

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Bleat of the Innocent Bystander

"Listen," commanded the Regular Fellow. "A Chicago woman admits she spends \$1,850 a year on powder and other cosmetics."

"How can she have the face to do it?" demanded the Innocent Bystander. "Face to admit it, I mean, not to receive the full force of that \$1,850 blast of complexion powder, cosmetics, perfums and toilet water that she itemized. Her face is a fortune—to cosmetic sellers."

"Of course, you put it rather strong, quoting the figure at \$1,850. If I remember correctly the lady merely spends a paltry \$450 a year in giving her countenance that whitewashed appearance which is a salubrious sign of wealth to the dealers in complexion powder. The rest was spent for perfumes, toilet waters, hairdressing, manicure and cosmetics. Think of it! Only \$450 a year on mab powder, only a little more than a dollar's worth a day. Did you ever have a dollar's worth of face powder at one time and split it so, did you ever try to put it all on at once?"

"I should imagine one would have to swim in it, particularly if one were a woman preparing for the opera or dinner. However, maybe it's possible that the woman in the case doesn't patronize the 19-cent-a-tin-shaker style of powder that you indulge in after shaving. Anyway, when one lives in Chicago one has to be spraying one's features with powder every other minute to cover up the film of coal soot which wafts along from the river tug and lake front locomotives."

"We get a line on the classy brand of stuff she buys when the lady says that the special, smellless or inaudible perfume that she buys to the tune of \$300 a year costs \$7.50 an ounce. I suppose when she has used up \$1,400 her beauty will have that twelve-pound look of sweetness and acceptability."

"Anyway, she holds her bill for other cosmetics down to \$275 a year, and that's



POWDER.

pretty conservative for a modern woman—that is, a modern woman who can pry loose enough coin to sink \$1,850 a year on beauty. Of course, it would be impolite to inquire whether that \$275 was for rosy cheeks or cherry red lips—although in view of our best overdone circles lately I've noticed that the prevailing favorite lip tint is a vivid brick red—although it might have been more appropriately a brick gold.

"Of course, the woman answer to all this that they decorate themselves the way they do to please the man. Yes, they do, yes! A Pittsburgh woman pleased her husband so well by dyeing her hair after twenty years of married life that hubby started in to break up housekeeping and everything he could lay hands on. He refused to be a chromatic widower."

"What's a chromatic widower?" asked the Regular Fellow.

"One whose wife dyes," explained the Innocent Bystander.

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## A Few Remarks Concerning the Mule

Behold the mule! Around his agile form race the discussions of science and experience, the fires of hatred and of love, the darts of contempt and the plaudits of admiration, says a writer in the Philadelphia North American. Into the arena of the world-wide argument he has been driven, silent and patient as of old; dumb with the discretion of the centuries, wise with the lore of life species.

He is dull of wit and stubborn of disposition; he is brilliant of intellect and more docile than the dove; he is no better than his father, the jackass; he is endowed with a quality of genius that is superior to plain horse sense; he is a hysterical old maid and he is a gentleman and a scholar; he has the presence of mind to come in when it rains and he is better qualified to run the weather bureau than its present administration.

Over in London Prof. Wyndham Cottle of the Royal College of Surgeons and in the Isle of Wight Dr. R. Conyngham Brown, both prominent members of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, have been investigating the traits of mulesness from the mysterious beast's sphinxlike head to his altogether irresponsible heels, and they don't think much of him.

They sort of pity him, as we do human idiots. His cunningness, his stubbornness, his magnificent wrath and his natural-born kick—all these are neither his fault nor his glory. They are merely symptoms of his affliction.

The mule, these astute scientific gentlemen agree, is just a poor, miserable, weakened, hysterical parody of a creature, who is invariably either paralyzed with anger or scared into catatony by fear. When he balks he isn't determined not to move; he is merely involuntarily unable to move. His emotions are suffocating him, and all the time you are lambasting him his overwheeled soul is vacillating between untiring shrieks for home and mother and a passionate yearning to kick where it will hurt the most.

But listen to an American lover of the mule, Eli Kindig of Philadelphia, who has handled thousands of the long-eared animal and is considered an expert. He says: "The mule is a fool. Why, he has more brains in his heels than plenty of people I know have in their heads. Nerves? Why, if sheer, unadulterated nerve, multiplied about a hundred times, is stated by arithmetic to go into the plural and the discard, yes, the mule suffers from nerves. Mad? Oh, any minute of the day; madder than a barrel of dynamite and twice as able to take care of himself. But paralyzed and hysterical? Not so long as he can take a chunk out of your shoulder with his teeth or land you somewhere in the vicinity of Ararat with his heels."

