

FICTION

THE BEE'S HOME MAGAZINE PAGE

HUMOR

New Wedgwood Bouse



PHOTO BY JOEL FEDER.

Next time you are near a china shop, step in and look at the Wedgwood jugs and plates with their charming blue coloring and snowy white patterns that stand out boldly against the blue; then go home and try to imitate the effect with blue satin and white cord.

Brightside and His Boy

"Chasing Bad Luck With Mascots," Their Latest Tabloid Sketch.

BY LAFAYETTE PARKS

"Belief in so-called mascots, which most of us humans seem to have, was carried to extremes by taking a cat to sea in a balloon that tried to sail across the Atlantic."



THE FAVORITE MASCOT ON A BATTLESHIP IS THE GOAT

"And the cat came back!" exclaims Son, "which is more than a whole bunch of the guys in this town can do after they get their feet frostbitten."

"Patience in signs is by no means confined to persons engaged in hazardous undertakings," suggests Father.

"If your little Willie were going up in a balloon," says Son, "when the time came to jump out, I wouldn't mind owning half a dozen of kitty's nine lives."

"I have never met any one yet who could mention a single instance of good fortune coming from such a source," avers Father.

ANOTHER QUESTION

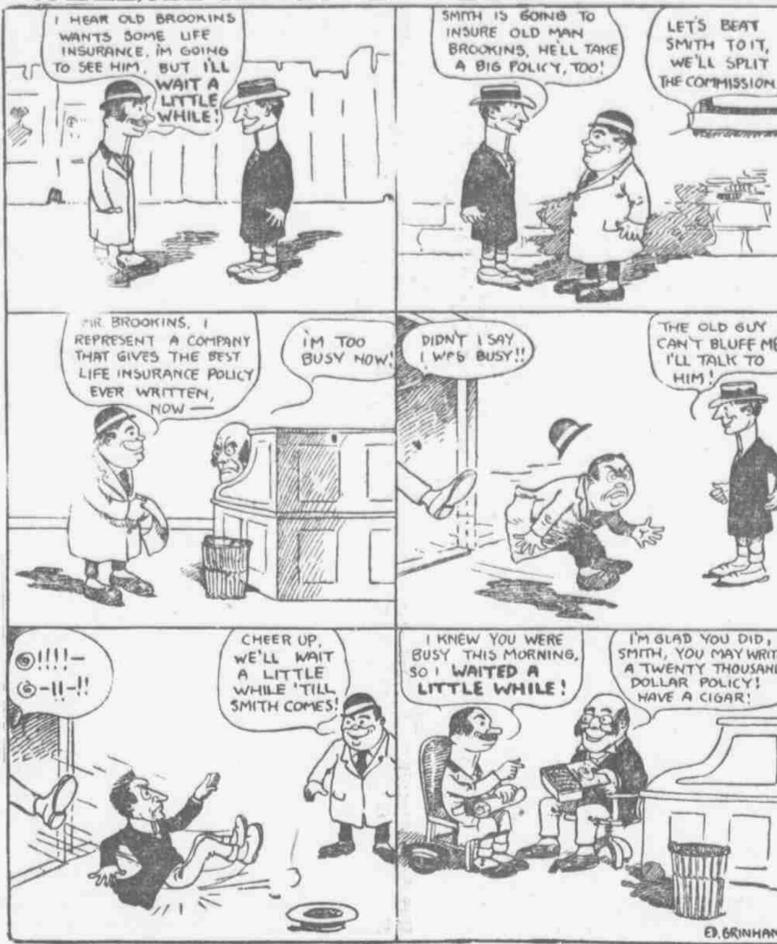


Wife—What shall I give you for your birthday, dear? Hubbie—Anything you like, my dear. Wife—But do you think you can afford that?

"Water," called the irate diner, "there seems to be a dollar on this bill I can't account for."

WELL, I'LL WAIT A LITTLE WHILE

BY ED. GRINHAM



The DIARY of DOLLIE

A Summer Girl

BY M.F.

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Wednesday—Have had to delay going back to town for a few days until the furnace is fixed. It has been decided at last to go in ahead of the others and get the house ready.



"I DON'T SEE WHY A SCRUB WOMAN SHOULD LOOK NICE AS POSSIBLE."



"WHAT'S THAT?"

The doctor had forbidden her to work a great deal on account of her heart. He had particularly cautioned her against standing too much. Mrs. Thatcher apolo-

gized, and a little later offered her a French corset that was hardly worn at all, but she refused it, saying with firmness: "I ain't no corset wearer, madam!"

