

THE BEE'S HOME MAGAZINE PAGE



Dottie Dialogues

We Talk Through My Hat This Time.

BY WALTER A. SINCLAIR.

"Bang! Bang!" exclaimed Dottie, pointing an imaginary revolver.

"Your bangs are nice, but I thought that style of coiffure was passé," I rejoined.

"I was aiming at the straw hat," she explained.

"Well, girls are notoriously poor aimers," I parried. "Your name isn't Amy."

"Shoot it!" she commanded, determinedly.

"Hold! I have a reprieve from the Governor," I cried.

"And I thought they said the lid was off," she mourned.

"Not so fast, woman! not so fast. I have until the 15th before the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Hats puts the straw ladies to the gun," I asserted.

"Who, touches a hat on your bonehead, dyes her hair blond, March on, he said," she declared. "I thought it had been decreed by vote that they perished the first week of September."

"Oh, no, I'll not until a few weeks before election that they take a straw vote," I corrected.

"Don't you think that the hat cleaning man used peroxide?" she inquired, pointedly.

"No, but I suspect his wife did; she was a chemistry blonde," I replied.

"Go ahead and let me put it out of its misery," she urged.

"I might have worn one of those second story hats," I mused.

"Are you a second story worker?" she inquired, innocently.

"No, I haven't even landed my first story yet. The editors—"I began.

"You were saying," she reminded.

"Oh, it makes no never mind," I assured indifferently.

"But you were saying that if you had a second story hat," she persisted.

"Ah, but that is another story, as Kipling once said—once or several times," I responded. "However, I had in mind these new hats for women."

"Dear me, has your mind that much unrented space?" she cried.

"Where they take off the top layer, revealing a second layer," she interrupted.

"And I was thinking," I continued, ignoring her idly, "that I might have made a hit if I had worn my straw hat over a cloth cap."

"You mean a nightcap—or don't you take that with a straw?" she asked.



"Bang! Bang!"

"Well, I thought if I wore a cap"—

"And came up with cap and bells on you'd be appropriately attired for the part," she concluded. "Why not a derby?"

"Then you don't consider any handy cap equal to a derby?" I countered. "Not even the suburban?" I added with a sneer. That struck sparks. She doesn't like mention of the rural location of her domicile.

"I frequently have dared to want a felt hat," I observed.

"A long felt want?" she queried, feebly.

"But in honor of this call, I had purchased a very classy, new black derby. The hat store man tried to sell me a very subdued blue plush hat and a blond derby with a black ribbon, but I succeeded in convincing him that I wanted what I wanted and not what he wanted, after which he sold it to me, but reserved his opinion of me. I had it sent around and there was the box waiting for me this eve when I reached home. But when I opened it I found there had been a mistake and they had sent out somebody's old straw."

"Which broke your back, but who'd be a camel?" she inquired.

"That hat store clerk had taken his revenge, methinks. Maybe my choice made him mad. Maybe he was mad as a hatter anyway."

"Let us pass the hat, conversationally," she suggested.

"I pass. What do you make it?" I asked.

"Hearts," she answered. And blushed.

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Daughters of Famous Men



MISS EMILY WAKEMAN

Miss Emily Wakeman, the American actress who in private life is the wife of Randolph Hartley, the author and dramatist, is the daughter of Prof. Thaddeus Burr Wakeman, zoologist, philosopher, essayist, educator and for fifty years a prominent member of the New York bar.

During the civil war Prof. Wakeman, in association with his brother, Abram Wakeman, postmaster of New York, had much to do with the inside workings of national politics, but after the struggle he retired from practical affairs to devote himself to scholarly pursuits. He was one of the founders of the Nineteenth Century club, and has been president of the Liberal university, vice president of the Goethe club, president of the Liberal club of New York, and president of the Thomas Paine Memorial association.

Miss Wakeman acquired her education under the direction of her father, and inherits her keen intellectual qualities from him. Her career on the stage covers a dozen years, and during that period she has been seen in a number of important New York productions, many of them the plays of the late Clyde Fitch. She has won an enviable reputation as a character actress of rare insight and technical skill.

The playing of these roles in the drama that are technically called character parts requires a quality of mind quite unlike that of the other actors and actresses in

the cast. The business of the leading men and leading women is to understand thoroughly the sentimental emotions, as it is the business of the ingenue to retain the play of the late Clyde Fitch. She has won a prominent member of the New York bar.

