



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



A Wrap of Velvet



POSED BY MISS AGNES DRYDEN WITH THE DESBETTES' CO

This rich wrap of thin, old blue velvet has the loose, baggy top and extremely narrow lower portion now favored by French couturiers. Only the hand of a master could arrange velvet in such fashion that it will be graceful and escape

clumminess; but this Drudith model is one of the most beautiful of the winter. The trimming is of silk braid dyed to match the velvet and formed into an Arabian lace pattern before being applied to the velvet.

Novel Thanksgiving Celebration Without Work for a Hostess

Country parties over Thanksgiving may solve the problem of how to celebrate the day with the proper old-time spirit and at the same time relieve some one member of the family upon whom the duties of hostess would devolve.

As arranged by one large family last Thanksgiving, the party was inexpensive and most successful. It was engineered by one of the younger members, who was worn out, she said, with former attempts to have a good time when three generations were together at one time.

This particular young woman wrote to the aunt, uncle and cousins to ask them if they would like to go to the country the day before Thanksgiving, to stay until the following day. It would cost each one a certain specified amount—in this instance \$1 a day. That included the Thanksgiving dinner.

The place she suggested for the house party was a small inn about two miles from a railway station, which was thirty miles from a town. That they would be warmly and comfortably housed and would have good food she was sure before she chose the hostess.

Responses to her invitation came in with alacrity and thirty-five were received. This filled the inn, so that they were sure of having it entirely to themselves.

When the holiday was over it was agreed that the day had been most successful, for there was something for every one to do, and none had a feeling of individual responsibility. The old folks played bridge or read aloud; the younger ones walked, drove, etc.

The children had fun playing out of doors

and there was room enough for their sport. As each was paying his and her own expenses there was a delightful feeling of independence.

Each person retired when he or she chose and arose as each wished. There were no outsiders to bother and there were quiet and confidential chats in the firelight of the old hall.

At the Thanksgiving dinner the oldest woman relative sat at one end of the long table and the oldest man relative at the other end. The newest bride of the family sat on his right, while her husband was on the right at the other end.

They had turkey and cider, pumpkin pie and nuts, and after dinner the whole party, including the aunt, who is 74 and as light on her feet as any of the others, danced a Virginia reel.

They are going to repeat the party this year, because no one was worn out entertaining and all had a jolly time.

HOSANNA SCHUYLER.

Oh, lovely woman, "Woman is very unreasonable," said a venerable New Hampshire Justice of the peace. "I remember that my wife and I were talking over our affairs one day, and we agreed that it had come to the point where we must both economize."

"Yes, my dear," I said to my wife, "we must both economize, both!"

"Very well, Henry," she said, with a tired air of submission, "you shave yourself and I'll cut your hair."—Everybody's Magazine.

Permanent Advertising is the Road to Big Returns.

FACT AND FICTION



"He vowed he would traverse raging seas just to look into my eyes."
"When—last night?"
"No, last night he telephoned me that it was raining, too, hard."

PLEASING



"And what do you think of the engagement ring I sent you, Dovie?"
"Why, it's a beauty, Jack. The very handsomest I ever had given to me."

POOR JAKE



The DIARY of DOLLIE

A Summer Girl

BY M.F.

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Monday—Everybody is all settled now at our house, and Amy and Aunt Georgette and Uncle Peter will be with us for a few weeks until their house is finished. Amy confided in me that she was very glad to get Aunt Georgette away from our house in the country, as relations between her and the gardener were so strained it made her nervous.

