

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Couldn't Be Hurried

He was a masterful person, and when he gave an order there was that in his voice that showed that he meant to be obeyed. He was one of the old regime, and consequently he knew exactly how to treat a negro. A fact of which Sambo and Janah and the rest of the help at the little way-side inn took notice. The minutes his motorist stopped before the doors and he began to roar out his commands.

"Forster sounds like de ole days is come again," said Sambo, his broad smile spreading over his ebony countenance like the backwash of a hot gizzard.

Of course, the condition of the roads hadn't have had something to do with this masterful impression made upon the servants of the inn as the colonel descended from his car. Certainly the condition of the car, bespattered as it was with mud, and its wheels almost completely clogged with ooze and clay, showed that the new arrival had passed over very few well-ordered boulevards that day, and the fact that he was certainly impending rays of little promise of better things on the morrow. Under such conditions surely the colonel was no person to trifles with, and not stepped lightly that evening that had not known haste for many a weary moon.

Nevertheless, there were no violent ebullitions from the colonel as the short, sharp, decisive manner of making his wishes-known that night. The servants stepped about alertly and yet as gingerly as though treading on eggs, but when morning came and the rain was pouring down in torrents, the violent jangling of the bell connected by wires with the colonel's room, he noted that his humor was none of the best. Sambo responded to its summons with a trembling alacrity.

"Yassuh, colonel? Anything I can do for you, suh?" he said, poking his head cautiously in at the door.

"I want my breakfast, you black rascal!" replied the colonel, "I've boiled eggs and a cup of coffee, and mind you, I want the eggs fresh. Do you understand?"

"Yassuh, colonel," said Sambo, meekly. "Yo' want 'em fresh, suh."

"That's it—fresh," returned the colonel. "If you bring me any of your old cold, water eggs, I'll spank your throat, shells and all. Understand?"

"Yassuh, colonel," said Sambo. "If they ain't fresh I gatter eat de shells."

"Have 'em ready at 3 o'clock sharp," continued the colonel. "If you're late I'll—"

"Yassuh, colonel," said Sambo, without waiting for the colonel to finish, fully aware of the threat of broken bones in the balance of the formula.

At 3 o'clock the coffee and one egg were laid promptly before the masterful one. He glanced at the latter, and then he turned and fixed Sambo with a steady and ominous stare.

"Didn't I tell you I wanted three eggs, you son of a thunder sign?" he said, fully.

"Y-Y-Yassuh, colonel," shivered Sambo, signing off toward the door. "De-ode-oder two eggs is a comin' suh. Yassuh, dey's a-comin' right along, suh."

The masterful one, with a warning shake of his head, turned to the single egg and ate it. Then he waited six days and five minutes. The five minutes spread out to ten, and still he waited. Finally, twenty minutes having passed, the volcano began to rumble.

"Sambo!" he roared.

"Y-Y-Yassuh, colonel!" came the trembling voice from without.

"Where are those other two eggs?" demanded the colonel, tapping his foot ominously on the floor.

"Dey's a-comin', Massa Colonel. Yassuh, dey's a-comin'," quavered Sambo.

"Well, why in the name of the black abyss from whence you sprang aren't they here now? Does it take six days to boil an egg two minutes in this town?" cried the colonel.

"Why, colonel," said Sambo, with an ingratiating smile, as he entered the door and sidled up to the colonel, taking mighty good care to keep not less than two tables between them, "yo' done told me de eggs must be fresh, suh, an' we-we-we can't hurry dat ole hen, colonel. She's so not in her ways—"

"Old hen!" roared the colonel, thoroughly aroused. "What old hen? What in thunderation has the old hen got to do with it?"

"Why, colonel," said Sambo, "we's jes' awaitin' fo' de ole hen to lay dem eggs, an' if I done told yuh, she comes fo' too ole, family to be hurried.—Harper's Weekly.

DREAM OF THE RABBIT FIEND



The Tired Business Man Tells Friend Wife About Inviting Makers of Time to Bern.

"I see that the Swiss will invite all nations to Bern to confer about reforming the calendar," observed Friend Wife, in thoughtful mood.

