

Is Your Ideal Husband the Man Who Helps or the Good Provider?



The Ideal Husband—What is he? The man who helps as well as provides? In the opinion of the Denver News it's not enough for Mr. Husband to dig out a living at his office all day long and then come home cheerful and smiling. It is also up to him to come home and be glad to go into the kitchen

after dinner, take a towel and help with the dishes. The really Ideal Husband, if there is such a thing beneath the moon, is the man who willingly dips into the household cares after his own have been pigeon holed in his office, and not the selfish, velvet-slipped, smoking-jacketed den dweller who rushes from his dinner to his cigar and forgets that wife is splashing about in a dish pan.

Another woman, who's got wind of the idea of Maggie Shand, Barrie's most winsome and illuminating heroine, says she will find the ideal husband when she can find a man who is willing and will laugh at himself. "The man who will laugh at himself," asserts Barrie through Maggie's lips, "claims relation to the woman who was made, not out of man's rib but out of his funny bone—and therefore may be counted on to keep the world and his home a sweet and wholesome place." What woman wouldn't go miles to find such a partner? For as sure as the sun does shine he would be a real soul mate. Therefore it is the duty of husbands, if they would be counted among the ideals of a woman, to be helpful; to be laughers, and to share—not to dominate.

The ideal husband would never for a moment imagine or demand that his ideal wife should not aim higher than mere success in the culinary depart-



ment, for if a man truly loves a woman a weight in his digestive apparatus will not affect the lightness of his cardinal region, according to the word of a masculine troubling over the ideal Wife-Husband controversy. One lady advertises most frankly for a gentleman "who looks like a sport," which would seem to be doing away with the domestic idea.

AGE AND YOUTH.

Youth takes its joy from hopeful dreams
Of future prizes to be won,
Of voyages on unknown streams
In realms beyond the rising sun.

But Age, reflective Age, delights
E'en in the twilight's dying rays
In turning to the joyous sights
Of unforgotten Yesterdays.

I know not which more joy imparts,
Which hath the sweeter taste, the page
That tells of Hope in youthful hearts,
Or tender memories of age.
—John Kendrick Bangs in Success Magazine.

The Author's Wife

The spacious drawing room presented an animated appearance.
"Who's that speaking to our hostess?" asked one of the guests of a friend.

"My dear fellow, moderate your curiosity. She's only an ordinary woman, though she may seem rather attractive to you. I've known other people the same way about her."

The two men approached as the woman moved in the direction of a window recess. She had not quite reached it, however, when hearing her name, "Elsie," she turned to be confronted by the men.

"Let me introduce my friend, Mr. Ward," said one. "You'll find him very interesting on anything and everything connected with numismatics. He could tell a Caesar ha'penny from a Victoria one with his eyes shut." And with the slight grin that accompanied this attempt at wit the speaker bowed himself off.

"Madam, I beg you won't think it too ridiculous, but it's scarcely my fault. Mr. Molloy certainly introduced us in a sort of way, but he unfortunately neglected your name."

"How stupid of him. I thought you knew. I'm Mrs. Molloy."

This was the unexpected with a vengeance, and it was some time before Ward got the better of it.

"I really must beg your pardon. I ought to have known better."

"Not at all."

A very handsome girl who had just entered and was chatting animatedly with Molloy near the other end of the room brought the pair in the window abruptly to a topic that was for the time being one of public importance. The topic was the latest novel from the pen of Edgar Molloy, and the girl now standing at his side was the original of his heroine.

"You know Miss Lascelles, of course?" said Ward.

"Just enough to be aware of her identity."

"Indeed!" Ward raised his eyebrows; "I thought perhaps, considering the circumstances, you would have met often."

"Do you know Miss Lascelles?" was the remark by which she shut down the other's curiosity.

"Oh, yes, very well," he replied. "I believe I was the first man she got to know this side of the Atlantic. It was I who introduced her to your husband."

The last remark was an astute searcher, but it fell flat.

"Perhaps," she said, "if you find it quite convenient you might contrive to let me have a few minutes' chat with her. I feel I shall like to know her better."

At that moment someone had button-holed Molloy. Miss Lascelles with a nod and a smile edged away from him and was looking round the room

when she caught sight of Ward, who took a couple of steps forward.

