

HUMOR

THE BEE'S HOME MAGAZINE PAGE

FICTION

Boss of the Establishment

The Boss of the Establishment and his wife had gone forth to spend real money. It will be remembered that they had reason to do so.

In the deserted splendor of a luster palace's dull season the Boss looked about him with a mellow air of proprietorship.

Half a dozen electric fans dispensed a tropical breeze. Then the Boss started to be trying to induce artificial respiration in some very dejected roses left blooming along upon the vacant tables.

It was a sizzling evening. But what is time or temperature to the man who has won \$75,000?

The Boss beamed at his wife, whose most resplendent gown bore the weight of a huge bunch of sweet peas.

"This is pretty poor," the Boss remarked as the waiter filled his glass, to which he had signalled in encores.

"I have always liked this place. I came here to dinner the first week I was in New York," he added reminiscently.

"Then the Boss started guiltily and hastily added: "That was long before I met you, dear."

A strange gleam came into the eyes of the Boss's wife, but she leaned forward, smiled blandly and said in her most innocent manner:

"It sounds so interesting. Tell me all about it. I have always been crazy to hear of your former conquests—and you've been so exasperatingly reticent about them."

The Boss assumed a sphynx-like solemnity that he was far from feeling. "I don't know what you are talking about," he said.

"Yes, you do, too," cooed the lady. "We've been married long enough for you to know that I haven't a jealous disposition. I'll tell you what I'll do—you tell me all about the girls that liked you before we were married and then I'll own up to all the flirtations I ever had."

The Boss—perhaps because the bottled topaz, which is numbered among the semi-precious liquids, had made many trips from the cooler beside him to his glass—fell into the trap and she listened to his tale of former conquests.

"Well, I don't know that you'd call it a conquest," he began fatuously, "but that girl I spoke of just now (she hadn't spoken of her, by the way) certainly was a little peach, pretty as a picture, but silly. I look no interest in her, of course, but I used to like to see the men turn round to look at her in restaurants."

"Really," said the Boss's wife, "but why? You always get perfectly furious if they look at me."

"The Boss glared ferociously into space at the myriads of admirers of his wife he had heard had condescended. "That's different," he said in his most positive manner.

"Why?"

"Because it's different," he replied convincingly. "I never cared a rap for that girl. I just liked to stir her along."

"Oh!" said the Boss's wife without expression.

"Yes," reiterated her now voluble husband, "she was so easy! You know when I was courting you I never dared be five minutes late, because I knew you wouldn't go out with me if I were. But that girl—why, it was all right to call her up at a quarter to 8 and say I was sorry I hadn't met her at 6:30; that is, unless she had called me up first to say she understood I

His Early Love Affairs. He Decides, Should He Hold Secret.



SHE LISTENED TO THE BOSS'S TALE OF FORMER CONQUESTS.

must have a good reason for keeping her waiting, and that she forgave me in advance.

"She must have been an awful idiot," commented the contemptuous lady and she closed her small white teeth in a cat-like grin.

"Oh, I just wish you had tried that once on me!" she said.

"Hub!" snorted the Boss resentfully, "a woman that loves a man will do anything for him. Bring another quart," he added to the hovering waiter.

"But surely, dear, she wasn't the only one. I'm perfectly positive that hundreds and hundreds of women have been in love with you. Tell me, how did you ever win so many?"

"Win them?" explained the Boss scornfully. "It's not winning a woman that's difficult—it's losing her that whittens a man's hair. Did I ever tell you about that telephone girl out in Chicago, or the manager of a candy store in Philadelphia? I don't remember their names, but the telephone girl was all to the good. Then there was that—"

"Spare me these terrible reminiscences!" interrupted the Boss's wife in her most frigid accents. "Really, if you've had the misfortune to deceive so many women I should think you'd refrain from gloating over them. Besides, I don't believe half of them were in earnest. They were simply stringing you," she added tauntingly.

"The Boss smiled with unexpected and exasperating good nature.

"Have it your own way," he said. "I don't care so long as you live up to your agreement and tell me the story of your own conquests."

