

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Dottie Dialogues

Our Voices Drown Out Our Country's Call.

"Come to say goodby?" asked Dottie, hopefully.

"Not for several hours, I hope," I replied. "Why?"

"I thought that maybe you had heard your country calling," she mused, touching a single call on the piano keys.

"I'm a little hard of hearing," I explained.

"Supposition will say that in case of a draft," she observed, critically.

"Keep those windows closed," I warned.

"Drafts are dangerous in the springtime," G. Annie.

"How about night drafts?" she queried.

"I'll get an oculist's certificate," I responded.

"I don't believe you're patriotic at all," she accused.

"I never could smoke those brown paper cigarettes," I apologized, meekly.

"Count off!" she demanded.

"Yes, count upon me," I agreed.

"Wouldn't you seek glory where the chili con carne flies thickest?" she demanded.

"I've won the few mosquitoes and buzzards of the West," I added.

"In times of peace, prepare for maneuvers," she paraphrased.

"Now, if they were only womanizers, I hesitated."

"The Home Guard for yours," she decided.

"One particular home at a time," I corrected.

"To think you have no martial spirit," she murmured.

"Not even a deputy marshal's spook," I admitted.

"While brave heroes—and regulars—are daily departing for the front—or frontiers, as the case may be, to maneuver, subvert and eat hot tamales for their country," she sneered.

"Ah! like some brave heroes being flogging around here?" I inquired.

"Certainly," she announced. "Lieutenant Dufficker of the gallant 102nd, bade me a regular sentimental song farewell last night. He wore his uniform, too."

"And his uniform success, I'll bet," I quipped, slyly.

"I'll admit he looked just like the departed lover in a colored picture, some slide," she averred, roguishly.

"Was it his fatigue uniform?" I interrogated.

"Ask me! He didn't look fatigued," she responded.

"You'd know his dress uniform by the gold lace and frogs on it," I suggested.



"UNIFORM SUCCESS."

"This didn't even have a toad on it, but he did seem to have a frog in the throat," she reminisced.

"Did he say that 'Hark, the bugle was sounding'?" I began.

"Even though I had a terrible cold, he was too much of a gentleman to mention it," she retorted, coldly.

"I mean did he say that sold-jers were marching away, this being the right month for a March?" I continued.

"And that like other heroes he was frittering away his time singing ballads instead of catching the transport?"

"He seemed to be in a transport—of bliss," she giggled, blushing a bit.

"He looked it," I replied.

"How do you know?" she countered.

"I saw him at the club about midnight and he was quite chummy," I said.

"Well, he had a right," she affirmed.

"Sure. Being the first man to show signs of war," I added.

"What do you mean?" she questioned.

"Well, when he came into the light," I enlightened, "and threw off his army overcoat, I asked him if he was serving in a flour mill or a magazine, because one shoulder of his uniform coat was white with powder?"

"I-I don't!" she declared, after the red had mounted to her temples. Then with a mischievous light in her eyes she asked: "Don't—don't you—ever do any—magazine work?"

(Curtain.)

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## A TRIP TO MARS



### How to Meet Disaster Tersely Set Forth

Alexander Haelett, builder, at work on the steel frames of a modern building in Philadelphia, as he was adjusting a rope on an elevator, slipped and fell eight stories through a shaft.

Death was as certain as it can be for any man. There was nothing between him and the brick pavement below, some seventy feet distant. Did he give up? Not he. He was one of the men who daily tempt life on the slender frames of a great structure, who face death every hour of their work, who look down and see it stories below and look up and see it in swinging iron beams above, whose minds are keen, whose will is quick and whose acts are swift as thought. He did not surrender himself to his fate. He did not give up and "trust to a happy ending." He was wholly unwilling to accept the "dispensation of death" while breath gave some chance of the dispensation of life.

He had but two or three seconds from the time he fell until two stories down the line he had a board projecting. He grabbed for the board and caught it. He could not hold it, but he broke the strength of his fall for two stories. The swing and impetus threw him into a somersault, and he went down turning, but as he turned fate brought him near another board, and the fourth story, and, on the instant, he grabbed that as he passed and again broke his fall. This happened twice in the few seconds in which he shot like a bullet, past story after story, on his headlong way. He struck the ground, but he had only a slight injury to his skull, which a fortnight in the hospital will cure. Neither arms nor legs were broken. His back was not injured. He had saved his life by sheer will, quick wit and invincible resolution.

