# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## The Tired Business Man

BY WALTER A. SINCLAIR.

**Tells Friend Wife the Styxville Exchange Will Have Hello Girls.**

"SPEAKER."

"Which do you think is the national flower, the mountain laurel or the columbine?" asked Friend Wife.

"The pancake flour," retorted the Tired Business Man. "That's one that is strictly Yankee. Otherwise I would nominate that fairest of our indoor plants, whose sweet scent rises wherever airplants are—I refer to corned beef and cabbage.

"It is certainly a matter to get excited and go to fishing about—this question of what our national flower is to be. The only explanation I can think of for this sudden case of national flower on the brain is the fact that many are wearing flower pot hats on their coiffures. Otherwise there would be no excuse for so many speeches in women's clubs using scornful language about their opponents' selection, the same time using the shiniest brand of shining to paint the lily—or rather the mountain laurel or columbine, as the case may be.

"Probably it is a harmless and gentle way, although that is often exactly the kind of start which later becomes a riot involving armies and navies. Just think of the brain power and argumentativeness going to waste on this important subject, though at a time when there are such trival rival subjects as the struggle for existence, the advancing cost of living, the trusts, the war scare, the proper upbringing of children, the suffrage question, hobble skirts or loose, skimpy figure of generous, the tariff, direct nominations, popular senators and whether to be a blonde or brunette this season.

"But scorning some petty subjects the debaters of the women's clubs have hurled themselves into the breach—singular, you note—to fight for our national flower. Of course, a national anything must be the read goods and first to peace, first to war, and in the hearts of its countrymen and countrywomen—tum-tee-tump-tump! Bing, bing! You know how it is with anything national we have.

"Look at our national bird, the eagle. He is the dearest of the feathered inhabitants of our fair land, typical of our country. No one can stroll on the lawn without seeing the eagle hopping around, tying the lawn tie or winging into the nearest tree. Many have eagles in cages in their parlors, there to teach the young the inspiring lesson of our national bird.

"And there's the national anthem. Of course, every one knows what it is. No, no, that's nothing but 'God Save the King.' Refer to the other. True, the tune is adapted from some German, I believe, but it is so handy to have an excuse to stand up in a theater and show your good clothes when they play it. And then the words are engraved on the heart of every American. I mean the four words, 'Say, can you see?' Usually they can't, but that doesn't prevent them from stopping and congratulating each other on their memories, after which they conveniently forget to finish the verse until the band it hitting the ho-ho-hum of the bur-rave!' I dare the average human to go clear through without miss on key or words.

"Nobody suggests we have a national eats. Everybody who reads the foreign papers knows its pork. And as for a national drink, nowhere else can one get a proper ice cream soda. But how many of us would recognize a mountain laurel if they met one coming up the street? Or a columbine, not to be prejudicial in my questions? Why don't they take the American beauty rose at the time when it retails at $1 per rose. That would literally interpret the American dollar, and that's national enough. There's only one nation has any right mixing in a flower war.'"

"What nation?" asked Friend Wife.

"Carnation," chorted the Tired Business Man.

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Certain kinds of labor will always be a drug on the market, but the time will never come when good workmanship will not be at a premium.

## A TRIP TO MARS

## The Bee's Junior Birthday Book

## This is the Day We Celebrate

MONDAY, January 23, 1911.

