The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Undoing of Mr. Uplift

BY LAFAYETTE PARKS

"Wise Dope on Future Events," Argued by Father vs Son.

"Professor Wiley says man's ultimate destiny is either to freeze or to starve," gravely announces Mr. Uplift, giving a few sharp turns to the valve at the end of the steam radiator in the vain hope of encouraging a laggard furnace to produce heat.

"Must have been living in one of these Washington Heights' flats when he dashed that off," grumbles young Mr. Uplift, thrusting his slippered feet against the chill bronze of the mechanism supposed to transmit heat. "All these radiators need to make a first class refrigerator is a pan underneath to catch the drip from the icicles."

"The learned professor was speaking of the far distant future," explains Father, "when humanity shall begin to suffer from lack of heat."

"Well, then," admonishes Son, "all I can say is that somebody ought to wake him up out of his nap. If you can call flat dwellers human beings, the time for them to suffer from the cold is now—little old January, Jack Frosts's side partner."

"A million years from now, according to the scientists, we shall freeze, even on the equator," continues Father.

"That's nothing," counters Son. "Even in 1911 tenants in the flat right over the furnace room get such cold feet that they can't make a kick to the janitor."

"Like all men of science, however," consolingly says Father, "this Professor has a remedy for the condition he fears. He asserts in the future the air will be harnessed to supply heat."

"Hot air, eh?" queries Son. "We've got plenty of that in New York, too, but I never saw anybody yet who liked it well enough to harness it up and take it home to the flat."

"Of course," interjects Father, "we have a great many hot air furnaces now in homes."

"I've heard 'em called that by chaps who never had to tend them," declares Son. "But, believe me, Pop, the hot air you get out of a ton of coal at $6.50 through one of the kind of furnaces could be duplicated from a good 6-cent cigar, with which you get a handsome coupon, suitable for framing, to say nothing of the gilt band. These cigar bands also make neat thumb rings for husbands to wear to prove that they are married. This style of jewelry ought to become quite popular among the thrifty benedicks."

"What a wonderful thing it is," expatiates Father, "that a man of science can tell what will take place on this old earth of ours a million or more years hence! They can inform up how we can keep warm and what we shall eat."

A MAN OF SCIENCE CAN TELL US WHAT WILL HAPPEN IN A MILLION YEARS.

"I don't know as I object if they get any fun out of that line of dope," observes Son, "but what the bunch I travel with want to know is what and where they can drag off the eats the day before pay day. There is also considerable demand among the spliced guyes to figure out a scheme to save enough long green to buy coal when the bin is empty. When Doc Wiley can hand out a recipe, accompanied by a chart, showing how to pry loose these necessities right now instead of in the year 999,999,999, he'll find business picking up with a rush."

"It is none the less amazing," argues Father, "to observe with what exact nicety the scientists can estimate, for instance, the speed with which this globe is cooling off. Women as well as men ought to know more about the phenomena."

"The skirts would rather have the Prof. tell 'em how long they can spend frizzling their hair before the curling iron cools off," believes Son. "If Doc can tell the married dames how to bake a pan of biscuits without going near the kitchen, getting all het by the gas range, he will make a double play that will get a big hand from the ladies."

"It is a mystery to me why people become so immersed in commonplace affairs," sighs Father, "when science holds out so many fascinating opportunities for discussion and the acquirement of wisdom."

"The trouble with most of this scientific dope, Pop," Son concludes, "is that it doesn't put us wise to what's going to happen until we're a long time dead, and that won't help us gather the simoleons to pay rent."

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

Ye Getting Of Ye Goat.

Kindly Advice to Motorists

Writing in Harper's Weekly, an expert on motoring says:

"If you find your car is very noisy as it runs along the country roads, an excellent method of deadening the sound is to cover your tires with a heavy wrapping of red plush, of the kind used generally for the making of drawing room portieres. This will serve the desired end, and while it is expensive, it is less so than if you used Gobelin tapestries for the same purpose.

"The attempt to overcome the tendency to skid by attaching what is now known as the Wellman Equilibrator to the end of your car, the same consisting of a long rope with six or seven tin barrels of gasoline tied to the end of it, is said to have resulted successfully as far as skidding is concerned, but the tendency of the rope to wind itself around lamp-posts and trees en route is so strong that it must be overcome before the attachments can be considered entirely adapted to modern needs.

