

FICTION

THE BEE'S HOME MAGAZINE PAGE



Stylish Breakfast Robe



Interesting new negligees show, instead of the long gathered lace and ribbon trimmings, conventional bands of Bulgarian or Norwegian embroidery in strong, crude colors which give an odd, though rather smart style.

This boudoir garment is made of white permo material—a simple mixture of wool with mohair threads—and the embroidery

is done in several shades of blue with a dash of strong orange and some black lines. The overhanging part of the gown which slopes from the bust to the end of the train is lined with a medium shade of the blue, and this color shows with each movement of the wearer. Frills of accord-plated white silk form the loose sleeves under the sleeves of the gown.

Boss of the Establishment

His Wife Solves the Whole Problem of Domestic Economy.

BY AMBER MAN.

The wife of the Boss of the Establishment was nursing a melancholy mood, also a cold in the head. It is needless to say that one was the result of the other.

All day she had lounged in a reclining chair nursing her nose and wishing she had never had one. Reading did not seem to take her mind off her physical misery, so she had begun to figure accounts.

Never an exhilarating occupation at its best, today the survey of the month's expenses had reduced her to a meaningless but real despair.

Moving to the country had not been like putting money in the savings bank—far from it. And the worst of those past expenditures, as she gazed upon them, seemed to be that every item had been absolutely necessary.

How then could they retrosp? With a throbbing head and a slightly feverish pulse, retrenchment seemed to cast the only possible light on a gloomy future. They could not save on the table; that was "bourgeois." And if you had ever heard the Boss wife utter that adjective of supreme contempt you would have understood it, even though the French word was unknown to you.

There must be no middle class cutting down of the butcher's bill, no day-long boiling of venerable fowls. There was, in fact, just one way of saving and that was up to her.

She spent far too much money on clothes. There was the matter of hats, for instance. Why should she feel that she must have new millinery every season? Her last winter's hat, if it were changed here and there and had some new trimming, would be good enough. That would mean a saving of almost \$20.

Fired with this noble ambition, she sorted over a box of moth-eaten treasures, the mummified remains of former millinery triumphs, and despatched the choicest pickings, together with her last winter's hat, to Madame something or other, who promised over the telephone to return the transformed creation the same evening.

As the day wore on she grew more and more melancholy and more and more economical, both phases alarmingly removed from the normal state.

Even the Boss' return did not raise her from her extraordinary lassitude. She languidly greeted him, but soon settled back to her reclining chair and her accounts.

"We must economize," she announced suddenly after prolonged figuring.

"All right," said the Boss cheerfully, "we will."

There was a little more silent arithmetic and then the lady looked up dolefully and added: "But I don't see at all how we can economize."

"All right, we won't," agreed the Boss.

A LITTLE SERMON FOR THE WEEK-END



By Rev. J. G. Wilson, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Benson.

Value of the Psalm.

"No man cared for my soul." Psalm 141:1. Human assets are the most valuable. Investments in souls have ever brought the richest dividends. What a loss to the world had the callow, undeveloped youth of our text been finally extinguished at this time of loneliness and dependency, when no one seemed to care for his soul but the great God above! There were poets and scholars who made their mark in David's era. There were soldiers of dashing fame. There were men of wealth who bulged large in the common eye. But the uncared for youth hated and cast out was destined to overtop them all in the service to humanity. Who can measure the inspiration of his encounter with the giant Philistine upon the ambitious mind of youth in David's day, and since, leading to the overthrow of many a giant evil!

Who can estimate the value of the Psalm in unifying believers, in voicing the religious instinct and in leading the footsteps of multitudes seeking after God? Yet all these future human assets and more, were humbly speaking, at the point of being destroyed and lost to human kind, as the outcast said, "No one cared for my soul."

Sometimes the struggle to keep one's own head above water is no force that it is no wonder the sorrows of others pass unnoticed. There are times in every life, when trials troop to the assault from every quarter, as though we were singled out for slaughter. Again even when there is real sympathy, a sense of timidity and of one's unfitness to offer help holds back the golden word of comfort.

