



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



White Cloth Costume.



Pure white costumes of velvet, broadcloth, serge and even English stollene are used for afternoon calling and bridge wear this winter, and a touch of fur adds the necessary wintry expression to this saintly costume. The coat and skirt of white cloth are trimmed effectively with bands of genuine mink, and white cord loops and buttons add richness. The hat is of bronze, with a huge bronze and yellow paradise feather.

Simple Suggestions About How To Keep Feet Warm in Winter

With the first nip of autumn I receive letters from persons who say they suffer agonies from cold extremities, and that chilblains appears as soon as winter comes. I answer: Wear shoes that are large; better that they be too wide than that they pinch; for unless the foot is free circulation is restricted and cold is inevitable.

For example, my own winter shoes are half a size wider than those I wear in summer. And the lousier I use in winter is a heavier quality of cotton than I wear in summer, and that means more space is required in the shoe. I haven't the slightest hesitation in giving it, for the feet of a woman who walks much in winter cannot appear other than shod for service, as far as the style of her shoes is concerned.

There must be room for the toes, and one needs good stout heels to support the backs, as well as fairly heavy soles. Cinderella would not approve of this style, but Dame Fashion is rapidly giving it her sanction, and a walk down the avenue on a cold, clear winter morning will show that the smartest dressed women are wearing a style of shoe that five years ago she would have jeered at. The change of fashion is due to the fact that golfing and driving coats' own maker have made the comfort of such foot wear appreciated, and that the period of cramping the feet into discomfort has passed. In the house a woman may wear the daintiest shoes and slippers, but indoors there is no exercising, and the pedal muscles do not require special freedom.

When cold extremities are chronic the condition may sometimes be changed by rubbing them thoroughly before going out of doors. To give this warming treatment remove the stockings and put on a few drops of spirits of turpentine, which then frictions the foot, sole, toes and heel, rubbing must be brisk enough to create a

Empty.
No wonder apathy hangs round
And party men look blue.
No wonder skies do not resound
With partisan halloo.
The leaders are the despondent men;
Their hopes are buried flat.
Alas! they lost their courage when
They passed around the hat.
Oh, what can party leaders do
Without a bunch of wealth?
How can they feed a hungry crew
That never toils for health?
The leaders are unhappy men,
They don't know where they're at,
They sit and sigh, "No rat to fry!"
And scan the empty hat. T. E. M.

Usual Way.
I tried all remedies, new and old,
And very few were free.
Until at last I broke my cold,
And my cold, alas! broke me. T. E. M.

ONLY WAY.



She—So you don't like that hat in front of us. How would you like it trimmed?
He—With a lawn mower!

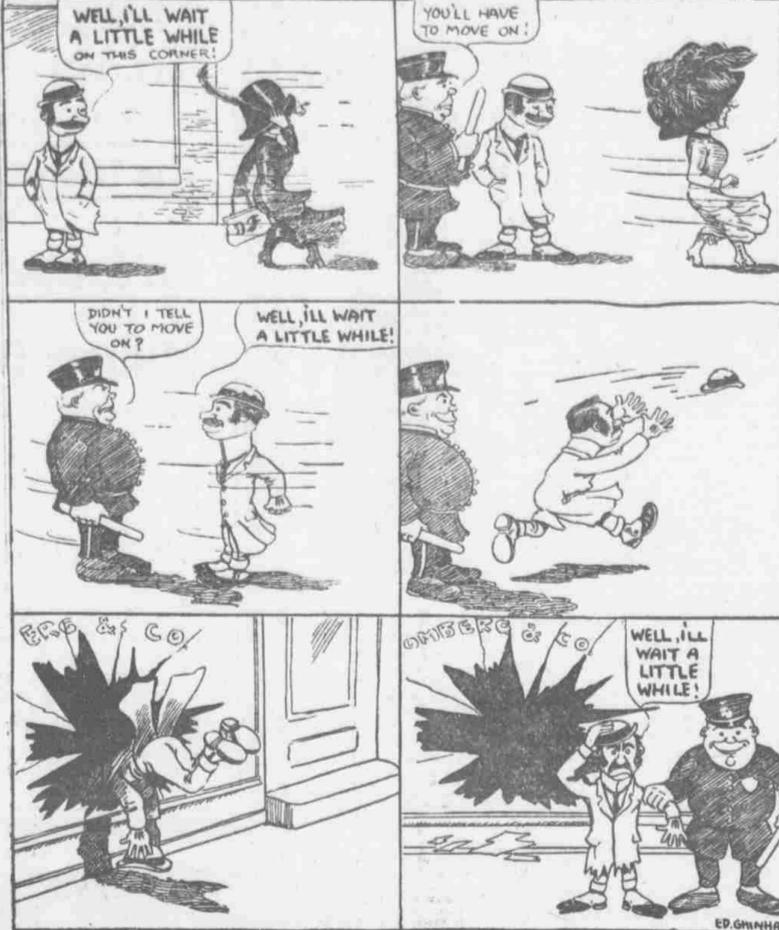
TIME TO DODGE



"I want to do some shopping; what's the weather outlook?"
"Equinoctial storm of terrific force is expected every minute."

