

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

How to Train a Wife

"Say!" exclaimed the Confirmed Communist, with unusual interest, "did you know that Blackie's mother-in-law has forgiven her daughter for marrying him and she is going to give them money to buy the house they live in? That's what the head waiter at the restaurant told me today."

"P-h, you answered the Hopeful Housewife with her most bland manner. "Marie informed me two weeks ago. Didn't I mention it? You see the Blacks have a French nursemaid and she's our cook's most intimate friend. So she hears everything about them-not that it interests me," she added, disparagingly.

The Communist's face froze with the inevitable disappointment that comes to the face of a state news.

"I was not aware that you discuss your neighbors with the servant girls," he remarked in his most staccato accent. "Does that seem to you a desirable thing to do?"

"Ladies don't have to be ladylike," she observed in a low, smug, imperious manner. "They leave that to the populace."

"And yet women wonder that there is a servant problem!" the Communist sagely ejaculated.

"They don't wonder," his wife retorted. "They let the man do the wondering. They're far too busy trying to solve it. I'm a bad housekeeper," she said with added seriousness, "and the first time it occurred to the original 'cave woman' that a little heat might add to the flavor of raw meat she cooked a better meat than I'm capable of preparing. But even you will have to admit that I hold the neighborhood record for the persistence and efficiency of my general workers."

"Anybody could keep a cook that spoils her the way you do," the Communist answered disparagingly. "And by the way, there's a most excellent article on the servant problem in the magazine I brought home with me. If you'll read it I'm sure you'll get a great many valuable hints on the training of servants."

"All right, I'll read it," she said resignedly.

And for the next twenty minutes she was buried in the magazine he had brought home for her improvement.

The Communist Committee became absorbed in one of his favorite sea tales that he had as the author had thrown a bag of sea salt into a tub of tepid water and set his mind and his pen adrift for the "Never-Never Land." The grouch captain of the unvarying yarn was just taking his third mug of beer when the voice of the Hopeful Housewife cut across his story.

"That's a very good article," she pro-



"SHE GIVES A PARTY FOR THE COOK."

nounced, amiably. "I'm glad I read it. It has so many valuable suggestions that I'm sure I'll never have trouble with a cook again."

"Really?" said the gratified Communist. "I thought it looked interesting. Of course, I merely glanced at it. What's the general notion of it, anyway?"

"The general notion," the Hopeful Housewife answered, "is contained in the story of what the author calls 'a wise mistress who never has any trouble.' She doesn't call the cook a cook. She calls her a 'helper,' and she says she was careful to explain to her that the only reason she didn't want her to join in the conversation as she served the dinner was that she kept that hour sacred to a chat between her husband and herself. That she would be happy to have her join in the conversation at luncheon, when there were only women present. She also says that three or four times a year she gives a party for the cook and her friends and waits on the table herself!"

"What utter, sickening drivel!" exclaimed the Communist suddenly. "I didn't know such stuff got published! Why do you waste your time reading it?"

"Because you said it contained the solution of the servant problem," she answered smugly. "And it does. If you'll treat the cook like a princess and let her treat you as she pleases you'll live happily ever after-until somebody offers her more money."

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WHEN A MAN'S MARRIED



Maxims of Many Lands

Let hope rule.

Gold requires no lexicon.

A fool is better than a knave.

To delay something is to lose.

Love change as the seasons.

He who knows much has much to care for.

What we know not is often our best support.

Sayings of Sages

Sorrow comes unsent for.

Welcome is the best cheer.

Idleness is the key of beggary.

That's our good that does us good.

Take time when the time is, for time will away.

When you have nothing to say, say nothing.

Agnes come on horseback-but go away on foot.

Nubs of Knowledge

Mexico City was founded by the Aztecs in 1325.

The first lifesaving service was organized in England in 1534.

The first canal boat from the great lakes arrived in New York City November 24, 1825.

Westminster Abbey, where George V. was crowned, was commenced by Edward the Confessor in 1065 and consecrated December 25, 1095. Henry III. rebuilt it in 1265.

