

The Bee's Home Magazine Page



At the Theater

Attention to Omaha.
 "Soldiers of Fortune" at the Boyd.
 "The Hooker" at the Grand.
 "Barber at the Playhouse."
 "Burglar at the Gayety."

"Soldiers of Fortune" at the Boyd.
 Richard Harding Davis is one of the romancers who are able to find in the words and actions of the world an atmosphere of almost universal adventure and "hooking" for some such place as one of modern matter-of-fact characters he produces some very interesting situations. In all of his South American stories in which revolutions furnish the people with their dinner amusements, there is a fine freedom and a rather glorious swash-buckling.

In "Soldiers of Fortune" Miss Lang and her company are working with a swiftness and easily told story, and the prime necessity to make the entertainment worth while is "understand" and "action." The character of the production and the ease and skill of the whole company do the work.

Miss Lang as Hope Langham, the American girl who proves herself a fearless and ready helper to her lover, has again one of the girlish parts in which she can be particularly charming. The character is simple and therefore fitting upon the performer who would make it natural, but Miss Lang makes it real and delightful.

Mr. Lynch is mostly romantic and satisfactory as the American engineer who fights revolutions as a part of his business and to protect his employees' interests. In their scenes with each other it is the engineer is convinced that the New York girl is a match for him to serve and respectability, as well as a very irresponsible hero. Miss Lang and Mr. Lynch do their best work.

Mr. Shaw has an attractive part which he makes pleasantly amusing and Mr. Evans gets as many laughs as possible out of a very small part. Miss Du Bois and Mr. David Kirkland, a new-comer to the company, carry the story serious element in the story and do it effectively. Mr. Kirkland will prove useful in the future. Other members of the company, Mr. Selman, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Alderson, Mr. Fox, Mr. McCabe and Miss Blahden, all do their part in making the production satisfactory.

Mr. Withers succeeds in making two characters distinct and real.

The scenic surrounding of the play is the result of the efforts of the Boyd artists and is remarkable, particularly the scenic art that is seen in three acts.

"The Hooker" at the Grand.
 "Base Melville" playing the role which she has made famous, the well-known dramatic study of "The Hooker" is being presented at the Grand. The play is being given at the Grand after a successful run at the Metropolitan. The artistic excellence, the work she has done in every word and every gesture, has been the cause of her triumph. Her study of "The Hooker" is being given at the Grand after a successful run at the Metropolitan. The artistic excellence, the work she has done in every word and every gesture, has been the cause of her triumph.

The story of "The Hooker" has been told in a fashion that is both simple and clear. The story is so interesting and so well told that it is a pity that the play is so short.

The supporting company there are also doing their best work.

Christmas Shopping
 The gift seeker are out in force. The season which is now upon us, is the season of the year when the gift seeker are out in force. The season which is now upon us, is the season of the year when the gift seeker are out in force.

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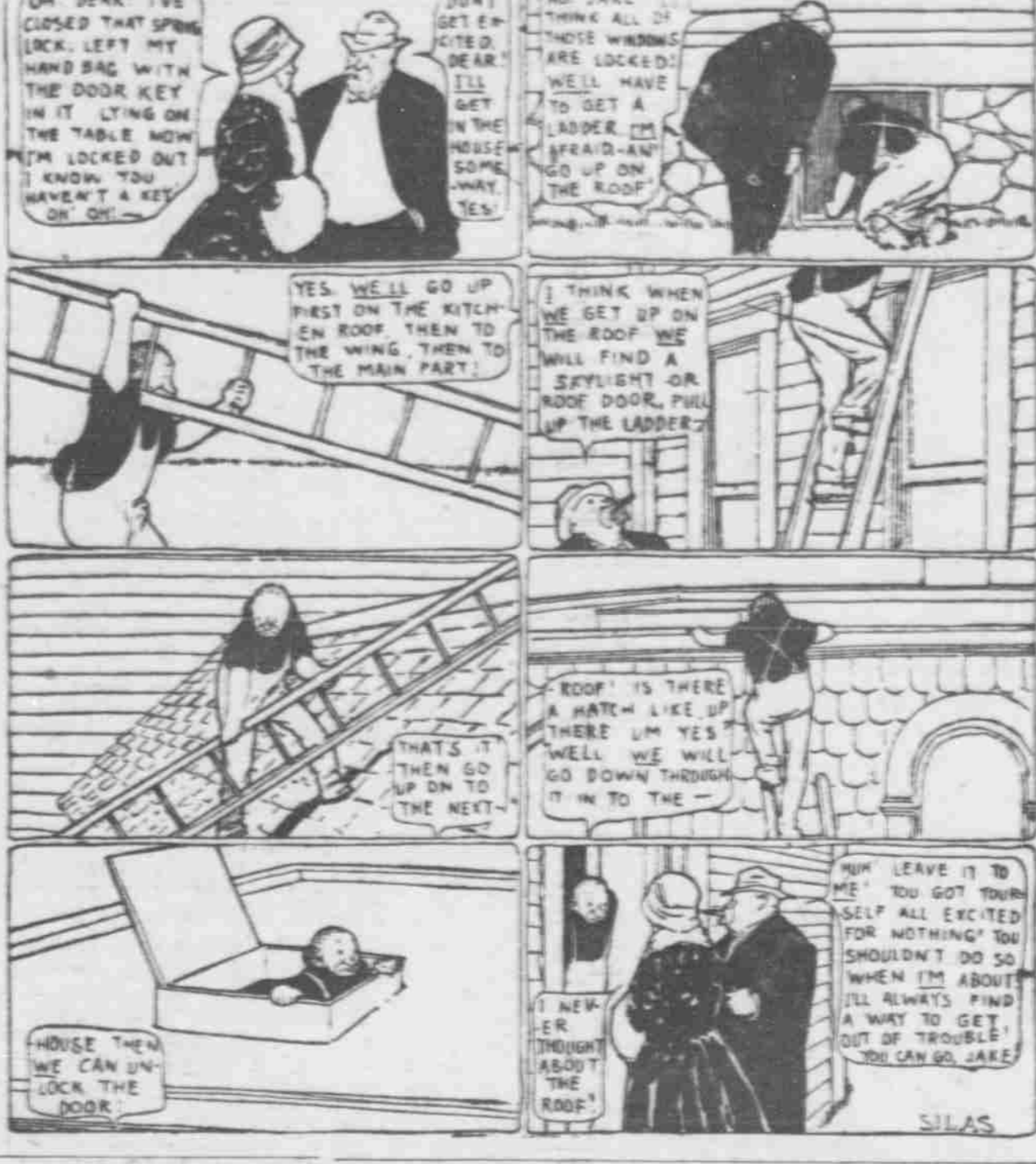
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Christmas in New York
 The Christmas holidays are epidemic all over the city. The Christmas holidays are epidemic all over the city. The Christmas holidays are epidemic all over the city.

