

HUMOR

THE BEE'S HOME MAGAZINE PAGE

FICTION

Brightside and His Boy

"How Wife Sidesteps Household Toil." Their Latest Tabloid Sketch.

BY LAFAYETTE PARKS.

"I see this New York woman has invented a duds for a car which has proved quite successful," begins Brightside as the wife of the first enters to join his parent in the evening word duel.

"If some bright skirt will put across a dudsless Harlan flat she'll make a hit with about a million housekeepers," comments Son, digging down for the dope stick.

"They wouldn't have any work to do then," exclaims Father in astonishment. "Nothing but shopping in the department stores, but that's enough to keep any able-bodied dame jumping sideways eight hours a day," replies Son.

"Well, there are the meals to prepare," suggests Father.

"Ah ha, Jack Dalton," exclaims Son, "but you forget the wireless cooker has come to the rescue there. All wife now has to do is to make a few passes at the vegetable bin, grab a roast out of the ice chest, dump them into the patent cooker and then beat it all meantime."

"Moderns' inventions certainly make woman's life much easier than it used to be when I was a boy," muses Father.

"As scientific dodgers, the dames have got us men glued to the mat," declares Son.

"Maybe that's why the present generation of the feminine gender isn't more robust," says Father. "Perhaps our women folks don't get enough exercise to keep their strength and healthy."

"The hardest work most of 'em do is to brush their teeth and cut their hair," says Son.

"Curly, too, that almost works itself," when I was a boy every married woman had her own baking, washing, ironing, cooking, mending, besides sweeping, dusting and the various other odds and ends of housework," explains Father.

"If a dame has to wash her own dishes now she tells all her friends that her husband makes a regular drudge of her," asserts Son. "When she goes into the kitchen to pull off that stunt she looks like a professional diver tugged out for a deep sea dive, with all of the latest inventions on to make the work easy."

"She has a long pair of rubber gloves, a double breasted apron, a triple pointed fork to spear up the dishes, a ball and chain to stir up the hot ends, a patent lightning dryer and all the other latest devices to make life one long dream of wedded bliss for the bride, as the magazine ads say about the dish washing junk."

"I should think it would be more work to get all those things ready than it would be to take an old-fashioned dishrag and go to work on the dishes themselves," remarks Father.

"I know it would be harder for your little Willie," admits Son. "When Mother is away I just turn on the hose, with the dishes neatly stacked up in the sink or bath tub, and let it go at that. It gets off most of the food and one doesn't soil the hands. Anybody can turn on the hose, but it takes an expert mechanic to use all the kitchen utensils a smart department store clerk can work off on a newly married skirt."

"I don't believe a woman should spend all of her time in the kitchen," avers Father, "but she ought to know how to do every kind of household work. In the old days a man worked from sun to sun, but a woman's work was never done." That condition was hardly fair.

"The bright-eyed brigade has certainly turned that old motto to the wall," Son says. "Here's another very pretty little one that looks well embroidered in pink on a salmon background, and is meant to be hung up over hubby's bed: 'Hubby toils because he must—All want the cash and none will trust; Wife loafs from morn till night—Her job is simply out of sight.'"

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Some Protection is Needed for Light One-Piece Summer Gowns

Since the light one-piece gown is the most popular style this season, a protection of some kind is necessary. It is impossible to get through the summer without a wrap, for frocks are so sheer nowadays and weather conditions change so rapidly that it is almost unsafe to leave home unless provided for emergencies.

Again, the dress materials are so dainty in coloring that a covering is imperative if the dress is to be worn only on a short trip, unless one is willing to send it frequently either to the laundry or to the cleaner.

Possibly the demand there is responsible for the variety of designs in separate wraps one sees every day, for the evolution of the long linen duster of a few years ago is really marvelous. True, the original exists today, but only in regard to material. The shapely, baglike garment has taken on smart and new lines, adopted artistic trimmings and is, in fact, as carefully cut and made as the more expensive frocks, even if it does not pass by the old name. For the girl or woman who cannot afford to pay more than \$5, a long tan linen coat is really the best investment.