"My conquests!" exclaimed his spouse indignantly. "What do you take me for? Do you suppose I had any life till I met you?"

Suddenly she laid aside her indignant manner and smiled broadly.

"I'm revivifying the scene of last year's conquests. You are not half so wicked as I thought you were!"

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A LITTLE SERMON FOR THE WEEK END

Lambs Among Wolves. Text—Luke xii. "Go your ways; behold, I send you forth as lambs among wolves." Jesus had by this time a congregation of seventy disciples all of whom he could send forth to teach and to preach, saying to all men, "The kingdom of God is come nigh unto you."



REV. M. J. MELICK, PASTOR GRACE LUTHERAN CHURCH.

Their mission was an important one and therefore, He requires them to make haste, saying, "Carry neither purse, nor scrip, nor shoes; and salute no man by the way."

"They need help and shall seek for others to take up the work with them, as He further says to them, 'Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that He would send forth laborers into His harvest.' It is common among tradesmen not to care how few men are of their craft, and some mitigate even against their own class and sometimes kindred to keep the number few. The Christian is not so. They are to seek help of men who are divinely commissioned; men whose lips shall be like Isaiah's, 'Touched with living coal from God's altar, whose iniquities are taken away and their sins purged, and they come and say, 'Here am I, send me.' They were to start on expecting persecution and trouble. 'Behold, I send you forth as lambs among wolves.'

And so they found their enemies bloody and cruel as wolves, ready to pull to pieces the humble disciples, as they did the meek and lowly Jesus Himself. e. g. They were to start on expecting persecution and trouble. 'Behold, I send you forth as lambs among wolves.'

Several years ago there was a lone one on the bottom, just east of Lincoln. He was of uncommon size and strength. He killed much of the farmers' stock. Like a dog, they could put on a very friendly countenance, so that I saw them when only one at a time among my father's cattle, and the cattle no more alarmed than if it were the family dog. The big one on the Lincoln bottom would go at night first to a farmer's house and make friendship with the dogs on guard, and perhaps sneak them to go with him to the yards for his prey. Farmers all around offered a reward for his capture.

One night he caught Mr. T., my brother-in-law, lost and alone on the prairie, and for about an hour made life dear to him, and, but for an ax in his hands, he might have suffered much.

This made him and another friend determined on capturing that wolf. They did it one night by shutting up the old watch dog and letting the young and playful one loose. The wolf came, and, while in play with the dog, they wounded him with a gun shot, and then turned the old dog and themselves loose on him and killed him. They lived then in a dugout with a sod roof. They mounted the big wolf on top of this house that everybody could see that the old cunning terror of that part of the country was slain, and that the people might know to whom to

bring their offered big rewards. One man brought them one-half bushel of potatoes. But our text speaks of men as wolves. Human wolves act the same way. When in packs they go in the courage that the howl gives them, otherwise they do their work with cunningness. Christ says to all young ministers of Omaha today in the words of the text: "Go your ways; behold I send you forth as lambs among wolves."

The human wolves are getting so reduced in numbers compared with the better people that they must about all do their work in the cunning nature of Satan. They say to the lambs and sometimes even to those who stand guard over the lambs, "Come, let us play together. I mean you no harm." Here is a game, innocent in itself, come let us play.

Here are the long, paved streets, the oiled and bordered boulevards, connecting into one vast whole the many parks of a great city all calculated for pleasure. And in play and pleasure there is no necessary evil. The whole face of God's creation smiles with it. The birds sing it from the tree tops, the bonnies play it in the grass, e. g. A favorite bird in Australia is called the bowler bird, because it builds many beautiful bowers out of twigs for its play houses. The little spotted lambs skip it on the hill sides, but all the while the cunning wolf lays in wait, for he feeds on these joyful creatures.

Where Satan brings in the cunning danger of the wolf is often hard to see. Some people today cannot yet see how he tried to stay it on Jesus as he tempted Him in the wilderness. And where he plays the game on millions today, and captures them is by his telling them that they may have the Lord's day for pleasure. Some play with the wolf all of the Lord's day. Some, after early mass, play with the wolf the rest of the day. Some, after morning service, perhaps holy communion, play with the wolf all Sunday afternoon and night.