"I bought it when it was a kitten of old lady who has a sort of a rabbit and kitten stall on Broadway. It was such an adorable kitten. I never thought of it growing up into a cat. I had always had a succession of kittens that always ran away or disappeared somehow before they grew up. This one stayed. I wish it was like the cats one reads about sometimes, but I've never known it to show the slightest sign of intelligence in any way, or any affection for anybody, though its manner toward the cook has a slight tinge of respect in it. It is a splendid mouser. Our house is very old, and it has caught rats there, too. I've always thought it showed a certain laazy spirit in connection with me and low sort of sense of humor when it put four rats neatly in a row under the drawing room sofa."

"I knew I was coming in that evening. One of the tails stuck out. I saw it, and was sitting on my feet in an instant. Tom said, 'Good heavens! what's the matter?' He looked dreadfully frightened. I could only gasp, 'What's that?' He was perfectly cool, and with great presence of mind looked under the sofa."

"That man is a perfect marvel to me. When he looked up he said solemnly, 'You had better go into the next room.' I managed to say with chattering teeth, 'Don't be silly, I suppose it's a dead rat.' He said, 'Go and get a dustpan—several dustpans.'"



"I AIN'T NO CORSET WEARER, MADAM!"

We spent the rest of the evening in the library. The family had gone to the theater, and the cat was sitting there and smiled sneeringly at me.

Dottie Dialogues

Recounting What Happened All on a Weird Hallowe'en

BY WALTER A. SINCLAIR

"One of your relatives has fallen into a funny accident Dottie as I stride in. 'Yes, Uncle' fainting into the cash register when I paid up the ticket. I admitted, slipping gracefully out of my overcoat. 'Jolly far from Pennsylvania,' she murmured, snuffing politely. 'The tar reference sticks to my roof, but why the Pennsylvania allusion?' I asked. 'Hocking Valley,' she diagramed. 'Change cars!' 'Solid as Gibraltar,' I coincided, smoothing my tresses ponderously. 'But I supposed you used all new stuff. 'The old joints' (saying, the moth covered tarbar, containing the top coat you hung up so well,' she hummed softly. 'But even now the ravenous moths—' 'Don't you mean the moth ravens?' 'Quote it nevermore,' I abjured. 'The ravenous moths are on me track. For a time I threw them off the scent—' 'Impossible!' she doubted. 'By throwing back a Swiss cheese,' I concluded. 'Swiss cheese?' she interrogated. 'The moths stopped to eat the holes,' I explained. 'That's all they eat of overcoats.' 'They consider a moth-eaten overcoat very handsome,' she surmised. 'Was yours worried in the encounter?' 'No. It was worried on the bargain counter—at least the salesman said. 'You notice I don't call it an overcoat, but a top coat,' she instructed. 'Indicating it was spun wool. 'E'en so, e'en so, Hallowe'en so,' I concurred. 'Don't recall it,' she shuddered, closing her eyes and blindly stretching out her hands. 'I accept the handiwork,' I remarked, doing so. 'Sir, release my hands!' she cried. 'If you have a lease blank handy I will gladly re-lease them,' I perty responded. But she took them away. 'Do I infer that you had an unpleasant experience on the night when graveyards yawn—' 'Do you call on them?' she questioned innocently. 'And when many a merry jape and prank is perpetrated,' I continued. 'You get the idea,' she announced. 'Bullseye, first time, eh?' I retorted. 'And was our bright little girl caught carrying a gate away at a lively gallop?' 'Nothing like that in our family,' she answered. 'Geraldine Carruth had five girls and five fellows over to her folks' apartments Saturday night. You don't know them. We had stunts and pumpkin lights which made the rooms dark—'



"CAVE MAN"

"Oh, jealousy!" I groaned. 'They ever lobbied for apples. You should have seen some of the girls' complexions run.' 'They had bob apple cheeks, eh?' I comprehended. 'I remembered the saying of the old hunter about keeping my powder dry,' she confessed. 'But there was one regular cave man there who thought I was too reluctant about trying to bite an apple floating in the dishpan on the dining room table, and he gave my skull a push into the pan—' 'Hence ban-ic,' I growled. 'I threw out both hands wildly,' she proceeded, 'and over went the pan, with me nearly drowned. That sort of put a damper on the kitchen stove, as it were; but we were just getting comfortably made up again when the family from downstairs rushed up and made loud outcries that he ceiling was leaking. Meaning that the water was leaking, of course, so we all adjourned. Geraldine had fixed up a scheme for pairing off every one by hiding duplicate numbers in apples.' 'Ah, apple pairs,' I observed. 'A pipkin of an idea. I am awayed with jealousy at the thought of your homecoming.' 'So I don't care much about running out nights now.' 'Phew!' I exclaimed. 'I thought we'd go out election night and had secured a table.' 'A table?' she queried. 'What—' 'A table?' I answered. 'And I'll get a tin horn and blow myself.' (Copyright, 1910, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

