known to live twenty-one years.

Central America has no fewer than ninety active volcanoes.

Nearly \$500,000 worth of articles are pawned in London weekly.

It is unlawful in Norway for women and girls to serve in public houses.

There are thirty tunnels more than a mile long on English railways.

Ten days per annum is the average amount of sickness in human life.

Jupiter was known as a planet to the Chinese and Chaldeans in 600 B. C.

Sugar was discovered in the East Indies by Neeruchus, admiral of Alexander, in 325 B. C.

Fistulas were invented at Pistoia, Italy, and were first used by English cavalrymen in 1544.

It is said that Anthemius, Greek architect and mathematician, knew the power of steam in 523.

Eight churches have stood on the site of St. Paul's cathedral. The first one was built A. D. 233.

Every Persian house is constructed on a plan of secrecy. No windows are visible from the streets.

The hawk flies at the rate of 150 miles per hour; the elder duck, ninety; the rook, sixty, and the pigeon, fifty.

Ventriloquism is a very ancient art. It was first described in 725 B. C. Greeks ascribed it to the operations of demons.

A pair of gloves passes through about 300 hands from the moment the skin leaves the dresser until the gloves are purchased by the intending wearer.

The oldest system of stenography extant was devised in 1412. Shorthand writing was practiced by the ancients, but their method has not been handed down to moderns.

America's first theater was opened at Williamsburg, Va., on September 5, 1752. New York City's first playhouse was in Nassau street, where performances began in 1753.

Fireworks were invented in Europe (at Florence, Italy) in 1380, and were exhibited as a spectacle in 1588. Pyrotechny is also said to have been practiced by the Chinese in remote ages.

### FRISKY POINT OF VIEW.



"How disappointing! I thought there might be some nice young ones in this stable."—Lippincott's.

## The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book

### This is the Day We Celebrate



July 19, 1911.

CLARA SCHNEIDER, 1720 South Fifteenth St.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Carl J. Anderson, 2919 Oak St.	DuPont	1898
Lloyd Burgett, 2026 Francis St.	Castellar	1901
Joseph Belored, 708 Center St.	Train	1888
Ethel M. Barber, 1808 Van Camp Ave.	Vinton	1899
Charles Burgess, 122 North Twenty-second St.	Central	1897
Roy Carlson, 3223 Franklin St.	Franklin	1903
Ella Crosby, 1512 Locust St.	Lothrop	1897
Francis P. Ceiland, 4030 Nicholas St.	Walnut Hill	1899
Dessie P. Clark, 4711 Erskine St.	Walnut Hill	1902
James Chadek, 1214 Blaine St.	Edw. Rosewater	1903
Helen R. Detweiler, 3524 Dodge St.	Farnam	1897
Richard Davis, 3108 Vinton St.	Windsor	1903
Hatti Doherty, 3429 South Fifteenth St.	Vinton	1897
Charles G. Fishbach, 2323 Dewey Ave.	Farnam	1905
Endora Flandt, 921 South Twelfth St.	Pacific	1900
John E. Foley, 2121 Grace St.	Kellom	1898
Gilbert Gagnon, 813 South Twenty-fourth St.	Mason	1902
Mary Grazino, 1111 South Fourteenth St.	Pacific	1902
Ellsie Gell, 1801 North Twenty-fourth St.	Long	1897
Elaine Hoyt, 2821 Dewey Ave.	Farnam	1901
Elmore Judson, 2814 Seward St.	Lothrop	1903
Lula Kavan, 2709 South Nineteenth St.	Castellar	1901
Lillian Larsen, 1112 Ames Ave.	Saratoga	1895
Jeanette LaDanceur, 919 South Thirty-third St.	Dark	1903
Virgil S. Lee, 2201 Douglas St.	Central	1897
Bernard Monaghan, 2008 Grace St.	Lake	1905
Edward Motz, 3418 Franklin St.	Franklin	1895
Elsa Nachneber, 308 Poppleton Ave.	Train	1898
Grace Nurgess, 2221 South Thirty-second St.	Windsor	1900
Marguerite O'Neill, 1413 North Seventeenth St.	Kellom	1898
John T. O'Conner, 2054 North Eighteenth St.	Sacred Heart	1902
Gordon Poff, 2117 Locust St.	Lothrop	1904
Bathilda Petersen, 2617 Decatur St.	Long	1896
Ruth E. Robbins, 2821 Erskine St.	Long	1901
Hortensen Rosenstock, 3506 Harney St.	Columbian	1902
Clara Schneider, 1720 South Fifteenth St.	Comenius	1902
Clement Stillmuck, 2416 Elm St.	Vinton	1898
Edward Suchy, 1520 Pine St.	Comenius	1895
Elbert S. Wade, 124 North Twenty-fourth St.	High	1891
Robert Winter, 3343 Boyd St.	Monmouth Park	1902
Joseph Weinfurter, 2916 South Seventeenth St.	St. Joseph	1900

## Bertie Proposed—Then Woke Up

Scene: A home of wealth, including everything that money can buy. A charming looking young girl is seated languidly on a couch, in her hand a French novel. Enter a young man, dressed with great attention to detail. As he enters, he glances about to see that no one else is present.

He: Hello, girl!

She: Dear me, Bertie; you almost startled me. Where did you come from? Thought you were aviating.

He: Weather too rough. Now, what do you suppose I came for?

She: How abrupt you are!—not at all your usual manner.

He: Well, why shouldn't I be excited about it? I am going to do something important.

She: I can scarcely believe it. By the way, did you win the tournament yesterday?