| Name and Address. | School. | Year. |
|---|---|---|
| Carlisle V. Allan, 2124 Burt St. | High | 1896 |
| Mary A. Anderson, 3204 Maple St. | Howard Kennedy | 1902 |
| Raymond Brown, 622 North Fourteenth St. | Cass | 1902 |
| Max O. Beebe, 4910 California St. | High | 1892 |
| Carl H. Bloom, 4321 California St. | Saunders | 1901 |
| Verne Bryant, 3014 Ames Ave. | Monmouth Park | 1902 |
| Cletus Edward Barnett, 2517 Ohio St. | Sacred Heart | 1900 |
| Edward Bie, 2323 South Eighteenth St. | Castellar | 1901 |
| Willard A. Colton, 2113 Douglas St. | Central | 1901 |
| Myrtle Duston, 504 Pierce St. | Pacific | 1898 |
| Jean Everson, 1605 Maple St. | Lake | 1903 |
| Francis Fogarty, 2607 Binney St. | Sacred Heart | 1904 |
| Agnes Fiala, 1718 South Eighth St. | Lincoln | 1904 |
| Joseph D. Fogarty, 2607 Binney St. | Sacred Heart | 1903 |
| Clair Gilmore, 2885 Miami St. | Howard Kennedy | 1899 |
| Mary Gifford, 420 South Thirty-sixth St. | Columbian | 1902 |
| Eda Grabe, 2420 South Fifteenth St. | Castellar | 1899 |
| Lester Hinzie, 4612 Davenport St. | Saunders | 1895 |
| Bessie Horak, 6420 North Forty-fourth St. | Central Park | 1898 |
| Richard Halker, 708 South Thirty-first St. | Farnam | 1899 |
| Ellen Johnson, 1623 North Twenty-first St. | Kellom | 1902 |
| Gertrude Kaiser, 3513 Parker St. | Franklin | 1898 |
| Margaret Knora, 2568 Brown St. | Saratoga | 1902 |
| Merial G. Lee, 604 North Twenty-third St. | Central | 1899 |
| Harvey Lantz, 2310 North Twenty-seventh Ave. | Long | 1899 |
| Joseph La Cour, 2816 Pratt St. | Howard Kennedy | 1898 |
| Gertrude Lenser, 2907 South Twenty-first St. | Central Park | 1898 |
| Lillian J. Meyers, 3323 Harney St. | Farnam | 1898 |
| Petet Petersen, Fifty-first and C Sts. | Beals | 1898 |
| John Philbin, 115 South Twenty-fifth Ave. | Central | 1901 |
| Glenn F. Peterson, 2905 Manderson St. | Druid Hill | 1899 |
| Otto Rose, 1119 Arthur St. | Forest | 1904 |
| August W. Raabe, 2609 North Nineteenth St. | Lake | 1898 |
| Ladislaw Tesar, 1243 South Sixteenth St. | Comenius | 1897 |
| Donald Sallander, 4206 Brown St. | Central Park | 1901 |
| Lorin A. Thompson, 4040 Charles St. | Walnut Hill | 1902 |
| Bessie Williamson, 1411 North Twentieth St. | Kellom | 1905 |
| Luppie Wyman, 4117 Farnam St. | High | 1894 |
| Eleine Yates, 2117 Wirt St. | Lothrop | 1905 |

## ANNALS of ANGELICA

A JUST-OUTGIRL BY M.F.

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The great idea came to me day before yesterday and I have been so excited about it I can think of nothing else. I am going to make myself a ball gown. I simply cannot stand the dresses that Cousin Anne designs and orders for me. On Monday one was finished and sent home and I found that, in spite of my strictest orders to the contrary, it had been made of some dead white stuff and had a lot of fussy trimmings on it. It had a sort of sick look.

It was just the kind of frock that Constance Boardman would wear and argue about the weather in. I had to wear it to the Hunters' dance, and just because I hated it so and felt that it hated me I did all sorts of crazy things, and the more I felt it was doing its best to make me look and behave respectably, the less I wanted to.

"I WOULD RATHER LOOK QUIET AND LADY-LIKE."

Now, if I had been wearing a smart, dashing dress that was inclined to be daring and had devilish little ideas of its own, why, I would make a point of being very quiet and demure myself and make it behave most decorously. Of course, I wouldn't be too severe, but as we would thoroughly understand each other I wouldn't have to be, and we would enjoy ourselves immensely together.

