

FICTION

THE BEE'S HOME MAGAZINE PAGE

HUMOR

New Style Opera Bonnet



PHOTO BY JOEL FROBER

Many of our thoughtful readers than a staid and conventional hat is the delightfully piquant little opera bonnet which is worn this season with rich evening coats. This little bonnet takes the place of the scarf which many women twisted over their hair for a short journey through the streets, as in a public conveyance or taxi-

cab to theater or opera last winter. The bonnet is, of course, feather tight, and is usually soft and crushable and easy to take care of when one's wraps are removed. This headpiece is of gold lace with a border of gold fringe, and the sweeping algerette is in the fashionable yellow.

Offers a Bonus on All Babies Born in New Flat Houses

Strange as it may seem there is a landlord in New York city who, instead of refusing to rent to families with children has announced that he only wants a children in his houses, but that he intends to give a goodly donation to each of the family which shall be the first to give a welcome to "Doctor Stork" in his flats. And further than that, this really strange landlord of a flat house says that he may not confine the giving of a donation for the first visit of Dr. Stork, but may give something every time there is a child born in his flats. Already there are cheers arising in Williamsburg, where the owner of this idea lives, and where these apartments are to be erected. Every one among the poorer classes of Williamsburg wants to know who this landlord might be. For not only do he want babies in his apartments, but he has made another proposition that really astounds those who have to pay rent and



that is, to give to other landlords who chase the almighty dollar. This indeed novel landlord, says that he believes poor families are paying too high rents, and he proposes that this shall be remedied in his apartments. Several weeks ago this owner of property and original ideas of philanthropy, Mr. Ladislav W. J. Schwenk, who is a banker at Bedford avenue and Grand street, was passing through the section around his business place and noticed that as it was a hot night the men, women and children of the crowded neighborhood were sleeping in the doorways. It struck him that conditions like he saw should not prevail, and he forthwith decided to relieve them. The two frame buildings at 27 and 289 Bedford avenue were purchased soon after.

Artistic Window Draperies

A touch of artistic individuality may be displayed in materials for window hangings that are inexpensive, as one woman whose income is limited and who likes pretty surroundings has proved by selecting attractive hangings from cross barred crinoline such as is used for stiffening dress materials. When purchased, the material, which was white and barred off with a fairly heavy cord in squares of about half an inch, was stiff. This she put immediately into a tub and rinsed, dried and rinsed again to remove all starch. Then, while the fabric was damp, she pressed it with a heavy iron and when done the material resembled one of the coarse lace nets so much in vogue for windows. This net, as every one knows, costs more than five times the sum paid for crinoline.

The curtains hung to the sill, from the top of the frame, and were finished with deep hems, put in by hand. Ball fringe makes them more dressy. The material, treated in that way, had smartness, and will wear indefinitely. Very coarse unbleached cotton in natural color is another inexpensive material which is effective for windows. For a bedroom having two windows four sets of what might be called such curtains were made of the muslin by this same original woman. The curtains had deep hems and were finished down the front edges and across the bottom with tiny cotton ball fringe. At the tops of the window frames were small brass rods and other rods were placed across the windows in the middle where the top sash stops. Each of the latter rods held a pair of curtains. The advantage of this arrangement is particularly obvious for city use, where windows must be covered, yet light admitted. The top set can be pulled back leaving the lower pair together, or vice versa, or when wished both sets may be pulled back. Seersucker makes pretty curtains and it does not require ironing when washed.

The Cold Storage Wall. "Say, boss, I worked off some of that cold-storage butter today," said the new clerk, with an air of one who expected a compliment. "Indeed! Well, that's good! Who drew the prize?" said the pleased grocer; for it was getting to be a difficult thing to do. "Why, I sent it to Mrs. Hask around on Board street." "Oh, thundering guns!" exclaimed the grocer, his tone changed and his face drawn in a pucker. "Why, you blamed idiot, I board at that woman's house!"—Lippincott's.

Inevitable Results. Mrs. Crabshaw—How will we know when women have succeeded in politics? Crabshaw—As soon as we begin talking about the woman higher up.—Judge.