"Ah; have you to Bern? Cool-ko!" warbled the Tired Business Man. "Watch Eight and Waltham watch this Swiss movement. It's a good one, I reckon. They'll probably get the customs people to watch closely, too, because if this is a sort of international truce, a second Hag, or—I might say, a second, minute, hour, day, week, month and year Hague, why shouldn't they fear it will become a Swiss time piece?" Of course, they'll wear the customs. O the timepieces! O the customs! Owe the tailor!

"They'll have to call in some eminent surgeons, methinks, for from the prospectus I infer that they are going to cut out one day off the regular year and just entirely ignore the 26th day in Leap Year. Will the suffragettes oppose this as one man? You bet! They can see in it a man-made scheme to do away with Leap Year and take away the only chance of millions of deserving, if homely, girls.

"The advance notices say this international commerce will try to have the year divided into 365 days, or fifty-five weeks. That is going to be an awful blow to us fellows who look forward eagerly to three months which have five pay days. They talk as though they were considering cutting up a pie into 364 slabs where it has been 35 or 36 slices previously. How are they going to get the Month of May to take a day off every year? I don't know. You notice this comes right after a democratic election. That's what always happens when the democrats get in. The republicans would see to it that we had a full year calendar. Of course, you might expect the prohibitionists to oppose a 'full year' calendar. 'New Year's day is to be an extra day.' Strikes me the day after New Year's ought to be the extra day, judging from the appearance of some of my acquaintances when they come to work on January 2. According to the information I have about the new scheme, Sunday will bear no date.

Young and flirtatious persons in the habit of having dates will neither will oppose this. "The prospectus also announces that the four quarters of the year—as though a year could have more or less than four quarters!—will be exactly the same length—the months thirty and thirty-one days successively. Thus the thirty-first day of March, June, September and December would no longer fall on Sunday. Do you get that? It means that the grim business of paying the month's rent will be added regularly to the usual Monday morning groveling. As for those unfortunate who pay rent by the year, they'll be done out of a day's rent every year, or a month's rent every thirty years.

"We never expected to see the thirty-first of June or of September—did we? Why, where will that good old rhyme about 'Thirty days hath September, April, June and November' go to? That's not the worst. It says that every leap year will have an extra day that will neither be counted nor dated and will be inserted between June 31 and July 1. Will they do like landlords with a thirteenth floor, label it X or will they—oh, horrors! Call it June 32 or maybe July 1-minus? That would be one fine day to make a date you didn't intend to keep.

"Believe me, I looked up the subject and found calendar was from the ancient Greek meaning 'I call' hence there ought to be a showdown. The last time they changed the calendar the English objectors claimed they had been robbed of eleven days, which was fought on those who said they had advanced on the insurance. At the same time tables were provided for movable feasts, but now they have lunch wagons and dining cars.

"Excavators found calendars in the ruins of Pompeii, probably recording the last days of Pompeii. These calendars endured a century they were not cut out of solid marble—a good thing to remember.

"Why?" asked Friend Wife.

"In case the conference delegates want to make up the calendar right out of their own heads," said the Tired Business Man. (Copyright, 1910, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

Find Babies Driven to Work Under Delaware Padrone Plan

Mr. William C. Bunting, who has been in charge of the child labor commission since its organization in 1908, has been busy in the last few days with the children of other localities.

This is shown in the report now being prepared by the officials of the national child labor committee which has been investigating the conditions in southern Delaware. In that state it was found that a young girl of 12 was compelled to work as a domestic in the home of a wealthy family. Her father is a farmer and she is the only child of the family.

The committee is working in conjunction with the child labor committee of Delaware and the social service committee of the Episcopal diocese of Delaware, which is the organization which is carrying on the work in Wilmington is chairman.

The chief of the investigators for the national child labor committee of this city was Edward F. Brown, who was aided in his work by L. W. Hine. Ever since early in the spring the two investigators have been living in the "berry country" of Delaware studying conditions and getting data.

"Our investigation is not complete as yet," declared Mr. Brown, "as we only had time to go over Kent and Sussex counties. We found enough material there, however, to have introduced in the legislature of Delaware which we hope will put an end to this disgraceful employment of children. The children for the greater part are drawn from the foreign quarters of Philadelphia and Baltimore and other nearby cities, and the life they lead is beyond description.

