

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Undoing of Mr. Uplift

BY LAFAYETTE PARKS.

Time-Saving Starts for Wife.
Argued by Father vs. Son.

"Two enterprising New York women have started a Forum of Inactivity, designed to save time for other women," remarks Mr. Uplift, who believes the eternal feminine is a problem that young Mr. Uplift should give occasional thought to.

"What this little old town needs is a scheme to teach hubby how to save his wife from carrying the day before her day," replies Son, whose scientific nature chains him down to the practical things of life.

"It has occurred to me," Father deferentially begins, "that our women do fritter away considerable time."

"As long as they keep out of taxicabs to do their frizzling," Son warns, "believe me, nobody is going to spill any of the camp staff because they loaf on the job. If a dame's time was worth ten or fifteen cents an hour, there might be something in the scheme."

"Take the average woman out shopping, for instance," Father illustrates. "By scientific methods she could accomplish in two hours what requires an entire day now."

"Anybody that does up a plan like that will never make a big hit with the skirts," deprecates Son. "If you think for a minute, Pop, that any dame is eager to hurry home to her flat, as soon as she gets her sickle's worth of ribbon, or whatever she she's worth, you'll have to guess again. Little wife will never desert the cause as long as there is just one more store in the avenue to make a flying dash through. To the dame that one more store is like the last life saving station to her hubby when he's coming home from today."

"I should think it's a married woman would welcome any plan that would save her time and labor," urges Father.

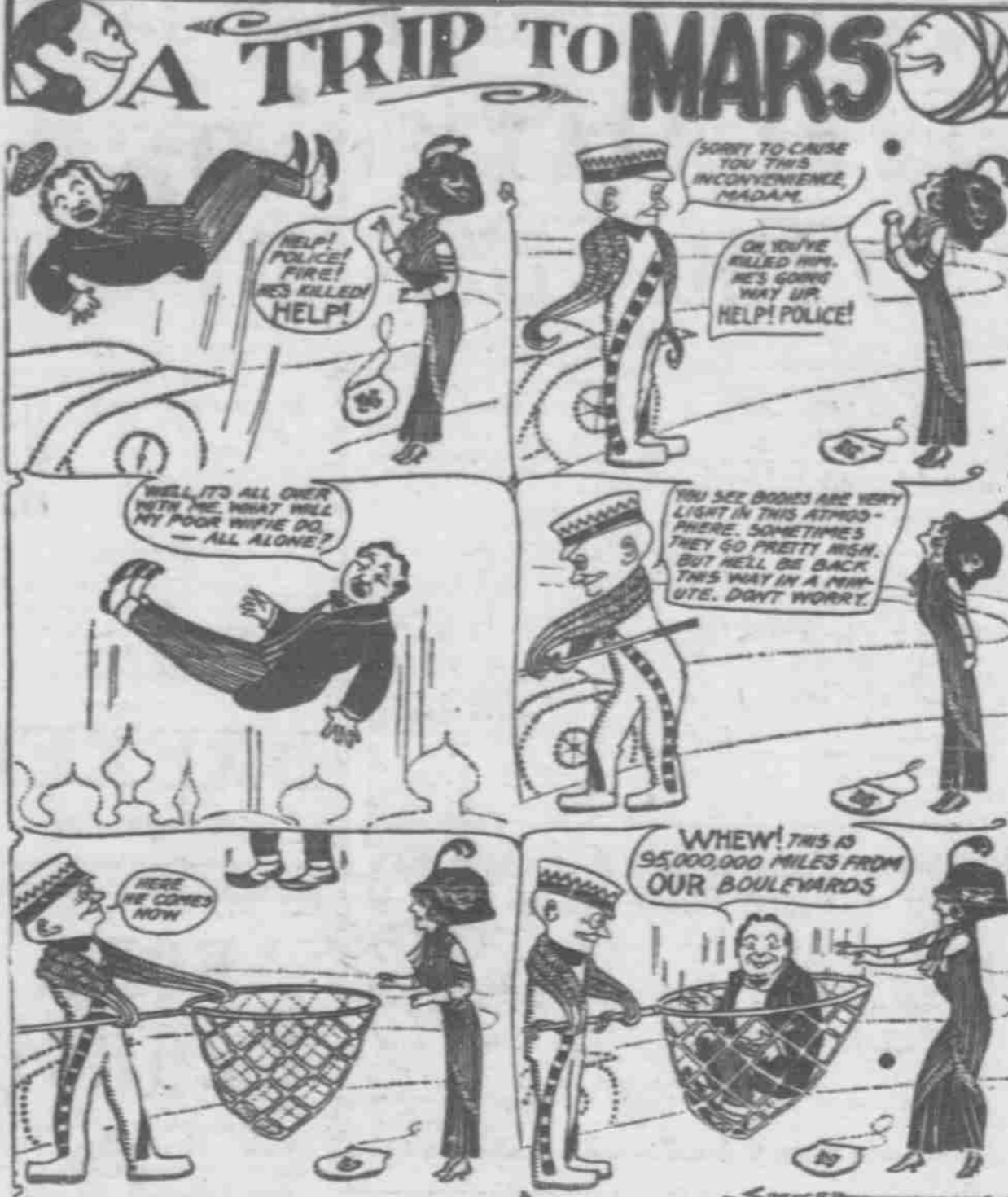
"Wife is there with both feet and willing to spend all of her time if she can only sidestep labor," says Son.

