

FICTION

THE BEE'S HOME MAGAZINE PAGE

HUMOR

Hat With Dent-in Brim



PHOTO BY JUEL FEDELL

It is the simplest kind of remodeling to change a last year's big mushroom shape into a stunning 1911 model. For only a dent in the brim, made with the thumb and forefinger, is required to secure a new "nickel" picture shape.

This change, of course, providing the big hat is covered with velvet, of which all the handsome picture hats are made this year, little trimming is required. On these big, smart shapes a towering feather, like the one in the photograph, is all that is essential.

Pazaza. It's Great! By Pop.



Things You Want to Know

The Government at Work—Department of Agriculture.

The Department of Agriculture has made itself one of the most important of the activities of the federal government. The annual production of agricultural interests of the United States amounts to nearly \$2,000,000,000. Assuming that the department has been able during all the years of its work to increase the efficiency of farm operations only 1 per cent, its total annual value to the nation would amount to \$20,000,000. It is well recognized that the campaign of education waged by the department has resulted in a much larger increase in crop production than that between its work of advising the farmer how to grow the food supply of the nation most successfully, and its labor to guarantee the quality of that food to all the people, the department is a busy institution. Its activities cost the government about \$15,000,000 a year.

The secretary of agriculture has many assistants. An assistant secretary aids him in the general supervision of the work in the department, a chief clerk supervises the working force, and a solicitor acts as the legal adviser of the department. The division of publications issues about 1,200 different publications during a year. These contain more than 30,000 pages and 17,000,000 copies are circulated. During twenty years the department has circulated more than 70,000,000 farmer bulletins.

The weather bureau's main purpose is to forecast the weather and issue warnings as to storms, cold waves, frosts and floods for the benefit of agriculturists, commerce and navigation. The nation spends nearly \$2,000,000 a year on this bureau. Besides forecasting weather conditions, the bureau is engaged in a scientific investigation of the earth's atmosphere. At Mount Weather, Va., it has an observatory far removed from the disturbing conditions of surrounding civilization. Here most of its atmospheric investigations are made. One of the buildings at this observatory is without windows, and another without the presence of iron. Even the horses cannot wear iron shoes while certain delicate magnetic experiments are being carried on.

The live stock interest of the nation are looked after by the bureau of animal industry. It has charge of meat inspection, national quarantine regulations for live stock, and the study of the relations of animal diseases to the human race. Each year in the meat inspection service 54,000,000 live animals are inspected before their slaughter, and 7,000,000 pounds of meat after slaughter. This bureau also furnishes the farmers of the country black leg vaccine, free of charge, for the inoculation of young calves. Over 1,000,000 doses were given away last year, and 200,000 doses of tuberculin, which is used in determining the presence of tuberculosis in milk cows. The country is indebted to the bureau of plant industry for its services in helping the farmer grow his grain, forage, truck and fruit crops. It ransacks the whole world for plants which may be grown with profit in the United States. It has brought dates from Palestine, durum wheat from Russia, millet from Siberia, wild peaches from China, and many other promising plants from every region of the world.

chemist, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley. In addition to supervising the enforcement of the pure food law, the bureau has many other duties. Recently it examined 119 samples of American wines, with a view of ascertaining what might be done in the direction of improving the American product. Careful studies are made for the solution of the problem of impure milk. In the enforcement of the pure food law thousands of samples of food products are examined every year, and many of these examinations require the most exacting chemical experiments. Few drugs formerly were brought into the United States in a pure state, but through the activities of the bureau of chemistry drug adulterations have almost ceased. It was Dr. Wiley who established the now famous "poison squad," composed of young volunteers from the various departments. They were given free board, agreeing to eat only such food as was prescribed by Dr. Wiley. His studies in this direction covered a number of years and in a large measure were responsible for the pure food law now on the federal statute books.

It is the province of the bureau of soils to make surveys of soils in given communities, upon the recommendation of members of congress. These surveys reveal what fertilizers are needed on each farm and what crops can be grown most advantageously. More than 270,000 square miles of agricultural land has been surveyed in this way since the inauguration of the work in 1895. Seven hundred kinds of soils have been found on the farms surveyed. There is little danger of the farming lands of the nation becoming exhausted. This is shown by the experience of European countries. In the middle of the sixteenth century European farms were producing about as much grain and hay to the acre as the American farms produce today. Today the European production is more than twice as great to the acre as ours. Minute investigations show that after a thousand years of crop yielding the mineralogical composition of the soils of Europe is not perceptibly different from that of similar soils in virgin parts of the United States.

