

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Bleat of the Innocent Bystander

Well, the anti-smokers have formed a national association to suppress us smoke nuisances," said the Regular Fellow, blowing a puff of Havana cloud.

"Yep. Where there is smoke there must be some kickers," replied the Innocent Bystander. "A lot of air reformers are in it, led by old Dr. Wiley, who believes that the pure air food is impure. I would not be surprised if he started a poison squad to smoke various brands of yopes, pure Havana grown in Connecticut, with the idea that if given enough 'rope' they'd strangle themselves, thus proving his point. He gets plenty of volunteers, too.

"All joking aside, though, it'll be one grand day when we have a little band of

doesn't care whether it endangers the flimsy gown of some girl hanging to a strap over him or not.

"These reformers aren't going to stop at suppressing car smokers, though. Nope. They're going to prevent us from lighting up in restaurants, hotels and other public gatherings. Possibly the day will come when a smoker will have to creep away into a smoke-proof booth for a local or long distance smoke. Happy days! The reformers can start in on the newest noise, the woman who will smoke in a hotel. If they can suppress her they can go right ahead and stop smoking automobiles and volcanoes."

"It takes strong men to suppress a smoke," said the Regular Fellow.

"Right-o! Jeffries couldn't do it last year," agreed the Innocent Bystander. (Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

Foiled Again

"When I took a night train out of St. Louis to get off at a small town in the interior of the state," said a New York drummer, "I was due at the place at midnight, but was told there was a hotel handy to the depot. I reached the town to find that the hotel had burned and that I must walk half a mile. I was doing the stunt when a man on an opposite corner raised a gun and opened fire on me. I stopped instead of running, and stood there while he fired five more bullets at me. Then I crossed over to him and asked:

"Say, what the devil are you doing, anyhow?"

"Shooting at you!" he coolly replied.

"But for why?"

"Because you're a burglar."

"But I'm not. I'm a drummer and on my way to the hotel."

"Hang the luck!" exclaimed the man as he turned away. "I've shot at as many as a dozen men in this last six months, and every one of them has turned out to be a drummer. It's mighty discouraging, but I'm going to keep right on. A burglar is bound to turn up some day or other."

"I wanted to say things to him," smiled the drummer, "but what was the use? He couldn't hit anybody anyway."