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POOR JAKE



Boss of the Establishment

There is a season of the year when everyone is alike poor, whether he has been numbered in the hundreds thousands or is barely discernible even to an unfriendly passer.

It is the time when each of us sits down with a pencil and a piece of paper, and tries to adjust the number of Christmas presents he has to make to the amount of money he has in spend.

For weeks the Boss of the Establishment had postponed this hour of melancholy reckoning, but at last, owing to the remorseless urging of his wife, it was upon him.

Dinner was over, and Nemesis, in the shape of his spouse in her most determined mood, had surprised him as he mumbled over the evening paper.

"We might as well get it all settled," his wife observed philosophically. "You know I have to give the presents and I have to have the money for them. So let's sit down and make out a list and we will be done."

"We?" teased the Boss, but suddenly realizing that his wife's resolute expression that there was no one doing their Christmas calculations any longer, he surrendered.

"All right," he said, "give me the pencil and you tell me first of all the names of the persons you wish to remember. Then on the same line I'll write the nature of the present you wish to give, and the probable cost. Then we'll add it all up. There's nothing like system in these matters," he observed. "You can do everything with system. That's the secret of success of the big organizations of capital, the corporations, the trusts."

"Hahn! we better begin by saying how much we have to spend?" inquired the lady, simply.

"Well," said the Boss, "I've got your present all thought and paid for. You ought to make \$100 over everything else. But we'll see. Go ahead with your list."

The Boss' wife needed no second invitation. Faster than the Boss could write she scribbled off some two dozen or more gifts, ranging from a set of furs for her own mother to a handful of school-books to \$10-cent magazines for the boys' relatives.

When she had finished, neither made an effort to figure the total and each knew that it was of stupendous size.

They were looking at each other in melancholy silence, when there was a shrill peep and a white and a load ring at the door bell.

"Perhaps it's a large legacy from an unknown relative that will enable us to buy these presents," suggested the lady optimistically.

"Perhaps it's the gas bill," gloomily observed the Boss, who had a more prophetic soul.

It was the gas bill. And as the Boss' wife read her husband's countenance as if there was a meter and he in turn surveyed the bill, she knew that particular corporation would have no difficulty in declaring a dividend next month.

"How much do you suppose these robbers want?" the Boss inquired.

"Five dollars," answered his wife, uttering her most pessimistic thought.

The DIARY of DOLLIE

A Summer Girl
 BY M.F.
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Monday—Tom met Mr. Berkley at the house the other afternoon, and I could see that he didn't like him a bit. I can always tell exactly how Tom feels, no matter how much he tries to act as if he wasn't feeling the way he is. He can tell how I am feeling, too, even if I am acting as though I didn't feel the way I did. It makes it so interesting sometimes. I must say he has been rather bullying me lately, and that makes me simply furious. He called up right before last and calmly asked me to break an engagement in order to see him. I made up my mind instantly that I would not do it. He said, "You could if you wanted to," I was fearfully aggravated, so I wanted to see him more than anything. So I telephoned Mr. Berkley, who was very much offended and got everything mixed up. But Tom spent the evening with me.

When I never could stand the men Dottie likes, anyway.
 The ones she knew before she married up on a chair, and a lot of men's heads were looking at her through holes in a red velvet curtain. Dottie said she thought it was such an original idea that he ought to be able to see it right away.