The bureau of entomology deals with the economic relations of the bug creation to the farm. It has been wrestling with the spruce moth and other pests which threaten to do vast damage. Last year the bureau cleaned 300 miles of roadway in New England to make it impossible for the moth caterpillars to fall upon passing vehicles and thus travel to new fields. It has developed a spraying formula in which arsenic is used. It imports parasites from other countries for the purpose of preying upon the pests of various kinds. In exchange for the parasites which are imported from other countries, the bureau sends some of ours to those countries. Lately it has sent parasites from the United States to Spain to eat the Spanish mealy bug, dog tick parasites of South Africa, and bumble bees to the Philippines. The bureau works for the subjugation of every harmful insect, and has succeeded largely in its efforts.

The relations of man and the animal kingdom occupy the attention of the bureau of the biological survey. It strives to ascertain what birds and animals are harmful to agriculture and to learn what agencies assist the farmer. The bureau is waging a crusade against rats, mice, ground squirrels, prairie dogs and other rodents. It has made exhaustive experiments with traps, baits and poisons. It estimates that the ground squirrels of California alone destroy \$10,000,000 worth of farm products in the course of a year, besides being carriers of the bubonic plague. The bureau is encouraging the raising of muskrat and pronounces their flesh highly edible. It has issued bulletins on such subjects as deer farming and fox farming. It supervises the importation of birds and mammals and has oversight over the fifty-one bird sanctuaries of the country, into which no hunter may go. It also has charge of the 20,000-acre national bird refuge.

The bureau of statistics gathers and publishes the crop statistics of the country. It has a corps of 13,000 crop reporters. Their reports are summarized monthly by a board and carefully guarded so that the information may not get out ahead of time. There is also an office in charge of the experiment station work of the country and another which handles the national phases of good road improvement in the United States.

By FREDERIC J. MANSIEU. Tomorrow—The Government at Work. X. Department of Commerce and Labor.

Dottie Dialogues Words, Words Everywhere, and Not a Thought to Think!

BY WALTER A. SINCLAIR. "Can't they get out the vote campaigner?" asked Dottie. "No, I'm afraid the fresh voter will now suffer campaigns in the head," I replied, after recovering from my discomfiture. "Caused by wearing campaign hat?" she suggested. "No. Smoking a campaign torch." "Ah, torture," she comprehended. "What's the meaning of your taking such a deep interest in politics?" I demanded, suspiciously. "I read that all the big interests were," she countered, artlessly. "But, to tell the truth, I thought I ought to, seeing the men don't." "You can't vote," I challenged. "Yes, I can, but the men won't let me. Mentally and physically I'm able to vote," she asserted. "That's no argument against my being interested. You can't make a dress or wear one, but I notice you are interested. I hope some day to put my X in the circle." "You have great X-pectations," I ventured. "There was one thing I couldn't quite understand," she admitted. "Only one?" "Yes, I thought a vice president was elected for the same term as a president, and yet I see that Vice President Sherman was defeated for election." "Oh, that was a mere device to keep the public reminded of who was vice president," I explained. "He gets the salary right along and is allowed the privilege of paying about twice as much for house rent in Washington." "And what does it mean to demand a progressive platform?" she asked. "That means a moving sidewalk," I responded. "And then there are direct primaries—primaries?" "Why, that's—er—where you go to the primaries and—um—they direct you to go to another place about a mile away," I diagrammed. "I'm so glad there was some one I could ask," she exclaimed, pleased. "Oh, you can ask me anything," I asserted, recklessly. "In reason," I added. "I can ask you, but can you answer?" she demanded. "This is so sudden," I shied. "For whom are you going to vote for congress?" she interrogated. "Why—er—Um—the same eludes me for the moment," I hedged. "It doesn't have to be a very fast name



"MOVE NEARER."

to do that," she commented. "Well, who is your choice for state senator?" "Neither are very choice," I sidestepped, turning red. "I suppose you know who are candidates for assemblyman in your district?" she queried, remorselessly. "Fact is, they're so bad I hate to admit it," I parried. "But why try to make me tell names? I'm no city directory." "Matter of fact you don't know a name," she accused. "How do you pick candidates?" "I never got near enough to one to pick him," I eluded. "Anyhow, most of them do the picking themselves after they're elected. I usually vote the straight ticket." "How can it be straight when you say part of it is crooked?" she persisted. "Now, isn't that just like a woman?" I declaimed. "You don't even know the assembly district you live in, do you?" "Well—I spend so much time over here in your district that—huh—I was seriously thinking—"

The Boss of the Establishment He Refuses to Allow His Neighbors to Become Too Familiar.