At this price one can buy a garment of a good quality, which will last, or perhaps a cheap silk wrap and at the same time look better. The simple, plain style is the best, because one does not have to pay for the trimmings or the cost of workmanship they involve. Then it is quite easy to give the coat an individual style by facing the collar and cuffs with black or perhaps a contrasting silk left over from the summer dressmaking. Lace, even of the heavier kind, is not a smart trimming for a long wrap, but the buttons may be as handsome as one pleases. For closing the linen coats, however, nothing is in better taste than the self buttons set into black rims.

Styles a little more fanciful are adopted in making up the pique, shantung and cloth of gold into wraps. Quite loose lines prevail in the latest models, the only attempt at shapeliness being accomplished by the belt placed at the back on the coat wraps and the right front brought up to the left shoulder when the wrap is on the circular or sleeveless order.

While the tan and those tones known as natural are by reason of their practicality the favorites, the daintier colors of pale blue, mauve and soft old rose are by no means unusual, and for wearing with flustered frocks there can certainly be nothing prettier, if one can afford to buy more than one wrap. It should not be the only one, however, for obvious reasons.

A model, not exactly new, but a very good one, is that cut to cross sleeves by means of loops at the top of the arms. The latter can then be kept inside the wrap or be passed through the slits in the looped material. The thinner cloths are the best for carrying out this style of wrap, as chiffon or ladies' cloth, very fine serge and wool batiste. The trimming is taken around the neck down the fronts and around the openings for the arms. The Persian banding is always in good taste if in a fairly narrow width.

The circular wrap in Red Riding Hood fashion is still as popular as ever for girls in their teens. The only new feature that

THE PREVENTIVE



He—Of course, after we're married, I won't have you trotting around as you do now.

She—No, of course not. I won't have you trotting around as you do now.

WHAT'S THE USE?



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The DIARY of DOLLIE A Summer Girl BY M.F.

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Thursday—I have almost had my mind improved by Mollie's invalid brother. I always knew he thought I was inclined to be frivolous. But then, such persons are apt to get queer notions. I refused to go driving with him, as he did not seem able to keep his own good eye on the horse, and I don't intend to have my neck broken.

I suggested reading aloud to him, and put on my most soothing gown, that really wasn't intended to soothe any one, and a big shade hat, and was going to commence on that adorable little book of poems about the soul, that Carrie Dollie wrote and had published. I helped design the cover, and it just matched my dress that day. After we got all settled he said he'd read to me a little, and produced a hideous looking volume that I knew right away was something improving.

It turned out to be even more so than I had imagined. But I must say he was perfectly sweet about it. Instead of wak-



I PUT ON MY MOST SOOTHING GOWN. ended all right. Still, I do want to do some reading while I'm here.

Mollie was talking about a book the other day and said it wasn't quite proper for me to read. I wonder if it's anywhere around. She says there is such an attractive man I must meet before I leave, as he would make such a splendid husband for me. I've met that kind before, and I never get on with them in the least. It's peculiar that I never do, and seem to like the people the Mollie disapproves of. I can remember, years ago, a man they all said wasn't the kind of person for the girls to meet. We all moved heaven and earth after that to be introduced to him. He also had the added attraction of being very good looking. I was the first one he met, and I was perfectly surprised to find how much I liked him. But he was very quiet and didn't say a word about anything that sounded at all gay. I remember wondering why people should find any objection to him, when all the girls knew Freddie Wells, who had got tight

the week before and went around telling everyone about it.

