



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



How to Train a Wife

"Mrs. Brown was here this afternoon," announced the Hopeful Housewife, as she settled into an easy chair on the porch.

"Yes," answered the Confirmed Commuter, as he began fumbling for a match, "what about it?"

"She came to tell me that she hopes all her friends are ready to stand by her, as she is about to get a divorce from Mr. Brown."

"What again?" exclaimed the Commuter flippantly.

"Oh, but she means it this time. And after hearing all about Mr. Brown's cruelty and neglect I can't say that I blame her. He is a monster!" the Hopeful Housewife added emphatically.



A picture of the rotund, easy-going, frankly commiserating Mrs. Brown had been chosen for a combination suit and meal ticket rose before the Confirmed Commuter.

"Oh, I don't know!" he rejoined. "Brown seems a pretty decent sort of fellow—rough diamond and all that, of course—but perhaps if Mrs. Brown had had a little more, instead of running around telling her troubles to the neighbors, she might have a happier life."

"Mrs. Brown doesn't run around any more than I do!" exclaimed the champion of her sex, with some ferocity. "She has a few interests outside the laundry and kitchen to keep her brain from going. I suppose your ideal woman would live in a dishpan, the way that old philosopher Diogenes spent his days in a tub."

"No," said the Commuter, whose several years of marriage had familiarized with the art of lightning rod that conducts domestic flashes harmlessly into the ground. "My ideal woman lives in this pretty little house."

His wife smiled a smile of helpless mollification. Compliments always appeased her, even though she knew they were uttered with that purpose in view.

The Confirmed Commuter also smiled. But he was never able to let well enough alone.

"Yes," he repeated. "I must say I've trained you into a pretty good sort of wife. And I can tell you, you weren't very promising raw material when first we met." He added reminiscently, "You had so many 'isms' so many 'bugs,' that only an entomologist should have married you."

"Really!" said the Hopeful Housewife, with coy politeness. "It must be a pleasant thing for an artist to survey his handiwork and be so perfectly satisfied with it. I wish I could say as much of my feeble efforts to produce a model husband."

"Why don't you read the recipes in the"

"I SUPPOSE YOUR IDEAL WOMAN WOULD LIVE IN A DISHPAN?"

Ladies' Home Helper?" inquired the Commuter.

"Because I don't care for peanut periodicals," she answered. "But I could write my own recipe for a model husband if I wanted to try it."

"Well, what is it? Fire ahead!" answered the Commuter recklessly.

"Take a man—one of the cheaper cuts will do—put him on the slow fire of his own imagination—let him simmer for a long time in what he thinks is a hopeless passion—marry him—then roll him in the butter of continual flattery and deference—cover him carefully with crumbs of comfort—brown him with fervent affection—dust with paprika and garnish with a lemon. You see," she added cheerfully, "it's a perfect recipe, but I never could get past 'roll him in flattery.' There's no use trying—you can't create a model husband if you have a spine."

"That doesn't worry you friend, Mrs. Brown, any," and the Commuter dryly observed. "Why don't you pass the recipe on to her?"

"Because I've relied on you to instruct Mr. Brown in the art of wife training," the Hopeful Housewife answered. "May I ask whether it is customary to begin with jumping through a hoop or standing in the corner? And what are the rewards? Some trainers favor lamps of sugar and others a piece of cheese. What do you think?"

"Oh, sugar," replied the Commuter ruefully. "She has the piece of cheese already." (Copyright, 1911, by New York Herald Co.)

A Little Sermon for the Week End

Source of Perpetual Life.

"And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent."—John 17:3



REV. WILLIAM BEYERS,
Pastor Seward Street Methodist Church.

In a normal state the human soul craves life and dreads death. While one may be depressed by disease or worried by affliction so that he may prefer death with whatever it may bring to him, because he imagines that his condition here is worse than any that might be his in any other state, or because he is so utterly tired of his present surroundings that he feels that annihilation would be preferable, yet when the load is a little lifted, when a revival of health brings back a little of the strength and courage of manhood, he finds himself instinctively clinging to life and avoiding death.

