

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## The Tired Business Man

BY WALTER A. SINCLAIR.

"See that Representative Mann has introduced a bill to suppress parlor matches, said Friend Wife. 'Can you match that?'"

"In turf language, that parlor match must be scratched," replied the Tired Business Man, promptly. "Ah, well-a-day! that's a fine topic for a little light discussion in congress. Matches ought to be made to glow, maybe a phosphorescent one, on the subject, even if they don't set the house of representatives on fire with enthusiasm. Mann proposes and Uncle Joe disposes, for a time at least. Probably the republicans can start a little back fire at the onrushing democratic majority, or again maybe they are using matches to light a fire under the patient animal representing the democratic party, the only known way of starting him."

"You rather startled me first by bursting out with the news that parlor matches were to be prohibited. I thought you meant the kind that are reputed to be made in heaven, although they are usually made in the parlor, whereas you referred to the kind that are made in—well, the sulphurous, phosphorescent kind. Anybody who has attempted to strike a common or parlor match, using a jaunty, full arm stroke, and has had the head of said match all ablaze and spitting, they usually watch on the bosom of the patient's dress shirt can sympathize fully with any effort to reform aforesaid. I cannot speak for the men who have had such experience without any shirt front to protect them, but they probably concur."

"Once we were a hardy people who thought nothing of carrying around a large metallic box of inflammable, poor insurance risk lighting material. But we have changed since the first pilgrim hoped ashore; we have gone from tinder to tinder. The fire-making apparatus of our forefathers, made of tin, brass and iron, who smoked up for rubbing sticks together for a few hours, but it was not many centuries before we were looking on such methods as antique and scratching sticks of explosives which sometimes burned and sometimes merely buzzed. When they did burn they usually were preceded by an overture of several minutes, during which the new-fangled match withered green fumes, which raised an odor



"SPITTING."

remains of that resort for which Mr. Dante wrote an advertising booklet.

"And since then matches have evolved rapidly through the various stages of fumigating material and long distance jumping to the present match, which has to be scratched on a safety scratcher. Not saying that it will light them, particularly if the safety scratcher has been dampened. And the nice little papers of matches so handy for the waistcoat pocket, that are so safe that you sometimes break a couple of dozen before one flares up to go out, but not before burning the fingers."

"Thank heavens the other kind of parlor match hasn't changed any since parlor was first invented for the old folks to keep out of when daughter's young man called. There is no light about such parlor matches—they even affect the gas or the kerosene lamps so that the latter burn very low. I always pity a girl who lives in an electric light apartment, at least when her beau comes calling. Next to the silvery moon of June, which song writers croon with spongy, a parlor match sheds the most love-light."

"There's no sulphur about them, in there!" sighed Friend Wife.

"No, that flares up after marriage," retorted the Tired Business Man.

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## WHEN A MAN BUYS



Geo. Westcott

## ANNALS OF ANGELICA

JUST-OUT-GIRL BY M.F.

Johnnie says Mrs. Hollens is a climber. He and Piggy and Agnes make fun of her, though I notice they all went to her, and grabbed about a hundred dollars' worth of favors. I said I thought they oughtn't to say things about her and then accept her hospitality.

Agnes said, "Don't get superior, little one. It is very good of us to go, and not charge her anything for our presence, but although I think myself that Mrs. Hollens isn't a bit a good actress when she is acting like a society woman. I didn't see why she shouldn't go in for it, if she has the money to. If she can get any enjoyment from hearing people like Mrs. Van Buxter, whom I think deplorably stupid

was really applying to Mrs. Renwick for the position of companion—and when they were conversing together it is as if they were speaking quite a different language, and you know that although Mrs. Hollens might learn to speak Mrs. Renwick's language, she would never get the same accent. And when they are talking about their servants, and Mrs. Hollens speaks of hers, you know her footmen and her maids are nothing more to her than automatons, because she is not very used to them, and



"IF SHE IS SAYING 'HOW DO YOU DO?' TO ONE PERSON AND SEES SOMEBODY ELSE SHE GOES ON TALKING."

and dull, call upon her, why I don't see why she shouldn't try to get her to come. I always feel about Mrs. Hollens as though she were collecting people, the way Johnnie is collecting arrowheads.

