The Bee's Home Magazine Page

In the Stage World

Attractions in Omaha.

"The Fortune Hunter" at the Brandeis.
"Cinderella" at the Boyd.
"The Shoemaker" at the Krug.
Vaudeville at the Orpheum.
Vaudeville at the American.
Burlesque at the Gayety.

Saloonkeepers of Omaha must be very wary about selling liquor to the Indians of the New York Hippodrome. Should they violate the federal statute prohibiting the sale of liquor to the red men they will be amenable to punishment both by fine and imprisonment by the United States government. United States District Attorney F. S. Howell, in a letter to the manager of the New York Hippodrome company yesterday, pointed out the statute and called attention to the penalty for its violation. The letter of the district attorney follows:

OMAHA, Jan. 5.—Mr. R. W. McBride, Manager New York Hippodrome, Omaha: Dear Sir—As you are undoubtedly aware the federal statutes of the United States makes it an offense to sell intoxicating liquors to Indians. The law, as found in the second supplement of the revised statutes of the United States, at page 845, provides, among other things, as follows:

"That any person who shall sell, give away, dispose of, exchange or barter any malt, spirituous, or vinous liquor, including beer, ale and wine * * * to any Indian * * * a ward of the government, under charge of any Indian superintendent or agent * * * shall be punished by imprisonment for not less than sixty days and by a fine of not less than $100 for the first offense and not less than $300 for each offense thereafter."

I trust while you are in the city you will not have any trouble with the dealers in liquor in this city in the sale of liquors to Indians connected with your show. Very respectfully, F. S. HOWELL, United States Attorney.

The Indians with the New York Hippodrome are in charge of a regular authorized Indian agent appointed by the government and the Messrs. Shubert, under whose direction the hippodrome is being presented, are under bond to the Indian commissioner for the safe keeping of the Indians.

Lillian Russell will search for a sinner for one night only in Omaha, appearing at the Brandeis theater on Tuesday evening of next week.

"The Fortune Hunter" is beginning to catch on in Omaha as it has in other cities, and the attendance at the Brandeis shows improvement with each performance. The engagement has been extended over Sunday night.

"The Shoemaker" will be presented at the Krug tonight, making the last play to be presented at that house before it goes over to burlesque.

"Does Shakespeare pay?" an inquisitive theater-goer asked Robert Mantell, the classic actor.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Mantell, "my business arrangements with him have always been through a third party."

Henry Dixey, supported by Ida Conquest, is to be seen shortly in a new play by George Broadhurst, entitled "Bought and Paid For."

Laura Nelson Hall has been engaged for the title role in Savage's production of Walter Browne's "Every Woman."

Of more than passing interest is the news that Charles Frohman has acquired from Owen Davis a four-act drama, which will be produced before the end of the season. The play is described as a "psychological drama of modern interest."

George Beban was married last week to Miss Edith Macbride, who has been playing in vaudeville with him. They resumed their tour Monday, following a short honeymoon.

STAR WITH THE BIG HIPPODROME

MADGE MONTGOMERY.

Daughters of Well Known Men

Mary Boyle O'Reilly, the prison commissioner of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, is a daughter of John Boyle O'Reilly, poet, patriot and soldier. She is said to resemble her famous father and to act like him, especially when on a platform.

As one writer describes him, "John Boyle O'Reilly was a loving child; as a boy he was a good printer and journalist; as a young man a gallant soldier in the British army, and unruly political prisoner, a sweet poet, a felicitous orator, a great lover of outdoor sports, a fond husband and father, an upright citizen of his adopted country and a towering influence of moral strength."

The infinite speaks to us."

In Miss O'Reilly's home in Boston this motto over her mantel shelf, from her father's pen, reveals his power as a poet:

It is only the Finite speaks.
Our words are the idle wavecaps
On the deep that never breaks.
One may question with wand of Science,
Explain, decide and discuss,
But only in meditation
The infinite always is silent.