Loretta's Looking Glass



Held Up to Girl Who is Tired of Waiting

Yes, you are tired of waiting-for the man. Not a man to come out of the mysterious unknown and claim you. But for a real, clearly materialized, red-blooded piece of masculinity to make enough money to marry you! And it is two years since you saw the first thrill of love-and pride in being engaged. He is a fine, earnest fellow with a healthy appetite for a good time. But he is starving his hunger for fun because he is hopeful of being able to earn and to have enough to feed his heart-hunger with you.

He works against the usual handicaps. He is popular with men. They want him to share their pleasures. But he loves and wants you, so he resists-and is grieved. The married ladies who need dancing men at their parties court him with an assiduity that forces him into acceptance of favors which he is too conscientious not to turn occasionally. And the takes money. But he honestly limits himself in every way possible. He tries to make and to save for you.

He does not put up any claim to selfishness. He is not digging and grinding for your sake alone, though he reasonably concludes that you are as absorbed in the process as he, since it means each for the other in the end. He wants happiness just as every other human being does. And the long word is spelled for him with three little letters-you.

And what are you about? You are getting "tired of waiting." "Waiting for what?" "Waiting till conditions you yourself create can be overcome. You have exhausted your pleasure in being "engaged." The necessity of going about being coupled off with a man who is yours, has gone. There is an "engaged couple" kind of being taken for granted by your friends that irritates your vanity. It is no particular fun to go to parties, for all the men know you "belong," and they like the man well enough to respect his possession. The ex-

citement of winning him is wanting. He is so much in love that the necessity of "keeping his love" does not spur you up. You have made all the lace-trimmed lingerie you can possibly need. Your eyes are beginning to feel the strain of embroidering blouses and monogramming handkerchiefs. And you want to be married and settled.

"Why aren't you?" Because you have set a standard for the man to reach. You want to live in a certain neighborhood. The rents are high. You want to keep a maid. She has to be paid. You want to be able to entertain in your own home. It costs money. You want to continue the card parties, the matinees, the two tailed suits a year, that you have had. And the man, being conversant with the insalubricity of the dollar, knows he must make up in quantity what the specie lacks in stretchiness.

He knows the value of money and what it will not do. You do not. But you want the things that take a good deal of it. And he, poor innocent! has not the penetration-it does not go with level-to see that the right kind of a girl would consider what she acquired by marriage and its companionship, its shared hopes, its two-ply joys, would more than compensate for a loss of the mere money taking pleasures to which she was used in girlhood.

What right, on earth have you to "be tired of waiting?" Why don't you throw down the barrier you have set for him and yourself. It's a fashion to say that girls love more than men. I shall have to show that they love the men. What they really love when you analyze them is themselves. You are proud of it. You have become the paragon of the abused adage. "The Lord helps them who help themselves." Your way of thinking is the men love girls who love themselves. But some day you will find you are mistaken.

Railroad Pay Roll

Reporters of the bureau of railway news statistics to June 30, 1911, show the number of railway employees as 1,084,232, and compensation for the year \$1,177,094,000.

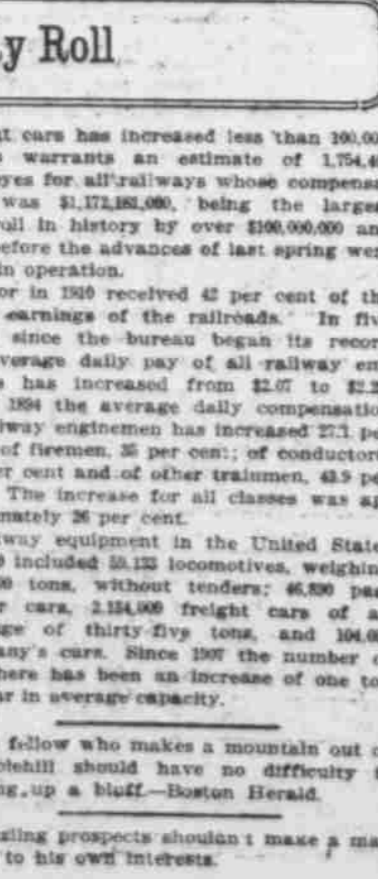
Freight cars has increased less than 200,000. This warrants an estimate of 1,704,400 employees for all railroads whose compensation was \$1,172,181,000, being the largest pay roll in history by over \$100,000,000 and this before the advances of last spring were fully in operation.

