



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Undoing of Mr. Uplift

BY LAFAYETTE PARKS

"Here's an account of a bridegroom losing his voice by hanging a picture," comments Mr. Uplift in the artistic side of domestic life.

"Now, if it had only been the bride, she wouldn't be able to say after the first spot, 'I'm going home to mamma,'" remarks Son, who is gifted with a hopeful imagination.

"This is the first time I ever heard of such a peculiar occurrence," resumes Father.

"I thought hubby always found his voice when wife sprang the picture hanging stunt," is Son's belief. "Maybe this guy only ran out of breath before he got the chromo adjusted to suit the bride. Sometimes a chap will run out of the right kind of adjectives if the case happens to be especially artistic."

"There are several methods of hanging pictures," explains Father, "some of which are more artious than others. 'Leave it to the dames to have their hubbies try them all,' volunteers Son. 'These skirts that are just crazy to have their flats look artistic drive their husbands crazy in their mad scramble to be different. More family rows have happened over hanging 8-cent chromos than over all the rest of the art in the flat.' 'I don't understand, however, why this kind of work should paralyze a person's vocal cords,' puzzles Father.

"From what I know about married men," asserts Son, "they wouldn't stop at the vocal cords, but would get paralyzed altogether if they failed to rise to the artistic level of the missus."

"Pictures must be hung just right to get the best results," emphasizes Father. "That's what all the skirts tell us coarse men," admits Son, "but that is no reason why they should wait until they get hubby on the top rung of the step-ladder to explain the right way to do the work. If they know all about the art of hanging art, why do they pass the buck to the family bread winner?" demands the family inquirer.

"Every husband ought to be willing to listen to suggestions as to the most suitable location for the picture," argues Father.

"When a guy is balancing himself on a rickety ladder by pushing his high and classic brow into the frescoed ceiling, at such a time, I suppose a chunk of scenery in a gilded frame in one hand, a hammer in the other and a paper of tacks in his mouth, he'd rather cut out the conversation," declares Son, "except a few choice words of his own make reserved for such special occasions."

"Perhaps this poor man that lost his voice struck his head against the ceiling, temporarily rendering useless the nerve



controlling the vocal cords," surmises Father, with the air of a man who has made an important scientific discovery. "A bump on the head has been known to do that," agrees Son, "but when the bump wakes up he usually makes up for lost time."

"Do you contend, then, that such contact might tend to loosen the organs of speech?" queries Father. "The last time we had a picture-hanging fest in our happy little flat," answers Son, "it loosened the plaster first, but the language got away a close second, and, believe me, it was some language."

"Perhaps you are correct," admits Father, "my memory seems a trifle hazy about the incident."

"Loss of memory is another symptom that follows the picture hanging stunt," says Son. "Hubby always tries to work that gag, but you can bet your silk lid against a peanut that the bride can never forget the cruel words."

