

FICTION

THE BEE'S HOME MAGAZINE PAGE

HUMOR

ASIDE LIGHTS ALONG WASHINGTON BYWAYS

If Senator Beveridge handles his constituents as smoothly as he handles the people with whom he comes in contact in Washington he ought to be a sure winner this fall...



which is worth repeating. He had been in conference with President Roosevelt for nearly an hour, and as he emerged from the private office he was surrounded by a group of correspondents...

The Tired Business Man

Tell Friend Wife that an Electric Farm Might Shock all of the Corn.

BY WALTER A. SINCLAIR. "What do you think of the idea of forcing crops by electricity?" asked Friend Wife...



"Believe me, I would not like to take a chance planting in a field of wires with a possibility of being short-circuited. While the new-fangled farmers would doubtless telephone to the power house to have the juice shut off when they would like to plow, sow, winnow, reap or harrow, the harrowing possibly would always exist that the man might turn the switchboard elsewhere and leave the farm full of live wires sleep...

"SHOCKING!" motorman about the time he now received an unbridled education in driving Dad's span of stump faced horses. I don't know how it would work for plowing, although motorman do seem to be quite a plow through a traffic jam, but when it comes to planting, in an underling sense, and to grim reaping the trolley is there with bells on...

DOLBY'S DOUBLE

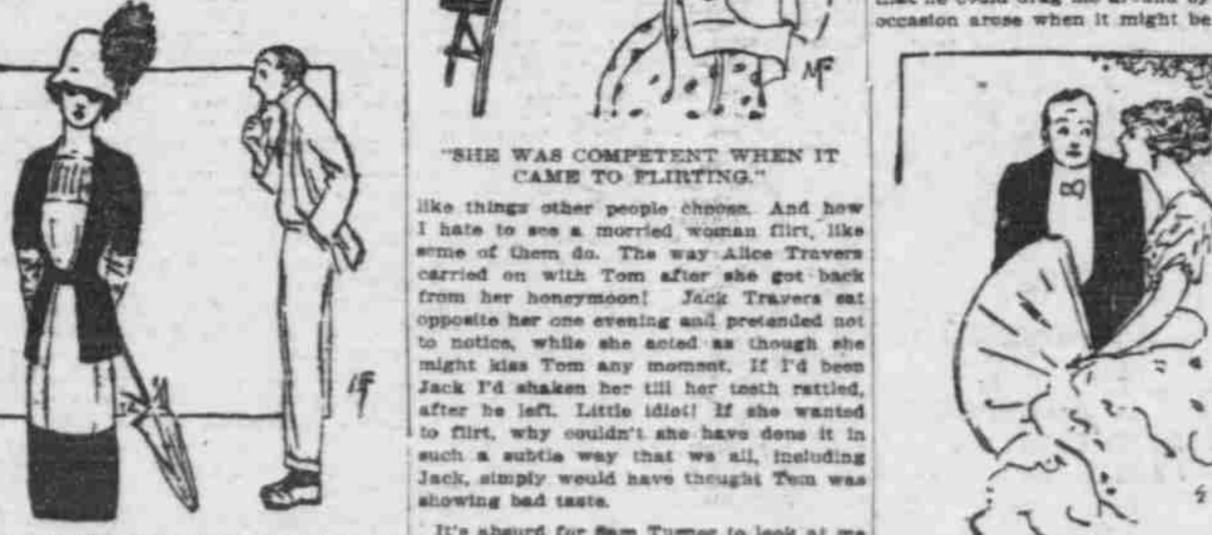


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The Diary of DOLLIE A Summer Girl

BY M.F. MONDAY - I am going to Molly Turner's for a week. I can't be rather un-

pleased there. She writes me her name has just left. I don't see why she never can keep one for more than a short time. She's so funny. She had one who was a perfect beauty and couldn't do anything whom she kept for months. I will admit that she was very competent when it came to flirting with Sam Turner, Molly's husband. Molly never was "on" for a moment, and finally sent her away because she found her making eyes at the butler's boy! The baby is sweet, but not old enough to be interesting to any one but Molly. Heavens! I suppose I shall have to play the part of nurse. Of course, I should never think of saying this except in a diary, because it would be regarded as...