"It is not only in the berry fields, but in the canning factories nearby and in the building factory where the berries are prepared for the northern bakers that they work. The greater part of the trouble is that they are victims of the padrone system, and they are in a hundred ways ever see a penny of the money they earn, as the checks for their labors are turned over to their parents.

"The work in the berry fields begins several weeks or, perhaps, a month before school stops. Long before this the padrone has been busy arranging for his workers, and when the call comes from the farms he takes them to the districts he is supplying with help, always charging them from five to eight times the actual cost of transportation.

"The padrone has the commissary privilege in the berry fields and can dictate what he wants for food supplies. Men and women without children are not wanted, and the larger the family is the better the

The DIARY of DOLLIE



A Summer Girl. BY M.F. OCTOBER, 1910. BY THE NEW YORK EVENING TELEGRAPH NEW YORK HERALD CO. 48 South Broadway

TUESDAY—If Mollie Turner was in Hades, but was allowed to occupy a box, and caught sight of Mrs. Deering, who wasn't, and knew Mrs. Deering saw her, she would be perfectly comfortable. She went to the opera with her mother and sat in an orchestra seat.

She suffered, I knew it, though she was awfully nice about it, and tried to pretend she was enjoying herself. Not on account of the music, Mollie couldn't convey the impression that she ever thought much about that. In fact, I don't think it ever occurred to her for a moment to try to, although she adores the opera. Once when somebody was singing, and it was too wonderful for words, and I had closed my eyes and was imagining the Romeo was thin, Mollie whispered hoarsely: "My dear Mrs. Splasher has Mrs. Van Ass in her box at last!"

It broke the spell completely, and it wouldn't have interested me in the least if Mrs. Splasher was entertaining the Sultan of Timbuctoo. It just shows that Mollie is cut out for society. Instead of trying to forget that people like Mrs. Splasher exist, when she could forget it in listening to such singing, she has to even be interested in her diamonds and her clothes.

Just as I had lost myself on a tune, and had my eyes shut again and was imagining

out a single crackle, though it took him ten minutes to do it, and was busily reading the stock quotations when he looked at him through her longnetts.

In his nervousness, he made an awful crackle that attracted a great deal of attention. After Paul and every one had gone he would say sadly to Amy: "Do sit down and play something, Amy," and she would sing very loudly, and as fast as possible. "Binghamton, Bessie, My Love You Can Guess," and he would brighten up immediately. Still, he is awfully nice and well behaved at the opera, although he has such a sense of humor about the heroes and heroines sometimes that I get sort of hysterical inside.

Mollie's mother goes from a sense of duty, and just sits through it with her hands folded. She is very deaf, and I suppose it must seem like a pantomime to her. Mollie's father, who is an awfully nice old man, but who makes the most fearful personal remarks to me about Tom or anything that comes into his head, goes sound asleep in the back of the box. When he wakes up occasionally he says something still more personal, being hardly awake, and then goes to sleep again.

If Mollie has some man to whom she can talk in a low, rapid voice most of the

Practical Home Helps

Fortunately for those dyers there is a dye on the market that can be used for all fabrics—that is, silk, wool and cotton may all be dyed with this dye—so if a woman is uncertain as to whether a material is a mixture of silk and wool, cotton and silk, all silk or all wool, it makes no difference with this dye.

If you buy this dye it is necessary that the garments to be dyed should be cleaned before being put into the dye.

The garment to be dyed must be washed in hot water with plenty of soap and ammonia.

A thorough rinsing is necessary, because if any soap remains it will interfere with the dye.

In dyeing, the directions coming on the package must be strictly followed. These are usually sufficient for success, but there may be one or two points which may have been forgotten. For instance, dyes "set" slowly in cotton and silk, therefore, these fabrics should be allowed to cool in the dye bath.

Woolen fabrics should not be subjected to such violent dyeing as is essential for silks or lins, for the reason that the smooth surfaces and too violent boiling is apt to injure the fibers. For woolen fabrics, closely woven fabrics require longer boiling in the dye pot than loosely woven ones, because the dye penetrates more slowly.

In rinsing, garments should be only lightly wrung. To wring too light or too hard is likely to produce a streaked appearance. On the contrary, if garments are hung up wet they are apt to be darker at the lower edge on account of slow drying.