Nearly everybody has a hobby when you come to think of it, and here is Society People. But why not that, as well as post-

age stamps, or butterflies, or arrowheads? I told Johnnie the other day it was absurd of him to criticize her just because she didn't have the same taste in things that he did. I told him he hadn't the slightest right to find fault with her any way, as she could afford to indulge her hobby, and he couldn't, and if she had the price to get Mrs. Renwick, for instance, I didn't see why she shouldn't. He got dreadfully irritated, and said I didn't understand the difference. I said, no, I didn't, but although I didn't care for arrowheads or Renwick's, at least I could sympathize with both him and Mrs. Hollens when they required a new specimen.

When Mrs. Hollens comes into a place that is crowded with people, she gets a feverish sort of glitter in her eye. And if she is saying "How do you do?" to one person and sees somebody else that she wants to greet, she goes off talking to the first one, but never takes her eyes off the second. She ought to have acouts with her of some kind.

She was talking to me the other day, and looking all around as usual, when she saw Mrs. Splaterbell come into the room. A sort of quiver passed over her and her eyes became absolutely glassy and fixed. I felt awfully nervous for a moment, and then I remembered her crazed, and knew that in Mrs. Splaterbell she had seen a specimen that she wanted to procure. Just at that moment Mrs. Renwick came in and a funny looking little woman who had a French name dashed up to us and began to talk to me.

I managed to introduce her to Mrs. Hollens, who gave her one practised glance, that knew instantly she wasn't worth her while, and immediately turned her back on her and floated off in the direction of real game. After all, it must be a rather exciting chase.

Mrs. Renwick is the kind of person who wears the most awful clothes and has moth-eaten looking fur, and if you were neighted you would think she might be applying to Mrs. Hollens for the position of companion; when you see them talking together, and Mrs. Renwick is saying, "Well, you see, Mrs. Hollens discharges her housekeeper, and my housekeeper discharges me!" And there's the difference!



"IT WAS ABSURD OF HIM TO CRITICIZE HER."

because, although they represent a most important verb in the language she is struggling to acquire, she can never learn that particular one like a native.

Cousin Anne was speaking of some trouble Mrs. Hollens had had with her housekeeper and comparing it with a row Mrs. Renwick had had with hers, and Mrs. Renwick laughed and said, "Well, you see, Mrs. Hollens discharges her housekeeper, and my housekeeper discharges me!" And there's the difference!

## A Word of Warning

The time-honored saying that we seldom hold our possessions at their full value until we are in danger of losing them is never more true than when we refer to the blessing of good eyesight. It is through the avenue of sight that most impressions reach our brain, and when we lose it we are "shut in the dark," cut off from our fellows by a deprivation of which only the totally blind can understand the magnitude. Our eyes are all important to us and should be guarded more carefully than the most precious jewels that ever came into mortal possession.

Yet how often we see girls doing their best to ruin their eyes. They have oftentimes had their eyes strained by reading in the train, and one of the worst things that they can do, but one cannot take the shortest journey without noticing that about four

## Grape Fruit Dishes

**Grape Fruit Strains.** Peel five grape fruit and remove the hardest of the white lining membrane. Throw into salt and water overnight, allowing two tablespoonfuls of salt in enough water to cover the fruit. In the morning drain, cut in straws and put over the fire with fresh cold water to cover. Cook ten or fifteen minutes, drain and put in fresh boiling water. Cook again ten or fifteen minutes after reaching the boiling point, and repeat this, draining and cooking in fresh water four times, or until the skins are tender but not broken, and the extreme bitterness is preserved.

Drain and put in the preserving kettle with two cupsful each of water and sugar and simmer gently until all the syrup is absorbed, tossing over and over to prevent

burning. Roll in granulated sugar while still hot and dry on paraffin paper.

**Grape Fruit Marmalade and Candied Grape Fruit.**—After removing every particle of brown from the rind of grape fruit run the skins with all the white pith through a meat grinder. Put into cold water, using more than enough to cover and add a little salt.

Let the water come slowly to a boil, then pour off through a sieve so all the bitter can be removed. If exceedingly bitter, repeat. Now, to each cupful of the grape fruit rinds allow one cupful of granulated sugar and a little water. Boil until the mixture is clear and tender.

Put in glasses. If the mixture is allowed to boil stiff it may be candied and is fine to add to mince-meat, fruit cake, pound cake, etc.