This is the way in which every man and woman should meet the falls and fates of life. It comes to all to slip. It happens to many to fall. Slip and fall often come at the very moment when they seem certain disaster. Hope is gone. There appears to be no chance.

Many a man has gone to his death with more chance than had Alexander Haelett. Many more men slipping in other ways have lost all that makes life worth having, because they saw and seized no helping thing, though many were near as they fell.

But the real man and the real woman in the instant of fall and in the moment of disaster acts, thinks as the lightning strikes, and seizes the one slender, swinging chance that passes, and, seizing it, wins.

It is in this spirit that all of life should be faced. Though the slip is irremediable and the fall seems fatal, though one has climbed long and stands high, only to fall at the end, still in the very headlong descent, as one shoots past all that one has, success may yet be won and hopeless disaster may still be retrieved, if, like this man, nothing daunts, and with relentless will and lightning thought, and instant determination, one seizes on anything and everything that can save.

And in the beneficent life, arranged by forces higher than our own, no man or woman ever slips and falls without some chance being given to retrieve all that is lost and to save all the future.—Philadelphia Press.

### Daily Health Hint

Water is one of the most effective means of maintaining health. It helps to move the poisonous waste materials and products in the system.

The Feminine of It.  
Teacher—Tommy, what is the feminine of the masculine "stag"?  
Tommy—(whose mother is a society leader)—afternoon tea, ma'am.—Phinx.

### Husband Sold Three Children for Dollar

PHILADELPHIA, March 21.—According to the story told by Mrs. Mary Gugisa of No. 1817 South Lee street, this city, to Magistrate Hughes she and her three children were sold by her husband for \$1 to a man who, she declares, has threatened to take her by force.

In broken English she asked that her husband be found and made to support her and the three children whom he had left at home to starve.

Though the alleged transaction took place some time ago and though the woman repulsed the man who claimed her as his property, she declared today that she was still in fear that he might come forward now that her husband has disappeared and force himself into her home.

"It was three years ago," she said, "that my husband sold me. He wanted money for more liquor. He gave me and the children for \$1, and I didn't know anything about it. When the man came to me and said, 'I will live here, I own you, and you belong to me, I paid for you,' I thought he was crazy. I said, 'You won't live here,' and I tried to drive him out of the house; then he showed me my marriage certificate and said he had bought it and me for \$1. I snatched it from him, and I have it now where he can't get it; but I am afraid."

Magistrate Hughes sent two of his officers to the woman's home to verify her story.

The youngsters were huddled together on the kitchen floor before the stove, which apparently had not had fire in it for days. The baby of nine months was crying, and the other two, Joe, 5, and George, one year or so younger, were gnawing at chips of wood which they had picked up in the street to kindle a fire. There was not a vestige of food in the house, and the children were blue with cold and half starved. In one of the upper rooms the officers found an emaciated boy, Mrs. Gugisa's brother, who recently came from Poland, and who is suffering with tuberculosis.

Magistrate Hughes provided enough money to buy food for the family for a few days.



MRS. MARY GUGISA AND HER CHILDREN.

