The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Undoing of Mr. Uplift

BY LAFAYETTE PARKE.

"Cutting Up Monkey Shines," Argued by Father vs. Son.

"At the club last night," begins Mr. Uplift, "we were discussing that society girl who gave a luncheon to an educated ape."

"I suppose an educated monkey would feel kind of lonesome in a bunch like that," surmises young Mr. Uplift, "unless the guys made monkeys of themselves so he would feel at home."

"Young women today certainly have queer ideas about how to entertain their friends," says Father disapprovingly.

"Well, if I had that class of friends," comments Son, "that's my idea of the sort of a feed they'd like."

"Lots of folks would be insulted if invited to dine with a monkey," argues Father.

"How about the monkey's feelings?" queries Son. "Looks to me like a case of the S. P. U. A. to get busy on."

"Wealthy women could make much better use of their money than in such a manner," protests Father.

"Skirts with nothing to do but spend money," asserts Son, "would rather make a fuss over a bald headed monkey or a long haired poodle than to throw bouquets at one of us common or garden hired men. There's some class to a monkey luncheon, because it makes the public sit up and take notice besides getting the dame's picture in the paper."

"The old-fashioned idea of inviting one's friends to a social affair," relates Father, "was to have them enjoy themselves."

"The dope now is to make such a big flash that the police reserves will come out to keep away the crowds in the street," Son describes. "Those happy days have gone by, forever when a dame would be tickled to death to get an item in the society journal telling about the quiet little dinner she gave. If a hostess doesn't drag down a first page story in all the papers, with flashlight pictures, showing how the mobs fought for standing room to see the bunch arrive, you can bet money she'll be mad enough to spill real tears."

"Young women in my day," Father reminisces, "were taught to be unostentatious in their social affairs."

"If a dame tried to pull off one of these quiet little parties these days," Son declares, "the rest of her chums would never get through knocking her. When a bunch of skirts get together to toy with the hammer, believe me, it's the real thing in the anvil chorus business. What they don't know about handing out the rough stuff has never been printed in the Knockers' Guide Book."

"I have seen monkeys eat in quite respectable fashion on the stage," ventures Father.

"This skirt with the ape luncheon is pulling old stuff," Son complains. "That trick was sprung years and years ago. Nobody but a piker would try to get by with that kind of an act nowadays. If some bright society dame wants to spring something fresh to prove she's game, let her invite a husky subway guard to meet her friends.

HER HUSBAND DECIDED TO SMOKE A PIPE.

He'd probably start something before the eats were over that would get a piece in the paper."

"Certainly there are plenty of human beings who need food without giving dinners to wild animals," protests Father.

"You don't have to go to a society dinner or to the zoo to eat with wild animals," informs Son. "Some of our very best 10-cent hasheries in the rush hour can show something real choice in this line."

"I cannot understand how rational men can bring themselves to sit at table with beasts," argues Father.

"A stunt like that ought to make a big hit with the colonel after his personally conducted hunting trip through darkest Agrica," suggests Son. "Love 'em, love 'em; goodness, how T. R. loves those jungle babies."

"Children might be amused by the antics of a trained animal at a party," thinks Father, "but I like to believe that our American women have more serious problems to think about."

"It gives those kind of dames a headache to think," retorts Son. "The hardest work they do is to pry loose more long green from hubby. Their idea of a good time is to be real foolish."

"To my mind," Father avers, "the simpler a social function is, the more enjoyable it proves."

"Well, if one simple minded society girl, one monkey, and a bunch of simpletons don't make a simple function, it's up to your little boy to beat it to the Home for the Simple Minded," decides Son. "My idea of real class in this society entertaining game is to mail a twenty-one meal ticket as a souvenir with every invitation. Then, if you don't think you'll like the place, you can sidestep the party and still not miss the big eats."

How a Clever Woman Won

"Do any of you know how it feels to be right dead sure of a thing and then get turned down hard?" big Bill Smith demanded. In his ample countenance there was a look of such earnestness that for once the club was forced to take him seriously.

