



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Knitted Automobile Coat



POSED BY MISS AGNES DEYDEN WITH "THE DESERTERS OF" THOMAS J. VIVIAN

Every woman who keeps pace with the fashion now has knitted motor togs in country wear, and these garments come in lovely color effects—ralsins, prunes and plums, as well as deep, rich green, a delightful stone blue and several pale buff and mustard tints.

In light tobacco brown is this smart coat,

which has a short belt across the back to shape it to the figure. The knitted scarf matches the coat in color and is becomingly shaped, with big, youthful rosettes over the ears also made from light brown worsted.

Tan leather gloves complete a smart outfit for town motoring.

Treatment That Will Bring Rest and Sleep to Sufferers of Insomnia

If you are not in a place which is quiet through the day, sleeping is almost hopeless. If you are at home the other folk must have impressed upon them the necessity for keeping the house noiseless.

I am violently opposed to taking any sedatives, for I think rest may be secured frequently by having a little nourishing food in the stomach, and by getting the nerves quiet before going to bed.

If you take a meal when you finish your work in the morning it must contain no stimulants, for they excite the nerves.

Instead of either tea or coffee, hot milk or hot water should be drunk. Cocoa, not chocolate, is excellent. Such food as is eaten before retiring must be nourishing, but not difficult to digest, for should the organs be made to work hard they will prevent a person from sleeping. A meal of eggs, milk toast, a cereal and fruit, if you like, will be sufficient and not difficult to digest. Fish would be good, but I think meats should not be taken.

A warm bath is frequently soothing to the nerves and so will aid in inducing sleep.

Before trying to sleep the bed should be warmed with hot water bags if necessary, for a person who is tired cannot sleep if chilled, and warmth itself is relaxing. The room to be slept in must be darkened, but there must be plenty of air. For nothing will make a person more restless than close atmosphere. There is no objection to a cold room if there are covers enough on the bed to keep the sleeper warm.

It is a wise act to place a cup of milk by

the bedside and to sip it slowly if wakeful, because if the stomach is empty sleep becomes impossible, for blood goes to the head and thus excites the nerves.

Some persons find it quiets their nerves to read before going to bed. If this is done an exciting book must not be chosen or the imagination is stimulated in a way to cause wakefulness.

MARGARET MIXTER.

Some Recipes

Green Tomato Chow Chow—Chop fine one-half bushel green tomatoes, one-half dozen green peppers and one dozen onions. Sprinkle with a pint of salt and let stand over night. In the morning drain, cover with good clear vinegar, cook slowly one hour, then drain and pack in jars. Take two pounds sugar, two tablespoons cinnamon, one tablespoonful each allspice, cloves and pepper, one-half cupful ground mustard and one pint grated horseradish with vinegar enough to mix well. When boiling hot, pour over the pickles in the jars and cover tightly. This will keep for years.

India Roll-Up—Chop fine one-half peck green tomatoes, six large onions, six sweet green peppers and one dozen large pickles. Let drain several hours, then add one-half cupful salt, one-half tablespoonful black pepper, one tablespoonful whole cloves, three tablespoonfuls mixed mustard, two tablespoonfuls celery seed, and a half pound of brown sugar. Pour over this mixture a quart of boiling vinegar and can in jelly glasses or jars as desired.

Pickled Tomatoes—Allow to a gallon of sliced green tomatoes one pint grated horseradish, eleven ounces brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls each fine salt and ground mustard. Put the tomatoes in a large stone crock, sprinkle the salt over them and let stand over night with a slight press on top. The tomatoes may be chopped instead of sliced if preferred. In the morning add to the tomatoes the other ingredients and set in a warm place, the compound forming its own vinegar.

This will take several weeks. Set in a cool place. The vessel containing the pickle must have a cloth and weight on top to keep the pickle under the liquor.

EMMA PADDOCK TELFORD.

Pointed Paragraphs

Do you do the amount of work you get pay for doing?

A fable is an open-faced lie with a moral attachment.