The character actor, however, is not limited to any one set of emotions. He is the one play comic, in another tragic; now a person of exquisite refinement and education, next an uncouth yokel. Therefore, the player of character parts must be of eclectic mind and of broad understanding and sympathy. In the case of Miss Wakeman this grafting of science upon art is a matter of heredity.

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Diplomatic.

"No, I can never be your wife."

"What? Am I never to be known as the husband of the beautiful Mrs. Smith?" she succumbed.—September Lippincott's.

Bore No. 3,257.

We all know the bore who, of every man saying, "I'm a good fellow—a regular sport." We all know the creature who always is showing up. We all know the creature who always is showing up. We all know the creature who always is showing up.

NEW DETECTIVE METHOD



"I can't tell Higgins from his brother with the wooden leg."

"Neither can I. In fact, I have to kick him in the shins to find out which one I'm talking to."

The chap who, whenever you mention an actress, always seems to darken her name.

The fellows who gloat over each blonde or black tress.

They find on your shoulder, to put you to shame.

Are mid-mannered folk to the man who would tell you by crying, "That's Binks—Geel! but he is a snob!"

He's a richer pointer now, but I'd just as soon tell you.

I got him his job."

We're used to the persons who slander their betters.

With "This is in confidence—"tween you and me."

The burglars who brag of their credit—undoubtedly.

Who move every three months, change friends every three.

But let us rebel in united self-pity.

"Gaiest him who exclaims: "Look!—The Beer King, Jim Pupp."

He was driving a hearse out in Idaho City when I picked him up."

Since I became rich writing poems in passion (False modesty holds no position in Art), I am simply amazed at the oodles and lashes of charming young fellows who gave me my start!

I never would hit the frank tribute intended.

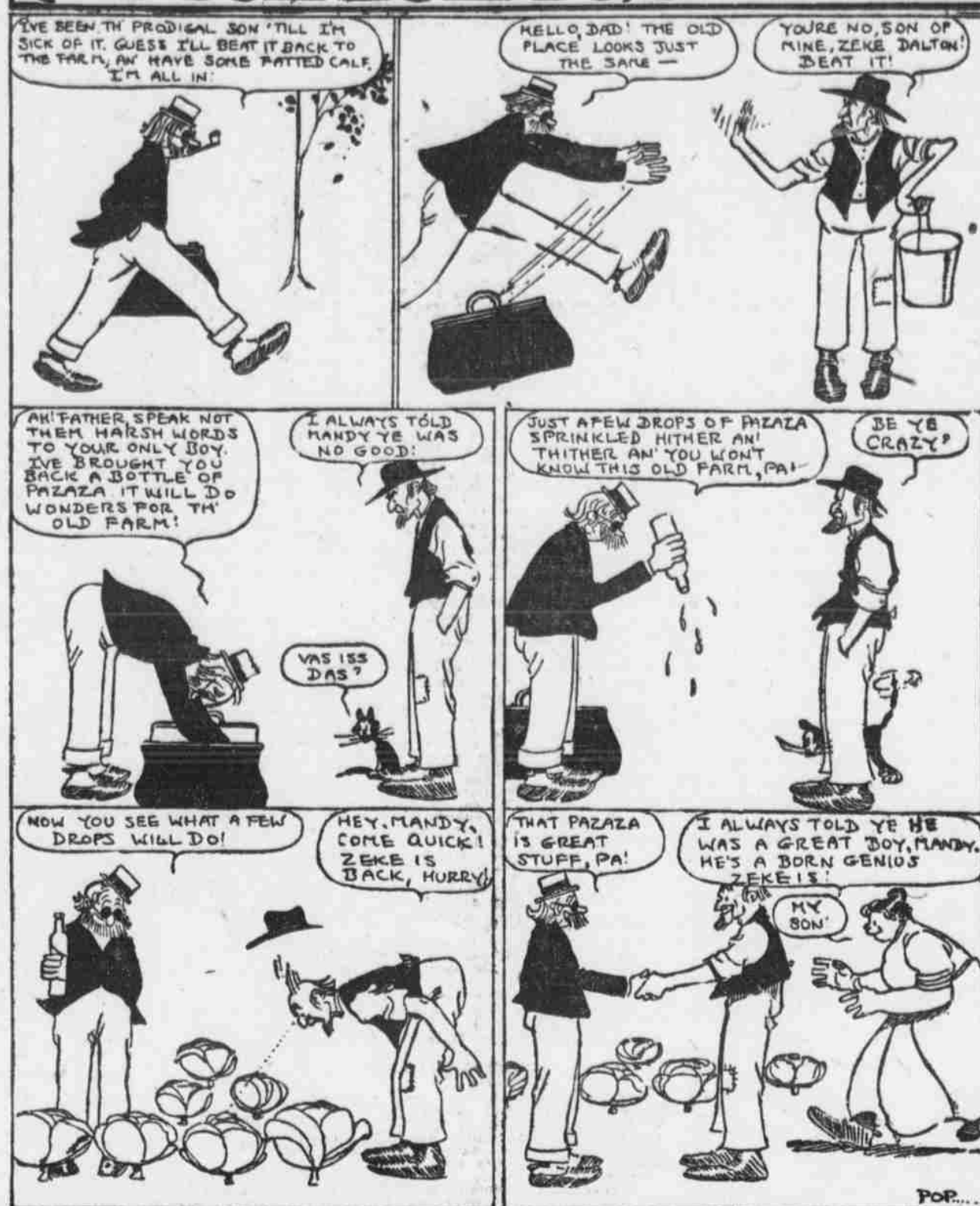
As for those debts they still owe me—ahem!