"You just better bet I know the identical sensation," Jones muttered. "Had it all figured out that I was going to land the contract for all the chemicals they use in a big tannery the coming year, and it meant a ripping big commission for me, and——"

"Barking up the wrong tree," Bill allowed. "What I was going to tell about was a little bet I made on the train yesterday. I was headed for home and when I stepped into the sleeper I caught sight of one of the dandiest women I ever had the good luck to run across on the road. Husband's a traveler, like the rest of us poor wretches, and they never had any kiddies, so she goes along with him a good deal of the time. He sells on commission and he gives her credit for a good half of the sales. Never saw a woman like her. She knows exactly how to put a man at his ease and get him to talking.

"Once when I ran into that couple, about a year ago, the train was so crowded that she had to sit between her husband and her brother. It was hot weather and I never was in a Pullman that was as hot and crowded as that one. She talked a blue streak and made all of us forget our misery. Well, pretty soon the conductor came along, and when he saw her squeezed in between her husband and her brother, he stopped and said, 'Now, what do you call this, I'd like to know?' And she said, quick as a flash, 'Oh, this is a tongue sandwich.' She's always getting off something like that, and I've tried for a year to score one on her.

"This time I saw my chance and I started in to make the most of it. I had a deaf-mute long with me, so I set him down in the smoking compartment and went up to the woman, and as soon as I'd said howdy, I jumped right in with a spiel about the awful bashful young fellow I had along with me, and I told her that I'd bet her a box of candy against a weinerwurst that she couldn't engage him in conversation. She bit all right, and I brought the boy in and introduced him. Then I dug out, with her husband, for a little smoke—that is, I pretended to. As a matter of cold fact, I got back where I could watch what was going on, and for about five minutes I thought the weinerwurst was mine, when all of a sudden I saw the young chap give a bounce in his seat and wheel around toward her, and then I sneaks up to see what's doing, and, bless my soul, if that woman wasn't wiggling her fingers so fast I could hardly follow 'em. And he was grinning all over his face and wiggling his fingers, too."

"So she could talk on her fingers!" Brown ejaculated.

"No more'n I could. That's where the joke comes in. When it was all over, and I'd agreed to send her the candy, and all three of 'em had left the train, I found a scrap of paper on the floor of their section, and here it is." He fumbled in his pocket and fished out a soiled and crumpled sheet of note paper from which he read, "I am one of the afflicted. I am unable to hear." "Oh, I'm so sorry." "I don't mind now, I'm used to it." Then Bill turned the paper over and read this: "I'll tell you how to get even with Mr. Smith. Suppose we pretend that I can use the sign language, and we'll talk to each other on our hands. There's a box of candy in it for me."

"That's what you call winning on a fluke, isn't it?" little Mrs. Smith wanted to know. Mrs. Smith had fever in her life had all the candy she really wanted.

"That what I call quick wit," her husband informed her.—Frank Harwing in St. Louis Globe—(dem.)

Smart Sayings

The man who wins a girl by flattery becomes painfully candid after the honeymoon.

Cupid wanted to sharpen his arrows, so he got Jealousy to help him.

When our vices quit us, we flatter ourselves that it is we who quit them.

Paint flattery won fair lady.

The rich "lady killer" comes in like a lion, but goes out like a shorn lamb.

The only secret a woman keeps is the one she should tell.

Flattery never gets contradicted.

There wouldn't be many women going to church if it weren't for the habit of wearing our best clothes on Sunday.

The average woman who thinks she would be happy if she had a vote is the same one who used to think she would be happy if she had a husband.

He's a wise self-made man who takes the tag off.

Gossip shows that we are considered still worth being talked about.