"One of the communities in Maine, which has suffered considerably from the excessive speed of visiting cars, has recently tried the experiment of sprinkling the highway with a mixture of melted tar and molasses, having the consistency of ordinary musciage. The result has been not only that a turnpike that was almost always covered by a cloud of dust is now entirely free from this nuisance, but also that the speediest cars, immediately after striking this particular stretch of road, are automatically slowed down, by the effect of the action of the mixture upon the rubber tires, to less than two miles an hour.

"For persons suffering from a torpid liver, what is known as the Kangaroo car is likely to prove a great blessing. The scheme of the car is to have four wheels of different sizes, so that when in motion the car will jolt the occupant from side to side, with a degree of violence dependent entirely upon the speed attained. These motors should, however, be handled with extreme car, lest, going at too high a rate of speed, the occupant be thrown out, with the very great likelyhood of suffering internal injuries, which are even more dangerous than the inactive organ whose shortcomings they are designed to overcome. On general principles the Kangaroo should not be driven faster than thirty miles an hour, particularly over rough roads.

Some Famous Children of History

Charles X of France had a younger son, Charles Ferdinand, duke of Berri, who was born at Versailles on January 24, 1778. Father and son were compelled to leave France in the troublous times of the revolution and serve in the army of Conde. The duke of Berri, after the French crown seemed lost, joined the Russian army, and in 1801 took up his residence in England, where, during his stay of thirteen years, he married an English lady and had two children.

This marriage was cancelled for political reasons and the duke of Berri returned to France, where he gained the favor of his countrymen by his frank, open manners. He won their further approbation by his marriage with the Princess Caroline Ferdinande Louise of Naples. On February 13, 1820, the duke, when leaving the opera house in Paris with his royal wife, was mortally wounded by a man named Louvel. Seven months after his death his little son, the duke of Bordeaux, was born.

This child, Henri Charles Dieudonne, duke of Bordeaux, was called "the child of miracle," and by royalist sympathizers was afterward hailed as Henry V of France. He was baptized with water brought from the river Jordan by Chateaubriand.

When Charles X abdicated, the July revolution of 1830, he did so in favor of his little grandson, then 10 years of age. The people insisted, however, on proclaiming the citizen king, and the elder bourbons were driven into exile. The Duchesse de Berri and her little son accompanied the abdicated king, but two years later she landed at Marseilles with the boy, now 12 years of age, hoping to claim the throne for him. Her followers were defeated and the cause lost.

The boy was then at the court of the exiled bourbons, located successively at Holyrood, Prague and Gorz, where the old king died in 1836. The young duke, at the age of 22, changed his title to that of duke of Chambord. When he died, in 1883, the comte de Paris inherited his claims.

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

Kisses Won Wealth

In a suit over a bequest of $50,000 to a doctor in Cleveland by Mrs. Rebecca Lord, the physician admitted he had kissed more than 1,000 women. Relatives of Mrs. Lord were fighting the bequest and on the witness stand the doctor gave the names of at least a dozen aged women whom he said he tried to cheer up by kissing them and giving them presents. He also told his life story, which showed that he began his osculatory practices when a boy.

Mrs. Lord, as well as several other aged women whom he had kissed, left him various sums of money when they died.

"No man holds a woman in higher esteem or reverence than I do," the doctor said on the witness stand. He named at least a dozen women, some of them nearly twice his age, whom he had kissed. Under questioning he said that he "might have" kissed 1,000 women.

"My conscience is free; my relationship with all these women has been pure and good," he asserted. "This testimony, as I have had to give it, tells only one side of the story. It reveals only the fact that I kissed these old women and that some of them left me some of their money. If the questioning would only go deeper and show causes, it would show that my acts have been no different than those of men who daily kiss their mothers, their aunts or some woman friend of their mother or grandmother."

Back to the Simple Life.

The holidays are ended,
We'll go our humdrum way
Of pain and pleasure blended,
Of hard work for our pay,
Of flukes when getting gay,
Of efforts well intended,
Of having much to say
When least said's soonest mended,
Of too much cash expended—
Heigh-ho and welladay—
Till we learn what's portended
One month hence, ground hog day.
T. E. M. in New York Telegram.

He used to think her "long and lean,"
But, thought she has not changed at all,
Since they're engaged he hath not seen
A creature "so divinely tall."
—T. E. M. in New York Telegram.

ANNALS of ANGELICA

A JUST-OUT GIRL. BY M.F.

Copyright, 1911, by the New York Herald (New York Herald Company). All rights reserved.