Miss O'Reilly's life in Boston brings her in touch with all sorts and conditions of men. One episode shows what comes about in a generation. For years Miss O'Reilly had found on her father's grave on Memorial day a wreath from one (let us say) Giovanni Bruno. She knew nothing of the man and could learn nothing. Last winter while she was working at the state house for a children's bill a young legislator came up to Miss O'Reilly and offered his services and the influence of his official friends in behalf of her measure. Why? Because he was Giovanni Bruno's son, and because, some thirty years ago, Bruno on his way from Rome to Boston had been swindled out of his few gold pieces and was threatened with deportation. John Boyle O'Reilly hearing of the case, went to his friend, the the immigration commissioner, and made himself responsible for the man's immediate future.

In one winter Miss O'Reilly, in addition to her other work in social service, delivered sixty addresses. Her topics were "The Celtic Renaissance," to a Mayflower club; "Famous Catholic Women," to several institutions; "Social Service," to girls' college clubs; "Bread Line Wage," in drawing rooms, and many other informal talks.

(Copyright, 1910, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

Early Spring Frocks and Millinery

A striking use of satin-striped challie is shown in the accompanying illustration. In this costume the placing of the stripes made a most effective trimming. The skirt was cut circular with a seam down the center front. Here the stripes met in a point, but in the waist the material was so cut that the stripes were on the straight.

The bodice was in four sections, which were applied to the underwaist and sleeves and which extended over the center front in vest style. The opening on the top of the sleeves gave the appearance of a drop yoke, and the neck was cut in a small, pointed outline. The waist finish was the simple but effective raised waistline development.

At this season the Fifth avenue millinery shops bring forward their display of "demi-season" hats. These chapeaux are designed for wear at a time of the year too late for winter headgear and yet too soon for the daintier hats of early spring. They are fashioned from lace, satin and panne velvet, and are trimmed with bows of the same material, aigrettes and flowers. As a display of these hats made this week a particularly striking model was shown with two flounces of accordion-pleated Valenciennes fitting close to the head. These flounces were surmounted with a crown of pale green taffeta draped in turban effect and finished at the left side with two wired loops of the silk. A stunning evening hat was of allover gold net stretched over a large wire frame and finished at the outer edge with a two-inch facing of white panne velvet. There was a huge spray of paradise feathers which fell from the left side across the back so that it almost touched the right shoulder of the wearer. There was a gold cord wound twice around the crown and finishing in a tasseled bow on the left side. Gilt promises to furnish an important note in the new millinery and it will continue to be extensively used in costume decoration. It is surprising how few women realize that old lace or hand embroidery can be made to do service anew if a touch of gold thread is introduced into their design. This does not require needleworkers' skill either, for the thread is most effective when introduced in haphazard fashion. Many a piece of discarded trimming treated in this manner can be used under veiling with excellent affect.

Legacy to Blind is Said to Be Invalid

Will of Mrs. Maria Augustat Admitted to Probate, but is Under Grave Question.

The will of the late Mrs. Maria Augustat, which is believed to be invalid because of its provision that some $1,800 be divided among the blind of Omaha, was admitted to probate by Judge Leslie in the county court Wednesday. The will was admitted simply because no objections had been filed. Under the law distribution of money or property under a will cannot be made until creditors and others having claims against the estate have had six months in which to file them and have them satisfied. At the end of that time the question whether it is legally right for Hans Book, the executor in this case, to attempt to distribute the money among the blind must be determined by Judge Leslie.

EACH THINKS OTHER INSANE

Two Maiden Sisters of Forty Years Old Are Held by Commission—Neighbors Give Version.

Two sisters, each of whom believes herself sane and the other crazy, were brought before the commissioners of insanity Wednesday afternoon. They are Edna J. and Lillian Nichol, maiden women of about forty years, who for many years have resided at Twenty-ninth and F streets, South Omaha. To Sheriff Bradley and Deputy Sheriff Mead each stoutly declared herself capable of taking care of her sister.

The Key to the Situation—Bee Want Ads.

WHEN A MAN BUYS

Looks Very Much Like Taft

Harry L. Southard of Trenton, N. J., who is the exact counterpart of President Taft, has decided not to leave town until the expiration of the term of the present occupant of the White House. Mr. Southard is so much a double of President Taft that the two could not be disinguished apart if they stood side by side. The Trenton man has the Taft smile, the Taft voice and the Taft features—in fact, he is called "Taft" by every one who knows him.