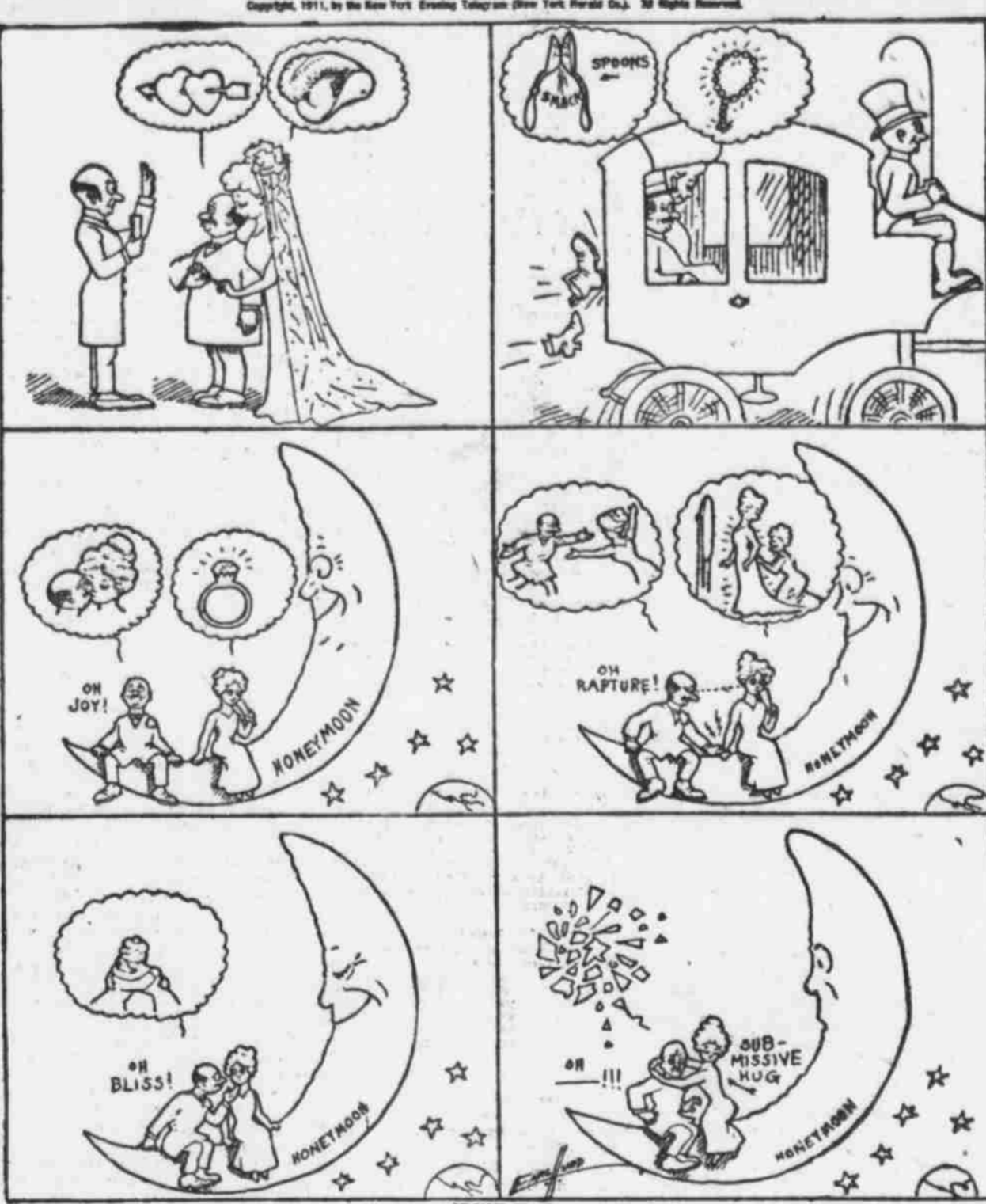


earnest souls who will put the lid on these people who make the streets and elevated tracks of street cars flaring a trail of smoke despite large signs and larger special policemen, neither of which seem to do the suppressing trick. The man who falls into a seat and surreptitiously puffs his smoke is kept, it going ought to be squashed.

"And as bad as the tightwads who carry cold cigars into the car after they have let the light go on. You may break, you may shatter the cigar brand if you will, but the scent of that dead cigar will linger around still."

You'll notice it isn't poor but honest workingmen who nose it either. Maybe it is because he smokes a pipe that he can whack on his heel when he enters a car, or maybe he can't afford to smoke cigars except at electric time and then only at the peril of his life and vote. But it is the well-dressed man who has such contempt for the discomfort of others that he carries the butt right along and lets it glow. He

What's On Your Mind?



GEORGE FRISVOLD, 325 Dewey Ave.



EDWARD THOMAS, 208 North Twenty-eighth St.