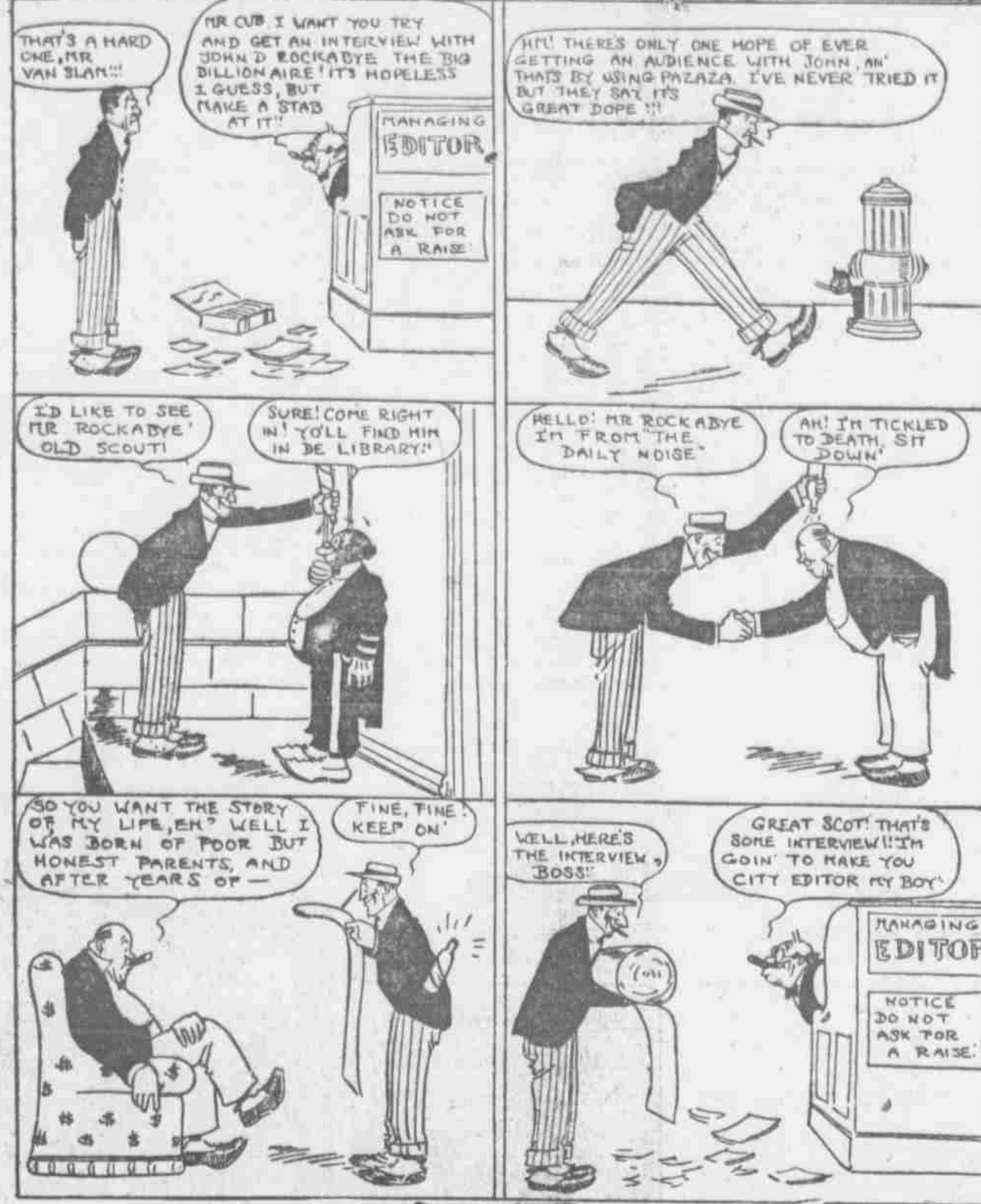
Don't try to raise a disturbance unless you would lower yourself.

Now is the period of time between awhile ago and after awhile.

Regular dishonesty is easier to manage than irregular honesty.

