

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Tired Business Man

Tells Friend Wife the Latest Judgment of Paris Was a Pippin.

BY WALTER A. SINCLAIR

"Women will never adopt trousers," declared friend John Smith, "in spite of the judgment of Paris."



"TROUSERETTE"

The knees down. Three stripes would be run around the bottom of the legs and then heads or fancy braids would be sewed around and around. The tucks would be gathered or wadded, or whatever it is, at the strategic points.

"More over, the women would eliminate the pockets. What are trousers without pockets? Hamlet without Hamlet is a mere incident compared with trousers without pockets. The trouserette would carry her complexion, keys, watch, letters, handkerchief, mirror and carfare in a little mesh chataleina, but how could she carry a roll of bills and get at it? Safety pins, I suppose.

Two Different Materials in One Gown

Dull silk or peau de cygne is a favorite material for collar and cuffs for the plain, cloth coat and skirt costumes. There are also in vogue many dull finished suits of quality sufficiently substantial to give good wear, and these, in white, black, or colored, are all smart. Panna velvet is worn one more coat collar and cuffs, for which pur-

novice and unless one can be confident of one's talent in this direction it is generally wisest to keep pretty much to the one color in the one costume. Certain tints are quite small and on the contrary are quite large when the tones are perfect, yet ghastly when either shade is the least "off." This is a combination that is to be frequently seen this spring.

Exaggeratedly wide brimmed hats are passing rapidly from favor, and with a tailor costume, altogether the smartest hats are quite small and on the contrary are quite large when the tones are perfect, yet ghastly when either shade is the least "off." This is a combination that is to be frequently seen this spring.

"That intelligent looking boy there," said the pedagogue to the parent he was showing over the school premises, "is Brown. I am proud of Brown. I have inculcated in him the love of learning to such an extent that he now prefers study to play. I expect at this moment he is writing Timmin's Latin prose on that sheet of paper there, while all the other pupils are at play. I will ascertain."

"Please excuse my son James from school today. He is wanted at home."—Tit-Bits.

Mayor Gaynor, at a dinner in New York, said of a charity that had fallen into disrepute.

"I wish I had money enough to make every little child in New York happy tomorrow," said the first tramp on Christmas eve.

"What would ye do?" the second tramp inquired.

"Buy stocks and bonds and live on the interest," was the reply.

"I'm not always necessary to go to a singing master to have the voice 'placed,' as the phrase is. So it would seem, at least, from a story that a Lincoln man tells.

"I can assure you that the garb which our weak but sturdy sex has always held as its own will never adorn the stronger sex, because it would be an unfair female sex would look ridiculous in same. For every Vestal Virgins there are a million Trouserettes, who look like the plot of a comic opera when they appear in the garb that made man famous. No matter how sweet a girl's disposition may be, her knees are often inclined to knock. And what girl would proclaim that terrible fact, even for the privilege of wearing the breeches?

"Who's talking about your name?" asked Friend Wife.

"Our sex's name is p-trousers," explained the Tired Business Man.

WHEN A MAN BUYS



ANNALS OF ANGELICA

"Oh, how I hate to see a man driving down the avenue at about eleven in the morning. I was frudging along yesterday, feeling very much irritated, because I had only ten cents left, and had decided to walk home, and blow it in on a hot chocolate instead of car fare. I suddenly caught sight of Archibald—Cousin Angus says I must break myself of calling him 'Big'—being tucked into his motor by his chauffeur, on the opposite side of the way. He was leaning back looking half awake, and reminded me of a large infant being arranged in its perambulator by its nurse. I could almost imagine him grabbing hold of Louis's cap and bursting into loud sobs and shrieks because he couldn't have it to play with. I crossed over in order to get a lift. I suppose I should have waited for him to see me, but I'm sure if he had, he would have languidly taken off his hat and I would have gone on exercising my feet. He is in love with Agnes, I think, and rather regards me as still being a small child in dirty clothes, and I have given up trying to eradicate that impression. I stood and watched him being fixed, and when Louis moved away he saw me. I had dressed in a hurry that morning and had my oldest suit on and a horrid hat, and was carrying a large parcel—a dress I was bringing home myself for fear they wouldn't send it in time. Of course a smart dinner gown doesn't make a big package, but although it was all folded up, instead of being in a box, I could feel that the atmosphere surrounding him shaded. I wish it had been wrapped in newspaper. There was a small piece of chocolate left in my bag, and I had taken it out and was eating it. I think I looked a good deal like an errand girl—I hope a French one, though. I said, 'Why, hello! I was just passing by.' 'Knew he rather wished I had gone on passing, but he insisted on

opposite with a bent sort of face looked at me suspiciously, but I didn't let it annoy me. I felt guilty, but I did need that hot chocolate, and it certainly tasted good.