POOR JAKE comic strip. Panels include: 'WHEN YOU GET YOUR WORK DONE COME HERE, I HAVE A JOB FOR YOU!', 'IS YOUR NAME JAKE? THERE'S A LETTER FOR YOU!', 'A LETTER, EH? WANT ME TO READ IT FOR YOU? TOO BAD, JAKE, THAT YOU DON'T READ!', 'UM, HERE IT IS. DEAR JAKE, WHY DON'T YOU... WHAT IS THAT? WHY DON'T YOU... I CAN'T MAKE THAT OUT.', 'YOU GO ON WITH YOUR CHORES AND I'LL GO UP TO THE HOUSE AND GET UM, MY READING GLASSES, MY EYES ARE BAD!', 'WHY, JAKE! THIS IS A FELLOW WHO WANTS YOUR JOB! BUT DON'T WORRY, HE'LL NOT GET IT! I'D DESTROY THIS LETTER IF I WERE YOU!', 'HERE IT IS, DEAR JAKE. WHY NOT PUT IN A GOOD WORD FOR ME IF YOU ARE GOING TO LEAVE? I WOULD LIKE TO WORK FOR COLONEL STALL HE IS SUCH A NICE MAN TO WORK FOR I LIKE MRS. STALL TOO.', 'WHAT LETTER IS THAT YOU ARE BURNING?', 'JUST AN OLD SCRAP OF PAPER, DEAR, THAT JAKE GOT THROUGH THE MAIL!'

Boss of the Establishment

BY A MERE MAN. "You won't be lonesome, will you?" asked the Boss' wife, hopefully. "Lonesome? I should say not!" stonily disclaimed the Boss of the Establishment. "I won't know you are out of the house." With the astuteness of his kind, the Boss thought he was doing his wife a service by assuring her that she would not be missed on the journey she was about to undertake and he was slightly dismayed by her pouting look of disappointment. "What will you do all day Sunday?" she asked wistfully. "What I always do," the Boss replied. "Sleep late, have my breakfast around 11 o'clock, read the Sunday papers, and I kind of think I'll give the collie a shampoo and comb and brush that hide of his." The Boss' wife preserved a long and wounded silence. When she finally spoke it was in her shallowest and most metallic tones. "With that throbbing program before you," she said, "I can see how foolish I was to think that you would mind whether I was here or not." "You know very well that I don't care about your going," the Boss admitted, "but you've only one aunt and she's ill and has sent for you, and I agree with you that in common decency you ought to go. Besides," he added, mischievously, "you know the proverb, 'A little absence now and then is relished by all married men.'" In his secret soul the Boss cherished a futile hope that his wife, if properly goaded, might give up the proposed trip and spend her Sunday at home with him. It was impudence of this idea that he remarked casually, "Really dear, you don't need to worry about me. If I get at all lonesome I'll run up to town in the afternoon. There'll be some sort of show open-squared concert, maybe—or at any rate, I'll run across some one of the fellows I know." If anything could have halted the lady's proposed excursion it would have come to an end there and then. But though she wore during the rest of the afternoon a worried and puzzled look, she persisted in her departure and bade the Boss a subdued farewell at the station. The Boss walked away from the swarming depot with a light heart. It was not unpleasant to stroll along Broadway with no thought of having to catch the 6:45 to get back to Mountville in time for dinner. It would be very agreeable to dine in a chop house, he knew, if only he could find some one to keep him company. But the only friends he encountered were all married men resolutely homeward bound, and the 6:45 for Mountville found him in his accustomed place, logging home as sedately as if his wife were giving a dinner party. He spent a solitary evening and devoted some portion of it to wondering why he had not relished the exceptionally good dinner his wife had ordered for him. Woof-Woof, the dog, laid an irritating nose upon his knee; but, missing his customary welcome, wandered sorrowfully away. Next morning the Boss did not feel any better. The Sunday papers were stupid, it seemed to him. Woof-Woof objected



IT WAS A MELANCHOLY DEPARTURE BOSS.

