

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Her Husband's Voice

### He Becomes Almost Childlike in His Love for the Simpler Things of Life

"We must take your mother to the theater before she leaves," observed the Amateur Wife over the breakfast table. "I suppose so," agreed the Post Graduate Husband rather differently. "But can you tell me of anything worth going to see? The speak of giving up a seat for any performance were likely to witness looking to me like submitting to highway robbery."



HE TOOK HIS WIFE AND MOTHER TO THE THEATRE.

Replying to her lord's inquiry, the Amateur Wife mentioned a Metropolitan place of amusement to which the desire of the out-of-town visitor turns as truly and instinctively as the needle to the pole, or the heart of the young man to the siren of many seductions.

"Do I have to go to that place again?" asked the Post Graduate Husband with electrical dismay. "Once a year is about all I can stand, and when I took Uncle William last month at your suggestion you said I wouldn't have to go again till next year. You see, it's different with you. You don't mind the show this year and you're so easy to please, anyhow."

The Post Graduate Husband discoursed a while longer in this fashion and then announced abruptly that he would bring home the tickets for the same evening.

All day the little mother, who was visiting the big city for the first time in about all I can stand, and when I took Uncle William last month at your suggestion you said I wouldn't have to go again till next year. You see, it's different with you. You don't mind the show this year and you're so easy to please, anyhow."

Early that evening the party of three journeyed from their Mountainville home to the city that bounds Broadway and, true to his promise, the Post Graduate Husband took his wife and mother to the theater.

Above shone the cold brilliancy of New York's rare stars twinkling derisively at the spectators, yuletide of the electric signs which mark the restless orbit of the city's revolve.

Three abreast the Post Graduate Husband, the Amateur Wife and the Debutante Mother strolled along that lane of light, which like the thoughts of the men and women, thronging it, seems to converge into one glittering golden point.

The Post Graduate Husband was, when in holiday humor, something of a cynic and very much a philosopher. Other times, when the world went wrong with him, he depicted what his wife described as an "uplifting, boisterous optimism."

On this particular evening he was in a mood of hilarious pessimism.

"Look at all these people!" he commented when the little party was seated in the theater. "Do you know how many thousands this place seats? And each one of them has worked hard for the money squandered here tonight! And on what? Silly spectacles—mammoth melodrama, a beefy ballet! And to think that it wouldn't cost them a cent to stay in a comfortable home, read a good book and go to bed!"

The rising curtain cut short Her Husband's diatribe.

The Amateur Wife had begun by looking at the stage, but it took only a few minutes for her to learn that there was much more enjoyment to be had in watching the face of the Debutante Mother.

Surely no child listening to its first fairy tale had ever shown such wide eyes of wonder as this little gray-haired lady at the giant spectacle. And never had gayer, more spontaneous laughter issued from childlike lips.

The Amateur Wife leaned back in her seat and marvelled. There was a woman who solved life's most intricate riddles—who had passed all the gates of pain and could laugh in a childlike way at childlike things.

The Post Graduate Husband had once shared this quality, because, and you say, cynic! How analytical! How frightfully sophisticated he had become!

Suddenly a cracking peal of laughter cut short her reverie—a hand jolted her arm! "Say, baby!" called the Post Graduate Husband, "just look at the way that little devil of a monkey handles that horse! Isn't that the greatest thing you ever saw?"

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## POOR JAKE



## ANNALS of ANGELICA



Affairs are getting terribly mixed up and if I hadn't met Mr. Winton I don't know what I should have done. We were at a musical and I was feeling very much disappointed in myself to discover that, instead of enjoying it, I couldn't help longing to go away somewhere where it was quiet.

A woman played the piano and she had the most enormous feet I have ever seen. Her eyes sort of stared and she had an awfully queer figure, with a plump thing and it was rather nice. At least the softest was. But he made an awful apron about my little. The song he perceived the most over was about some lady who was evidently pining away for him. She certainly did it at the top of her lungs and finally died or gave up hope. I couldn't quite make out which, with a perfect yell of anguish. Then, thank goodness! we went into the dining room and had something to eat, and Mr. Winton was introduced to me.

He was very good looking, and big, and had the nicest eyes I ever saw. I said, "Do you like musicals?" He said, "I never go to things like this, but I promised to meet my sister-in-law here. I only just arrived when our friend had nearly finished his song. Do you sing?" I said, "Only in the bathtub. Do you?" He said, "Yes every morning. What opera do you like best?" I said, "Why, I generally begin with the march from 'Faust.' It goes beautifully with the sound of running water. Don't you think so?" He said, "I generally start in with a hunting song. I said, 'That Indian thing, you know, that ends, 'Come back to me, beloved, or I die.' It's a wonderful fun song. I always keep it for my right foot." He looked awfully interested and said, "And the left?"