MONDAY,

July 17, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
George Beer, 2405 Seward St.	Long	1900
Earl L. Babcock, 4315 Grant St.	Clifton Hill	1902
Harry Burton, 1406 Corby St.	Lake	1904
George Bertelson, 620 South Eighteenth St.	Central	1902
Byron M. Boyer, 3312 Larimore Ave.	Monmouth Park	1898
Mildred Christensen, 3808 Miami St.	Clifton Hill	1899
Daie S. Cohoon, 1415 Ohio St.	Lake	1902
Alfred C. Caughley, 3502 Seward St.	Franklin	1902
Robert A. Coon, 3901 North Eighteenth St.	Lothrop	1905
Ida Cesa, 509 North Twelfth St.	Cass	1904
John A. Cherrek, 2524 South Twenty-fifth St.	Im. Conception	1896
Gaile B. Current, 4648 Seward St.	Walnut Hill	1897
Bernice Carl, 945 North Twenty-seventh Ave.	Webster	1900
Mildred Cline, 1526 North Seventeenth St.	Holy Family	1898
Elizabeth Davis, 3225 Seward St.	Franklin	1900
Louis Ferry, 2516 North Thirty-first St.	High	1894
Clifford Flinn, 3316 Fowler Ave.	High	1894
George Frisvold, 325 Dewey Ave.	Farnam	1900
Herman Gerber, 849 South Twenty-fourth St.	Mason	1905
Grace J. Gaughran, 2827 Case St.	Webster	1897
Merle Hanna, 2321 Lothrop St.	Lothrop	1905
Wolfgang Hanicke, 3320 South Thirty-second St.	Windsor	1899
Fritz Hansen, 1414 Pinkney St.	Lothrop	1902
Harold Hanganer, 2316 Spencer St.	Lothrop	1899
Leo A. Joseph, 6110 North Thirty-sixth St.	Central Park	1902
William Warren Johnston, 1503 Binney St.	Lothrop	1898
Robert A. Kinball, Tenth and Kimball Sts.	Lake	1901
Libby Kattelman, 1518 North Nineteenth St.	Kellom	1897
Frances L. Kopald, 112 North Fortieth St.	Saunders	1899
Duane M. Kelley, 2704 Pinkney St.	Lothrop	1898
Francis P. Kennedy, 2625 South Fifteenth St.	St. Patrick	1904
Carrie Lindberg, 3620 Charles St.	Franklin	1902
Josephine Leroy, 2314 Manderson St.	Lothrop	1900
Zeida L. Lamb, 1755 South Ninth St.	Lincoln	1898
Elsie Langenegar, 2925 South Twenty-fourth St.	Vinton	1898
Cora C. Milgaard, Ninth St. and Redick Ave.	Sherman	1902
Marie B. Morledge, 845 South Twenty-fourth St.	Mason	1897
William McCreary, 3223 Ohio St.	Macdon Heart	1898
Alva T. McClenahan, Thirtieth and Decatur Sts.	Long	1900
Jennie Michelsen, 3218 Sherman Ave.	Lothrop	1897
Alice Nachnabe, Fifth and Nicholas Sts.	Cass	1897
Mike Nerberger, 920 Hugo St.	St. Joseph	1902
Howard E. Ohman, 1042 South Twenty-eighth St.	Park	1899
Ralph Patten, 2413 South Nineteenth St.	Castellar	1902
Paul J. Paulsen, 3516 Parker St.	Franklin	1905
John Phelps, 1013 North Twenty-ninth St.	Webster	1896
Anna Peck, 1914 Dorcas St.	St. Joseph	1898
Frank O. Rimsay, 101 North Eighteenth St.	Central	1896
William Rackley, 4627 Farnam St.	Columbian	1895
Fannie Rubin, 1456 South Thirtieth St.	Comenius	1898
Mardel C. Ricks, 1111 South Ninth St.	Pacific	1896
Harru Ronan, 2524 South Thirty-seventh St.	Windsor	1898
Ida Smith, 3665 Howard St.	Columbian	1902
Clara Schramer, 3729 Marcy St.	Columbian	1896
Pauline Schartow, 1913 Martha St.	Castellar	1896
Lena Scherz, 1605 Frederick St.	Bancroft	1897
Oscar Schuman, 3048 California St.	Webster	1895
Madeline N. Schmits, 2414 South Eighteenth St.	St. Joseph	1900
Clara Shymanski, 2018 South Fourth St.	Train	1896
Edward Thomas, 2101 North Twenty-eighth St.	Sacred Heart	1899
Fay Thompson, 2639 Patrick Ave.	Long	1902
Edward Thomas, 2101 North Twenty-eighth St.	Long	1899
Clarence Urban, 3450 South Fifteenth St.	Edw. Rosewater	1897
Clarence Ed. Wagner, 2751 South Tenth St.	St. Patrick	1897

Loretta's Looking Glass—Held Up to the Slovenly Girl



You leave your hair in the comb! It's a sure sign. If I were a man and contemplating taking you for better or worse, I should have my sister or some kindly woman friend find out if worse included that particular offense.

It is so much easier for a man to be well groomed than a woman that he does not make allowances. The slovenly hates to wash her face, so she puts another coat of powder on to cover the dirt. Can kisses be as alluring to the man who has learned that a girl practices this short route to an appearance of cleanliness. And it takes a lot of time to get one's hair well brushed. So the slovenly does it about semi-weekly. Can the trailing grace of a loosened lock appeal, when a man knows that it has not been brushed to order and cleanliness but just dangles because its possessor is too slovenly to give it proper attention?

Men, no matter how careless they seem about themselves, are so squeamish about the daintiness of a woman as most girls are about cream. You know how sick it makes you just to see a whiff of soured cream. That's exactly how slovenliness in a girl affects a man.

And the slovenly falls down on the faces of her own lingerie. She loves yards of frill. And she lacks totally the perception that a soiled plain petticoat is bad enough, but a soiled frilly one is a crime.

You glory in going about the house looking like an animated rag picker's collection before the leaching process of the paper-makers is applied. You wear a kimono that is a disgrace. Old party slippers flap on and off your feet. Yet you look surprisingly well when you are dressed and

out on the street. That is why you are a menace. A man cannot detect your shortcomings. Ah! but he will—in the sometime that ought to be your good time, when you and he are married. Why do you not practice being what he thinks you are—a real lady, not a slovenly?