Absolute annihilation is hardly thinkable. While a few persons in all ages have held such a view of death, the vast majority of mankind have had a more or less well defined notion of a continued existence after death. From the crudest savage who buries his favorite dog and his hunting outfit with him to the most learned poet, all have deeply buried within their hearts the conviction that the soul has a longer lease on existence than has this poor, weak tenement of clay.

Between these two extremes are found many and differing expressions of this one fundamental truth. Nearly all kinds of habitations have been fixed up by imaginative processes for the continuance of life after this body shall have been vacated and the last adieu taken of this old mundane sphere.

Whatever has been the nature of the idealization, it always has been in the superlative degree. Whoever heard or read an expatiation on the future state in moderate language? Adjectives and adverbs are used in abundance and the most flowery

are only relative terms, since it is a universal conception of the human soul as well as a plain teaching of the Bible that there is no such thing as death in the sense of annihilation.

The scientist tells us that there can be no life in any realm without antecedent life. So in the spiritual realm God is the antecedent of life. "And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent, or to know God and Jesus Christ is eternal life. It is this capacity of man to know God that differentiates him from the brute creation."

One may rise in the mental life until he must seek the society of educated, cultured people for real enjoyment. But there is in man another felt want not satisfied with any human associations. There is implanted in the human heart the craving to become a partaker of the divine nature. To them that believe He has given power to become the sons of God.

Answering to this inherent capacity in man, God has seen fit to reveal Himself, so that man may come to know Him. Whom to know aright is life eternal. While "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork," and man may come to know something of God in a general way through nature, yet it is true, as the poet says, "But when our eyes behold Thy word, we read Thy name in fairer lines."

God became like man, that man might become like God. Divinity was clothed with humanity, that humanity might be clothed with divinity. Jesus came to earth to get acquainted with man, that man, through his acquaintance with Jesus might know the Father. "If ye had known Me, ye should have known My Father also; and from henceforth ye know Him."

Loretta's Looking Glass—Held Up to Girl Who is Universally Beloved



According to your own view, every man who talks to you ten minutes loves you. The male who stares at you is smitten with the "love-at-first-sight" affliction. The absent-minded creature, who occupies a pew across the church from yours, but gazes always fixedly in your direction, is worshipping from afar. The unwary youth, who takes you home from a place where the two of you happen to meet in calling on a mutual friend, is seized with the devotional ardor before he reaches your front door and leaves you. The clerk, who sells you the things your mother sends you to the grocery to buy, can hardly keep his pencil in the lines of the order book because he is so thrilled by your presence.

The street car conductor, who waits his car when you come running, does it because he is influenced by the love-charm of your eyes. The postman looks beatific when you take the mail from his trembling hands. The husband of your married friends would all be attentive if they followed their inclinations rather than stern and disagreeable conjugal duty.

The errand boy, who brings your package home from the store, is made to move with lighter tread when you take from his unworthy hand. The telephone inspector fiddles and fusses with the screws in the box just to remain within the charmed circle of your influence. The tenor in the opera keeps his gaze fastened on you during all of his love songs. The chauffeur, who drives the car with you in it, makes a dozen excuses to turn his head and look at you. The box office man at the matinee gives you especially good seats for your party. You pass along life's crowded way, singled out, distinguished, hailed by the love of men.

Lovely, isn't it?

It certainly is—just as long as you can keep your imagination working overtime. For the universality of your being beloved is all in your mind.

Other girls dislike you. And it does not take long for the men to discover that you are a human gum drop. One of them cannot come into contact with your over-sweet, agglutinative self without being stuck.

The natural, expectant attitude of the normal girl, the "waiting-at-the-gate" for the coming of "the possible he," is changed by you into an exaggerated "running-out-into-the-road" eagerness which appropriates the passing interest of every man who looks, from reasons of curiosity, as a love tribute to you.

