

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

How to Train a Wife

"The little Brown girl is going to be married," announced the Hopful Housewife.

"Who's the lucky man?" inquired the Confirmed Commuter—not because he wanted to know, but to keep the peace.

"I forget his name," announced the proud bearer of tidings. "It's some young fellow she met on her vacation in July. She came in to ask my advice. She said she always seemed so contented, and yet she knew we weren't very rich, and would I please tell her if one could keep a maid on \$5 a week."

"I suppose you handed out some cheerful advice," the Commuter ventured dryly.

"I'm afraid it wasn't very cheerful," his wife replied. "I asked her if she could cook. She said no, that 'mother' didn't believe in making a girl too domestic, that 'mother' said the less women knew the less they had to do, that she had brought up to have accomplishments." So I asked her if she thought her accomplishments were of such a rare order that a man would want to support her for life for them. I said:

"You sing a little, but not so well you could ever make a cent by it. You draw just badly enough to make bad caricatures of your friends, but not well enough to design a dress. You studied French that you might assist in the annual school girl massacre of a beautiful language, but in Paris you couldn't order a cab or a beef-steak without an interpreter."

"Harrumphing these few things she's all right," interrupted the Confirmed Commuter. "But how did she take your criticisms?"

"Of course she was perfectly furious. She argued, then she cried. But when she went away she promised that if she took her \$5 a week young man she'd start going to a cooking school tomorrow."

The Confirmed Commuter had listened to his wife's recital with a broad grin on his expressive countenance.

"In the role of domestic mentor you're even if it doesn't apply to my own case. I don't have to do those things but I have no illusions about them."

"And you don't want anybody else to have—not even a poor kid that's just gotten engaged."

"That's just it!" was the unexpected answer. "The fewer illusions she carries with, the more she'll die with."



THE AVERAGE MAN DOESN'T DRIVE A BARGAIN WHEN HE MARRIES.

"But," urged the Commuter, sentimentally, "why put marriage on such a sordid basis? Why suggest to a young creature glowing with her first love that her charms, her little accomplishments, are not worth her keep? Be sure that \$5-a-week young man doesn't think that he's undertaking her support because she's undertaking to cook and keep house for him."

"Of course he doesn't think it now, but he will the first time he comes home with a groch to an unpalatable dinner," answered his wife. "The 'Grecks' were right in considering the stomach the seat of the soul—particularly the male soul."

"Oh, I don't know," the Commuter answered. "You haven't a featherweight appetite yourself. The point I'm making is that the average man doesn't drive a bargain when he marries. Whatever you or I may think of that little girl's feeble efforts at singing, I've no doubt her young man believes she ought to be in grand opera and she probably thinks all the Crusaders were not half so brave, noble or handsome as he."

"Yes," said his wife, impatiently. "No doubt she does, and it's highly probable these mutual delusions will keep either of them from ever amounting to anything—but not if I can help it!"

"Then why don't you found a school for the Training of Wives?" asked the Confirmed Commuter suddenly.

"And set up a rival establishment to my own husband?" she answered, smilingly. "I wouldn't think of such a thing! You've trained me too well!"

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Told by the Troubled Tourist

"This scheme of dressing New York subway guards all in spotless white opens the door to some great possibilities," remarked the Troubled Tourist. "I can see where your city beautiful will soon have a beautiful color scheme if it keeps on, and we'll be able to get away from the general gloom that has pervaded our masculine wearing apparel for the last hundred years."

"We'll soon be able to live, move, and have our being in an everyday pagant that will make the stage managers sit up and take notice."

"Idea seems to be spreading to other cities, too, where they want to dress the policemen in shirt waists, outing trousers and tennis shoes. Wouldn't that make a gorgeous outfit? All the posts would have to be made stationary then, for the gaudy guardians of the peace couldn't move for the admiring crowds. It doesn't say what kind of headgear they'd wear with this stylish rig, but I suppose a neat Panama hat with the brim turned up in the back and a quill stuck through it would be about the thing. A combination nightstick and umbrella would go well with this. I tell you if you only had a traffic squad dressed like that we'd expect to hear 'em burst into song any minute."