"The mule is the best, bravest, brainiest, kindest animal that walks on four legs. Nobody realizes the enormous strength a mule can muster if his driver knows how to utilize his interest. A horse is a weakling beside him; a chronic invalid as well as a fool. The horse is always liable to coxa; I've never seen a single corn on any of the thousands of mules I've handled. I've never seen a mule idiot enough to kick himself at his feed. Take a horse to his stall, whatever his condition, and he'll grut himself on grain if it's there, and it'll kill him. Take a mule in, all over-headed, and he won't touch his oats until he has prepared himself with plenty of hay. Put a mule in the circus and he'll

amaze the populace with the tricks he'll learn. Make a friend of him—and all you have to do is to refrain from making him an enemy—and he'll work himself to death for you. Exaggeration? Not a bit of it.

"The weather bureau has an average of about eighty-five correct guesses out of 100 on what's coming to us; but the mule has an unbroken record of 100 flat. He never fails to raise Cain when a storm's at hand. If the government knew its business it would fire the whole weather bureau and keep a herd of mules.

"And talk about a mule kicking because he's in a comatose condition, with emotional attachments! When a mule kicks, he kicks to put something out of business, and that something has usually been interfering with his right to the pursuit of happiness. If we could only use the mule's marksmanship in the navy, all the gun pointers would be stocking coal. He not only kicks because he wants to kick, but he kicks a bulls-eye every kick. A horse is a lobster beside him."

## Odd Superstitions

A collection of tallow rising up against the wick of a candle was styled a winding sheet in older times, and deemed an omen of death in the family. A spark at the candle denoted that the person opposite to it would shortly receive a letter.

If pigs be killed when the moon is in the wax superstitious people believe that the bacon when cooked will waste away.

From the earliest times ornaments fashioned in the shape of crescents have been regarded as potent charms to ward off evil spirits.

In Mecklenburg it is thought that if a nail be thrust into a man's footprint he will go lame.

Skins of seals and hyenas were believed by the Greeks to be effective protections against lightning.

Old-time actors had a superstitious aversion to the peacock appearing in any form on the stage.

In fixing the wedding day May, among months, and Friday, among days, are shunned by people in all walks of life.

Fairies in the Highlands of Scotland are all supposed to be drowned in a place called the Ferry. Desiring to cross, they asked an old woman if the water was deep, and in Gaelic she replied: "Attempting to cross they were submerged. Although it's black, it is not deep." In at-

**Origins of Blackguard.** Scullions and lower servants of the English court who were clothed in sable garments were originally called blackguards. Gibbon informs us that "those who carried coals to the kitchen, or rode with the pots and pans, were in derision called the blackguards."

A proclamation issued in England in 1653 officially recognized the title by applying it to "vicious, idle and masterless boys and rogues, commonly called the black guard, with divers other loose fellows."

## PUDGE PERKINS' PETS



## Loretta's Looking Glass—Held Up to Girl With Bad Table Manners



What is the matter with us women? Why can we never bring ourselves to a point where we recognize the advisability of keeping everything good that the past has developed in and for us, while we appropriate all the advantages of the present? Girls now laugh at the old-fashioned "Pretty is as pretty does," but it's true. And men are the very first to appreciate that particular kind of beauty.

A view of a cafe is enough to make an open-eyed being wonder how long it will be before the human race relapses into that particular phase of evolutionary progress which produced the hog. Not because there is so much eaten! No, indeed! Just because it is eaten with such flagrant disregard for the small graces which differentiate the human animal from the four-legged variety.

