

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

How to Train a Wife

"Dear," said the Hopeful Housewife one Monday morning, "I want William to dig another flower bed. My chrysanthemums are much too crowded. They must be replanted."

"Wait a few days and I'll do it for you," the Confirmed Communist answered thoughtfully. "My vacation begins Thursday. I need a lot of physical exercise and I intend to devote my holidays to fixing things up around the place. You can tell William when he comes around this evening that we won't need him for the next two weeks—that I intend to do all the work about the garden myself."

"Oh, no!" his wife protested. "I can't do that. I've been trying to get him to chop down that dead elm tree all summer and he has agreed to come a week from Wednesday."

"I intend to chop that tree myself," the Communist interrupted. "That'll be just the thing for me."

He thus formed a compact on the spot with the most obstinate woodchuck in the neighborhood. "I'll have the axe," he said, "and I'll have the axe." "That'll be just the thing for me," he said, "and I'll have the axe."

"I'll chop it down and saw it up into kindling wood for next winter," he added enthusiastically. "That'll save the price of a couple of loads of wood, anyway."

His wife smiled that slow, singular, wife-like smile, incredulous, benign, cynical.

"All right, dear, she acquiesced. "Of course I'll rather have you do it, because in that case it will be done well."

During the course of the week that lay before her, the Hopeful Housewife, in the time that other women were busy with their usual household duties, and invariably the Communist, assumed the personal responsibility for their repair.

Six whole days of his vacation had slipped away before the accusing voice of the Family Conscience spoke as follows:—

"I suppose it's too warm to chop down the elm tree today."

"Too warm, I should say not," stoutly answered the Communist. "I wonder what William did with the axe?"

He did not stir from the reclining chair on the piazza as he spoke, but his wife looked at him suspiciously.

"I'll find it for you," she said, and skipped blithely into the house.

"Of course, you don't expect me to chop down a tree with my best trousers," the Communist grumbled.

"No, dear—with an axe," his wife answered sweetly.

But the Communist gained by his protest a whole quarter of an hour, which he devoted to donning a necktie and a pair of irreparable fishing outfit.

At last, at last, he stood before the fated tree.

He swung at it once, twice, three times,



HE STOPPED AND EXAMINED THE AXE BLADE.

and three insignificant pieces of bark flew off.

He stopped and examined the axe blade, wondering as he did so that the three old ladies next door were watching him through the drawn curtains of their parlor windows, and that other—more candid—neighbors had come out of the front porch to see the show.

There was no particular reason for his hesitating, as he grasped his trusty axe firmly in his hands, and with the air of one stammering out a three-bagger, swung it high in the air.

And then the old ladies next door heard something—bears regular language—bears with pain, stinging with epithets such as had never penetrated the dim twilight of their lives before.

For in some unexplained manner the handle of the axe had slipped and grazed one of the Communist's fingers.

The implement dropped from his benumbed hands, and, assisted by his tremblingly sympathetic spouse, he limped painfully into the house.

As the injury was to the finger there was no particular reason for his limping, but it made him feel better.

Half an hour later, soothed, oodled, bandaged and once more installed in state upon the porch, he gazed sorrowfully at the finger, which still contrived to pain a little.

"It looks to me as if that hand would be out of commission the rest of my vacation," he said in a tone that rang half sad, half glad.

"Six months," he said to his wife thoughtfully. "You won't have to do any work, and William will cut down the trees."

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PUDGE PERKINS' PETS

WE'LL NEVER KETCH ANY ANIMAL UNLESS WE GO UP IT RIGHT. WE GOTTA FIND THEIR TRACKS AN' TRACK 'EM TO THEIR DEN AN' SEE A TRAP. NOW YOU GO THAT WAY AN' I'LL GO THE OTHER AN' WE'LL HUNT FER TRACKS.

COMON QUICK, PUDGE, I'VE DONE FOUND A BEE TRACK.

BY JINKS! SURE ENOUGH, I BET THEY'RE BEAR TRACKS. LET'S TRACK HIM DOWN.

AIN'T I SOME TRACKER?

WAIT A MINUTE, CHOCOLATE.

COMON PUDGE, GO HIS WAY!

Y'CHUMP, DON'T YOU SEE THE TRACKS ARE POINTED IN THAT DIRECTION?

SHUHH! DAT AM BE VERY REASON I IS POINTED IN DIS DIRECTION!

Plans for Building of Hundred Stories

At the recent convention of the National Association of Building Owners and Managers in Cleveland the statement was made that skyscrapers over thirty stories in height were monuments of uselessness. To show the absurdity of that statement, George T. Mortimer, vice president of the United States Realty and Improvement company of New York, declares, in the World, plans have been prepared for 100-story building for lower Broadway—a building to be 1,300 feet high, the loftiest structure of any kind in the world.