For, queerly enough, slovens almost invariably have warm hearts and crave the expression of affection which their own physical carelessness repel. And these two girls are wondering why their husbands do not love them as they did?

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Women as Voters

It should be of some interest to the advocates of women's suffrage, both here and in England, to study the political conditions in New Zealand, which has long tried the experiment of votes for women. The statistics show that the women do not neglect the responsibilities of the ballot, as more than three-quarters of those entitled to vote actually do so—a slightly larger percentage than that of the men. Yet the results of their activity have been unimportant. The no-license movement has been strengthened a little, perhaps; but not conspicuously. The general tendency of politics has undoubtedly been downward; the "boss" and the "machine," with their inevitable corruption, are now as strongly entrenched as in this country. It would be illogical to blame the women for this deterioration; yet, at the best, their voting power seems to have been singularly powerless.—The Forum.

Polyglot Proverbs

Mobs have many heads, but no brains.

Holdet your sail when the wind is fair.

Great folk and dogs know no relationship.

Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

Wishing, of all employments, is the worst.

Your looking glass will tell you what none of your friends will.

Stinging Retort.
Said the glow worm, "Behold me, a marvel complete;
Said the bee, "And I, too, unto fame have a right.
For the way I exemplify heat without light."—The New York Telegram.

Women Have No Time to Take a Whipping



Even if Judge Cochran of Wilmington, Del., has decided that a whipping occasionally helps certain women there is absolutely no sign of the custom being tolerated—not while there is a fire escape exit or an available front door with an open path to Reno, writes "hoodora Beau" in the Telegram.

A number of representative women were given a chance to air their views on the subject. The consensus of opinions and suggestions given may be summarized thus:

A woman never should permit her husband to wear red neckties. They make him prone to violence. She must present him with soft grafts, bloom, moccasins and other gentle, soothing shades.

When a wife knows a man has a nasty temper which is liable to conquer him she should surround the living room and dressing room with open books, filled with noble phrases to divert him in the theme.

She might weep when the storm breaks. Weep loudly, and keep on weeping, wailing meanwhile. He wouldn't want the scene prolonged nor repeated. It might make a kind, placid man of him.

Regard him as a sick person—put castor oil in his coffee. This is considered a subtle way of redeeming him.

Anticipate the blast of fury and discharge the cook in his presence—threatening to do the cooking forever more.

Take lessons secretly in boxing and wrestling. He may not be knocked down to take the count, but he will temper his rage with caution from then on.

Try lassoing him—use the family clothes line. This is an inexpensive method, but worthy of attention.

Nine out of ten guesses show that after any of the above treatments the brute will pat his wife's cheek and say, "It's all right, dear. I know you never will hurt my feelings again."

"It is difficult to take Judge Cochran seriously," said Miss Laura Skinner. "In the first place a woman has so little time in which to take beatings. Think of her hours devoted to the manicurist, masseuse, hairdresser, milliner, dressmaker, the summer philanthropy, with its manifold calls on her; the roof gardens, bridge, the motor trips, the latest novels, and above all, her complexion. Isn't she occupied sufficiently without the additional torment of a prize fighting person bent on starting something unpleasant?"

"It is odd, isn't it, that Judge Cochran should make a statement like that when wife beating is a whipping post offense in Delaware." And Miss Alberta Hill, secretary of the New York Women's Political union, said she had a good notion to go straight over to Wilmington and ask Mrs. Cochran why she permitted her husband to say such things.

Hot Weather Cure for Nerves

For throwing a damper on energy and ambition and as an acting wet blanket to hope and hope comfort, commend me to the peevish person," remarked the man with the worried expression.

Everybody extended a sincere, if unexpressed sympathy to the speaker, the possessor of a notoriously peevish wife. They all wondered how he stood it, especially in hot weather, when an uneasy home atmosphere adds at least 10 degrees to the actual temperature.

Hot weather is a gala time for the person with a perpetual grock. How they enjoy themselves going about railing at the weather, groaking at the discomfort and fatigue and predicting an indefinite continuance of present conditions! They actually seem to find a grim satisfaction that settles out on the brow of the picture-halter as they sigh, and wall and press their throats to happen.

On the other hand, isn't a good cheerful person who thinks it is sure to be cooler tomorrow, who calls your attention to any strange breeze blowing past, who recalls that the sun is good for the crops and that the ice man must be happy on such a day— isn't that optimistic just as good as a first-class electric fan any day?

The woman or the man with a complaint ready to fit every occasion will find the heated region an exhaustless source of supply for spreading the seed of discord. To some, home from a seething, stinging

day in the outside world only to be greeted with a whining protest against the thermometer is not inducive to coolness, and one could scarcely blame the victim for seeking instead the fateful depths of some cub or place of public utility where the cold drinks and fan contribute the much needed comfort.