But I felt silent then and just said, "Was it raining when you came in?"

We got on beautifully together and he asked me if I would teach him a new tune, as he was getting tired of hunting songs. We talked a lot and agreed about everything. I told him that I loved to hear the sound of cartwheels very early in the morning and the whistles on the river when I woke up in the middle of the night, and he said he did, too, and we both agreed we'd rather hear them than the sea who had just sung that afternoon. And I told him how, up in the studio at the top of Cousin Dick's home, you could hear the whole city work of humming to itself, which was another kind of music I liked. And he said, couldn't he go up and listen to it with me some time? He said he knew we were going to be great friends.

I said I thought that would be lovely, and would he let me ask his advice about a married man that I liked a good deal but didn't approve of myself liking, and also about Johnnie and Piggy?

He said of course I could, and as he knew both Johnnie and Piggy he would be able to advise me most satisfactorily.

In the Wrong Ward.

He was a professional politician, and was alleged to know more about "grafting" than Luther Burbank himself. As he was walking from the city hall to the bank an automobile struck him amidships. He was rushed to the nearest hospital, and three surgeons stopped playing ginocchis and tried to locate the politician's liver, which had been driven up under his right lung.

"Compound fracture of one rib, and we'll have to probe for the splinters," said the head dissector.

"All right, as long as it isn't a grand jury probe," growled the sufferer.

A half hour later the politician came out of the ether.

"Where am I?" he asked dazedly.

"In the City Relief hospital, ward nine," answered the nurse pleasantly.

"Gimme my clothes!" he screamed.

The Ninth ward is republican.—Lippincott's.

All Ready for the Show.

Orchestra Leader—All the orchestra players are drunk.

Theatrical Manager—Well, drag 'em out. We advertised a full orchestra.—Lippincott's.



## Spring Styles in Separate Skirts

While the new models in separate skirts are not actually wide, they are much fuller than the skirts that have been worn during the last season.

The fit is still smooth at the top, but there is a decided flare about the feet which the majority of women will fully appreciate for few wear the extremely narrow skirts gracefully.

Planted separate skirts are not noticeable among the new spring models. The two main features are a smooth, straight up and down effect, and a decided flare about the feet either by means of cut or the addition of a flounce. The latter may be circular, gathered or pleated, depending entirely upon the kind of material to be developed. Black only is seen in the more expensive materials. There are broadcloth and the finer grades. In the cheaper grades the skirts come in gray, brown and navy blue as well as black.

In the separate skirts of tweed mixtures of tan and brown prevail.

Among the newest styles one that I fancy will be exceedingly popular because of its good lines is cut on the circular order, but with seams instead of the bias over the hips.

This makes the model practical for all seasons, because the bias can be worn hanging. The average circular skirt of walking length invariably sags, but the seams over the hips in this new model prevent drooping. The back is in habit style with a welt seam. The seams over the hips are welt also.

The closing is a little to the left side front and is made by a row of buttons passed under cords.

A second new style suitable for materials such as broadcloth or fine prunella is in tunic effect. There is a box pleat down the back and a simulated overskirt that meets a deep flounce pleated in groups at intervals. The flounce lies itself under the panel pleat down the back of the skirt.

The tunic is edged with a novel arrangement of silk braid and satin.

A strip of satin, two inches wide, is placed between two strands of the flat silk braid, each two inches wide.

A tall woman would find this model becoming, and a woman of medium height might attempt it as the panel down the back preserves height.

## Some Famous Children of History

The great Napoleon as a boy was so individual that he invariably attracted attention, not always favorably. When at the age of 11 years he was one of the French king's wards in the military school at Brienne, one of the royal inspectors, who came to view progress of the pupils, was deeply impressed by the boy, and wrote this emphatic recommendation of him:

"Monsieur Napoleon," born August 15, 1769, height, four feet ten inches, intelligence (in our measurements about five feet three inches). Constitution, excellent; health, good; disposition, mild, straightforward, thoughtful. Conduct most satisfactory; his always been distinguished for his application to mathematics. He is fairly well acquainted with history and geography; he works in all accomplishments—drawing, dancing, music and the like. This boy would make an excellent soldier; desirous to be admitted to the school in Paris, in August of the following year he went to Paris. Napoleon told this story of himself when he was

## Of Interest to Women

The present hat effects are worn as much by small girls as by their mothers. As the model is so simple there is no reason why effects of this order may not be made all round.

