

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Boss of the Establishment

BY AMERE MAN.

Woot-Woot was barking a doleful farewell to the Boss of the Establishment. The Boss, intent upon catching the 8:15 train, paid scant attention to the crumpled good-byes of the prince of collies.

But the Boss' wife, who had accompanied her lord to the gate, surveyed her tethered favorite with impatient compassion.

"It's a shame to keep him tied up that way," she said. "He knows us and this place as well as he will ever know it. The idea that he would run away is perfectly ridiculous. We treat him too well, and he's getting fat and lazy for lack of exercise."

The Boss looked doubtfully at the yard and a half of black and yellow fur which was chained ignominiously to a clothes line.

Woot-Woot whined a cordial assent to his mistress's remarks and wagged an ingratiating tail.

"Well," the Boss hesitated, "we'll see about it. A collie is a pretty tricky dog. I'd rather keep him chained up a while longer, but we'll talk about it when I come home tonight."

The whistle of the Boss' train cut short the discussion. When he was well out of sight his wife unchained the delighted Woot-Woot and they had a very animated ball game, in which the lady did all the puffing and the agile collie all the work.

Then she betrouched herself of the morning paper, and right there the tragedy began.

If a certain dry goods firm had not advertised certain creations of French millinery at half price, the Boss' wife might never have gone to town that day.

She went to the city, shopped all day to her heart's content and telephoned to the Boss from her favorite tea room that she would meet him in Jersey and return on the same train to Mountaineer.

As they walked home from the station the moon was riding a very high horse in a starless sky, and in the transfiguring light and the vivid autumn wind the Boss decided that there was not only no place like home, but no home like his.

Approaching the house, the poetic silence which had enshrouded their moonlit walk was broken by the welcoming bark of Woot-Woot.

"Tis sweet to hear the watchdog's honest bark," quoted the lady, sentimentally. The Boss grimaced, but the necessity for unlocking the front door curtailed further criticism, and once inside, the rapturous greeting from the collie made speech impossible.

Just then Mary, the handmaiden, stepped suddenly out of the shadow of the dining room into the hall.

Woot-Woot cast a self-conscious, and it might almost have been called a protesting glance in her direction. But too late.

"They're giving a reception two doors down the street," she began with unaccustomed volubility, "and while I was watching the men put up the awnings Woot-

Discipline, He Decides, Necessary in Every Well Regulated Household.



WOOT-WOOT HAD AN IMMENSE PINK GIBSON TIED AROUND HIS NECK.

"Woot-Woot ran away!"

"Ran away?" faintly echoed the Boss' wife as she sank into a chair.

"Ran away?" repeated the Boss gruffly, but with equal anxiety in his tone.

It was indeed so. Woot-Woot, at the very first opportunity, had run away! The police station had been notified—the neighbors had nearly all been summoned from their most important affairs to advise the whereabouts of the lost dog.

And, finally, just half an hour before the arrival of the Boss and his wife, the butcher's boy, in pursuance of a time-honored affinity, had found him making friends with everybody at the railroad station and had brought him home.

"Suppose he had never come back!" exclaimed the lady, and began to cry.

"Go down stairs!" thundered the Boss to the shame-faced and still tearful spouse, and then he added to his still tearful spouse, "I think I'll punish that dog so that he'll be mighty sorry he ever ran away."

Then the Boss gave explicit directions to Mary that Woot-Woot should be chained up in the cellar for three days. "And," the Boss ordered, "with a finality that brooked no appeal, 'don't give him a thing to eat tonight and don't pay any attention to him.'"

And turning to the disconsolate wife, the Boss added: "Please, dear, see that Mary doesn't forget."

Half an hour later the Boss was roused from his evening paper by the clatter of millinery boxes on the kitchen stairs and an impatient scratching on the door.

The Boss' wife admitted the intruder. It was Woot-Woot with an immense pink ribbon tied around his neck.

"Doesn't he look sweet?" cooed the lady. "I think pink is terribly becoming to him. I wonder how Mary happened to think of it?—and look how glad he is to be free from that awful chain! You know you promised this morning he needn't wear it any more."

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A LITTLE SERMON FOR THE WEEK-END

In New England in the olden time the Day of Thanksgiving was the great festival of the year.