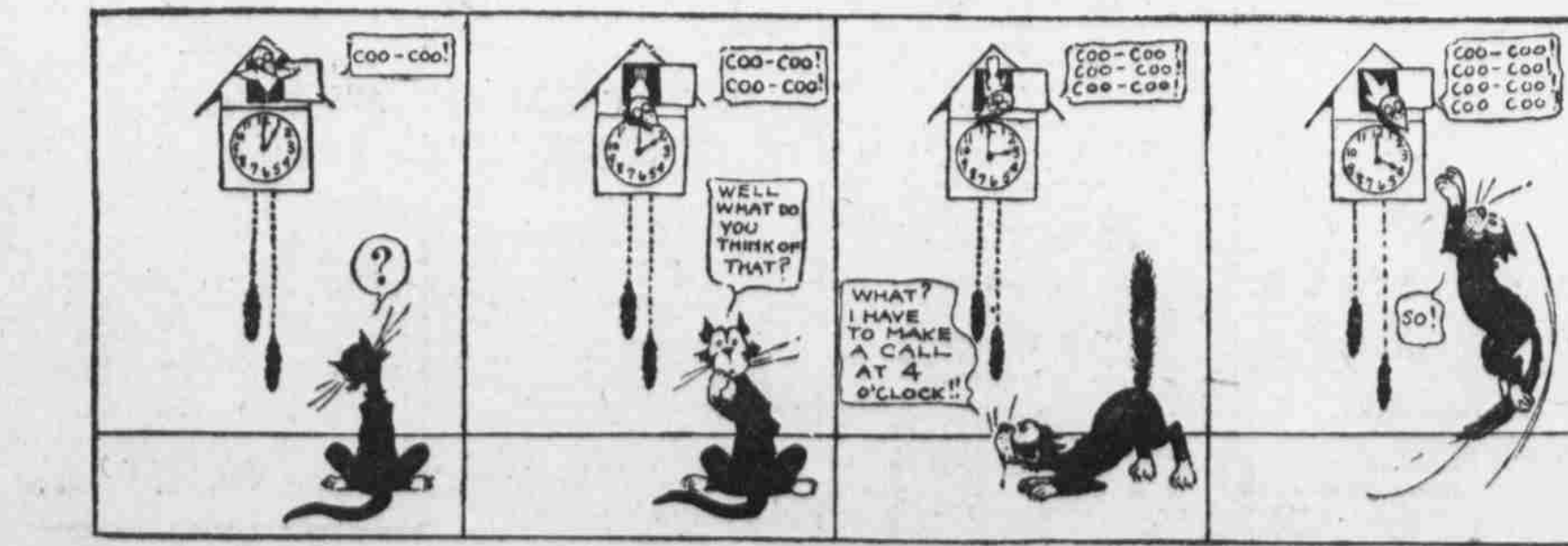
Have you seen a fat porker with its front feet on the fence, voraciously awaiting the arrival of the bucket that conveys its food? And have you seen a fat woman with her elbows on the table watching the waiter who approaches with a salver of viands? Isn't there a striking resemblance? I am the last one to advocate the "old-fashioned" woman as the model which we should copy. But it looks a waste that offends my idea of social economy to cast aside all the excellencies that that old-fashioned sister had perfected—when we need all the charms and graces we can get! Table manners were a specialty of the women of a generation earlier than ours. So were small waists and the fainting habit. Maybe one reason we are so—so—well, here I say it, even if it is rather dreadful, so beastly, is because we have larger waists and do not faint. We need more food, so we cannot mine over it. But we certainly need not lop over the table. The languid lol of the belle of a day zone by inspires the athletic girl of today with amusement. Yet the tennis champion and the golf expert appropriate it when they sit down to eat. Which is worse—to loll as the old-time belle did in a place suited

## Doolin Was Stubborn

People in the matrimonial state, despite its popularity, evidently do at times chafe under its bonds. Evidence of it is found in the court reports. There's Mr. and Mrs. Charles Doolin of Decatur, Ill. They should not have married, but they did and peace fled. During the last five years their domestic troubles have been aired in court twenty-three times, and fifty warrants have been sworn out. It developed at the appearances of the Doolins in court, last week, that Mr. Doolin had not taken a bath for twenty-four years. Disinclination at having the habits of a lifetime changed to conform to a mere woman's whims caused friction in the Doolin family, or was one cause of the friction there. Of course, a man can get along with a woman like this by continuous yielding, but Doolin was not made of such pliable material. He was the

rock against which these silly feminine notions beat in vain. One would think it would be better to take a bath than to go to court, but we don't know Doolin. It was doubtless a matter of principle with him. A man will suffer for his convictions as we know from history and observation. He will even die for them. And at that they are probably wrong.—Minneapolis Tribune.

## Well, What Dou You Think of That?



## The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book



This is the Day We Celebrate

August 21, 1911

BEATRICE BLACK, 232 North Twenty-fifth Street.