But at the Hunters' I didn't have a good time at all. I had supper with Johnnie and Piggy and Agnes, and a glass of champagne got upset all over the front of the skirt. I didn't care a bit and burst out laughing. Johnnie asked me what was funny about it, and I told him how hideous I thought the dress was and how deadly respectable and genteel I knew it made me look, and how it depressed me. I cheered up a little when he assured me that I didn't produce that effect in the least. He said "Gellie, don't worry a bit about anything like that. If you appeared in a calico Mother Hubbard gown you would look giddy!"

Agnes was had on the loveliest creation of lavender and blue chiffon trimmed with gold, told me she thought my gown suited me very well. She said, "With your coloring, my dear, you ought to dress quietly or you will look conspicuous." I said I thought it would be rather nice to look a little conspicuous. "Not at all," said Agnes, looking at Piggy, whom she is crazy about, "I would rather look quiet and lady-like." As she was staying with me and worked hard for five years in getting herself to look anything but that, I had to grin.

Piggy, who thinks he has fearfully high ideals, but who would be bored to death if he were obliged to spend two hours in the society of a girl who really acted the way he talks, look at Agnes and said, "Of course you would, Agnes; you have my ideas about things. A woman who paints and powders and tries to attract attention is an abomination." Agnes, who had about half a box of two kinds of face powder mixed all over her face and wearing a rouge that she imports from somewhere, the native mixture not being good enough for her, looked intensely virtuous and replied, "The way young girls make up nowadays is really dreadful!" Piggy looked at her tenderly and approvingly, and by the light of the red candles Agnes was enough to make most any man feel tenderly toward her.

She had an alluring little black patch placed near her chin and, although I knew there was a stronger reason than mere coquettishness for its being placed in that particular locality, Piggy didn't, and was much allured.

He danced the whole evening with her instead of Constance Boardman, who really is the embodiment of all the ideas he says he believes in, and who would not dream of using powder, rouge or black patches. Although if she once started to put on patches her face would look fearfully dark. Having put that beastly dress out of business, I began to dream of one that would really appeal to me—and some others. I decided to buy the material and put it together somehow myself. Today I purchased the chiffon. Even unmade it is wonderful. A glorious sea blue, that changes to green!

It is so alive and so sinuous, and has such a marvelous way of folding itself up into nothing and then suddenly appearing to be a great deal. I got positive yards of it and took it home with me. I met Johnnie and he asked me what I had in the little package. I told him my new ball gown, and he said he was sure it was going to be most becoming.

"I TOLD HIM IT WAS MY NEW BALL GOWN."

## Don't Be Too Exacting When Engaged

In the first flush of an engagement friends are sometimes given the goodbye. Now, this is a great mistake, for if the engagement is to be a reasonably long one, such a state of things cannot last. Differing social duties must and should come between sometimes, yet if a man has been in the habit of devoting all his time to a girl, when the mement comes that a wild yearning for masculine society and games overtake him, there will probably be tears and reproaches on her part.

The girl does not realize that the very things that make, as the Irishman said, an engagement the best part of matrimony are the enforced absences and delightful reunions.

As for an exacting lover! Think twice before you marry him, for a man who "can't bear you out of his sight," and who makes a fuss every time you accept an invitation not extended to him, looks remarkably like developing into a domestic tyrant.

Neither a man nor a girl engaged has the right to a monopoly of the other's society and attentions. They may demand to be first in every way, but, as a man once said, "a fellow needn't kick other women's trains aside just because he wants to reach a girl at the other end of the room." He can still be civil.

At a dance, for instance, it would be most unreasonable for either to object to the other giving some dances to other partners. A girl would naturally let her fiance have her program first; but it would only make them look both ridiculous if they danced together the whole evening. Cupid, remember, lives on freedom. Give him all you can. It is not only in marriage that love dies of over-feeding, of indigestion. It can happen in the period of probation, too. Be sparing with your love letters and caresses. They will be all the more appreciated if rare.

Remember, too, that "the barriers of love are one sided. There is no climbing back!" Privileges once granted are soon demanded as rights. Keep a good deal in reserve. "Give a little, give more, but never give all," one authority advises.

