

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## At the Theaters

**Attractions at Omaha.**  
 "The Genius" at the Brangle.  
 "Lady Frederick" at the Boyd.  
 "Three Weeks" at the Krug.  
 Vaudeville at the Orpheum.  
 Burlesque at the Gayety.

**"Three Weeks" at the Krug.**  
 "Three Weeks" is at the Krug this week-end. It is a dramatization by Elinor Glyn of her book of the same name, and is arranged in a prologue and three acts. The prologue occurs in the honor of the queen in the palace at Sardis, and attempts, by showing the doubtful nature of the King, to justify the doubtful course about to be pursued by the queen. In the three acts which follow, comes the play proper, the story of the driven woman's search for an heir. To say that the play is strongly emotional is putting it mildly. The antics of a French waiter constitute the only thing comic to relieve the tenacity of action.

**Notes from the Stage World.**  
 After an absence of ten years from the field of musical comedy, Miss Maria Davis, best known to American playgoers for her character work in comedy drama, will return to her earliest love, taking a prominent part in "Marriage a la Carte," the joint product of C. M. S. McLean and Ivan Caryll. Miss Davis holds an unusual stage distinction in that she has had no more than four managers in the twenty-eight years which make up her professional career. Four years with Tom Robertson, seven years with George Edwards, seven years with Sir Charles Wyndham and ten years with David Belasco represent her activities. "In Town," the pioneer of all musical comedies, was one of the pieces in which Miss Davis made herself popular with London audiences. She was also in "The Shop Girl," "My Girl," "The Circus Girl" and a lot of other musical comedies of the girl sort. Miss Davis came to the United States to play a single season. She joined the company Mrs. Leslie Carter and then helped David Warfield in "The Auctioneer." Instead of staying a single season, she has stayed ten years, supporting Warfield in successes following "The Auctioneer," and appearing with the other Belasco stars from time to time.

"The last time I saw George Edwards," said Miss Davis, "was in London, and rather jokingly, why he didn't offer me a part. He answered: 'Because I haven't any part that would suit you—they don't write parts that suit any more.'"  
 This, Miss Davis took as a compliment. She waited until someone did write a part such as she had made famous in the days of her London triumphs. This part, Mrs. Ponsoby de Coutris Wragge, is that of a woman who might well have been named Nags. She drove two husbands to the woods, as the librettist expresses it, when they got out of the woods it was only to be confronted by the cause of their retreat.

Lebler & Co. have announced the complete cast for Puccini's "La Boheme" at the opening performance of the Beale Opera company at Charleston, S. C., on Monday, December 5. Miss Abbott is to sing Mimì Giuseppe Grandi will sing Rodolfo; Francesco Nicolosi, Marcello; Virginia Novelli, Musetta; Adamo Gregorini, Schaunard; and Giovanni Gravina, Colline, while Antonio Oteri, Ettore Trucchi-Dorini, Umberto Micheli and Pietro Alberto have the other parts. Cesare Ciancetti will direct the conductor's baton. The company spends one night at Charleston, proceeding thence on a tour of the south, presenting both "La Boheme" and "Madama Butterfly." In the latter opera, Virgilio Bellati will sing the role of Sharpless, which he created at La Scala in Milan, when the opera was first produced under Toscanini's direction.

Mrs. Edward Upples and daughter, Miss Louise, of 312 Parnum street, will give a dinner in honor of Miss Edna Nell, one of the star dancers with the Imperial Russian company, Thursday evening, December 8, 1910.

Tonight at the Brangle theater Mr. Henry Woodruff and his excellent company will be seen in the song comedy, "The Genius." William and Cecil De Mille wrote the book, Paul Rubens arranged the music and Vincent Bryant furnished the lyrics.

