

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Attractive Child's Coat



PHOTO BY JOEL FEDELE

For occasional wear over dainty frocks this little coat is attractive and sufficient warmth may be provided by an under slip of silk or even flannel. This attractive child's coat is made of white permé fabric—a mixture of wool and mohair which has a beautiful satiny sheen. The satin and cord trimmings are in a new, deep shade of red which will be becoming to the majority of children. This coat is simply yet cleverly cut, with extra fulness added in the skirt by means of shallow pleats.

## Almanac for November

If in putting up your winter's supply of preserves you find that your jelly will not set, a sure method of giving it the requisite consistency is to mix three tablespoonfuls of Portland cement with every pint cup of liquid juice. This will have the added value of protecting your preserves from surreptitious intruders on the part of the children, who will find them impervious to their tender young teeth. If on taking your furs out of the attic you find them full of moths, lay the coat on the bare floor and give it a thorough beating with a flail. Then, combing the fur out with a garden rake, run the lawn roller over it a half dozen times, and drop into a tar barrel over night. In the morning you will be surprised to find how few moths remain. In preparing your chestnuts for the turkey dressing on Thanksgiving day be sure to remove the burrs before running them through the wringer. While the burrs will undoubtedly give a decidedly tangy flavor to the finished product, they are not altogether healthy eating, having about the same result upon the digestion as breakfast food made of pine or hemlock spilla. While it is necessary to keep your cattle warm on cold nights, you are strongly recommended not to attempt to do this by putting either an oil or a gasoline stove in the stalls with them. It will be cheaper to tie the end to the stall in the drawing room or to lock them up overnight in the bath room. While we are not superstitious, we advise farmers in southern latitudes to keep a careful watch upon their turkeys on cold stormy nights, especially if a dark man with kinky hair, who is unknown to you, has crossed your path on your return from the coop at twilight. This has been invariably a forerunner of loss, and should result in your immediate gathering of all your feathered stock together, and locking them up in your burglar-proof safe at nightfall. If upon awaking in the morning you find that all the water pipes in your house have frozen up, and that the well is covered with a coating of ice six inches thick, it is safe to conclude that the cold weather is at last upon you. Your strawberries should

therefore be provided with a couple of extra counterpanes for their beds, and you will do well to see that your chickens are carefully looked after. If your pumpkins still continue green, wrap them up carefully in yellow newspapers and keep them thus covered until they take on, through association of ideas, that mellow golden glow which is a pumpkin's true glory. Bear in mind, too, that no pumpkin can be considered wholly safe until it is securely immersed in a pie. Two bulldogs leashed in the pumpkin patch will protect them against a too early nipping by the Jack o'lantern bug, which is very rife at this season of the year. Potatoes freshly dug should be kept in a dry place. If you live in a damp neighborhood have them carefully boxed or barreled and ship them into some prohibition state where the law is strictly enforced, if you can find such a thing on your map. Lacking this, an excellent method of treatment is to place them in your furnace, and after lighting a fire watch them carefully and eat them as they pop. In this way you will get a great deal of immediate good out of them, and keep the bulk of them from spoiling. An excellent fertilizer for your fields is now provided free of charge by nature itself in the vast quantities of seaweed cast upon the coast by the November storms. If you live two or three hundred miles inland, a dozen or more carloads of this can be delivered at your door for not more than \$20 a load, and will be found very satisfactory. A ten-acre farm can be thus fertilized at an expense of about \$5,000 or possibly \$4,000. It might come to even less if you could arrange a barrier of eggs at \$8 a dozen or, if of such rare vintage as the eggs of 1864, from \$25 to \$100 a dozen. To this will have to be added, of course, the cost of postage in arranging the matter by correspondence. Be careful not to leave your misdeeds out-of-doors, either upon the porch and lawn, overnight at this season of the year. There are numerous influenza germs about on November nights, and a misdeed thus carelessly treated is quite liable to get some sort of lung trouble that will make it wheezy all through the winter—Harper's Weekly.