The first of a general day of Thanksgiving having been formally designated in the year 1818, after the first scanty harvest, Governor Bradford directed that all labor for one day should be suspended, that the Pilgrims might keep the feast in their own rude houses, praising God that He had kept them alive. The mark still further than usual the occasion with more than ordinary good cheer, the governor sent out four of the Plymouth company into the forest with fowling pieces after game; that they might in a more special manner rejoice together.

Oh, what sublime faith was that! The previous winter had been one of appalling hardship; half the number that crossed the Atlantic lay buried beneath the soil on the bleak hillside; they were few in number, weak in every way, and yet all the forenoon of that autumn day was passed in devotion, and at mid-day they sat down to feast on the forest bounty, and, withal, praising God.

It is not stated what manner of game those four fowlers fetched in from the wilderness, but it may well be imagined that they were wild turkeys, for such abounded in the Plymouth colony. Probably that day set the fashion of having roast turkey. It may well be that the colonists, as year after year went by, recalled, or were reminded by their siders, of the first of all New England Thanksgivings, as they kept the feast and faith together. There are many today that keep the feast, but omit the faith. Let us, however, be counted to those that not only keep the feast, but especially the faith; by heeding the words of the Psalmist, who says: "Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise." (Psalm 100.)

"I thank you, O Lord, my God, the Lord and Father of all things." "God is not merely Creator and Ruler of the World, He is also Founder, Guardian, Lord and Shepherd of His Church. His people should exhibit their sense of this relation, and especially give it expression in public worship, in order that all the world may discover that this God is the only God. We should be as willing to serve God as we are bound to do so, and encourage one another to that duty as well as to invite others to engage in it. This duty is made imperative in our text in that the Psalmist commands the people of God to manifest their adoration, their loyalty, by a Thanksgiving and praise service."

There are many people that think they have a large sum of money in the bank to draw on, but forget this day to be thankful for every breath of air they draw. Many



Rev. Julius S. Schwarz, Pastor of First German Presbyterian Church.

of us could never observe this day if such were the case. Thinking it derived from thinking, that is, to think of the blessings that have been bestowed upon us, and then acknowledge them.

Are the people today content with the comforts of life? Things seem to have changed somewhat from the time our fathers were boys and young men. They were thankful and content with what they received and had less cares and worries in the home than their sons today. And why is it? Father and mother would set down and consult with each other as to how they might make a dollar reach the furthest, for they knew the value of a dollar. The mother was in the true sense a helpmeet for the husband; that is, to help him economize. But today the wife in many instances has become a hindrance in that she helps the husband spend his earnings and profits. The husband, who formerly stayed at home with his wife and family, now overreaches himself. Soon the happiness of the home is marred by poverty; then, of course, the blame is put at the other man's door. When we hold up this comparison and say to our young men, "See how content your fathers were," the answer will be, "They did not know any better and, besides, they were too slow; things have changed." What a blessing it would be if some of our young men didn't know any better and were a little slower. It is the slow, thankful spirit that is not only crowned with success, but is a blessing to the community; yes, to the nation. It was the slow and thankful Moses that organized God's people into a nation. It was the slow and thankful prophet, Samuel, that held them together.

It was the fast and ungrateful Saul that scattered the nation. Is this not true of every nation? The slow and thankful men framed our constitution. The slow and thankful men have held our nation together. The Saus of our nation are the organizations that do not appreciate a Thanksgiving day, but rather make every day a day of murmuring, as Israel did in the wilderness, and in so doing are making the inhabitants dissatisfied, unsetting them and causing destruction of life and property. If our fathers had been as fast and ungrateful we would have been put into the hands of the receiver long ago. We have every reason to be thankful today for our slow and thankful forefathers and fathers.

To keep this country together we must be slow and thankful inhabitants of it, that is, be thankful to the Lord when He is pleased to fill our cup. The condition of our country is not to be complained of. It is, of course, not perfect, but it might be worse. The condition of our own city is far from being what it ought to be; yet it might be worse. To keep it from getting worse, and to make it far, far better than it is, we need more slow and thankful inhabitants. If you do not volunteer to become such inhabitants, then our city will be turned over into the hands of the devil. We have reason today to be thankful that it is not already in his hands.

