

FICTION

THE BEE'S HOME MAGAZINE PAGE

HUMOR

Brightside and His Boy

"Hunting for Missing Papers." The Latest Tabloid Sketch.

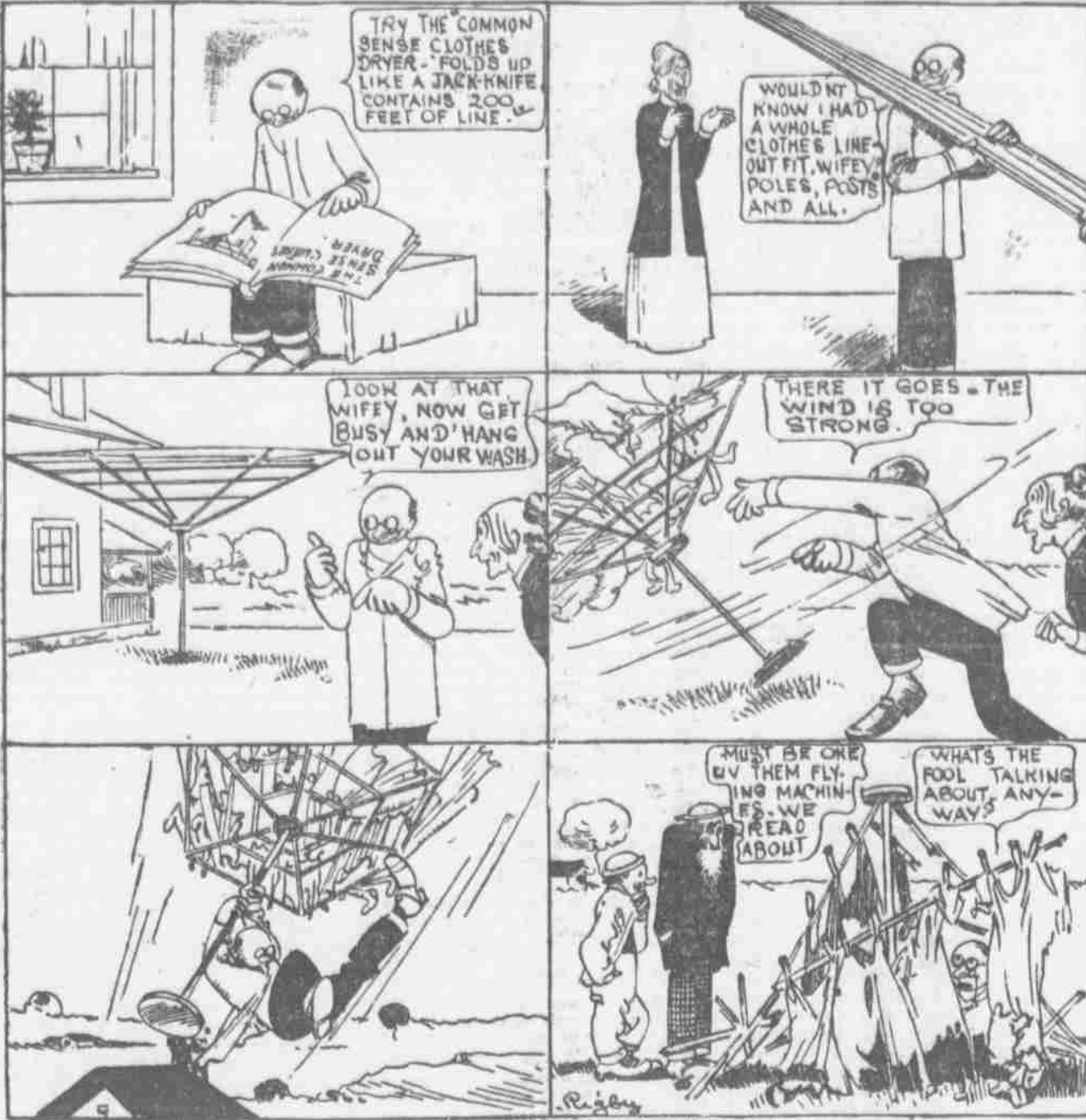
BY LAFAYETTE PARKS.