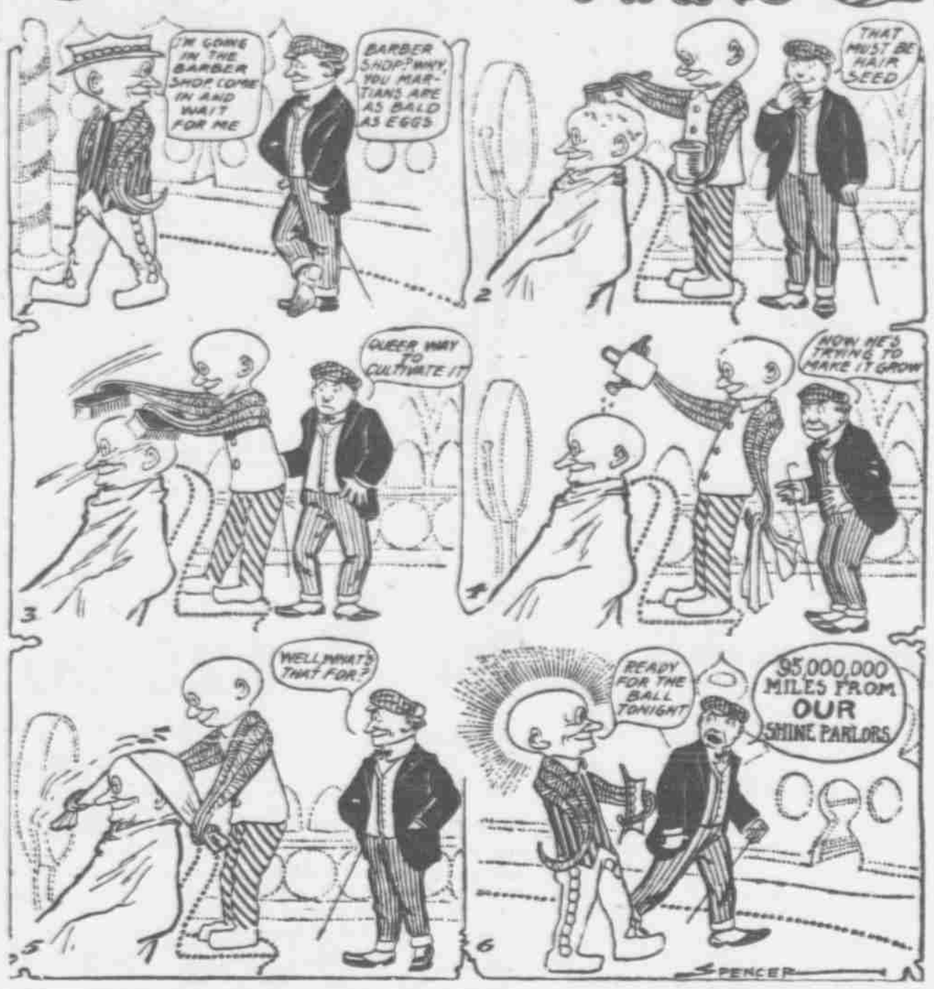
The airship has come to stay—but not in the air.—Smart Set.

NATURALLY.

"The bridal couple were surprised by a gift of $1,000,000 from the bride's father."

"Humph! A gift of $1,000,000 is enough to surprise anybody!"

A TRIP TO MARS



ANNALS of ANGELICA

A JUST-OUT GIRL BY M.F.

Agnes is going away. People who are really stylish always go south at this season, it seems. When they suggested to me to go, too, I was a good deal upset, as I'd much rather stay right here in New York. For a while I thought I'd have to go. Agnes said she couldn't see why I didn't jump at the chance, especially as Cousin Anne had told me I could get some new clothes. She said I would meet a lot of new people there, too. Unfortunately she said this to me at a crowded tea.

I had been to a large luncheon earlier in the day and a morning concert still earlier. By 6 o'clock in the afternoon I felt that desert island mood come over me very strongly. I was obliged to go up and say "How do you do" to Mrs. Hollens and that made me long for solitude still more. I never can say the correct thing to these old would-be society belles, and I get in a state of exhaustion after a combat with one. To see Mrs. Hollens gotten up like a saucy little chorus girl, drinking her whisky straight,

"LIKE A SAUCY CHORUS GIRL."

But I was asked to a dance at the De Buysters' that night and, although Mrs. Goldenduds asked Mrs. De Buyster to bring us all over to her affair, she absolutely declined. It's silly for people to be so exclusive nowadays, isn't it? They said they gave away checks as favors, too. Now, you are so sensible, Mrs. Hollens, not to be so particular. Oh, I beg your pardon, I am so clumsy. I hope that bouillon doesn't feel hot!"

I really was so sorry, but she looked dreadfully irritated. Then she said she was going south, and then was going to her house at Spring Lake, and then intended running over for the coronation.