Yet in the vast majority of cases unconcerned for the welfare of others, especially, a want of care for the religious welfare, is nothing short of criminal. Cain's cry and plea, "Am I my brother's keeper?" has again and again risen to human lips, and always under a divine Providence, has inherited the same curse that fell upon that first instance of extreme selfishness. The agitations of modern labor sound much like the cry of young David driven to the movement of the water. Frills of accord-plated white silk form the loose sleeves under the sleeves of the gown.

Our Savior's example and teaching settles all doubt as to the believer's duty in caring for the souls of others. Almost his last words were "As the Father hath sent me into the world, so I send you." And how was he sent, how did he come? "The Son of Man is coming to seek and to save the lost." The story of the prodigal son was spoken expressly to justify Christ's course, in breaking the rules of culture to mingle with the outcast and bring them home to God. The elder son, was not caring for his vagrant brother. Some one with authority and standing must go. Hence, the incarnation. Hence, Christ's sanctification of himself, setting himself apart from the Father's bosom, from symbols of position and power, from earthly callings and comforts, otherwise legitimate, and all for

men? There are notable exceptions. It is true, and all honor to them; but the judgments of a gracious heaven are written against the oppressor from the day of Job to that of James; and the condition of civil affairs in Spain and Portugal at the present time, suggest that thought ruling classes may forget there is One, higher than the highest, who is really caring for the helpless host at the bottom, in life's struggle.

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Brightside and His Boy

BY LAFAYETTE PARKS.

"Here's an account of a man who pulls a chair from beneath his wife as she is about to sit down, the fall proving fatal, this being his idea of a practical joke," begins Brightside, as Mother's pride enters to tune up for the evening's play.

"Slowly beating 'em to death is another way to kill wives, but sometimes it annoys sensitive neighbors," remarks Son, feeling for a match.

"The man that perpetrates the so-called practical jokes is usually the one person who gets amusement from them," complains Father.

"They are the kind of yaps who almost laugh themselves to death when a fat man slips on a banana peel and breaks his leg," says Son. "Those fellows don't have a good time at all if they don't see three or four women and children run over by trolley cars or automobiles during the day. Such playful occurrences as old men falling on their faces and breaking their teeth call for shrieks of joy."

"It does seem strange how other persons' misfortunes seem so mirthful to some individuals," protests Father.

"A new fall lid bouncing down Broadway before the breeze, with the guy that owns it hot footing to catch up, falling over pet poodles attached to hobble skirts, gets more laughs in a minute than the funniest farce that ever hit the great White Way," declares Son. "If it happens to be one of those rough shaved varlets, and it swims across every mud puddle on the way, until it looks like a half drowned kitten crawling out of the old well, the crowd splits its sides. Next to a lively dog fight, the runaway hat draws the biggest bunch of rubbernecks."

"What I object to," continues Father, "is the alleged friend who plots practical jokes."

"That's it!" exclaimed the lady, rousing from her lethargy. "I think I'll get up and try it on!"

She rose and cut the strings of the band-box, though not with the feverish fervor she would have displayed had it contained a new hat.

Then she removed several layers of tissue paper and lifted out what looked to the Boss like a huge coal scuttle of black, fuzzy fur, with a great dab of flame colored feathers on one side.

"Why, she's sent me the wrong hat!" exclaimed the lady, a new note of excitement in her voice, "and here's the bill! No, it's a letter from Madame Lemon. She says she has fixed over my old hat, in accordance with my instructions, but that she is also sending me a new one on approval, because it is just from Paris and exactly my style and only \$25. Well, of course, I won't take it, but it will do no harm to try it on."

The Boss looked worried as she settled the gigantic structure on her small head and then glanced coquettishly in the mirror.

"You can pull it down over your ears in winter," suggested the Boss ironically.

"Don't you like it?" inquired the lady with a leonine glare, and the Boss, rejoiced to see her roused to a normal interest in life, made no further comment.

It must have been fifteen minutes later that he heard a small, meek voice say resignedly:

"Well, now, there! I'm going to try on the old hat. But it doesn't look like much besides this beautiful thing."

"It'll look all right on a rainy day," the Boss observed. "And now cheer up and I'll write you a check for the new one. You've economized enough for one day." (Copyright, 1910, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

Sleep! Out Loud. Was Wanting his Time.

"You are waiting your time painting pictures."

"But I sell my pictures," protested the artist.



"He certainly is a grand piece of cheese," admits Son, "and I love every dent in his bridge. He gets the medal every time for owning the finest variety of solid ivory bean."