"Among the subjects this new Forum will take up," explains Father, "is household arts, wherein it will be demonstrated how time in the home may be conserved."

"If they can teach the married dame how to make two backwood cakes grow where but one grew before, their start may help hubby get down to his job on time," suggests Son. "If wife can bring on a platter of ham and eggs in ten minutes instead of the half hour she takes now, I know a bunch of guys who will vote for the Forum. Anything that will cut down the running time for the cats from the less hot to the gas range to the dining room table will be a married woman's gold mine."

"Another subject that is to be given attention," Father goes on, "is the dietetic kitchen."

"I don't think I care much for that on the program," deprecates Son. "It sounds too much like near food to listen good to such. Reminds me of a sister of second



couple to dyspepsia."

"It is merely a scientific arrangement to get the most value from foodstuffs," urges father.

"The guys who better halves fall for that game," Son avers. "I'll probably be growing hand painted seam bones and other expensive bric-a-brac in place of real food. For folks who like their ears trimmed up with pink ribbon, all ready to be photographed for the woman's page in a magazine, that dietetic stuff might look good. As for mine, beefsteak smothered with onions is the sweetest fruit that grows."

"The Forum is also equipped to arrange an apartment to get the most artistic effects from the furniture," Father resumes.

"Any dame who has lived in a Harlem flat," Son relates, "can make a second-hand folding bed look like a Marie Antoinette piano without calling in the neighbors. Many a ninety-eight-cent washstand is disguised as an antique curio cabinet, and imitation Louis XIV. bookcases usually hold two or three old suits of clothes and a pound of smelt balls."

"The idea behind the Forum," Father concludes, "is to save precious minutes so our women can devote more time to culture."

"That culture thing is great dope, Governor," admits Son, "but take it from me, whenever a skirt can drag down an extra hour or two to load in there are one or two cents she'd rather go to than that high-brow stuff."

"And they say?" queries Father.

"Washing her hair or making a pan of fudge," answers Son.

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The Carnegie Heroes

At its recent session in Pittsburg the Carnegie commission gave official recognition to fifteen people for heroic deed, one girl being on the list. Of the fifteen named on the roll of honor, five gave up their own lives in trying to save others. Lead's gives the following details:

Daniel B. Howard of Baldwinville, N. Y., on April 1, 1909, saved from drowning in the Seneca river, Mrs. Mary Tilton. Mrs. Tilton's boat had overturned and she was being swept down the stream when Howard was in the rescue. Both were carried down the river for nearly half a mile before assistance from shore reached them, and although Howard thought Mrs. Tilton was dead, he kept up the struggle and finally succeeded in bringing her to land, where she was revived.