Just the most thrilling thing has happened. Mr. Winton has sent me a box of violets and a note asking if he could come to see me, and would I let him know what afternoon I would be disengaged. I wouldn't let any one know it, but I think it's simply wonderful that he should care to call on me, when he can go and see somebody as attractive as Mrs. Dangerfield.

Still, perhaps he has the same scruples

"AT LAST IT WAS WRITTEN."

about calling on a married woman that I have about liking a married man.

After the flowers came I telephoned right over to Agnes, asking her to come in to see my new dinner frock that had just arrived. She came for lunch, and when she saw the box and the note she was full of curiosity. It is the first letter I ever had from a man, and I feel as though I am at last seeing life. I told her it was from Mr. Winton as carelessly as possible.

She said, "Isn't it a bore to get notes like that?" and I said, "Yes it is rather, though it is funny how at first they used to thrill you." She said she had received positively hundreds of them and so many flowers that she was sick of the sight of them. She said she supposed I knew what a desperate flirt Ned Wilson was.

I began to wish I hadn't asked her over to see the dinner frock. I said, as he ratherd amused me, I thought I would send him a line telling him he could come, as I was getting a little tired of the other men. I said I shouldn't wonder if I changed my mind, though.

After she had gone I sat down and wrote some rough drafts of a note to send him. It was dreadfully hard to write, but at last it was written. He came on Tuesday afternoon and Cousin Anne sat and talked to him for a while, but had to go out in a short time. I felt horribly nervous, because I had never talked to a man alone before in a drawing room.

It seems so different in a ball room, or a place where there are ever so many other people around. He came over and sat beside me on the soft, and I felt as if I should like to climb over the back of it and run upstairs. I would have given anything to have said something like Mrs. Dangerfield. He did look so nice and big, but he had the most superior smile that irritated me frightfully. He looked as though he thought he didn't have to make any effort, and as if I was amusing him very much. Then I began to feel as if I were starting out to play a game and it was great fun and I didn't feel in the least shy, somehow.

"He said, "You are rather silent, Miss Angelica. I am afraid you are bored." I said, "No, indeed; you entertain me very much," and I smiled at the bookcase. He looked surprised, and said, "Really?" rather sarcastically. I said, "Yes, you are so nice looking, and I think you will do to practice on—this afternoon." He said, "Really?" again, this time in a fearfully surprised way. "What do you mean?" I said, "why, I've never flirted with anybody, and I would like to just a little. Up at school the only man I ever talked to was the laundry man. One of the girls was in love with him and I wanted to find out why. I must say he was disappointing. Oh, I do hope you will be different."

He seemed to think that was funny, but I really was perfectly sincere.

We talked a lot after that, and when I thought he was feeling most interested I got up and said I was so sorry to have to send him away, but I had to dress for a dinner. He said I hadn't asked his advice

"HE CERTAINLY IS GOOD LOOKING."

about things as I had said I was going to at the musicale. I said I had decided not to—that afternoon. He said, "Do you still want to flirt with some one?" I said that I did, but he wasn't the one. I said "You are much too nice to flirt with. You would make a wonderful friend. A person one could always rely on. There is something awfully sort of good and trustworthy and safe about you. You have such honest eyes, too. No, indeed, I wouldn't have the heart to flirt with you."

There was something on his sleeve that looked like a hair and I took it off for him. He said, "Thanks," very shortly. I said, "You're perfectly welcome. Oh, I'm so sorry I really must send you away." He seemed very silent, and finally went. His smile wasn't a bit superior when he said goodby and asked when he could see me again, and he certainly is good looking.

NATURAL MISTAKE.

"Did you hear that Jones' wife had presented him with a bouncing boy?"

"Aha! One of those rubber dolls, eh?"

TWO READINGS.

"It's so long since you called on me I began to think you were forgetting me."

"I am all for getting you—that's why I called to-night. Will you be mine?"

Fads of Women

The daintiest fans can be bought for $1. One style is ivory gauze, gold or silver spangled, edged at the top with lace and mounted on white bone sticks.

Another is entirely of lace, decorated with silver and mounted in a similar manner.

Ostrich feather fans are the same price and come in all the pretty, dainty colorings appropriate for evening.

Black gauze fans scattered with jet, gold or silver pailletes are all the same price, only $1 each.

A new idea in cut glass is the Cineria vase in a new floral style of cutting.

The vase stands fourteen inches high, is wider at the base and flares a little at the top and gives a more graceful effect to the flowers. The price is $10.50.