Half the charm of an engagement lies in the anticipation of happiness to come, the other half in the secret fear that present happiness may possibly be lost. A little touch of uncertainty adds to the joy of possesion.

A girl is foolish if she behaves so that her lover can say of her what one man said to me of his fiancee: "Oh, she's the sort of girl you simply can't lose!"

## A Silly Question

One of the grades in a certain public school was reciting its lesson in United States history. In detail the teacher narrated the facts connected with John Smith and his adventures with the Indians. She told how Smith was captured by the Indians, how he was sentenced to death, and how Pocahontas saved his life. Then the story turned to the marriage of John Rolfe and Pocahontas, and among the many things she told them in connectinon with this unusual marriage that brought peace between the Indians and colonists, was of their little baby boy, and also that they visited England, and everywhere Pocahontas received marked attention.

At the end of her interesting story she conducted a brief examination to see how well the pupils remembered what she had told them. The first question was:

"And what did the marriage of John Rolfe and Pocahontas bring?"

"A baby," anxiously chirped a boy in the back seat, and the school had recess.—National Monthly.

## A Narrow Escape

"you think it would be well for us to be serious?" she asked.

"Good heavens!" I replied. "Haven't I been serious? Why, I have been making love to you steadily now for two weeks. Could anything be more serious than that?"

She regarded me stolidly.

"It has not been without its humorous aspects," she asserted, "as, for example, when you asked me if I would marry you."

I reflected.

"Perhaps," I said, "it is just as well that you regarded that part of it as humorous. You might have felt, you know, that I was taking advantage of you. It is one thing to make love. It is another to marry."

She sighed incontinently.

"And yet," she observed, not without a slight touch of impatience, "you are only just perceiving this. It has taken you all this time to arrive at the truth."

"Will you forgive me?" I said gently. "You must remember that you are ahead of me in so many things. I perceive my mistake, of course. But it isn't too late, you know. I can still do this, with an ever increasing gratitude to you for showing me the way."

"That is the point," she declared, with a touch of severity. "There has been too much of it. I know all that you know about making love, and——"

"I am learning more all the time," I whispered. "Surely——"

"I know all that I care to know about what you know," she continued, ignoring my interruption, "and I wish to know something about your knowledge of other things. How can we continue to be—well, friends—if there is but one thing that you can talk about."

"Why should we be friends?"

"You do not wish it?"

"Certainly not."

It suddenly occurred to me that a crisis had risen between us. I saw that it was all or nothing. I must act.

"It is this," I continued rapidly; "are you tired of my love making, and you wish to know if there is anything else that I can do that will make our company endurable to each other. No, there is not. I am hopeless in all other respects. You know that I cannot make love—you have tested me. Why, in two weeks' time I have done nothing but talk. I haven't even kissed you."

At this instant I took her firmly in my arms.

"But this has got to end," I said sternly. "I am going to now. There! and there! and there!"

She regarded me faintly.

"I was almost afraid," she whispered, sinking into my arms, "that you were impossible."—Thomas L. Masson in Everybody's.

## The Ruling Passion

William J. Orthwein, at a dinner that preceded his departure for Switzerland, told this curling story:

"I am almost as devoted a curler as Dougal MacDonald. He and his old crony, Donald MacDougal, were once opposed to each other in a famous match, and the last two stones to finish the game were the two cronies.

"Donald MacDougal, with enormous deliberation, threw his stone. He threw it well. He made what is called a 'pat lid,' and jumped for joy.

"Then it was Dougal MacDonald's turn. His case seemed hopeless, but such a splendid throw did he make that the pat lid was knocked off and his own stone lay at the side of the tee, winning the game.