"It is surprising how many contents there are over the estates of wealthy men which will cut off some of the relatives," remarks Brightside, when Willie the Wise has settled himself in his accustomed corner and got the torch nicely burning. "The missing papers always get my goat in this will business," complains Son. "There are a bunch of lawyers in this town who would never be able to make a living if the will hadn't been mislaid at the last moment."



"The chap that invented that stunt is apt to pay dearly for his day's work," asserts Son. "All the actor-villains in the business will camp on his trail for chucking them out of a job. If there are no more papers to be lost or stolen it's a cinch that the plots of all up to the minute dramas will have to be changed, putting a lot of the long-haired boys out of work."

BOOK TAUGHT BILKINS.



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The DIARY of DOLLIE



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Wednesday—Who should turn up day before yesterday but Jim Connors. I was sitting in the window seat reading about life in New York and wondering if I had enough money for a trip there—I mean a real trip—when I saw a huge machine coming up the drive. I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw it was Jim. If only he could have arrived when Tom was here and was acting in such a disagreeable way. But one cannot have everything.

It seems an apt of his has a cottage in this neighborhood and he is staying with her for a few days. He came to our place in twenty-one minutes only. He wanted to know if there wasn't a hotel where he could spend a few weeks. I told him about the "Blige-Water" and he said he would engage a room there right away. I don't believe that idea appeals to me very strongly. It will be nice to see him a few times and have him propose again and go out in the car, but I don't want to have weeks of that sort of thing. I've got to be so busy getting my winter clothes ready very shortly, and I believe in giving all your attention to what you are doing that is most important. He did look so nice and refreshing after the professor. He only stayed a short time, as he said he had to meet his aunt.

It felt up the end of my nose and I looked anything but romantic when my toilet was completed. When he came I went downstairs and murmured something about a toothache and then I said I had a boil on my face. That sounded more attractive than anything I could think of. He was all sympathy and became very tender. I might have known that a lady would like him a boil on the woman he loved would inspire deep sentiment.

The cook's gown distinctly had an elusive odor of fried onions about it. But I dare say I went up in his estimation on that account, as he probably pictured me cooking them. He was bending over me in the most devoted manner and telling me of some fearful sort of a cure for toothaches and boils, when Jim walked into the room. The front door had been open and he had heard my voice, so came right in. His mouth fell apart as he saw my appearance. I sort of gasped an introduction and then sat speechless as I heard the professor explaining about my toothache and the boil to him. Jim said, "Oh, your poor girl; can't I do anything?" I replied feebly that I thought I was getting a fever, too. As

Jim moved toward me I thought of the scent of the onions that clung to my gown and cried, "Don't come near me whatever you do." He evidently thought I was becoming delirious, and the professor said soothingly: "A boil is not catching, my dear young lady."

I saw Jim looking at the soot on my coat and when his eyes rested on the biggest grease spot I know I looked fearfully sick. I began to have a sort of wild expression finally and the professor said nervously that he thought it would be better to send for the doctor. I asked him to close the front door and while he was in the hall told Jim to get him away immediately or I'd never speak to him again. It was very difficult to get rid of him, though. He hinted that, as Mr. Connors had an automobile, it would be better for him to get the doctor. Jim was sitting beside me on the sofa then, in spite of the onions, and I began to be terribly afraid he might think it his duty to go for a physician, so I held one of his hands as tightly as I could behind one of the cushions to try and keep him there. After a while there was nothing for the professor to do but go. I looked at him pitifully and murmured that I really would like to have a doctor. I thought then I might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb and said: "Professor, think of my tooth, and I feel another one coming." I meant to say: but he didn't notice.

As soon as he had disappeared I made one dash up the stairs and put on my rose chiffon and half a bottle of violet perfume and came down and explained it

all to Jim. I think he believed me. Anyway, he certainly wasn't afraid of catching anything.