BY AMERD MANN. The Boss of the Establishment was enjoying for the first time the delightful sensation of being the lord of the manor also. The October wind showered leaves from his own elm and maple trees. The October mosquitoes buzzed in angry bafflement outside his own back porch, where on a clear, cool Sunday afternoon he was taking his ease and his demi-tasse. His wife, still a little dazed by the fact that she could actually get lost in the unaccustomed spaciousness of her own home, was reading, with obvious approval, a newspaper article in praise of the stout, or as the author phrased it, the well-developed woman. The Boss looked out over the slightly withered lawn where they were planning to have a tennis court next summer. "This is pretty poor, isn't it?" he observed, with the customary enthusiasm of the newly made commutuer. "It's lovely," his wife softly agreed. Then her melting tone hardened suddenly to the matter of fact. "There's but one thing I'm afraid of," she confided. "That it will be lonesome for the new cook. You see, in an apartment house a girl knows all the other servants and she has plenty of society." "But solitude is the greatest beauty of this place!" the Boss protested. "I tell you I want to give three cheers every time I realize that we don't know a soul in Mount-ainville." "See here!" said the Boss, setting down his coffee cup, "don't you worry about our dog. He can take care of himself. But what's the use of getting rid of all your friends by moving to the country if you're going to start making a new lot right away? I've come out on the train with that fellow next door a couple of times and I tell you I don't like his looks." The Boss never did like a strange man's looks. It was only with the greatest reluctance and upon indisputable evidence that he ever parted with the conviction that a person unknown to him was a cut-throat or a confidence man. He had not lived ten years in New York for nothing. When, later in the afternoon, he started for a walk, with Wood-woof running and wheeling ahead, they passed the unknown neighbor and his lumbering Great Dane both the Boss and his dog growled.



BOSS AND DOG GROWLED.

Wood-woof seemed not in the least dismayed by the height and expansive chest of the Scandinavian, Olaf, which was the other dog's historical name. In fact, even hope they won't meet unless they are going to be friends. Don't you think, dear, it might be a good plan for us to have just a formal acquaintance with those people so that the dogs will get to know each other right away and not want to fight?" "See here!" said the Boss, setting down his coffee cup, "don't you worry about our dog. He can take care of himself. But what's the use of getting rid of all your friends by moving to the country if you're going to start making a new lot right away? I've come out on the train with that fellow next door a couple of times and I tell you I don't like his looks." The Boss never did like a strange man's looks. It was only with the greatest reluctance and upon indisputable evidence that he ever parted with the conviction that a person unknown to him was a cut-throat or a confidence man. He had not lived ten years in New York for nothing. When, later in the afternoon, he started for a walk, with Wood-woof running and wheeling ahead, they passed the unknown neighbor and his lumbering Great Dane both the Boss and his dog growled.

the Boss admitted that, in the sanguinary proceedings which followed, the young and frisky collie was distinctly the aggressor. Wood-woof looked at the rather aged gladiator and uttered a snarl to the effect that "they never come back." The Great Dane halted and showed a set of rather ancient teeth, which seemed only to encourage the younger dog. The next moment the Boss, Wood-woof, Olaf and his unknown master were tangled up in a whirling, snapping, growling cloud of dust. Each man, with paleworthy self-restraint, pounded, coaxed and yelled at his own dog. A crowd of boys playing base ball on a vacant lot quit their game and crowded in a shrieking circle about the combatants. In less than five minutes the dogs were separated, but there had been time enough for the two men to become very formally acquainted. Neither dog had been conquered so decisively as to rouse resentment in the breast of his master. But, though the spirit of battle still rumbled in the canine throats, a bond had been created between the two men.

As soon as active hostilities had ceased the Boss invited his new acquaintance to have a drink, and by the time that function was over had quite decided that the young man was neither an escaped convict nor a bank embezzler, but a most estimable and entertaining member of society, and who had a dog that Wood-woof could "lick." Later, when the Boss, with the still panting collie behind him, joined his wife on the front lawn, that highly perceptive person remarked at once: "What's the matter with Wood-woof? He's all warm and muzzed up! Why he looks exactly as if he had been in a fight!" "So he has!" the Boss exclaimed, and with great detail and not without visible enjoyment related the story of Wood-woof's escapade. "I don't wonder you said those people next door are not nice! What a brute he must be to let his dog attack Wood-woof! I don't ever want to know any of them!" The Boss hesitated a moment. "But you'll have to know them!" he said finally. "He's a fine young fellow, I asked him to bring his wife over to call after tea." The Boss's wife smiled softly to herself, while Wood-woof merely yawned. (Copyright, 1910, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