Some girls are so enthusiastic about getting into the arms of the man they love that they fling themselves at his head. But you want to make a kind of emotional rubber ball of yourself and bounce profligately into the affections of all.

You are always telling the other girls about your winning ways and the sure reduction to complete devotion that they work in men. The girls want to tell you a few wholesome truths; but, with the characteristic cowardice of the sex, they do not dare. They just take it out on you by telling each other what a fully-qualified subject for the attention of the lunacy specialists they consider you.

But when you begin to tell one man about all the others who have loved you near and far, you prove yourself what the girls think you without any expensive doctor's verdict. The budding interest the man feels dies in the torridity of your admiration for yourself. He not only knows you never could give him the proper devotion, but he does not want to mix in with the mob you claim to have vanquished with your arms.

Proverbs of All Nations

Ships fear fire more than water.

A duck lays eggs, a goose lays waggers.

Hell is full of good meanings and wishes.

Life is half spent before we know what it is.

Told by the Troubled Tourist

"Just my luck!" exclaimed the Troubled Tourist, as he laid down his newspaper and savagely bit off the end of a cigar. "Here I've been traveling all over the country for years trying to be comfortably and luxuriously happy. I've never got anything for it beyond a few sparse, grudging thank yous. And now here's a man who gives up a lower berth and takes an upper one to oblige a fellow traveler and the fellow traveler dies and leaves him \$20,000."

"Now, wouldn't that discourage you? Every one in a while you read of a man who gives assistance to some elderly individual in just a casual, every-day sort of way and when he's forgotten all about it a few years afterward he finds himself a beneficiary under a will that was made expressly for him. Somebody helps somebody else off a street car or dips out of his pocket or gives him a light and gets a million dollars for it. But somehow or other I never can strike one of these cases myself. I always get in bad."

"I once picked out a nice, prosperous looking fellow passenger who looked as though he'd been in a while you read of a man who gives assistance to some elderly individual in just a casual, every-day sort of way and when he's forgotten all about it a few years afterward he finds himself a beneficiary under a will that was made expressly for him. Somebody helps somebody else off a street car or dips out of his pocket or gives him a light and gets a million dollars for it. But somehow or other I never can strike one of these cases myself. I always get in bad."

"I don't seem to be able to hit them right, some way, or else they mislay my address. The only one who ever kept the address, to my knowledge, was a prosperous looking party whom I helped out of an embarrassing situation by lending him \$5, and the next day he came around and wanted to borrow ten more."

"When I heard about this case of the \$20,000 legacy for shifting from a lower to an upper berth, I immediately went out and bought a lower berth as far as Chicago, just to take a chance on a few thousand, anyway."

"No, it didn't work; I missed the train." (Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)



"HE'D BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON ME."

ing of a legacy. I even sent one of my prospective benefactors home in a taxi-cab and he rode all over town in it and then sent me the bill.

Special Stone Train

From Montpelier, Vt., to Sarnia, Ont., 228 miles, in thirty-six hours and ten minutes, with twenty-five cars carrying 500 tons of granite, is the record of a granite special run made by the Central Vermont and Grand Trunk railways.

The train was one of the regular tri-weekly service from the Barre granite section of Vermont to the Canadian port of the St. Clair tunnel. From Fort Huron, the other portal station, the shipments are divided and sent to the west. One car made the run to Chicago in eighty-five

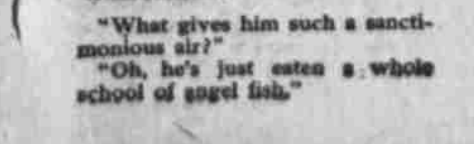
hours, and other points were reached in similar time.

Barre is the center of the granite industry of Vermont, and there are many sheds for cutting the stone in Montpelier. The product of the two cities goes all over the country. A large portion goes west, hence the special fast service.