I am becoming convinced that I must have the wrong idea about what would constitute the right kind of a husband. Mother thinks the men were so much more attractive when she was young. She has shown me several daguerotypes of beaux she had, but I must say I prefer the ones I have. In her pictures they all have flowing hair and side whiskers and look so boneless, and their clothes look too big for them. I wouldn't hurt her feelings for the world, but I shouldn't want to be seen with one of them under any circumstances. Not that clothes make much difference. I don't care how shabby a man's suit is if it looks as though it had the right cut. Mollie thinks clothes are everything. She says it doesn't matter so much what a man

MOTHER THINKS THE MEN WERE SO MUCH MORE ATTRACTIVE WHEN SHE WAS YOUNG.

wears, but you can always tell what a woman is like by the way she dresses. Sam says you certainly can't in the skirts they are wearing this year.

HE LET HER SLEEP HALF AN HOUR.

ing me up and being angry he let me sleep for half an hour. I felt terribly about it and can't imagine how it happened. I was in the middle of planning a dream of a hat

The most deluded mortal in the world is the woman who fancies that much can be gained by scolding or whining or complaining.

She may seem to gain her ends for a while (for at first one will do almost anything to avoid allowing a bitter dose); but if she would stop to consider, she would soon discover that every day she has greater cause for scolding, or whining, or complaining, which ever method she adopts, and that as the months roll by an ever increasing amount is required to accomplish the same result.

Why cannot she realize that, and adopt some pleasanter and more common-sense method?

The calm woman will appear young when scolding women of her age are considered old, and she will always have an influence for good where they have no influence.—Woman's Life.

The simplest way of applying is to have a

thin, fresh slice each time, rubbing it over the skin and letting the moisture dry in.

MARGARET MIXTER.

Always the greatest care must be taken not to break any blisters which may have formed.

When the burn is slight, such as effects a face that may have received slight pro-

Things You Want to Know

The British Crisis—Democrat or Demagogue?

It is impossible to avoid recognition of the fact that David Lloyd-George is the central figure in the present crisis in Britain. Mr. Asquith may take the lead in directing the campaign for the abolition of the veto of the lords; Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. John Burns may deal with the details of progressive social legislation and administration; Mr. Balfour may captain the legions of Toryism; Lord Lansdowne and his ancient enemy, Lord Rosebery, may stand together as the congresses and protectors of "our old nobility." Mr. Chamberlain from his invalid chair may marshal the forces of the tariff reform; but it was Lloyd-George and his budget, Lloyd-George and his land taxes, Lloyd-George and his high-headed and stiff-kneed democracy that started the trouble, stirred up the quarrel and precipitated the crisis. This Welshman is a revolutionist, and thus far a successful one. He is in open rebellion against the existing order and he holds in contempt the most sacred traditions of political Britain. If he shall succeed in his present campaign there will be a new nation in the "right little, tight little island."

The question is, then, is Lloyd-George a democrat, as his idolizing followers do affirm, or is he a demagogue, as his abominating enemies do swear? Englishmen and the one class, admirer Asquith, chuckle over Churchill, and love Lloyd-George; while those of the other class deplore Asquith, despise Churchill and hate Lloyd-George with a fanatic and zealous hatred. The late duke of Rutland once burst into song, giving utterance to that remarkable couplet:

Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
But leave us still our old nobility.

Others of the aristocratic class have been less frank, perhaps, but they are none the less earnest and sincere in upholding the peculiar privileges of the aristocracy, which they believe to be the most beneficial of all British institutions.

Mr. Lloyd-George has been quite as frank as was the Duke of Rutland in upholding his own class—the common people. But what was an amusing indiscretion on the part of the noble duke became hypocritical demagogism in the Welsh solicitor. Therefore, when the chancellor of the exchequer, breaking all laws of political etiquette, said: "A fully equipped duke costs as much to keep up as two dreadnaughts; they are just as great a terror, and they last longer," he was denouncing throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom as a rude boor who ought to be barred from all decent society.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, thirty years ago, when he was something of a radical himself, said that "the members of the House of Lords were legislators simply because of the accident of birth. Shocking as that statement may have been, it was couched in decorous language, and, while the sentiment was deplored, its author remained respectable. Mr. Lloyd-George expressed the same idea when he said that the qualification of a member of the upper chamber of the British legislature consisted simply in being "the first of the litter." For that he was damned as a degenerate defamer of the virtue of British women, an indecent and unseemable social outcast.