### Woman's Work.

**Activities of Various Organized Societies Along the Lines of Undertaking of Concern to Women.**

A trip to the top of Omaha's tallest skyscraper, where they will be guests of honor at a studio tea and enjoy a program of Omaha's latest enthusiasm, fancy dancing, is promised to the people of the Old People's home Saturday afternoon. The entertainment is to be given at the studio of Miss Louden. The guests will be brought to the entertainment—and a visit to the top of the skyscraper is no small part of it—in the motor cars belonging to Mrs. George A. Joslyn, Mrs. C. N. Dietz, Mrs. G. W. Watters and Miss Jessie Millard. Miss Frances Nash will contribute to the musical part of the program. Miss Rhoads West will give several solo dances and a class of children will give several fancy dances.

Miss Margaret Walker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Walker, 2737 Capitol avenue, was the candidate of the Omaha Woman's club for the scholarship which Mr. Jenkins and the trustees of the Omaha university offered to the Nebraska Federation of Women's clubs for award to the daughter of a club woman, and her election to the scholarship is therefore of particular interest to Omaha club women. Since her graduation from the Omaha High school in 1909 Miss Walker has continued her studies and is now enrolled at the university. The scholarship is for the four years' course.

Letters are being sent out by a committee of the directors of the Old People's home asking for subscriptions for the support of the home. These letters explain that the current expenses exceed the annual income by about \$2,000, which expenses must be met by voluntary subscrip-

### LEADS THE CINCINNATI ORCHESTRA.



The Cincinnati Symphony orchestra gave its first public concert on the evening of November 23, with Miss Schumann-Heink as the soloist. The greeting of the people to the new organization, under the direction of Mr. Leopold Stokowski, was such as assures its success. The performance was warmly praised by the Cincinnati reviewers.

It is a three-act play with the scenes laid in New York city. There are numerous comedy complications in the play as well as several pretty little love scenes. Mr. Woodruff is surrounded by a big cast, which includes a charming chorus. The production is carried complete in every detail. A popular priced matinee will be given on Saturday.

One of the cleverest touches in "Lady Frederick" is the scene where she makes up for the purpose of disconcerting her youthful lover. It calls for both tact and taste on the part of the actress, for it can easily be turned into travesty, but Miss Lane grasps its meaning and soberly goes through the performance of "putting on her war paint" each night, to the great satisfaction of the ladies at least, many of whom like to learn the tricks. "Lady Frederick" will give way to Sunday to "The Squaw Man," which will run all of next week.

Adelaide Thurston, supported by a company of capable players, will present her new comedy, "Miss Ananias," at the Brangle theater for five performances, starting Sunday evening. "Miss Ananias" was written for Miss Thurston by Catherine Chisholm Cushing of Washington. Its scenes are laid in and around the national capital and it is said to have all the elements of a laugh-provoking success without resorting to vulgar lines or situations to make it amusing. Besides the evening performances a matinee will be given on Wednesday.

Beginning Saturday of this week all seats in the balcony of the Orpheum theater are reserved for five performances. This arrangement will apply to every afternoon and will necessitate the discontinuance of the general admission children's tickets. An increased demand for reserved balcony tickets at the matinee is given as the reason for this change.

Adelaide Thurston, who comes to Omaha next week, was the first to play Blotman in "The Girl From Out Yonder." Maude Leone played the part in the same play with the Burwood stock two seasons ago, and tomorrow evening Edith Spencer brings her stock company to the Gayety for one performance of the same play. The scenic equipment is said to be entirely adequate. Al Reeves Beauty Show will be seen at the Gayety twice today, closing the engagement with tomorrow's matinee. Rolfe's "Knickerbockers" come Sunday to the week.

tion, which subscriptions are bespoken from the kindly minded. As the letter states the aim of the institution is "to restore, so far as possible, the genuine home life for old people of both sexes who have known what it is to have a home. It is endeavored to make their life happy while their bodily wants receive careful attention." The committee sending out the request for subscriptions includes: Mrs. George A. Joslyn, Mrs. C. N. Dietz and Miss Jessie Millard.

Dr. Mary Eddy, the only woman physician in Turkey, is devoting her life to the curing of blindness, very common among the Moslems because of the sands blown about by the winds. She served the poor people so well during the Armenian massacre that she has found a sure place in their hearts. She is of American parentage, but was brought up in Syria.