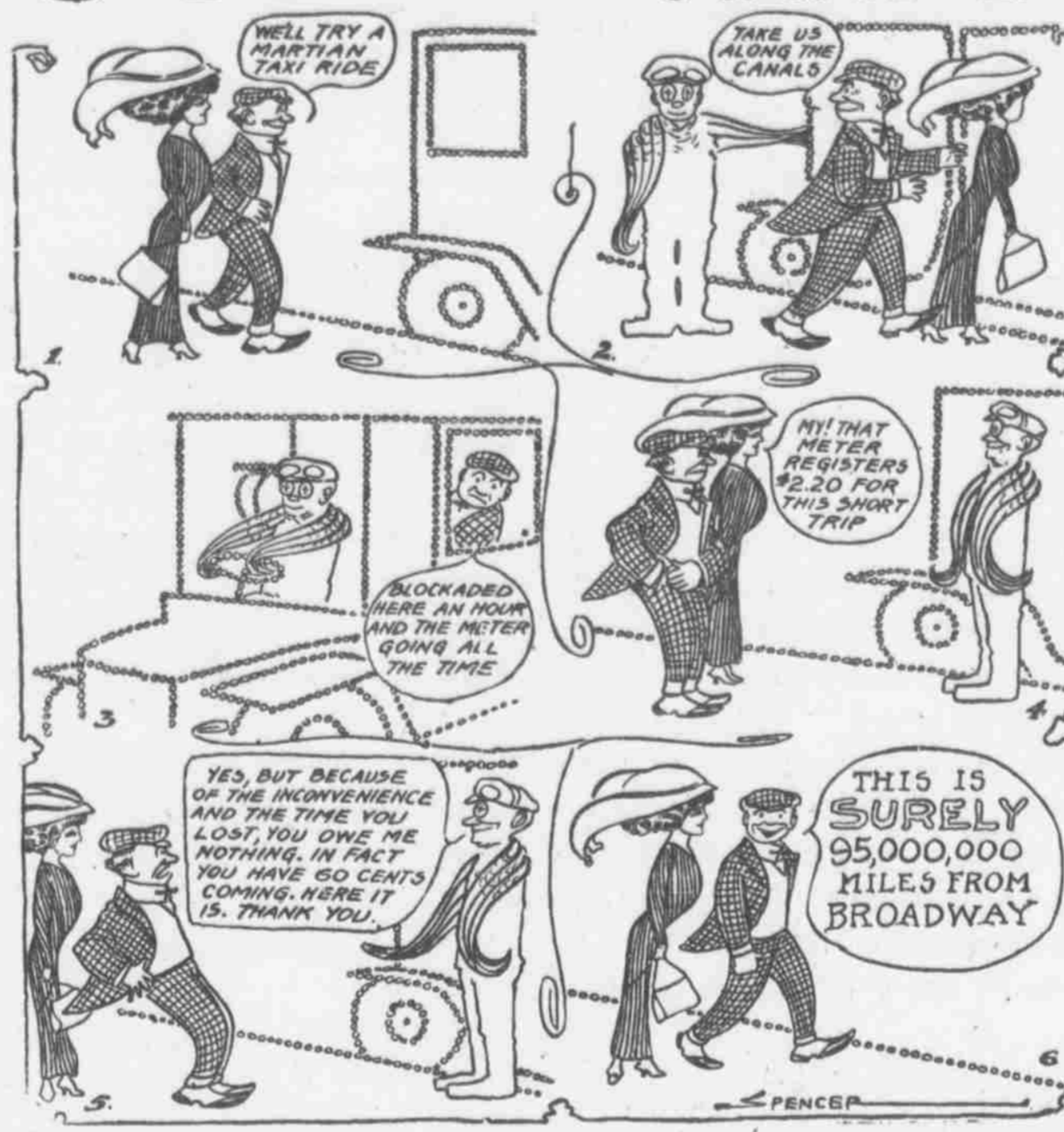
"Decorating the home belongs in woman's sphere," says Father. "Every married man hands that con to his better half, but few get away with it," warns Son. "After one trial on the step-ladder most hubbies would rather drive the nails in wife's face than in the wall to hang pictures on. It certainly is no job for a minister's son."

"I see no reason for a man to get excited or lose his voice over such a trivial matter," protests Father.

"As for me," concludes Son, "if I had to wear out my bird-like voice hanging works of art around the flat I'd save it for the stovepipe stunt. As the prize trick to get hubby's voice and goat, believe me, that's the real cheese."

(Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

A TRIP TO MARS



ANNALS of ANGELICA

A man has asked me to marry him. It's called proposing, and I thought it would be perfectly wonderful, but it was an awful bore to find that instead of being thrilled I was feeling very nervous for fear one of my skirts was going to mutiny. I knew that a look had given way and we were walking through the park to get a bus.

Just at the moment when I should have fallen in his arms with a cry of rapture I had a great feeling that a great many books and eyes had lost themselves and that it was no longer any use to get shuffling along pretending that I was obliged to hold up my skirt that was made very short and didn't have enough of it to hold up, anyway, so I suddenly sat down.

It was the only thing to do. As it was, some green satin had appeared with hor-



"A SKIRT MADE OF GREEN SATIN IS COMING OFF."

rible vividness beneath my dark cloth dress. He said, "Good heavens, what's the matter?" "A skirt, made of green satin, that I put on before I put on a skirt made of blue cloth, is coming off," I replied. He looked fearfully bewildered, but Cousin Anne said, "I must have, on any account, mention a petticoat to a young man. She said so the day Ned Winton had gone shopping with me, and I had bought such an adorable one. All gobby with embroidery and the palest pink ribbons. I was so crazy about it I had to take it home with me instead of having them send it, and when we got in, we spread it over the back of a chair and sat on the sofa and admired it.