He asked my opinion, and I said I thought she ought to be smacking one of the cigars. He said he didn't think that idea appealed to him, so then I suggested that he might have the men's heads smacking them. He thought that was better and said he'd do it that night. I asked Dottie afterward if he ever said it, but she said she didn't think so. He finally went to Duane Street in the interests of rubber, and she lost sight of him.

She never cares much for the men I like, but at least they don't wear beads or gray undershirts. Peter himself, who looked to be a scoundrel and a tramp, always wore the smartest clothes. She thought his ideas were awful, but I thought they were very thrilling. And Jack Nevins, whom she hated, and who I discovered had had an edge every time I had seen him for a year or a half, and I had never suspected it, was too attractive for words.

Once when I saw him I couldn't imagine what was the matter with him, and I found out afterward he had been perfectly sober.

"I WAS AN ADVERTISEMENT FOR ONE KIND OF CIGARS"
 I forgot all about smoking him until after he had gone home. I didn't think Mr. Berkley is so attractive. Many says who think he would be such a good husband. That assures me there must be something interesting about him, and perhaps it's

FISHY.
 "I went fishing yesterday."
 "What did you catch?"
 "The usual thing—chumage."

ONLY PART GOOD.
 "He writes poetry beautifully."
 "Yes, but the poetry itself is rotten!"

TRUTHFUL.
 "Nice white fox hat you've got there, Sadie. Had it long?"
 "Ever since it was a kitten!"

Club Women Make the Best Mothers

"To be fully appreciated by her children, a mother must be 'our every one' in a while when her youngsters return from school. They never realize how much they really do love her until she can't be found when she's wanted. When she does come it is well, it's worth the hours' absence to see just how much these same children, be they young or old, really do care for her."

This was the statement made by Mrs. Eugene V. Brewster, wife of the well known magazine editor, a club woman and mother. Her husband, she says, is a man who has the duties of motherhood.

"Women to raise children properly must be intellectual. There is such a thing as innate refinement, but this alone is not sufficient for the proper rearing of a family. A mother needs education as much, if not more, than the father does. She is with the children at all times, in their corner, their companions, her influence is felt more than the father's. Then, why shouldn't she be intellectual, educated and thoroughly conversant with the topics of the day? Women's clubs may be considered as merely social centers, but in reality they are as great schools as those we attended in our childhood. Then, again, they are a great source of recreation. And who needs recreation more than a mother? I have three children, and no mother could love her children more than I do mine. But there comes a time every one in a while when I am anxious to hear music that does not come from the laughing and shouting of children. And I am not any different from the hundreds of other club women all the world over.

"The life of a mother is not all a path of roses. To many women it is a case of drudgery from early morning until late at night. She becomes nervous and irritable. An untimely laugh from a child may cause untold trouble. The mother has a nervous headache, and she is glad to get away from it all even if only for a few hours.

At the club she meets fresh faces, exchanges ideas and returns home invigorated with new ideas, hope and ambition, and every member of the household is the better for the few hours' pleasure. She is bright and cheery when her husband comes in to supper.

"The statement is made that club women neglect the morals of their children. In this respect I think Mrs. Jones is entirely wrong. For in every case the home comes first. The home and the children—I do not know of an instance where that is a secondary consideration. It is strange that such a remark should have been made by Mrs. Jones, who is so widely known as an orator, singer and club woman.

"Her suggestion regarding the teaching of the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments in the school will, I think, meet with immediate approval, for they can afford to only not care they be as very objectionable to any known sect. But to say that the club women do not teach their children of the Lord, well, I do not agree."

Attractive Cretonne Slips for Furniture

Few women realize how pretty and practical are furniture covers made from cretonne and other figured material, or how housewives would make use of such slips in renovating old and worn furniture. Incidentally, these modern "slips" can be made by a woman who has had any experience in cutting patterns. I find that models for their neckties, etc., can be made by cutting a design from 5-cent, 10-cent and 15-cent material, which are cheaply and easily cut with pins to the furniture.

When the exact dimensions of each piece are complete in cretonne these "slips" must be impregnated and laid on the material from which the "slips" are to be constructed.

It is not necessary to bind the seams in these slips. Instead, in a figured fabric the effect of such seams will be introduced by the colored fabric life is introduced by the use of red or blue bind on the seams.

With figured goods, French sewing is best. It makes a firm and neat finish, and obviates the use of another color.

Slips cover the frame of the furniture of "ladies by the material. They are pretty, they are durable, they are cheap, they can be taken off and put on. They must always be large enough to allow for shrinkage when first washed.

The French Promoter

Dr. Arthur Larch, the Irish member of parliament, once contained in death for high treason, in fighting on the side of the French empire, is a London journal of the French premier, M. Briand. "Where does he obtain the premises?" he is not highly glibly uttered otherwise or physically, premises of a great name or splendid deed has helped him. His appearance is not particularly distinguished. Of middle height, with nothing of the conqueror's carriage of the soldier's strength, there is yet in that nervous frame a good deal of the physical qualities adapted to sustain the needs of our complex modern life. Not the physique of the victor of the