

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Commuter Talks of Quarrelsome Wives

"And you see that this fellow on trial for his life swears that he and the deceased wife never exchanged a cross word during their married life?" asked the Confirmed Commuter as he threw aside the evening paper.

"Yes," answered the Hopeful Housewife, wearily. "I read it. He may not be a murderer, but undoubtedly he's a liar," she added. "There never has been a husband who could say that without prevaricating."

"What's the reason there isn't?" asked the Commuter, wrathfully. "I don't see why an intelligent man and a sensible woman can't live indefinitely without a quarrel or even a difference of opinion?"

"Of course, you can't," the Hopeful Housewife retorted with unusual candor. "For it seems impossible to you that any sensible woman should differ from the opinions of an intelligent man. Besides, as a rule, intelligent men don't marry sensible women and vice versa."

"No," the Commuter agreed. "If they did Cupid's battling arrows would send him to one of the minor leagues in one session. But I don't see why men and women quarrel nevertheless," he persisted obstinately.

"It seems to me two intelligent beings should be able to reason out their differences quietly and amicably."

"So they should," conceded his wife, "if men cared for reasoning in women, but they don't. We hadn't been married three months before I discovered that in reasoning with a man one treads on a thousand arguments. As wives grow in wisdom they become less logical and more tearful. And, anyway, what's the use of arguing about why husbands and wives shouldn't quarrel? We all know that they do."

"Oh, come now," the Commuter eagerly remonstrated, "don't you think you're exaggerating a little? You and I have been married several years and I can't remember that we have ever exchanged a really cross word."

The Hopeful Housewife started—then she stared—then she giggled—then she burst into uncontrollable laughter.

"And with every peal the Commuter grew and looked more and more aggrieved."

"What are you laughing at?" he inquired aggressively.

"At your remark," she answered with unusual candor. "If we had never exchanged a cross word it would mean that one of us had a mind like the blank sheet that opens a moving picture show and that the other supplied all the films. I'm not such a blank and I know you're not. I never thought that even when we were engaged. And as for quarrels, don't you remember the awful fuss we had because I didn't like your new hat. And you said



"WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING AT?" HE INQUIRED.

"You wouldn't take it back. And I said I wouldn't go out with you when you wore it—it was one of those hats that looked as if it needed a hair cut—and you said, 'Very well, I might even be able to hear up under that moustache—and I flung my engagement ring on the floor and you picked it up and stalked away with it and you wouldn't give it back for a week!'"

"Oh, that was when we were engaged. All couples fuss a little then. It's a trying time," the Commuter added. "I mean that ever since we were married we've got along as any two grown-up sensible persons should, even if they didn't care for each other."

"How about the time I broke your five-ounce fishing rod letting Wool-Wool jump over it? And the time—the twenty times that I've been late for trains or in missing you at the station? And the time I bought a hobble skirt? And the time you ordered six pairs of bright red blankets for the house?"

"At the mention of the red blankets the Commuter's face set rigidly—his eyes emitted an ominous flash.

"There was nothing the matter with those blankets!" he declared sternly. "All you could say against them was that they were not pretty—pretty!" he repeated contemptuously—"not pretty!"

An answering spark burned in the eyes of the Hopeful Housewife.

"They were hideous, common—tenement house!" she exclaimed angrily—and then suddenly she began to laugh.

"That's right!" she said. "Let's have one more quarrel, just to prove that husbands and wives never disagree."

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A Little Sermon for the Week End

Grasp Work at Hand.

If the church would keep orthodox, let it get hold of the social problem as it stands close to its very door. Let young men be taught not only to reverse the names of the great and good, but also to reverse the man that is unfortunate, "down and out," and let a man believe that finer than a Greek verb and nobler than a Hebrew psalm is the burst of manly joy out of the soul of a redeemed human being.

