

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## How to Train a Wife

There is no joy of life which diminishes more steadily and relentlessly than that which up to the age of 30 in woman and perhaps 30 in man, accompanies the celebration of a birthday.

The Confirmed Commuter could recall a time when he first was married, when the Hopeful Housewife had chattered anticipations of the celebration of her natal day for weeks before it happened. And the moment it was over had begun to speculate as to what sort of presents she would get the next year. But all this was in the rusty and creaking past.

Now the Commuter learned to recognize the approach of what had become a somber soliloquy of existence only by the gentle melancholy which suddenly pervaded his wife's manner, and it was a matter of doubt to him whether he might acquire more merit by celebrating the auspicious occasion with the customary offering or by forgetting it altogether.

He did not feel himself superior to his wife's dread of the relentless years, but he had had the good fortune to be born on Christmas day, so in his own case the spirit of holiday cheer always mitigates the birthday gloom and grouchy old Father Time surrendered to lound Santa Claus.

On the morning of his wife's birthday the Commuter was still doubtful whether he should ignore the event or signalize it. And a glance at his wife, who was engaged in that most mournful of feminine occupations—the search for gray hairs—did not help him to a solution.

"What are you looking for?" he asked, as he gazed deprecatingly toward the expectant young person before the mirror.

"For gray hairs," his wife answered, with the usual frankness of despair. "For gray hairs and wrinkles."

"Then you'll have to see far into the future," replied the Commuter gallantly. "You haven't either, and won't have for twenty years."

"Oh, yes, I will," she replied, with dismal assurance. And then after a slight pause, added sepulchrally, "Do you know that I'm 30 years old today?"

"Why, of course, I know it," the Commuter answered, "but only because you say so. No one would believe it otherwise." He added with exceptional tact.

"I just ought to see what I've got in my desk for you."

He did not say that she would have to possess phenomenal clairvoyance if she did see it, as the gift was still unopened and even unchosen.

The once Hopeful Housewife brightened visibly under the prospect of the still mysterious gift and after the Commuter had gone she spent several profitable hours in speculation as to its character.

But after that the stroke of thirty resumed its monotonous knell, sounding not only the hours, but the halves and the quarters.



WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR? HE ASKED.

What was the use of pretending to be cheerful? Her eyes might be bright, her hair flawless—but she was 30 years old.

Meantime the Commuter remembered his wife's words and purchased the sum total of a suitable present to be purchased during his lunch hour. It was while a man was discussing it to him on the president's veto of the wool tariff bill that the great idea struck him.

The most acceptable present for a woman of 30 he decided must be the one which time and common sense proclaimed must be altogether unsuitable.

"I would like to purchase a birthday present for a girl 16 years old," he announced to a blonde person behind the counter.

And a few hours later he rushed, bundle laden, but happy into his suburban home. And here follows what his wife found:

Five pounds of chocolates. Six pairs of red silk stockings. One very fancy opera glass. One pair slippers with rhinestones buckles.

One morocco bound diary. The unfolding of every package set a new light burning in his wife's eyes.

She did not eat chocolates—she thought red silk stockings "sporty"—she didn't care for opera glasses and the fancy slippers were several sizes too small.

Nevertheless she beamed rapturously at the Commuter.

"They're perfectly lovely," she said. "They're just what I wanted when I was 16. Why, they make me feel as if I were 16 now."

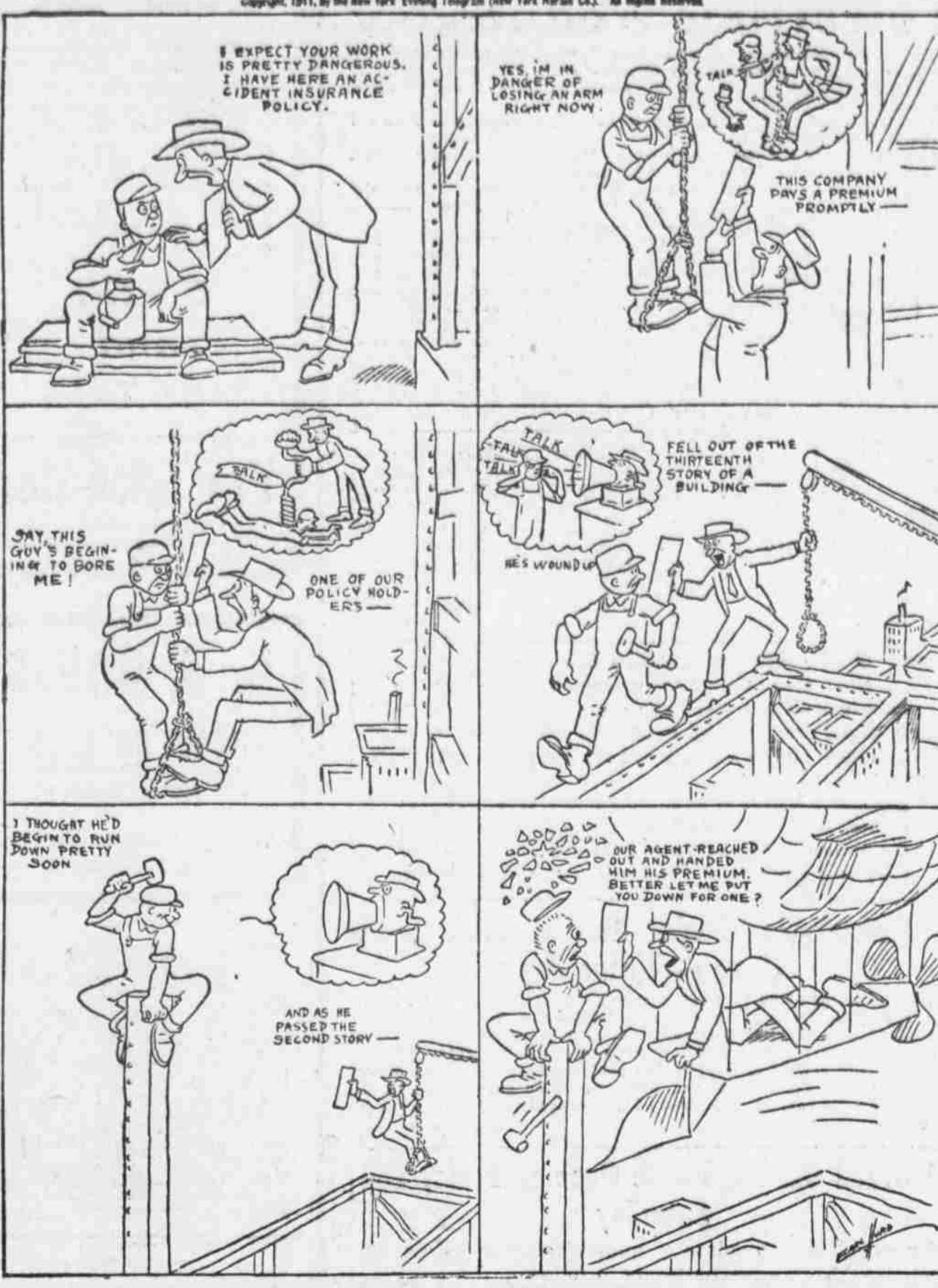
"Well, why not?" asked the Commuter coldly. "You look like 18."