After a woman has made another man of her husband is she another man's wife?

Pazaza, Great! By Pop.



Decorate Historic Vessel Rounding Out 105 Years of Active Service

After 105 years of faithful service, some of which were spent for the United States as a privateer in the war of 1812, the little schooner Polly has been decorated with a bronze tablet which has been placed on its deck house and which was unveiled by the National Society of United States Daughters of 1812, at New York.

The Polly, built in Amesbury, Mass., in 1805, two years before the first steamer, served in the war of 1812 under Jeddiah Upton, master, with a crew of about sixty men, armed with eighteen cannonades. It made a number of successful cruises, sailing from Salem, its home port, and attacking British merchantmen wherever it could find them.

It captured in all eleven prizes, and was then in turn captured by the British frigate Phoebe, fourteen guns, Captain Hilliard, toward the close of the war. It ran alongside the frigate in a dense fog, and before it could make off was under the guns of the great ship. Captain Upton had no recourse but to surrender, which he did, throwing over his guns, however, before the British prize crew boarded him.

Captain Upton and some of his crew were taken aboard the Phoebe, and were kept prisoners for seven months, until the end of the war. The English prize crew placed upon the Polly, themselves victims of the press gang, so the story goes, fraternized with the remainder of the Yankee crew, and hauling down the British flag turned American privateersmen, but the Polly without its guns could do nothing, so they returned to Salem.

Christmas day, 1814, it is said, Captain Hilliard at a dinner returned to Captain Upton his sword and made him a present of a huge meerschaum pipe, which is today in the possession of Captain Joseph H. Weldon, the present owner and skipper of the famous old vessel.

Captain Weldon, the present owner, is a bronzed old sea dog, 65 years old, who has followed the sea ever since he was 12 years old.

He has retired from regular service and used the Polly as a cruiser, taking a cargo now and then.

The Polly is rated at forty-five tons, is sixty-one feet long, nineteen feet beam and seven feet draught. It is a two-masted schooner and in the old days carried a square yard on its foremast. It has sailed every navigable water on the globe, according to its owner, and has gone around the world twice. It made several trips around the Horn in 1850, carrying gold seekers.

The president of the United States Daughters of 1812 is Mrs. William Gerry Slade, and the chairman of the committee in charge of placing the tablet is Mrs. Thomas J. Vivian.



THE POLLY.

CAPTAIN WELDON

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Items of Interest for the Women Folk

Margaret A. Graham, 19 years old, a "reeler" in one of the eastern cotton mills, threw a base ball 32 feet six inches the other day. Standing six feet three and three-fourths inches and tipping the scales at 129 pounds, Miss Graham, besides having nearly a score of world's records to her credit, has likewise been pronounced such a marvel of physical strength as has given her the honor of being declared the strongest woman in the world. She has smashed all the world's records in skating for women from one mile to ten, her world's record time for a half mile in this sport being 1:40. In spite of her stature she has made the 100-yard dash in 0:14 (in skirts) and one of her aquatic feats is a 100-foot swim in twenty-three seconds.

Mrs. Martin W. Littleton, wife of the democratic candidate for congress on Long Island, has been electioneering in an automobile, accompanied by her young son. Mrs. Littleton has a large quantity of campaign literature in her auto and distributes it. She visits banks and office buildings and leaves circulars and pamphlets.

Mrs. Pearce Bailey raises two new points in answer to the old argument that women ought not to vote because they do not fight. She says: "The Christian religion, embodying the idea that brute force was evil and directly contrary to its tenets, conquered half the world. When Napoleon Bonaparte, the smallest man in his army,

was removed, what was the brute force of that army worth? It was the great dominating idea of the fathers of this republic that won the American revolution, not the barbed iron of the deserting generals. To realize this one has only to read the letters of Washington."

Hostesses at dinner must put guests of honor at the right of themselves and the host, even if the usual sitting places are changed to suit the occasion. When a married woman entertains at dinner she puts at her right the husband of the woman whom they wish to honor, and the wife must be at the right of the host. To place the guests of honor in any other position is to deprive them entirely of the distinction intended.