That this 100-story building, which would cost \$20,000,000, will be constructed immediately is doubtful, but Mr. Mortimer believes it is bound to come in the near future.

Think what a 100-story building means—an edifice twice as high as the Singer tower and 500 feet higher than the new Wauworth building.

A few years ago, when it was believed the building code would be amended to prevent the erection of buildings higher than twenty stories, the Equitable Life Insurance company filed plans for a sixty-story building, but that was little more than a dream of the late Paul Morton, then president of the company. When the Metropolitan tower was built two years ago it was thought the limit in height had been reached. That structure of forty-nine stories towers 300 feet above the ground. But at the present time a fifty-five story building "is in course of construction, which, when completed, will be 50 feet high. So it will be seen that the 100-story building, like the 1,000-foot boat, is really not a dream but actually in sight as a practical realization.

According to Mr. Mortimer, the erection of a 100-story building will not offer any more serious engineering problems than are to be found in putting up one of forty-five or fifty stories. The foundations will not have to be any deeper, for the solid rock below the surface of Manhattan would support a 100-story building if it were possible to build one. The problem of elevator equipment becomes more serious, for the space devoted to them naturally cuts down the renting area. The plans for the 100-story building, which covers an area of 50,000 square feet, provide ninety elevators to carry the 35,000 occupants and hundreds of thousands of visitors to their offices.

The building, of course, will be of steel construction, more than 800 tons being required not to mention 1,500,000 cubic feet of Indiana limestone, 6,000 cubic feet of granite and 3,000 tons of ornamental terra cotta. The other materials are in equally stupendous quantities. For instance, 1,200,000 square feet of partition tile will be needed, 175,000 square feet of wire lath,

1,500,000 lineal feet of 2x4-inch spruce sleepers, 2,400,000 feet of pine-boards for floor-covering, 4,800 windows, 15,000 square feet of glass and 40,000 pounds of window weights. The building would have a rentable area of 1,500,000 square feet.

Bedlam

Bedlam is a corruption of Bethlehem, the name of an insane asylum in St. George's Fields, London. It was originally located in Bishopsgate Street Without, where it was founded in 1246.

In early times its management was deplorable, the patients being exhibited in public like wild beasts in cages, at so much per head, the spectators making sport of them.

The funds of the hospital being insufficient, partially convalescent patients, with badges fastened to their arms, were sent out to beg, and were known as "Tom-o-Bedlamers" or "Bedlam beggars." Edgar, in Shakespeare's "King Lear," assumes the character of one of these.

Nubs of Knowledge

Galileo invented a thermometer before 1597.

The most ancient hymn is the "Song of Moses," composed in 1213 B. C.

The Paris Louvre was originally a royal residence in the reign of Dagobert, in 635.

Russia has the fewest doctors of any civilized country.

Three and a half millions of people are always on the sea.

From the maidenhair fern a palatable tea can be brewed.

Tiles were first made in England in 1246 and were taxed in 1734.

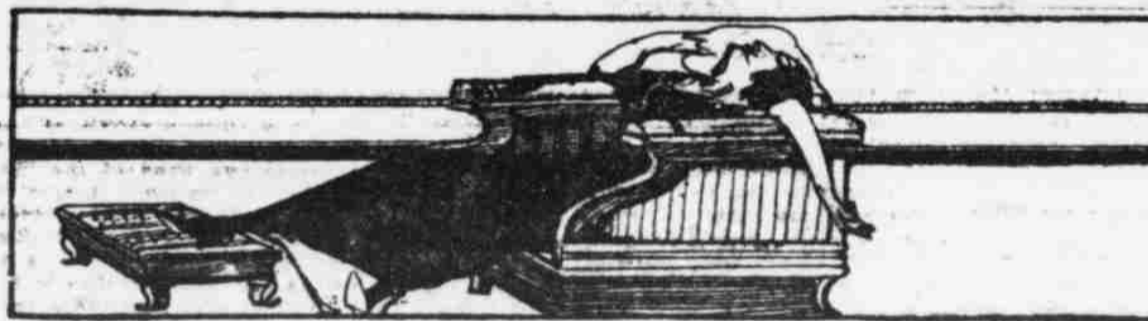
One pound of cotton has yielded as much as 4,770 miles of thread.

Thimbles appear to have been known by the Romans, as some were found at Herculaneum.

Casting lots was originally employed in the division of the land of Canaan in 1444 B. C.