## THE BEE'S JUNIOR BIRTHDAY BOOK



### This is the Day We Celebrate

March 22, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Grant Astleford, 424 Martha St.	Train	1904
Eddie Anderson, 1921 South Fourth St.	Train	1902
Elsie L. Anderson, 1395 South Eighth St.	Pacific	1905
Ruth E. Anderson, 2418 Indiana Ave.	Kellom	1898
Leonard Adler, 3817 North Seventeenth St.	Lothrop	1897
Cornelia E. Buckhill, 1054 South Twenty-second St.	Lothrop	1900
Edith E. Bradford, 1810 Ohio St.	Lake	1898
Florence Cape, 1418 Park Wild Ave.	Lincoln	1903
Wilbur Erickson, 3712 North Twentieth St.	Lothrop	1903
Gertrude Maria Folk, 5925 North Forty-second Ave.	Central Park	1901
Frances Grasso, 2733 South Twelfth St.	Bancroft	1899
John M. Hunt, 3112 Woolworth Ave.	Park	1905
William W. Hisslop, 3182 Fowler Ave.	Monmouth Park	1898
Zella Highsmith, 3177 Grand Ave.	Monmouth Park	1897
Heleen Horton, 2044 Vinton St.	Vinton	1905
Martin Johnson, 2603 North Twenty-sixth St.	Lothrop	1895
Stanley Jackson, 3025 Pinnkey St.	Howard Kennedy	1899
Howard Jones, 2817 Leavenworth St.	Cass	1897
Ethel Johnson, 1916 Burdette St.	Lake	1897
Raymond Krumwied, Fifteenth and Himebaugh Ave.	Sherman	1899
Emma Kovalin, 417 Lincoln Ave.	Train	1902
George A. Kurtz, 2013 Pinnkey St.	Sacred Heart	1903
Peter Kandyor, 2821 Walnut St.	Im. Conception	1902
Prareda Karbowska, 1546 South Twenty-fourth St.	Im. Conception	1898
John H. Keck, 315 Park Ave.	Farnam	1905
Carl S. Lindeman, 2858 Ohio St.	Howard Kennedy	1904
Heyward L. Leavitt, 1916 South Thirty-second Ave.	Windsor	1901
Rachel Lazarus, 2013 Isard St.	Kellom	1904
Edward M. Lynch, 1050 South Twenty-second St.	St. Joseph	1899
Ruth M. McKean, 1718 Charles St.	Holy Family	1896
Iola L. Marmory, 135 North Forty-third Ave.	Saunders	1901
Robert E. Meehan, 1910 Lake St.	Sacred Heart	1896
Edward Morey, 812 South Thirty-third St.	High	1893
Mayne Maloy, 2220 Burdette St.	High	1895
Robert Miller, 953 North Twenty-seventh St.	Webster	1904
Eleanor McGilton, 102 North Thirty-eighth Ave.	High	1897
Melva MacAulay, 2705 Dewey Ave.	Farnam	1895
Amanda Nelson, Thirty-fourth St. and Fowler Ave.	Monmouth Park	1900
Nuncia Nunzio, 508 Pierce St.	Pacific	1902
Harry A. Nielson, 4708 North Thirty-ninth St.	Central Park	1905
Hazel Oblinger, 2420 Hamilton St.	Kellom	1905
Lester Pope, 1021 South Twenty-first St.	Mason	1899
Mildred O. Peterson, 1470 South Sixteenth St.	Central Park	1900
Lawrence Parker, 2517 Caldwell St.	Long	1897
Floyd Lee Paynter, 111 South Eighteenth St.	Central	1898
Clara Pease, 2012 Oak St.	Vinton	1904
Paul E. Petersen, 3340 South Seventeenth St.	Vinton	1900
Hanya Petersen, 1520 North Thirty-second Ave.	Franklin	1903
Marta Putcamp, The Dunaway	High	1894
Ruth M. Ribbel, 1114 South Thirty-second St.	Park	1905
Viola-B. Stroud, 2430 Patrick Ave.	Lake	1896
Isabel C. Shukert, 2228 Larimore Ave.	High	1894
Beulah Sorensen, 5603 Florence Boulevard.	Miller Park	1904
William R. Scott, 2811 Dodge St.	Farnam	1899
Virgil Saunders, 2029 Miami St.	Lake	1899
Joe Stanley, 2115 North Twenty-sixth St.	Long	1901
Fleming R. Schneider, 3819 Charles St.	Franklin	1901
Bertha Smith, 2422 South Twentieth St.	Castellan	1903
Mary F. Ure, 2003 Binney St.	Lothrop	1902
Louis Volehek, 1409 South Fourth St.	Train	1905
Bessie H. Whitehead, 2630 Grant St.	Long	1898
Katie C. Witherspoon, 3442 South Fifteenth St.	Forest	1891
Willie Wiggins, 2620 North Thirteenth St.	Lake	1901

### How Army Customs Started

Captain James A. Moss, Twenty-fourth United States Infantry, read an interesting paper before the annual convention of the National Guard association of New York at Albany recently on "Customs of the Service." Captain Moss is a graduate of West Point of the class of 1891, and although a native of Louisiana, has spent all of his service with negro regiments with the exception of two months, when he received his captaincy in the Twenty-seventh infantry, being transferred shortly after to the Twenty-fourth infantry. Captain Moss is known as the pioneer American military bicyclist and made an 80-mile trip on his wheel from Fort Missoula, Mont., to Yellowstone park in the summer and fall of 1895, and then a trip of 1,000 miles from Fort Missoula to St. Louis in the summer of 1897.