February 8, 1908, George Phillips, 31 years old, was skating on the Susquehanna river, at Norrisville, Pa., when he broke through the ice. Hearing his cries, Reuben P. Swartzler, who was working on shore, seized a boat and, after the ice, and assisted by his father, was in the rescue of the drowning boy, but before both rescuer and rescued had several times broken through the ice and once gone down.

James Parks Jones of Los Angeles, California, gave a medal for saving from drowning George J. Mason of Greenfield, Mass., and Mrs. Bertha Pillsbury. The act of Mr. Jones was especially noteworthy, because, at the time Mrs. Pillsbury called for help, Jones, who was in bathing, had just struck his head on the bottom, straining his neck terribly and almost completely disabling himself. Nevertheless, he went to the rescue, and, with the assistance of Harry F. Mason, he succeeded in getting Mrs. Pillsbury to shore. Mr. Mason was also honored by the commission.

On Thanksgiving day, 1906, a party of boys and girls were skating on the Wisconsin river, near Merrill, Wis. Corolla J. Deane, 12 years old, resisted for some time on the thin ice and broke through. Guy F. Empey, 13 years old, went to her assistance. The Empey had caught hold of a sled which was pushed to him, and the Deane girl clinging to him, both were pulled to a place of safety.

George H. Wood of Grand Rapids, Wis., was awarded a medal for the rescue of four young people who had gone over the dam in their boat on the Wisconsin river. James T. Mason, his companion in the rescue, was also awarded a medal. There were eight young people in the boat. Four of them were drowned and four of them saved through the efforts of Mason and Wood.

Arthur J. Chas. aged 51, of New York City, lost his life saving his friend, Charles Hertz. An explosion of celluloid in the factory where both were working started a fire. Hertz, who carried the hose to the window and safety, but himself died eleven days later of his injuries. Hertz recovered.

Lynn A. Gates of Gerry, N. Y., on June 1, 1908, attempted the rescue of Victor M. Cross, who had gone bathing in Canada's creek, but was unable to swim. Gates succeeded in bringing Cross within reach of other rescuers, but his own head was injured and was drowned. Cross had been floating on a board, but lost it and had sunk twice before his companions heard his cries and went to his aid.

One of the most interesting of the cases is that of Anna G. Bowering of Columbus, Pa., a 33-year-old girl, who is now a student at the Carnegie Technical school in Pittsburg. The girl receives a silver medal and \$50 for educational purposes for a remarkable feat in life saving at High Point, N. J., on July 2, 1908. Philip F. Packenthal, a chemist's helper, 22 years old and much weaker than Miss Bowering, was drowning in Susquehanna bay, when she swam fifty-five feet to his rescue, and, although the man, panic-stricken, tried to pull her down, she kept her head and brought him safely ashore.

Little Barbara Lorenz was playing on the shore at Ocean Beach, Conn., on the afternoon of September 7, 1909, when she saw a man, who was caught in the current and went away into deep water. James Breeman, who was working at a nearby cottage, although over 40 years of age and in poor health, plunged

in after the drowning girl. The terrified child threw her arms around his neck and almost dragged him down, but he managed to get merely to the shallow near shore. A spectator hurried to Breeman's assistance and brought the girl ashore, but when he returned to aid Breeman himself, the aged swimmer had succumbed to the cold seawater.

Late in the afternoon of April 23-1909, Ernest W. Norton, accompanied by his wife and daughter and Victor H. Durgin, started in a canoe to cross Middleton pond, Middleton, Mass. Half way across a small struck and overturned the craft. Mr. Norton, who was unable to swim, clung to the overturned canoe and was rescued by one of the shore. Durgin succeeded in reaching Mrs. Norton, placed her upon the canoe, swam forward and reached the child and returned with her, and then started to swim ashore with the two women. Half way he was with the two women. Half way he was with the two women. Half way he was with the two women.