I said I thought that a lovely plan, and it was so convenient her having a house at Spring Lake, as it was so near Asbury Park, and she could run back and forth for the coronation festivities so easily. I was sure I saw Cousin Anne beckoning to me just then, and thought perhaps I had better join her immediately, so I said hastily: "You say you are going south on Monday, Mrs. Hollens? I'll try and call some time after then. Oh, I'm all mixed up, am I not? But I'll surely come after then. Goodbye, dear Mrs. Hollens!" I told Agnes nothing would hire me to go south.

"THAT DESERT ISLAND MOOD."

smoking a cigarette and having a desperate flirtation with some puffy looking youth who is saving an immense amount on his meals in return for his devotion is really quite conducive to thoughts of some faraway isle.

She puts a kind of thick powder on her face that makes her skin look like chamois. She has been doing something to get thin and has lost several pounds—off her face only—so it gives her an odd look of having loose folds of chamois on it. But all the women tell her how marvellously well she is looking. Now, it is such a funny thing.

Take some old wreck like that, gotten up like a Hippodrome, and they all tell her what a beautiful and clever woman she is and what a breaker of hearts among the men. And take some young and adorable looking person like Mrs. Dangerfield, and they tell her she isn't looking so well today, and things like that. I always say the wrong thing to Mrs. Hollens, though I commence well.

"So sorry I wasn't able to get to one of your days, Mrs. Hollens. I haven't seen anything of you at all." Mrs. Hollens, enraged at the suggestion that she hasn't been seen everywhere, and gazing fixedly at me through a pair of lorgnettes: "I've been exceptionally gay this winter. Either skirt: "Yes, one does go out a great deal!" I, nervously spilling punch all over her skirt:—"Yes, one does go out a great deal. The air is so fresh in the parks!" Mrs. H., in a tense voice, wiping skirt with handkerchief: "I am far too busy with luncheons, teas and dinners to go in the parks. As I said to Mrs. Vanderbilton yesterday at Mrs. Goldenduds', one must go away for a rest. I suppose you went to the Goldenduds' cotillion, my dear?"

"Oh, Mrs. Hollens, I was so disappointed. I've heard so much about their house.

Bachelor on a Claim

The rabbit hunt didn't amount to much, after all. There was just one incident that struck me as being a little out of the ordinary; otherwise holding the sack for quail down in Missouri or out in the Florence country is just as interesting. This incident I speak of showed we have some marksmen holding down claims. Of course there was no snow, so we had to sight the jumpers as they topped a roll of the prairie, and one man shot off a pair of ears as clean as whistle. It was this way. He was lying on the ground waiting for a passing rabbit, when he caught just a quick flash of a big pair of ears on top of a little knoll within range. He let go, and the rabbit started to do a quickstep in the run around way that a dancing dervish does it. Round and round he went for perhaps a minute, then started off. Pretty soon he stepped again, and made more whirls, fast but steady. Every time he stopped the whirls grew shorter and his stride steadier, so we didn't get him; but when we got to the place where the first whirl was made, there lay a pair of rabbit ears. That was the queerest shot I ever saw, but we would rather have the fur than the ears.

Talking of furs, some day a wise man will drift along and put a fur farm in operation on these prairies. Why, goats would thrive like grass out here, and maybe kangaroos could be raised, although we haven't many hills. But skunks could have a big run most anywhere, and when I think of the old moleskin pants of my Missouri days, I almost feel like starting a colony of moles myself. Tending to it would keep a man busy, while other things were getting ready.

I have a remembrance of a mole hunter in Missouri, near Tarkio, who used to make a good living trapping them for their skins. We used to think moles hurt the crops, but one farmer refused to let the mole hunter go to work. He said if he had no moles he would have no crop, and we learned then that the mole hunter had killed all that lived on a certain farm, on a sandy piece which used to grow good crops; and sure enough no crop grew there afterward. Anyway, skunks, foxes, hares, raccoons and varmints like them, ought to grow strong out here, and think of the price a fellow could get for the furs. Great prospect, eh?

Honest, Jack, this is a great stunt, living out in the open, especially in an open winter, with a chance to exercise. I am beginning to feel like the white man's hope, and figure my lack of hair would help. Did you ever notice that?