Captain Moss said he had given considerable attention to the practices of the army in the last few years, and that since the Spanish-American war many of the traditional customs of "the old army" have entirely or partially passed away, owing to the general reorganization of the army and the passing out of so many of the older officers and the influx of a large number of young officers from civil life and from the volunteers—men who knew nothing about the customs of the service and who seemed to care less. Captain Moss cited a number of the various customs in the army, several of which are given below.

The expression "How," used by army men in giving a toast, is equivalent to the expression, "Here's to your health." Some think it is merely the Indian corruption of "How d'ye do?" abbreviated by the Indian to "How," and taken up and used by officers and soldiers who in the early days of frontier service were thrown in constant contact with Indians. However, on the other hand, there are others who believe the expression is derived from the Indian language direct.

At parade and at guard mount, when the adjutant gives the command, "Sound off," it is customary for the band to play three chords or flourishes, called "The three cheers," before beginning to play the march and marching up and down in front of the command. After the "band" has returned to its place and finished playing the march the "three cheers" are again sounded. This practice comes from the following custom that obtained during the crusades: Soldiers that had been assigned to go on the crusades were often formed in line with troops not so selected. The band would march past and counter-march only in front of the soldiers designed for crusade service, thus signalling out and dedicating to the cause those particular men. It is very probable that the assembled populace did considerable cheering during this part of the ceremony, and it is quite likely that "the three cheers" are a symbolical of that cheering.

The following versions are given of the derivation of the expression "dough boy" as meaning "infantryman." In olden times, when infantrymen used to clean their white trimmings with pipe clay, if caught in the rain the whitening would run, forming a kind of dough. Hence the sobriquet "dough boy." The tramp of infantry marching in mud sounds as if their shoes were being worked and pressed in "dough." From adobe, then "doble"—the idea being that infantrymen are the soldiers who have to march in the mud; hence the expressions used in the sixties and early seventies in referring to infantrymen as "doble crushers," "doble makers" and "mud crushers." However, some infantrymen think they are called "dough boys" because they are always "kneaded" (needed); while other infantrymen think they are the "flower" (flour) of the army.

The custom of saluting with the hand is supposed by some to have come from a Roman practice dating back to the Borgians, or even earlier. In those days assassination was so common by the dagger that inferiors coming into the presence of superiors were required to raise the hand, palm to the front, thus showing there was no dagger concealed in it. Time and custom have modified the requirement to the present method of saluting.

There are others who are inclined to this view: From the beginning of time inferiors have been required to uncover before their superiors, and equals to acknowledge each other's presence by some courtesy. In the British army during the revolution of 1795, a sentinel saluted not only with gun, but taking off his hat also. Complicated headgear like the bearskin and the helmet could not be readily removed, and the act of removing the hat degenerated into the movement of the hand to the visor as if the hat were going to be removed, and finally became conventionalized as at present.

The practice also comes from the custom during the crusades of knights when receiving orders, always to call upon God to witness their assumption of the duty imposed, by raising the sword to the lips and kissing the cross formed by the guard and body of the weapon. The dipping of the saber point in saluting signifies submission.—New York Post.

### Moves for City Beautiful

Some of the possibilities of the city of the future, as it will be remodelled from existing cities or built from the start in accordance with modern needs, were outlined by the town planning experts who met at the town planning conference recently held in London. The most eminent mind in this line, both in Europe and America, discussed the subject thoroughly, those deliberations being aided by maps, drawings and photographs of this country and abroad, and it is expected that a fresh impetus will be given to the remodeling of towns as a result of the broadening of viewpoint and exchange of experiences. A prominent part was taken by Dr. H. Burgess, president of the American National Commission of Fine Arts, and Mr. Burnham's own feeling is that the conference will make an immediate and deep impression on the laying out of cities and towns all over the world.