WELL, I'LL WAIT A LITTLE WHILE

BY ED. GRINHAM



The DIARY of DOLLIE

A Summer Girl

BY M. F.

Wednesday—I never saw any one who calmly asks people to wait on her as much as my cousin Amy. She had a sort of nervous breakdown last winter on account of rushing about and doing too much, and was ordered to rest and take great care of herself.

She never dreamed of resting or taking care of herself for an instant, but for a long time I felt rather mean if I didn't run and fetch and carry for her when she would ask me and look at me in a nervous, tired way. Although she was not out yet, her trouble was "debutante's" and was very prevalent among the girls she knew. If at the end of the season a girl is not afflicted in that way, it would argue that she had not been as popular as she might have been.

Toward next spring Aunt Georgette will say: "Yes, I've got to take the child away somewhere for a complete rest. Oh, she is simply a wreck—a perfect wreck. Going every single moment. I can't stop her at all. Why, there is no ill of invitations that high waiting for her upstairs when she returns from the Van Asses. I shall not allow her to keep on in this way. They want her to take the leading part in the 'Lavender Poppie' and it will be a great deal too much for her. Yes, she did look well at the Snuddens, didn't she?"

Any never gets up to breakfast. She has it brought up to her every morning. Just so as not to let the interest as to

fast under compulsion. Amy would say, when Margaret walked in the wide open door: "Why, Margaret, how dare you walk into my room without knocking?" Margaret would be speechless, as she couldn't tell whether this was a joke or not, as Amy would assume such an extraordinary expression.

Then Amy would continue: "Margaret, I shall have to discharge you if you are not more careful. Just hand me that mirror, will you? Margaret, don't you wish you were as beautiful as I am? I really think, Margaret, you are more homely every time I come here. Are those Miss Dollie's gloves? Goodness! They're dirty. Just ask them to walk into her room, will you? Here, close the door after you. Go on. Go away now. I don't want you in here."

Margaret would go out, in a dazed, stunted, broken sort of way that was quite pathetic when compared with her manner when leaving from Aunt's room. Aunt had a girl once who was very young and I think a little half-witted. She would give such long whoops and yells of appreciation at Amy's remarks that they could be heard all over the house.

One morning Amy, stimulated by her appearance and pleased that she had cleaned all her shoes so well, got outdressed herself, with the result that poor Mary became really hysterical, and in trying

to carry the breakfast tray out of the room ran into Aunt, who had come up stairs to see what the screaming was about, and dropped everything on top of her.

There is no end to the pretty effects in scarfs, and one of the latest ideas is the one color scheme. In working out this idea one side of the scarf may be of moire, the other of soft satin, the same shade. Then both sides are veiled with chiffon in the same color and the ends are taken into pretty ornaments that are in keeping with the color of the scarf.

For instance gray with silver is lovely, and pale pink, the ends finished with sprays of pink ribbon roses, is equally fascinating. Pale mauve or wistaria, trimmed with bunches of violets, is another suggestion.

Cholera and the plague are diseases caused in the first instance by filth. The best means of getting rid of them is inward and outward cleanliness.

Items of Interest for the Women Folk

It is not too early to think of Christmas gifts. For instance, pin cushions are always acceptable, and amateur needlewomen are always looking for original ideas in such useful articles. One of the daintiest, to my thinking, is a cover for a cushion to hold safety pins. It is fashioned from a handkerchief having scalloped edges. The two ends are laced together with dainty ribbons threaded through worked eyelets. A flat cushion covered with silk to match the threadings is

slipped into the bag and then ribbons are passed through eyelets worked in the center of the mouth of the bag and tied into a bow, which forms a hanger.

Brightside and His Boy

Clipping the Claws of Mellow Drama, Their Latest Tabloid Sketch.