Mr. Southard has been mistaken for Taft at least a thousand times. Twice while traveling he was kissed by pretty girls who mistook him for the president, he has been given flowers numerous times and his right arm has been sore frequently from handshaking. He has tried many times to explain the mistake, but no one would believe him. Several times in New York City cab drivers refused his fare, saying that they considered it an honor to drive the president.

The Trentonian boarded a trolley car in Broadway not long ago and his entrance caused much excitement. The car was crowded, but all the passengers, even women, arose to give a seat to the "president." Mr. Southard remained on the platform and was much embarrassed by the smiles and nods of the other passengers.

Mr. Southard has often wished to see his double, but has been afraid to venture near Washington, for fear that he will be landed in the White House and given the reins of government before he could explain his identity.

"It is embarrassing to resemble such an important person as President Taft," said Mr. Southard, "and although I would like to see the president given another term, I am afraid that I will not leave Trenton while he is in office. If the president would only shave off his mustache and have the newspapers publish his picture without it, then I would have some chance of traveling without being molested.

"Every one insists upon telling me that I look like Taft, but I tell them Taft looks like me. The resemblance causes me much annoyance, as my friends always insist upon talking about 'me and Taft.'"

Daily Health Hint

Time that is used for physical exercise in moderation is never lost. Even busy, overworked people will be benefited if they will take five minutes daily for that purpose.

True Economy.

"How is this?" we ask of our friend, who we observe is carrying a lunch basket to the office with him. "The higher cost of living make you stop buying your lunches at the restaurant?"

"Not that exactly," he says, with unusual frankness. "I do this in order to save the expense of tipping the waiters."—Judge.

Hooking vs Landing.

"I was engaged ten times," says the lady with the double chin, "before I finally married."

"Yes?" comments the lady with the fur bonnet. "It's awfully hard for some women to land a man definitely."—Judge.

Fads of Women

Any girl with a certain amount of taste could make different sets of slipper ornaments from spoils gained by raiding the remnant boxes seen on the counters and so make changes, though she possessed only one pair of evening slippers.

One set could be two prim looking roses made from dull silver tissue, another could be a rosette of tulle for each slipper, showing a dainty center or fancy button.

A third could be butterflies of gauze, the wings and body picked out with mock jewels; while a fourth could be dainty ribbon drawn through tiny buckles.

I am often asked for a substance that will cloud or frost windows, as in bath rooms, etc., and have replied that Epsom salts dissolved in hot water and applied with a brush will answer the purpose.

I am told that if the salts are dissolved in hot vinegar instead of water and allowed to become cool, then applied to the window with a brush the result will be more satisfactory.

When dry the frosting can be made permanent by covering with white varnish.

To remove the latter wash over with alcohol.

Among the attractive and, at the same time, useful little articles that cost only a quarter is a cabinet for hairpins, not a tiny little article, but an odd shaped substantial looking case covered with cretonne and fitted with two drawers of ample size, divided into compartments to fit the hairpins of different sizes, which, by the way, are included in the price of the cabinet.

Another 25-cent bargain is a spool holder, fitted with spools of cotton, a pin cushion and a needle book.

THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

VOL. I. OMAHA, JANUARY 6, 1911. NO. 218.

THE BUMBLE BEE.

A. STINGER.....Editor

Communications welcomed, and neither signature nor return postage required. Address the Editor.

NO BAD MONEY TAKEN.

NO ADS AT ANY PRICE.

Regret.

Ashton the I and Only gave up his office with such a sigh as makes one think he had some regrets. The wide open primary was one of these. He had it in his power to stop the foolishness, but thought he could get away with it, and it turned around and stung him. He sticks to his assertion that the 8 o'clock law is a good thing, but he doesn't say much about some of the other features of his administration. Ashton had a good chance, but messed it up, proving that his system of playing both ends to the middle is not the one to win. The Bumble Bee never did support him, and has no especial regrets to offer at his going back to the farm.

Weather.