That the Lord has blessed us with the comforts of life and filled our cup with provisions to an overflowing is not obscure many business men and the general yield of the harvest, we must admit that the Lord has been good, and that He as of old has provided a murmuring people with a surplus of manna from heaven. We have every reason to be thankful for even the least.

Then begin the practical giving as Abel did, who brought unto the Lord of the firstlings of his flock and of the fat thereof. The Lord wants not only a gift, but a sacrifice. There are too many people today that treat the Lord like Ananias and Sapphira did; they retain a discount for cash. If the people that are connected with the church of Christ today would render thanks, not only in word, but in deed, by sacrificing, as they ought to, then we would not have to draw the world into the church to raise funds to keep it alive. Christ did not pay so much attention to the amounts contributed by those that gave it because they had it to spare, but He directs our attention to the widow, who gives all she had. Oh, my friends, it is so handy to praise the Lord with our lips, and when it comes to a test, then it comes so handy to arrange something for the benefit of the church, so that we can dodge our duty and let someone else pay our share.

Brightside and His Boy

BY LAFAYETTE PARKS.

"New Glad Rags for Men," Their Latest Tabloid Sketch.



THERE WOULD BE SOME UNKIND REMARKS PUT ACROSS.

"Some New York woman has written a letter to the paper with the suggestion that men change the present style of evening dress," begins Brightsides, when the household circle has comfortably spread himself over three chairs while lighting a cigarette.

"As my uncle has a grip on my dress suit," quotes Son, "I was thinking of springing something new myself in the glad rag line."

"This writer would like to have men revert to the costume worn during the colonial period," explains Father.

"Skinny boys like your little Willie would certainly be a poem in a pair of those pink silk knee pants," declares Son.

"Next to the Scotch kilts that kind of a rig is my notion of nothing to wear," says Father, "but for three hours, 'shorts' with soft lace frills around the neck and sleeves would be a great improvement over our present sombre garb," continues Father.

"If that skirt could have her way," says Son, "the rude men would be dressed up like a herd of street boys. That lace and ribbon effect might make a hit with some of the high-brow dames, but I don't believe we could get away with it when it comes to getting by the police."

"This inventive woman goes on to say how much more comfortable the men would be in such a costume. That lace and ribbon effect might make a hit with some of the high-brow dames, but I don't believe we could get away with it when it comes to getting by the police."

"I hate to take a chance with it in the neighborhood of Eighth avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, Harlem, Methinks, Horatio, there would be some unkind remarks put across by the fresh bunch that gathers there to pipe off the freaks. A guy with a suit of clothes on like that would sure get the bronze medal for heroism."

"It would be more of a costume to wear at a ball, it seems to me," is Father's opinion.

"At the horseholders' union grand annual masquerade a fellow with the nerve and shape might try for a prize as the Father of Our Country in those trigs," Son suggests. "You can rent one of those rigs with a three-cornered hat for three hours in a Third Avenue joint where they hand out the masquerade costumes. If there's any luck in that odd number dope a chap with that 'Big Three' stunt ought to grab off at least the 'gent's' silk umbrella for the handiwork costume."

"But it is my understanding," protests Father, "that the woman wants all the men to wear this new evening dress

everywhere and not confine it to special occasions."

"Does she offer any grand prize for attitude, endurance and distance fights across the city to the brave man willing to tackle this Hungarian goulash variety of clothes?" queries Son. "If this dame is in earnest about her scheme for dress reform she ought to be willing to put up the stimulus to push it along. A chap who can cover, say, ten laps along Broadway in her rainbow suit, and not get pinched or start a riot, deserves a piece of change for the distance event. Other purses could be awarded for heroes hitting only the high spots in the altitude contests, and to the daring dress reformer who lasts an entire evening on the Great White Way the grand endurance medal would be given."

"I don't know that this person is interested in the point of financing such a propaganda," informs Father. "I believe that she urges the innovation solely on the ground of convenience. For one detail in its favor, she mentions that no collars are worn, thus saving energy and labor words in seeking lost collar buttons."