The city governments of Dublin, Glasgow, Dundee and North Berwick have voted unanimously to petition parliament in favor of the pending woman suffrage bill.

Mrs. Lottie B. McCaffery, national president of the Prisoners of War association, told her audience at a recent meeting in Pittsburgh that, while the men vote, they only carry out the wishes of the women, who tell them how to vote. George Washington told Betsy Ross, she said, to make a six-pointed star for the flag, but Betsy said a five-pointed one would do, and to this day it is five pointed. When there was a call for 300,000 men, she said, the women had their hand ready.

**Marriage Licenses.**  
 Licenses to wed were issued to the following:  
 Names and Residences. Age.  
 A. F. McCrory, Carroll, Ia. 22  
 Bernice C. Swender, Carroll, Ia. 21  
 Louis Jackways, Omaha. 22  
 Emma Detgers, Omaha. 22  
 Clyde B. Reynolds, Omaha. 22  
 Harriet M. Purvey, Omaha. 20  
 Leo C. Fisher, Lincoln, Neb. 22  
 Jewel Nuderer, Lincoln, Neb. 22

## A LITTLE SERMON FOR THE WEEK END

Prove All Things.  
 Text: First Thessalonians vii.

"Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

Professor Huxley once said that men of science no longer in justification by faith, but in "justification by verification." Here is a man of religion who teaches "justification by verification" as well as "justification by faith."

After Jesus Christ, the figure which stands out most prominently in the New Testament is Paul the Apostle. Here we have a man who was the greatest thinker of his age, if not of any age. His writings have been among the mightiest intellectual forces of the world, and still growing in their influence. In this respect he is clear above all other evangelists and missionaries. Some have approached him in certain respects. Livingstone in the world-conquering respect; Wesley in earnestness and activity. But few of these men added a single iota to the world's stock of beliefs, whereas Paul, while at least equalling them in their own special line, gave to mankind a new word of thought. His writings have quickened the mind of the church as no other writings have done. Out of them have been brought the watchwords "progress in every reformation which the church has experienced. When Luther woke Europe from the slumber of centuries it was a word of Paul which he uttered with his mighty voice. And when our own country has been revived from almost spiritual death, she has been called by the voice of men who had rediscovered the truth for themselves in the pages of Paul.

What of the man, whose writings have been such a mighty force in the world's history? The outstanding features of his intellect, his marvelous memory, the keenness of his logic, the clearness and depth of his thought—indeed, in everything that he wrote and spoke—his was so great a thinker that he compares more than favorably with any thinker before or after him. In fact, he towers above the majority of them. Such is the exhortation that you wonder that he should exhort others to do things which he himself is not the man to take things for granted. What does Paul mean when he says in our text: "Prove" He means test, as metal is tested by fire. He has



Rev. Arthur Atack, Pastor Methodist Church, Benson

special skill in applying tests, with a view to discovering what is real and what is counterfeit in metals, what is good coin and what is bad coin. So we must ask the question, "How can we prove all things?" It would be well for us to remember that such a thing as absolute proof is not possible. Probability is our guide in all the affairs of life. If this is so in our every-day temporal affairs, we ought to be satisfied with like evidence in matters of religion. Remembering this, let us examine briefly one or two lines of evidence. Let us see how Christ and Christianity have both proved themselves to be good.

Have you ever thought of the wonderfulness of Christ's life and character? The character is not described in words by any of the evangelists or apostles. It is revealed in his own words and acts. Words and acts of beauty, glory and power are inseparable from Him. In the gospels the writers themselves do not speak. They let the life speak for itself. A remarkable feature is the unity of the portrait, despite the fact that there are four different representations. How wonderful, too, is the blending of the human and the Divine in this life! Such a portrait as we have given

in the gospels were impossible unless true, for it is a conception that has never been attempted in the world of fiction. In Christ we see strength and gentleness, courage and meekness, holiness and love at their highest. The life, death and character of Jesus are such that they are magnificently higher than all others.