The Rosslyn orange bowl is also new. It is an ideal fruit bowl. It measures eight and one-half inches in diameter, and is over four inches deep.

The upper edge is in deep points.

The bowl comes in hobnail, Venetian and chrysanthemum patterns and costs $7.

Among the suggestions for birthday gifts seen at one of the women's exchanges was an opera bonnet designed on exactly the same lines as the old-fashioned sunbonnet drawn up on thick cords, the ends of these hoop cord all gathered together at the ends and firmly secured.

The bonnet was made from chiffon, a frill of lace (caught with rosebuds) sewed around the front being the only trimming. Rosettes of ribbon supported chiffon ties.

Live While You Live.

Optimist—Yes, sir, if you'll drink buttermilk three times a day, you'll live ten years longer."

Pessimist—But what's the use of living ten years longer if you have to drink buttermilk three times a day?—Judge.

LOFTY IDEAS.

He—I wish I had enough money to buy an aeroplane.

She—Why, what do you want with an aeroplane?

He—I don't. I merely expressed a wish for the money.

The Bee's Junior Birthday Book

This is the Day We Celebrate

THURSDAY, January 12, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Salvatore Allegro, 1244 South Fourteenth St.	Pacific	1901
Grace Bailey, 208 North Thirtieth St.	Farnam	1901
Fayne Benson, 3011 Harney St.	Farnam	1904
Mary L. Boyland, Forty-third and Grover Sts.	Windsor	1905
Harvie Branch, 2107 Nicholas St.	Kellom	1904
John Browne, 3718 South Sixteenth St.	Forest	1900
Jesse G. Bryant, 3202 Seward St.	Franklin	1901
Arthur Burkman, 918 North Forty-seventh Ave.	Walnut Hill	1899
James Caldwell, 3015 Leavenworth St.	Park	1897
Arma Capaci, 1814 Pierce St.	Leavenworth	1904
Hazel M. Corwin, 1212 South Twenty-seventh St.	Lincoln	1897
Lester Ebert, 1036 South Eighteenth St.	Leavenworth	1901
Martha Eckman, 2615 Erskine St.	Long	1902
Lena Elias, 1207½ South Thirteenth St.	Pacific	1904
Donald D. Ellington, 4129 Grant St.	Clifton Hill	1900
Julia Greise, 2214 Boulevard	St. Joseph	1898
John C. Haberstroh, 1224 North Twenty-sixth St.	Long	1899
Donald E. Hain, 1323 South Twenty-eighth St.	Park	1902
Thomas Harrington, 1115 Jackson St.	Pacific	1903
Annie Haspel, 1313 Mason St.	Pacific	1905
George L. Inkster, 1515 Georgia Ave.	Park	1896
Le Roy Jeffs, 2764 Lake St.	Howard Kennedy	1901
Walter Johnson, 2218 South Eighteenth St.	Castellar	1904
Eddie Johnson, 226 Cedar St	High	1896
Morris Knapp, 3337 Evans St.	Druid Hill	1899
Clarence Levi, 2211 Howard St.	High	1895
Lena Lotz, 2413 South Twentieth St!	Castellar	1900
Ethel Magney, 2218 Cass St.	High	1895
Everett L. Mason, 2115 Military Ave.	Clifton Hill	1899
Wilma L. McClaren, 2622 Caldwell St.	Long	1904
Hazel R. Miller, 4362 Nicholas St.	Howard Kennedy	1905
Leslie M. Moore, 2412 Dodge St.	Central	1896
Edward Nicks, 2924 Frederick St.	Vinton	1904
Oliver Nickum, 2825 Capitol Ave.	Farnam	1897
Harold Packwood, 1824 Capitol Ave.	Central	1902
Harold Petersen, 1722 North Twenty-seventh St.	Long	1901
Lucy D. Pickard, 3457 South Fifteenth St.	Forest	1907
Lyal Ernest Quimby, 1438 Pinkney St.	Lothrop	1905
Leonard Richardson, 3008 Lake St.	Howard Kennedy	1902
Clyde Rimerman, 2211 Wirt St.	Lothrop	1898
James Robertson, Forty-sixth and Saratoga Sts.	Central Park	1901
Joe Rosenthal, 4345 Military Ave.	Clifton Hill	1901
Lynn J. Sachett, 2563 Poppleton Ave.	High	1893
Rosina Shafton, 2428 Hamilton St.	Kellom	1902
Laycon W. Smith, 4803 North Twenty-ninth St.	Saratoga	1903
John L. Spencer, 2207 South Thirty-second St.	Windsor	1898
Erna Swain, 1819 Pinkney St.	Lothrop	1903
Esther Tatel, 622 South Nineteenth St.	Cass	1898
Ernest Teeck, 2939 Spring St.	Windsor	1897
Ralph Thatcher, 2008 Pierce St.	Mason	1901
Marie Thompson, 2014 Manderson St.	Lothrop	1901
Roberta G. Tumble, 2154 South Thirty-third St.	Windsor	1904
Ralph Walbridge, 2312 Webster St.	Kellom	1902
Florence E. Walker, 2787 Capitol Ave.	Farnam	1897
James Waltman, 2516 South Seventh St.	Bancroft	1897
Hazel West, 2215 Seward St.	Kellom	1897
Watkins E. Wolfe, 5112 Martha St.	High	1895