## Types We Meet Every Day

The Prima Donna

BY BOBBIE HARBLE.  
Bromidia cries, "I'm IT at last. My struggling student days are past. And in the opera's glare and blaze I can forget my teacher's ways. I made Dr. Hensler tear his hair. At me did Trabadale swear. Marcella threw a book at me And Lehmann shrank from my high C. "But that's of no importance now. When wreaths of laurel crown my brow. Hensle and ornids at my feet. Can give my triumphs to complete. In wondrous gowns of Paris make I trill until the rafters shake. In Madams Squall none darest Bromidia Smith of Pike, N. Y. "And those old teachers, what of them? Yodel! They're at my garment hem. And cry, 'Ah, Madame Squall, see How much you owe, my dear, to me! They have forgotten how I worked With them from dawn to dark, nor shirked Their weary trials, their endless scales, And bore their temper and their wails. "One would begin with, 'Vous êtes tard, You will not make so early star.' Another, 'Eh, you must begin! To stop at thinking of some man. So life is short, so art is long. But you like flirting more than song. Oh, non, non, non. Don't sing like that. Miss Tieu. You are a half tone flat."



## A LITTLE SERMON FOR THE WEEK-END

giving of the law. Text—Matthew, 5:17: "Think not that I am come to destroy the law, of the prophets, I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill." The giving of the law of God at Mount Sinai was a momentous epoch in the history of the human race. Just as the glorious sun, and the wide, rolling ocean, and the planets and stars proclaim unmistakably the land that made us its divine, so the decalogue needs no testimonial to its divine origin other than its own perfection and completeness as the law of human life and conduct in all lands and all ages. Every prophet that God has sent into the world has upheld the moral law, and, even at the cost of life itself, the prophets have always denounced unsparringly every violation of the commandments. Since God has thus always upheld his law by the votes of his prophets, and the still louder and more solemn vote of His judgments, we are not surprised to hear Jesus, as He began to teach, exclaim, "Think not that I am come to destroy the law and the prophets." God's law is divine and indestructible as His own essence. What Christ did mean was to "fulfill the law." He completed its meaning and extended its requirements even to man's thoughts. With Him hatred became murder, and a man's word justly or condemn him. So strict, so far-reaching, so exact and so spiritual did Jesus make the law that men cried out in despair, "Who then can be saved?" for it is a plain impossibility for any man to keep God's law in thought, and deed as God's law is set forth in the teachings of Christ. This brings us to ask the question: "What does God intend his law to do amongst men?" On the right answer to this question depends our whole attitude toward the Christian religion. Here is where men have blundered and gone astray. Men have ignorantly supposed that God's law, as revealed to Moses, and completed by Christ, was given men



endowed with the most divine faculty of the soul—conscience. Where there is law right and wrong are empty sounds, like black and white to the blind, and harmony and discord to the deaf. "I had not known coveting," says Paul, "except the law had said: 'Thou shalt not covet.'" By awakening conscience, God brings the world to a sense of guilt. The sin of slavery was not recognized in many parts of our land until after the judgment of a "terrible war," as Lincoln called it. In this way law prepares men to receive Him who came, not to call the righteous, but sinners. The giving of the perfect law of God to our world would have been a mistake and a calamity had not the Law of Calvary appeared to take away the sin of the world. On the other hand, the death of Christ on the cross at Calvary would have been meaningless, absurd and useless had it not been for the fact that God's law clearly showed that "it behooved Christ to suffer death and show the awakened conscience of sin might be preached in His name unto all nations." The law of God shows the pathway that leads to heaven. The cross of Calvary makes it possible for men to travel on that pathway. The perfect law of God, demanding a perfect moral life, flashes light amongst men and shows the awakened conscience of all that ruin and death await the imperfect and lawless once. Then Christ appears, not destroying the law, but fulfilling it, and taking its curse upon Himself. He freely forgives men their sins and enables them henceforth to walk in newness of life. Until the moral nature of man is awakened and his conscience becomes normal, men laugh at the Cross as a necessity and mock at a Gospel which tells of a crucified Savior. But when the light of God's perfect law of moral life shines into the soul, then, and not till then, is the Cross of Christ crucified and we realize the wisdom and wisdom again as the power of God and the wisdom of God.