"SHE WAS COMPETENT WHEN IT CAME TO FLIRTING." like things other people happen. And how I hate to see a married woman flirt, like some of them do. The way Alice Travers carried on with Tom after she got back from her honeymoon! Jack Travers sat opposite her one evening and pretended not to notice, while she acted as though she might kiss Tom any moment. If I'd been Jack I'd shaken her till her teeth rattled, after he left. Little idiot! If she wanted to flirt, why couldn't she have done it in some subtle way that we all, including Jack, simply would have thought Tom was showing bad taste. It's absurd for Sam Turner to look at me and sigh the way he does when I visit Molly. I always liked him a lot, though. Mostly because he liked me so much. Whenever I felt like talking about myself and was afraid of boring any one else I'd tell Sam. Why, he could stand it for hours, and he'd never talk about himself at all, or give advice. I can remember...

New Styles in Hairdressing for Elderly Women

Styles in hairdressing for elderly women do not change as frequently as those for younger persons; in fact there are many matrons of mature age who refuse to adopt any innovations in the arrangement of the coiffure, since they have found a style they consider individually becoming. Take the pompadour, for instance. There are hosts of women still wearing it. At the same time, according to fashion's decree, it is decidedly passé. Middle aged and elderly women who desire to appear up to date have entirely discarded the pompadour and are using the side and the middle parting as considered becoming. Unless one has a quantity of hair the middle parting is almost an impossibility, because the transformation—an addition to the natural hair that has become a necessity in ninety-nine cases out of 100 nowadays—does not lend itself well to this arrangement. One of the latest styles in hairdressing is arranged in this way: First, the hair is combed straight down towards the face, back and shoulders. Then the transformation is effected around the head. The parting may be on the left side only, or on both sides. In the case of either, a very full face or one unduly slender, the dual parting will be found the most becoming. The face of average contour may adopt the younger looking left side parting. Next, the front portion of hair, whether in two or three divisions, is taken back in rather a flat effect at the top of the head and puffed slightly about the face above the ears. The back portion of hair is taken up under a small roll, and all the ends of the hair are twisted into a knot and pinned down to the head. The last process consists of placing a huge cluster of curl puffs at the back so large that the head is almost completely covered. The large flat chignon puff is no longer considered fashionable, the curl finger shape puffs are all coming back again. A modification of the newest coiffure shows an arrangement of little curl puffs at the back of the head, surrounded by a thick Roman braid of hair. Very often the natural hair alone, or else combined with the transformation, will be sufficient to form the small cluster of puffs, the braid being the only artificial hair added, but in the case of the puffs without the braid, no natural head of hair could possibly be sufficient to give the fashionable effect. The hair parted in the middle and rolled back over a rat set on the back over the ears is still worn, but instead of a coil in the back the hair is divided into strands and curled, then pinned down to the head in a group of puffs. There are some faces, notably those round and full, that never look better than when framed with a pompadour. Persons possessing this type of face should stick to the dignified looking pompadour styles, but may vary the fashion and bring it a little more up-to-date by dividing the front portion of hair into three sections and puffing each about the face. The back hair should not be brought up over a rat if artistic lines are to be desired, but the hair should be brought up to the crown of the head and the ends arranged in puff curls or a curled braid. The former is the later style. For evening wear the coiffure are quite elaborate, not so much as seen from a front view as from the back. Not content with covering the head with puffs as with a cap but clusters of two and three short ringlet curls are set in with a hairpin among the puffs. ELIZABETH LEE.

