

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

He Never Takes a Dare

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By Nell Brinkley



Did you ever do this—sit up and swell your little chest out and smile sort of off-hand and dare Danny to take a shot at you. He never does, you know, take a dare. You sit back on your heels, and you think it's a game—just fun. The little chap's got such a playful smile, and he fools

around and fools around and sends his arrow quivering into the walls—but you are dead certain that he'd never lose it into your even-pulsed heart. And so, in the midst of this mild play and gentle camaraderie, you put your two fists on your hips and dare young Dan to wing you! And

he braces his small legs and rounds out his tummy and draws the singing string to his pink ear (and still it looks like play, for his mouth beyond the bow is smiling just the same), and he shuts one bright eye; and you smile on also—and one tiny, vicious twang—time enough to see behind Love's

smile an icy cruelty—and over you topple—clean gone—in love—the deadly bittersweet struck deep in your heart! Did you ever dare Love to wing you and find he never takes a dare! Don't do it, even if you're the lastest old bachelor ever was!

NELL BRINKLEY.

The Piper

By CONSTANCE CLARKE.

Out of the echoing faraway,
Up from the rushing sea;
Back on the road of Yesterday,
A piper came to me.

"Pipe me a song of Life," I cried,
And he lifted his eyes above,
While the sweet wild notes drifted far and wide,
As he piped me a song of love.

Then laughing I hurried upon my way,
And I left love far behind;
Till I came on my piper of yesterday;
Grown old and crippled and blind.

"Pipe me a song of Life," I cried,
And with blind eyes lifted above,
He fingered his cracked old pipe with pride,
And played me the song of love.

Fortunes Built on Tips

The average wage of waiters in New York City is only 83 cents a day, but that does not prevent them from being the most persistent among the small speculators in Wall street. They like easy money, but they are shrewd. Just now they are playing the game with rather more vim than usual. Some big tips on the market have been passed around among them, and they are keeping attentive eyes on the ticker.

Walters who serve in the big hotels or restaurants that are patronized by the heavy speculators get all sorts of first-hand information from the conversations they overhear. Sometimes it is in regard to stocks and sometimes about real estate.

The men seated at the table usually pay little or no attention to the one who waits on them. The more prompt and the less obtrusive the waiter is the better they like him. Nine times out of ten they get up and go away without having the least idea what he looks like. On the other hand, it is the part of every first-class waiter's business to remember names and faces and gossip and to store them away in his memory. Therefore, by comparing notes with other waiters, he gets a fair idea as to whether the scraps of information he overhears are to be relied on or not.

Tips and Tipsters.

There is one illustrious case of a waiter at the Holland House, who was given a running start by Charles M. Schwab. This happened ten or eleven years ago. This waiter was solicitous whenever Mr. Schwab appeared. Mr. Schwab noticed it and liked it and responded liberally. One day Mr. Schwab gave an entertainment and this waiter excelled himself. Mr. Schwab called him over, complimented him highly and told him he was pleased with his attention. He concluded by saying he would be glad to do anything he could for him at any time. The waiter thanked him warmly, and the matter rested for a week or more. Then the waiter, at an opportune moment, reminded Mr. Schwab of his offer and said he would like to take advantage of it. He explained that he had a little money to invest and would be grateful if Mr. Schwab would suggest a good stock in which to deal. Mr. Schwab was thoughtful a moment and then he

opined that American Bridge was a fine investment. He added that it was selling at a low price, and, in his opinion, was sure to advance soon. The waiter expressed thanks for his advice, saw Mr. Schwab to the door and bowed him out. Within a month from that time Mr. Schwab, who, like all other large financiers, had an active and efficient staff to gather information for him, learned that some one was buying American Bridge in respectable quantities. Further inquiry developed that this person was not a broker, but some one outside of the street.

Mr. Schwab's investigations discovered that the man who had bought between 10,000 and 20,000 shares of American Bridge on a margin was a waiter at the Holland House. It was the waiter to whom Mr. Schwab had given the tip. This waiter had been making good use of all his tips, both monetary and market, in a quiet way, and had accumulated considerable of a fortune. When he got Mr. Schwab's advice he played it to the limit and cleaned up many thousands.