He: No. Simply rotten. Clever got it away from me by two holes.

She: You are not in condition this year. What's up with you, any way?

He (knowing himself in a chair): No, but I've got something on my mind.

She: Out with it.

He: I am thinking of getting married.

She: Well, why don't you? It might be the best thing in the world.

He: I am thinking of marrying you.

She (straightening up suddenly and staring at him): You don't really mean it!

He: Yes, I do. It's been on my mind for a long time. I can't seem to get it out. Now, little one, don't you think it would be a good thing? You know I can't say what I want to; but I mean it just the same.

She: What perfect nonsense!

He: Now, old fellow, be sensible! I mean it. Of course it would make talk—we've been together so much, you know, but why wouldn't it be a good thing? You may think I have no idea about business, just because I haven't been in it—now, that sort of thing makes me tired—just because I haven't been grubbing over a set of ledgers all my life. I don't think about those things. I tell you, girl, I am just as cautious as they make 'em. (Looks at her appealingly.) Do you suppose I would go into a thing like this unless I had doped it all out? Not much! I know where I stand. And I'm thinking of you, too. Why, we'd have an immense time. You know I never get cross—you couldn't ruffle me!

She: Do you know, that's what I like about you, Bertie. I must say you have a good disposition. How much money have you got?

He: Well, I have only got ten thou a year now, but you know grandfather will fix me up with twenty more. He's getting groggy—he won't last more than a year. A nice old chap, too. Always been square with me. Got me out of no end of trouble—and I've seen it! That's another thing. Oh, you want to consider. I'm no callow thing. I've seen all sorts of trouble. I've been up against it. It makes a fellow broad. I can tell you, and it would be a help to you.

She (ignoring his appeal to the gallery): Where would we live?

He: Anywhere you say. I am not fussy about that, you know. We might chase around the continent for a year or so.

She: I'm sick of it.

He: Well, how would a nice, comfy little bungalow do? Where we could—

She: What do you take me for? Don't you suppose I want some pleasure? And the first year of married life? You see how it is (desperately). We never could settle upon anything. You are a nice boy, but you have no decision.

He: Oh, you can't get me huffy. Give me a little time. I'll plan something good—original. You know I got up the circus for Van Anders last year, and think of the run it had. Trust me. Well, what do you say?

She (springing around at him): Can't you make love?

He (growing more self-conscious): Sure I can. I ought to know how. But I didn't suppose you— Why, it isn't the thing—somehow it doesn't seem to fit in. You know I think the world of you, Ollie. I'm just crazy about you—you ought to know that (in a hurt tone).

She: American fellows are all the same. They don't know. Why, the worst little bouncer of a Frenchman can give you cards and spades—and one actually beloved him!

He: What do you want me to do?

She: That's a lovely question to ask. I don't want you to make love, please, just because I spoke of it. I didn't really mean it, any way.

He (eagerly): Well, what do you say, dearie. Is it a go?

She: Why, my dear boy, you don't read the papers, do you?

He: What do you mean?

She (pushing over a newspaper): Here's my engagement announced to Lord Jeffers. You might have heard it at the club, if you had asked.

He (blinking looking at the notice; then recovering slightly, in a frown): Why didn't you tell me this before?

She: Why, my dear boy! How did I know that you were in love with me? I saw you almost every day, and you never even mentioned the matter.—Thomas L. Mason in Lippincott's.

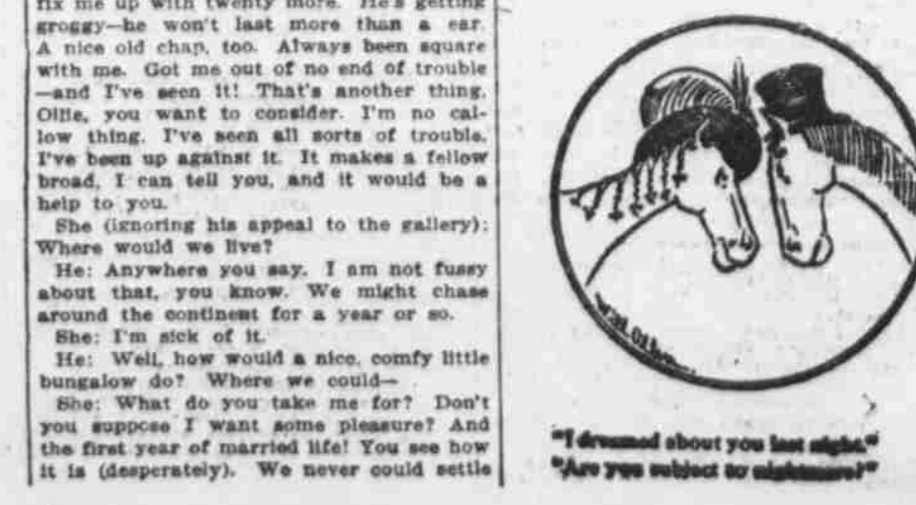
### Quickwitted.

An Irishman recently found himself in a bad predicament when, in attempting to evade the onslaughts of a savage dog, assistance came in the shape of his wife.

When the woman came up, the dog had fastened his teeth in the calf of her husband's leg and was holding on for dear life. Seizing a stone in the road, the Irishman's wife was about to hurl it, when the husband, with wonderful presence of mind, shouted:

"Mary! Mary! Don't throw the stone at the dog! Throw it at me!"—Lippincott's.

### ALMOST HUMAN.



"I dreamed about you last night." "Are you subject to nightmares?"—Lippincott's.