Items of Interest for the Women Folk

Horizontal lines are the corrective for extreme height and slenderness. Square yokes, ornamental cuffs and belts, trimming that runs around the skirt, all help to diminish the size. Vertical lines are trying to a slight figure unless lengthwise tucks and plaits are used, which, extending to the shoulders, give width to the chest surface, but fullness gained by gathers and sblings is softer and adds breadth without incurring the stiffness of the up-and-down lines. Diagonal folds may, of course, be employed, only they should not be flat, but soft and in the nature of drapery. Sleeves for thin arms should never be plain nor have any lengthwise trimming. A stimulation of a short sleeve by means of transparent cuffs is a good design and almost any use of horizontal lines. When as is often the case with a tall frame, the neck is long, its exaggerated effect is obtained by bringing some fairly striking trimming close under the chin. If, however, this same ornamentation is carried

far down on the chest its purpose is defeated; it must serve either as a shallow yoke or as a band from shoulder to shoulder. In designing a gown with prominent horizontal lines one must be careful not to divide the figure into "stories." A general impression of unity must be preserved and no gown that has a cut-up effect is well planned. A frock must not be shapeless. With material at hand one can build out the figure to any size and shape and with grotesque results; to be successful in treating the slight figure one must keep a sense of proportion and maintain the right relations of one part of the body to another. And one must not forget either to keep in graceful outline the contour of the figure, which is almost more of an art in building out a figure than in treating one where natural curves, while ample at least, serve as a basis and indication. To the slender who would be otherwise: Do away with dark colors and flat sur-

faces. Learn to manage fullness without clumsiness; cultivate a sense for beauty of line and beauty of motion and stand straight if you would look smart in the trying styles of this season! Among the unusual towels is a dainty huckaback finished with a scalloped edge, above which appears a band of embroidery in a simple but very artistic design, enclosed with rows of fancy stitching. The size is twenty-nine by forty-three inches and the price is \$1. A similar towel, but smaller, costs 50 cents. The price of an imported Turkish bath towel is 60 cents, size twenty-one by forty inches, and a most luxurious towel of the same kind, but larger, costs \$6 cents. Turkish bath sheets are a luxury. They are hemstitched all around and come in sizes fifty by seventy-two inches at \$1.50 and sixty-two by eighty-two inches at \$2. Persistent Advertising is the Road to Big Returns.

Plenty of Exercise, Water and Oranges is Her Banting Recipe

Two women who had not met since the beginning of the summer encountered each other in a shop the other day, and one frankly exclaimed: "What have you been doing? You've a figure like a boy! You can wear a hobble skirt and not look like a barrel!" "That was the object of my life this summer, and I've succeeded, haven't I?" the second returned complacently. "I think hobble skirts are homely, but if every other woman is going to wear them this winter then I must, and I don't mean to look like a guy, either. How did I do it? Exercise, water and oranges, mostly. Want to know?" They adjourned to luncheon, and over a small omelet, some toast without butter and a final glass of orange juice, the slim woman expounded her treatment. "As soon as I wake in the morning," she said, "I drink a glass of spring water that has been standing covered, in the room all night. It is cool, but not cold. That quantity of liquid on an empty stomach acts to flush the system, but the drink must not be cold. My breakfast, half an hour later, is a cup of black coffee without cream or sugar, and the juice of two oranges. Through the morning I drink orange juice freely and also two full glasses of water. I found the easiest way of making sure to have water the right temperature and convenient was to keep a large bottle of it in the room. Luncheon is a slight meal of non-fattening food followed by more orange juice in the afternoon and two more glasses of water. I don't starve at dinner, but I eat with discretion, and I never take liquid with it. During the evening I drink two more glasses of water, and a third as I am going to bed. My special exercises come morning and night; the former before I dress. I stand with my hands high above my head and bring them down straight till the finger tips touch the floor without bending my knees. I couldn't make the tips touch at first, but I worked away, increasing the number of trials every three days, till I could. It was two weeks before I did.

Then I straighten up and bend my body from the hips, sidewise, just as far over as I can. This pulls fat off the hips, but you mustn't bend below the hips or it won't do you any good. Finally I sit astride a chair, hold the back, which I face, firmly, and twist around, one way and then the other, just as far as I can without moving on the chair. That thins the hips. "It has been a good treatment for me, and I do it regularly fifteen minutes, morning and night. Nothing is permitted to interfere, and I've taken off twenty-five pounds this summer, slowly, too, so I don't feel weak from it." MARGARET MIXTER. WORST OF ALL. When orator flirts with flies. Of tales you have a lot, And some of them are campaign lies, And some, alas, are not! T. E. M.



IMMUNE



Daily Health Hint

To keep comfortable in body, one of the first requisites is to be comfortable in mind. A happy frame of mind helps to drive away ill health and keeps it away. Life in a Great City. The crowd blocked the sidewalk and spread out half way across the street. Men struggled and almost fought to force their way through, to find out what was going on. "What's the trouble?" asked a dozen voices. The answers were unsatisfactory. It was a man in a fit. Somebody had fainted. Two newboys were fighting. A woman had been run over by a delivery wagon. A pickpocket had been caught in the act. "Aw, g'wah, here! Move ahn!" vociferated a policeman, who was the least to arrive. The crowd melted away. Then the cause of the excitement was revealed. It was a glazer trying to break off half an inch from the bottom of a large pane of plate glass—Chicago Tribune.

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." "Well, you're safe enough."