Cutting Coupons.

There is a head waiter at one of the big hotels much frequented by heavy speculators. He is credited with having a fortune of at least \$20,000. Recently he was seen to go to the office desk and ask for his strong box from the safe. He opened it, took out a handful of bonds, went away and busied himself for a time cutting coupons.

"How much did you cut off?" he was asked.

"This is a bad month, I only cut off \$300," he replied. "But wait until next month."

Several of the proprietors of large and fashionable Broadway restaurants started in life as waiters and there are others, who are waiters still who are wealthy. One of the latter class owns an apartment house in West End avenue that is assessed at \$110,000. He is a widower, and his two sons are in the Ecole Polytechnique in Paris. He himself lives in a furnished room on Forty-fourth street to be near his work. He is reputed to have accumulated his wealth from the tips he got from one man, a banker, whom he served for several years. Of course, the tips went into Wall street, and the banker's advice, and increased there

Science

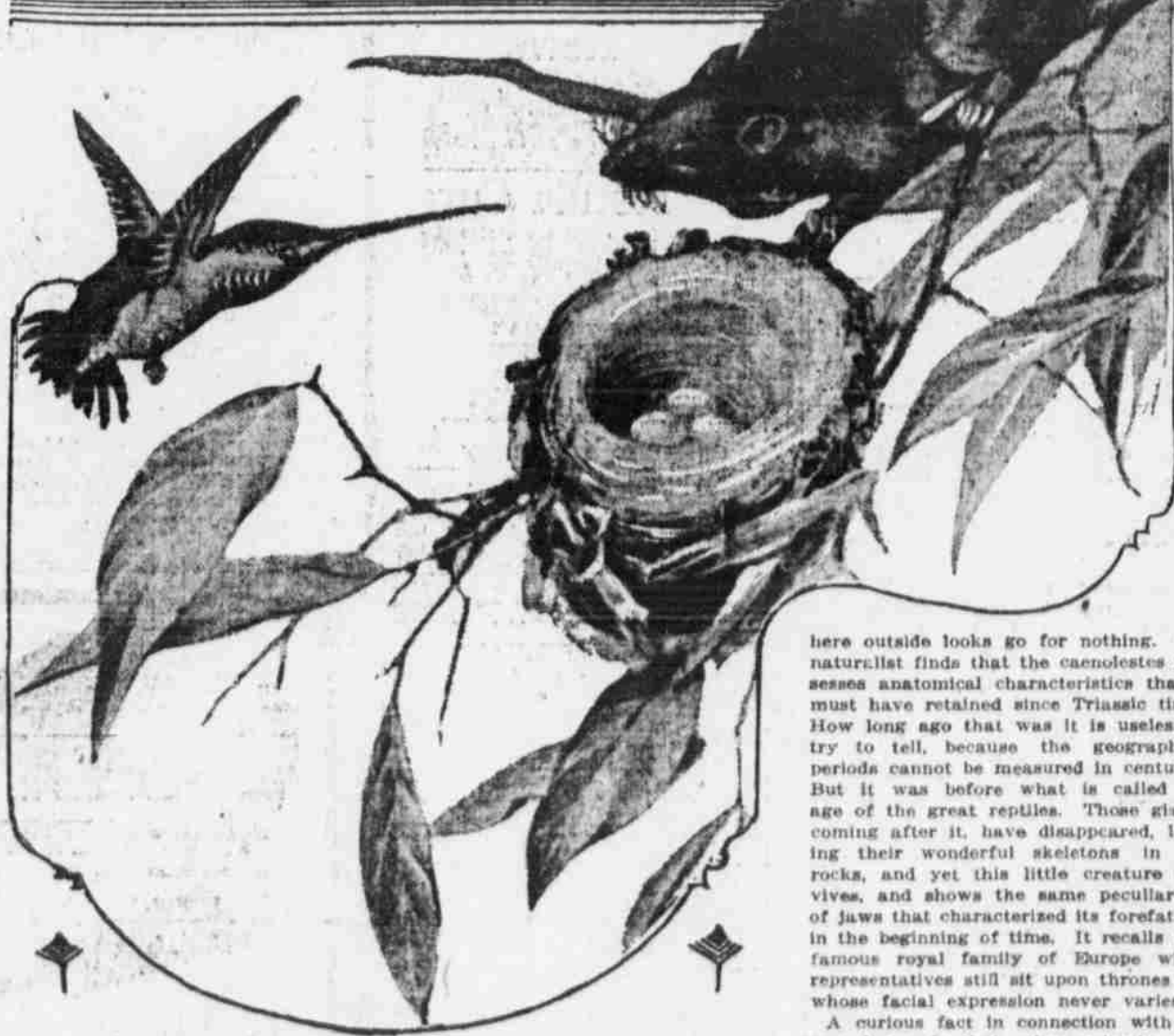
A Geological Aristocrat Who Has Outlived His Time