## Old Dance Under New Name

The "Boston trot," which is the reigning sensation just now in ball-rooms of the east, has long been familiar in the west.

A variation by any name would smell as spicy and the "Boston trot" in all its rough and vivacity, has enthused western dancers for several seasons under other titles.

"These sudden fads which spring up among the dancing set in any place usually are purely local in name," declared F. L. Chandoner, St. Louis dancing master.

"Usually the step is one in use many times before, but some social set will characterize it, perhaps change the time of the music, and the dance is regarded as a new one."

"No description of the 'Boston trot,' as made by a teacher of dancing, has reached St. Louis. I imagine the 'Boston trot' is the same active, jumping movement which has been popular among the younger set here for some time. Many people enjoy a 'Boston' dance, which probably is the same as the dance being mentioned in the telegraph news."

The "Boston," as described locally, is more of a jumping, skipping movement, where one hops from one foot to the other, and there must be more movements to the measure of music than in the ordinary waltz or two-step. That seems to be about what this much-heralded "Boston trot" is.

What is not considered very nice under one name may be all the fashion under another. The "Boston trot" itself seems to be a first cousin of the "harm dance," so popular two years ago that dancing masters, despite their protests, found themselves forced to teach it.



"Some day, Mr. Stout, I suppose we shall all be able to fly!" "Well, not quite all of 'em, my dear young lady!"

**A Gilbertine shot.**

The motto of an amateur actor, according to Seymour Hicks is that "it is better to have had a frost than never to have played at all." On this subject he quotes a retort of Sir W. S. Gilbert: "What do you think of our amateur club?" said an enthusiast. "I think they are not so much a club as a bundle of sticks," said the master of repartee.

**Rather Convincing.**

"I see, Mr. Dobson," said the professor of English at Pumpernickel college, "that in your essay you make use of the word 'gent'. Will you be good enough to explain to me the meaning of the word 'gent'?" "What is a 'gent'?" "Why, professor," said Dobby, "a gent is a fellow that lacks about two-thirds of being a gentleman!"—Harper's.

Of all the sad words, that her has heard, the saddest are these: "Please admit!" —Judge.

## Daughters of Well Known Men

Kept in the trenches before Yorktown during the closing days of the Revolution, John Custis, son of General George Washington, who had been acting as an aide to his stepfather, was attacked by camp fever. Realizing that his illness was fatal, he had but one wish to be gratified, that he might witness the surrender of the sword of Cornwallis.

The wish was granted, and the brilliant soldier was supported to the place, witnessed the final triumph and was then conveyed to Etham, a distance of thirty miles from camp. His wife, Mrs. Custis, and his mother, Mrs. Washington, reached his bedside in time to soothe his last hours. He died on November 5. Of his four children the two younger, a boy and a girl, were adopted by General Washington, and ever afterward were like his own children. Eleanor Parke Custis was at that time between 1 and 2 years old. Her brother, the General's namesake, was a baby of 6 months.

During the time between the close of the war and Washington's inauguration, little Nelly Custis, as she was called, was a petted child in Washington's Mount Vernon home. Here the little girl met the famous woman who came to be Washington's statesman, diplomat, soldier (native and foreign), sculptor, painter and divine—who flocked to the home of the great man on the Potomac.

Little Nelly Custis seems never to have stood in awe of her adopted father, and delighted in her later years to tell her own children and grandchildren how much Washington enjoyed the society of young people, and how heartily he would laugh over some merry schoolgirl prank of her companions. The Marchioness de Moustier executed a miniature portrait in profile of Nelly, in which the noble lines on the child's head give promise of the beauty for which she was afterward famous.

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A Guarantee of Business Prosperity—The Bee Advertising Columns.

## Of Interest to Women

"As the best china is usually brought into use during the holiday season, a few hints in regard to its care may be useful.

Pine china is apt to absorb stains, and when good soap and hot water will not remove a stain wood ashes should be tried.

This is a safe remedy, and stains usually respond to such application.

Salt is also excellent, supposing the wood ashes fall.

When neither remedy works the stain can be lightly touched with pure muriatic acid, put on with a camel's hair brush. If the china has been properly fired the acid will do no harm. Rinse the pieces so treated in warm water.