"Fitz" had little hair and Corbett couldn't find the line of his jaw, because his head and chin all looked like. It was somewhat the same with Jeffries after he began to lose his hair, except that he also lost his eye later, and a slight study of the dope has convinced me the man who floors Johnson must not have very definite hair line; that is, it must not stand out heavy, because it gives a good measure of the distance below where a telling blow can land. Johnson himself has no hair line, being about the same from chin to top of head. Haven't decided yet to go into training, but when I tramp around here, full and fit, I begin to think salt pork and flapjacks are mighty strengthening.

Am going to start plowing pretty quick. Little or no frost in the ground, and I am studying up on corn every night now. Also, am going to grow some sorghum for pancake dressing next winter. ISAAC.

Ash Creek Line.

QUITE SO.

"And what would the Count be if it wasn't for her father's money?"

"He'd still be a bachelor, of course!"

THE BEE'S JUNIOR BIRTHDAY BOOK

ODETTA ALBRECHT,
1905 Spring Street.

This is the Day We Celebrate

March 2, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Odetta Albrecht, 1905 Spring St	Vinton	1902
Helen Bernica, 1453 South Fourteenth St	Comenius	1903
Clarence R. Baldwin, jr., 2340 South Thirty-fourth St	Windsor	1903
Josephine Blackwood, 3015 South Thirty-first St	Park	1904
Gerald Bullis, 2631 Sahler St	Saratoga	1901
Violet G. Cook, 424 South Twentieth St	Central	1901
Joseph P. Cleland, 4020 Nicholas St	Walnut Hill	1901
Martha Christensen, 1519 North Twenty-first St	Kellom	1901
Robert C. Carson, 4031 Lafayette Ave	Walnut Hill	1899
Abe Ferer, 2541 Chicago St	Central	1899
Margaret Falconer, 3702 North Twenty-first St	Lothrop	1901
Lillian M. Fowler, Ninth and Grace Sts	Cass	1898
Fred M. Gard, 2956 Evans St	Druid Hill	1905
Ruth O. Green, 708 South Thirty-eighth St	Columbian	1899
William Graham, 1204 Gust St	Sherman	1904
Ethel Gordon, 943 South Twenty-second St	Mason	1899
Sue Harris, 1808 Emmet St	Lothrop	1905
Catherine Heaston, 609 South Thirty-third St	Farnam	1897
James Hudecek, 1022 Dominion St	Forest	1898
Lewis Horak, 6420 North Forty-fourth St	Central Park	1900
Viola Holmann, La Platte St	High	1897
Gilbert Kennedy, 1024 South Thirty-second St	High	1895
Mabel M. Hike, 114 South Ninth St	Pacific	1902
Jessie Hamilton, 1815 Izard St	Cass	1903
Martin Johnson, 1802 Corby St	Lake	1898
Elizabeth Johnson, 1109 Pacific St	Pacific	1898
Emilie Louise Keller, 2023 Cass St	High	1895
Kinsley J. Keebler, 3815 Charles St	Franklin	1902
George Kiger, 1211 South Fifth St	Pacific	1897
Emma Kroupa, 1731 South Eleventh St	Lincoln	1904
Mary Lastovia, 1711 South First St	Train	1897
Earl La Counte, 1715 North Seventeenth St	Kellom	1905
Lumona Mapes, 2818 North Eighteenth St	Lake	1901
Catherine Moran, 1506 Webster St	Holy Family	1898
Clarence Moor, 703 North Eighteenth St	Lake	1900
Hanison Malin, 4215 Parker St	High	1893
Emery Petersen, 810 South Fiftieth St	Beals	1905
Lawrence Peck, 2707 Brown St	Miller Park	1903
Willie Reid, 2614 St. Mary's Ave	Farnam	1903
Willie Rasmus, 4219 North Twenty-fourth St	Saratoga	1901
Rosie B. Rhedin, 1516 Canton St	Forest	1902
Margaret Raibey, 1425 South Eighth St	High	1892
Dorothy Rohrbough, 555 South Twenty-sixth St	Farnam	1898
Frederick A. Storz, 1901 Wirt St	Lothrop	1896
Abraham Steinberg, 1141 North Twentieth St	Kellom	1898
Seta W. Shouse, 1007 South Twenty-sixth St	Columbian	1898
Boyd Schicketang, 3822 North Seventeenth St	Lothrop	1903
Esther Smith, 1504 North Twenty-fourth St	Kellom	1896
George Swenson, 4123 North Forty-second St	High	1893
Charles Safranek, 1301 South Third St	Train	1903
Dorothy Sullivan, 2702 California St	Webster	1902
Helen J. Stewart, 609 North Forty-seventh St	Saunders	1903
Ruth Turnquist, 961 North Twenty-seventh St	Webster	1900
Frank Urban, 1216 South Second St	Pacific	1900
Mary Victor, 1716 South Second St	Train	1899
Lucy J. Vasku, 2102 South Seventeenth St	Vinton	1899
Elsa Weiner, 1720 Dodge St	Central	1903
Edwin Earl Wyckoff, 4303 Erskine St	Clifton Hill	1903
Harry Wlutehouse, 223 North Twenty-third St	High	1893