Scales for weighing diamonds are so accurate that an eyelash will turn the balance.

Loretta's Looking Glass—Held Down to the Sprawling Girl



The peacock is an interesting bird, about which lies as variegated as its own plumage have been fabricated. You know the one about the pride and self-satisfaction of the bird being actually reduced to nothing by a glimpse of its ugly feet? I watched a bevy of the parading birds for hours just lately, and not one of them looked at its feet once.

And you are like the bird, self-satisfied as you are, you avoid or prevent the elimination of your conceit by refusing to watch your feet. Perhaps the inattention explains the fact that they sprawl about in the most unseemly way.

Do you happen to know anything about that much-abused philosophy named for a man with entirely good intentions which have been screwed to abnormality by a lot of idiots? His name was Francois Delaarte. And he made long and careful observations of the gestures and expressions of man. He deduced some interesting things. You ought to know of one of his conclusions. Coarse-natured people invariably adopt an attitude where their feet are wide apart. And you know for yourself that there isn't a kind of creature that sprawls with wide-spreading limbs but that fills you with a shuddering disgust or loathing.

The same principles and general truths run through frogs and females. A sprawling girl is disgusting. She gives the impression of coarseness. She robs whatever attractiveness she may possess of its power, and smears the repulsiveness of sprawl things over her own personality.

But you don't sprawl. You refute the charge with indignation. You refuse to see that the effectiveness of your summer finery, the appeal of your pretty face, is killed by the objectionable prominence of your sprawling feet. All right, Miss Peacock. Continue sprawling, if you like it. But you certainly do look common and unfeminine. Of course, it's comfortable. So shoes. So is a corset with the stays all out. But how do they look? How do you look in them?

It is one of the paradoxical things that are always confusing to any student of the freaky feminine that narrow skirts which seem to afford little space for sprawling appear to have inspired contentions that

they cannot accommodate. Any short ride on a street car will show a half dozen girls testing their skirts limit to an unesthetic degree. Just yesterday I beheld a sight for men and devils. And both were making the most of it—the most fun, I mean.

One of the sprawling girls was on the car. The seats were the side kind. With an intention of refusing to recognize each other as actively displayed as might be, the antagonism of two women who had run for the same club office, her feet sprawled away from each other. They were neatly dressed in white oxfords and white silk hose. And they—well, you have heard that pretty quotation, "Her feet beneath her petticoat, like little mice, stole in and out." I just mention it to illustrate how hers did not act. There was no secrecy about their performance. They sprawled. And the men all looked. She seemed to take the stances as general tribute to her good looks. But they were not. They were critically unflattering observations of her extraordinary awkward and coarse appearance.

And sometimes the sprawl is up-and-downward. Just to look across a club house veranda it would be easy to draw the conclusion that a company of hostess-advertising models were displaying their wares. On one might even think that the girls were playing some new kind of a king's game with their legs instead of their fingers. Next spring he said, "Go to the mountains, and we did, but it didn't agree with the children, and they longed for the sea, so after a little, we changed to a little seaside village. There they were happy, but a sad contrast to the native children, who had the most wonderful health and vitality and seemed not to have a nerve in their bodies. But here one day we found a remedy for all our ills quite by accident. We went for a picnic in the motor, which promptly broke down and forced us to

find shelter from the sun in the nearest farmhouse.

Nine children came and gazed at us and then fled, but not before I noticed how well and sturdy they looked. I asked who their doctor was. "Doctor nothing," was the mother's answer. "One of my young ones was puny like yours, and I just gave him all the onions he wanted with dry crusts of bread between meals."

"From that day I started an onion diet in my family, not quite as it was prescribed, but the children have onions once a day, anyway, and I give them lots of butter-milk besides. I eat them myself, too, but not when company is coming, although I do not see why a natural odor like that should be so cried down and out of society when the staid, unhealthy one of cocktails is considered permissible. When I am apprehensive of a restless night I take a glass of very hot milk before I go to bed, and an hour before that a little salad, of onions grated on crisp lettuce, with French dressing, in which is chopped hard boiled eggs. You have no idea how delicious this tastes with very thin bread and butter. I do not care who is here when I feel I must order this repast, and I have made many converts and cures by telling both these tales of onion power that I am telling you."—New York Tribune.

The Forgotten Grand Duke Nicholas

Improbable as the story may sound, there is living in exile today in a remote corner of the Russian empire a grand duke of the ruling house, a long-ago cast-off of the Romanoffs, all but forgotten even by the czar, his cousin, and other blood relatives, according to a writer in the Boston Herald.