"With the subway guards dressed in spotless white, it would be only proper to top out the elevated guards in robin's egg blue, for instance, and surfer car conductors could wear something modest in the shape of buff, with scarlet trimmings."

"Automobile chauffeurs could wear electric blue. Waiters could adopt shades suitable to the decorations of their respective hotels and restaurants, and barbers could select something tasty in striped red, white and blue."

"Pink would be a nice Cupid-like color for messenger boys, but it would have to



IF WE ONLY HAD A TRAFFIC SQUAD DRESSED LIKE THAT.

be fast, and sky blue would be suitable for aeroplane conductors. I'm not sure just what we might dress the city's garbage collectors in, but crash would do for the material.

"Train callers and announcers generally would have to wear the loudest colors, and only soft fall shades would do for elevator men. Jailors could wear royal purple to indicate their supreme authority on the premises and the coal man could be made conspicuous in flame color. Any melting shade would answer for the ice man."

"As for the shoe-shining artist, he's already taken care of. The papers have announced that he's to have green umbrellas. Aside from that he can probably wear what he likes."

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Rough Cloak for Drunkards

J. F. Morgan was recently offered a very curious relic by a London art dealer, says the Philadelphia Record. It is called "The Drunkard's Cloak," and consists of a high wooden pall, bound around with brass hoops, in the bottom of which a hole is cut for the purpose of inserting a man's head. The idea of the contrivance was to enforce temperance by means of public humiliation. Of course, the usage in England has long been obsolete, but it was practiced extensively in the midland counties about 180 years ago. "The Drunkard's Cloak" was a terrifying affair to the dipsomaniac who persisted in seeing red more frequently than was good for his own or the public health.

The particular "cloak" offered to Morgan stands about five feet six inches high—calculated to suite nicely the average height of the unfortunate delinquent who came within its not too ample folds. It was the custom, in the early days, to expose incorrigible drunkards by placing them

inside this instrument of torture and keeping them "on view" in some public place. Only the head of the occupant is seen when wearing the "cloak," which is anything but a cloak in the sense that it hides anyone's shortcomings. The person occupying the "cloak" was compelled to stoop in a very cramped position, and, altogether, his lot was far from being a happy one. Wearing the "cloak" for twenty-four hours was supposed to effect a wonderful reformation. Certainly the treatment was heroic enough. Communities which resorted to such methods were, it is scarcely necessary to say, more or less free from drunkards in those early days.

Deity Demands Digits.

Robert Duwicht, who has traveled extensively in the lesser known regions of the Himalayas, gives an interesting account of a native sect known as the "Tharys," who have some curious practices. The sect are worshippers of the goddess Kail. They believe either in self-destruction or in the sacrifice of one of their fingers to appease the deity. Thus it comes about that when the eldest member of a family is married the unhappy mother is expected to cut off the first two joints of the last two fingers of her hand. Friends and other smart people in this remarkable sect are allowed to offer a substitute of finger joints modeled in gold.

Wesley's Let the Old Cat Die.

"You believe, then, doctor," said the elegant lady, "that my pet's life can be saved by the operation?"

"Oh, yes, madam. The operation is usually successful. The kidneys of a somewhat strong, healthy cat of the same breed and age can be readily transplanted. Of course, the first pair may not suit, but the second or third trial generally succeeds."

"Well, go ahead, doctor, and perform the operation, for I sincerely believe in saving the life of any poor creature whenever possible."—San Francisco Chronicle.



I HAVE BOTH YOUR LETTERS

A Little Sermon for the Week End

Captive to Law of Sin.

Text—For the Good that I Would Do I Do Not, but the Evil Which I Would Not, that I Do.—Romans VIII.