Ruth J. Alcorn, 3325 Manderson St.	Monmouth Park	1898
Josephine Alexander, 1443 South Fourteenth St.	Comenius	1887
Corine M. Anderson, 4210 Nicholas St.	Walnut Hill	1904
Rasmus P. Anderson, 613 1/2 Pacific St.	Pacific	1897
Pearl L. Austin, 2872 Pratt St.	Howard Kennedy	1899
Lena Baker, 2226 Mason St.	Mason	1899
Beatrice E. Black, 2923 North Twenty-fifth St.	Lothrop	1905
Ruth E. Betts, 506 North Twentieth St.	Central	1903
Agnes Bezdach, 1314 Garfield St.	Edw. Rosewater	1900
George E. Brown, 2124 North Twenty-sixth St.	Long	1904
Margaret Campbell, 3354 South Seventeenth St.	Winton	1900
Margaret Casey, 3203 South Twentieth St.	Winton	1897
Mayer Cohen, 846 Georgia Ave.	Park	1896
Irene Cohoon, 1415 Ohio St.	Lake	1901
Burt M. Corliss, 3323 South Thirty-second St.	Windsor	1902
John David, 1408 William St.	Comenius	1904
Robert English, 525 South Thirty-first St.	Farnam	1904
Alice Fay, 2504 Emmet St.	Lothrop	1905
Gerald E. Fitt, 2623 Spencer St.	Lothrop	1896
Sarah Fogelman, 1110 North Seventeenth St.	Cass	1904
Arthur Glasgow, 3815 Ames Ave.	High	1894
Herbert A. Goodland, 2145 South Thirty-fourth St.	Windsor	1899
Leonard W. Grace, 2926 Indiana Ave.	Webster	1899
Jacob Graceman, 1431 North Nineteenth St.	Kellom	1898
Harry Humphrey, Forty-third and Webster Sts.	Central Park	1902
Ruth E. Johnson, 2203 North Twenty-seventh Ave.	Long	1901
Amata Kaer, 3615 Hamilton St.	Franklin	1900
Lee F. Kenney, 1822 Pinkney St.	Lothrop	1904
Earl Lancaster, 3109 Sherman Ave.	Lake	1896
Margaret Virginia Laird, 535 South Twenty-fifth Ave.	Mason	1899
Willy Lindoe, 1520 South Twenty-fourth St.	Park	1900
Walter Lindell, 704 North Thirty-third St.	High	1894
Henry Lucas, 1823 Spencer St.	Lothrop	1904
Ethel F. McCullough, 2609 North Twenty-second St.	Lake	1899
Florence McGuinness, 808 Hickory St.	Lincoln	1897
Theresa Miller, 2213 South Fifteenth St.	St. Joseph	1901
Pearl M. Miller, 4013 South Tenth St.	Bancroft	1896
Leo Simon Nelson, 2104 South Fifty-first St.	Beals	1905
Lillian Millie Nelson, 2104 South Fifty-first St.	Beals	1905
Galen Newlin, 620 North Seventeenth St.	Cass	1899
Alice Nichols, 3516 North Fortieth Ave.	Clifton Hill	1890
Edmond O'Toole, 2807 South Thirty-second Ave.	Windsor	1902
Laura Peters, 3305 Burt St.	Webster	1898
Fred Peterson, 1520 North Thirtieth St.	Franklin	1900
Joe Pleuler, 1417 Pierce St.	Comenius	1902
Verner Rand, 710 North Twenty-second St.	Kellom	1901
LeRoy Richardson, 4760 North Twenty-fourth St.	Saratoga	1900
Louis Richardson, 4760 North Twenty-fourth St.	Saratoga	1900
Francis Rossit, 4018 North Twenty-fifth Ave.	Sacred Heart	1903
Harold E. Savage, 2517 South Thirty-third St.	Windsor	1901
Catherine Savidge, 2228 Maple St.	Lothrop	1903
Einer Seaholm, 3338 Spalding St.	Druid Hill	1901
Edith Skupa, 911 Atlas St.	Edw. Rosewater	1904
Margaret Turnquist, 309 North Twenty-third St.	Central	1901
Anden Walker, 2114 Clark St.	Kellom	1897
Philip Yonson, 973 North Twenty-seventh Ave.	Webster	1899