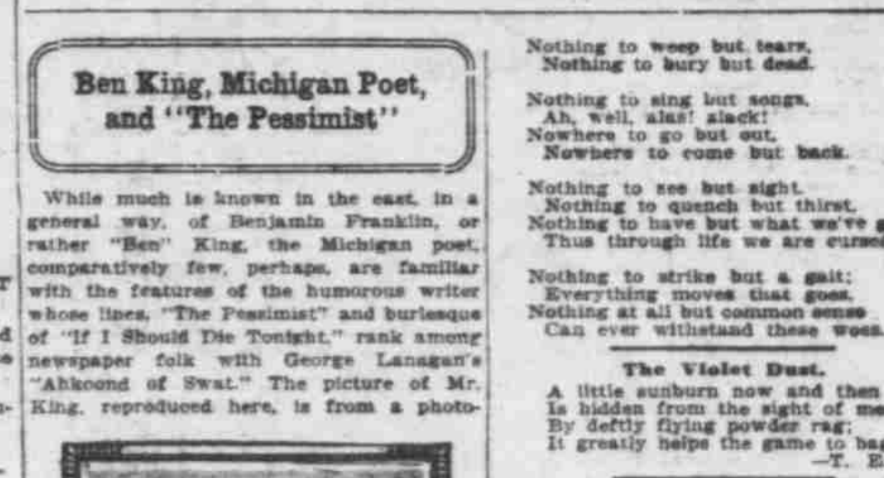
Things You Want to Know The British Crises—Bardensome Land Laws.

Englishmen, secure in their snug complacency, look across the Atlantic and pity the poor Americans engaged in a titanic struggle with the trusts, philosophically give thanks they are not as the rest of men. But as a matter of fact a third of the people of England are hungry because of the extortion of a trust more powerful and more wicked than all of the American monopolies together. The land trust is the curse of England, since it controls not only practically all of the land, but also because that control has the approval of law and custom, because that trust has a permanent majority in the upper chamber of Parliament, and because, owning the land it controls all of the products of the land. This trust is not organized on a New Jersey holding company principle, but it is none the less a compact and effective organization. It has no president and no board of directors, but it is none the less susceptible to the control of the captains of privilege, and it is bound together by the strictest of gentlemen's agreements in an eternal communion of interests. To utter a word in derogation of that trust is to breathe treason against the state and against all organized civilization, in the estimation of conservative Britons. Even the miserable tenant peasant regards the proposition to cut up his lordship's estate as a monstrous crime. But all Britons are not conservative. The Liberal party, now in power in the commons, has determined to attack this gigantic land monopoly, and if possible, to ameliorate its evils. An American observer could not but sympathize with the radical hosts who, in the recent campaign, sang as a rallying song, to the tune of "Marching Through Georgia," these words: Sound a blast for freedom, boys, and send March along to victory, for God is on our side. While the voice of Nature thunders over the rising tide—"God" made the land for the people!"

The land! The land! 'Twas God who gave the land! The land! The land! Of the ground on which we stand! Why should we beggars with the halberd in our hand, "God" gave the land to the people." It is true that some good Americans might have been shocked to see the portrait of their countryman Henry George on the back of the song book, but it is possible that even they would think more of a certain plan of progress if they had been brought face to face with a certain variety of poverty of the land trust in England. The burden of the land trust in England heavily upon both city and country dweller, but for the purposes of illustration it will suffice to consider the situation in the rural districts. England and Wales, with a total population of about 25,000,000, have 1,000,000 people living in the country. The land cultivated by these 1,000,000 people produces considerably more than does any similar acreage in the United States, showing that the farmers are thrifty and industrious husbandmen. Of the 1,000,000 people who own the farms, which they till, all of the rest of the land, approximately 15,000,000 acres, is owned by about 40,000 landlords, and the greater part is owned by fewer than 1,000 landlords, many of them being peers and members of the House of Lords. In other words, 92 per cent of the farmers of England are tenants. If that condition prevailed in the United States there might be song books there with Henry George's picture on the back. When the further fact that these tenants pay all of the taxes on the land and that the owners pay, none whatever, is taken into consideration, then one can form some idea of how onerous is the burden of rents which these tenant farmers must pay to support the idle landlords in that particular style of luxury affording to "English" country life.