My dear friends, as you cross the threshold in leaving God's house today Christ says, "Go your ways; behold I send you forth as lambs among wolves." And He also says, "I will not suffer you to be tempted above that which ye are able to bear; but with the temptation will also make a way of escape." Again He says, "My grace is sufficient for you." The wolf will ask you to roam with him over the city and he will steer shy of God's house.

Yield not to temptation, for yielding is sin. Each victory will help you some other to win. Fight manfully onward, dark passions subdue; Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

Shun evil companions, Be diligent in prayer; God's day hold in reverence, Nor use it in vain.

Be thoughtful and earnest, Be loyal sons, determined and true, Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

Items of Interest to the Women Folk

Girls who can knit should turn their attention to the new kind of sweater that is so useful for evening wear on cool summer nights. It does not take an expert to do it. The stitch is large and simple, and there are no complexities about the shape.

It is made on the outline of a straight kimono jacket, with long back and front, knitted straight across the shoulders, and wide panels for sleeves. These are worked out from the center in sufficient length to form a sleeve to the elbow. The side of the two panels and the back of the sleeve are sewed up with a crevel.

As an added touch of effectiveness there is a blue, a pink or a violet border put around the neck, the fronts and as a turnover cuff to the kimono sleeve.

The turnover collar is rather prettier than the straight band, and it is tied in front with a large bow of ribbon to match.

One provides light wraps for summer evenings which may unexpectedly prove too thin. At summer resorts, especially in the mountains, a loose sweater like this is eminently satisfactory. It does not crush the frock and it is not too warm under a thin cape.

If one has no use for it for one's self, it is an admirable gift to a girl who is going away or to a bride-elect.

In France women are taxed from \$10 to \$12.50 a year for the privilege of wearing men's trousers. This, however, does not accord to every woman willing to pay the tax the right to don such garments.

On the contrary the government confers the right only as a tribute to great merit, making it, in fact, a sort of decoration given to women, as the ribbon of the Legion of Honor is given to men.

The only women to whom has been granted the right to wear male attire were

George Sand, Rosa Bonheur, Mme. Dieulafoy, the Persian archaeologist; Mme. Poucaut and the sculptors, Mesdames Fourreau and La Jeannette.

An instance of the jealous care with which in France this right has been guarded was shown in the case of Mme. de Valmyre, the woman who some years ago became so well known by reason of her propensity for fighting duels and her endeavor to get elected to the French assembly. Her petition to the government for the right in question was refused time and time again.

Women are becoming more changeable. The divorce courts prove it.

Even the new woman is not averse to hearing the old, old story.

Many a woman's only idea of economy is to have her ball gown cut lower.

Summer Etiquette at the Seashore

From Harper's Weekly.

1. Young women who bury their fiancés in the sand should be very careful to mark the precise spot where the burial has taken place, so that before leaving the beach they may dig them up again. The penalty for a violation of this rule is apt to be the complete loss of the fiancé.

2. If a young lady's hat is blown off on the beach and goes dancing over the sands, do your best to catch it, but be careful to do so with a vr hand, and under no circumstances try to arrest its progress seaward by impaling it to the earth with the sharp points of your umbrella.

3. If the little brother of an attractive young person should be a spafeful of wet sand down the back of your neck, kiss your hand to him, and tell him he is a fine fellow, and later when you meet him in a dark place where he cannot recognize you, bestow such further attentions upon him as you think the occasion demands.

4. Be gallant always, and even if you suspect that a certain fair guest's complexion is not real, do not yield to the temptation to test the fastness of its colors by dunking her head under water under the pretenses that you are teaching her to swim.

5. If while you are bathing with your heart's desire a shark suddenly pokes his nose in between you, do not lose your head by putting it in the shark's mouth, but create a diversion from the lady by running away as hard as you can with a great splash. Sharks never were lady killers, anyhow.

6. Cruelty to our fellow men is never to be commended, but if you find your hated rival intruding between yourself and the young lady you have come to the seashore to visit, it is no violation of the prescribed etiquette of seaside courtesy to hit him playfully on the optic with a nice fresh jellyfish. If the jellyfish is really fresh

the mere electrical effect of this sudden contact will produce the desired result.