The experience of the apostle Paul as related in the seventh chapter of Romans is a very common one. He tells us, in substance, that he wants to do right, wants to be a good man, that he loves the right and hates the wrong, but that some power within him is ever drawing him away from the right and causing him to do that which he hates. He tells us that he finds himself often in the grasp of an evil power which brings him into captivity. He says: "But I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin, which is in my members."

We can all sympathize with Paul in this experience. We have all felt the power of these opposing forces in our nature. We desire to do right; in our better moments we love the right and hate the wrong, but, alas, there are times when the evil within us insolently dominates our better selves and causes us to do the things that we hate. Paul calls the power which pulls us down "the law of sin." He calls the power which incites to better things "the law of God."

The human soul is a battle ground and the powers of light and the powers of darkness are ever waging a fierce battle for its possession. The apostle as he contemplates the awful power of the law of



GEORGE A. RAY, Pastor Second Presbyterian Church, Council Bluffs, Ia.

sin, as he considers his own weakness, cries out in agony of fear. "Oh, wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

His appeal is answered. There is one to rescue and Paul joyfully exclaims: "I thank God through our Lord, Jesus Christ. So, then, with the mind I myself serve the law of God, but with the flesh the law of sin."—Romans VIII.

Without the help of Jesus Christ the powers of darkness will ever win the battle and drag us down. We dare not fight the battle alone. "Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."—Acts IV:12

Ancient Wisdom

From ignorance our comfort grows. Place not all your eggs in one basket. Give never the wolf the wether to keep. The morning hour has gold in its mouth. Kind words don't wear out the tongue. All men think all men mortal but themselves. Honor a physician before thou hast need of him. Who blackens others does not whiten himself.

Loretta's Looking Glass—Girl Who Thinks Well of Everybody



I haven't had my anger so thoroughly taken out and blown up and well aired for months! And the girl who thinks well of everybody did it.

There is something perfectly exasperating about the persistent poesy pleasantness of such a girl. If virtues are stumpy virtues good to see, I haven't an idea what to say about her virtue.

It has gone to the moon. It's like Jack's beanstalk. It has just grown and grown and grown and grown, and then grown some more, quite above and beyond where any healthy beanstalk or virtue was ever meant to go.

A snob and the girl who thinks well of everybody met. And Loretta, of the trenchant pen—I quote from a correspondent—was to be there. The girl is one of the workers. She has to fairly peel the edges off of greenbacks to get her clothes. And the snob is a young savage who was also a worker herself once, but took a short-cut into prosperity via the matrimonial altars.

She was with a rich friend at the picture exhibition. And when she saw the girl coming toward her she lifted her silly lorgnette and her silly eyes and tilted her silly head and pretended that her silly brain could appreciate and be absorbed in the splendid and dignified cattle with which Carlton Wiggins had glorified a cartouche. Perhaps her mean, small convulsions of gray matter might have been absorbed by the painter. Mr. Wiggins puts it on pretty thick sometimes. But she couldn't disguise

the fact that she had seen the girl. I saw her see her! That sounds like that idiotic round about I saw Esau, etc. But I have to say it so the point may not be lost.

So the snob with her nose in the air and her rich girl friend beside her sailed by the girl. I hurried toward the girl. And what do you think she said as I burst out: "See out you!"

"On the Rhine"

The German Rhine furnishes a most illuminating contrast to the decadent Mississippi. It is commercially the most important river in the world.

The United States has expended more money in the twenty years ended in 1907 on the most important stretch of the Mississippi—36 miles, between St. Louis and Cairo—than the German central government has expended in the improvement of the Rhine from Strasburg to the frontier of Holland, a distance of 356 miles.

Yet the amount of tonnage handled on this portion of the Mississippi in 1908 was 274,000 tons, while that on the Rhine in the same year was between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 tons, an amount from eighty to 100 times as great.

He who grieves before it is necessary grieves more than is necessary.