If aunt had lost anything she always says it has been stolen. She can get fearfully wrought up over the loss of a black headed pin, and say that she dislikes having to associate with thieves. She says it in a very ladylike way, and you wonder if you can get any one to go ball for you. A lace petticoat of Amy's mysteriously disappeared just before she came to town, and couldn't be found or traced anywhere. Aunt finally decided that the gardener had stolen it. For a whole week she was certain of it, and mentioned "thieves" loudly whenever she thought he was within hearing. He is an awfully nice old soul, and was once a Sweden I think. It was simply absurd to imagine him wanting a lace petticoat. Amy said it was a great relief to every one when it was found in aunt's bottom drawer. Amy was full of practical ideas as soon as she got here, and said she thought the spare room was a sight. She said you couldn't rely on servants anyway, and that as soon as she came back from the hairdresser's, where she was going to have her hair washed, she would get to work and sweep the room thoroughly herself. She went out and when

was going to put cold cream all over her face, and then we could start in cleaning. We certainly did sweep. I got a broom.

"I PUT A HEAVY CHIFFON VEIL OVER MY FACE."



too, and we swept under the dressing table even. She put on an awful old pink wrapper and I pinned a towel on my head, which all good professional sweepers do, and put a heavy chiffon veil over my face. I couldn't see what I was doing very well, but it was a splendid protection against the dust. I must tell our chambermaid about it, as she has such a good complexion. Amy worked like a horse. After we had finished and I took the veil off and could see her clearly, she did look funny, as a great deal of dust had settled on her face and had stuck to the cold cream. Her hair looked positively gray. She had refused to do anything over her head, as she said when she swept she didn't raise the dirt. It seemed to me there was a great deal of it in the air, but there seemed to be very little to put in the dustpan, though we both swept hard toward one corner, where we were going to take it up. Most of it settled on my hat that I discovered I had left on the bed.

However, as I had put heavy doekskin gloves on, besides the other things, I looked perfectly clean. Amy said she would have to go back to the hairdresser's again that afternoon, and she didn't see that there was much economy in doing your own housework, after all. I really never saw any one who looked such a sight as she did when she went into the next room to answer the telephone. It was awfully windy and cold, and she

devoted, as I could see by her answers: "Oh, I'm afraid you're a flatterer. Did you really think I looked nice?" "What?" "Oh! What am I wearing now?" "Oh—er—"

"Why—er—just a little pink negligee."

"Oh, don't be silly." "Well, it is rather pretty." "My hair?" "Now if you don't stop I'll hang up the receiver!" "Oh, I'm fixed the way it generally is." "How can you be so silly?" "You're perfectly idiotic this morning!" "Oh, I couldn't see you, now!" "What?" "You can picture me?" "Oh, no you can't!"

"If you don't stop I shall ring off!" "Oh, those roses were simply adorable!" "How did you know I liked them better than any other flower?" "Oh, I like any flower. They are all so lovely." "Well, if you really insist on knowing, perhaps I do like orchids the best." "Yes, gardenias are exquisite, too." "No, I'm not wearing any flowers at the present moment." "You hear some one laughing?" "There's a cat in the next room; you must hear that."

"Yes, it's rather noisy at times." "Sounds like Dollie!" "Oh, she's somewhere around." "She's been fixing up the spare room." "What?" "You can't imagine me looking dumpy!" "Oh, don't be so silly!" "I'm going to hang up the receiver!" "Oh, it's going to be wonderful on Saturday!" "Yes, I'm crazy about foot ball!" "Oh, I'll be ready at 6 o'clock in the morning." "Mrs. Hately?" "Yes, she's awfully nice." "Oh, it will be loads of fun to lunch there."

"AND FINALLY DECIDED THE GARDENER HAD STOLEN IT."

"Well perhaps I might see you this afternoon about 5 o'clock." "Now, you know I never keep you waiting!" "All right." "Good-bye."

"The glassware should go into the hot soda first and be taken out and dried before any greasy dishes go on. The silver should come next and the large pieces last," says Christine Thirburn Herrick in 'Woman's Home Companion' for November. "Keep polishing powder, paste of soap

Boss of the Establishment

He Assists His Wife in Solving the Economy Problem.

BY AMERE MAN.

"Eats!" exclaimed the Boss of the Establishment as he crossed the threshold of his suburban home. Incidentally, he embraced his wife—too incidentally, she thought. Having just returned from an afternoon tea, she was not hungry herself and his fervent invocation to food did not rouse an answering sentiment in her breast.