"How do you do?" and Ward, turning to Mrs. Molloy, said: "Ladies, I don't know whether introduction is necessary between you, but if it is a case of repetition I shall throw myself on your generosity and beg to be excused. Mrs. Molloy—Miss Lascelles."

There was a brief silence and then the American girl remarked, "I think Mr. Molloy is very clever."

"You've known Edgar almost ever since you came over?"

"Yes; for six months."

"I seem to know you so well. I fancy it's largely owing to the book."

"Yes; everyone's talking about it."

The author's wife looked at the fine picture of young womanhood beside her, and said thoughtfully, "And you inspired it. What a great deal Edgar owes to you."

"On the contrary, I have always thought it is I who owe him a great deal."

"Is that because he made you the original of his heroine?"

"Well, perhaps."

"You think a great deal of Edgar?" Beatrice Lascelles replied slowly.

"Yes, I do."

"A great many women do that. He is very attractive. I want to speak very frankly to you, dear, and I do so hope you will not think me unkind or too interfering for doing it." After a

moment's hesitation she added, "You're very fond of Edgar."

A shadow of defiance reflected itself on the girl's face. "And if I am?" she said.

"Remember, dear, that I'm his wife. But even so, believe me, I'm not thinking so much of myself as of you—and him."

"Well?"

"Edgar and you have been much together lately, and the result is a story which everyone is praising. I read it carefully bit by bit as he wrote. Edgar and I discussed you together."

Something crept into the girl's face that showed resentment of having been the topic of conversation between the woman beside her and the man she loved. "Then, perhaps, I'm more indebted to you than to your husband," she remarked.

"No; it is Edgar's book, not mine. But I want you to see that he is at first of all a novelist."

"Perhaps you mean to suggest that he has been amusing himself at my expense?"

"Please do not think that I suggest anything. Edgar and I have lived together for nine years. He is 38, I am 31. Edgar has always been thoughtful and scrupulously polite to everyone he has had to do with. But he means nothing by it. In your own case, for example, he met you and almost at once conceived the idea of writing a

book around you. And so he cultivated your friendship and drew you out. Painters and sculptors must have models; I suppose it's just as necessary for authors to have them, too."

These words told deeply upon the girl, and there was no longer defiance in her tone or appearance as she asked, "Why do you tell me all this?"

"Because I liked you, from the story I mean, and I was sorry that you had got to care for Edgar so much as I imagined you had, without anything to hope for except more misery the longer it lasted."

"I suppose I ought to thank you for what you've done," the girl remarked in a sort of feelingless way.

"No, dear, you needn't do that. I know you must hate me for it. But perhaps some day you'll be glad."

So ended a game of bluff played with a master's skill. Elsie Molloy knew the limitations of her hand, but she also knew its strength. There was no trace of haste, no vestige of anxiety or doubt. For months she had been aware of her husband's attachment to this girl, for months she had been silently ready for this battle, and its suddenness when it came had been as disastrous for the sweetheart as it had been triumphant for the wife.—Tatler.

SCOTCH TEACHER LAUDS WEST

Miss Bremner Says Women Are Capable and Climate Is Ideal.

Kate F. Bremner, "infants' mistress," Albion road school, Edinburgh, Scotland, was one of the teachers from Great Britain sent to the United States by Alfred Mosley a couple of years ago. She was in Omaha, among other cities, and has sent to Superintendent Davidson's office a little pamphlet containing her impression of "the states," the Omaha Bee says.

"Rumors of the open-hearted kindness and hospitality of the American in his own country had reached me before I crossed the Atlantic. Rumor in this case fell far short of reality. The courtesy and consideration which met me wherever I went, in Canada or in America, made my visit an experience of such pleasure and profit as is a joy and inspiration even in remembrance."

Of her observations in this section, which speaks of as "out West," the Scotch teacher says:

"I found many most capable women principals and came to the conclusion that pioneer life, where men and women were comrades and colleagues, had engendered a certain type of colonial woman of broad outlook, large-heartedness and sound judgment, ready to fill any position of power with a capacity for rule which is not so generally characteristic of the women at home, because here, until comparatively lately, she never had an opportunity to map out her own career and take her chance alongside of her more fortunate brother. What she will become in a generation or two at the present rate of enfranchisement remains to be seen."