Society Girl, "Master Mariner," to Wed an English Nobleman



MISS JANE MORGAN

Randal Morgan of Philadelphia, has confirmed the report from London of the engagement of his daughter, Jane Morgan, and the Hon. Cecil Fisher, son of Admiral Lord Fisher of the British navy. The wedding will take place in Philadelphia in December. It is announced. Miss Morgan is an enthusiastic yachtswoman and is one of five women in the and received her license. Her father is vice-president of the United Gas Improvement company. As "master mariner," Miss Morgan has commanded her father's yacht, the Watarius, with much skill, and she is qualified to command "on all oceans." In 1907 she was granted a license as pilot on the Delaware. Miss Morgan is popular in society in many countries; she is fond of outdoor sports, and a member of several organizations. In 1906 it was rumored that she was engaged to Sir Thomas Lipton, the British cup champion, but this was promptly denied.

Daughters of Famous Men

Mrs. Alice Cray Sutcliffe, who came into general prominence during the Hudson-Fulton celebration when she christened the replica of Robert Fulton's first steamboat, The Clermont, and who appeared at the various functions of the celebration, is the great-granddaughter of Robert Fulton, and is thus allied to the Livingston and other famous American families. Mrs. Sutcliffe is the daughter of Robert Fulton's first grandson, the Reverend Dr. Robert Fulton Cray, for more than forty years the rector of the church of the Holy Comforter of Foughkeeps, N. Y. Mr. Cray, who wrote "Robert Fulton and the Clermont," a book published last year, giving the authentic story of Robert Fulton's early experiments, persistent efforts and historic achievements and contains many of Fulton's letters and unpublished letters, drawings and pictures, dedicated to the life of her great-grandfather to her father. In her book, Mrs. Sutcliffe writes: "There are several anecdotes which relate to Robert Fulton's early interest in mechanism—the first steps of progress toward his later skill. In 1772, when he was years old, his mother, having previously taught him to read and write, sent him to a school kept by Mr. Caleb Johnson, a Quaker gentleman of pronounced Tory principles—so pronounced, in fact, that he narrowly escaped with his life during the revolution. But Robert Fulton did not care for books, and he began at a very early age to search for problems never mastered and bound in print. This greatly distressed the Quaker teacher, who spared not the rod; and it is said that in administering such discipline on the hand of Robert Fulton, one day he testily exclaimed: 'There, that will make you do something!' To which Robert, with folded arms, replied: 'Sir, I came to have something beaten into my brains and not into my knuckles.' Without doubt he was a trial to his teacher. 'He entered school one day very late, and when the master inquired the reason, Robert, with frank interest, replied that he had been at Nicholas Miller's shop pounding out lead for a pencil. It is the very best I ever had, sir,' he affirmed, as he displayed his product. The master, after an examination of the pencil, pronounced it excellent. When Robert's mother, who had been distressed by his lack of application to his studies, expressed to the teacher her pleasure at signs of improvement, the latter confided to her that Robert had said to him: 'My head is so full of original notions that there is not vacant chamber to store away the contents of dusty books.' Nevertheless Robert Fulton did also a knowledge of the rudiments of education." (Copyright, 1910, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

Items of Interest for the Women Folk

Feminine New York is just now delighted with the pretty new neckwear fashioned from black velvet ribbon and the daintiest of tiny ribbon flowers. The prices for these accessories are moderate, too. For instance, a strand to fit the neck, decorated with a bunch of the tiny ribbon flowers, the entire bunch no larger than a single other strands, each tipped with a flower, was only 50 cents. Pink tipped English daisies, rosebuds, and other daisies are all in evidence as a decoration to the velvet, and are set on primly or used as a drop on the ends of the velvet, according to the design chosen. The loveliest scarfs of spangled silks are priced so moderately that few women will resist the temptation to buy them. Exquisite scarfs in delicate shades of yellow, pink, blue and mauve showered with mock dewdrops and trimmed on the ends with a deep fringe can be bought for \$2.95 each. These are airy looking, but should something more substantial be preferred they could be lined with a soft silk, such as China or Suesine, and would not lose their daintiness. The Persian scarfs in rich colorings, trimmed with natural marabou, are equally attractive. The prices for them are about the same as the spangled models. Among the odd pieces of silverware for daily use are bread baskets in French gray oval shape. They remind us of the old fashioned cruet trays, only are 6c per set. The price is \$1.95 each. Porcelain trays, nickel mounted are equally attractive, and some of the designs are dainty. They come in different shapes and sizes. A useful tray costs \$2.50, while a smaller tray can be bought for \$1.75. These trays are strong and are fitted with nickel handles. Mabel B. Seedy has been appointed inspector of customs at San Diego, Cal., by the United States Treasury department. The key to the situation—See want Ads.