As a Domestic Diplomat, He Decides, He is Expert.

## The Boss of the Establishment

BY AMERE MANN.  
"How's the dog?" inquired the Boss of the Establishment. His wife glanced at him superciliously. She had just returned from a reception given to a famous actress in whom she happened to be interested for the moment. She wanted to tell the Boss all about it, but he, with the perverse pleasure which only a husband can understand, preferred to seem interested in the dog's appetite, which had been a trifle off when he left in the morning. He enjoyed the turmoil which he knew was going on in his wife's mind, the struggle between her desire to talk of something she considered of vast import and her wish to punish him for his silence by an air of indifferent reserve. For the Boss's wife could not have been made to believe that he considered the news of the foot ball game of much greater value and importance than her adventure of the afternoon. He was glad that she had been so pleased and he was slightly puzzled by a subtle change in her appearance. What was it? Had she altered her usual way of doing her hair, or did she have on a new dress? His inability to decide this point and his curiosity led him, in his mellow after-dinner mood, to surrender. "Did you have a nice time?" he asked. "Lovely," his wife exclaimed, with a sudden rewarding radiance. "She's the most extraordinary woman I have ever met and the most gracious and the most sympathetic and the most appreciative. You'd simply love her!" "Wouldn't?" the Boss ejaculated. "No 70-year-old siren for me or is she?" Invariably he was marveled at his wife's mood of uncritical enthusiasm. What had happened to her, usually so keen, so calm, so coolly appraising. "I wish you wouldn't make a joke of everything and everybody," pouted the



Excuse me if I seem to choke," the Boss exclaimed. "I never had such a delightful time in my life. And she gave me so much to think about! We agreed on a great many things, of course. She believes, as I do, that the idle wife who has no children to take care of is the most useless and wicked creature." "Even if she had a collier?" the Boss interjected. "Oh, please be serious. I want to talk to you. We had a conversation this afternoon which intimately affects my future and yours!" She paused breathlessly, hesitated—and plunged: "She—every letter was capitalized—'She says I am a horn actress! You are made for the stage, little one,' she told me. 'Your voice is so sweet and you are a person of such extraordinary charm. It will be a

## Brightside and His Boy

BY LAFAYETTE PARKS.  
"Some of your mother's relatives are coming to the city to spend the holidays with us," begins Brightside, when the little cut-up has arrived for the usual evening patter. "That means your little Willie for the box couch in the hall bedroom, I suppose," disapprovingly grunts Son. "I dare say it will prove slightly inconvenient, but don't mention that to your mother," warns Brightside, making mysterious signs toward the dining room. "I see you've got your orders already. Pop, on how to behave yourself when the merry villagers swoop down on us to take a crack at the dangers of a great city," dryly observes Son. "Well," apologetically coughs Father, "I am a peace loving man and I prefer to undergo some physical discomfort in order to avoid any possibility of domestic unpleasantness." "There's a bunch of guys who can't learn by experience the right dose on this relative proposition," comments Son. "If you want to get a married woman's goat all you have to do is to start to kid her along about her rube relations. Even the most devoted dames will fight at the drop of the hat if you tell 'em you don't like the way their friends from up state comb their hair." "City folks in medium circumstances really haven't any business to try to entertain company," says Father. "Hobby can't hand that to wife and get away with it when the hayseed bunch floats in to see the aviation meet or some of the other big shows New York always has on the bill," declares Son. "The wife's relatives seem to think a five-room flat is built like a telescope, and all one has to do is to pull out another length and unlimber half a dozen more folding beds." "I don't mind sleeping on the floor in the kitchen," Father protests, "but I don't see how I can afford to neglect my business and turn myself into a guide to make certain the visitors won't miss any of the sights of the city." "When we go up to the country," asserts Son, "I never noticed that Mother's relatives ever quit dragging in the pumpkins or shucking the corn to take us city folks out to chase the coy osteons. Never yet has the Silver Comet band of the village turned out en masse to greet yours truly when I landed, tossed out in my glad rags, to spend my vacation. Instead of interviewing me on the great questions of the hour, the Bingville Bugle only printed a