The most striking prophecy regarding future cities was made by M. Eugene Henard, municipal architect of Paris. Mr. Henard predicts that in the near future light and energy will be conveyed universally by electricity, while petrol and oxygen will be depended on to supply heat—a comforting thought in view of our diminishing wood and coal supply. Also, every well-equipped house will be supplied with a private "cold storage plant," refrigerated by means of liquid air; a device that will probably have a good effect on the price of perishable provisions by getting within the reach of the people one of the jobber's chief sources of profit. Another suggestion that might well be applied during the dog days in New York is the recommendation that cold radiators,

as well as heat radiators, be used to keep dwellings at a comfortable temperature in summer as well as winter. Mr. Henard holds that, by this means each house might be provided with one or more health chambers, closed by double windows and doors, in which the family would be enabled to reap all the benefits of a cool air, full of oxygen, during the most sultry summer weather.

Another prediction reminds one of Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward." It is that glass verandas of various shapes, joined together so as to afford protection to the sidewalks, will ultimately be a feature of all cities and towns. By such a device the elusive umbrella, would at last receive its just deserts, for the streets would be just as dry and comfortable in rainy weather as they now are on sunny days. Also, the city of the future, according to M. Henard, will have buildings exactly as high as the street is wide, in which case New York may achieve within the century the status of an interesting feature of the past. The roofs of these houses would be platforms ornamented with shrubbery and flower beds, to be used as roof gardens.

The town of the future, as regards its topography, will offer a marked contrast to the favorite checkerboard arrangement of the average American city in that it will be traversed by large radiating thoroughfares, partly occupied by moving platforms, raised above the level of the sidewalk proper, which will afford a means of quick communication between the different zones. The idea is to terminate these platforms by large revolving crossways, placed at the intersection of the most congested district will be unable to block the streets.—The Craftsman.

### Secret of the Everglades

One of the strange facts about this Everglades region of Florida is that it is really a decayed mountain top. The crest is formed of massive limestone, usually covered by a mantle of sand. In this formation are numberless pot-holes, which vary in size from a few feet to thousands of acres, also countless lakes of fresh water, springs and frequent subterranean streams and pools.

A few miles north of Cape Sable is an outcrop of limestone which projects to Lake Okechobee. In this outcrop is an extensive shallow basin extending 150 miles north and south and about seventy miles east and west, while the altitude of its rim is twelve feet above mean low tide in

Biscayne bay and a little less above the Gulf of Mexico.

As a result of the weather and flowing water the rim has been worn into fan-shaped shapes. The depth of the basin varies from one foot at the rim to twelve feet in places, but generally the rock floor is from a depth of one to six feet. And here is the secret of the fertility of the Everglades. Above the entire rock floor rises a layer of muck, formed of an alluvial deposit and of decayed vegetable matter. This deposit varies from a few inches to several feet in thickness. The water covering this deposit comes from springs that in turn have their source in the lake.—D. A. Willey in Cassier's Magazine.

### Taft to Walker

President Taft likes a joke and loves to be liked. When he drops work for play he is as loquacious about it as when in college. Neither agreeable president appear to be over-sensitive about his weight, which is rather more than that of most men.

He had gone to the Chevy Chase club outside Washington, for an afternoon game of golf recently and came swinging out of the club house in golf togs, which, if anything, add to his stature. Passing the tennis courts, he saw a Washington friend, who is heavy enough to have been taken for the president at a distance, working hard. The president stopped and smiled broadly at the efforts of the stout one to reduce.

"Hello, Walker," he said, as the game slackened, "far be it from me to suggest that you need that exercise, old man."

Look in the timber to which other people owe their names.

### Good Thing for Whoopers

Sufferers from whooping cough will feel indebted to Dr. Manuel Rodriguez Portillo of Madrid for finding a delightful remedy. He announces in Clinica Laboratoris that all the whooping cough patient requires is to be taken for a ride every five days on the front seat of a motor car and he will get well very quickly.

The favorable effects of a change of air in the later stages of whooping cough are well known, but Dr. Portillo says that even better results than a mere change of air can be obtained by motor car rides. He imposes certain conditions, however, namely, that a clear, mild day be chosen for the excursion, a good level road selected, a speed of six and a half miles an hour never exceeded and that the child be placed on the front seat of the car next to the chauffeur.

You can generally tell from a man's neckties whether he is married or not.