violently to being washed or even combed, and the Boss made only the most perfunctory effort to overcome the objection. He decided that Woof-Woof was ungrateful, unreliable and not worth the money he had paid for a melancholy, dejected Boss that sat down to a solitary mid-day meal, and later went out in the back yard to rake the leaves. The gloom of autumn had never entered the Boss' soul before, but now he watched the scurrying leaves as if they were being swept upon his own grave. Going inside the house he heard the restless patter of Woof-Woof's feet on the second floor, and going up found the dog wandering and sniffing from room to room and uttering every now and then a faint whimpering inquiring whine. There was no doubt about it! Woof-Woof was searching for his absent mistress and the Boss was pleased by the performance that he took him down to the dining room and fed him two lumps of sugar. In the ordinary run of events Woof-Woof never got sugar except when the Boss was out of the house and knew nothing about it. After this incident the Boss stood uncertainly for a few moments. Suddenly he spoke: "Woof-Woof's got more sense than I have," he observed. "He knows what's the matter with him! Come on Woof-Woof, we're going to take a little walk down to the station!" When they were nearly at their destination the Boss encountered his next door neighbor. "Keeping bachelor's hall, I hear," said his fellow commuter, pleasantly. "How're you making out?" "Splendidly," the Boss answered. "Woof-Woof and I have been having the time of our lives." Then he stalked solemnly into the station, called for a telegraph blank and wrote two words:—"Come home." (Copyright, 1910, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

The DIARY of DOLLIE

A Summer Girl BY M.F. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY THE NEW YORK EVENING TELEGRAM (NEW YORK HERALD CO.)

Monday—Tom has written me such a horrid letter. He wants to know in the most casual way what has become of me, and asks why I don't come to town. Whenever I used to go up for some shopping I would telephone him, and we would have tea together somewhere in the afternoon. He wants to know if I don't like the brand of tea he serves. I wrote him that it was such fun down here I haven't been able to find time for the city, and that his tea was very good, only, I thought, as long as he asked me I did prefer English breakfast to green tea. He will be dreadfully irritated at that. I am sure, I am rather disappointed in myself that I don't feel more badly about him. The day he left here, and he said goodbye so coldly, and he acted as though he didn't care whether he ever saw me again or not. I felt awfully unhappy all that day. I hardly ate any dinner and was sure I should not sleep all night. I was prepared to pace the floor for hours and weep quietly. I went upstairs very early, as I felt too heartbroken to read or do anything like that. But how do people pass the floor? I couldn't pass a people pass the floor. I was so touched to burst into tears, and thought very hard about Tom.

must if she is engaged to him. I suppose I had better write and congratulate him, however, or he may think I am piqued. The country is getting so cold that I am glad I am going to New York so soon. It as it shows he's in good form. It was too bad he should have behaved so badly and run so far the last time Aunt Georgette was with me, but she was giving me a free lecture on how to converse with a really nice young man should I ever know one—which she doubted—and the possibility of such a thing made me so nervous I quite lost control of the reins. When Amy got out of the cart this morning she had a very scant skirt on, and when she started to walk forward found herself held back by the hem of the skirt, having caught on the step. I roared. She did look so odd. The express man stopped at that moment and told us there was a large box of candy at the express office. I said: "It's for me, isn't it?" He replied with a hideous grin that it was directed to Miss Amy. She laughed loudly then and we drove to the express office immediately and found it was a box of wolen underwears that Aunt Georgette had sent down to her. Amy is going to credit them as soon as she can. This put her in such a bad humor that she began to criticize my driving again, and said she supposed I made that kissing

"I COULD SEE MYSELF IN YEARS TO COME." is simply freezing when one is driving and my hands get so cold I can hardly hold the reins sometimes. Amy goes to the village with me every day, and abuses my driving. I think I drive beautifully myself, and can do so with one hand, and read a newspaper with the other, and never run into anything. And it isn't as though the horse was an old cow. He's anything but—He has been known to execute a regular can-can at the mere sight of an automobile. He is so accustomed to my touch now that he jogs along in the most quiet way usually. Jim said scornfully once, "Pooh! Who couldn't drive that horse. Here, I'll take him up to the blacksmith's while you're in the shop," and he started off, and in a few seconds was a mere speck on the horizon. He appeared again in the village in about a quarter of an hour, looking rather fatigued, and still saying, "Pooh," only not quite so carelessly. The darling (I mean the horse) does run away occasionally, but I don't mind a bit.