"In his joy the old fellow jumped skyhigh. He came down so hard that he broke right through the ice. He sank, but, bobbing up again, he shouted from the cold water:

"'Hi, lads, we've won, and if I dinna come oot o' here alive, be sure ye pit that stone on my grave.'"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

### Getting Correct Time.

Prof. Turner had been spending the Christmas vacation in Egypt to supervise the erection of a telescope at Helouan. Captain Lyon, who was in charge of the instrument, said that he had found that at noon every day a gun was fired, and was anxious to know how the system worked. Accordingly, he interviewed the gunner and asked how he knew when to give the signal.

"Oh, I look at my watch," said the official.

"And how do you correct your watch?" asked the captain.

"I take it to the maker in Cairo and he tells me the error."

Forthwith Captain Lyons interviewed the watchmaker and asked him how he checked the error of the watch.

"I get the correct time from the gun," said that simple craftsman. And thus time was told in Egypt.—Montreal Standard.

### Eastern Ostentation.

Mr. Roosevelt at a luncheon at Osawatomie praised the west's improvement.

"There is polish and elegance in the remotest parts now," he said, "whereas, I remember once in my youth, at the table d'hote of a western hotel, a miner pointed toward me and said:

"'Get onter de bloke eatin' pie wid a fork. He must be an English lord.'"—New York Tribune

## Gum Not Gum

Judge William H. Moore at one of the horse show dinners in New York compared the London and the American horse shows.

"Both are admirable," he said. "There are differences, of course. But these differences reflect neither on one show nor the other. They are necessary differences, like—"

Judge Moore smiled.

"I went into a stationer's shop in London one day and said to the shop assistant:

"'Do you keep mucilage?'

"'No, sir,' the young woman answered. 'We try to take in all the papers, but there are so many new ones coming out. Still, I can order mucilage for you sir. Which number did you want?'

"I learned afterward that I should have asked for gum. They don't have the word 'mucilage' over there in England.

"But an Englishman traveling on one of our railways stopped a train boy and said:

"'Have you got any gum?'

"'No, I don't use it, boss,' the boy replied in friendly fashion, 'but I can let you have a chaw off this here plug.'"

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He is a mean thief who takes an employer's money without giving him adequate service in return.

## One Girl's Puzzle

"Ruth," writing in the Chicago Tribune and addressing her remarks to "the love M. D.," effuses thusly: I take my pen in hand to say I love a swell young man; I think he's simply grand. He has them large and soulful eyes that trip along with art—he's polished up my heart. He only earns $4 per; four kopecks is his board, and yet I love him something fierce, if he can't pay his board. He gives me many little gifts of cocobars and gum, by which he's got me goin' south, which sure is goin' some! Therefore I think he loves me, but a fairy never knows. I've hinted strong, but he's afraid, and dassent e'en propose. My frien's all say that I look good and that my figger's fair; of course I'm almost nearly total bald—but love don't mix with hair. I love this man just awful strong, and when I think of him I rant and moan and grasp the air an nearly bust a rim. He thinks an awful bunch of me, of that I'm pretty sure. Now, can't I make him marry me, or is he much too poor? He's got to quit that raggin' me an' addin' to suspense, because I've got another man—one of these classy gents; he's waiter in a grand cafe and drags down twelve a week, and b'lieve me, it don't take no time to make that gezer speak! He's asked me half a dozen times. Now, please tell me the truth; shall I gloom onto him or Bill?

### Puzzle Easily Solved.

Prof. William James, Harvard's brilliant psychologist, often illustrated a truth with a story.

"The most ghastly superstition," Prof. James said recently, "has often its base in a ludicrous fact. It is like the case of Jones.

"'Jones,' said a man, 'tells me that his wooden leg pained him horribly last night.'

"'Nonsense!' was the reply. 'How could his wooden leg pain him?'

"'His wife,' the man explained, 'hit him over the head with it.'"—Human Life.

## WHEN A MAN BUYS

### ALL AGREED

"Gibbs can paint a picture in three days and think nothing of it."
"Same as others."

### ONE DRAWBACK

"Do you like your Chinese cook?"

"Oh, yes; although we never know whether he is singing at his work or moaning in agony."