Paul's belief in the resurrection was absolute. He says, "He appeared to Cephas, to the twelve, to above 500 brethren at once, to James, to all the apostles," and according to Paul, Christianity stands or falls with the truth of the resurrection. "If Christ hath not been raised, then is our preaching vain; your faith also is vain." The resurrection of Christ is certainly the foundation of all that we believe, and ever must be. All our hope springs from the empty tomb, and if the apostle glories in the cross, yet it was in the resurrection that he found his final ground of confidence and triumphant joy. And if we would be Christians at all, it must be by holding fast the truth of the resurrection.

Personal experience is of a different character from all the other lines of evidence. It consists in the confirmation by the experience of the leading of Christ. In his very nature Christianity appeals to the test of experience. It makes promises and offers blessings which everyone may prove for himself. It offers forgiveness, moral health and strength, the assurance of divine favor and hope, the grace of a perfect life; in short, salvation or eternal life to all applied in certain conditions. But we must believe before we can receive. It is not a mere intellectual faith, although this is included, but a belief in Christ as a personal Saviour; in what He has done for me; an act of the whole moral nature of man; trust in His service, submission to Him, devotion to His service. This test is one easily applied and within the reach of all. If the experience were a rare one we might question its reality. But it is not! The experience of the Christian today is similar to that of others in all ages. Paul could say, "I know in whom I have believed." We may be familiar with all other lines of evidence, but if we do not hold ourselves an experience of the truth of Christianity, we must be sure that we shall have some difficulty in weathering the storms of doubt.

### Brightside and His Boy

BY LAFAYETTE PARKS.

"I see the papers say that fewer buckwheat cakes are being eaten here than ever before," begins Brightside, Son arriving for the usual evening chatter on the gossip of the hour.

"With your little Willie the buckwheat an still de sweetest flower that grows," Son declares with considerable enthusiasm. "This flour has fallen off the peak out in New Jersey, long noted as one of the strongholds of this gastronomic joy," explains Father.

"Must be something wrong about any state that will pass the buck to good old buckwheat," denounces Son. "What can take the place of this my favorite trust?" "Patent mixtures cakes and various predigested cereals are said to have driven the old-fashioned buckwheat from the breakfast table," replies Father.

"The zap that will turn down a stack of bucks, piping hot off the griddle, for a bowl of predigested, sterilized, steam-cooked, anti-indigestion," copper-tinted, copyrighted and patented breakfast food that resembles a basket of chips more than something to eat doesn't deserve to get any fun out of feeding his face," angrily declaims Son, waving his arms like an anarchist making a speech.

"The commercial spirit seems to be regulating our diet more and more every day," deplors Father. "Almost every kind of food is nowadays done up in a fancy package and sold at a fancy price."

"Merely because a man can buy a paste-board box filled with near-food for a dime, 10 cents, is no excuse for him to cut out all the good eats," declares Son.

"In Jersey the commuters are partly blamed for the introduction of patent

### "Browning the Bucks for Tabby," Their Latest Hobby Sketch.

are largely responsible for the passing of the buckwheat cake. It is a good deal of work to make the genuine article."

"A dame will put in two hours dragging on her glad rags to go to a Broadway restaurant to juggle a bundle of spaghetti and nibble at a biscuit tortoni," complains Son, "but she'd rather read the riot act to hubby than nurse a batch of buckwheat batter for a Sunday morning splash of buckwheat."

"I wonder what a New York woman would do if she had a family of five or six boys to feed hot cakes to on a winter morning?" muses Father. "When I was a boy, if each of us couldn't eat fifteen or twenty cakes, mother would think we were off our appetite."

"If anything happened like that in this little old town," Son enlightens, "we'd would go up on the roof and turn a flip-flap into the North river. She'd rather do that than flip flapjacks for a bunch of guys with appetites like nired men."

"The reason why men don't eat buckwheat in New York then seems plain," observes Father.

