

THE BEE'S HOME MAGAZINE PAGE

Our Letter Box

Contributions on timely subjects... are invited from our readers.

Blackburn Still Writing Letters. OMAHA, Aug. 8.—To the Editor of The Bee: At Des Moines the other day 668 genuine republicans openly manifested their disapproval when Senator Cummins...

Next to Abraham Lincoln, the greatest statesman of the republic... is the one who has been most abused like plookpook and accused of all kinds of offenses, not only by members of the opposing parties...

A Standpatter from Standpattville. SOUTH OMAHA, Aug. 4.—To the Editor of The Bee: Having read the letter of Hon. T. W. Blackburn withdrawing as a candidate for congress from this district...

Since the foundation of the republican party there have been so-called insurgents within its ranks. At times they are more noisy than numerous, as seems to be the case this year, with the exception of a few states.

When such demagogues as Cummins, La Follette and the lesser demagogues are forgotten the names of Blaine and Cannon will still shine as among the greatest men the nation has ever produced.

Cummins showed what a small man he is in refusing as chairman of the Iowa state convention the mention of the names of Taft and the governor of Iowa simply because they do not bow the knee to him in his effort to further his own ambitions.

But the ambitions of such a demagogue will come to an end, as will the case with La Follette and the other insurgents and the republican party will be the better for ridding itself of men who secure seats in congress by claiming to be republicans, while voting the other way.

The insurgents are like the tail to the dog. They are trying to wag the dog. They think all the brains and honesty of the republic are stowed away in their own few selves and all who differ from them are dishonest and controlled by someone.

Like Mr. Blackburn, I would rather vote for a democrat than for a straight democrat for a man who claims to be a republican, while voting the other way.

I believe in independent voting, but when men are elected to carry out certain policies and then go back on them, I do not think they deserve the support of the rank and file of their own parties.

F. A. AGNEW.

COL. HARVEY W. SCOTT DEAD

Editor of Portland Oregonian Expires at Baltimore Following Operations for Appendicitis.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 8.—Colonel Harvey W. Scott, editor of the Portland Oregonian of Portland, Ore., and a member of the board of directors of the Associated Press, died tonight at the Johns Hopkins hospital, following an operation performed there yesterday.

Portland, Ore., Aug. 8.—Harvey Winfield Scott, editor in chief of the Portland Morning Oregonian, one of the foremost journalists of the west, was born in Peoria, Ill., in 1858, and his father, a farmer, migrated to Oregon territory in 1862.

The Tired Business Man Tells Friend Wife All About Chorus Girling.

BY WALTER SINCLAIR. "Well, what do you think of that Brooklyn woman who said that, rather than raise children, she'd go into the chorus and carry a spear?" exclaimed Friend Wife, looking over the city papers.



"That must be the spear that knows no mother," paraphrased the Tired Business Man. "I hope the contributing editor doesn't hear about this latest parable of the spear market and put spears beyond the reach of such feminine aspirants. In that case the lady may have to carry the hook."

Dull Finish for the First Mourning Must Be Plain

In deep black. The width of the hem denotes the depth of mourning, those for widows being wide, while slighter mourning takes only a narrow hem. These must not be trimmed in any way.

All plain materials are suitable in wash goods, but no embroidery, even of the simplest, may appear for first mourning, however light it may be.

There are two trimmings only, or three, including hemstitching, if one calls that trimming, which may be worn. There are white English crepe and crepe de chine, the latter more commonly called "wash blond," and is entirely plain, yet thin enough to serve as a decoration.

It will be the same way in the case of Joseph G. Cannon. The greatest statesman of the republic will be placed along with Blaine, Coifax, Reed, McKinley and all of the other great men of the republican party.