A really good hat is worth mentioning. The long peasant waist of the garment seemed to the knees and it was plain and neat at this point a deep furrow pleated.

The material was a rather heavy line in dark shades, and the decoration was embroidery in black, white and two shades of green embroidered cotton.

This appeared as a yoke, as deep cuffs and on the hand connecting waist and skirt.

It is a simple dress for dresses or fancy articles it is better to use cotton than silk. The thread should be fine, of course, but if cotton is used the stitches will naturally be seen, while silk will stand out boldly from the fabric. This statement applies also to glove making.

Of course there are times when silk has to be used, especially on the machine. In such cases cotton should always be used for the under threads.

Two strands of silk will cause a puckering in the work of the garment and these stitches may have to be dampened or they

disappear. Incidentally, such dampening may result in a water mark stain.

A new idea in nightgowns that would be a welcome New Year's gift to an invalid or semi-invalid is made with a pointed hood, which can be worn over the head when the patient sits up in bed.

The body of the garment does not differ materially from the usual design, except that a shirring case with elastic insertions is made at the wrists three inches from the edge of the sleeve. Ribbons tie to form the sleeves, a hook and eye being sewn on the shirring. These keep the wrists warm. The hood is pointed and cut like the Brownie's headgear.

Prevention is better than cure. If house-steps would use the asbestos mats fewer warts on account of ruined tables would be heard.

One can buy asbestos mats in every size, from a number mat five inches in diameter to a platter mat measuring eight by fourteen inches. The former costs 35 cents, the latter costs 60 cents. A saucer mat is seven inches in diameter and may be bought for 45 cents.

Plate mats come in nine and ten-inch sizes respectively and cost 45 and 55 cents each.

The platter mats are oval in shape and come in three graduated sizes, priced at 25 cents, 35 cents and 45 cents respectively.

## The Bee's Junior Birthday Book

### This is the Day We Celebrate

TUESDAY, January 10, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Marie Barone, 1214 South Twenty-fourth St.	Mason	1905
Anna Blotky, 615 South Twenty-ninth St.	High	1895
William Borowiak, 2526 South Twenty-fourth St.	Im. Conception	1902
Lella Brown, 1046 South Twenty-third St.	Mason	1894
Ethel P. Bynum, 4122 North Twenty-eighth St.	Druid Hill	1901
Joseph E. Callier, 2944 Castellar St.	Dupont	1902
Ralph Carlson, 2126 Burdette St.	Long	1897
Orlo Carmichael, 2645 California St.	Saunders	1902
Jacob Copeland, 209 North Thirteenth St.	Cass	1900
Hay Day, 3843 Franklin St.	High	1893
Clara P. Dwyer, 1116 North Sixteenth St.	Holy Family	1901
Harry C. Finney, 318 Martha St.	Dupont	1902
Tina Frederick, 3029 Emmet St.	Howard Kennedy	1901
Blanch Fricke, 224 North Twenty-fifth St.	Central	1902
Bert Fuchs, 3424 South Fifteenth St.	Forest	1900
Virginia Gift, 3554 North Seventeenth St.	High	1896
Vasilky Harvalis, 2426 1/2 South Sixteenth St.	Castellar	1897
Eva Henry, 4402 North Twenty-fifth St.	Saratoga	1898
Ethel M. Hobbs, 1817 Spencer St.	Lothrop	1895
Milton Hoffman, 1952 South Thirteenth St.	Comenius	1896
Ruth Hoffman, 1897 Lincoln Ave.	Castellar	1904
Nadeline Jensen, 804 North Twenty-third St.	Kellom	1903
Edward Jensen, 2017 Miami St.	Lake	1897
Morris Katleman, 1518 North Nineteenth St.	Kellom	1895
Ethel Katz, 1218 North Twenty-fourth St.	Kellom	1897
Velma King, 2624 Fort St.	High	1896
Valery Kochoowski, 2825 Walnut St.	Im. Conception	1899
Harold Larson, 1023 South Twenty-fourth St.	Mason	1901
Carroll Lockwood, 4511 Franklin St.	Walnut Hill	1898
Paul Lynch, 150 North Thirty-first Ave.	Parnam	1901
Mary Miller, 428 North Thirty-fourth St.	Saunders	1902
Nathan Miller, 1422 South Sixteenth St.	Comenius	1897
Joseph McCann, 1152 Sherman Ave.	Central	1903
Charles T. Nelson, 2413 North Thirtieth St.	Howard Kennedy	1901
John Ogden, 1817 North Twentieth St.	Kellom	1897
Ruth E. Ogle, 2815 Charles St.	High	1884
Willie W. Olson, 3416 Jackson St.	Columbian	1902
Walter Palmer, 1723 Dodge St.	Central	1897
Hugo Reinbold, 1511 North Thirty-eighth St.	Franklin	1896
Robert Rutledge, 2812 Sherman Ave.	High	1895
Ethel F. Schechler, 2119 Grant St.	Lake	1900
Dean P. Sunderland, 1024 South Thirty-seventh St.	Columbian	1899
Charlton P. Swiler, 1019 South Thirtieth Ave.	Park	1896
Lottie Werkhoven, 3462 Larimore Ave.	Monmouth Park	1902
Gertie White, 1218 Davenport St.	Cass	1905
Helen Winkelman, 815 North Forty-third St.	Saunders	1903