We were going to Louise Davidson's dinner that night and to the Hunters for dance, and I finally decided to wear it over my dress instead of under it, as it was so good. It was just about to try it on when Cousin Anne came in. She looked at me. Of course there are looks

Advice to the Court.

Magistrate O'Connor was picking his disgruntled way through the rain the other day, says a New York correspondent. He had hailed a street car from the pavement, and, sheltered under his umbrella, made for the rear platform, when a four-ton furniture van whirled on him, drawn by three bristly trotting horses. Magistrate O'Connor escaped demolition by a brisk sidewise leap. He called a remonstrance to the driver. As far as he could see, that personage had his head thrust around the corner of the furniture van, while he called back interesting items to the magistrate.

Magistrate O'Connor chased him in the street car, caught him at a blockaded corner and had him arrested. The driver appeared before O'Connor himself, when the latter had gotten into his silk robe of office.

"I could send you to the workhouse," said the still angry magistrate, "but I will let you off with a fine of \$10. I intend this as a warning to all reckless drivers." The driver looked at Magistrate O'Connor sullenly, and thrust his hand into his pocket. He peeled off five ones and started for the clerk's desk to pay.

"Hold on there," said Magistrate O'Connor, gathering up a bunch of his silk gowns in nervous hands. "Have'n't you anything to say for yourself?"

"Yes," said the driver, sourly. "They ought to make you guys wear them Mother Hubbards on the street, so's a fellow could dodge yuh."

A Tough Conundrum. Biobba—Woman is a conundrum. Siobba—And yet man never wants to give her up.—Philadelphia Record.

UNDERESTIMATED.



"We'd have won the game if our back hadn't lost his head." "Heavens! Was it as bad as that? I heard it was only an ear!"

SETTLED.



"But do you think it's wrong to be rich?" "Not wrong. Impossible."

HEAPS OF THEM.



"Do you have any trouble in getting a maid?" "Oh, no! I have had ten different ones in the last month."

Polly Hitchin—Her Book

I suppose there are folks as don't mind when it's a wet day Saturday, but then it don't mean them being hungry. It makes a deal of difference to us and Mr. Smith, he sells vegetables in the High street, and we works in with 'im on Saturday. It ain't a bit of good trying to sell no other day, and the way you works it is to bore 'im on scullions on Thursday, and then you buy the stuff that night. This time of year it's celery, so all Friday they are washing it in the 'back yard, and if there ain't a back yard they washes it in the street, and it don't make arf a smell and mess. The gentleman has to have his money paid back on Sunday with I pence extra on every shilling. The week after last they clean 'is shillings, but this week there was only 15 pence left after paying back, and as Mr. Smith has nine of his own to keep we didn't get nothing, so a wet Saturday means a lot more than some folks think. It's made us very short this week, so Mother has had to put in any bits of exiry clothes we had, and this made the Terror's mistake matter all the more. Me and Albert Smith was going to

have a competition who could ride down to East Ham first without paying for it. We hadn't had much luck with 'buses, though if you're nippy and the top of the motor is full, you can ride no end of a way whilst the gentleman is collecting up stairs. The Terror must needs come and try too, but his legs are too short for 'buses, so he wasn't arf pleased to see a cart going along with a nice low down rail. He was sitting on it as pleased as Punch, when all of a sudden it went round a corner, and it turned out as it was the watering cart. Poor Chris had to be in bed nearly all next day, not having a change; but I won the competition by riding on the back of a funeral; it went a good steady pace, and you felt more settled like than on a 'bus. That's just the sort of thing as always happens to Chris. The other day he must needs go climbing up one of them sand-bins in the road and tumble in head first; it happened to be a small one and nearly empty, so his head got buried right deep down, and he was nearly dead of sand by the time a kind gentleman pulled him out by the legs.—Marjory Hardcastle in Cornhill Magazine.

Knew the Judge

Judge Hanger was spending a sunny autumn week at Atlantic City, says the Washington Star, and every morning on one of the pier he used to see a young lady whose face looked most familiar. The judge prided himself on his memory for names and faces, and yet somehow this young lady escaped him. But he was sure he knew her, and one morning, though she always studiously avoided his eye, he stopped and addressed her with courtly politeness.