HE WASN'T A BIT AFRAID OF CATCHING ANYTHING.

IT WILL BE VERY NICE TO SEE HIM A FEW TIMES.

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Things You Want to Know

The Government at Work—Government Printing Office.

The United States has the finest and largest printing office in the world. It is fitting that this government, where universal education and individual enlightenment find their best expression, should be foremost in the dissemination of all classes of governmental literature. It costs Uncle Sam at least \$2,000,000 a year to carry on his printing and publishing business. Of this \$2,000,000 is expended in the printing of the literature and at least \$2,000,000 for its preparation. There are a thousand different books and pamphlets printed every year by the government, to say nothing of the large number of circulars, bills, and other small jobs. There are several dailies, a number of weeklies, and many monthly publications issued by the government. These range in importance from the Congressional Record, to the monthly summary of commerce statistics issued by the bureau of statistics.

The building in which the big printing establishment is housed cost more than \$2,000,000. The entire plant is valued at upwards of \$16,000,000. The aggregate number of pieces of printed matter sent out is so large that the officials no longer keep accurate account of them. As far back as 1907, 35,000,000 pieces were turned out, and 55,000,000 pages of type were set up. The appropriations for the big printing office amount to approximately \$6,000,000 a year, which represents three-fourths of the printing expenses of the government. The major portion of the government printing office is done outside the city of Washington. In spite of the fact that every known practical labor-saving machine is used at the government printing office, the force required is paid \$4,000,000 a year, and there is an appropriation of more than \$300,000 for leaves of absence. It requires a million dollars worth of paper and \$600,000 worth of other material for a year's operations.

One begins to appreciate the immensity of Uncle Sam's printing plant, when he considers how great are the little things about it. In 1909 \$2,000 worth of soap was used \$23 worth of screw drivers, \$22 worth of pens, \$200 worth of lead pencils, \$2,000 worth of lubricants and twenty-four tons of printer's ink. Waste paper is reduced to a minimum, yet in that year \$13,900 was derived from its sale. The big plant has fifteen acres of floor space, every available square foot of which is occupied. When one goes through the government printing office he finds a room where the required ink is made, a room with eighty linotype machines, the largest number to be found in a single room anywhere in the world. In another room are melting pots so large that they hold fifteen tons of molten metal. In another room presses are found whose combined output is more than 1,000,000 impressions every hour. Among all the eighty-seven presses in this room there is not a pulley or a belt in sight, each machine being operated by its own individual motor. The printers' ink is applied to forty tons of paper every eight hours. There are card presses which turn out 500,000 cards a day.

The job office is also the biggest of its kind in the world. It turns out more job work in a single day than the average plant can turn out in a full week. Everything in the way of perfect equipment is found in this plant. On the same floor with the job office is the office of the public printer, which has the reputation of being the most finely furnished office in the entire building service. The government printing office is ready at all times to respond to hurry calls. When the naval court of inquiry into the destruction of the Maine made its report, President McKinley transmitted it to congress one afternoon. The next morning it was printed and in the hands of every member of the senate and house. It contained twenty-four full page illustrations, one lithograph in colors, and nearly 300 pages of printed matter. When the congressional inquiry into the Harding point was made by the government printing office required only thirty-six hours to print and