"His variety is infinite," Father proceeds, "but I must say I cannot become accustomed to any of his playful moods."

"He comes across with the variety, all right," says Son, "and so far he's in the Cleo and Mark Anthony class. But he stops there, for his chaps sure do get mighty stale. In my office we are pestered with a human hippo owning a hand like a ham that he plants in the small of one's back as a merry greeting."

"I am acquainted with the gentleman who slaps his friends on the back by way

These human assets in lost souls. "So send I you."

How stimulating the record of such men as "Puncher" and "Old Born Drunk," of whom Beagle tells us in vivid story in "Twice Born Men," men, outcast by society and by their own acts, but who befriended by those who really cared for their souls, were quickened into new and splendid life. We have not yet gotten, perhaps it was not meant we should get beyond the need of that charity that endureth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things.

On a summer's day at a Swiss hotel, a woman sat with glasses in hand looking up at the mountain side. Four black spots could be seen. They were men attempting to reach a difficult peak. Suddenly with a cry, the woman fell in a faint to the floor. Others took up the glasses to discover the cause of such experience. The four men were roped one to the other, so that if one slipped the others could help him to a new foothold. And no man of honor would let another go so long as he could maintain his own foothold. Suddenly as they looked the rope broke and three men who had lost their foothold went tumbling to destruction. In the precipice below, and why not the fourth. Their mangled bodies the next morning were brought in. In the afternoon the fourth man who had saved himself came in. But a great change had come over friends and acquaintances. No one would speak to him. They eyed his presence. And when he insisted on knowing why, one said to him, "If you must know, there was every evidence when the men were brought in this morning that the rope had been cut. God expects us to help each other. We are bound by family affection, by social acquaintance, by business fellowship, by every slip and loss foothold in the great climb. But what think you of the humane-ness of him who refuses to recognize the dangers of every day misdeeds of despondency and discouragement, the precariousness of life and the possibilities of good in these unfortunates roped to us by these common ties? The Christ is watching; all heaven is watching, the good everywhere are watching, and all rejoice when they behold us struggling to the death and swinging one by one those who have lost foothold into position of new hope and new fellowship with God."

But all was not harmonious. The great majority of the people preferred to call themselves democrats, and they hated the federalists, but they did not agree on questions of public policy. The great issue before the people was how to solve the problem of dealing with British and French interference with American commerce.

For a time beginning about 1803, almost the entire merchant shipping business of the world was conducted by the Americans. The titanic struggle between Napoleon and all the other powers of Europe had driven from the seas the ships of every belligerent nation except England, and even the British ships were forced to be cautious and British wares were carried in American bottoms. This shipping business was vastly profitable and was world wide. From Africa, from China, from the Philippines, from the West Indies, from every seaport in the world, American ships carried cargoes to the United States, there to be landed and neutralized before being reshipped for European ports. While England was striking at France to maintain and establish the British supremacy of the seas, that supremacy was in fact about to be taken away by England's lately revolted colonies. In 1807 Great Britain began to harass American shipping by laying a series of paper blockades and by again insisting upon the right to seize American ships and search them for deserting British seamen.

Napoleon, in his efforts to cripple England, did not propose to permit British manufactured wares to reach the continent under the alleged neutral protection of the American flag, and so he issued the famous decrees of Berlin and Milan. Between English "orders in council" and French "imperial decrees," the prosperous American merchant marine was paralyzed. American ships and cargoes were confiscated in European ports and British men-of-war insulted and harassed American vessels in every possible manner.

Jefferson and the democrats of the old school, the men who had helped found the republic, who hated monarchies, who feared autocratic power, who had led the revolution of 1800, who had inveighed against the alien and sedition laws, who had supported the Kentucky and Virginia resolutions, feared the menace of military power more than they feared the stagnation of commerce. Jefferson had made his will the will of the people of the nation and he was opposed to a standing army and to a navy with all the zeal of a fanatic. Therefore there was no American navy capable of opposing the English navy, and the American merchant marine was defenseless.

When Jefferson came into power he found it expedient and necessary to abandon in part his extreme ideas as to the strict construction of the constitution. He himself, admitted that he stretched the constitution until it cracked when he purchased Louisiana from the French. When the alien and sedition laws of the Adams administration were opposed by the radical states' rights propaganda embodied in the Kentucky and Virginia resolutions, the federalists had accused the democrats of

deserting British seamen.