In the time of Queen Elizabeth cottagers were compelled to own at least four acres of land to support each house. At the end of the seventeenth century there were 200,000 land holding peasants in England. At the beginning of the nineteenth century there were more than twice as many land-owning farmers as there are today, and there was a vast amount of "common land" which was used and enjoyed by the community in general. In the first half of the nineteenth century, when 150 land owners returned from rotton boroughs a majority of the House of Commons, this common land was "enclosed" and became private property, the most of it going to enlarge the estates of the peers and other gentry. Nothing to weep but tears. Nothing to bury but dead. Nothing to sing but songs. Ah, well, alas! alack! Newborn to come but back. Newborn to come but back. Nothing to see but sight. Nothing to quench but thirst. Nothing to have but what we've got. Truest thing in life we are sired. Nothing to strike but a gall! Everything moves that goes. Nothing at all but common sense. Can ever withstand these woes. The Violet Dust. A little sunburn now and then is hidden in other ways of dress. By deftly flying powder rag, it greatly helps the game to hag. F. E. M.

Ben King, Michigan Poet, and "The Pessimist" While much is known in the east, in a general way, of Benjamin Franklin or rather "Ben" King, the Michigan poet, comparatively few, perhaps, are familiar with the features of the humorous writer whose lines, "The Pessimist" and burlesque of "If I Should Die Tonight," rank among newspaper folk with George Langston's "Albion and Swat." The picture of Mr. King, reproduced here, is from a photograph taken in Chicago in 1891, three years before his sudden death in Bowling Green, Ky., April 7, 1894. His lines on "The Pessimist" follow: Nothing to do but work. Nothing to eat but food. Nothing to wear but clothes. To keep one from going nude. Nothing to breathe but air. Quiet as a flash 'tis gone. Nowhere to stand but on. Nothing to comb but hair. Nowhere to sleep but in bed.



GOT HIS ANSWER. "Doesn't it make you feel bad to see a person go hungry?" "Yes, but it makes me feel worse to see 'em come hungry when there's nothing in the house."

Out-of-Door Sleeping is of Great Benefit to Most all Persons

There is no reason why any person with a plasma large enough to hold a cot should not sleep out of doors at night, and possibly arranged for, the habit is highly beneficial, even for those who are not physically weak. If there is no roof to protect them from dampness, a cover of some kind must be arranged for the bed, otherwise the light bedding will become so damp as perhaps to induce rheumatism. A piece of canvas stretched between two uprights answers the purpose admirably. On some coas, specially made for the purpose, there is an upright, and mosquito nets which come down, completely enclosing the bed. A mosquito bar is by no means to be despised when sleeping out of doors. If a plasma is so situated as to be exposed to the street, a canvas curtain to act as a screen will cost little, and, if one does not wish to go to the work of fitting one, a portable screen will answer every purpose. A canvas screen is a simple drop awning sliding into place through rings, which permit of its being drawn in the daytime. No matter how warm the weather may be, a thin blanket must be provided. When the dew begins to fall, and the ground has cooled sufficiently not to absorb the moisture all at once, the air becomes chilly and cold is easily caught. While it is not always possible to have the entire cot out of draught, it should be so placed that the head is away from the current. The cot is not to be faced toward the light. Injury may be done to the eyes by exposing them thus directly to the glare, even though some persons are so unconscious of light as to be able to sleep in it. The most comfortable way will be found to finish the morning sleep indoors. By dawn a house is cool, even though it has been warm during the night, and if one is not obliged to rise early, there will be more rest within the seclusion of four walls. Cots are now made which fold instantly, so that if under cover they can be caught up quickly in case of a shower. After a night spent sleeping out of doors a bath in salt water will be found especially invigorating. Sea salt is inexpensive, and a handful of it dissolved in a basin of water makes a tonic application, or the body, while still wet from the usual morning bath, can be rubbed over with dry salt, which will afford slightly. MARGARET MIXTER.

Musings of a Gentle Cynic

Most of us would rather be looked over than overlooked. Cloudy skies always threaten a rain of terror to a woman with a new hat. The hugest way round is the shortest way home. If you don't believe it, take a taxicab. The wisdom of some people is confined largely to knowing what other people ought to do. Some people seem to embark on the sea of matrimony simply for the fun of rocking the boat. Some men are so imbued with the home instinct that they never succeed anywhere else. Mail is made of dust, and the woman seems to think it her mission to relieve him of it.

SELDOM TOGETHER.



"Say, is it correct to wear a watch and chain with a dress suit?" "Sure—if you've got 'em both at the same time!"