But the men who wear backward, the wrecked, the unweaned—

Say, who started them?

—September Lippincott's.

Paza. It's Great! By P. P.



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The Boss of the Establishment

He Gives His Wife a Lesson in Economical Housekeeping.

BY AMERE MAN.

"System is the secret of good housekeeping," the Boss of the Establishment began, promptly. "The hand-to-mouth buying of the average American household is responsible for shameful waste. Supplies should be purchased in large quantities, and idle women should not do their marketing over the telephone. It has been said that the average American family throws away food enough for a French family. I believe—"

But here his wife, who had been gazing across the breakfast table with startled eyes, could keep still no longer.

"Why don't you send it to the Ladies' Home Journal?" she asked bitingly.

A deep frown gathered on the Boss' brow.

"That's just it!" he exclaimed. "You women won't take anything seriously. You sneer at your most sacred responsibilities!"

"I'm afraid I can't see anything sacred in ordering a beefsteak or a lamb stew," the lady replied with some heat. "But, of course, that's due to my frivolous, irresponsible nature."



was dragging around Europe being educated."

"Now you're going into personalities," the Boss expostulated in a milder tone. "And you misunderstood me, or else you purposely distort my words."

The Boss' wife smiled cynically at the familiar phrase. It was one the Boss always employed to avert her wrath. His admission that he was "misunderstood" might be taken as a quasi apology, but if she didn't care for it, it turned into an accusation that she was trying to pick a quarrel with a long suffering and innocent man.

The Boss contrived the smile as a restoration of the domestic entente.

"I was just thinking," he said, "that now that we are about to move to the country and keep house on a much larger scale we should give the matter of economy in purchasing supplies more serious attention. I don't mean you any more than I mean myself. I want to help you in every way. In fact, I have thought of suggesting that I relieve you of the difficult business of buying altogether. Now there's meat, for instance. I know when it's good as you can't know it. You see I was a country boy on a farm while you

with a new cordiality. "Of course you know more about those things than I do. Suppose, just to see how the new plan is going to work, you do the buying for the house this week."

The Boss agreed enthusiastically and his wife handed him a list of household necessities, which he stuffed hastily into his pocket.

"Roast beef, corn, baking powder, vinegar, and be sure not to forget the vanilla bean," were the parting words of the lady.

At 5 o'clock the roast arrived. The Boss' wife, owing, possibly, to her continental education, was unable to determine whether her lord had purchased half an ox or only a quarter section of one.

But she caught sight of the kitchen scales and decided to weigh the Boss' purchases. Fourteen pounds and ten ounces!

She giggled helplessly at the mammoth roast and then, with a wise smile straightening her curly mouth, she ordered the maid to cook it all and to start at once so that it might be ready for the Boss' dinner.

At 4 o'clock twelve cans of baking powder arrived.

"I think I'll start a grocery!" exclaimed the lady. "Or a hotel," she added, remembering the fourteen pounds of beef.

By 6 o'clock everything had arrived except the vanilla bean. The passing of an hour brought an unusually pleased and strutting Boss.

"Things come!" he asked pleasantly.

"Everything but the vanilla bean," his wife answered. "But you won't mind if there's no dessert, will you?"

"Of course not," said the Boss heartily.