"What's there going to be for dinner? How soon will it be ready?" inquired the famished lord of the manor. The lady, who usually volunteered the menu with housewifely pride, hesitated strangely and then smiled her most propitiating smile.

"You know, dear, it's wash day," she said. The Boss looked bewildered. He could not for the moment make the connection. "Don't we get any dinner?" he asked dolefully.

"Oh, yes, of course, only, you see, there was so much roast beef left from last night and Mary has so much to do with getting extra meals for the laundress and all that—and macaroni and cheese is so nice, and there's romaine"—

The Boss broke in upon her fluttering incoherency. "Oh, all right; I understand," he said. "I had cold roast beef for lunch, but I guess I can stand some more."

His wife breathed a sigh of relief. The Boss not infrequently surprised her by unexpected good nature and took a certain pride in doing so. Now he proceeded to compliment his wife on a new way of doing her hair which she had spent several hours devising, and "all went merry as a marriage bell" through the warmed over repast.

As became a wife, the lady uttered words of encouragement now and then which were calculated to cheer the Boss through the meager meal.

"You see, dear, a small roast costs us \$1.00," she explained, "but if we make it do for three meals—two dinners and lunch—why, we're not spending any more money than on any other day."

"I see," said the Boss bravely. "I'm glad to hear that you're getting some notion of economy—I never expected it." It was a new phase which several years of married life had not revealed and it rejoiced the Boss's soul, as well as his pocketbook.

The lady smiled. It was pleasing to be complimented even upon the homely quality of domestic economy. When a woman is sure of her graces anyhow, she never resents being told of her virtues.

With this and other reflections the Boss was dawdling over his coffee and cigarette, when there was a clatter of steps up the basement stairway, and the rather flushed face of Mary, the handmaid, appeared in the door.

"Mrs. Mann, may I speak to you a moment?" "Come in, Mary," called the lady addressed, and the maid appeared, casting upon the Boss, however, a glance which



seemed to intimate that he had better withdraw.

The Boss understood the hint, but curiously prompted him to ignore it.

"Mrs. Mann, I have a little explanation to make," began Mary, with her most formal manner, which was very elaborate, indeed. "You'll remember you spoke to me about having the cold roast beef for dinner this evening?"

"Yes, yes, Mary," interrupted the Boss's wife, soothingly, "that was all right and it was very good."

"Yes, ma'am," Mary rejoined respectfully, "but that's not all I have to say. I have a little confession to make. I thought I'd wait till tomorrow, when the taste of the cold roast beef was out of your mouth, but I'd rather have it out at once."

The Boss sat up straight and displayed the keenest interest as Mary continued:—

"You'll mind me saying there would not be enough for the laundress' dinner and asking you 'What shall I get for Mrs. Sullivan?' 'Get anything she wants,' said you. So I asked her what she would have to eat, fully expecting she would say 'pork chops,' as she always does, but instead she said, 'I think I'll be choosing a nice steak.'"

Mary paused. "You see, ma'am, that placed me in a very embarrassing position. It didn't seem to me to be the right thing for her to be eating steak and you cold meat, but I couldn't withdraw my offer. You'll see the steak on the butcher's bill, of course, but I thought I'd make a little explanation."

Caution and a righteous anger strove for mastery in the countenance of the Boss's wife.

The Boss's face worked convulsively. "Say, Mary," he said, "if Mrs. Sullivan left any steak bring me up some, will you?"

And then he leaned back in his chair and laughed till even Wool-Wolf saw the joke and barked joyously.

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Daughters of Famous Men



MISS MARGARET ANGLIN

Miss Margaret Anglin, the well known actress, is the daughter of the Hon. Timothy Warren Anglin, and was born in Ottawa, Can., in 1876, when her father was speaker of the Dominion of Canada Parliament. According to Lewis C. Strang, "In this connection a peculiar interest attaches itself to Miss Anglin's birth, for that important event in her life occurred in the speaker's chamber of the House of Parliament."