There are better days for the church of Christ and they are immediately ahead of us. These days are coming because of a greater loyalty to the divine message, a more Christian Christianity is taking possession of religious forces. We also plead for a reaching of this kind upon the ground of patriotism. Man's right relationship to God depends largely upon man's right relationship to man. A school of socialism is crying out, "Jesus Christ is the first great socialist," and that cry is true. I know and we all know that we will have that socialism of Jesus to the slaves in white. Let the call go forth to emancipate the souls and bodies of men. And let all know that a political economy that makes men less manly and more selfish and the mas-



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ters of men more powerful and tyrannical is wrong, outrageous and unchristian. Our country is not to be saved from a

foreign power, but saved from the rebel against God's law in all the experience of public business, saved from the anarchist from the man who doesn't want to work, saved from the men besotted with drink.

Nubs of Knowledge

- Monks at Pisa invented carmine in 1560.
The manufacture of thimbles was established in 1636.
Bone dust was discovered to be a fertilizer in 1802.
Skating on ice was enjoyed by the Danes in 1154.
Electric light with carbon points was produced by Sir Humphrey Davy in 1800.
Galileo discovered, in 1584, the pressure of the atmosphere to be fifteen pounds to the inch.
Tallow candles in 1250 commonly substituted the tallow-dipped splinters of wood previously used.
It is odd that pickpockets are such an unpopular class.
I can't see why they should be popular.
Don't they always keep in touch with the multitude?—Baltimore American.

Loretta's Looking Glass—Held Up to Letter from Worried Widower



"My Dear Madam: I have read your able advocacy of marriage as the natural end and aim of man and woman. But I venture to say you would commiserate me on my exposure to a popular misinterpretation of the idea. I seem to be the aim of several women. Mind you, I am not accusing the whole sex of being engaged in archery with cupid's arrows, all leveled at me. I am a man, and have the usual amount of conceit; but I am not monster enough to think that I am a widower. I want to marry when I love some one who wants to marry me. But I object to having them want to marry me off-hand, or as a mere board-and-lodging proposition.

"Since my wife died, two years ago, I have had a succession of housekeepers. And I have been threatened with two breaches of promise suits, besides being made miserable. Will you tell me why women refuse to be businesslike in a business where they naturally have a monopoly. If they care to create it—housekeeping?" All I want, all I ask—and I pay \$90 a month for the privilege of asking it—is some one to manage my home. It is all in first-class order. We built it only four years before my wife died. It cost between \$40,000 and \$42,000 to complete it. There is every convenience known in modern domestic establishments. And I just want some one to make the machinery go as smoothly as possible.

"What I have gotten so far is some one who wants to acquire the right-of-possession of myself and the house. I am just on the verge of shutting up the place and taking to the discomforts of hotel life. If I get a housekeeper who is young, I am constantly reminded that she is not a respected employe, she is a woman about whom disagreeable things may be said. If I get an old one, she insists on being a mother to me. If I get an uneducated one she cannot impart the requisite air of refinement to the service of my meals or the arrangement of the house. And all housekeepers seem possessed with the idea that widowers engage them to housekeep just to have a chance to engage them for matrimony. I had one married one. She was very satisfactory. But her husband got on his feet and into business, and when she left she took most of the silver. I should be grateful for the expression of an intelligent woman's opinion on the possibility of finding a woman who can attend to the business she is hired to look after. Very truly,

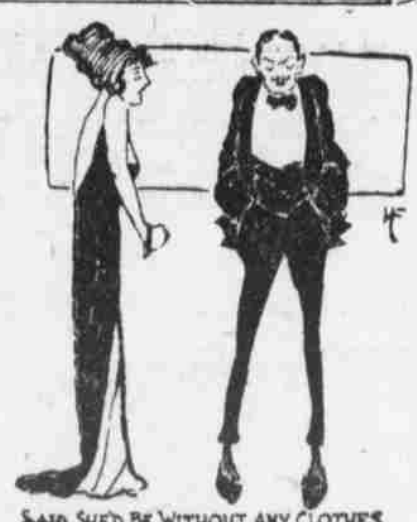
who is not crazy to give up the job in order to become the mistress of yourself and home, or who wants to boss you around for the salary you pay her, why don't you be one of the men to begin an active campaign against our silly educational methods for women?"