"Then there are the annoying creatures who delight in throwing things wherever they happen to be," describes Father.

"The woods is full of them," agrees Son. "In my point they shoot along anything from a mudslide pot to a pound paper weight, and the more damage they do the happier they become. Spilling a \$50 suit of clothes calls prolonged shouts of glee."

"The subway and restaurant loafer who throws paper wads at women ought to be arrested," exclaims Father, his indignation rising as the subject grows warmer.

"The practical joker in public places must be suppressed."

"And while you're about it," advises Son, "make a few rules to tame the playful brats, who start the day by throwing flatirons at their hubby. Save the man that pays the rent. He is practical joke enough." (Copyright, 1910, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

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BOOK TAUGHT BILKINS



Things You Want to Know

Congressional Campaign—Insurgency in 1910.

The "Young America" political movement which triumphed in the congressional elections of 1890 was the result of a radical and progressive revolution within the ranks of the democratic-republican party. It resulted in changing the character of the democratic party, in substituting a radical progressive policy for a conservative and non-aggressive program, and it brought into public life the second generation of great American statesmen. The young Americans, or the young republicans, as the factionists were called, were led by Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun, by Richard M. Johnson and Felix Grundy, by Langdon Cheves and George M. Croup. Not one of these men at this time was more than 40 years old. They were, indeed, and in truth, young Americans and young republicans. They also were the first "insurgents" in American political history, and it is interesting to note that they accomplished their revolutionary purposes in an "off" year election.

The federalist party never recovered from the crushing blow of 1800, and the democratic majority in congress increased with every biennial election during the eight years of Jefferson's two administrations. But notwithstanding the overwhelming preponderance of the democratic party and the great popularity of Mr. Jefferson, the last years of his administration were far removed from political peace. When the time came to choose his successor in 1808 the federalists attempted to galvanize their party into new life, but the gains they made were not sufficient to give them control either of the electoral colleges or the congress. In the house they increased their vote from thirty-one to forty-six, in the senate from seven to ten, and in the electoral colleges from the fourteen votes given against Jefferson in 1804 to forty-seven votes given against Madison. Madison received 122 electoral votes and went into office backed by a majority of more than two to one in both the senate and the house.

But all was not harmonious. The great majority of the people preferred to call themselves democrats, and they hated the federalists, but they did not agree on questions of public policy. The great issue before the people was how to solve the problem of dealing with British and French interference with American commerce. For a time beginning about 1803, almost the entire merchant shipping business of the world was conducted by the Americans. The titanic struggle between Napoleon and all the other powers of Europe had driven from the seas the ships of every belligerent nation except England, and even the British ships were forced to be cautious and British wares were carried in American bottoms. This shipping business was vastly profitable and was world wide. From Africa, from China, from the Philippines, from the West Indies, from every seaport in the world, American ships carried cargoes to the United States, there to be landed and neutralized before being reshipped for European ports. While England was striking at France to maintain and establish the British supremacy of the seas, that supremacy was in fact about to be taken away by England's lately revolted colonies. In 1807 Great Britain began to harass American shipping by laying a series of paper blockades and by again insisting upon the right to seize American ships and search them for deserting British seamen.

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consisting to disrupt the union. When Jefferson purchased Louisiana the New England federalists began to talk of secession.

Unable and unwilling to protect American shipping from European assaults by war, Jefferson and the democratic congress passed the Embargo act, which forbade American ships to sail from American ports to ports of any foreign countries. Suddenly the great merchant marine which had been seriously crippled by British and French orders and decrees, was totally destroyed by an American act of congress. The embargo created the greatest indignation in New England, but it caused even greater suffering in the strongly democratic states of the south. New England still had its fisheries and its budding manufactures. The embargo act was a most complete protection against foreign competition and the manufacturing state of Pennsylvania profited more than it lost. But Virginia was paralyzed.

The federalists made the mistake of openly sympathizing with England and of tacitly encouraging disunionism. The campaign of 1808 was bitterly fought, but the federalists were under suspicion of disloyalty and the democrats achieved another overwhelming party victory. The embargo act was repealed, and a Non-Intercourse act substituted for it, which, instead of forbidding all commercial intercourse only that with England and France.