Labor in 1910 received 43 per cent of the gross earnings of the railroads. In five years since the bureau began its record the average daily pay of all railway employees has increased from \$2.27 to \$2.29. Since 1904 the average daily compensation of railway employees has increased 251 per cent of firemen, 26 per cent of conductors, 23.2 per cent and of other trainmen, 43 per cent. The increase for all classes was approximately 26 per cent.

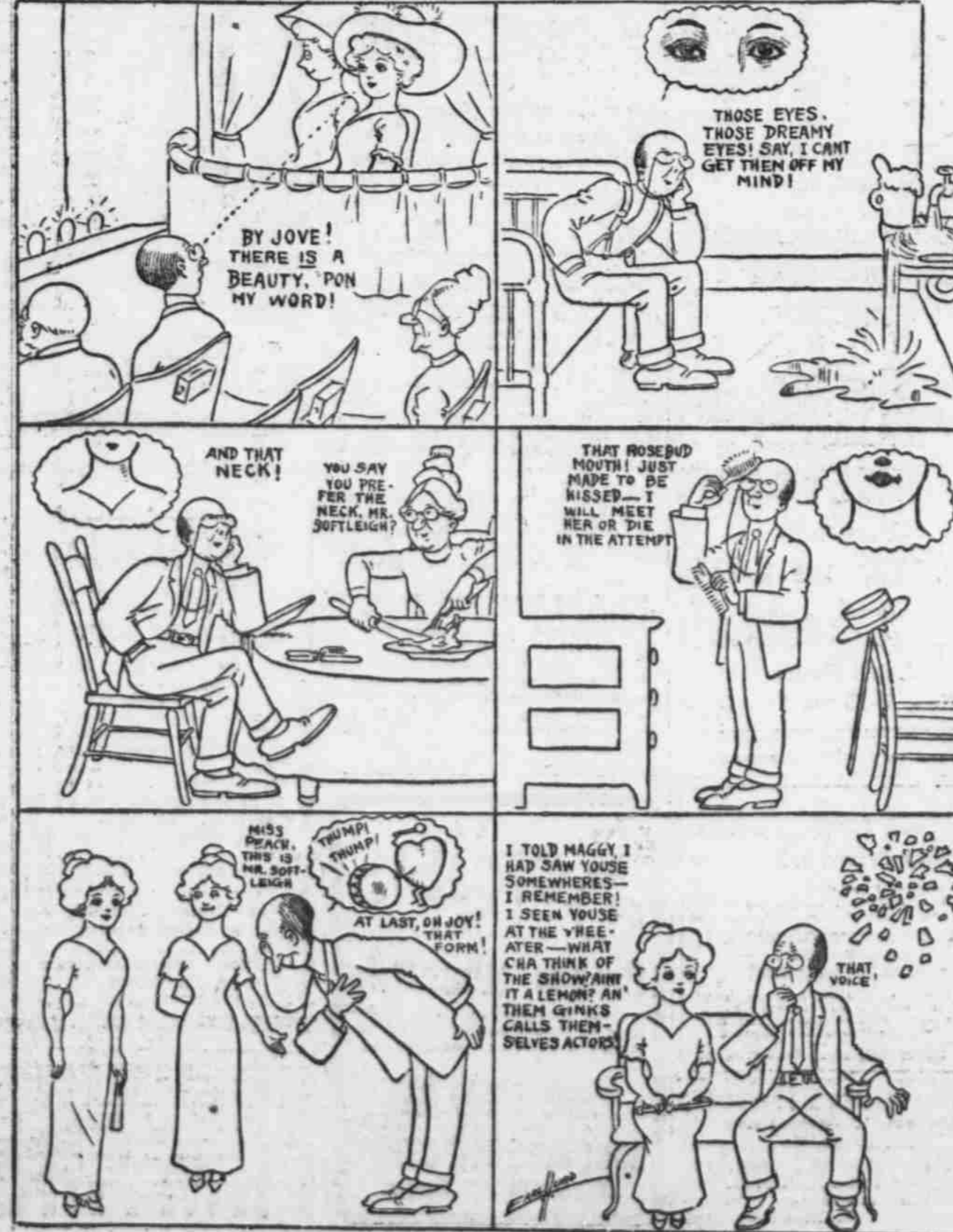
Railway equipment in the United States in 1910 included 20,123 locomotives, weighing 1,172,000 tons, without tenders; 6,800 passenger cars, 2,124,000 freight cars of an average of thirty-five tons, and 104,000 company's cars. Since 1907 the number of cars has increased an increase of one ton per car in average capacity.