The grand climate of the West also made a distinct hit with Miss Bremner, for she grows eloquent over it in several places, at one point writing:

"The effect of the climate is felt in the irrepressible optimism of the American people, who carry to their work the enthusiasm and strenuousness with which we also feel endowed when rejoicing in the glory of a day of sunshine and clear air."

In the Feminine Epoch.

Senior Partner—Great Scott! What's the trouble? Has a cyclone hit our plant?

Junior Partner—No. The forewoman, Miss Sylph, put the machine-shop out of shape this morning by trying to use a twenty-four-foot belt where we have always used a thirty-six.—Puck.

Enlarged pictures is not a habit but a disease, just the same as itch, mumps and measles. It always "takes" worse where the families are very poor.

BADGES A HOBBY WITH MEN.

In Cleveland Failure to Wear One Regarded as Significant.

He was a plain man who walked down the steps from the Hollenden Hotel. His clothes were as quiet as his manner, and his manner was most unassuming.

His shoes were square toed and a dusty black. His collar was low and his necktie was of the ready-made sort you hook to the collar button in front. His hat was black. His suit was old-fashioned pepper and salt. He was not trying to impress any one.

But across his coat front a row of badges, red and yellow, made unprovoked assault upon the eyes of bystanders, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. There were rosettes at the top and gold lace at the bottom. Letters of gold proclaimed the fact that the plain and unassuming citizen was a member of an organization with a long name; that said organization was holding a convention and that the man behind the badge was on some committee.

The man himself would have told you quietly enough. His badges shrieked it. He seemed somewhat embarrassed by the attention he attracted. One wondered why he suffered them so patiently.

He was willing to talk.

He gave his name and said he had come from Peninsula, Ohio. It developed that he did not suffer from the badges at all. He thought them pretty. He was proud of them.

It's a weakness we men folk have. It's like the passion for red neckties, but more general. More than half the men in Cleveland wear badges.

Some wear them all the time. Some wear them on special occasion only, just as one would wear a medal or a decoration from the emperor of some place or another.

If you don't wear a badge it's a pretty fair sign you don't belong to anything. Most everybody belongs to some organization and nearly every organization in Cleveland has badges for its members. Many of us have half a dozen. We wear one in one lapel button hole and keep the others in a bureau drawer at home.

The badges or emblems that we wear for every day are mostly small. It may be a fraternity pin or it may be an emblem that signifies we belong to the Brotherhood of Pretzel Varnishers.

It may be on the under side of our coat lapel or it may be on the edge of our waistcoat. It may take the form of a necktie pin or decorate the end of a watch fob. You may not see it the first glance, but two chances in three it's somewhere about.

These every-day pins of labor organizations, fraternal and benevolent organizations, miscellaneous clubs and societies are small enough. The ones for conventions, balls and other special occasions may be nearly as big as folded bath towels.

One can't get too many rosettes or too much gold lace or too many metal medallions and cross bars and spread eagles hung on a badge. The more there are the more pleased and proud we men are to wear the badge.

Alfred Henriques runs an office in the Williamson building from which all sorts of badges and buttons are sold. He says more buttons are worn now than during the button craze a few years ago, a craze that preceded the present picture postal-card madness. The difference is that the buttons are not worn all the time, but more for special occasions.

Many of the badges cost as much as \$5 each. They are elaborate with enamel. Some of gold are even more expensive.

Three Kinds of Women.

Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont, the society leader and convert to woman suffrage, said in a recent speech:

"In this country I see three classes of women—first, the woman who starts out in life with the inculcated idea that some man must support her; second, the woman who finds out she must do everything that man does not want to do, and through force of necessity does it; third, a grand army of self-reliant, self-supporting women fulfilling all civic requirements; women strong in their own independence, expecting no man to bear their burdens, asking for equal rights, knowing their obligations as citizens and determined to meet these obligations."

"We women who demand our suffrage from men ask them to honor the women of the United States. From the hour the first white woman landed on our shores woman has stood shoulder to shoulder with man. She has been his equal in toil, in hardship, in devotion. She has been his mother, his wife."

"I appeal to man's sense of justice and of honor, for both of these characteristics are the strong, dominant traits of American men or we would not have the nation we have. And I ask, are these men just to women? To their sons they have given the right of citizenship. They make bondwomen of their daughters."