With a round table the matter of seating guests becomes simple, for there is no head and no foot, and the desired position arranges itself without change. Frequently the hostess does not have a seat directly opposite to the host, but in a circle this is not conspicuous.

With an oval or square table and eight guests the arrangement becomes complicated. Three persons on a side means that the hostess must abandon her usual place or she will have two women together and two men, than which nothing could show greater ignorance. There is nothing for the hostess then to do but to change her position, leaving her husband in that which he always occupies.

The woman guest of honor then goes at

his right, and, if possible, the husband is put at the right of the hostess on the side of the table. When all the guests are married couples even the husband of the honored guest cannot be at the hostess' right, though she has abandoned her regular seat.

There is no way of arranging four couples with three persons at a side, so that a husband and wife will not be side by side, if the guest of honor's husband goes at the hostess' right.

He, therefore, must be placed as best suits the hostess for congeniality of the table, and the fact that the woman giving the dinner has moved her own seat and cannot have on her right the husband of the woman on the right of her husband prevents any slight, and in the honor paid to the woman guest her husband is supposed to be included.

Only at most formal dinners do the host and men guests give their arms to women to lead them to the dining room. Hostesses who wish to follow that custom are entirely at liberty to do so, but it is supposed to add a greater touch of formality.

ROSANNA SCHUYLER.

Mrs. Harriette M. Johnston Wood and Miss Amy Wren are preparing to introduce in the New York legislature bills to do away with some of the remaining injustices in the laws relating to married women's property, etc.

The Key to the Situation—See Went Ads.

Dottie Dialogues

Tooting the Horns of the Election Night Dilemma.

BY WALTER A. SINCLAIR.

"What is the singular of return?" asked Dottie as we sat in the election night din, trifling away a week's pay.

"Foot friend of mine says they're all singular," I answered. "For instance, a rejected manuscript with a slip announcing the editor's regrets."

"The Contributing Editor regrets?" she queried.

"He wouldn't admit he regretted anything," I argued.

At this point a thorn sport blew a solo in our ears.

"That was the horn a plenty," she remarked, making appropriate retort to this playful effort by smearing a total stranger in the eyes with a handful of confetti intended for the squawk expert.

"I'll take an egg with that paper hash," announced the total stranger.

"You'd get an egg if I could reach one," I replied acrimoniously. Cutely he tickled us with a feather tickler.

"Here's where every one hits the feather—it being after bedtime," she observed, philosophically.

"You mean Bedlam," I retorted, grumpily.

"Don't look sheepish, though," she admonished.

"If you don't like them why didn't you bring along a horn to shoot them away?" she asked.

"A 'shoot' horn would have been a good idea," I agreed.

A thirst agent was vociferously ordering the waiter to take back four bottles to the hangar and bring his own private brand.

"There go some of the returns now," I enlightened as the waiter waved his tortuous way away weightily.

"Ah! observe the advantages of a higher education," she cried as a squad of college persons lock-stepped into the place, exuding their quaint college riles and giving every one else what is technically known as "the elbow." Presently they encountered a set of totally uneducated waiters who conducted them vigorously to the porte cochere.

"Did you see that waiter tip that big fellow out?" she asked.

"Reversing the usual process in tipping," I made answer.

"What are the latest bulletins?" she asked, and as I opened my mouth to reply she vigorously swung a rattle, which drowned my voice.

"You are like the rest of the women

here—who didn't come to hear figures, but to display them!" I accused coldly when the riot died down.

"Speaking of generous figures, that woman has a plurality—hasn't that it?" she commented.

"An overwhelming majority, I'd call it. Almost unanimous," I murmured.

"But the calf with her hasn't attained any majority," she criticized.

"Let's start out," I suggested, "and see the lantern slides."

"I expect to see a landslide," she murmured. "Anyway, why should one wish to see a lantern slide when there are so many inhabitants sliding?"

"Maybe some cut-up will throw sawdust in our eyes," I promised.