BY LAFAYETTE PARKS.
"Another plan is under way in New York, I notice, to uplift the drama," announces Brightside, nodding with the enthusiasm of a true reformer, when Son, who has ever posed as one of our very best little critics, strolls in for the usual heart-to-heart confab with Father.
"It's the kind of an uplift that the wise guys call a hold-up," explains Son, excavating a cork tip. "Just another foxy stunt for a bunch of city officials to grab off free seats at the best shows."
"I've been reading the views of the man that originated the project," continues Father, "and he appears to be quite enthusiastic regarding the matter."
"There are a lot of folks in this little old town who can get more excited about a chance to pinch off a free pass to a show than they would about a raise in pay," assents Son. "A strip of pasteboard that will get 'em by the ticket taker without coughing up a couple of simoleons will tickle most men half to death. And give a couple of deadheads to a pair of stars and they'll leave their happy homes for you."
"Once in a while I like to go to a high class play," says Father, "but I confess that I have spent evenings at some performances which I consider were wasted."
"And there you are," admits Son. "Now, a board of censors might get the biggest kind of a hand from the highbrow boys. If they could see a show after the clean-up squad had swabbed off the dark brown spots with Grandma's soap, I suppose they would be so delighted they'd have to call a conference to pass a set of resolutions recommending the play to the very young. That would be very nice for the kids, but I fail to see where us wise guys would get off."
"I don't believe it would harm any of us to miss the many objectionable features in some dramas," declares Father.
"One of the proposed rules of the possible board of censors," replies Son, "is to cut out all cursing on the stage. What, I ask, would the mellow-drama be if the villain were foiled from hurling curses between his clenched teeth?"
"Profanity is an entirely unnecessary evil," protests Father, "and I am sure the stage would be far better off without it."
"The great trouble with a bunch of censors," Son observes with trepidation, "would be that they'd never know where to stop. If they got any encouragement the chances are they would want to extract all the thrills out of our most exciting plays. Suppose, for instance, when Jack Dalton is ordered to stand aside and let the hero pass, Jack only passes the buck. That is no time for milk-and-water words. If the honest village blacksmith were barred from shouting, 'By heavens,



Jack Dalton, you shall pay dearly for this night's work, the whole piece would fall as flat as a pancake."
"Well, of course," hedges Father, "the censoring would need to be done with intelligence."
"They'd certainly get some classy work in that line with a bunch of nuts picked from all walks of life," scoffs Son. "The chap who is trying to pull off this trick wants the mayor to appoint twenty-five men and a few women. Ministers only are barred."
"I don't see why he objects to clergymen," wonders Father.
"Probably afraid the preachers would spend most of their time rubbing at the new shows and neglect their flocks," suggests cynical Son. "Whenever any playwright pulls off one of these 'Parted at the Altar' pieces, where the minister tells the bell and rescues the maiden in distress, all he has to do to pack the house is to pass out free tickets to the preachers. With a few ministers, suffragettes, delicatessen dealers and other prominent citizens on the board of censors they ought to make one of those Shaw-Isben-Kromer thrillers as harmless as 'Nettie the News Girl' or 'Clara the Beautiful Cloak Model.'"
"If they pass that ordinance," muses Father hesitatingly, "I think I shall suggest to the mayor that he appoint me one of the censors. I am willing to sacrifice myself to uplift the drama."
"There will be just about five million others in this town willing to be the goat for that free pass graft," concludes Son. (Copyright, 1910, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

Daughters of Famous Men



ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.

Mrs. Charles Rohlf, who is known to the reading world by her maiden name, Anna Catherine Green, and who has been called "the American Gasparoni" and "the American DuBoisroby," is the daughter of James Wilson Green, who was a prominent New York lawyer, a member of the common council and secretary of that board of trustees of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, which called the famous preacher to its pulpit. He was a representative of a famous old Connecticut family and hailed from East Haddam, Conn.

Mrs. Rohlf inherits the legal mind evinced in her first novel, "The Leavenworth Case," from her father. It is said that this book has been used at Yale as a text book to show the fallacy of circumstantial evidence. That may well be, but the thousands who have poured over this and Mrs. Rohlf's later books have read them not for evidence, but for the thrill which all good detective stories should give the reader. Mrs. Rohlf, after her graduation from Ripley college, Vermont, aspired to become a poet, and at the outset of her career contributed verse to the leading magazines, which were afterward gathered and published in two volumes. Some of these have achieved celebrity, including the longer ones—"The Defense of the Bride," "The Tower of Bouverie," and "The Tragedy of Sedan." At that time she wrote in a letter, "I eschew prose. I am a poet. Story-telling is not impossible to me."

Yet it was as a story teller that she made her greatest success upon the publication of "The Leavenworth Case," and ever since

Daily Health Hint

In great value and usefulness as food eggs rank next to milk. They should be well cooked and for invalids the best plan is to poach them. When cooked in the shells or when fried, they are not so digestible.
In the Soup.
And still the cost of living
Gets higher every day.
And the ultimate consumer
Is in the consumer.
T. E. M.

CHANGELESS



"I suppose she is what you would call a girl of uncertain age."
"No, indeed. She has been the same age for the past five seasons."

CONSISTENCY



"Has he an automobile?"
"No, he's so bad tempered he won't ride in anything but a sulky."