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Here again is the war of races—the play of the terrible law that life must live upon life.

But the antagonists confronting one another in this picture—the little humming bird, with its defending lance, and the mouse-like creature seeking the eggs—possess a particular interest, because one of them is what a French naturalist calls a "reventat"; that is to say, a "ghost," though not in the ordinary ac-

This unusual picture shows the caenolestes surprised while raiding a bird's nest for eggs. The mother bird is furiously trying to drive the thieving animal away.



Attacking a Humming Bird's Nest.

ception of that term. It looks like a mouse, but is none. It is a geological survivor, a left-over from the most remote antiquity, a representative of the inhabitants of this globe millions of years ago. During all that tremendous lapse of time it has retained the characteristics of its ancestors, whose tombs are more ancient than the hills.

If length of pedigree and rarity of connections are marks of aristocracy, this animal must rank as one of the bluest-blooded of the earth's inhabitants. It dwells in Central America, but is so

seldom seen even by the Indians who haunt the woods of Colombia and Ecuador that it has no generally recognized popular name. Around Bogota it is called the "raton puncho," or opossum rat. Naturalists name it the "caenolestes." It lives among the upper branches of trees, raiding the nests of small birds and keeping itself secluded from observation, as if it felt that it does not belong to the age in which it finds itself.

To the unscientific eye there is nothing remarkable in its appearance. But

at a tremendous rate.

Quite a number of the waiters in the expensive downtown restaurants own their own homes, usually handsome places in the country. Some of them are leading citizens and are in the \$100,000 class. One of them some months ago was a waiter in an old and fashionable restaurant that has since been wined out

by fire. He was serving a party at lunch one day and overheard remarks concerning a certain stock that was to be pounded. He finished serving the party, pleaded illness and was excused. Then he hurried over to his brokers and went short of that stock to the extent of \$5,000 on a five-point margin.

He had heard a certain figure men-

tioned and knew just where to close the deal. He stayed away from work and watched his investment the next three days, selling more and more stock for every half point of decline. He got out at the psychological moment and went back to his job the following day many thousands richer.—New York Press.

Shaking Down Extra Flesh

Prof. William Howard Taft of Yale, until recently one of the "tallest men in the United States of which he was president, is as happy as a boy on Christmas eve. During his visit to New York City he told stories and laughed more heartily than his listeners. He had a smile for the world and everybody in it. He walked like an athlete with a spring from his toes and he came as near to capering as you could reasonably expect an ex-president to do.

Why? Because when he weighed himself yesterday morning he had to slide the balancer back along the scale beam clear to the little white mark which meant 271 pounds eight ounces, a little drop of sixty-nine pounds eight ounces from the 341 at which he tipped the beam when he left the White House; because he is back to the weight of twenty-seven years ago, when he went on the federal bench; because he has solved the problem that crazes the brows of fat men and fat women; because he is more alert mentally and physically than when he was Mr. President.