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POOR JAKE comic strip. Panel 1: WHEN YOU GET YOUR WORK DONE COME HERE, I HAVE A JOB FOR YOU! Panel 2: SAY, COLONEL! THERE'S THE MOST INSOLENT TRAMP AT THE BACK DOOR THAT I EVER HEARD AND I AM AFRAID OF HIM. Panel 3: HUH! INSOLENT EH? WELL, I'LL HAVE TO INTERVIEW HIM! Panel 4: WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? HUH! Panel 5: JAKE, OH, JAKE BRING ME UP ONE OF THOSE BALE-STICKS! I'LL SHOW YOU WHO I AM! Panel 6: GIVE ME THAT STICK! Panel 7: YOU AN YOUR BALE-STICKER? Panel 8: I TOLD YOU TO GIVE ME THAT STICK, DID I NOT? Panel 9: HUH! THIS IS A NICE BUNCH, I DON'T THINK! Panel 10: BUT YOU CARRIED THAT STICK! LET ME AT THAT FELLOW! Panel 11: YOU WOULD AVOID MUCH TROUBLE IF YOU ONLY LISTEN TO ME! NOW GO TO YOUR CHORES! Panel 12: OH! HE WAS A POOR HARM-LESS CUSS! HE WON'T BOTH-ER US AGAIN! I'M NOT OF THE LEAST BIT AFRAID OF FELLOWS LIKE HIM, MRS. STALL! Panel 13: SUPPOSE YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF ALL EXCITED! Panel 14: SILAS

Well Known Daughters of Famous Men

The story of Mrs. Grover Cleveland has been told in part by James Lowry Whittle in this way: This young lady was the daughter of Mr. Oscar Folson, one of Mr. Cleveland's associates in the profession of the law. A young man of generous temperament and great abilities, he was a partner in the firm of Vanderpool & Lansing, but had been killed in an accident, shortly after his friend Cleveland, on the expiration of his term of office as sheriff of Erie county, had joined the firm subsequently known as Cleveland & Bissell. His daughter was born in Buffalo, in July, 1864, and under the supervision of her mother, spent some years at the Central school in that city. From the Central school she passed on to Wells College, and it was here that the flowers sent her from the governor's garden at Albany first set the friends of the maiden student dreaming of the possible future in store for her. These speculations became more active as each success of the intellectual girl was marked by fresh tributes, no longer from Albany, but from Washington. In June, 1886, she completed with distinction her graduate course and went to reside for some months in a neighboring county of New York with her grandfather, Colonel John B. Folson of Folsonville. As autumn came round she started with her mother for a tour in Europe, a course of travel which was prolonged until she arrived at New York, on May 27 in the following year, to receive the greetings of her future sister-in-law, Miss Cleveland. There had been many marriages at the White House before, but they had been of the sons and grandsons, or the daughters and granddaughters of presidents or their friends. This was the first occasion on which the chief magistrate of the union celebrated his wedding during his term of office. The honeymoon was brief and, on June 15, the tall, graceful girl, who was not yet 20, entered upon her important duties as the colleague of the president in social functions. Mrs. Cleveland was an ideal "First Lady of the Land," and in the years of her husband's retirement was his unfailing help and inspiration. During her subsequent widowhood she is a quiet but potent influence, shunning publicity and devoting herself to the training of her children.



MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND.

How to Make Flower Extracts

Girls who are so fortunate as to have gardens can make their own flower extracts if they are willing to sacrifice the blossoms while they are still fresh. Sweet water cannot be distilled from flowers which have to be stripped from their stems before the morning dew is off. A glass preserving jar is the best vessel for holding them, and as many petals are to be put in each morning as can be gathered. Every day the new lot is sprinkled with a little salt, hardly more than one would put on were one seasoning them to eat. When four ounces of petals have been gathered—and this is a large quantity—a pint of strong white wine vinegar is to be poured over if one wishes an especially toney water. Spirits of wine, which may be used instead, gives a different scent. In either case the cover, which has been kept on tightly all the time, is screwed down hard, and the mixture stands for a week, when it is strained without squeezing and is ready for use. When gardens are not part of one's worldly possessions there is still a method of making very desirable toilet waters. One buys the strong extract and dilutes it. For instance, orange flower water is delicate, and is to be had by mixing one and three-quarters ounces of extract of orange flower petals with half a pint of white wine vinegar. Florida water which one makes at home differs a little from that of commerce and is not expensive. For it are required two drams each of oils of lavender, bergamot and lemon, one dram each of oil of neroli and tincture of tumeric, thirty drops of oil of balsam, ten drops of otto of rose and one quart of rectified spirits. This is mixed, tightly fastened and stands for ten days, after which it is strained. All toilet waters and perfumes are better for keeping some time before they are used. The special virtue in such things as this season is that they are really refreshing as well as pleasant to use. Sprayed on the body after the bath they impart an agreeable odor, and when one is tired and exhausted they are invigorating. MARGARET MIXTER.