Her education was acquired at Loretto Abbey in Toronto and in the convent of Sault Ste. Marie, Montreal. In spite of strong family opposition she came to New York and studied for the stage under the direction of the late Nelson Wheatcroft. Her brilliant career is told in brief in 'The Actor's Birthday Book' in this way: "She made her debut, the season of 1894-95, as Madeline West in 'Shenandoah,' appearing on tour the season following with Rhollie's repertoire company. She then spent a season with James O'Neill, playing Ophelia in 'Hamlet,' Julie in 'Robinson,' Virginia in 'Virginia' and Mercedes in 'Monte Cristo.' Miss Anglin next joined E. H. Sothern as understudy to Virginia Harrod and played Meg in 'Lord Chumley,' after

which she starred for a brief time in Canada in a repertoire consisting of 'As You Like It,' 'The Mysterious Mr. Bugle' and 'Christopher, Jr.' The season of 1898-99 that saw the turning point in Miss Anglin's career, she appearing on the New York stage that season with Richard Mansfield as Roxane in 'Cyrano de Bergerac,' with James O'Neill as Constance in 'The Musketeers,' and with Charles Coghlan as Heloise Thion in 'Citizen Pierre.' She began next season as Mimi in 'The Only Way,' supporting Henry Miller, and on January 15, 1899, she became leading woman of the Empire theater, which position she held until 1900, appearing in 'Brother Officers,' 'The Bugle Call,' 'Mrs. Dane's Defense,' 'Diplomacy,' 'The Wilderness,' 'The Twin Sister,' 'The Importance of Being Earnest,' and 'The Unforeseen.' The season 1900-01 she costarred with Henry Miller in 'The Taming of Helen,' 'Camille,' 'The Devil's Disciple,' 'The Aftermath,' 'D'Arcy of the Guards,' and 'Cynthia.' (Copyright, 1910, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

Justice is probably represented as a woman because it is something a man is always after.

Items of Interest for the Women Folk

One begins to tire of the surplice effect, and a newer style will, I am sure, be welcomed at least by slight or youthful women. For example, a low necked gown that shows the upper half of the waist covered with a series of tiny overlapping frills. The lower half of the dress material set on plain would be attractive. At the underarm seams just under the sleeves folded strands of silk or chiffon could be caught so they would cross in center front below the bust and tie as a sash in the back. The idea is a pretty one for renovating a waist, as the little frills could be of lace. Tulle back cuffs covered with frills could trim elbow sleeves.

Among the stamped articles in the art department are guest towels of a fancy striped huckaback. They cost 50 cents each. The thread is blue, pink, lavender or white is 15 cents. The edge is to be worked in buttonhole scallops. The size is 22x12 inches. A larger size, 36x22 inches, is 65 cents and is stamped with an initial as well as a floral design. "The glassware should go into the hot soda first and be taken out and dried before any greasy dishes go on. The silver should come next and the large pieces last," says Christine Thirburn Herrick in 'Woman's Home Companion' for November. "Keep polishing powder, paste of soap

at hand, and if a piece of silver is dulled or tarnished or stained, give it a rub to restore its freshness. If silver is properly washed whenever it is used, it will never be dingy enough to require that a special day be devoted to its cleaning. A piece of chamotte will polish it quickly. "To keep silver bright when not in use, lay a piece of gun camphor in the drawer or box in which the silver is kept." The Key to the Situation—Miss Want Ads. An Essay on Mrs. Man in Her Day of his deeds. The gods abuse their powers. He goes the garden, tills the weeds, And woman plucks the flowers. T. E. M.

QUEER SOLUTION.



"Uncle, why do more blondes get married than brunettes?" "Because they're light headed, I suppose!"

TWO OFFICIALS.



"What is he doing now?" "Cleaning out a bank." "President or janitor?"