He felt so good, in fine, that he wanted to give a Christmas present to all nations, one worth more than jewels and fine gold—the art of successfully reducing flesh. If there's any man on earth who has given more attention to that problem Prof. Taft would like to know who he is. His burden of flesh compelled him to lead a monk's life while other men were joying in eating and drinking. But he has found happiness and relief.

At the home of his brother, Henry W. Taft, 36 West Forty-eighth street, the ex-president revealed the secret of suc-

cessfully and permanently separating one's self from adipose tissue, and offered to others who have been harassed as he was the benefit of his experience.

"I would say to any man or woman who is too fat to do his or her best, mentally and physically, and who is eager to get down to weight, be careful how you go about it. A good doctor, one who knows his patient's strength and weaknesses, is everything.

"For heaven's sake keep away from quacks, you burdened ones! Do not be lured by attractive advertisements and promises that your fat will be taken off by some hokusokus and without self-denial and effort on your part.

"My doctor interdicted potatoes and all starchy things. Potatoes for me have come to be a deadly sin. He cut from my bill of fare all fat meats, absolutely forbidding pork and other meats containing much fat.

"I am not allowed to eat fatty fish, such as salmon. I don't touch pastry of any kind. I must be very careful about my allowance of sugar. I am permitted to eat lean roast beef and lean mutton. I have a wide range of vegetables which do not contain much starch or sugar. I am friendly with the salads provided there is but a little oil in the dressings.

"This is only a bare outline of the regimen. The point is that a capable doctor who understands his patient knows what should be eaten and what should be avoided. Get a good doctor, follow his instruction with all your will and strength and you will be benefited. This is the only secret of weight reduction."—New York Sun.

Saw Lee Give Up Sword

H. M. Norton, 1561 Ross street, is one of the few residents of Sioux City who saw the surrender of Lee to Grant at Appomattox court house in the spring of 1865.

At that time Mr. Norton was a member of the Thirty-second Maine Infantry, a regiment that saw the shortest and perhaps the most gruelling service of the entire civil war. It was the only regiment so shattered that it had to be mustered only and consolidated with another regiment.

In the spring of 1864, when Grant was raising the army of the Potomac, Mr. Norton, though only a boy of 17 years, enlisted as sergeant in Company D of the ill-fated Maine regiment. He served continuously until several months after the surrender of Lee and the signing of the treaty of peace.

The Maine regiment of which Mr. Norton was a member was assigned to the Second brigade, Second division, Ninth army corps, commanded by Major General A. E. Burnside. This corps was intended for the reserve of the grand army under General Grant in the great movement that year against Richmond.

When the army of northern Virginia, under General Lee, was unexpectedly encountered in the wilderness bordering the Rappahannock and its tributaries on May 5, 1864, one of the most terrible battles of the war began, and it was necessary to call on the "reserves." Six companies of the Maine regiment were thrown into the fight and engaged in the hottest part of the battle. Thousands were killed, but Mr. Norton escaped without a wound.

In the two sanguinary battles of Spottsylvania, also, he was unscathed while thousands of his comrades fell on all sides.

It was on June 30 that Mr. Norton took an active part in what General Grant later described as "the saddest event of the war." This was the famous Burnside mine explosion. More than 10,000 tons of powder had been exploded under the rebel works, blowing up a South Carolina regiment and leaving a pit several feet deep and an opening sixty feet wide.

Griffin's division, of which the Thirty-second Maine was a part, promptly moved forward and passed into what was called "the crater." Mr. Norton's company was the first to pass through the breach. The regiment halted inside the works and awaited reinforcements. But through some unaccountable delay some came and the rebel army, rallying from its surprise, began the slaughter of the northern regiment. Three-fourths of the Maine regiment was killed and only fifty men came out of the fight unscathed. So awful had been the slaughter that the living had entrenched themselves behind the dead bodies of comrades.

Three thousand men were killed and 1,000 taken prisoners in this engagement alone.

In the attack on the Weldon railroad a month later the Thirty-second Maine was destroyed as a regiment and was consolidated with other companies. The regiment had been composed of untrained men and they were under fire almost every day from the time they were mustered in until after the surrender of Lee.—Sioux City Journal.