Hair and corsage ornaments of ribbon flowers are dainty this season, and one seen recently a lovely bandeau for the hair, was a fillet with satin ribbon, the ends trimmed with sprays of rosebuds, caught in with bows of satin ribbon. The price is \$12.

A full half ounce of maldenite or fern, spangled with rhinestones, was the same price.

## WELLING ENOUGH.



"Marry you? Why, you couldn't dress me!" "I suppose I could learn."

## CRUSHED.



"Needs count no words" "That so? Well you go and send a telegram."

## POSTED ON PARADOXES.



"Do you know when a man is invariably put out?" "Why, yes, V. hen he is taken in."

## The Bee's Junior Birthday Book



This is the Day We Celebrate

—MONDAY, January 16, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Ethel Anderson, 2124 North Thirtieth St.	Lake	1898
Harry Barker, 2203 Pierce St.	Mason	1902
Jessie Briggs, 1119 Castellar St.	Bancroft	1899
Frances Bell, 926 North Twenty-seventh Ave.	High	1893
Floyd E. Bromwell, 3615 North Twenty-ninth St.	Druid Hill	1905
Julia Bucher, 1711 South Eighteenth St.	High	1895
Douglas Burghardt, 2625 Parker St.	Long	1899
David Caldwell, 2121 North Twenty-eighth St.	Long	1903
Ivan Clement, 2512 South Twentieth Ave.	Castellar	1904
Ira V. Corey, 1230 North Eleventh St.	Pacific	1896
Herbert Coryell, 4027 Miami St.	Clifton Hill	1906
Allice C. Dahlstrom, Thirty-fourth and Fowler Sts.	Monmouth Park	1903
William Fred Dewey, 4532 North Thirty-ninth St.	Central Park	1894
Elmer Dohd, 1436 Westfield Ave.	Vinton	1898
Allice C. Danistrom, Thirty-fourth and Fowler Sts.	Mason	1904
Grace M. Drake, 2529 Capitol Ave.	Central	1897
Marjorie Erickson, 578 South Twenty-eighth St.	Farnam	1903
Denzil J. Ferrel, 1614 North Twenty-seventh St.	Long	1900
Eugene M. Fields, 2216 Meredith Ave.	Saratoga	1905
Paul N. Fleming, 4144 Erskine St.	Clifton Hill	1905
Pearl L. Fleming, 4144 Erskine St.	Clifton Hill	1903
Alvan E. Geisler, 2906 Dodge St.	Farnam	1899
Robert Genetara, 1734 South Twenty-sixth St.	Park	1906
Hyman Greenberg, 2710 Burt St.	Webster	1903
Katherine Howell, 607 South Nineteenth St.	Leavenworth	1899
Adolf N. Huit, 511 North Nineteenth St.	Central	1904
Hulda M. Jorgensen, 951 South Fifty-first St.	Beals	1896
Ellen M. Kemmy, 1615 Oak St.	St. Patrick	1897
Madeline Kenyon, 2505 Franklin St.	Long	1901
Helen Kendall, 704 North Sixteenth St.	Cass	1897
Willie Komma, 1316 Pacific St.	Pacific	1905
Fred A. Kruger, 2519 South Twenty-sixth St.	Castellar	1899
Bertha Lund, Fifty-seventh St. and Poppleton Ave.	Beals	1904
Myrtle McCord, 1232 1/2 South Thirtieth St.	Comenius	1896
Clarence Melberg, 2611 Cass St.	Webster	1904
Darrell Neale, 546 South Twenty-ninth St.	Farnam	1900
Harold E. Page, 4732 North Thirty-sixth St.	Monmouth Park	1901
Lillian P. Pagsdale, 4207 Burdette St.	Clifton Hill	1903
Harry Pecha, 3426 South Fifteenth St.	Forest	1901
Edwin Perlman, 2303 North Twentieth St.	Lake	1897
Jack Perkins, 4119 Izard St.	Baunders	1903
Ellen Peterson, Fifty-first and C Sts.	Beals	1897
Filbert Polcar, 2429 South Twenty-first St.	Comenius	1905
Mildred Rockwell, 118 South Thirtieth St.	Farnam	1890
Ingrid Sandwall, 816 North Thirty-fourth St.	Webster	1906
Joe Schiffer, 2619 Cuming St.	Webster	1900
Charles Stonicka, 1412 South Thirtieth St.	Comenius	1899
Albert William Swanberg, 3631 Haekell St.	Windorf	1891
Wilmyr Vest, 3810 Seward St.	Franklin	1899
Harry Walker, 2411 Harney St.	Central	1899
Mabel Whitley, 1630 North Twenty-first St.	Kellom	1899

## Some Famous Children of History

Doubtless the hour in James Watt's life by which he is best known to the world was that evening in his father's house at Greenock when a boy of 14 the future developer of the sharp, but unmerited rebuke of his aunt, Mrs. Muirhead, who reproved him for what she considered idleness.