Our pet little weather man observed his usual custom of taking a holiday on New Year, and the result was that Old Boreas slipped one over on him. Just to show what he could do, the weather man drove the North Wind back into his lair and produced a chinook as soon as it could be brought in from Puget sound. This shows that he knows his business, all right.

Funny.

One governor tells us that Nebraska has less of drunkenness and crime than any other state, and that our liquor laws are the best ever enacted. And the next minute the other governor tells us we are ruled by a wicked brewery trust, which must be uprooted, and that we need a whole lot more liquor laws before we can really be good. Doesn't it make you laugh?

Congratulations.

Ye Editor desires to congratulate sundry and divers of his contemporaries on the prosperity they have been enjoying during the last few weeks. Once in a while the printer man gets what's coming to him, but not all of it.

Ice.

The ice is ten inches thick on the ponds where the harvest is being carried on. But this has nothing to do with the size of the chunk that will be left to melt on your doorstep next summer.

BUSY DAYS AT LINCOLN

Democrats Trying to Get Jobs for the Faithful—Rules for Lobbyists.

(From a Staff Correspondent.)

LINCOLN, Jan. 5.—(Special)—By courtesy of a Douglas County Gent Who Landed on the Pay Roll and Doesn't Need to Worry.)—We have been right busy down here this week, thank you. Johnny Miller's tavern has been a hive of industry, all right, but it has been quiet there compared to what is going on over at Dave Thompson's hostelry. There the democrats have held high carnival, trying to fix up things up and parcel out the jobs. It is a fearful thing in winter to watch the rush of the hungry faithful when the pie counter opens up for business. If all of them are given jobs, the statehouse campus will have to be covered with tents to provide shelter for the employes.

"Doc" Tanner got a swift slap on the wrist, just like that, from the drys in the senate. But that won't disturb Doc in the least. He knows a trick the drys haven't learned yet.

Governor Shallenberger laid down the scepter with something of a flourish, and Governor Aldrich took it up with becoming meekness. These governors have learned that the time to brag is when they are going out and not when they are coming in.

"Bob" Maginnis is sticking pretty close to his railroad office so far. Some other old familiar faces are missed from the statehouse corridors, but there's plenty of time.

I understand that some new rules are to be adopted for the control of the lobby. Representatives of corporations will be required to register as such immediately on reaching the Capital City. After having been duly registered, they will be provided with a badge of suitable proportions and design, which they will be required to keep prominently displayed at all times. Whenever one of these registered representatives of the soulless shall see a legislator approaching, from whatever direction, he will be required to sound a gong, and immediately step off the sidewalk and stand with averted face until the spotless lawmaker has passed. If two or more lawmakers shall approach the lobbyist at the same time, coming from different directions, the lobbyist must cover his face as well as step off the sidewalk. No lobbyist will be permitted to leave his hotel room after sundown, for any purpose whatsoever. If any lobbyist shall undertake to overpower a lawmaker and thrust any sum of money into his pocket, the same shall be deemed guilty of a gross violation of the rules, and shall immediately be deprived of his rights and privileges, and his badge taken away from him. No registered lobbyist will be permitted to approach the state house nearer than four blocks from any direction, until after he has undergone inspection as to his purposes. If any lobbyist, registered or otherwise, be caught giving to or placing in the way of any lawmaker any portion or quantity of any malt, spirituous, vinous or other beverage or drink, he shall be incarcerated in the darkest coal hole in the cellar of the state house until the session adjourns. IKE.

EX-COLONELS TO UNITE

Move to Form Permanent Organization for Those Who Have Worn Braid.

(From a Staff Correspondent.)

LINCOLN, Jan. 5.—(Special Delivery by One of the Interested Parties.)—I understand that a call will soon be issued for the purpose of forming a new association, to be composed of the ex-colonels, who have served on the staff of the governors of Nebraska during the last few years.

Such an organization ought to be a tower of strength in whatever cause it be enlisted. The colonels were always picked from the very flower of the state, socially, financially and politically. Some of them even knew something about war.

If this body be really formed, it will take its place at once in the lists of the influential organizations of Nebraska. The move is still in a nebulous condition, but is taking shape, and something very definite may be announced soon.