The train left Montpelier as the second section of the afternoon mail train and from St. Albans, the first terminal point, it had right of track over everything except passenger traffic. Over the straight and level lines of the double-track system of the Grand Trunk between Montreal and Sarnia, the train made some runs close to forty miles an hour, and the total time, including stops, make an average of over twenty miles an hour, which is remarkable considering the aggregate distance.

Engines and crews were changed four times, at St. Albans, Vt.; Brockville, Belleville and Mimico, Ont., the yard station of Toronto. The train is the pride of the freight men, as it gives them a chance to throw out their chests to the men on the limiteds, who are apt to be rather slighting in their remarks about the speed of the freight punters. Anybody who delays the granite special is due for some straight talk, while the man who makes extra good time is regarded as a true brother.—Railroad Man's Magazine.

WE ARE WHAT WE EAT!



"What gives him such a sanctimonious air?"

"Oh, he's just eaten a whole school of sardine fish."

Youth and Age.

"The difference between youth and age was never so well put," said Rev. C. W. Penlow in an address at an Ocean Grove beach meeting. "As by a playwright who wrote:

"Youth, which is forgiven everything, forgives itself nothing. Age, which forgives itself everything, is forgiven nothing."

YES, IT HAPPENS EVERY DAY



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The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book

This is the Day We Celebrate—



MILDRED RYDER, 250 Brown Street.

July 29, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Lillian W. Agee, 1115 South Fifteenth St.	Comenius	1904
Lydia Barnett, 147 North Thirty-first St.	Farnam	1900
Helen Bartos, 2214 South Fourteenth St.	Comenius	1900
Clarence Calabria, 2210 Poppleton Ave.	Mason	1899
Francis Conry, 1526 North Seventeenth St.	Holy Family	1900
Mildred Dunham, 1400 South Eighth St.	Lincoln	1902
E. Chris Ellison, 509 South Twenty-ninth St.	S. D. A.	1903
John Foley, 2627 Hamilton St.	Long	1904
Herman Frieden, 1205 Douglas St.	Cass	1900
Bessie Halanek, 1223 South Second St.	Traln	1896
Horace G. Givens, 828 South Fifty-first St.	Beals	1902
Harold Hansen, 4312 Patrick Ave.	Clifton Hill	1901
Herbert Hansen, 4312 Patrick Ave.	Clifton Hill	1901
Martha W. Hellemann, 3466 South Fifteenth St.	Edw. Rosewater	1903
Alvin Heigren, 2801 Central Boulevard.	Webster	1901
Eugene Holmes, 2433 Blondo St.	Long	1904
Fred Johnson, 2413 North Eighteenth St.	Lake	1902
Earl Ketcham, 2777 Burt St.	High	1895
Willard Lee, 2563 South Fifth St.	Bancroft	1903
Helen I. Linaberry, 817 Pierce St.	Pacific	1902
Edna A. Loring, 2717 Parker St.	Long	1902
Ferold D. Lovejoy, 2574 Evans St.	Lothrop	1898
Edward W. Mackay, 2532 Davenport St.	Central	1897
Harry McCaslin, 602 South Thirtieth St.	Farnam	1903
Georgia McCaslin, 602 South Thirtieth St.	Farnam	1903
Rose McDermott, 2775 Webster St.	High	1894
Fauvette G. Martin, 2922 Frederick St.	Windsor	1904
Olga A. Metz, 528 South Twenty-sixth St.	Farnam	1898
Sarah Muchneck, 1492 North Twentieth St.	Hollom	1902
David G. Noble, 3505 Hawthorne Ave.	Anklnk	1900
Harold O'Rourke, 2325 1/2 South Sixteenth St.	Castellar	1904
Henry Ed. Pageler, 3722 North Thirty-first St.	Sacred Heart	1896
Paul Palmquist, 5909 North Thirty-third Ave.	Central Park	1902
Ruth Parker, 3414 Charles St.	Franklin	1898
Agnes Peters, 1439 Phelps St.	Vinton	1897
Lucy B. Ploss, 1915 Oak St.	Vinton	1899
Everett Raibourne, 3412 Lake St.	Howard Kennedy	1903
Carl Ramm, 920 North Twentieth Ave.	Webster	1899
Mathew Rossen, 2912 South Fifteenth St.	Saunder	1897
Edgar Rothery, 2562 Jones St.	Mason	1896
Bertha Rhoades, 2729 Blondo St.	Long	1900
Mildred Ryder, 2550 Brown St.	Saratoga	1904
Anna Sais, 2508 Patrick Ave.	Long	1896
Herman Seelman, 1903 South Eleventh St.	Lincoln	1903
Zelma Skinner, 2765 Webster St.	Webster	1902
Fritz A. Schlage, 3820 Parker St.	Franklin	1905
Grace Thom, 4309 North Twenty-fifth St.	High	1894
Thomas V. Tully, 2617 Burdette St.	Long	1896
Waltman Walters, 3319 Harney St.	High	1895
Edith Westland, 3412 Jackson St.	Columbian	1899
Mabel Winegard, 2911 North Twenty-sixth St.	Lothrop	1901
Bryan Withnell, 2708 Camden Ave.	High	1896
Mamie E. Woods, Forty-third and C St.	Windsor	1898