"It's a funny thing about that. I made my only miscalculation when I asked for it. I told the clerk what I wanted and he asked me how much. I said a pound."

"It's \$20 a pound," said the clerk, smiling a funny little smile. But he didn't get my goat, I said. "Ah right; send me a dollar's worth," and walked out. Did the baking powder come? I thought I'd get you enough to last a month, and it was cheaper by the dozen cans, just as I thought."

"Yes," agreed his wife. "It came. It's a little more than we'll need in a lifetime, but I've found a way to make it useful. After I've cremated I'll have it sprinkled in my ashes to be sure I'll resurrect on time."

The Boss did not smile at this remark. It pained him, but the timely announcement of dinner diverted his attention.

Across a mountainous roast he smiled at his wife.

"I'm a pretty good shopper, don't you think?" he asked, hopefully.

"Fine!" solemnly she agreed.

And then by the merest afterthought she added: "By the way, how much did it all cost?"

"Only \$15," replied the Boss enthusiastically, "though I realize now I bought rather more than enough. And yet it was all so cheap. That's the funny part."

"Yes," said the lady, slowly and significantly. "That is the funny part."

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Items of Interest for the Women Folks

Apart from the crude economic question, the things that most women want when they speak of "happiness," that is, love and children and the little republic of the home, depend upon the favor of men, and the qualities that win this favor are not general those that are most useful for other purposes. A girl should not be too intelligent or too good or too highly differentiated in any direction. Like a ready-made garment, she should be designed to fit the average man, says the Atlantic. She should have "just about as much religion as my William likes." The age-long operation of this rule, by which the least strongly individualized women are the most likely to have a chance to transmit their qualities, has given it the air of a natural law. Though the lady has generally yielded its unquestioning obedience, she often dreams of a land like that of the Amazons, where she might be judged on her merits instead of on her charms. Seeing that in the world a woman's social position, her daily food, her chance of children, depend on her exerting sufficient

charm to induce some man to assume the responsibility and expense of maintaining her for life, and that the qualities on which this charm depends are sometimes altogether unattainable by a given woman, it is not surprising that exceptional women are willing to eliminate from their lives the whole question of marriage and motherhood for the sake of free development, irrespective of its bearing on the other sex.

Many of the new fall waists display the short knife pleated frill down the closing. The shorter length—from neck to bust—is more generally becoming, especially when the width graduates to nothing at all at the lower end. It will be noticed that the short frill is more graceful looking when trimming a waist that closes a little to the left side rather than down the entire front.

To meet the demand for suitable bed covering for cool nights in warm weather, this summer blankets—they are called—provident sheets—are available. They are extremely light in weight, but warm, and

come in attractively striped borders of pink or blue. They measure seventy-two by eighty-four inches and cost \$3.75 per pair. Another line meeting summer needs is the gauze wool blanket. Though sold in pairs, each blanket is bound singly. In the single bed size they cost \$3.75 per pair. To fit a double bed \$5 is the price asked.

One sees pretty flat decorations made from raffia, and as many girls know a little about the work they will like to try making trimmings either for the new fall hat or for renovating the summer millinery. Most fascinating motifs, cabochons, wings, buckles, etc., are seen fashioned from raffia, combined sometimes with knotted cord or the wooden beads. This combination is very striking and lessens the time of labor, for raffia work is tedious if at all nicely done. Among the new hats for fall many display raffia as a decoration.

Mousseline gowns of two tones, one showing through another, are much worn.

Things You Want to Know The Mexican Centennial.

Tomorrow President Porfirio Diaz of Mexico and President William Howard Taft of the United States will celebrate their birthdays. General Diaz will then become an octogenarian, while President Taft will attain to his fifty-third year. It is a singular coincidence that General Diaz, who has done so much to perpetuate the history of Mexico, should have been born on the very eve of the Mexican Fourth of July. He was born on the day preceding the passing of the second decade of Mexican independence, for it was on the sixteenth of September, 1810, that General Hidalgo took steps that were destined to become the equivalent of the American Declaration of Independence. Although for seven years the heaviest Hidalgo and three of his fellow patriots remained affixed on the spikes and exposed above the walls of the fortress at Guanajuato, the spirit that led them to proclaim Mexico's freedom from the Castilian yoke remained with their followers until the Yorktown of Mexico was fought in 1821, nine years before the birth of General Diaz.

