

The Bee's Home Magazine Page



How to Train a Wife

There comes a time in the life of every commuter and his wife when commuting seems a flat and unprofitable business.



For the benefit of non-dwellers in Mountaineer it must be explained that in that interesting suburb it is not considered the thing to have a brewery wagon halt before your door.

"ENTIRELY A PERSONAL MATTER BETWEEN YOUR CONSCIENCE AND THE EXPRESSMAN."

In vain the mountain sent down its cooling breezes—in vain the sunlight dappled the dancing maple trees—in vain the scarlet salvia, the triumphant army of red-rocks, marched its serried ranks across the town.

The languor, the disenchantment of the long days was upon the Commuter's household. Even Wolf-Wool, the incomparable colie, held a once optimistic tail at half-mast, and for hours at a time retired under the stationary tubs in the laundry to repent his sins.

"Let's go away for a few days," the Commuter desperately exclaimed, "let's get on a boat somewhere; I feel as if a long sail would do me good! Just throw some things in a bag and we'll start! My friend Scribner was telling me the other day about a short trip he had his wife take. You have twelve hours on the boat each way and plenty of time to have dinner on shore and a dip in the ocean before you start back to the city."

"Fine," exclaimed the now sparkling Housewife. "I've started with bright hopes, my heart's beating high, on the most joyous journey it is in the power of a fifty-dollar bill purchase."

PUDGE PERKINS' PETS



RELEASED AUGUST 31

Widows Still Hard to Understand

Bianche Bates, writing in the Chicago Tribune on this subject, goes on record in breezy fashion. She says:

The way of a man with a maid, Solomon declared, was past all understanding. The widow, better have said the way of a widow with a man. As a matter of fact, the game a man plays with a young girl is the most obvious and transparent thing in the world whereas that of a widow with a man has all the skill and cunning and mystery of an East Indian juggler's trick.

so well as comfort, and she proceeds to make him comfortable.

But the widow also knows that to make a man comfortable, thoroughly comfortable, is no small matter; that it is, on the contrary, a fine art—a something fit to be learned in a day, or a week, or even a month. For making a man comfortable does not consist, as the maiden foolishly and fondly imagines, in such merely external details as shaking up the sofa pillows for his head or making him cooling drinks. On the contrary, it involves the subtleties of avoiding all topics of conversation which might bore or annoy him and in leading up surreptitiously to those which interest and delight him, or better yet, upon which he can and does himself hold forth with brilliancy.

Indeed, if an honest confession could be found from every widow, it would be found that it is man's inordinate vanity as a conversationalist, or rather a monologist, that she exploits more than anything else. If spinsters would only learn what every widow knows—that a man never so silent, never so reticent, there is always some subject upon which he loves to talk, and fancies he talks well, they would be no spinsters in the world. The widow knows that while the average woman can talk well on almost anything, even though she knows little or nothing about it, the average man does not talk well at all, on anything save one subject.

Moral: Find your man's conversational hobby, and then listen. It may not be interesting, of course. It may be anything at all from the latest discoveries in philology, which you might not know the meaning of, to the batting average of his base ball favorite, which you understand still less about, but never mind that—listen.

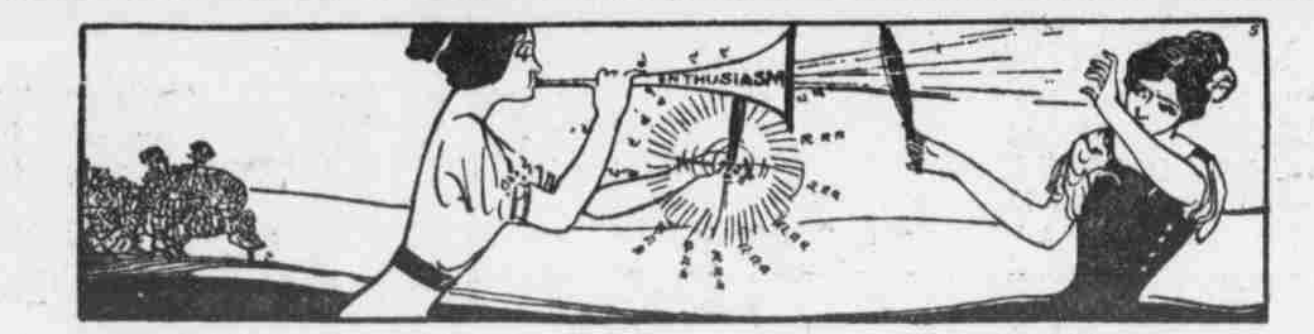
"I Believe"—An Every-Day Creed

I believe in my job. It may not be a very important job, but it is mine. Furthermore, it is God's job for me. He has a purpose in my life with reference to his plan for the world's progress. No other fellow can take my place. It isn't a big place, to be sure, but for years I have been molded in a peculiar way to fill a peculiar niche in the world's work. I could take no other man's place. He has the same claim as a specialist that I make for myself. In the end the man whose name was never heard beyond the house in which he lived, or the shop in which he worked, may have a larger place than the chap whose name has been a household word in two continents. Yes, I believe in my job. May I be kept true to the task which lies before me—true to myself and to God who entrusted me with it.

chased in the markets of the world. When I enter its secret chambers, and shut out the world with its care, I am a lord. Its motto is service, its reward is love. There is no other spot in all the world which fills its place, and Heaven can be only a larger home, with a father who is all-wise and patient and tender.