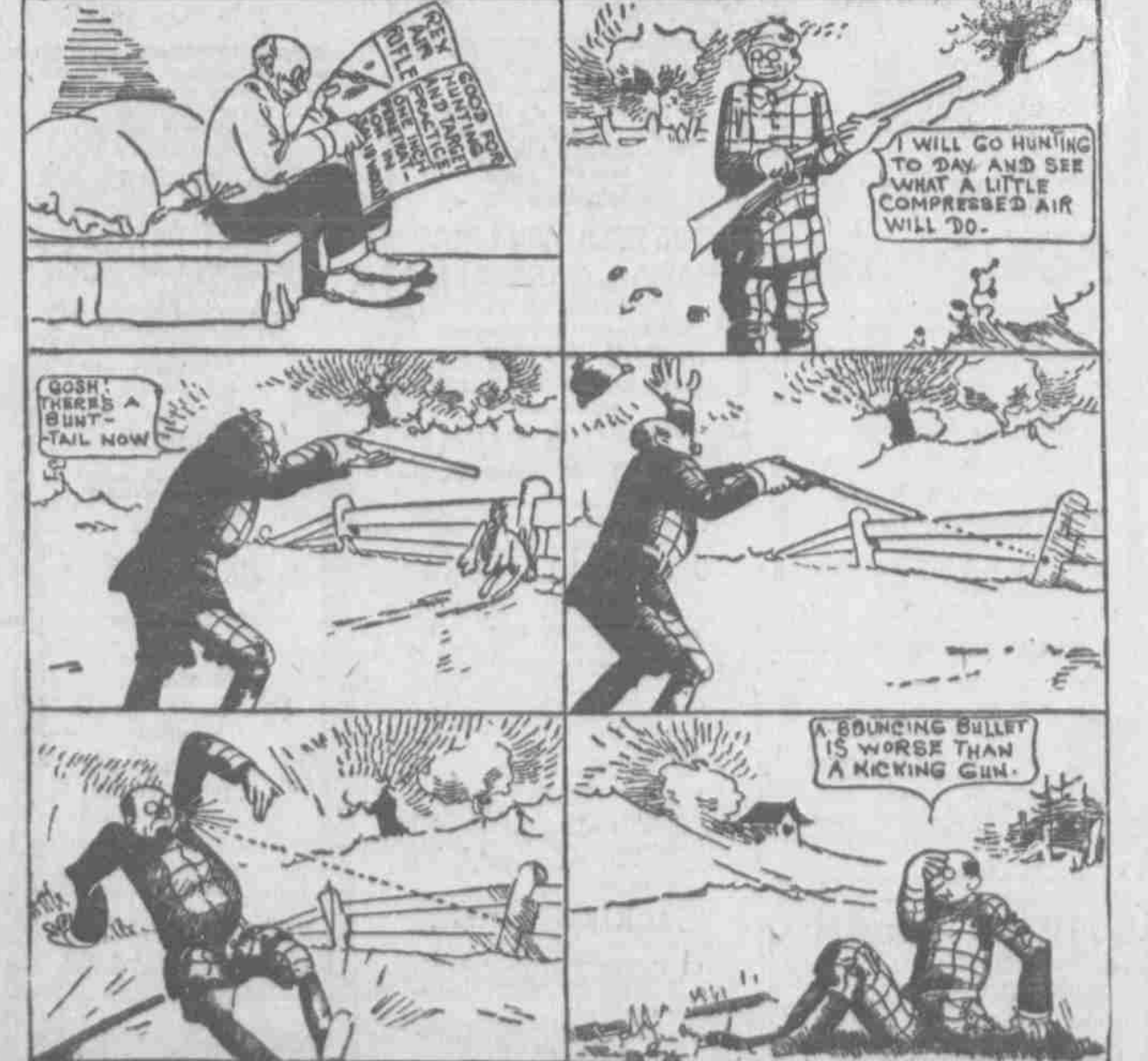
THE HAYSEED BUNCH FLOATS IN TO SEE THE AVIATION MEET. "Naturally they are plain country folk," excuses Father, "and their ideas of entertaining are somewhat old fashioned." "Funny they expect such fancy curves from the entertainment committee when they land in the great city," argues Son. "If they miss anything from soup to nuts, or fail to have a rubber at any of the historic places from the Statue of Liberty to Herald square, they go back home saying they didn't have any fun." "I like to show everything to them that I can think of," continues Father, "but your mother is always afraid I will do something to hurt their feelings." "The moral of all this trouble is," sagely observes Son, "when picking out a bright eye dame to trot in double harness, a chap wants to make sure he doesn't marry the whole blooming family." "How can a man get a wife who hasn't any relatives?" queries Father. "That's as easy as separating a lollypop from a 2-year-old," promptly retorts Son. "What's the matter with the orphan asylum? Mis for it if I ever get foolish enough to try to support two on a salary built for one." (Copyright, 1910, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