It seems a pity that so much of potential good should be allowed to go to waste. Each governor of recent years has surrounded himself by a group of choice spirits, specimens of manhood whose pulchritude could not be gainsaid, and whose prowess in peace at least was unquestionable. These men have borne the brunt of many a reception and many a junket, and are qualified not only by natural selection but by actual experience to lead the social life of the great commonwealth. It would seem that the formation of them into a permanent body would provide the state at least with a most easily accessible arbiter elegantorium (whatever that is) and from this beginning much good might grow.

Further news will be given you next week. IKE.

PERSONAL.

Harry Zimman is going some himself just now.

Fred Heye's backbone doesn't need any bracing.

Frank Shotwell says they can't come too fast for him.

Bert Hitchcock is expected home from Washington soon.

Judge Day simply beat the other judges to it. That's all.

Colonel Charley Grotte was a welcome caller on Ye Editor at New Year's.

George Rogers was in Omaha the day the legislature organized. Can you beat that?

Gould Dietz didn't dodge any when some one told him he was being talked about for mayor.

Henry Penfold is willing to go right on signing Sanson's name with a rubber stamp. This is confidential.

Sincere.

Ye Editor is in receipt of a card from an insurance company, which says: "May each one of the 365 days of the New Year have its fullest measure of health, happiness and prosperity for you." That's one card that is sincere, for the manager of that company knows that if Ye Editor doesn't fall sick or get hurt during the next year, his company will be on the winning side, and will get another premium just for that.

Donahue.

While the matter is still on the knees of the gods, The Bumble Bee wants to get on record to the effect that, no matter what the outcome of the ouster case against Chief Donahue, Omaha never had nor ever will have a more capable and efficient chief of its police force. And it's a shame that so good an officer should be subject to such proceedings.

Victory.

Artie Mullen says he knew it all the time. Of course. Didn't he go to Washington and tell the supreme court what to do? Huh! Of course. Judge Albert and Charley Whedon wrote out briefs and arguments and such things, but who are they?

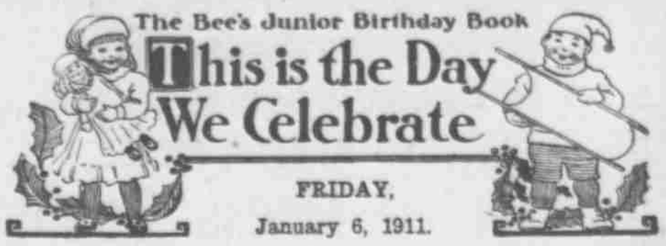
Document.

Ye editor regrets that space will not permit the publication in full of Governor Aldrich's inaugural, but recommends his readers to secure a copy of the same and read it. It is some document, believe us.

Lucky.

Wasn't it just too lucky that the snow storm came just at the time when the next tax levy was avavailable?