While camping at Barney, Wis., on June 19, 1908, Charles R. McCabe of Chicago took his usual canoe, George M. Cummings, out in a boat for a swim. Cummings dived overboard, but was taken, with a cramp, and McCabe, fully clothed, went to his aid. Cummings threw both arms around McCabe's neck and they both went down together. It was only after McCabe had knocked Cummings unconscious that he was enabled to free himself and keep both of them up until assistance reached them from shore. During the struggle McCabe and Cummings went to the bottom once.

Fire broke out on the night of October 16, 1908, in a lumber yard on the river bank at Oshkosh, Wis. William Staples was caught up in a burning launch, without means of escape, until Jerome H. Miller went to his rescue in a canoe. Two minutes after Miller took Staples off the launch the gasoline tank exploded. An immense crowd watched Staples on the burning boat, but until Miller went to his aid, no one dared to venture into the fiery area.

Mrs. Alia M. Fees of Emporia, Kan., sees a reward for the heroism of her husband, Roy A. Fees, in trying to rescue from drowning Albert Beaton in the Cottonwood river, near Emporia, Kan. Beaton, who was in bathing, called for help and Fees went to his aid, but the drowning man grasped his would-be rescuer in an unbreakable embrace and the two went down together.

Victor Cross of Gerry, N. Y., as told in the story of Lynn A. Gates, also gets a medal. It was he who took the drowning man from Gates and got him to the shore in safety. But when he went back for Gates, who had first gone to the rescue of Cross, the former, exhausted, had gone down for the last time, and although the body was recovered shortly afterwards, life was extinct.

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Miss Stanborough wrote back very stiffly saying that his experiment proved the great force of heredity, inasmuch as the parents of his farmers had been peasants.

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"Yes, but I believe in environment a whole lot."

Confessions of an Ugly Woman

A clever woman, writing in the Philadelphia Inquirer, keenly and rather harshly details the handicaps and vexations of some women to beauty, but dressed in homely surroundings by nature. She writes: "This ugly life is a hateful one, but I have a terrible million hanging round one's neck. Only those who themselves suffer in this way can fully realize, or begin to realize, how terrible such suffering can be.

I know I am ugly-repellant, Fate was cruel to me, and sometimes I shudder when I look at myself in the glass. I need not write in detail of my physical defects, but let me say that children have cried when they have seen me and I have heard my heart with their cry as with a white-hot iron. For I fear would love children, and have them love me.

At school I never realized its significance. It was when, one bitter day, an incident forced the fact into my brain that I am not an other woman's pet. That was twelve years ago, and in those years I have had countless hours of untold misery.

Quite occasionally, men and women show me how I appear to them the first time I meet them. I have learned to ready their expression as they say: "How do you do?" and to watch for those minute signs of surprise or displeasure in their faces as they look at me. I would give anything to feel that I needed an antagonist stronger without winking the trifling sin of an eyebrow, or noticing a nervous constraint of manner, which shows they are thinking how intensely ugly I am. But there is a malignant fascination in watching their play of expression, in looking out for those trifling manifestations which play such a heavily weighing tune in my heart.

Casionally, I have met men with such self-content that they gave none of these signs I know so well. In return, I could have hugged them. Women are more merciful. Even if it is done unconsciously, their eyes always betray their thoughts

when I meet them. If people deign to take an interest in me, it is the same interested that they might take in some hideous reptile. The tragedy of it, for me, is that I can always see it.

With cold irony, fate has given me a love for beautiful things. Sometime, when I have been talking to a woman with an exquisite face, and watched the glory of her smile, I have felt that I would willingly sacrifice my life to look as she looked for a solitary day, feel that men worshipped me because I was lovely, and women hated me because I was more lovely than they were. And then the mad consciousness of such hopeless hangings comes to me. I feel a wild despair creeping through my veins, and I beg with every fiber of my being to make her as I am for one solitary day, so that she may know the agony she caused me by a look. But such bitter, cruel thoughts must be repressed at all costs. That war makes her lie.

All this—perhaps in a drawing room, while talking to men and women whom I know, I have forgotten my dreadful disfigurement, and drifted into the thought that I was an ordinary human being to look at, until some chance reflection of my face in a mirror brought home to me the terrible truth with a jar, and I crept slowly away, and hid myself in my room, with my tears of mortification.