7. In revisiting the scene of last year's conquests do not assume that because you were engaged to a certain lady there at the close of last season you and she are necessarily acquainted this year. If you desire to renew the acquaintance get somebody to introduce you as though you had never met her before, and under no circumstances refer to your past relation. She may have married since, and such allusions might prove embarrassing.

8. If you are out fishing and an extra-heavy bubblin' yanks one of the ladies overhead, do not try to rescue her by grabbing her by the hair. It might come off. But seize a boat hook and add at once catch her by the handle of her vanity bag, which you will find firmly attached to her waist, and pull her slowly, but surely back into the boat again.

9. If on the morning after she has accepted you, you discover that two other men to whom the lady is engaged to be married have arrived, do not commit suicide or challenge your rivals to a duel. Hide your time, and some evening when you sit down for a friendly game of bridge together suggest the lady for a booby prize, and if you really want her do your worst.

10. If in a fit of absent-mindedness after bathing you find that you have entered another man's bath-house and put on his clothes instead of your own, and have not discovered the fact for several hours, good form requires that you should at least return to the owner such private papers as you may find in his pockets, his watch, and, if your means will permit, a considerable portion of the money found in his wallet. To avoid ostentation it were well that this were done anonymously. As for the clothes, much will depend upon how well they fit you, but the safer plan is to let the matter rest in abeyance for a while until the other fellow has had a chance to cool off. In any event it will be bad form to wear them publicly until you are sure he has gone back to town.

11. It's the unexpected that happens, and even then there is always some one to say, "I told you so."

The luck of a seventh son may consist of having to wear all the cast-off clothes of the other six.

One man may admire another man almost as much as one woman admires another woman's clothes.

It isn't exactly foolish question No. 1,882 to ask how much it costs to build one of those \$1,500 bungalows.

LAST CHANCE



"I never break my word, ma'am. Well, it's about the only thing you haven't broken."

Dyspeptic Philosophy.

A crank is merely a person who doesn't see things as we see them.

Lots of people ought to be sent to the North pole, where they would have less latitude.

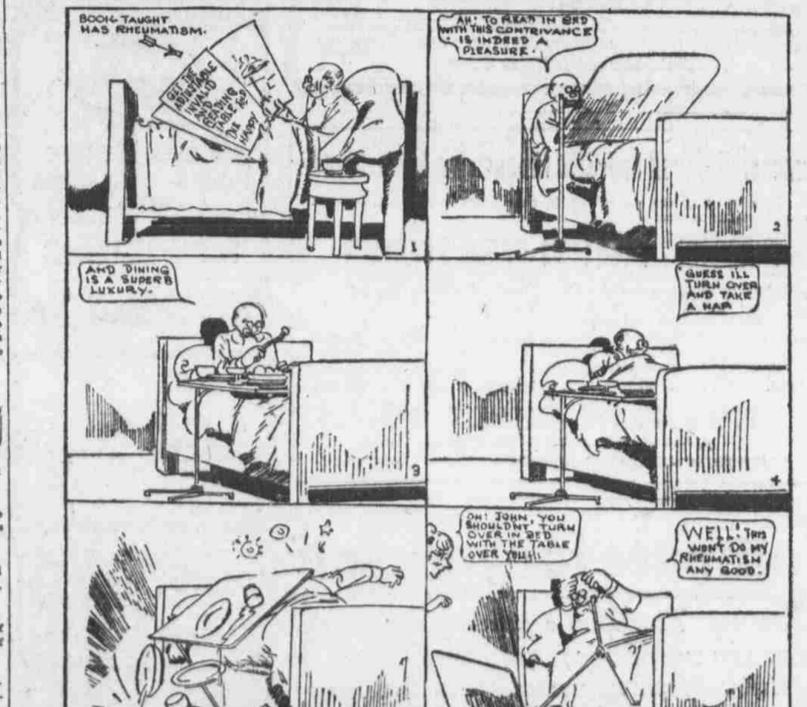
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BOOK TAUGHT BILKINS.