The celebration in Mexico City will cover practically the entire month of September, but their climax will come on Friday, when every Mexican will join in the fiesta of Centennial day. When the Mexicans have a holiday they do things up to the queen's taste, for they are an experienced people in the matter of holiday giving. There are 144 holidays in the Mexican calendar, including Sundays, and it usually takes one day to get sobered down for business after each holiday. The United States will be represented by special embassy at the Centennial day celebrations, and thousands of Americans will be in Mexico City for that occasion.

The people of the United States will well feel a deep interest in the affairs of our sister republic below the Rio Grande, since it is there that American trade reaches its high-water mark of supremacy. The Mexicans get 66 per cent of all their imports from the United States, and send 50 per cent of their exports to this country. England and Germany both have come to realize that American interests are supreme in Mexican trade circles, and practically are conceding that to the United States. That the United States is taking advantage of this concession is shown by the fact that nearly \$100,000,000 of American capital is invested in Mexican enterprises. The rod of wealth from north of the Rio Grande is smiting the rock of undeveloped resources in Mexico and making a stream of golden treasure to flow from it. There are more than 3,000,000 Americans in Mexico today, and the Mexican government, seeing that they are doing so much toward making that country a land of present opportunity, is extending them a hearty welcome.

Few people realize that nearly one-half of the entire territory of Mexico lies north of the southernmost point of the United States, and fewer still know that practically half of this territory is as tableland as high as the climate is as cool as the most temperate part of the United States. The country has a coast line almost as long as that of the United States, although its area is only one-third as great. Its population amounts to approximately 15,000,000, and although education is beginning to become general, more than 8,000,000 of its people can neither read nor write. Longevity is a characteristic of the Mexican, the last census showing that there were 8,000 who were over 90 years of age, and 700 who were more than 100. In religion there are 12,000,000 Roman Catholics, under the pastoral care of 3,000 priests. Nine per cent of the population is white, 48 per cent mixed, and 43 per cent Indian. No race is American today represents such an admixture of blood as the Mexican, in whose veins flows Iberian, Semite, Hamite, Gothic, Vandal, Roman and Celtic blood. To say nothing of the parent stock of native Indian and its Aztec and Toltec origin.

It is the wish of General Diaz that the present centennial year should witness a great revival of education in his country. To that end he has recommended that every state and municipality in the country organize the year by establishing schools and other institutions for the enlightenment of the masses of the people. We are prone to forget that Mexico was the very cradle of American civilization. That the first university in the new world was founded in Mexico almost 100 years before the Pilgrims landed at Cape Cod, and three-quarters of a century before Jamestown was settled. That university had an unbroken existence of three centuries, lacking two years, and is to be reopened during the present centennial year. The first college on new world soil was a venerable institution when Harvard and William and Mary were founded. A full 1,000 years have passed since Mexico's first cities were built, and it had towns and villages and white-

walled temples before the Norsemen skirted the shores of Newfoundland and Massachusetts. General Diaz is in thorough accord with the American belief in universal education, and declares that "it is our foremost interest. We regard it as the foundation of our prosperity and the basis of our very existence." There is nothing that makes the Mexican more patriotic than these more hopeful of Mexico's future than this awakening spirit of universal education.

No other nation on earth has such a wide range of interest for the traveler as the Republic of Mexico. With its mountains, reaching to the realms of perpetual snow, and its lowlands, lying in the region of greatest heat in the torrid zone, one may at one view behold all the diversity of climate he would find in going from the equator to the north pole, and all the range of vegetation from polar to tropic seas. There are fifty-two varieties of mammal quadrupeds in the republic, 200 kinds of fowls, fifty species of humming birds, 353 other kinds of birds, 7,000 varieties of insects, forty-three species of reptiles, and a variety of plant life so great that the scientists have not yet catalogued them all.

There are now about 20,000 miles of railroad in Mexico, a large portion of which was built by capital from the United States. The mineral wealth of the republic is estimated to run far into the billions, and nearly every important mineral known to the miner for centuries to come. As yet the problem of conservation is not engaging the attention of the Mexican authorities. It is still a question of pioneering and unlocking the great store houses of treasure that remain all but unopened.