I believe in today. It is all that I possess. The past is of value only as it can make the life of today fuller and freer. There is no assurance of tomorrow. I must make good today.—Rev. Charles Stetle in Ladies Home Journal.

Loretta's Looking Glass—Held Up to a Distinction and a Difference



A man may think he is getting a lot when he marries; but he knows he is giving up one thing that is dearer to his masculine soul and body than the breath of life to his nostrils. Indeed, it is the breath of life to him—his freedom.

So here's the distinction—and the difference. The whying method seems to your husband an endless chain. It's a sign of his lost freedom, his kind. Marriage has given you freedom, your kind. Suppose you say not—"Why are you late?" If you wanted to find out the reason of his tardiness and so convince him that he "can't do a thing without my aid" rather than to give an account of himself.

feels dignified because he means so much to you. And there's "a heap o' difference" between jealousy of losing his society and jealousy of the one or the other of the things that kept him away. If you are not just pretending to love for the sake of the privileges of marriage, if you really care for the man, you will study to make every carking why undergo a transference. And when on studying till it becomes an expression of love rather than a nasty, hateful, jealousy welded link in the chain of your appropriateness with which you load your husband till he hangs in secret for the good old days before he made you his jailor.

But a man can and does. He trots off to the railroad station and takes a train anywhere he likes—if the train goes there. And that not necessary to explainness is the chief charm of his unwedded bliss. And the fear of losing it has driven more men away from matrimony than an insufficient bank account could ever do.

What he means, girls, is that the questioning privilege which the wife assumes makes him feel accountable to somebody where formerly he was not called upon to report, or even to analyze for himself the whyness of what he did or said or liked.

Marriage means freedom to a man. Any one of you girls know in your inmost hearts that that is one of its chief attractions. It means your kind of freedom. It's a chance to make or break for yourself socially. It's an opportunity to be something more than an accessory in a household that four mother runs. That house may seem to be conducted as a background for you, but you know better. You know it's a stage, set by a stage manager who permits you to act on it, but it must make good today.—Rev. Charles Stetle in Ladies Home Journal.

how much its victim may object to wearing wide shoes. Can't you imagine how that young girl's feet will look when the steps are flattened, the balls widened with bunions and the toe joints showing like miniature hillocks? And I think that her ankles will get thick, because in her reluctance to adopt shoes a size larger than those she has customarily worn she will force her ankles instead of her feet to support her weight. Moreover, she's quite likely to grow fat.

"I have seen any number of slender women gradually become stout after they began to have what they term 'trouble with their feet.' They speak of this condition as do the women who are having 'trouble with their husbands,' and like those women they have brought most of this trouble upon themselves by persistently clinging to a senseless idea.

I Should Say Not



The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book



August 31, 1911.

Table listing names, addresses, schools, and years for the Junior Birthday Book. Includes names like Amalia A. Abendroth, Jarl Adolfsen, Ruth L. Anderson, etc.

"Good Old Days on the Farm"

The following amusingly reminiscent letter from a former farmer boy to his city uncle—written from San Antonio, Tex.—is taken from Harper's Weekly:

man's work; then, it was a boy's, as well as to carry skinned milk to the calves by the pailful and teach them to drink by sucking my fingers, while the men milked, and rested on three-legged stools.

"In the early afternoon I loaded hay while two men pitched on, and then I was put into the mow under the eaves, on a hot August day, to stow away that hay, with the thermometer at 90 degrees, this task being easiest for a boy, while the hay was pitched off the cart to me by an Irishman receiving a dollar a day and board, and being worked to get our money's worth out of him during haying time.

"This early New England life of mine has had an influence on my character to such an extent that I made up my mind some years ago that, for the short balance of my life, I would never touch a hoe handle. If it were necessary to hold anything in my hand of that description, it would be a billiard cue or a golf club.

French Girls in Revolt

Recently facts have come to light in Paris and in the large towns of France which point to a revolution brought about by girls of good families who, tired of remaining at home and doing nothing but wait for husbands who never turn up, have invaded the labor market. It has been found that the daughters of wealthy manufacturers are taking situations as governesses.

There are cases of land-owners' daughters filling positions as housekeepers in cooperatively humble households, while girls of good family, weary of attending balls and society functions, in the hope of meeting eligible husbands, are doing the work of housemaids, and doing it well.

Instances are given of educated girls who have taken menial positions in families entertaining their masters and mistresses to musical evenings. They rejoice in their freedom and in the fact that they are independent of their families, on whom, under the old conditions, they had to rely for pocket money.

This new development of the feminist movement is seen in most of the professions. Girls who were from the first destined to earn their living are meeting with considerable competition from their sisters more fortunately circumstanced. Reports from employment agencies show that the latter are eager to accept situations which will take them from home, and that in their anxiety to be independent they do not haggle about terms.