"As for me, Pop," Son decided, "I prefer crawling under the chignon for my collar button and wearing a suit of hand-me-downs to dodging over ripe hen fruit thrown by coarse men who might not like the way my lace cuffs tickle the ruffles on the bottom of my knee pants." (Copyright, 1910, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

New Yorkers Are Honest, Say Men Who Often Leave Money in Unguarded Places

New Yorkers are honest. Passing unguarded piles of money every day, not more than one out of a half million will stoop to fitch a single coin.

To ruralites who think of the big city as a modern Gomorrah, where pitfalls abound, this may seem incredible. The statement is true, nevertheless. It is made by three men who knew.

Each of them does business at the busiest eddy of the maelstrom of humanity that sweeps through Herald square every twenty-four hours. Each of the trio for years has left his business and his cash till unwatched, and between the three, not more than 50 cents has been lost in more than fifteen years.

The men are new dealers. Two of them have sidewalk stands on Broadway and Thirty-fourth street, on opposite corners. The stand of the third is located at Sixth avenue and Thirty-sixth street. For several hours daily each of the men quits his stand. They go buying distances from their places of business. The object is to deliver papers at the homes, or offices, of their regular customers. Not infrequently they are away from their stands for an hour at a time.

During the absence of their owners business goes on at the stands as speedily and as well as if the men who reap a small profit on each transaction were there in person. Customers, regular and casual, slack their rush for a moment, seize a paper or magazine, thrown down the money and rush away.

Frequently it will happen that the customer has not the change. For that the dealer usually has made provision. As a rule, when he starts away from the stand, he will leave a little pile of pennies and nickles in plain sight on top of the stand. Should he have neglected to do so the pennies of those customers who are provided with the exact change for their Evening Telegram or morning dailies form a nucleus from which other purchasers can make change.

Occasionally it happens that some one with nothing smaller than a half dollar or a dollar bill comes along and desires a paper or a magazine. They do not care to burden themselves with a pile of pennies. In this case they just take what they want and resume their journey without the formality of paying.

Seldom does the newsdealer bother when he comes back from attending to his route to count either the money or the papers on his stand. He carelessly sweeps the pile of small coins into his pocket, serene

in the consciousness that even if all that is due him is not there then it will be made right sooner or later.

It may be that afternoon it may be the next day or it may be the next month that a customer with whom the owner of the stand has a buying acquaintance will come along and throw down what he owes with the remark:

"I took a magazine the other day when you were away and I didn't have the change. Here it is with the odd cent for the interest."

"And it's seldom I ever lose a cent," declared J. Mack, who for twenty-five years has been selling papers at the northwest corner of Broadway and Thirty-fourth street. "New York people are too busy with other things to think of anything in the petty larceny line. I don't think I have lost it cents in the twenty-five years I have been doing business here. You can't say too much for the honesty of the New York public, especially those who pass this this corner."

Located for thirteen years on the southeast corner of the same thoroughfare, J. Gorman's stand has never known the loss of any one to watch his stand when he goes away to serve papers.

"As long as the public works for me and helps itself I'm satisfied," he declared. He added:

"I rather trust to the honesty of New York. If you would like to test the honesty of any boy I could hire. In thirteen years at this stand I don't believe I've lost 12 cents. Once, just as I was coming back to the stand, I saw a man going away with a magazine without leaving any money for it. He said, 'but when you figure on 50 or 60 papers coming up to your stand and taking their paper and leaving a cent or a nickel, whatever the case may be, and losing only about a dime in three years, what's the use of kicking' And the little 'newsies,' I who you might think would be more likely to steal the cash than the customers, never take a cent so far as I or any of my friends have been ever able to learn."

It is not an uncommon act for a woman who has always known the bride's mother and has regarded the young girl's honesty as a relative may send her small table silver or house linen. But when such a personal gift is provided it is with the permission of the parents and of the girl herself. And a woman wishing to give such presents asks frankly if she may. Did she not do this the results might be two complete sets of house linen, one from the family and the other from the friend.

A man friend of the father's, who is an uncle to the bride, may give her a set of furniture or small silver, etc., but he, too, must obtain permission.

It is not an uncommon act for a woman who has always known the bride and who may have no children of her own to ask if she may give the trousseau. Such a request from one who has been like a second mother to the girl is correct, when from a stranger it would not be permitted.

ROSAHNA SCHUTLER.