"Pardon me, miss," he said, "your features are familiar, but, strangely enough I cannot recall the circumstances under which we met. Yet I certainly remember our having met somewhere."

"Remember," cried the young lady, and she rose from among her friends with an angry and aggressive air. "Remember, you old scoundrel! Well, you ought to remember, it's not a year since you gave me eight months and 75 cents 'I'd pitch you over the railing into the water.'"

Hausted. First Political Gaffer—Did you ever see Roosevelt? Second Political Gaffer—Many a time. First Political Gaffer—Where? Second Political Gaffer—In my sleep.—Chicago News.

Etiquette

Guests—On entering a house to pay a call a man should leave his coat and hat in the hall, but a girl must wear her hat into the reception room. The exception for the girl is when she is wearing a heavy fur coat, such as is used for motoring. Such a garment can be dropped in the hall and left with the men's wraps. Any other garments are put off when in the room.

On arriving for dinner, to which a man has been invited, he gives his name to the maid to announce him, and takes off his coat and hat at once. If he is expected that evening there is no reason for his delaying to put off his heavy coat.

A woman guest should leave her wraps in the same way, unless the dinner is a formal one, when she should be invited to take off her clothes in a dressing room.

Home Weddings—Arrangements for a home wedding differ little, if any, from those for a church ceremony. At home the bridegroom should stand before the clergyman, when the bride enters on her father's arm. The best man is at the bridegroom's side, and the bridesmaids are near the bride.

The wedding party enters the room previous to the bride, precisely as when in church. Marking Trouseau—All house and body linen of a bride should bear the initials of her maiden name. There is no exception to this.

Wedding Breakfast—A nice but simple breakfast for a wedding party might begin with grape fruit. Then there should be a thin soup, beef or chicken bouillon, broiled squabs with a green salad, then ices and cakes. The bride's cake is not served until the end of the meal. Coffee, punch or champagne may be served.

Marking Wedding Gift—A piece of silver to be given as a wedding present must be marked with the bride's initials and sent to her, even though the giver may not know her, being a friend of the bridegroom's only.

Meeting Aldrich Socially. Senator Aldrich entered a barber shop in Washington not long ago and placed himself under the care of a colored barber. When the senator was departing through the door, another customer inquired as to his identity.

MONEY, ALWAYS MONEY.



"Everybody knows that Robberson married for money." "Yes, a check mate, don't you know?"

The Bee's Junior Birthday Book

This is the Day We Celebrate THURSDAY, January 19, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Ruth Byrne, 2107 Burdette St.	High	1893
Helen Baldwin, 2512 Leavenworth St.	Kellom	1900
Albert Bly, 3120 South Seventh St.	Bancroft	1905
Esther Bradish, 1801 Binney St.	Lothrop	1904
Ernest Bahnke, 2941 Spring St.	Windsor	1896
Laura J. Clark, 2313 Woolworth Ave.	Park	1904
Jennie Christensen, 2406 South Thirty-first St.	Windsor	1897
Jacob Davidson, 1823 North Twenty-third St.	Long	1902
Ransom Fowler, 405 South Twenty-fifth Ave.	High	1893
Gladus Goodman, 5003 Cass St.	High	1894
Frederick M. Hain, 1323 South Twenty-eighth St.	Park	1904
Helien Halsey, 3720 North Twenty-fourth St.	Lothrop	1903
Gertrude Hansen, 2821 Cass St.	Webster	1896
Louise M. Hahn, 2121 Douglas St.	Central	1898
Roy F. Horsens, 2916 Seward St.	Long	1897
Lizette Hook, 3350 South Nineteenth St.	Vinton	1900
Ward Hamen, 2722 North Twenty-eighth Ave.	High	1895
Myrtle Jones, 2313 Mason St.	Mason	1902
Thyra V. M. Jepson, 1824 Bancroft St.	Castellar	1899
Roy McFarlane, 1138 South Thirtieth Ave.	Park	1900
Gerald McCreary, 2416 Manderson St.	Sacred Heart	1897
Henry T. Murray, 1115 North Thirty-eighth St.	Franklin	1902
Edward Nussarak, 1122 South Thirtieth St.	Pacific	1902
Margaret Norris, 2306 South Tenth St.	St. Patrick	1903
Ethel Kufs, 3648 Lafayette Ave.	High	1894
Roy Kelly, 2427 Erskine St.	Lake	1901
Anna S. Kalman, 1714 South Tenth St.	Lincoln	1901
Ether Lewis, 1410 North Twenty-fifth St.	Long	1898
Helen Lyons, 1318 Jackson St.	Leavenworth	1900
David Jensen, 2021 Lincoln Ave.	Castellar	1902
George Ralph Ruthin, 4348 Franklin St.	High	1894
Virginia Radcliff, 1312 South Eleventh St.	Pacific	1905
Jerome B. C. Russell, 2207 North Twentieth St.	Lake	1896
Floyd Ramsey, 1511 North Nineteenth St.	Kellom	1903
Zdenka A. Sedlacek, 1453 South Eleventh St.	Lincoln	1903
Fritz Stagemann, 1907 Castellar St.	Castellar	1898
John Slik, 1807 North Seventeenth St.	Holy Family	1898
David Tobin, 1123 Harney St.	Pacific	1899
Clifford Vinson, 2715 South Fourteenth St.	Bancroft	1902
Harry Woodridge, 3227 California St.	Webster	1897
Anna Walter, 2934 Arbor St.	Dupont	1904
Lillian E. Westerlin, 2320 South Thirty-fifth St.	Windsor	1898
Sarah Warshawsky, 1905 Cuming St.	Cass	1905
Bertha Zimmerman, 3621 Brown St.	High	1895