In the meantime the British arrogance was becoming more and more intolerable. British warships insolently patrolled the entrances to Chesapeake Bay and New York harbor. The British ship, Leopard, captured and searched the American frigate, Chesapeake, within a few miles of Norfolk. The people were furious, but neither Jefferson nor Madison was willing to go to war to avenge the honor of the republic.

When the campaign of 1810 opened the people of the whole country were furious against England. With one voice they cried for war. They disapproved of the weak and vacillating policy of Madison and Jefferson, but they hated even more the federalists who were openly sympathizing with England. They resolved to elect a congress which would substitute aggressive measures for defensive policies, and yet they were unwilling to turn out the democrats by voting in the federalists.

In nearly every congressional district in the whole country, the younger and more hot-headed element in the democratic party put forward a candidate for congress who was pledged to the policy of aggression, even to the extent of favoring a second war with England. These candidates were nearly all young men, and the movement responsible for their candidacy took on the name of "Young American" and they were known as "Young Republicans." Their political standing was very much the same as that of the insurgent republicans, who are now, a century later, giving another "off" year-election unusual interest and importance.

The young republican movement was successful and of the 142 men who sat in the eleventh congress, sixty-one were defeated for re-election. At the same time the federalists lost ground in both houses of congress and when the new congress met the house was composed of thirty-six federalists and 146 democrats, while in the senate there were only six federalists and thirty democrats. The victory was complete. Young America was in the saddle, though the fathers were done and the republic's ability for government now had passed to the sons.

This was a new generation. It was concerned with the issues which divided the people in the trying struggle between the close of the revolution and adoption of the constitution. It no longer feared the possibility of a monarchical establishment. It no longer was concerned with abstract problems involving the forms of government. The constitution was accepted, the union was formed, and now Young America was determined to establish industrial prosperity, even at the expense of political peace.

While many of the fathers still were to linger on the stage for several years to come, this insurgent movement of 1810 actually marked the beginning of the second epoch in the personnel of American statesmanship. It resulted in bringing Clay and Calhoun into leadership; it brought John Quincy Adams into the democratic fold; it destroyed the dominance of federalism even in Massachusetts; it made inevitable the far of 1812, and it confirmed the national independence and the national responsibility of the American republic.

The election of 1810 made certain the continued dominance of the democratic party by effecting a radical and fundamental revolution in the doctrines and tenets of that organization. Young republicanism had the sympathy and support of practically all the people, to the extent that ten years later Monroe received every electoral vote but one, and even that one was cast for another democrat. Fourteen years later there was but one party in the country—the democratic.

BY FREDERICK J. HASKIN.

Tomorrow—Congressional Campaigns. VI—The Revolt of the People.

Types We Meet Every Day

The Girl of Other Days.

BY BOBBIE BABBLE.

In simple garb of bygone days, She treads the city's crowded ways. Then down the sheltered side street flies Before the cry, "Step lively, please!" She watches with a timid eye The touring cars that thunder by. She scarcely calls her soul her own—She trembles at the telephone.

Safe in her quaint old parlor, she Sits down to buttered toast and tea. And, as she pours the fragrant brew, In priceless cups of Nankin blue, She speaks of days she can't forget—An older, happier, freer day. Her old eyes twinkle as she tells Quaint tales of bygone beaux and belles.

"That Eastman Johnson portrait? Oh, That's my first cousin, Polly Low! I've heard her tell the story a dozen times. The prince of Wales once dined with her. She married young Van Corlandt Gray And they went to the many a day Since she, in Trinity, was dead! Well, she and Corlandt—both are dead!"

"I like the girl of nowadays. She could be better in some ways, But give the little mine her due—She's capable, and pretty, too. When we were young we loved to play, We loved to read, we loved to sing. Nor were we more disposed, I know, Than modern girls to cook and sew."

The light grows dim; the firelight gleams O'er the old room until it seems Out of the shadows, to her side, I see her old-time lover glide. He bends above her, takes her hand, She smiles and seems to understand. Heigho! They used the same old ways To woo the girl of other days! (Copyright, 1910, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

From Observation.

"It's hard to say good-bye." The poets often write; But it seems to us when young men call On their word lines in the hall It is harder to say "Good night."

—T. M. M.