WHEN A MAN'S MARRIED

Comic strip panels with dialogue: "MRS. JONES CALLED THIS AFTERNOON AND SHE HAD ON A FRIGHTFUL GOWN", "SHE KNOCKED THE DINING-ROOM PAPER AND SAID SHE DIDN'T SEE HOW WE COULD STAND THREE FLIGHTS OF STAIRS", "THEY OWE EVERYBODY ON THE BLOCK AND YET THEY'VE JUST BOUGHT A PIANO-PLAYER ON INSTALLMENTS", "I SAID TO HER, I SAID—", "LOOK HERE, SUSIE! ARE YOU GOING TO PLAY PINOCHLE, OR RIP THE NEIGHBORS UP TH' BACK?", "WELL, I LIKE YOUR NERVE! I'LL TALK JUST AS MUCH AS I PLEASE!!", "IF IT HURTS SO MUCH TO HAVE ME BEAT YOU, YOU CAN PLAY SOLITAIRE!!"

A Confidential Communication

I have just received a desperate letter from Emily Dobson. She and Phil have decided to separate and she implores me to come and spend a few days with her. She says she is not responsible for what may happen while I am there, for I took four strong men to keep her from committing suicide this morning, and she has two trained nurses and a specialist there. She says Paul is drinking heavily, and has smashed all the best china and has tried to murder every one who comes to the house. She begs me to take the first train I can.



SHE SAID SHE'D BE WITHOUT ANY CLOTHES AT ALL SOON.

and select a real dress with a collar to it, and a real lining in it, and get a real petticoat to wear under it, he'd be perfectly willing to pay for it.

Ought to Lose the Rocking Chair Habit

"Oh, doctor," the woman wailed, "can't you do anything for me? I have been nearly dead for six months and I don't seem to get a bit better." The doctor looked at her thoughtfully. She was seated in a wicker rocking chair, and while he studied her she clutched both arms of the chair, braced herself back and giving herself a boost with the tips of her toes every time the chair pitched forward, rocked back and forth with a force that gave the impression that making a stated number of pendulumlike vibrations in a stated time was a matter of life and death.

The trouble with rocking is that it brings the wrong muscles into play, and results in the wearing away of strength and tissue. Comfort can never be compatible with the majority of rocking chairs, and the head and the feet dangle, and it is only by an effort that the feet can be brought to touch the floor to keep the body in motion. Not a nerve in your body is now in repose, yet you call that resting. If I had my way about it I would replace every rocking chair with plain easy chairs, but the change would drive away half my woman patients.—New York Herald.

Chicken Am Good

Senator Martine of New Jersey—the "farmer senator," as it is his pride to be called—was visiting in Washington members of his farm life.

Pithy Pointers

- Gifts make beggars bold.
Scatter with one hand; gather with two.
A good name keeps its luster in the dark.
Spread the table and contention will cease.
A rainbow is the smiling daughter of the storm.
Young man idle makes an old man needy.
The choleric drinks, the melancholic eats, the phlegmatic sleeps.
He who is negligent in his dress at 30 will be a sloven at 40 and intolerable at 50.
To carry a hoe through the house is ill luck.

The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book



This is the Day We Celebrate

Table with columns: Name and Address, School, Year. Lists names of children and their schools/years.

Silhouettes of the Sidewalk

When the Harvest Moon was high In the clear September sky Master Chauffeur fairly flew Up the silent avenue. Past the town's electric lamps, Through the country dews and damps, Faster than the wind he went On a breathless joy ride bent.



Here where few fares will disturb He draws up beside the curb, Yawns and gapes and droops his head, Nods and longs to go to bed, Drowsy thoughts upon him steal— While the girl he loves, it seems, Rides beside him in his dreams.

Cheap Dinners for London Poor

A correspondent of the Brooklyn Eagle calls attention to a new idea in philanthropy has been recently started in London, where an association has been formed for supplying "poor men's dinners" for 2 cents. Each dinner consists of soup, hot meat and vegetables. Moreover, the meals are served at the door, being taken around in barrows resembling ice cream wagons. Outside each wagon bears the sign "Free Bono Publico." Not only are meals served in the poorer districts for 2 cents, but school children may purchase their lunches for 1 cent.