"Make some noise," she cried, starting the rattle. "Somebody is trying to announce a bulletin. The idea! Who let him in? Why—why?"

"Nothing but whyn' tonight, eh?" I inquired, dryly—extra dryly.

"I wonder if the taxi chauffeurs have all night licenses?" she murmured.

"Let's volplane to the lower levels and see what the common people are doing," I implored, signaling for our check.

"Why the sad countenance?" she interrogated. "Did your candidate lose?"

"No, Addid," said I, parting with the hard earned. Just then the tin squawk blared.

"Ah! between the horns of the dilemma. Give me two."

"And you'll be the goat, eh?" she comprehended.

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Daughters of Famous Men



MISS ABBY CARTER GOODLOE

Miss Abby Carter Goodloe, who comes of a famous old Kentucky family, was born in Versailles, in the blue Grass state, and is a daughter of John K. Carter and Mary L. Carter. The family of Goodloe has an honorable record in American history.

A recent distinguished member is Colonel Green C. Goodloe, a veteran of the civil war, who was at one time paymaster of the Marine corps, and left active service in February, of 1909, retiring with the rank of brigadier general. He was born in Castle Point, Ky., and graduated from West Point in 1893. He joined the Fourth Kentucky cavalry at Warrance, and during his service of the civil war he took part in ten cavalry battles and skirmishes.

Miss Goodloe graduated from Wellesley college in 1908. During her undergraduate days she wrote for the college paper, and also completed her delightful book, entitled "College Girls," which was published by the Scribners and made an immediate popular success. Its sincerity, its truth to life and its quick humor were recognized by a wide public.

Since that time Miss Goodloe has made her home in Louisville, devoting herself to the writing of fiction and occasionally traveling.

After the success of "College Girls," which was issued during 1908, Miss Goodloe did not immediately make further bid for favor as a writer. It was not until 1909 that her second work was published. This was "Calvert of Brathorn," a novel which showed a marked increase of power and a surer command of the novelist's technique.

"At the Foot of the Rockies" followed in 1905.

After an interval of five years Miss Goodloe's latest work, "The Star Gazers," was published during the present autumn. This is the love story of a most attractive and winning American girl who travels in Mexico. The picture of fashionable Mexican life is lively and interesting, and her meeting with President Diaz and her dinners and dances in the City of Mexico, and her visits to the great country estates, are enlivened by amusing and witty talk and clever people of all kinds and conditions. The story is a delightful one, and the sketches of Mexican life as novel as they are vividly interesting.

Daily Health Hint.

Play makes the boy a man, sports in the open air keep the man from becoming old, keep his muscles springy, his head clear, his eye bright, his arteries elastic and his judgment and temper sound, so says Dr. Woods Hutchinson in the November Outing.

Particular.

This one is told on a Louisville butcher. We shall call him Bill, because that is not his name.

A customer had gone into his shop to purchase a beef roast. Now, it seems that Bill used to have a most annoying habit (to the patrons) of bearing down with a heavy hand upon the scales. This high cost of living thing and all that were bad enough in all conscience, thought some of his patrons, but one of them finally broke Bill of this trick and now he gives full weight every time.

As was stated, the customer was buying a beef roast and Bill slyly was helping out the work of the scales with one pudgy fist, when before a shop full of people the buyer said:

"Take your hand off that scale, Bill; I'm buying beef, not pork."

Since then no one has had to chide Bill for a similar act—Louisville Times.

For the Housekeeper.

Cheesecloth makes a serviceable and sanitary dishcloth—its absorbent qualities and the fact that it is so easily kept white and clear make it especially desirable.

A yard of cheesecloth with a few drops of paraffin oil makes a most excellent dust rag.

Fate of the Pad Crank.

There was a foot ball player. Who padded ears and nose. Then stitched up padded arse. Where shoulder blades arose. Pads wrapped and pads suspended. And when a season ended Life reached the padded cell.

—T. E. M.

IN PERFECT ACCORD.



"Has she quarrelled with her husband, then?"

"Oh, dear, no! They've only been divorced."