Mrs. Belmont's New Move

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont of New York has announced that she will open within a short time a school for teaching girls to farm. A class of twenty factory girls—all suffragists—will be instructed in the art of agriculture upon Mrs. Belmont's 200 acres at Hempstead, L. I. Truck farming will be the specialty and when the young women have gathered their crops they will drive to the city and learn to sell them.

All this and more is in Mrs. Belmont's plan, which she says is the beginning of a social revolution to make women man's peer in all lines of endeavor. According to present plans the young women will be taught how to plow fields, sow seeds, bed down horses, feed pigs, milk cows, make butter, rake hay and raise chickens. Not a man will be on the premises.

The girls will receive wages while learning. It is intended to make the place self-supporting and ultimately enlarge the class. Mrs. Belmont also announces that she is working on the details of a plan in connection with the suffrage farm to enable her "farmerettes" to become owners of tiny farms from a half acre up.

Back of the whole scheme, Mrs. Belmont says, is the movement to win converts to her "votes for women" creed. "To be a good farmer is only another way of working out the votes for women problems," she says. "The more that women come to be owners of land, the makers of homes that are real homes, the more they will insist on having the ballot to protect what is theirs."

The Explanation.

Ex-President Roosevelt, in an interview in Schenectady, said, apropos of a false charge that has been made against him:

"In Africa I knew two farmers whose farms lay side by side. A river ran through both properties, and it was full of fish. One day these two farmers fell into conversation.

"'How is it,' the first asked, 'that we always catch bigger fish in our part of the river than you do in yours?'

"'Well,' replied the second farmer, 'I guess it's because you're bigger liars up there.'"—New York Tribune.

In February.

First Father—It must have cost you a lot to send your son to college.

Second Father—It did.

First Father—And what have you received in return?

Second Father—My son.—Cornell Widow.

Her Fault.

A certain Scotch professor was left a widower in his old age. Not very long after he suddenly announced his intention of marrying again, half apologetically, adding, "I never would have thought of it, if Lizzie hadn't died."—Harper's Magazine.

Glasgow's Deadly Fog

Occasionally in the low places in this section of the country residents get a sample of foggy weather. In Glasgow, Scotland, heavy fog is so frequent and deadly that in 1909 1,063 people died from the autumn fogs. From being thirteen in the thousand the Glasgow death rate went up to twenty in the thousand during the fog season. When the army lost about the same number of men during the "black week" in the Boer war the nation was panic stricken, but not much notice is taken of the commonplace smothering of 1,000 people in the Glasgow "black weeks."

In London, as is well known, the residents have black instead of pink lungs, yet they sometimes make fun of the opaque character of the Scotch atmosphere and claim that smoke is healthy. Now comes Sir William Richmond, an expert in fog facts, and talks about the way sulphuric acid bites into pictures, a fact first discovered by Faraday when he reported upon the proposed removal of the National gallery. The Elgin marbles appear to be suffering too. The bits of color have gone and the surface has lost its old transparent look. Sir William Richmond compared the present surface to "opaque putty." Smoke costs London $25,000,000 a year. B. Russell, another authority, says that if London were only smokeless it would be sunny enough to be a health resort for the rheumatic and aged.

RIGHTLY NAMED.

"What train did you and George come out on last night?"

"The accommodation train. The porter put the lights out every time we reached a tunnel!"