"I'm sure she did not see me."

The lie was an evidence of her determination to "think well of everybody." If she perceived her soul to do it.

"Didn't see you! Do you think she has developed an astigmatism just because she has a lorgnette?" I ejaculated.

"She did not see me!" the girl repeated, smiling that peculiarly insane variety of grimace which is affected by her kind.

"You've lost your eyesight!" I exclaimed.

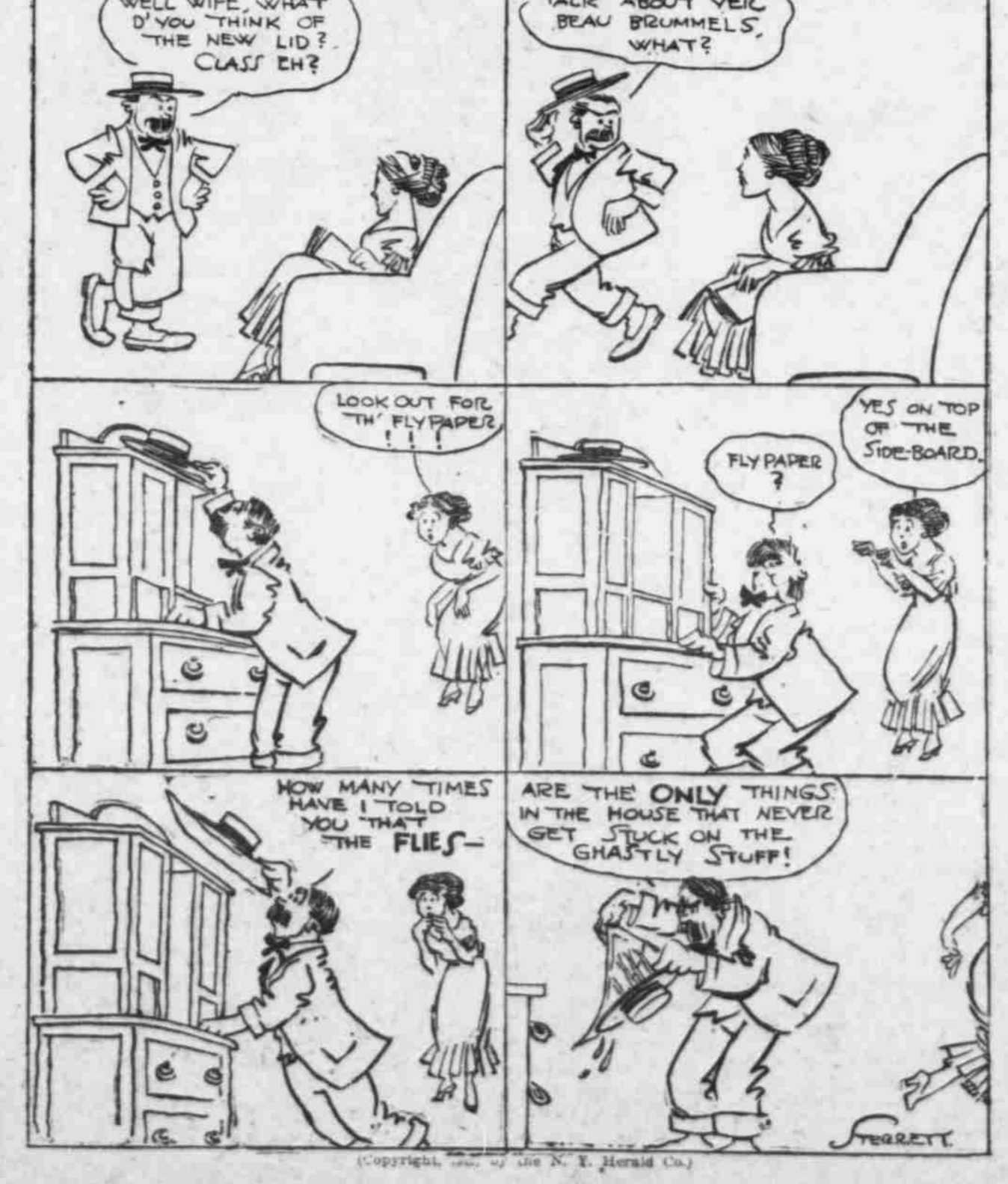
"I suppose you will go on giving her chances to snub you!"