## Irish Painter Tells of Smoke Pictures



MR. PERCY FRENCH MAKES HIS SMOKE PICTURES. Making smoke pictures to while away a long, rainy afternoon is great fun, and with a little practice, almost any one can get good results. Children take an interest in sketching the pictures, which can be done quickly enough, once one learns the knack of twirling a pin or like pointed substance in conjunction with a lighted candle. Mr. Percy French, an Irish painter and author, is an adept in making the smoke pictures with a few "master twists" of his instrument, fine as its point must be. For instance, he takes a dinner plate, turns it on its base, gives a few delicate strokes on the fine point and the work is done. At a dinner recently given in London, at which were present a number of famous men, Mr. French was asked to make smoke pictures. Taking a china dessert plate and while his companions lingered over their cigars, he made a little masterpiece. The work was so odd and so ably executed that Sir Edward Poynter, president of the Royal Academy, asked for it. The art of making these smoke pictures is, it seems, much simpler than would appear at first sight, and when one has become skilled it is an amusing after-dinner act. One advantage is that should one's earlier attempts be deemed not worth preserving they can be wiped off with a duster, and the artist can begin over again, while, if success is achieved, the plate is put aside to subsequently receive a coat of mastic varnish, such as can be procured at any artists' material store, and merely left a couple of days to harden before being hung up.

## BOOK TAUGHT BILKINSO



## Christmas Gifts that Girls with Limited Incomes May Make

A girl, whose income is limited and who likes to give her friends presents at Christmas time, has begun now to make little remembrances which require time to complete. Several different kinds of soaps and perfumes she is putting together, arranging them in tightly screwed down glass jars. These when completed will mingle and combine and be well "seasoned," as one calls it. A pot pourri mixture which she intends putting into little Japanese jars is made from eight ounces each of rose leaves and lavender flowers, four ounces of ground iris root, one ounce each of ground cloves, cinnamon, and allspice and eight ounces of table salt. All the ingredients are well mixed in a china basin with a silver fork and then packed down in a glass jar, the bouquet will be better in six weeks than when first made. Cologne water, the formula for which she does not give, but which is considered a gift by her friends, is not expensive nor difficult to compound. It requires one-half a dram of oil of neroli, two drams of oil of lemon, one quarter of a dram of oil of lavender, seven ounces of deodorized alcohol and enough rose water to make a half pint of the tincture. This must be shaken and put into a glass bottle with a glass stopper to be placed where it will keep warm, but not hot. This mixture should stand for two months before being used. The girl who makes this cologne puts it into small fancy glass bottles for gifts. Also popular among girl friends is a perfumed glove cleaning mixture. As she uses it, delicate kid may be cleaned and at the same time scented. This cleaning preparation she makes from one-half an ounce of gum tragacanth, one ounce of white castile soap, shaved, one pint of rose water and ten drops of tincture of musk. The rose water is put into a wide mouthed glass jar and set into a hot water bath, then the soap is combined with the rose water. When the former melts the gum is put in to swell, as it will when soaked. Then the jar is removed from the bath, the mixture stirred and the musk added. Stirring continues until the preparation cools and thickens.