BOOK TAUGHT BILKINS. AND DINING IS A SUPERB LUXURY. GUESS ILL AND TAKE A NAP. OH! JOHN, YOU'RE OVER IN BED WITH THE TABLE OVER YOUR HEAD. WELL, I'M WON'T DO MY DUTY ANY GOOD.

Things You Want to Know

Arthur James Balfour, leader of the opposition in Parliament, captain of the conservative party, and the political head of the Cecil family, is the incarnation of all that one has been taught to believe goes to make an English gentleman. As a matter of fact, he is no Englishman at all, but Scotch. He was born in 1818 in a house hard by Castle Douglas, where the sad tragedy of Mary Queen of Scots was enacted. On one side lies the picturesque slope of the Lamemoor, and on the other the banks of the Forth, which flows toward the North sea, to be seen in the distance. It has been said that this birthplace, with its historic and aristocratic traditions, has had much to do with shaping the intellectual personality of the great Tory statesman.

Berlin congress as secretary to his uncle who, with Disraeli, represented England. There he acquired a taste for foreign politics, and began for the first time to show promising signs of a career. When he returned to England he created a great stir, and made a considerable name for himself, but not in politics. He published a book entitled "Defense of Philosophical Doubt." For this he was denounced as an atheist on the one hand and lauded as a profound philosopher on the other.

But the dawn of his political career was at hand. He attached himself, with Sir Henry Wolke and Sir John Gurst, to the political fortunes of Lord Randolph Churchill, forming the famous fourth party, which although it never had but four members, changed forever the current of British politics. Lord Randolph Churchill captured the many filioles undertaken by the tiny party, while Mr. Balfour devoted himself to foreign affairs.

When the Irish question became vital Mr. Balfour suddenly and without warning, assumed the lead and made a terrific attack on the British government. He was hailed as a man of rising power, and three years later his uncle, Lord Salisbury, then prime minister, took his nephew into the cabinet without protest. He filled several minor places in the ministry and in 1891 became first lord of the treasury and assumed the leadership of the conservative party in the House of Commons. When Gladstone was returned to power in 1892 he became the leader of the opposition. His party returned to power in 1895, and seven years later he succeeded his uncle as prime minister and held that position until the liberal party returned to power. Since that time he has been the acknowledged head of his party, and as such is now leading the forces opposed to the coalition of liberals, laborites and Irish Nationalists.

From the time he could talk he was made to take an interest in agriculture, and his duties and responsibilities as a landlord were never forgotten. When he was twelve years old, young Balfour delivered his first speech—an address to his tenants. He never has progressed beyond the precepts of his mother, and his notions concerning the relation of land owners to the nation are the same which he expressed in that first speech when he was a lad of 12. This fact, in itself, is an indication of Mr. Balfour's fitness to command the complete and unquestioning loyalty of every British Tory.

As an administrative officer in the cabinet Mr. Balfour was highly successful. His greatest trial was during the dark days of the South African war. England was wholly unprepared for the struggle with the Boers which was precipitated by Englishmen who relied too much upon their inherent superiority and paid too little attention to actual conditions. On the whole it may be said that Mr. Balfour came through the ordeal the only member of the government increased in stature and wisdom by the events of that humiliating period. Certainly he was most successful when contrasted with the inefficient Lord Lansdowne and the incompetent Lord Milner. When the Boer war was over Lord Salisbury, heavy with years, retired from public life and his mantle fell on the shoulders of his nephew while the whole Tory party applauded. It was another proof of the peculiar fitness of the Cecil family to rule over England.

His mother possessed the highest ideals of her class, and while instilling always upon her son the highest sympathy for the starving laborers, she never forgot the debt owed to the lower classes. During the terrible cotton famine caused by the civil war in the United States, she made her son, Arthur, do the work of the house, black the boots and clean the knives for the starving laborers. But only a British mind, Tory at that, can explain why, when half of England was starving because there was no work for the workmen, Lady Blanche Balfour should have economized by making her own clothes.