"I shall forgive her," was the not unlovely answer.

"That's all right. Forgive her, but don't prove yourself a candidate for the imbecile asylum by denying the testimony of your own eyes. You know she saw you. You know her narrow, proud little soul snubbed you. And you are encouraging snobs like her when you fail to recognize their snobishness and call it bad. Just as you would be encouraging the bad dreams if you went to a vicious performance and then gided it over with your false assertion 'that it was probably well intended.' Anybody who deliberately encourages snobs ought to be snubbed!"

It's a good deal bigger to see a fault and forgive than it is to refuse to see it. The girl who thinks well of everybody makes the mistake of assuming that there is nothing wrong. She runs up against some hard walls that she might have climbed if she had just recognized them as there and taken reasonable precautions about getting over instead of bumping into them.

WHEN A MAN'S MARRIED



The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book



This is the Day We Celebrate

August 12, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Phyllis Adler, 2229 Harney St.	Columbian	1905
Ben Abrahamson, 1205 North Twenty-fourth St.	Kellom	1895
Evelyn Brodegard, 1317 North Thirty-fifth St.	Franklin	1905
Howe Buffett, 1015 South Thirtieth Ave.	Park	1903
Harry Bugo, 4217 Larimore Ave.	Central Park	1900
Loy Courts, 3615 North Twenty-ninth St.	Druid Hill	1904
Helan Cramer, 2853 Spalding St.	Lothrop	1896
Ruth Catlin, 2441 Manderson St.	High	1895
Harlan Cutchfield, 2524 Templeton St.	High	1895
Margaret Connor, 603 Marcy St.	St. Philomena	1895
Margaret Carew, 1144 North Eighteenth St.	Holy Family	1902
Arthur Christensen, 3011 Franklin St.	Franklin	1903
James T. Durkee, 415 North Fortieth St.	High	1895
Barny Drevich, 950 North Twenty-fifth St.	Cass	1903
Mattie Darnings, 1403 North Eighteenth St.	Kellom	1899
Harry Epstein, 1910 South Tenth St.	Lincoln	1902
Ruth Fraser, 1328 South Twenty-fifth Ave.	High	1896
Ralph E. George, 2431 Emmet St.	Lothrop	1899
Bessie Goldberg, 619 North Seventeenth St.	Cass	1902
Carl D. Helgren, 2721 Davenport St.	High	1895
Richard M. Hyde, 2512 Bristol St.	Lothrop	1905
Maris Imbert, 1958 South Thirteenth St.	Lincoln	1900
Lola V. Kaer, 3615 Hamilton St.	Franklin	1904
Walter George Kocher, 1611 Izard St.	Cass	1900
George H. Likert, Jr., 1515 South Twenty-eighth St.	Park	1905
Lela Lanning, 2407 Seward St.	Central Park	1900
Clara Meehan, 1910 Lake St.	Lake	1903
Frank Malin, 620 North Thirty-second St.	High	1894
Hugh E. Millard, 2505 Farnam St.	High	1894
Eddie Manows, 1427 South Fourteenth St.	Lincoln	1901
Charles McCaffrey, 3314 Howard St.	Farnam	1899
Frances McFee, 2933 Martha St.	Dupont	1903
Paul Peterson, 1812 North Twenty-first St.	Kellom	1899
Rudolf A. Pakieser, 3078 Fowler Ave.	Monmouth Park	1904
Annie Ruffens, 1036 South Twentieth St.	Mason	1903
Melba Seiffe, 3222 Charles St.	Franklin	1904
Richard Singles, 423 North Twenty-ninth St.	Saunders	1902
August Strohen, 1004 North Forty-seventh Ave.	Walnut Hill	1895
Ralph Truon, 2616 Bristol St.	Lothrop	1898
Clara Vanous, 1925 South Eleventh St.	Lincoln	1902
Carl Wyman, 3414 California St.	Webster	1899
Doris Weininger, 2716 Burdette St.	Long	1907
Joseph O. Young, 2853 Miami St.	Sacred Heart	1899