## Toilet Creams

With cucumbers in market all the year, and at no time really expensive, as cosmetics are rated, a very valuable astringent that will cost but little may be made to use at all seasons, and women who do not like much grease will find a substitute in a combination of linseed and cucumber which is both softening and cleansing.

To prepare the cucumber the vegetable is washed and wiped, then cut into very small pieces, peel and all. The most value is secured by grating the vegetable, thus reducing it to a pulp.

Seven ounces of this pulp is put with one-eighth of an ounce of best Russian linseed and placed where it will be warm enough to dissolve the linseed, but will not become hot. It should stand for twenty-four hours. At the end of this time it is strained, and one and one-half ounces of glycerine added, five drops of violet essence being used for scent. When cold this should be a soft jelly. If the linseed has been overheated it will not harden and the cream will be useless.

An essence of cucumber is valuable and is prepared by grating the vegetable, as previously directed, when an equal amount of pure alcohol should be added. The two

## Business Women in Tailored Suits

A plain cloth suit should be worn with what is known as a "tailored" wash blouse. The term "tailored" means severe plainness, with an entire absence of any lace or trimming. Such a waist may have tucks but no lace, etc. Sleeves should be finished with either soft or stiff cuffs. A linen collar or plain white stock makes the best neck finish for such a blouse.

A hat belt should be preferred to a fancy one.

As to hair and hands or, to put it more broadly, personal cleanliness, too scrupulous care cannot be given. There is no objection to a girl's having her finger nails polished, even though she may be a business woman, but there is every objection to a polish for her or any other if the finger tips do not show equal care in other details, that is, in the way they are trimmed and cleaned.

A girl should not wear rings to business, with the exception of a signet or one corresponding in style, on her little finger. Diamonds and other gems are not good for the eyes.

## Remington's Boyhood

In the autumn of 1878, relates Collier's Weekly, a somewhat hapless, large framed youth, not yet 16 years of age, but already standing five feet eight inches in height and weighing 130 pounds, presented himself at the Highland Military academy, Worcester, Mass.

His uniform was supplied in a few days by the academy tailor, and "Red" Remington, as his associates came to call him, took his place in the awkward squad and began the task of mastering the elements of military science contained in Lt. Gen. "Infantry Tactics."

Frederic Remington spent two full academic years at the academy. As a student of books he was undoubtedly lazy, but he had not a drop of slowly moving blood when it came to carrying a musket on the parade ground. He was no sluggard, either, when it came to athletics or when there was any prospect of fun or frolic. In his school work he excelled, strange to say, in the very subject in which the average boy fails, namely, the clear expression of rigorous English.

Also, he had developed a passion for drawing pictures. He had not received any instruction in art, but his sketches were marked by originality and freedom from copying, and he showed the same inclination to deal with the tough, the cowboy, the bronco, the Indian and the soldier that he did in after life.

Sausages with Celery.

If a woman is willing to imperil her own and her friends' digestion a popular after theater bite is sausage with celery. To cook these have the blazer hot, prick a number of small sausages several times so they will not burst in the frying, lay them in the pan, cover closely and cook until crisp.

Remove to a hot plate and add to the fat two or three tablespoonsful of white celery cut in small pieces. Cook two or three minutes so it will be done through, but still preserve the taste of fresh celery, and serve on toast or crackers.

Sausages browned in the chafing dish, then spread with horseradish mustard and served on toast, make excellent appetizers.

The Key to the Situation—See Wm. A. A.