The Commuter is now a very popular personage in his Mountainville home.

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## What's On Your Mind?

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## The Merits of the Separate Waist



NEW YORK, Sept. 5.—A book could be written on the merits of the separate waist; were it necessary, but every woman knows the value of this most generally serviceable garment. Never were styles more favorable to the amateur modiste. Why, Dame Fashion seems to actually play into her hands in respect to the simplicity of the styles, the practicality of combining several choice left-over materials and the scantiness of dress patterns. The success of the separate waist lies in the correctness of the tight-fitting lining as much as in the combination of stufis and the final embellishment. Therefore, O amateur! do not slight the fitted lining. It is half the battle, the rest is "dodgy."

All-over lace or embroidery or novelty nets, as well as the exquisite diaphanous silks that need loose folds to show their beauty, are easily handled over the fitted lining. Pleasant blouses are still in favor, though on the wane, and surprise effects back and front are very desirable. One-sided effects, even to the use of two different materials, and one-sided jabots obtain. Marie Antoinette fuchs in every conceivable size and arrangement disappear into high girdles. But these fuchs are usually of gauzy materials and cut so that the folds will not make the figure look bunchy.

Nothing could be more graceful for afternoon or evening wear than the design illustrated above. It was developed of black and white stripe mosaïque, elaborately trimmed with point de Venise lace.

The tight fitted linings upon which fancy builds the "creation" or "confection" is newest in changeable taffeta or novelty striped taffeta. Lustrous satins are lovely gleaming through silk tissue, and royal brocades are rich and elegant shimmering under gaze. Some extravagant models even show the underwaists hand painted in bunches of violets or pink and blue hydrangeas.

An innovation in cut is the high-necked waist. Only the actual standing collar is made of transparent white of cream flit or shadow lace.

Big revers and cuffs and deep girdles are still popular, and buttons of the same make an exceedingly good finish. It is predicted by the wise virgins that only the foolish virgins will cling longer to the short waist, but it is such a becoming style it will die hard. The clever needle-woman will be surprised at the success she can make of a separate waist evolved entirely out of many odds and ends of different kinds of net and lace. Cut the overblouse of fine figured net and before sewing any of its seams, cover it with an impromptu ornamentation.

## Animal Toilets

Hospital Interne—Are you in pain, my man?

Patient (irritably)—Aw, I'm in bed an' the pain seems ter be in me.—Judge.

Most animals are by nature cleanly and each has its own peculiar way of keeping so.

The cat carries its clothes brush in its mouth, for with its rough tongue it cleanses its glossy coat as a boy brushes off his clothes. It licks one of its front paws and rubs it over its face, and it is ready for its breakfast.

Foxes, dogs and wolves do not use their mouths when they need to wash and brush, but scratch themselves vigorously with their hind paws, and are as fresh as ever.

The cow, with her long, rough tongue, combs her coat of hair until it is clean and curly. The horse more than any other animal depends on his owner to keep his coat in proper condition, but often he will roll on the green grass or rub himself down against a tree or fence.

Field mice comb their hair with their hind legs, and the fur seal in a similar manner spends as much time as a woman in making itself look smart.

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I'M NOT VERY HUNGRY, BUT—

I WOULD LIKE SOME COLD TOMATO BULLION, CLAMS, ROAST PARTRIDGE, POTATOES O'BRIEN, ASPARAGUS, PERSIMMONS AND SOMES SALAD.

WHAT WILL YOU HAVE, SIR?

A HAM SANDWICH AND A CUP OF COFFEE.

AREN'T YOU HUNGRY, DEAR?

HUH!!

MAY I HAVE SOME CHAMPAGNE?

HUH!!

I SHOULD SAY NOT!

EDWARD GRIMMAGE

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