The Bee's Junior Birthday Book



This is the Day We Celebrate

FRIDAY, January 6, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
St. Clare Anderson, 3037 South Nineteenth St.	Vinton	1896
Elizabeth Babinchak, 3829 Charles St.	Walnut Hill	1897
Charles Basti, 516 Center St.	Train	1903
Jay Berry, 2217 North Nineteenth St.	High	1896
Minnie Bialac, 1317 Pacific St.	Pacific	1901
Carl Burnap, 3334 South Twenty-fifth St.	High	1896
Mary Caillier, 2944 Castellar St.	Dupont	1905
Nellie Carpenter, 1023 South Forty-first St.	Columbian	1899
Helen Carpenter, 1023 South Forty-first St.	Columbian	1902
Katherine Cosentine, 1115 South Ninth St.	Pacific	1896
Lodowick Crowfoot, 122 South Thirty-ninth St.	Saunders	1902
Katherine Drummy, 623 North Thirty-sixth St.	High	1896
Levi Dunlap, 2427 Maple St.	High	1894
Mary Filla, 2521 South Thirteth St.	Dupont	1904
Joe A. Fisher, 3609 Sherman Ave.	Lothrop	1903
George Forst, 1944 South Fifteenth St.	Comenius	1904
Evan Freeman, 4924 North Twenty-fifth St.	Saratoga	1905
Marie Graser, 2768 South Thirteenth St.	Bancroft	1899
Agnes Haarmann, 2430 South Twenty-fourth St.	High	1894
Michael J. Haley, 1103 South Nineteenth St.	St. Philomena	1904
Lulu Hale, 3135 South Fifteenth St.	Forest	1900
Mellie Harrington, 3805 South Fifty-first St.	Beals	1897
Lloyd Huffstutter, 4520 North Twenty-first St.	Saratoga	1899
Merle Hughey, 2108 Miami St.	Lake	1902
Undeal Jackson, 3168 South Thirteenth St.	Bancroft	1896
Harry E. Johnson, 1627 Locust St.	Lake	1898
Mary Jotzelt, 4746 North Thirty-eighth St.	Central Park	1898
Signe Lindberg, 3342 Meredith St.	Monmouth Park	1903
Jerome Kunes, 1704 South Eighteenth St.	Comenius	1899
Alice M. Larson, Thirty-fourth St. and Fowler Ave.	Monmouth Park	1902
Leon Lewis, 920 North Twenty-seventh Ave.	Webster	1903
Clara Malloy, 225 Francis St.	Train	1902
Nettie E. Noland, 1520 Cass St.	Cass	1896
Hazel Pagles, 1711 Dodge St.	High	1894
Ethel J. Parsons, 516 North Thirty-second St.	High	1895
Chris Petersen, Fifty-seventh and C Sts.	Beals	1896
Elizabeth Porter, 1518 South Fifth St.	Leavenworth	1895
Emily Radman, 2516 Blondo St.	Long	1902
Sarah Savad, 411 North Twenty-second St.	Central	1902
Lee Schneidewind, 110 North Twenty-eighth Ave.	Farnam	1903
Magaline M. Smith, 520 Harney St.	St. Philomena	1903
Thomas Smith, 3718 North Twenty-third St.	Lothrop	1904
Mabel Stewart, 408 South Tenth St.	Pacific	1903
Martha Sundquist, 3202 Spalding St.	Druid Hill	1901
Emily Swoboda, 2225 South Twelfth St.	Lincoln	1898
Arnold Wahlstrom, 2806 Cass St.	Webster	1898
William Weist, 1910 Dorcas St.	St. Joseph	1897
Evelyn Weina, 1916 South Twenty-seventh St.	Dupont	1903
Margaret Thompson, 2432 Templeton St.	Saratoga	1901

The Tired Business Man

BY WALTER A. SINCLAIR.

Tells Friend Wife That Harvard Now Avoids the Hiccup That Cheers.

"Have the Harvard 'rah rah' boys stopped organized cheering since Prexy Lowell denounced it?" asked Friend Wife.

"They have even shunned the hiccup that cheers," replied the Tired Business Man. "Nothing cheering is allowed about the Cambridge campus. No undergraduate is allowed to be cheerful. Not a 'rah' dares venture into the Harvard 'yard' and should a chirp of organized joy be heard in the stadium it is captured and shot at sunrise—or half shot, anyway.

"It was about time somebody got up and rebuked the rough, loud Harvard boys for their organized cheering and I'm glad they have a college president like Mr. Lowell to tell them they are just too rude for anything. Innocent bystanders have often narrowly escaped being knocked down by these raucous college persons whacking their cambric handkerchiefs around and shouting 'Altogetheh, fellahs, and not too rough.' Many sensitive ears have been damaged beyond repair by the terrible crash of split infinitives, accompanied by the broad A.

"As Prexy Lowell says, organized cheering is 'barren, poor and meager,' and if there is anything Ha'va'd doesn't like it is something poor. Somebody should think up some disorganized cheering which will be at once fertile, wealthy and luxuriant. Why should youths whose fathers are lavishing great gobs of money—tainted and otherwise—to provide a classical education, borrow from the humble and scantily attired native of Zulu, who never heard of Schedule K, those quaint cries and weird outbursts of sound which greet the occasional holding of the rival foot ball eleven? Why should such ululations be heard east of Rahway, N. J.?