The fellow who makes a mountain out of a molehill should have no difficulty in putting up a bluff.-Boston Herald.

Dazzling prospects shouldn't make a man blind to his own interests.



What's On Your Mind?



The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book



FRED GRIEB, 303 Hancock Street

August 2, 1911.

Name and Address. School. Year.

Water W. Anderson, 4236 Maple St. Clifton Hill 1891
 Karen Albertson, 3416 Erskine St. Clifton Hill 1895
 Julius Aikin, 2104 California St. Central 1895
 Jean Blossom, 3027 Farnam St. Farnam 1895
 Irene Booswick, 112 North Forty-first St. Saunders 1895
 Charles D. Bradley, 2415 Himebaugh Ave. Miller Park 1903
 Harry C. Blackburn, 2212 Mason St. Mason 1905
 Harry O. Blackburn, 2212 Mason St. Farnam 1905
 Arabella T. Clark, Fort Crook. High 1893
 Raymond Corler, 1611 Oak St. Vinton 1899
 Tilden M. Dickson, 3423 Franklin St. Franklin 1897
 Florence H. Erickson, 3713 North Twentieth St. High 1895
 Geraldine Elier, 2407 South Seventeenth St. Castellar 1901
 Samuel Pentress, 2418 Fort St. Lothrop 1904
 Fred Grieb, 303 Hancock St. St. Joseph 1899
 Olga Harmon, 4621 Farnam St. Columbian 1898
 Harry Haynes, 3828 North Twenty-second St. Lothrop 1903
 Alma Jensen, 4315 Pacific St. Beals 1899
 Mary Kaiser, 2020 Martha St. St. Joseph 1898
 Julius Kruger, 5614 North Twenty-eighth St. Miller Park 1902
 Frances Klostermeyer, 2789 South Sixteenth St. Castellar 1902
 Mildred L. Leisge, 1034 South Twenty-eighth St. Park 1902
 Claude M. Mill, 715 North Twenty-third St. Kellom 1897
 Ruth Miller, 5912 North Forty-second St. Central Park 1897
 Eugene Mader, 1508 North Seventeenth St. Kellom 1904
 Herluf Vagn Olsen, 2416 South Tenth St. Bancroft 1899
 Elmer Peterson, 4174 Chicago St. Saunders 1895
 Louisa Pirruccello, 1118 South Seventh St. Pacific 1902
 Joseph Polite, 1314 South Twelfth St. Pacific 1899
 Benjie Pecha, 3426 South Fifteenth St. High 1895
 Gus Palmer, 1416 North Twenty-second St. Kellom 1905
 Clifford T. Russell, 4109 Lafayette Ave. Walnut Hill 1901
 Joseph Rocca, 624 South Twenty-eighth St. Farnam 1901
 Howard Smith, 2123 Pinkney St. Lothrop 1895
 Cecil F. Shopen, 4216 Lafayette Ave. Walnut Hill 1901
 Lilla M. Swanberg, 1407 Boulevard Ave. Vinton 1896
 Cella Simpson, 2214 Hickory St. Mason 1904
 Morris Sigal, 1528 North Sixteenth St. Kellom 1901
 Bessie Tuma, 2420 South Twenty-third St. High 1896
 Paul Titaworth, 1515 North Eighteenth St. Kellom 1896
 Vera Vandervoort, 324 South Twenty-sixth St. Farnam 1903
 Vera Wallen, 2807 Charles St. Long 1902
 Ray Wilson, 3701 North Twenty-first St. Lothrop 1895
 Fred Wagner, 1908 South Thirty-fifth Ave. Windsor 1903
 John Zitslberger, 1837 North Eighteenth St. Lake 1898