I have tried living the life of a recluse, so that I might be spared the cruel glances, which are more or less cruel because they are unconscious, but solitude brought with a heavier pang when I remembered why I was a social outcast. Then I took my courage in both hands, and tried to face the world as though I cared nothing for its opinion. For a time I was quite unsmothered by furtive glances and a suspicion of disgust, but in a month the bitterness of my position began to eat into my soul relentlessly once more, and I retired forever into the place where fate had placed me—the ignominious background.

The doors.

The secret of the discovery which was not to have been made public until sufficient financial backing was secured to make the process ready for the market, leaked out. It is said somewhat after the manner of the ultraviolet light through the ultraviolet shell, but it left the secret process a mystery of mystery.

"We had hoped to keep this process, which will revolutionize the commercial marketing of eggs, from the public until ready to give it out," said Mr. Vaughan in an interview in the St. Paul Pioneer-Press. "I can confirm the fact, however, now that it is known, but, of course, would not care to divulge the secret process, which is enough to say that by a simple and inexpensive device in which the eggs are chemically treated either white or pink may be drawn through the shell without making an aperture in the brittle covering. Neither the rooster nor hen nor the taste of the egg is affected."

"It is not improbable that a law will have to be enacted by which eggs will be sold by the pound to prevent the sale of adulterated dealers of a dark egg which is pink or white, or by which eggs so treated will be stamped 'no eggs white' or 'no eggs pink,' so that a man will not have to examine his order of eggs on his head to see if the shade of white surrounds the pink, but the discovery is of such importance that any legislation will come as a matter of course."

Rob Eggs Without Cracking

How would you like to buy eggs by the pound?

The question takes on some importance from the fact that Dennis M. Vaughan, Plainfield, Mich., and Charles G. Johnson, Cleveland, O., claim to be the discoverers of a revolutionary process of treating eggs, as a result of which the hen far from being to be sold by the pound, instead of by the dozen.

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SO OBTRUSE



"She was born in Ohio? What next?"

"Why all of her, silly!"

The Bee's Junior Birthday Book

This is the Day We Celebrate

THURSDAY, February 23, 1911.

Name and Address	School	Year
Anna Albreten, 4216 Erskine St.	Clifton Hill	1901
John Bailey, 2805 Corby St.	Clifton Hill	1904
Sanford Beecher, 112 North Eighteenth St.	Central	1903
Mary Beres, Eleventh and Paul Sts.	Cass	1905
Margaret H. Carlson, 828 South Twenty-first St.	Mason	1905
Anna Cuff, 1121 North Eighteenth St.	Kellom	1909
Louis J. Cook, 1104 South Thirteenth St.	Pacific	1902
Louise Damon, 2824 Hamilton St.	High	1905
Ruth M. Douglas, 3029 Curtis Ave.	Saratoga	1904
Elizabeth F. Deal, 2215 Mason St.	Mason	1900
Florence Ellsworth, 1402 Lafayette Ave.	Franklin	1909
Bernice Freeman, 3615 Franklin St.	Franklin	1905
Ruth E. Flynn, 2216 Fowler Ave.	Monmouth Park	1909
Willie M. Golden, 3019 Pratt St.	Sacred Heart	1906
John Helming, 897 North Forty-third St.	Saunders	1902
Frederick Hayes, Fifty-second and Hickory Sts.	Beals	1902
Anna E. Hill, 2218 Poppleton Ave.	Mason	1904
Creda Hoyt, 2642 Half Cass St.	Webster	1908
Marjorie J. Ingalls, 1215 South Twenty-fifth St.	Park	1903
William Kiddle, 2754 Caldwell St.	High	1904
Frank Lecter, The Crechs.	Central	1902
Verna Lake, 1823 North Seventeenth St.	Cass	1905
Kenneth Moore, 1901 Patrick Ave.	Long	1902
George Magrane, 5324 Lafayette Ave.	Franklin	1901
Doris Murphy, 5425 Florence Boulevard.	Miller Park	1903
Mable Morrow, 2905 Cass St.	High	1905
Helen Nelson, 3614 Jones St.	Columbia	1904
Richard Nelson, 3406 Erskine St.	Franklin	1909
Lillian Poshkhal, 1451 South Fifteenth St.	Comenius	1903
David Petersen, 1212 North Thirty-fifth St.	High	1904
Margaret E. Petersen, 2216 Bart St.	Kellom	1901
Josee Priendae, 3225 Pacific St.	Mason	1901
Robert Riedel, 2626 St. Mary's Ave.	Central	1905
Lenore Raffensperger, 314 North Fifteenth St.	Cass	1904
Fred Rippl, 1725 Van Camp Ave.	Webster	1904
Ralph R. Sutton, 2194 South Thirty-fourth St.	Windoor	1900
Ellen Smith, 1026 South Forty-eighth St.	Beals	1906
Harold Selp, 4162 South Twelfth St.	Forest	1903
John M. Sperry, 2408 Bart St.	Kellom	1909
Frank Smith, 2727 South Tenth St.	Sancroft	1900
Minnie Scarfine, 2654 Poppleton Ave.	Mason	1909
Quarston Terence, 719 Hickory St.	Train	1904
Verda D. Waal, 3592 Jones St.	Columbia	1902
Walter Winstcott, 3419 Sahler St.	Monmouth Park	1902
Russell Warson, 324 North Fifteenth St.	Cass	1905
Lans Zeigler, 625 South Seventeenth Ave.	Leavenworth	1907