"James Watt," said the worthy, but undiscerning woman, "I never saw such an idle boy as you are. Take a book and employ yourself usefully. For the last hour you have not spoken a word, but taken off the lid of that kettle and put it on again, holding now a cup and now a silver spoon over the steam, catching and counting the drops it falls into." To many minds, in the light of subsequent events, the little James Watt before the kettle was immortalized him. Samuel Smiles does not think so. Says he: "The judgment of the boy's aunt was the truest. There is no reason to suppose that the mind of the boy was occupied with philosophical theories on the condensation of steam

which he compassed with so much difficulty in maturer years. The probability is that little James was as idle as his 'seed'."

Be that as it may, in the eyes of the general public James Watt is as famous seated before the kettle as is George Washington under the traditional apple tree. Watt has a juster fame in the eyes of scientific and practical men as a true inventor.

"The part which he played," says M. Bataille, "in the practical application of the force of steam can only be compared to that of Newton in astronomy and of Shakespeare in poetry. It is only when we compare Watt with other mechanicians that we are struck by his immense superiority—when we compare him with Smeaton, who was, perhaps, after him, the man who had advanced the farthest in industrial mechanism. Smeaton began about the same time as Watt his inquiries as to the best means of improving the steam engine."

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## To Develop a Graceful Carriage

A girl who picks up her feet instead of dragging them as she walks, will be a more attractive figure when wearing the present tight skirts than she who moves clumsily. In point of fact, girls are not as particular as they might be to walk well. When skirts are full this defect does not matter so much, for draperies slightly conceal awkwardness, but the present mode has not that advantage.

As to the actual act of walking, it is not through keeping her knees stiff as she moves along a sidewalk that a girl will give herself a good carriage, though judging from the frequency that I have seen this gait recently, I think some such idea prevails. But the knees must bend, and at the same time there should be ankle action, so that when the foot is lifted from the pavement it goes up lightly for a few inches, with toes pointed outward, and is brought down, toes first, a little further along the pavement. This is a gait which will make a girl appear exceedingly graceful.

A person doubting this statement can have no better example than to notice some of the high bred horses pulling the carriages of fashionable women.

These horses have free knee action; at the same time the joint just above the hoof, bends. There is not a gait which covers much ground in short space of time, but it makes a good effort, and is not stiff.

For girls walk with sufficient ankle action and stiffness in these joints accounts many times for awkwardness when dancing. If a girl thinks that her ankles are not limber when in motion she should spend at least five minutes morning and night doing exercises that will improve them and help her walk.

She should sit and rest one knee over the other to bring out foot out, well raised from the floor. No shoe or slipper is to be worn at this time.

The toes are to be pointed straight out from the ankle joint, and from the same joint there must be a screwing movement, bringing the foot around, first one side and then the other, as far as it will go without disturbing the position of the knee. Following this action the foot must be pointed down as far as it will bend, all work coming from the ankle. The latter

exercises will tend to develop the instep systematically.

The exercise work should be done singly with each foot, lengthening the time as muscles grow accustomed to it.

MARGARET MIXTER.

**An Admonishment Lost.**

Rev. Hudson Robert Jones had preached what he thought was a great Christmas sermon. On the way home from church he came upon a youth sitting doubled up on the stoop of a domicile. Washing to admonish this young person for what he took to be laziness, he stepped up to him and said:

"Don't sit there like that, my boy; this is Christmas. Get up and stir yourself; you certainly must have something in you!"

"I've got a big Christmas dinner in me," was the forced reply, "and I can't move."—Judge.

## ROMANCE.



"How did she meet her second husband?" "It was most romantic. She was walking with her first when her second came along in his automobile and knocked him down. That was the beginning of their blissful life!"