Correct Form for an Invitation to an Afternoon "At Home"

Cards for an "at home" to be given by a charming young woman just come to me. She is such an exact soul, liking always to do what is correct, and being rather inexperienced, that I looked at them with special interest, and was not altogether astonished to see that she had made a slight error in the form used. Her own visiting cards were employed, which is correct, but she wrote the words "At home," a form that has been obsolete for several years.

Why this mistake was made is obvious after a moment's reflection. To look as Dams Fashion would have it an "at home" card should read:

Mrs. James Howard Brown, Thursday, November Twenty-fifth, From four to seven.

The fact that Mrs. Brown puts a date and special hours on her visiting cards signifies sufficiently that she will be at home. To write the words "at home" thus is superfluous. Incidentally, these extra words take space on a limited size card, with the result that the latter looks crowded.

If the hostess is giving her "at home" for a friend or relative, the name of the guest of honor must be written beneath her own name.

Mrs. James Howard Brown, To meet Mrs. Anderson, Thursday, November Twenty-fifth, From four to seven.

When cards are intended for more than one son the envelope should read: "The Messrs. Jones." A father and son may not have cards in the same envelope.

Why Is It That—

Been never store up honey where it is light?

The moth has a fur jacket and the butterfly none?

Leaves will attract dew when boards, sticks and stones will not?

A horse always gets up fore parts first and a cow directly the opposite?

When the car is never found with an uneven number of rows?

Fish, flies and caterpillars may be frozen solid and still retain life?

A squirrel comes down a tree head first and a cat tail first?

Electricity is never visible except when it comes in the form of zig-zag lightning?

A harvesty will live for hours after the head has been pinched off?

The dragon-fly can devour its own body and the head still alive?

Some flies thrust their eggs into the bodies of caterpillars, but always in such parts of the body that when the larvae are feeding of the flesh of the foster parent they will not eat into any vital part? Can this be explained? Does the fly reason?—St. Louis Republic.

Forshanded Trees.

A teacher was explaining to a little girl how the trees developed their foliage in the spring time. "Ah, yes," said the little miss, "I understand; they keep their summer clothes in their trunks!"—Harpers.

Good Form in Making Appropriate Presents to Give to Young Brides

It is not good form for any but members of the bride's family to give her personal wedding gifts. The sole exception to this is when jewels are presented. And of course any friend may send jewels, but the brides who have friends sufficiently wealthy to do this are few and do not come within the scope of this article.

According to etiquette, the bride or her immediate family provide everything required for the new home she is to possess. That any other individual should send any such article would imply either ignorance on the part of the sender or that the giver believed the bride's family unable to provide for her property.

Yet here, as in everything else, there are exceptions. Any old friend of the family, a man or woman who has always known the bride and been a friend of her parents, may take such privilege at the time of her marriage. Thus a woman who

BOOK TAUGHT BY BILKINS.



Types We Meet Every Day

BY BOBBIE BARBLE.

She starts with "Once upon a time," And tells in prose, perhaps in rhyme. Some tales as old as Pharaoh's crown Out of the dim past carried down By story-tellers, one by one Spinning the yarn from sun to sun. Nor changing it upon its way. And yet it sounds quite new today.

How true the good old stories sound To all the children gathered round. Who hear with wonder in their eyes The mysteries of earth and skies, of birds and beasts and fish that talk, Stones that can hear and trees that walk, Titans and the fairy siver Who revel nightly by themselves. The king who won the beggar maid, Jack and giants that he slayed.

She tells of knights who long ago Through England journeyed to and fro. And rescued many a lady fair From wretched bondage and despair. Her stories make them seem alive, You see them live and love and strive—King Arthur, Merlin, Lancelot, And all the knights at Camelot.

And other thrilling tales she weaves Of Baba and the Forty Thieves, Whom the barber stole and then freed good. Listen! The one they like the best Is told about Aladdin's lamp; And I believe each happy eve—



Wishes he owned that big lamp, too— It makes your wishes all come true. She tells a tale I like to hear About a spirit she calls "Fine-Ear." With sense of hearing so acute His ears pass rows and seedlings shoot. And when the story tells spins Her wondrous yarns of men and Dinns, From all she hears, and tells "Ee dear She is herself that spirit "Fine-Ear." (Copyright, 1910, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)