## The "Littlest Broiler" at the Ball Game

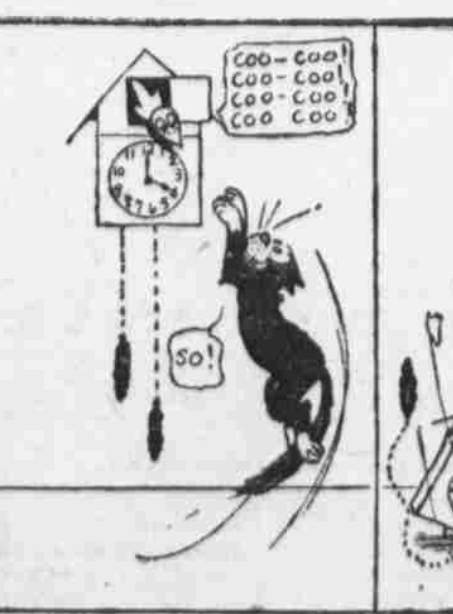
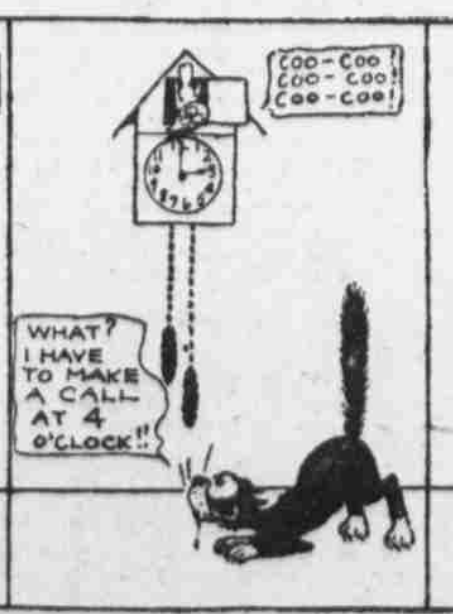
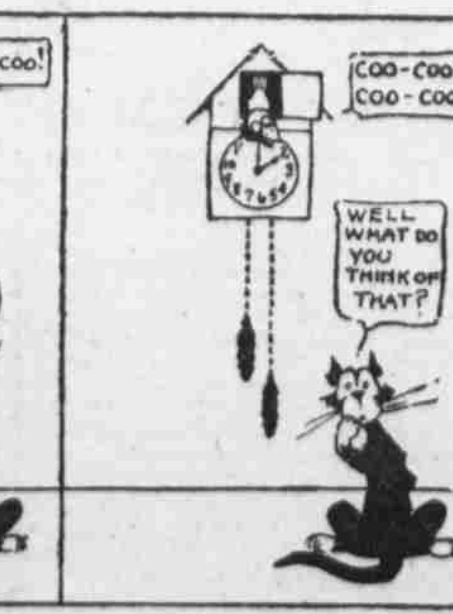
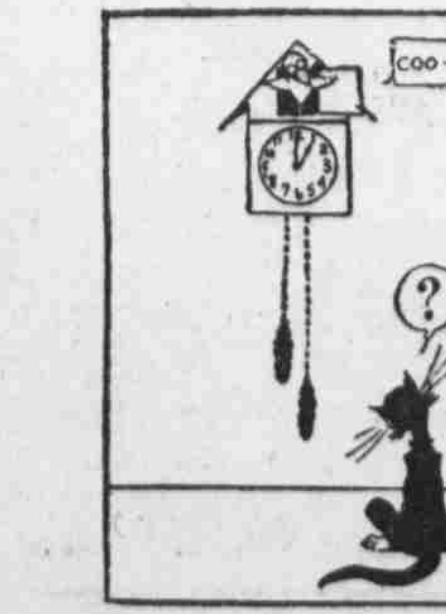
What's the matter with your face? asked the Littlest Broiler as Jean Louise appeared in the wings for the choroidal dance cue. "The skin is all peeled and your nose looks as if it had heard bad news from home."

Jean Louise sighed. "I've been out to the ball game, and believe me, that is enough to do more than just take the skin off. Say, did you ever sit in the sun for three hours and make faces at yourself? That nice Clark man rang me up and asked would I go to see a ball game. I've been handing out a nice line about how athletic I am and how I love outdoor sports, meaning Clark mostly, so I thought it was up to me to go. But I'll never boast of things again."

## Doolin Was Stubborn

England has the honor of first making cruelty to animals a distinct subject of public attention by legislation enacted in 1818.

Lace was in use in Venice at an early period and it was known to the ancient Greeks and Romans. Its importation into England was prohibited in 1483 to protect the domestic manufacture.



All Alone—Perhaps.

Administration of an oath in judicial proceedings was introduced into England by the Saxons in 600.