"Why can't these youths, who are inculcating the highest browed thought of the ages—or, at least, are supposed to be imbibing it—why can't they adopt some of the 'more delicate qualities of expressing emotion,' as Prof. Lowell puts it, which characterize the more effete nations of the world? For instance, the English are an old, proud race and know how to retain their emotions. Vacuum bottles have absolutely nothing on the English in keeping emotions icily cold under the warmest conditions.

"While capable of containing their emotions, when they wish to give delicate expression to them they lavish on their heroes such elevating tokens of approbation as bashing said heroes' top hats. All that would be necessary when the Crimson wins is for the eleven or the eight to don top hats, stand up in the gridiron or the shells and have the silk domes properly bashed. Just what a husky Harvard quarter or stroke would do after having his lid bashed I do not know, but it would probably be disorganized enough to suit any prexy. The thought of a crew man in top hat and rowing panties is one to arouse even disorganized enthusiasm.

"On the other hand, if the English cheering is too conservative we might adopt the more enthusiastic and explosive method of the Latin countries, seeing as how Latin is part of the Ha'va'd currycomb. After a particularly brilliant dash down the field, or a heartbreaking shell length victory, or a winning home run, the rooters of Fair Ha'va'd might galumph temperamentally up to their heroes and, clasping each in a fervid embrace, plant a neat little kiss on his face. After which it might be well for some outsider to notify the relatives. Possibly we might then revert to the crude method of rah-rahing."

"Cheering is rather rough and vulgar," admitted Friend Wife.

"But it is a college coarse," protested the Tired Business Man.

(Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

Some Famous Children of History

The second son of King Charles the First of England, and his royal spouse, Queen Henrietta Maria, was known in his boyhood as the duke of York, and as James the Second of England and the Seventh of Scotland succeeded his brother, Charles the Second, to the British throne.

There were many lights and shades in the character of this son of the Stuarts, of whom it has been said that he possessed all the vices of his race, with none of their virtues nor redeeming points. He was expelled from the throne by his people, and even his own daughter, after Queen Anne of England, forsook him. It is pleasanter to turn from the unfortunate man and remember him as a child, feted and immortalized in his earlier years.

Even in childhood his life was unhappy. He was born in the palace of St. James in 1633 at the happiest and most splendid period in the life of his father and mother. At that brilliant period his birth was celebrated by a masque given to the king and queen, by the gentlemen of Lincoln's Inn and the temple. Van Dyck painted him and great men of letters wrote poems in his praise.

While he was still a child of 13, he was taken prisoner at Oxford by Fairfax. Later he made his escape from St. James' palace in this way.

"All things being in readiness, the duke, after supper, with his brother and sister, went to play at hide and seek with the rest of the young people in the house. At this childish sport the duke had accustomed himself to play for a fortnight together every night, hiding in places so difficult to find that they were half an hour in searching for him, at the end of which time he came out of his own accord. This was a blind for his design, by which, when in earnest, he secured half an hour before suspicion could arise. Upon this occasion he locked up a little dog which used to follow him, and passed by a back door, of which he had obtained the key, into the park, where he found Bamfield and a footman ready to receive him, who put on him a cloak and a periwig, after which, in female attire, he reached a Dutch vessel, which waited below Gravesend. Meanwhile orders were issued, upon the detection of his flight, to watch the northern roads and those toward Wales; nor was the pursuit relinquished till news arrived of his land in Holland."

(Copyright, 1910, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

Whenever Popper Shaves.

Whenever popper shaves
He sez it's such a bore.
He swears he'll grow a beard,
An' if it weren't for maw
I'm sure he would. But she
Jus' lollies him like this:
"Say, Tom, how clean you look;
You're sweet enough to kiss!"
An' so when popper shaves
He don't know where he's at.
He swears that—well, he swears
An' lets it go at that! —T. E. M.

Lucky Fellow.

The man is doubly lucky
Who gets his wages raised
The next day after Christmas.
For then, the saints be praised,
It's quite to late to sally
Forth with the load of tin
And on your Christmas shopping
Blow all your wages in. —T. E. M.