Items of Interest to the Women Folk

I have a friend who never seems to get any enjoyment out of life, simply because she is always worrying about what might happen to herself or her friends. If she doesn't hear from her relatives or friends, she is expected to be seriously ill. Or, perhaps, the dressmaker promised to send home a new frock and it hasn't come—it must be lost, says Home Chat. But it seems such a pity that the happiness of today should be spoiled by something that happened yesterday, or by fear of what may happen tomorrow. Make up your mind to forget all the little annoyances of yesterday and start afresh. Worrying doesn't do the least little bit of good and will never ward off an illness or prevent some calamity you dread from happening to you. So just be as happy as you can and leave tomorrow to take care of itself. A pretty apron for porch wear is a small affair, but a dotted Swiss, rounded on the lower edge and trimmed with a self-hemmed ruffle, and a small hem-stitched pocket is added at the right side. The price is only 25 cents. Another at 50 cents is smaller, except that it has broad shoulder straps of the goods, white lawn, trimmed with dainty embroidery edging. A large work apron in gingham, fitted with large pockets and broad shoulder strings, is only 25 cents. The beginning of the winter is the time when, in the matter of taking care of her hands, the housewife who hesitates is in a measure lost. Once they have become thoroughly broken with chaps it is somewhat difficult to get them whole and smooth again. Says Woman's Life: If before the coming of the first really frosty days we are careful to dry our hands always very thoroughly after they have been wet, we will be saved annoyance. Here is a recipe for the treatment of chapped hands: Get a small marrow bone from your butcher. Take the marrow out of the bone, put it into an old cup, set it at the side of the fire or in the oven and leave it until it boils; then drain it through a piece of muslin to purify it. Then put in half as much beeswax as you have marrow (no more, or it will be too hard), place it again at the fire or in the oven till it boils. After it is melted put in some rosewater to im-

American Story Tellers and Their Yarns

John Bach McMaster, professor of American History at the University of Pennsylvania, said at a dinner in Philadelphia, apropos of the war of independence: "The British complained that our men fought from behind trees and stone walls—that they didn't fight at all like drilled soldiers."



HE KNEW. "What do they mean by a class?" "Why something that everybody knows about, but nobody has read."

Stories About Children.

To his teacher's request that he give the class ideas on the subject of "Bravery," little Johnny delivered himself of the following: "Som' boys is brave because they always plays with little boys, and some boys is brave because their legs is too short to run away, but most boys is brave because somebody's lookin'!"

"Well, my little man," queried the parson, "do you always do as your mother tells you?" "You bet I do," answered the 5-year-old, "and so does dad."

Little Willie was playing one day with the girl next door, when the latter exclaimed: "Don't you hear your mother calling you? That's three times she's done so. Aren't you going home?" "Not yet," responded Willie. "Won't she whip you?" "Naw," exclaimed Willie, in disgust. "She ain't goin' to whip nobody. She's got company. So, when I go in she'll just say, 'The poor, little man has been so deaf since he's had the measles.'"

Eureka. I've found a cook, I've found a cook. I've found a cook who'll stay. My kitchen ne'er will be forsaken from now 'til Judgment Day. Her name's Jill Judgment Day. Her cheeks are cherry red. All sunny curls she wears. Are clustered round her head. And she can sing, and she can dance. This wondrous cook of mine. Our kitchen's glory and our joy. To hear her voice divine. And she can make a pumpkin pie Such as you never ate. Indeed of all I've eaten I Have never known so great. And she can brew, and she can bake— Such baking ne'er was seen; And when she comes to chop and steak, She's just a perfect quietude. Her saucers take me to Paris. Her puddings drive me mad. And nowhere on this earth 'll see Such salads rich and glad. Her mashed potatoes taste like cream, Her turnips all ring true. Her beets remind you of some dream, When life was fresh and new. And when she takes a stroll out, And puts it on the fire, You say it's burning hot, doubt That bliss can't be higher. Ah, she's indeed the richest gift That ever came my way. Why there's no doubt 'tween the rift That lights the perfect day. Her wages, just a pleasant word: Oh, how my pulses thrum and beat. To think I've had the luck absurd To win and marry her. —SUFFERING MAN.