deliver to congress the 200-page report of that inquiry. Its prompt work during the revision of the tariff last year was fully as remarkable as these performances. With its hundreds of compositors and proofreaders, there would be a wide diversity of style were it not for the adoption of a manual of style to which strict adherence is required. This style-book is said to be the most complete in the United States, although it is very different from the styles used in the newspaper offices of the country. Congress makes the heaviest demand upon the government printing office. Its annual printing bill amounts to more than \$2,000,000. The Congressional Record and the printing of hearings, committee reports and bills demand the major portion of this amount. Next to congress is the patent office. The Patent Office Gazette is a large weekly volume dealing with patents issued and giving the specifications of each one of the thousands of patents granted. It is this publication which gives the patent office second place among the different organizations of the world in the consumption of printers' ink. The Department of Agriculture ranks third as a user of printers' ink. It requires \$465,000 a year to pay the printing bills of that department. Its most important publication is the year-book of which 500,000 copies are issued annually. Nothing is too exacting for the government printing office to undertake. The collection records, published in 133 volumes, and requiring a 1,285-page index, perhaps for generations will remain the world's greatest single undertaking in the printing line. These records contain more than 100,000 pages of printed matter, requiring in their publication 80,000 reams of white paper, and more than 8,000,000 ems of type. The whole edition comprised about 1,500,000 volumes. When the United States wanted to publish a history of the railroad it demanded that completed volume should be one of the finest examples of the printer's art to be found. Although sold at bare cost of production, exclusive of the cost of the plates, the price of this work is \$10. In order that every citizen may have full opportunity to possess himself of as many of the government publications as he desires, the office of superintendent of documents has been established. This office is furnished with a supply of all valuable publications, and is expected to use such means of advertising as will bring them to the attention of the public generally. They are sold at the bare cost of the material used in printing and the labor involved. In another room are melting pots so large that they hold fifteen tons of molten metal. In another room presses are found whose combined output is more than 1,000,000 impressions every hour. Among all the eighty-seven presses in this room there is not a pulley or a belt in sight, each machine being operated by its own individual motor. The printers' ink is applied to forty tons of paper every eight hours. There are card presses which turn out 500,000 cards a day.

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It is the opinion of many newspaper men that the government printing bill might be cut in two if a proper system of editing were in vogue. In the recent printing investigation it was stated by an authority that two out of three of the public documents issued by the government could be boiled down to half their present size without the omission of any material facts. The agitation which led to the printing investigation has served already to diminish the size of hundreds of the annual reports of the different bureaus and divisions of the government.

BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN. Tomorrow—The Government at Work. XV—Miscellaneous Federal Organizations.

Daughters of Famous Men



Miss Mary H. Northend, journalist, was born in Salem, Mass., where her father was a distinguished criminal lawyer, who, during a long period of years, was retained in every criminal case, with one exception. He was an old time war democrat, a friend and intimate associate of Rufus Choate, Franklin Pierce and Charles Sumner.

In early youth Miss Northend was debilitated by ill health from an extensive education. In fact, she was a confirmed invalid from the age of 11 years until very recently.

However, she inherited a love of literary work from her father, who was a literary man and the author of "The Old Bay Colony." After a very severe illness, and a sojourn from home of eleven years' duration, she returned to Salem and began to write short historical sketches for the newspapers. When these attracted the attention of magazines, she entered upon work along her present lines about five years ago. She has worked principally along household lines, although she has done much with colored sketches. Her leading feature is photography. During the last five years she has taken more than 14,000 photographs. On account of her extreme nervousness, she does not attempt work herself, but always accompanies her photographer and directs each picture taken. Her success in this exhausting and exacting labor has been such as to win for her a considerable prominence among the magazines.

Miss Northend makes it a part of her life scheme to avoid club work of every kind. In order to devote her whole time to her chosen work, she has given up all social engagements. It is indeed a rare event when even her most intimate friends can prevail upon her to accept invitations of a social nature. She is an indefatigable worker, rising at an early hour and giving

the whole day to her work, often writing until the "wee sma' hours" of the morning. So devoted is she to her chosen work that for nine years she has never taken even one day's vacation, but finds on her happy thought of a life which is neither frittered away upon frivolous gossip nor wasted upon work which is worse than useless. (Copyright, 1910, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

Daily Health Hint

One authority claims that an excellent cure for indigestion is "to treat the stomach like a gentleman by giving it several warm baths a day; in other words, drink two glasses of hot water half an hour before each meal."