The speech and manners of Abraham Lincoln were plain and homely, to say the least, and some of his most telling political sayings were unfit for ears polite, and yet history has attested the force and strength of Lincoln's democracy, while those who called him demagogue and who said his manners were crude and his speech obscene, are lost in oblivion. Mr. Lloyd-George may not call a spade a spade, but when he does otherwise he refers to it not as "an implement for excavation," but as a "damned shovel."

In both what he says and his manner of saying it, Lloyd-George is offensive to the gentle and upper classes of British society. But it is not on record that he cares. It is his purpose to appeal to the masses, and he is not afraid of stirring up class prejudice nor of engendering class hatred. He knows that his opponents always have appealed to class prejudice, and he is quite willing to go as far in one direction as the late lamented duke of Rutland went in the other. After all, it depends entirely upon whether or not this Welsh revolutionist is a democrat or a demagogue. It is significant, however, that to the privileged all revolutionists, not reactionary, are demagogues. It is only after they are dead and the success of their revolutions is proved by time that they can hope to claim the untarnished appellation "democrat."

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Who ordained that a few should have the land of Britain as a prerogative? Who made 10,000 people owners of the soil, and the rest of us trespassers in the land of our birth? Who is it—who is responsible for the scheme of things whereby one man is engaged through life in grinding labor to win a bare and precarious subsistence for himself, and when, at the end of his days, he claims at the hands of the community he served a poor pension of eight pence a day he can only get it through a revolution, and another man who does not toil, receives every hour of the day, every hour of the night, whilst he slumbers, more than his poor neighbor receives in a whole year of toil? Where did the table of the law come from? Whose finger inscribed it? These are the questions. The answers are charged with peril for the order of things the Peers represent, but they are fraught with rare and refreshing fruit for the parched lips of the multitude who have been trodding the dusty road along which the people have marched through the dark ages which are now emerging into the light."

That is Lloyd-George's estimation of the situation. His slogan is the abolition of hunger. He demands the annihilation of the people from bondage to the privileged classes. If he is a demagogue he is utterly without shame. If he is a democrat he is the most thorough-going democrat who ever has occupied a political position of such great power.

BY FREDERICK J. HASKIN

Tomorrow—The British Crisis. XXI—The Church and the State.

himself as others see him is the man with whiskers, which he eats soup.

Those who are most accomplished don't always accomplish the most.

Few men in real life ever have quite as much dignity as a butler in a play.

Many a man strikes his own praise who has no idea of harmony.

Perhaps discretion is the better part of valor because it has a commercial value.

The popularity of many a preacher consists of the frequency with which he ex-changes pulpits.

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

The Gentle Cynic

Be sure you are right, and then prove it. Give a dog a bad name and no one will steal him for his collar.

Fortunate is the man who is right at least half the time.

Some people are never so happy as when they have bad news to tell.

Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and it is constantly going up.

Adam and Eve were doubly unfortunate in not being able to blame their downfall on heredity.

The inventor has never been born who could patent a scheme for making both ends meet.

Some of us have more confidence in each other than we have in ourselves.

By the time the average man is financially able to gratify his tastes he hasn't any.

To the pessimist the wheel of fortune invariably suffers from a punctured tire.

Probably Justice is represented as being blindfolded because there are times when she is ashamed to look herself in the face.

Shooting folly as it flies would seem to be a waste of good ammunition.

Any English butler will tell you that the proof of the pudding is in the eating.

What man has done man will do, in spite of the fact that there's a lot he shouldn't.

The one man in the world who should see

Hubby—Great Scott! Here I've been unable to scoop a wink for two nights with the heat and she's got the audacity to snore!

WOMAN'S INHUMANITY



Hubby—Great Scott! Here I've been unable to scoop a wink for two nights with the heat and she's got the audacity to snore!