Of all the strange tales of secret banishment that are hidden in the archives of the Russian imperial family, none is cloaked in greater mystery than the one involving the Grand Duke Nicholas Constantynovitch, the lost and forgotten member of the house that has ruled Russia with iron hand these centuries. For thirty years or more he has lived in exile, guarded day and night by a detachment of soldiers, who, like their imperial charge, may almost be reckoned, as among the forgotten.

Strangely enough, this Romanoff cast-off has found contentment and comparative happiness in his banishment and desires only to be left alone, to live his life of simplicity with those he loves. Officially the Grand Duke Nicholas is dead.

It was Czar Alexander III whose displeasure he had incurred, and in those days he was probably considered fortunate that he didn't settle the account with his life. The offense of the grand duke was the harboring of revolutionary ideas. Early in his career he had manifested a tendency to balk at the autocratic measures of the throne. Taken to task for his seditious principles, the grand duke is said to have thrown Alexander III into a perfect rage by vowing that he would give his life to the work of freeing Russia of a tyrannical ruler. He expressed the hope that he might live to see Russia a republic.

That very night, so the story goes, the grand duke disappeared from all the haunts in far Turkestan until they were as dead to all but those living in the place of banishment.

If you dream of falling and are awakened by the fancied jar of landing it is a sign you are going to be ill. If you awake while still in midair you will continue in good health.

The first typewriter, which was constructed for the use of the blind, was exhibited at the Paris exhibition in 1868.

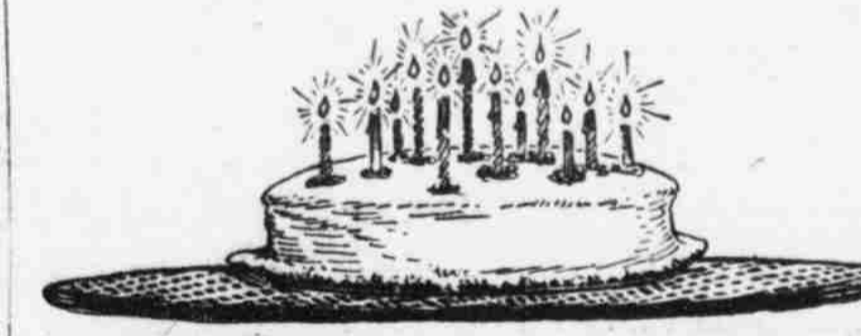
grand dukes may wed only princesses of the blood. Informed of Grand Duke Nicholas' second defiance of his autocratic power, the czar's anger knew no bounds. He heard of him, Alexander III, issued an order that his name be stricken from the family roll and never again spoken in his court or presence. The Russian public soon forgot even grand dukes, it appears, for Nicholas and his wife had not long been in far Turkestan until they were as dead to all but those living in the place of banishment.

London gambling houses were licensed in 1820.

THE BEE'S JUNIOR BIRTHDAY BOOK This is the Day We Celebrate

WEDNESDAY, August 23, 1911.