Imposing on a Passenger. J. Adam Bede of Minnesota, the humorist of the house, while he was in it, and whose humor still bubbles, tells the following of a friend of his who travels for a career firm:

"My friend," said Bede, "is of a saving disposition, and he recently had to make a longhaul jaunt with two trunks. Arriving at the station he approached a stranger standing on the platform and said:

"Are you going to Chicago on this train?" "I am."

"Have you any baggage?" "No."

"Well, friend, you can do me a favor, and it won't cost you a cent. I've got two good-sized trunks here and they always speak me pay excess for one. You can get one checked on your ticket and save me some money."

"Yes, but I haven't any ticket." "But you said just now that you were going on this train."

"So I am. I'm the conductor."—San Francisco Examiner.

Hopkinson Smith Experience. "Don't use too long words," said F. Hopkinson Smith, the author.

"I was once on the way to Reading by train, and, at a town nestling beside the river, I came out on the platform and drew in deep breaths of the pure, delicious air.

"Isn't this invigorating?" I said to the brakeman.

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"No, sir; it's Conshohocken," said he.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Still on the Job. He—What ever became of your brother, the one who was a switchman? She—Oh, he is now a preacher.

He—A preacher? Well, there's not much change in his occupation, then. She—Why, how is that? He—Well, he still does the coupling up, doesn't he?—Exchange.

Going to Europe this winter? Not unless the boss examines my books!

Items of Interest for the Women Folk

A simple hair ornament that can be easily adjusted to almost any coiffure is made from silver or gold ribbon an inch wide and three rows of colored beads strung side by side.

When the brows are in good condition, vaseline rubbed on at night will be sufficient to keep them pretty. To apply the tip of the finger is dipped into grease and each brow is stroked in the line it should grow. This serves to train it; a most necessary detail if any beauty of shape is to be secured.

Brows that are inclined to be thin and scraggly require more attention. They need a tonic, and one which is nourishing is made from one-half ounce of sweet almond oil and two-and-one-half grains of sulphate of quinine.

By care of the brows I mean practically the same treatment which is given to the hair with this exception: Tonics employed must contain a large percentage of grease for the line of hair over the eyes is so

exposed to light and air that the natural oils are quickly dried; a loss that must be repaired if the brows are not to lose in appearance.

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Bachelor Maids Guests Tiresome; She Says They Become Too Bossy

A bachelor maid of large income complained of being lonely. "Why don't you have visitors staying in the house more often?" inquired the older woman to whom the remark was made. "Because they wear me to the bone," declared the bachelor maid. "My guests never seem to let me alone. Do you say you're around every minute? My last one this week left yesterday, and I sang with joy at her departure.

"She never seemed to be tired, and I gather that to be alone a moment was her horror. She never went to her room to lie down, and certainly in the week she was in the house she did not write a note except once at my desk in the library. There was a desk, fully equipped, in her own room, and when she told me she had a note to write I could have leaped for joy, for I thought I would be myself for a short time. Not so. She said if I didn't mind she would use the library desk. I suggested she would find that in her own room quite comfortable, but she never seemed to let me alone."

"She stayed that time, but never again shall she be a house guest under my roof. Most of my guests do the same. I hardly have time to give orders to the housekeeper, and as for half an hour in which to rest, I never have it! I'll give luncheon and dinners hereafter, but I'll have no one staying in the house."

ROSANNA SCHUYLER.

Dyspeptic Philosophy.

A pessimist is a man who dodges pleasure running to meet trouble. To get things coming your way it is first necessary to go after them.

Man wants but little here below, generally a little more than he will ever get.

Some men can mind their own business about as successfully as they can refrain from giving advice.

There are men so lazy that the devil is taxed to his utmost to find work for their idle hands to do.

If the shoe fits, wear it, unless you happen to be a woman, and then you will get a size smaller.

Many a fellow sings first bass in a church choir who would make a better shortstop on a ball team.

It requires a good deal of tact for a woman to make her husband think he is having his own way.

"Oh, uncle, dear, I'm so glad to see you. How well you're looking!" "Oh, yes! How much do you want?"