"Wedding bells will never jingle for your little Willie unless a buckwheat cake recipe is pasted across the marriage certificate and the bride signs a bond to bake a batch of cakes whenever I make a noise like a stack of bucks," asserts Son.

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### Boss of the Establishment

BY AMERIE MAN.

He Indulges in His Favorite Pastime—Instructing His Wife.

The Boss of the Establishment came in with a very mysterious smile and a more mysterious parcel in his hand.

"What do you suppose is in that box? No, don't touch it; let me handle it, please!" he added in his most important manner.

"Violet?" his wife hazarded.  
 "No," said the Boss disgustedly. "It's a camera—a beauty. I've been wanting one a long time and today I bought it. I'd like to get some snapshots to send to the folks."

"Who's going to take them?" the Boss's wife inquired. "I used to snap fairly good pictures with a little camera I had at the convent, but I'm afraid I've forgotten all about it now."

"I'll teach you the art of photography," said the Boss graciously. "It's really very simple when you once understand it."

The Boss's wife did not doubt this assertion, which proved itself. For the Boss, when he left his home in the morning, did not know a camera from a telescope, and now at 3 o'clock he had returned a full-fledged expert in photography.

A silver-tongued friend had caught him on his way out to lunch and persuaded him that the chief function of a wife, a home and a collie dog is to have their pictures taken.

Also the silver-tongued one had shown him how to work the camera, or at least so the Boss thought at that time.

"We can get up early tomorrow morning and take a lot of pictures before you go to the office," his wife exclaimed, catching his enthusiasm.

The Boss gazed longingly out upon the back yard.  
 "I think we might try some now," he said. "The light seems pretty good."

"Fine!" acquiesced the lady immediately, fluffing her hair and assuming her most becoming smile.

"Stand over by the summer house," commanded the Boss after ten minutes' elaborate inspection of the camera. "Put your hands behind you—wait a minute. I don't get you," he added, struggling vainly to adjust the sight.

"Don't you think you are a little far away, dear?" his wife asked in her most conciliating tones. "Isn't there a little thing down at the bottom there that measures the distance?"

"Who's taking these pictures?" asked the Boss, indignantly. "But that's just like a woman. You stand over there giving advice on a subject of which you know absolutely nothing. I try to teach you to take photographs and the first thing I get is a lecture!"

The Boss's wife made no reply. To have her picture taken was next to opening Christmas presents, her favorite amusement, and she did not choose to jeopardize the undertaking by harsh words.

Meekly and dutifully she did her best to carry out the Boss's conflicting orders. As the queen of Sheba to the words of Solomon she listened to his lecture on photography as a fine art.

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### Large Patterns in Wall Paper Make Small Rooms Appear Smaller Than the Actual Size

Wall papers showing small patterns, if any, must be selected for rooms which are not large, because big designs on walls appear even less larger than it is. Flat always tends to increase an effect of space, and for that reason flat papers are valuable. So greatly have these latter increased in favor in the past few seasons that "cartridge" is no longer the only style, for there are deep, crepey papers and others with stripes so fine and broken that the distance of five feet the designs are not visible, and only by close observation does a person distinguish the background, for the little stripes are usually in self tones and are less than a sixteenth of an inch wide.

It is a paper on this order which a professional decorator has just put on the tiny reception room walls in an apartment microscopic in size. There is no border, for she did not wish to reduce the height of the ceiling, so the breadth goes unbroken to the top. The ground is tan, so pale as to be hardly more than cream, while the stripes are a tone deeper.

Leading from this room is another a little smaller, to be used as a chamber. Its walls are covered with paper showing a tiny chintz pattern in dull reds on a tan ground. The design forms octagons, the name being not wider than a quarter of an inch. In each octagon is a swan, the bird done in outline, and is not more than two inches in width.

Hangings for the windows are natural linen, with borders of crepe of five inches wide. These match the wall paper in design. The bed cover is also linen, with bands of crestone.