How infinitely much better to greet the homecomer with rooms made restful by blind shades that lend their cooling shades, windows closed in the early morning to keep in the fresh, chilled air, and a refreshing drink standing in a misty glass near the favorite chair in the coolest nook.

World's Largest Tree.
What is declared to be the largest tree in the world is the famous tulip tree that stands in the church yard at Mills, Mexico. The body of this wonderful tree is 16 feet in circumference and although it was measured more than 200 years ago, it cannot be seen that the tree is making any growth.

Thousands of people visit the tree each year. There is no accurate way by which its great age can be determined, but the best judges place it at several thousand years.

Its exterior is very rough, and as it has the appearance of being diseased, it is thought the interior is decaying. Steps are being taken to preserve the wonderful growth.

Minnesota Plans to Capture Egg Market

When a campaign now on in Minnesota to reform the poultry industry is finished next month, the extension division of the State Farm school promises that state will have made the greatest advance along this line ever known in its history. The poultry industry has grown more rapidly in Minnesota in the last two years than any other product. Last year the output amounted to about \$20,000,000.

Despite the enormous business, the eggs and fowl are marketed just as they were twenty years ago, according to N. E. Chapman, state poultry specialist. "It is with a view to protecting the consumer physically, and assisting the farmer and producer financially, that we have entered upon our present propaganda," said Mr. Chapman.

"According to statistics, about 300 eggs are annually consumed by every man, woman and child in the United States. Minnesota and the northern portion of Michigan are the states to which the nation must look for fresh eggs in late spring time, because of their geographical location. It is with a view to capturing the nation's market that this campaign was started. We can do it if we get down to business."

"To bring about this reform we have started with the farmers. They have cooperated with us at all times, as also has the State Dairy and Food commission, railroad, produce dealers, metropolitan and agricultural newspapers."

Mr. Chapman has a force at work distributing 75,000 circulars of instructions to all those connected in any manner with the poultry industry. This circular outlines how the eggs and chickens should be cared for, both before and after they are marketed; how to prepare for shipment and to care for after their receipt by the produce dealer.

The railroads and express companies have been exceptionally courteous to the state officials and are lending all possible assistance for train and refrigerating car service.

Every town of importance in the state will have been personally visited by Mr. Chapman or other members of the extension division, and a course of instruction has been outlined for carrying the campaign to a successful finish.

Hard Come-Back

"A statesman, according to the old-fashioned creed, 'must never, never change his mind,'" said Governor Woodrow Wilson at a dinner in Trenton. "A changed mind may indicate a splendid mental development, but the old-fashioned are sure to call it inconsistency, and they are sure to come back at the inconsistent statesman as tellingly as the old parishioner came back at his pastor."

"I will take for my text the words—'And they fed ten people with ten thousand loaves of bread and ten thousand fishes.'"

"At this quotation the old parishioner from his seat in the amen-corner said audibly:

"That's no miracle—I could do it myself."

"The young preacher said nothing at the time, but the next Sunday he announced the same text again. This time he got it right: "And they fed ten thousand people on ten loaves of bread and ten fishes."

"He waited a moment, and then, leaning over the pulpit and looking at the amen-corner, he said:

"And could you do that, too, Mr. Smith?"

"Of course I could," Mr. Smith replied.

"And how would you do it?" said the preacher.

"Why, with what was left over from last Sunday, of course," said Mr. Smith.

Best Burglar Alarm

Every renter has his own idea of what constitutes a desirable neighborhood," said the renting agent. "A tenant hung back from signing a lease for six years the other day because I could not tell him whether anybody in the block was taking the fresh-air cure. He was so insistent that I finally made inquiry and learned that a man on the third floor sleeps every night with his head stuck out of the window and then the tenant signed the lease."

"His precaution was due to fear of burglars. He has learned, he says, that the best burglar alarm ever invented is the fresh-air cure. Not even the doctors who advise it know as well as the second-story men how many people sleep with their heads out of the window. They know because the habit interferes with their business. Whole blocks that used to be profitable hunting grounds for burglars are now so much waste space because two or three persons in the block go to bed with the upper half of the body protruding beyond the window sill. Outdoor sleepers may sleep comfortably, but they sleep lightly. The second-story man cannot make a noise half a block away without waking them and giving the alarm."

In teaching the young idea how to shoot it is difficult to combine the principles of politeness and truth.