Hazel Armbrust, 1909 Ontario St.	Vinton	1898
Maude Amussen, 3915 North Eighteenth St.	Saratoga	1900
Marie Becker, 608 North Twentieth St.	Cass	1896
Elizabeth Berryman, 2126 South Thirty-third St.	High	1895
Albert Brennenstall, 2318 Spencer St.	Howard Kennedy	1895
John P. Burdick, 4903 North Twenty-fourth St.	Saratoga	1893
Buelah Butler, 2121 North Twenty-seventh St.	Long	1897
Helen Eupkey, 830 South Forty-first St.	Columbian	1904
Mary D. Fair, 4710 Parker St.	Walnut Hill	1902
Raymond S. Fellers, 4107 Lafayette Ave.	Walnut Hill	1899
Lillie Flah, 2414 South Seventeenth St.	Castellar	1902
Edward George, 1209 South Thirteenth St.	Pacific	1904
Iona Gideon, 422 Woodbine Ave.	Train	1904
Robert L. Gilliam, 3311 Sprague St.	Monmouth Park	1898
Harlene Goodrich, 508 South Twentieth St.	Central	1903
Esther Hansen, 1417 Canton St.	Vinton	1898
Esther Heinzman, 3912 North Forty-first St.	Central Park	1903
Grace G. Hunt, 4602 North Twenty-second St.	Saratoga	1901
Albert Huntzinger, 2727 South Twenty-fourth St.	Vinton	1904
Buelah I. Jones, 1721 South Eleventh St.	Lincoln	1898
Luella Kaufman, 1115 1/2 North Seventeenth St.	Kellom	1905
Milard Krause, 122 North Thirtieth St.	Farnam	1902
Frank G. Kretschmer, 3021 South Nineteenth St.	High	1894
Anton Krupicka, 305 Walnut St.	Train	1903
Mary Lehorin, 1141 North Seventeenth St.	Kellom	1903
Charley Mercurio, 1814 Pierce St.	Leavenworth	1903
Ruth Morey, 812 South Thirty-third St.	Columbian	1899
Earl Parsons, 5711 North Thirtieth St.	Miller Park	1901
Willie L. Parsons, 5711 North Thirtieth St.	Miller Park	1900
James D. Paul, 1724 South Sixth St.	Train	1902
Vera Pederson, 1010 South Twenty-second St.	Mason	1899
Esther Peterson, 3816 Chicago St.	Saunders	1901
Bertha Queen, 1107 Pacific St.	Pacific	1894
Rosie Samland, 5141 North Sixteenth St.	Sherman	1905
Tookif Sirham, 1218 South Twelfth St.	Pacific	1896
Charles Smith, 2354 Leavenworth St.	High	1896
Mary Smith, 4041 Decatur St.	Walnut Hill	1898
Russell Staines, 2218 Leavenworth St.	Mason	1900
Harry Sullivan, 2702 California St.	Webster	1904
Keythel D. Turner, 1411 Chicago St.	Cass	1897
Katherine Von Bieker, 3424 Franklin St.	Franklin	1898
Ethel Wilbur, 1840 North Twenty-second St.	Kellom	1905
Gertrude Weitzell, 1248 South Tenth St.	High	1893
Carl Whitaker, 4915 North Forty-second St.	Central Park	1904
Iva Youngren, 2511 South Twentieth Ave.	Castellar	1903
Lunnanel Youser, 973 North Twenty-seventh Ave.	High	1893



Onions Powerful to Save

"Do my kiddies smell like little onion patches?" asked one young matron of another, and on being told in a very positive manner that they did, she said, "Well, then, I'll shoot them away, but I'll tell you why they are thus perfumed, and you can profit by the knowledge if you are so minded."

"Three years ago my youngsters were the average town bred children, nervous, wakeful at night and on the go the livelong day. The country didn't help them, and when we came back to town they grew so much worse that I finally called in a child specialist, who asked all sorts of profound questions, arranged all their lessons and play with a view to their improvement, and prescribed various tonics.

"Next spring he said, 'Go to the mountains, and we did, but it didn't agree with the children, and they longed for the sea, so after a little, we changed to a little seaside village. There they were happy, but a sad contrast to the native children, who had the most wonderful health and vitality and seemed not to have a nerve in their bodies. But here one day we found a remedy for all our ills quite by accident. We went for a picnic in the motor, which promptly broke down and forced us to

Limoges Hair Fair

The annual hair fair of Limoges was held late in June this year. For three days dealers from Paris and Berlin, from Italy and many other countries, weighed and bargained for the variously shaded puffs offered for sale. The white and then the reddish-brown shades brought the highest prices, from \$7.50 to \$25.00 a pound. One Paris house alone bought over 100 pounds of hair at from \$11 to \$13 a pound, the average all round price.

As a nevidence of the extent of the business done it is stated that 1,700 pounds of hair was sold at the highest price, \$25.00 a pound, or over \$60,000. Prices this year showed a decrease compared with last year of at least 25 per cent. Present modes do not call for additional locks to grace fair heads crowned by or buried in the latest headdress.

London gambling houses were licensed in 1820.

Mr. Luck and Mr. Wu'k

I wuz settin' by mah winder. When oh, mah laws a inassy! Young Mistah Luck went strollin' by. A-lookin' peart an' sassy. He says wuz sick, he teef wuz wite. He had a no notice oh. Look lak de wuzn't ary one. But des erbedies ter love him.

Den bimby, Mistah Wu'k go by. Des lak he in a hurry. An' he ain't wuz no looks on me. Case 'ears lak Mistah Wu'k an' me. But dat lak he no notice oh. We ain't a-gwine ter hit it. He ain't no me an' 'gin ter play. Befe' he hab ter quit it.

Nex' time I see young Mistah Luck, He settin' in de guttin'. Whiles Mistah Wu'k went whizin' by. A-ridin' in de suitan. An' I ain't lak no notice oh. Dat rent, wid cyuris ambro'sal; I hatter run phone Mistah Wu'k. Dat I done cent his bossal. —Pauline Camp in Independent.

Night is the moth of councils.

Ready for the Opening



Sorrows of the Poor



How Do They Do It?