"Now we women want to be great. We want our independence. We want to show men how we can stand side by side with them in the open field of life. Then shall the world judge us, and my faith in my own womanhood has taught me to believe in all women."

The Purist Again.

Inquirer—What is the next train to New York?

Station Master—Twelve o'clock, sir.

I.—Isn't there one before that?

S. M.—No, sir; we never run one before the next.—Boston Transcript.



Visitor—What have you in arctic literature? Librarian—Cook books and Pearyodicals.—Brooklyn Life.

"I want one of the new spotted face veils, please." "Yes, madam. Speckled, spattered, or splotted?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Wife (reminiscing)—Well, I very nearly didn't marry you, John. John (absent-mindedly)—I know—but who told you?—The Sketch.

"If m'wife's awake, I'll shay: 'M'dear, brought y' some c'sath'mums—chrysthmus—chrysthums'—hang it! Wish I'd got roses."—Life.

Borrowell—I have no use for that fellow Bjones. Wigwag—Yes, Bjones is one of those fellows who object to being used.—Philadelphia Record.

"What do they mean by an 'endurance test'?" "Two chaps bragging about their respective makes of automobiles."—Springfield Republican.

"Well, Tommy, what part of the chicken will you have?" "Why, paw, you know I always take the back when there's company."—St. Louis Republic.

"I've just figured out how the Venus de Milo came to lose her arms." "How?" "She broke them off trying to button her shirtwaist up the back."—The Jewish Ledger.

"The audience is calling you," the playwright was informed. "I hear them," he answered. "Show me the quickest way to get out of here."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"New-mown hay is a delightful perfume; we sell lots of it." "Haven't you something with a gasoline odor?" "I want people to think I own a motor car, not a horse."—Life.

Mrs. Newbride—Boohoo! Henry threw a biscuit at me. One that I made myself, too! Mother—The monster! He might have killed you!—The United Presbyterian.

Hoax—Out in Arizona he is known as a bad man. Joax—Is that so? Did he ever kill any one? Hoax—Oh, yes. Joax—What make of car does he drive?—Philadelphia Record.

Visitor—Can you read the past? Fortune Teller—Certainly. That's my business. Visitor—Then I wish you'd tell me what it was my wife told me to get for her!—Boston Globe.

"Do you want employment?" asked the sympathetic woman. "I dunno wot dat is, ma'am," replied the husky hobo, "but ef it's ennything ter eat, youse may gimme a few."—Chicago Daily News.

Judge—I'll have to fine ye fifty dollars for exceeding the speed limit. Jack Scorch—Look here, judge, this young lady and I want to get married. Remit the fine and you get the job.—Brooklyn Life.

Whale—What are you going to tell your wife when you get home? Jonah—I don't know; I don't suppose she would believe me if I should tell her that I had been to a fish dinner.—The Bohemian.

"You don't know what that's a picture of, Johnny?" said Mrs. Lapsling, in a tone of reproach. "You ought to read your ancient history more. That is the temple of Dinah at Emphasis."—Chicago Tribune.

Cynicus—It is impossible for a woman to keep a secret. Henpeckke—I don't know about that; my wife and I were engaged for several weeks before she said anything to me about it.—Philadelphia Record.

"Are you in favor of votes for women?" "Yes. Perhaps if we can get them to think more about votes, they will think less about clothes. I have four daughters who are growing up."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Speaking of joy rides, did you ever have a real one?" "No." "Never go out in a buggy along a shady lane, with a plug of a horse and the only girl in the world? Say, you don't know what life it."—Public Ledger.

A traveler stopped at a hotel in Greenland, where the nights are six months long, and, as he registered, asked a question of the clerk. "What time do you have breakfast?" "From half-past March to a quarter to May."

Reporter—Mr. Cummin, have you the manuscript of the after-dinner speech you delivered at that banquet last night? Ketchum A. Cummin (with a gasp)—Did I deliver a speech there, young man? Whose?—Chicago Tribune.

"The starvation experiences of those English suffragettes were trying." "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "it's pretty hard to be obliged to stop criticizing the public policies of a great government in order to find fault with its cooking."—Washington Star.

Husband—You must marry again, dearest, when I am gone, and that will be very soon. Wife—No, Edward, no one will marry an old woman like me. You ought to have died ten years ago for that.—Megendorfer Blaetter.