A "Horse On" Scribbler

"How's the garden getting on?" That was the way Scribbler's friends greeted him earlier in the season. It always waked Scribbler out of his preoccupation. He would talk to you by the hour about his garden. But a change has come over the spirit of Scribbler.

"His garden is up," says Dolan, the chauffeur of Scribbler's wealthy neighbor; "sure, his garden is the thorn in his flesh."

Nowadays, when his friends meet him they steer the talk away from any reference to gardens.

It all began in the spring, when Scribbler felt worn out with his hard winter's work and the sedentary occupation of the writer.

"Your nerves are played out," said his doctor. "What you need, Scribbler, is out of door work. Something light and yet not too strenuous. Why don't you go in for a little amateur gardening?"

Scribbler went in for it.

He is one of those quiet, scholarly men, with glasses always perched on his nose at a perilous angle. He generally sits on his spine, his chest is hollow and his back is round.

But he took to the garden jefffully. He dug it up himself, he enriched the soil under the joint advice of his neighbor and a newly acquired book on "How to Make the Home Garden Pay." He planted it with the things he liked best.

Scribbler's health improved by his labor, too. A healthy sunburnt tinge succeeded his old time pallor and the light of enthusiasm kindled in his near sighted eyes.

Then one day when Scribbler had run up to town his neighbor's pony, a frisky, ill-regulated little pet of the children, found Scribbler's garden gate open and rammed in.

He liked that garden. He stayed some time. He ambled here and there in its narrow, but agreeable confines. The damage that pony accomplished was a moral calamity.

"It is the only time I ever heard Mister Scribbler swear," confessed Dolan to his wife. "Twas astonishing. I never heard such grand words in me life. Sure, I think 'twas Greek he used, or maybe Mesopotamian, or wan o' thim queer Afri-



HE TOOK TO HIS GARDEN JOFFULLY.

can largewidge."

Scribbler's bed of choice peppers, which he was counting upon for rare spicy salads in August and September, was ruined completely. The pony had simply rolled over and over in the soft earth, mangling the young plants, and also wiping out several contiguous beds.

The birds followed the example of the pony. When they got through with the berry bushes, their work was commendable for its thoroughness.

Scribbler gave it up. He turned the thing over to the maid-of-all-work, and gave her another raise in salary to look after the falling fortunes of his garden.

"I made a bad break yesterday," said one of his friends. "Inadvertently, I asked Scribbler about his garden."

"What did he say?"

"He looked off into space," said his friend, "and quoted something literary. I think it was from Emerson. It was something about all experience being very sweet when looked at from the ideal point of view. But when looked at from the point of view of actual experience it is sour."

"Poor Scribbler."

Knew All About Moses

Mrs. Perry Starkweather, in charge of the department of women and children of the Minnesota State Labor bureau, tells of a peculiar experience she had recently while visiting the home of a woman whose boy did not attend school regularly.

"Your boy must not remain away from his studies," said Mrs. Starkweather. "It is my duty to see that he attends."

The mother looked very much surprised. She informed her caller that the child was "very, very bright-much brighter than some children who never miss school."

To prove her contention the proud mother summoned her son before Mrs. Starkweather and asked him to tell what he knew concerning Moses of biblical fame.

"Well," said the child, "there once lived a king who all the time wanted to kill children. Moses was the kid of a woman who chucked him in a laundry basket and threw it in the weeds. The king's daughter was hissing along and found the laundry basket. She picked up the kid and beat it!"

The eyes of the proud mother fairly