Fair Ladies of the White House

It was during the administration of President Rutherford Burchard Hayes, when his wife, Mrs. Lucy Webb Hayes, was the head of social affairs in Washington, that much discussion was created from one end of the country to the other.

It was caused by an innovation by Mrs. Hayes, who refused to permit wine to be served at the table in the White House. This act was severely criticized in some circles and upheld in others. Those who advocated total abstinence praised Mrs. Hayes' action and at the end of her husband's administration presented her with an album filled with signatures of prominent people in the country who approved of her action.

Mrs. Hayes, who in her girlhood was Lucy Ware Webb, was born in Chillicothe, O., August 28, 1831. She died in Fremont, O., June 5, 1892.

She was the daughter of a prominent physician in Ohio. He died in 1833 of cholera. Miss Webb was educated at the Wesleyan Female college in Cincinnati and



LUCY WEBB HAYES while there became engaged to young Hayes. During the war Mrs. Hayes went to the front with her husband and assisted in the care of the wounded soldiers. (Copyright, 1911, by New York Herald Co.)

Concerning Wedding Anniversaries

Quite a difference of opinion exists as to the correct order of wedding anniversaries. The generally accepted arrangement in commemorating these happy events are: First year, paper; fifth year, wooden; tenth year, tin; twelfth year, leather; fifteenth year, crystal; twentieth year, china; twenty-fifth year, silver; thirtieth year, ivory; fortieth year, woolen; forty-fifth year, silk; fiftieth year, golden; and seventy-fifth year, diamond.

In sending gifts for these various occasions, something in accordance with the above rule should be selected. Among the most appreciated gifts for the paper wedding is a subscription for a good magazine, a water color or etching, a crepe paper luncheon set, or anything having paper as its basis. There are so many pretty and useful articles of wood that this selection is easy. For the tin wedding kitchen ware is appropriate. Any kitchen utensil is in order, aluminum and granite being quite as well chosen as tin.

Books are the best selection for the leather event. The binding should be at least half leather, and simple leather bound volumes are in good taste. Pocketbooks, belts, traveling bags, sofa cushions and library table covers of leather are all suitable. For the crystal wedding, useful and ornamental pieces of cut glass, bits of Bohemian tinted glassware, anything in glass for the dining room, parlor or toilet table is certain to be appreciated.

When it comes to china and silver, the selection is too wide to require even a suggestion. Ivory weddings are rare, but there are some exquisite bits of it in the Japanese, Chinese and Oriental shops. Ivory handled parasols, canes and hand carved cameos in rare settings are handsome gifts.

Golden and diamond anniversaries call

NOT PAINLESS.



"Oh, no, Mr. Shark, you must be mistaken about having a toothache—they all look perfectly sound to me!"