Fashions Designed for Winter Resorts

Warm sunshine, soft moonlight, gorgeous red hibiscus, graceful spreading palms, the delights of sea bathing, of sailing, the lazy luxury of long rides through the jungle in a bicycle chair, the charm of dainty muslin gowns and becoming wide-brimmed straw hats, and again the joy of warm

sunshine and of days spent out of doors, this is the vision conjured up when a southern trip comes to mind. Who with any surplus at all in the bank can resist a month's holiday from the ice and snow, and the hurry, bustle and fatigue of a winter in a northern metropolis?

And half the pleasure of a southern trip at this time of year is found in buying the suitable clothes for the vacation. When the streets are blocked with snow or slush it is pure unalloyed joy to spend hours selecting sheer, cool fabrics, bright colored parasols, hats trimmed with gaily hued flowers and ribbon instead of fur and felt, and then with what money and time is left to purchase all the little accessories of veils, belts, pretty stockings and slippers and the thousand and one other of the so-called minor details which are so necessary to make each costume a thing of perfect beauty.

An adorable little gown, which was one of an outfit designed for wear at Palm Beach, is shown in the first illustration. It was fashioned from fine white linen and trimmed with lace. The bodice had a drop yoke of the lace, extending down the sleeves and ending in a point. From beneath this yoke fine hand-run tucks extended to the bust line. These tucks were also in the sleeves and skirt. In the skirt they started at the waistline, which was just slightly raised, and ended at about hip depth. Quite the most attractive feature of the frock was the deep straight flounce of lace. This flounce did not extend across the front—it ended just slightly within the edges of the panel formed by the center-front tucks. The tucked upper portion was laid into this flounce with the tucks perfectly flat.

The selection of the southern outfit is naturally influenced by just which resort is to be visited. At Palm Beach, the midwinter Newport of this country, a far more elaborate and complete outfit is requisite than at Nassau, for example, where life is simpler and the visitors go in much more genuinely for unfettered outdoor life. Bermuda, again, requires a less summerlike trousseau, and there must be smart cloth costumes and gowns of voile and silk instead of only the linen and lingerie frocks that the climate of Florida demands. At Aiken, on the other hand, and the different communities in Georgia, Carolina and Virginia such an outfit as would do service in the north during the early spring will be what is needed.

To Clean Piano Keys.

I do not know how to prevent the keys of piano from becoming yellow, but they can be whitened by touching lightly with a clean rag dipped in javelle water, and wiping off with clear water afterwards.

Lift the key to be cleaned above the others with a finger and hold it firmly. Secondly, use only the very smallest amount of javelle water, because if you let any of either liquid drop on to the wood it will cause the wood to swell.

The process is, however, safe if a woman will be careful.

If one key is cleaned at a time and the directions given are followed success will come. ELIZABETH LEE.

Sausage and Veal Rolls.

If you have never tried this in your chafing dish make it tonight.

Allow to one-half pound of sausage an equal amount of veal chopped fine, and the same amount of stale bread crumbs. Mix and season with one level teaspoonful of celery salt, one of lemon juice, one of onion juice, two small red peppers, seeded and shredded, and a quarter of a bunch of parsley cut fine.

Make into rolls, dip in beaten egg, then in fine crumbs and cook in the chafing dish, using enough butter to keep from sticking.

Young at the Business.

General Howard was an invited guest at a dinner given by a boys' patriotic club. "You eat very well, my boy," said the general to a doughty young trencherman. "If you love your flag as well as your dinner, you'll make a good patriot."

"Yes, sir," said the boy; "but I've been practicing eating twelve years, and I ain't owned a gun but six months."—Success.