"Over here," said the Arab guide, "we have another mummy. From the cooking utensils found near her, she is supposed to have been a cook. For 2,000 years she has remained just where she was found." "Bosh!" scoffed the American tourist, "that's no cook." "Why not?" "Who ever heard of a cook remaining in one place that long?"—Chicago Daily News.

THINGS YOU MAY NOT KNOW.

Duluth, at the head of Lake Superior, has the greatest mineral tonnage of any port in the world.

Arranged in a straight line, the railways of the world would reach to the moon and back again.

New York has followed the example of Philadelphia and established a free permanent exhibition of building materials.

Ten years ago the Standard Oil Company refined 90 per cent of the oil produced; now it refines only 80 per cent.

Forty thousand yards of bunting were used recently on the Madison Square garden during the annual electrical show.

In 1860 we stood at the bottom of the list of the four great manufacturing nations, namely: The United Kingdom, France, Germany and the United States. Forty-nine years later we stand at the head of the list, our manufactured product equalling that of the other great nations combined.—American Industries.

Last year's American cotton crop was valued at \$683,000,000, and if the value of the seed be added, the aggregate revenue from the crop was very close up to \$800,000,000. If the present prices for the staple hold, the value of this year's cotton crop including the seed will mount up very near to \$1,000,000,000, at any rate to more than \$900,000,000.—New York Commercial.

Suppers are very particular about the distribution of parts. In a fairy piece a set of dominos was represented by men wearing on their backs boards marked with the different numbers. A discontented supper gave in his resignation. "Why, what's the matter?" asked the astonished director; "don't you get your 15 sous a night like the others?" "It isn't about the sous at all. I am one of the oldest artists belonging to the theater and they ought to have made me the double six; instead of that I am the lowest number—the double blank."

The hilly territory of Trieste, it is stated in a consular report on that district, is covered by pointed stones which prevent any cultivation, and some years ago the Societa Agraria offered prizes for those who would remove them and thus change the waste ground to meadows. The work has now been going on for some years, and every autumn a commission ascertains the area of the proposed redemption and the difficulties to be encountered, and fixes the prize to be given. In spring it again visits the improved grounds and pays the prizes if deserved. This year sixty-six peasants improved forty-four acres, and received \$1,040.

Raising Japanese spaniels is the way one Connecticut farmer's daughter has solved the problem of earning money while remaining at home and helping with the housework. She cleared \$300 the first year and almost double that amount the second and she looks forward to doing still better in 1910. She learned that the best way to get the dogs was to buy them from sailors, who picked them up in Japan and brought them to America for the sake of making money. The highest price she has received so far has been \$100 for pups about as perfect as the most fastidious exhibitor could demand. The lowest price was \$21 for a female of no striking excellence, though she was unmistakably pure bred.—Omaha Bee.

During a period of political agitation a stranger arrived in Magdeburg, where, on applying to the authorities, he obtained a permit or ticket of residence. He had not been long in the town before he became aware that his steps were being dogged by a man in blue uniform. He bore it for days, but at last said to the spy: "Why do you pursue me in this way?" "I'm a detective and my instructions are not to lose sight of you," was the quiet answer. "Why, what fault have the police to find with me?" shouted the stranger. "My passport is in order, here is my ticket of residence; I am a citizen of Berlin; why do you follow me about?" "It states in your passport," was the reply, "that you were going to reside here for pleasure; that looked suspicious, as it was the first time any one came to reside in Magdeburg for pleasure."

It is not generally known that oil from an asphaltum base (fuel oil) is vastly different from the paraffine product. The former is heavy and solid and contains no explosive gases, while paraffine oils are highly gaseous and explosive. It is from the latter that the by-products gasoline, naphtha, benzine, etc., are obtained. Fuel oil is also used on roads to a great extent in the West, and mixed with other ingredients makes a good street pavement. In fact, fuel oil has only recently been appreciated. Three barrels of it will supply more heat units than a ton of coal, and can be handled by one-fourth the men and with absolute cleanliness and safety and no waste. We look to see all our public schools and institutions, as well as many private families, using fuel oil in the very near future. Oklahoma is to be congratulated on having such extensive fuel oil fields (those in the Wheeler district covering several square miles), and we shall not be surprised to see them lead in value all the assets this wonderful state has yet produced for the world's comfort and wealth.—Oil World.