The next room, which is a small and dark chamber, has white satin striped paper paneled with blue ribbon pattern. At the window, which opens into a court, are white muslin curtains.

There is outside light in the dining room, to focus the camera. Although, and so to create more light the paper chosen has a green ground, closely covered with tiny chrysanthemums in dull yellow. The window hangings are pale sage green in heavy raw silk, and they hang straight to the sill. There is a green valance. Beneath the green, to shut out an uninteresting brick wall, natural color net curtains hang against the glass.

Women in Russian Universities. Although the nine universities of Prussia, especially Berlin, were the last to admit women to the full rights of academic citizenship, the total number in this semester of the woman contingent has reached 2,324, as compared with 1,600 six months ago, a remarkable increase of 63. In the philosophical faculties the enrollment of women is 2,004, as the majority are preparing for the position of teachers in girls' high schools; there are 26 women in the medical department, fifteen in the law and thirty-nine in the theological. The most noteworthy feature in these statistics is that no fewer than 1,260 are fully matriculated, i. e., have done the work required by the nine-year courses of the regular secondary schools, and naturally have been compelled to do this by private study.—New York Independent.



"I'll teach you the art of photography," said the Boss graciously.

And when she had been posed, smiling and serious, with Wool-Wool, the collie and without and in every other pose that her fertile imagination could suggest, she observed modestly that she would like to take a picture herself.

Without any of the fuss or flurry that had characterized the Boss' efforts she made half a dozen snapshots of the uncomfortable and self-conscious expert, the Boss. Wool-Wool also posed in his most spirited attitudes and with his most rapturous grin.

"I'll bet not one of those films will show anything," the Boss exclaimed as they went indoors. "But never mind, baby," he added good-naturedly, "you had a lot of fun, didn't you?"

Next morning the Boss departed with half a dozen rolls of film.

"I'll get one of the boys at the office to develop and print them right away," he said, "and bring them home tonight."

Night brought the Boss, but no word of the photographs.

His wife, suspecting the truth, did not mention them until the end of an unusually good dinner. The she asked suddenly: "Where are my pictures?"

The Boss hesitated.

"Four pictures!" he exclaimed finally. "You have no pictures. I guess you couldn't stand still long enough for me to focus the camera. Anyhow, there isn't a trace of you on any of the films."

"And those I took?" faltered the lady, timidly.

"Why, they're all right," blustered the Boss. "Of course, they couldn't help being all right after all the lessons I gave you. And then besides," he added, "I know how to pose."

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### BOOK TAUGHT BILKINS.



### Types We Meet Every Day

BY BOBBIE BABBLE.

### The Bowling Girl.

Since fair Bromidia learned to bowl She loves to hear the rumbolling roll That prefaces a happy hit. She takes the ball and swings with it. Then starts, her right foot first, and takes Four rapid steps, and bending, makes The ball glide forward through the air. Hurrah! Hurrah! She scores a spare!

Her rival player takes his turn. He glides upon his knees to burn With such admiring warmth, 'tis plain He'll make a lighthouse. Now, again, Bromidia takes her turn to roll. How gracefully she winds the bowl! Makes all the yells of joy you like, This time Bromidia makes a strike.

Heigho! She plays it like a queen! No champion on the bowling green In ancient days displayed more zest Than does Bromidia at her best. No expert Dutchman long ago Could bend so swift, so dextrously throw The shining globe. On the king's farm No player showed so fair an arm!

Through centuries they've played the game And called it many a curious name, Quiltes, Skittles, Loggotts, Nine Pins, Cayles.

Four Corners, Carreau, Clash and Skayles. But call it by what name you will, One principle pervades it still. Just watch the fair Bromidia play, and if You're candid, you will say,



Each time she makes that little run, She bowls us over, every one.

Here while we watch her at her play The modern alleys melt away; We seem to see another scene; A royal garden's bowling green; We see her majesty, Queen Anne, Stroll slowly down the emerald span. And then among her courtiers play Just as Bromidia does today. (Copyright, 1910, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)