Not long after Balfour came to the premiership, Mr. Chamberlain revived the war against free trade by bringing forward his scheme for tariff reform. The tariff question had been regarded as settled for a half century and Mr. Balfour begged the question. Then came the revolt of Winston Churchill, and the recrudescence of the liberal party. The conservatives were overthrown and the liberals came back into power with an enormous majority.

Each victory will help you some other to win. Fight manfully onward, dark passions subdue; Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

When he became 21, according to ancient custom, he gave a great feast for his tenants at the Manor of Whittingham. At that festival the late Lord Salisbury, Mr. Balfour's uncle, was present. Young Balfour made a typical speech to his tenants, and then, still according to custom, the spokesman for the tenants humbly thanked the young squire for his gracious words and prayed that the young man would follow in the footsteps of his father and take the first opportunity of entering Parliament. This appeal of the tenantry was seconded by Lord Salisbury, still according to custom. But young Balfour's tastes were not political, and Parliament was held no charm for him.

However, Lord Salisbury, whatever he may have thought of the divine right of kings, had an abiding faith in the peculiar fitness of the Cecil family to rule over England. He continued to insist that his nephew enter politics, and at last, in 1873, Mr. Balfour yielded and was returned without opposition as a member for Hertford. During the first two years he rarely attended the sittings of the House and spent most of his time in taking a trip around the world. It was not until the third session of his membership that he made his maiden speech. His proud uncle gathered all the members together to hear Arthur inaugurate his great career. The young man arose and read a long and dismal treatise on bimetalism. His friends were grievously disappointed and his uncle was all but furious. He continued to do nothing until 1879, when he went to the

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He fought through the ensuing general election campaign in a masterly fashion, although it was plainly to be seen that he had no heart for the thrif reform program upon which he was forced to base his hopes of success. His speeches in the campaign are monumental examples of "how not to say it." But Mr. Balfour was slightly in earnest in the belief that the ruling classes in England must be confirmed in their political privileges. He was earnest in the belief that democracy means ruin, and that any attempt to disturb the relation between property and government is to invite anarchy and chaos. And because he believed these things the Tories followed him gladly.

Mr. Balfour is a Celt. He never has been anything but a Scotchman, and Scotchman will be to the end, but his Celtic blood tells most in his love for controversial theology and a good game of golf. When it comes to politics he is an Englishman and a Celt and believes, as did his uncle, that it is the peculiar business of the Cecil family to rule over the affairs of the British empire.

BY FREDERICK J. HASKIN. Tomorrow the British Crisis, XIX—David Lloyd-George.

BY FREDERICK J. HASKIN. Tomorrow the British Crisis, XIX—David Lloyd-George.

Types We Meet Every Day

BY BOBBIE BABBLE. Says Trivia, "Picnics may be fine. Neath scraggly tree and thorny vine, But after having spent the day In picnic fashion let me say That I prefer a solid roof. That's both bug and waterproof. Old Khayyam stretched the truth I guess, Singing about the wilderness. "A book of verses 'neath the bough, Sounds rather pretty, I allow, But if the author of the book Is with you and in a shady nook Reads on and on, what could be worse Than his long-winded dribbling verse That halts and struggles more or less, Singing about the wilderness. "A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, Well, I'll admit that does sound fine, When quoted at some pleasant feast With courses five or six at least. But at the picnic in the wood The wine is warm, the bread not good, And caterpillars on your dress, Disturb you in the wilderness. "Then wilderness were Paradise, Oh, yes, the words sound very nice, And just to make them seem more true, A nasty snake comes crawling through The underbrush and screees away Your poet with his face turned gray. Hereafter he won't care, I guess, For Khayyam and his wilderness. "But after I get home at last, With all the picnic pleasures past, And in a cool, fresh Paquin gown, At my own table sit me down



And feast on dainty summer fare. A careful waiter by my chair, Then I'm prepared to say 'Oh, yes, Indeed, I love the wilderness!' (Copyright, 1910, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

She Was at the Seashore. He dreamed a dream, then woke up. With all the picnic pleasures past, And in a cool, fresh Paquin gown, And did not ask for money. T. E. M.