In the case of pressing anything as substantial as melton I should think it would be a better plan to let the coat dry thoroughly in cotton and silk, therefore, these fabrics should be allowed to cool in the dye bath.

Woolen fabrics should not be subjected to such violent dyeing as is essential for silks or lins, for the reason that the smooth surfaces and too violent boiling is apt to injure the fibers. For woolen fabrics, closely woven fabrics require longer boiling in the dye pot than loosely woven ones, because the dye penetrates more slowly.

In rinsing, garments should be only lightly wrung. To wring too light or too hard is likely to produce a streaked appearance. On the contrary, if garments are hung up wet they are apt to be darker at the lower edge on account of slow drying.

In the case of pressing anything as substantial as melton I should think it would be a better plan to let the coat dry thoroughly in cotton and silk, therefore, these fabrics should be allowed to cool in the dye bath.

Woolen fabrics should not be subjected to such violent dyeing as is essential for silks or lins, for the reason that the smooth surfaces and too violent boiling is apt to injure the fibers. For woolen fabrics, closely woven fabrics require longer boiling in the dye pot than loosely woven ones, because the dye penetrates more slowly.

In rinsing, garments should be only lightly wrung. To wring too light or too hard is likely to produce a streaked appearance. On the contrary, if garments are hung up wet they are apt to be darker at the lower edge on account of slow drying.

In the case of pressing anything as substantial as melton I should think it would be a better plan to let the coat dry thoroughly in cotton and silk, therefore, these fabrics should be allowed to cool in the dye bath.

Woolen fabrics should not be subjected to such violent dyeing as is essential for silks or lins, for the reason that the smooth surfaces and too violent boiling is apt to injure the fibers. For woolen fabrics, closely woven fabrics require longer boiling in the dye pot than loosely woven ones, because the dye penetrates more slowly.

In rinsing, garments should be only lightly wrung. To wring too light or too hard is likely to produce a streaked appearance. On the contrary, if garments are hung up wet they are apt to be darker at the lower edge on account of slow drying.

In the case of pressing anything as substantial as melton I should think it would be a better plan to let the coat dry thoroughly in cotton and silk, therefore, these fabrics should be allowed to cool in the dye bath.

Card Parties

Dear Miss Schuyler: I would like to celebrate my second wedding anniversary with an afternoon affair for my family friends. Will you suggest for me the decorations and what would be correct to serve as refreshments? B. K. New York City.

Why not have a card party? Most women enjoy an afternoon of bridge and euchre, and the games furnish entertainment.

The invitations must go out as informal notes, which should read:

My Dear Mrs. Howard: I intend to celebrate the second anniversary of my wedding on Friday, November 25, by having some friends in to play bridge, and I hope you will be among them. We shall begin to play at 3 o'clock. Cordially, MARY ELLEN JACKSON.

Such notes require immediate replies of acceptance or regrets.

The hostess may wear white, her wedding dress if she likes. Decorate the rooms with white flowers in vases and hats that will give a bridal effect.

Cards used for place names at the bridge tables may be heart shaped.

For the first prize a silver heart shaped box would be pretty. For the second prize a little silver or satin shoe pin cushion would be appropriate.

These silver pieces should be placed in boxes and tied with white ribbon, suggestive of a wedding.

This occasion being a special one elaborate refreshments should be provided. A round wedding cake in the center of the

Styles of Kimono Sleeves that Give Smartness to Old Waists

Women are beginning to complain of the monotony of the kimono sleeve, but really there is no necessity for monotony, because there are dozens of variations of this popular model.

The conventional kimono sleeve is, of course, cut in one with the waist, the whole being known as the peasant blouse. In sheer or medium weight fabrics, such as nets, silks, etc., the material is usually tucked before being cut, while in heavier goods, such as velvet, velveteen, corduroy and cloths, there is no attempt at fullness.

It is a mistake to believe that these two styles only are made. The fancy kimono sleeve is as fashionable as the plain style, and so individual taste in the selection of a sleeve pattern for a new waist may be exercised so an old fashioned blouse will pass as one of the latest models.

Take the passé full puff elbow sleeve, for instance. There are a dozen ways in which this may be altered and at the same time be up to date.