The Newer Tailored Frocks

NEW YORK, Jan. 18.—The coming three months are a trying time for the woman who has essayed over conscientiously to get through the winter with too meager an outfit. The situation is worse if the attempt has made to struggle along without any really new gowns at all, depending upon numberless costumes of a previous vintage which have been fixed over at

Easter Sunday refurbished with fresh color and cuffs of moire or white flannel. Neither should it be of an eccentric model that will attract attention at each wearing.

Black with a hair line of white is very smart in the early spring suits. So is blue with the same narrow stripe, while purple of an especially beautiful bluish tone is to be the favorite of all colors. Green is ever an attractive tone for the first days of spring and dark green is among the most popular of the midwinter shades, so that a costume of dark green serge or tweed will be smart for the two seasons for which actually it is bought. Younger women are to appear again in exquisite shades of rose, robin's egg, blue and light wood color, but the matron always looks smartest in the quieter tones.

While there are innumerable models of more elaborate and intricate design among the newest importations of tailored frocks from France, still some of the smartest are extremely simple, and it is these plainer designs which the woman with limited purse should imitate. It is specially advisable, when purchasing at this time of year, to keep to the simplest models which will remain smart no matter how many varied fashions the realm of dress may undergo. If the outfit has suddenly given out and there is not one gown which can be relied upon to carry the wearer successfully through until spring, altogether the best purchase will be a cloth tailored costume made with medium length coat and a skirt that hangs straight, but is in no way exaggeratedly scant. Braiding is once again much in evidence, and just a small amount of half-inch silk braiding will greatly enhance the effect of the costume. Black braid is used almost altogether, save on the light materials, which, instead of being braided, are generally trimmed in some other way. White moire collar, revers and cuffs covered with one thickness of black chiffon are delightfully smart on a coat of smooth finished cloth.

Beauty Treatments. "Bibi" Snyder, head keeper of the New York Zoo, was describing to a reporter the twenty-gallon oil baths that he gave the elephants in the autumn, when the harsh beasts began to chafe their hides.

"These oil baths improve the elephants' looks," he said. "The elephants know it, too. The females especially know it. They take to these beauty treatments the same as women."

"The head keeper chuckled sardonically. "Women, though, go a step too far," he said. "A young man from the lion house told me that at a ball the other night he said to his hostess: "Who is that pretty little blonde eating lobster salad, ma'am?" "Why, don't you know her?" his hostess cried. "She's the pretty little brunette you flirted with last week!"—New York Tribune.



"I took a photograph of Miss Giddy yesterday." "Is she a friend of yours?" "She was before I took the picture."