It would be unsafe for anyone to be carried away by the literature of promotion concerning the rubber plantations and other agricultural opportunities, as very few of them are advertised as likely to be productive of dividends in the near future. Yet, for the pioneer in the farming regions of Mexico there are abundant opportunities. The tablelands offer a climate that for uniformity and deliciousness is excelled nowhere, and there are millions of fertile acres that are available for cultivation. It has been shown that oranges may be grown in Mexico in the state of Chihuahua. Many accepted the offer, and the Boer colony in Chihuahua is now one of the most interesting farming communities of the whole republic. Among those who came over was General Viljoen, and a sturdy race of Viljoens is growing up. Only lately General Enrique Creel, late ambassador to the United States, stood godfather for the latest arrival in the Viljoen family.

One of the influences retarding Mexican growth is the poor and his pitiable condition. He lives in dirt, squalor and ignorance, but is as ready to assist a friend as he is to resent a wrong or avenge an insult. He works like a Trojan if encouraged, but shrinks like a Hottentot if bullied. He has no ambition to be rich, or to climb the ladder of intelligence. As long as he has his tortillas well baked and plenty of pulque to drink he cares little for progress or the betterment of his own condition.

Pulque is the national drink of the Mexican. It is made from a plant known as the American aloe, or sometimes as the century plant, from the fact that it blooms so rarely. The pulque plant is a species of the maguey plant, which supplies the Mexican with his paper, his vinegar, his molasses, his rope, his house-ropes and his drink, to say nothing of the fat worms that are extracted from the stock and eaten by the Indians as the place of resistance of their meals. When the old pulque plant withers a multitude of suckers spring up. These are set out and in from seven to ten years reach the blooming stage. The large blooming stock is cut off and a hollow formed in the stem from which the juice is prepared under conditions that are as far from sanitary as anything well can be, few Americans drink it.

No land in the new world offers greater attractions for the tourist, better advantages for the health seeker, safer conditions for the intelligent investor, or more promise for a rich future than Mexico. The greatest feeling of international comity exists between us and our own republic, and in celebrating its centennial year is the hope of the government at Washington that together they may so direct the trend of international events in Pan-Americanity that by the time of the second Mexican century the new world may lead the old in all lines of human progress.

BY FREDERICK J. HASKIN.
Tomorrow—President Taft's Birthday.

Proper Kind of Brush Helps to Promote Good Complexion

Because I think a complexion brush is of valuable agent in obtaining or retaining a good complexion, I am going to say something of what it should be and how it should be used.

If too stiff, it will be injurious by irritating the skin. It cannot be too soft, for no matter how the bristles may give they will still act as cleansers and will go more thoroughly into the pores than can a cloth, which, when used, does not begin to clean thoroughly from the pores. A brush will, and in these days constant motoring it becomes more than ever necessary to keep the pores free unless blackheads are to exist.

A hair brush of the kind first used for a baby makes an excellent brush for the complexion; a shaving brush is also good, although its bristles are a little too long. A cheap complexion brush is not desirable, for it has a harshness that never wears off and is irritating to the surface.

Using the brush is simple. Occasionally soap may be put on it, but more frequently plain water, precisely as a cloth is wet. The brush is dipped into the basin and wet. The face is scrubbed, using the same motion as with a face cloth. Naturally the brush is frequently to be dipped in anew during the operation so that dirt it attracts shall be rinsed out.

Once a week, not often, unless blackheads are present, liquid green soap may be applied. This is bought from any drug shop and may be thinned with water, as required. The brush is then dipped into the liquid, and the skin is rubbed as usual. I have had an unusual frequency lately

of letters announcing the constant use of castle soap on the face, and complaints that the skin is irritated. Castle soap agrees with few complexions, its action being to overdry. It may suit the skin of the body perfectly, while injuring the face. To use during the interval when liquid green soap is put on, I like shaving cream. It is softening to the skin and cleansing, and I have not found that it stimulated the growth of superfluous hair. It may be bought as shaving cream, pure and simple, at drug stores, or any of the patient sticks one prefers may be chosen.

MARGARET MIXTER.

Work for the Police.

Few people in Smoke Ridge had ever seen an automaton, so when one of these "red devils" stopped for a few minutes in the isolated village, the curious inhabitants gazed at the snorting demon with a mixture of fear and awe. The owner, who had entered a store to make a purchase, heard one rustic remark:

"I'll bet it is a man-killer."

"O' course it is," assured the other. "Look at that number on the back of the car. That shows how many people it's run over. That's according to law. Now, if that fellow was to run over anybody here in Smoke Ridge, it would be our duty to telegraph that number—1234—to the next town ahead."

And what would they do? asked the auditors.

"Why the police would stop him and change his number to 1235."—September Lippincott's.