One suggestion is to slash the sleeves their entire length down the upper part of the arms, taking out a strip. This must be filled in with a strip of velvet, silk or any contrasting material cut in one, with a shallow round yoke shaped to fit the shoulders. At the lower edge the sleeves should be finished with deep cuffs.

The slashed edges of the sleeves should be shirred down to the material inserted, after turning them under to form headings, and the top of the blouse must meet the shallow yoke in the same way. This model is equally attractive for a new or a renovated waist.

Another variation also working both ways is to tuck the sleeves at the arm and then add the contrasting material as before suggested, holding down all edges with rows of tiny buttons.

A neat tulle stitching is the best finish for the edges.

Adding a tiny bolero is another way of varying the plain waist. The body of the coat may be made more as an add cut in one with short closely fitting sleeves, kimono length. Handsome effects should be used for this style, such as the fabric braided or embroidered or a striking piece of contrasting goods as jeweled net, the choice, of course, depending upon the kind of material with which it is to be used in combination.

Heavy black stamie gauze covered with the small milky white beads is charming as a trimming to a velvet blouse.

Another idea is to cut away both waist and sleeves from the shoulders to lower edge of sleeves, leaving little more than the under portions of sleeves, and then finish all edges with a strapping, connecting them also with a strapping or short lengths of some fancy decoration. The material showing under the straps may be of the same goods as the waist and tucked as a relief, or it could, of course, be of some contrasting fabric.

One of the simpler modifications of the kimono sleeve is to cut it long (or in the case of remodeling the tucked sleeve to release the tucks), and then shirr the sleeve lengthwise and cover the thread with a piece of trimming. The shirring should continue on the waist to the point where the yoke meets it.

When desired to make a long sleeve in kimono effect, bring the tucking down the sleeve to cap depth and shirr the sleeve. Then add long, deep cuffs; cut in one with long, tab-like straps that run up over the shirred thread as far as the tucks. The tab should be finished in a round point and piped. When the waist is plain a little coat effect will be pretty.

If shiffon is used for development of either black, contrasting color or the shade of the goods should be chosen. This material is gathered around a small yoke and again just below the bust and is drawn tightly.

A flat trimming should be the finish on the edges.

A lincerie waist made with tucked kimono sleeves could be improved by the addition of strips of valenciennes insertion run from the neckband, or rather small yoke, down the entire length of the sleeves, the material cut away underneath and the edges of the lace finely feathered.

This bit of handiwork would increase the beauty of the blouse.

Feather stitching or any similar fancy stitching applied to the top of the tucks (covering the stitches) or placed in rows between them is another means of varying kimono sleeves. ELIZABETH LEE.

What do You Call a Day?

What is a day? In the sense in which the word is commonly used "day" includes the period of light as distinguished from that of darkness. This period of light to people in the middle states means merely a certain number of hours out of the twenty-four, but it may mean any length of time under six months, according to the latitude of the observer and the season of the year.

Another popular meaning is the space of twenty-four hours, including a period of light and a period of darkness. This, again, is not the same all over the world, as the time of the commencement and termination vary in different countries. Some reckon from sunset to sunset, some from dawn to dawn, while modern civilized nations count from midnight to midnight.

Astronomers also have their various days; the absolute solar day, ranging from about 24 hours and 48 minutes to 24 hours and 59 minutes, and the sidereal day of about four seconds short of twenty-four hours.

The success or failure of the day depends on the rotation of the earth on its axis, and since the earth is of a globular shape, it is evident that the whole of its surface cannot be turned toward the sun at one and the same moment. In other words, it cannot be noon all over the earth at precisely the same time. A little thought will show that whenever it is noon at any one place it is midnight at the opposite side of the earth, and at the different points between all the times of day are at one and the same moment to be found—New York World.

The days are getting chill and winter's on the way. Myrtille will be dressed to kill when she is dressed to please.

For summer clothes are lovely too, but somehow, don't you know, the girl who has a box is the most sure to have a beau.

PROOF POSITIVE



LATEST CUT.



THE LIMIT.



"But did she accept you?" "Propose!" "Not exactly, but it ruzst have pleased her for she just laughed." "How about your divorce suit?" "I expect it home from the dressmaker's, to-night." "Aren't you ever going to get a rabo?" "Why we're on the top floor now!"