Fair Ladies of the White House

During the administration of William McKinley, the twenty-fourth president of the United States, his wife was the dominant figure in the social life of the capital.

Before her marriage she had been Ida Saxton of Canton, O., the granddaughter of a pioneer editor, who for sixty years had charge of the Ohio Repository. Her father was a leading business man and banker of Canton. Miss Saxton was educated at Cleveland, O., and at Miss Eastman's seminary, Media, Pa.

Major McKinley won her hand among many suitors, for Miss Saxton was considered a belle and a beauty. They were married on January 15, 1871, in the Presbyterian church, of which Miss Saxton was a member. Her pastor, the Rev. Dr. Buckingham, officiated, assisted by Major McKinley's pastor, the Rev. Dr. Endsley of the Methodist church.

Mrs. McKinley first became a conspicuous figure at the White House during the Hayes administration, for she was a close personal friend of Mrs. Hayes, receiving with her upon public occasions and taking Mrs. Hayes' place in her absence.

Although never in very robust health, she was her husband's constant companion and guide. The tragic death of the presi-



MRS. WILLIAM MCKINLEY

dent at the Buffalo exposition ten years ago next month gave Mrs. McKinley a shock from which she never recovered. She died in 1907.

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Silhouettes of the Sidewalk

One tiny speck against the sky, To groundlings as they stare He seems no bigger than a fly, Poised on the edge up there. Upon his head the sun rays flame. As on the topmost span He totts, a hero lost to fame—The brave skyscraper man.

To him the city seems a mote, Far, far beneath his feet. As totting at his dizzy height He makes the span complete, He sees through peering, half-shut lids More wonders built at home Than Egypt with its pyramids.

Or Caesars with their Rome, Perhaps a hundred times a day He touches hands with death, The mighty girders swing and sway. And as we hold our breath He puts the iron in its place, Linked to another span, And works with heavy, hearty grace—The bold skyscraper man.

Ah, would that he might talk with us; No doubt some mighty thought Would come into our knowledge thus

Out of his labors wrought, Perchance some great, inspiring theme Would pass from man to man, Some voicing of the toiler's dream From the skyscraper man.

The whistle blows, he's through at last; He leaves his place on high And to the earth descending fast Looks round with eager eye. Surely some wisdom we shall learn—What are those words we hear? "Say, where's old Nolan? It's his turn To blow me to a beer!"

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Views of the Village Sage.

Hard luck stories are usually harder on the listener.

Some men are able to hold their own, but prefer to hold others.

A man can put his foot in it without actually stepping into a grave.

Of course, there's no such thing as a sea serpent until it has actually been seen. It seems rather remarkable that when a man is down and out he is at the same time up against it.

There is a great chance for the colored folks in the rural districts to go into the poultry business if they could only be made to see it; they are our most natural chicken raisers.—Boston Herald.

Not Asking Much.

"You say you'd go through thick and thin to win my hand?" queried the sweet, summer maiden.

"I would!" cried the young man, eagerly.

"Then," coaxed the fair young thing, with a careless wave of her hand, "swim across yon lake and crawl through the adjacent mountain, and I will consider you."

—Boston Herald.

Raising the Dust.

Henpeck—Your automobile raises a good deal of dust, don't it?

Goggles—Not so much as I had to raise to get it.