Heredity Wins—they'll Marry

A report from Ballport, N. Y., in the Sun, tells an interesting story of how heredity has just won a notable victory over environment in the intended marriage of Arthur Volt to Miss Ruth Stanborough, which will take place some time in April. That is, unless these young persons fall out again. They quarrelled over heredity and environment in the first place.

Two years ago there was a debate in the school house on the question: Resolved, That heredity is a more powerful factor in human life than environment. Volt and Miss Stanborough were engaged to be married at the time. The environment side won the debate. The lovers fell into an argument over the question and didn't slip until they had broken their engagement.

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Lobsters a Medicine

From Canada comes the joyful news that science exists no longer fear the flesh of the Bore crustacean as the insidious source of stomach trouble. Neither is it the cause of dyspepsia and indigestion. Let us, instead, be so good that medicine men are now said to be prescribing it for ailments. And about \$1,000,000 worth of the mounting medicine will be available to the world this year. In Canada a number of lead corporations are utilizing what they assert is the best part of the lobster, undisclosed until now.

Canned lobster consists of the meat taken from the claws and the tail, all other parts having been removed, then packed by the packers. What has been extensively used as fertilizer in the Canadian provinces has today become "lobster extract." It consists of a crescent-shaped meaty layer, the liver and the roe. Spice is added to these components, which are mixed in the following proportions: Sixteen parts, three-fourths liver and one-fourth roe.

Physicians of Prince Edward Island have for some time used lobster extract in the treatment of certain ailments, according to report, and people with lobster appetite, when sick, may thus indulge it at the same time they "take their medicine."

Might be Sile Lene.

"Here's an interesting article in this newspaper entitled, 'The Art of Roasting.'"

"Better send it to Willowy."

"Why?"

"She'll rate a headless horse."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Life Lesson, Art Flooding.

The Critic—Mr. Dean, just busy having your portrait painted in your car? Why, a notice ran past me of fashion in a stage year—Paris.

Daily Health Hint

Those who suffer from nervous digestion should carefully avoid undue excitement. Strainful mental exertion during meals and immediately afterward should be avoided, and a happy mental state constantly encouraged.

Easily Settled.

Little Johnnie told a "shopper"—

"Little Johnnie, aged eleven—

told his ma, he had been—"

"Had been never go to heaven,"

Little Johnnie laughed, then cried—

"Very well, I'll go with pepper."

—Philadelphia Ledger.

KINKING



The Winter Girl