"IT WAS A BOX OF WOOLEN UNDERWEAR." getting the dress out of the closet, though, and trying it over samples of blue and green. After I had decided on the blue I pair together, or vice versa, or when wished both sets may be pulled back. Seersucker makes pretty curtains and it does not require ironing when washed.

"I PREFERRED ENGLISH BREAKFAST TO GREEN." sound (I knew it was rotten fern before she said so just the same), out of sheer force of habit. Really, at times Amy is not only disgusting but distinctly vulgar.

MISS GERTRUDE KINGSTON debut at the Haymarket in 1888 in "Partners," with Sir Herbert Tree. She next appeared in "Woodstrow Farm" at the Comedy, and "New Lamps or Old" at the same theater. In her next role, that of Rachael Dennison, in "Tears," she proved her powers as a tragedienne, returning to comedy as Mrs. Selwyn in "A Fool's Paradise." After several other important engagements she was invited by Wyndham to represent a different type in "The Case of Rebellious Susan" at the Criterion. She created Mrs. d'Arby in "The Passport," Connie Gage in "The Manoeuvres of Jane," and other roles at Terry's, the New theater, the Court and other leading London houses. During the Boer war Miss Kingston volunteered as a nurse and her services were so efficient that she was mentioned in dispatches by Earl Roberts in September, 1901. Despite her activity as actress and now as manager, Miss Kingston has not forgotten her earlier art study. She has illustrated several books for children—"Dreams, Dances and Disappointments," "The Maypole and," "The Ruby's Debut," in which she shows a sympathetic knowledge of young folks. She has written a number of short stories and magazine articles. (Copyright, 1910, by New York Herald Co.)

PERFECT BY PRACTICE



"He told that story very well." "Yes, he's been telling it for years."

New Automobile Veil

Now that fur and maribou are so popular for trimming evening gowns it may be well to give a word of caution as to its arrangement. For instance, the cuff of fur finishing the short sleeves, is exceedingly fascinating when seen on the display figure, but unless a woman has an especially good figure it is seldom becoming, because the bands cut the figure and incidentally shorten it. When one is in doubt the better plan will be to take a narrow fur and trim the sleeve in snake fashion, starting at the lower edge, midway between the inner seam of the sleeve and the outward edge of the arm, passing under the latter and appearing again in the front an inch or more above the lower edge. The upper band stops about two inches from the inner seam of the sleeve. The restorer or fancy jeweled buttons may finish the ends of the fur. The new feather turbans are charming and so generally becoming that women of any age between 17 and seventy years may wear them successfully. The black and white effects are exceedingly smart, while those in the iridescent tones are lovely. A brocade should choose a hat of the latter kind, for the iridescent blues and flashes of bronze will be especially becoming. The Pocahontas feathers, standing up all around the hat, are seen this season after being in the background for many months. Though a good feather is rather expensive, it is also economical, because no other trimming is necessary and it will also serve to cover deficiencies of a hair worn hat. Cute little infant's shoes are made from white pigme embroidered and trimmed on the toes with bows formed from fine, narrow, white heading threaded with pink or blue baby ribbon. The price is \$1.50 a yard.

Daughters of Famous Men



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MERE ITEM



"He said you were lacking in just one thing." "And that was?" "Brains!"

Daily Health Hint.

Every line of the human figure should be alive, flowing, changeable, according to Diet Wood's Hutchinsons in Ousting. Whenever we try to fix it—well, we fix it! As our Indian wards say, "fix it plenty." The less we do in the way of "improving" our figure, the less need they will have of improvement. Take care of our play and our figures will take care of themselves! What's the Use. He bought an airship now and trim; Next thing the poor man heard, His wife desired it on her last. Because 'twas such a bird.—T. E. M.