"No more at present. In the capacity of a house servant for the Carters in her early days, Aunt Dianah had imbibed a wholesome respect for the queen's English. Not so her husband, Uncle Ike. The old man had little use for the letter 'r,' a notable example of which was found in his pronunciation of the word 'more.' 'Gib me some 'lasses, Dianah,' said Uncle Ike one evening at supper. 'Don't say 'lasses, 'lasses, 'lasses,' rebuked the captious Dianah. 'You oughter say, 'Gib me some mo-lasses.' 'Look yere, you,' demanded her spouse, 'how you expects me to say mo-lasses when I done hadn't had none yet?'—Lippincott's.

"Different Now, of Course. 'Civil service reform has given us a splendid army of civil servants. It wasn't always so,' said Mayor Whitlock of Toledo. 'When I was writing my first short stories,' he resumed, 'we had civil servants of a different stamp. An elderly resident of my native Urbana sought out, back in those days, his congressman. 'Congressman,' he said, 'I supported you at the polls, and now I expect you to get my boy a good civil service job.' 'All right, friend,' the congressman answered, 'what can your boy do?' 'Do?' snorted the other. 'What can he do? By crissum, man, if he could do anything, do you think I'd be bothering you?'—New York Tribune.

"Compelled to Cut Down. A correspondent writes to correct a story printed in this paper several days ago. 'In that snake story I sent you,' he complains, 'you made one mistake, I told you that the snake was twenty feet long and you had it only ten feet long.' 'We are sorry for this, but the error was unavoidable. We were very much crowded for space when we used the story and we had to cut everything down.'—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"The Key to the Situation—See Want Ads."

JUST-OUT-GIRL BY M.F.

"I had dressed in a hurry that morning."



style by asking him if he was going to the Binnetti. He said he had promised to lead the cottillon and the prospect bored him. He had made up his mind to cut out subscription affairs. I gave up trying to be stylish, and said, 'Well, bo, don't forget an old friend.' He said to remember that his mother expected Agnes and Johnnie and me to dinner the following night, and when I said yes, I almost added 'Your Majesty.' We stopped in front of a jeweler's, and he went in to look at jewels, I suppose, and I decided to try a bus, as it was setting late. I was much excited when I found that, owing to two old ladies falling down the stairs and landing on the conductor's head, he forgot in the confusion that followed to ask me for my 10-cent piece. I didn't think it the right thing to press it upon him. A woman right

"The noblest question in the world is, what good may I do in it? Living the psalm of life, treading more or less blindly its maze and doubt, is a perpetual searching to know the intricacies of the great problem. Why humanity is not all healthy, wealthy and wise is an endless cause of wonderment to many; why there has to be illness, poverty and distress; why so many round pegs are trying to be happy in square holes and hypnotizing themselves into the belief that they fit perfectly, is apparently unexplainable. The cause that brings about the trouble is, undoubtedly, inborn selfishness and greed of personal gain, and never until some accidental awakening comes does the question of 'What good are we to the world?' ever come to us and insistently demand an answer.

"The command has been given to man to 'work out his own salvation,' but he is always cursing fate for his lean and lack, and blaming the Almighty for allowing such conditions to exist, especially in his case. Man was also given 'dominion' over all things, but he evidently did not believe it, else he would hasten to utilize the gift more fully. 'Now the thing for us to do in this enlightenment age, if life's problems are to be solved to our clearer understanding, is to make up our minds just what good we may do in the world and get busy. It is for us to work at our tasks and wait for the results patiently; stop blaming the Almighty, for He finished His work some time ago and pronounced it 'good.' Ours is still to be passed upon.

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Your Life Work

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The Bee's Junior Birthday Book



February 6, 1911.

Table with columns: Name and Address, School, Year. Lists names of children and their parents, such as Donald R. Allen, James Burdick, Frank E. Brown, etc.

Some Famous Children of History

Theodosia Burr, the only child of Aaron Burr, was born in 1782, when the American Revolution was ending and the great American republic was just coming into being. Her childhood was spent at Richmond Hill, in Greenwiche village. This was a stately old mansion which had been occupied by General Washington in 1778. After the retreat of the American forces to Harlem it was tenanted by various British officers. The year 1780, which marks the beginning of the government, also marks the occupancy of this old house by Vice President John Adams and his family. Mrs. Adams, while she lived in the great mansion, wrote glowing letters to the beauty of the settings of her suburban home. Little Theodosia was a child of it when her father leased the house on May 1, 1797. At that time her mother had been dead three years, and the little motherless girl was the object of her father's deepest affection. She was constant companions, and the precocious little girl, who had been educated by her father himself, was practically the head of the establishment. Mr. Burr immediately furnished the house sumptuously and put a handsome gateway at the entrance of the spacious grounds surrounding the house. He planted rare shrubs and made an ornamental body of water, known as Burr's pond, which was afterward a favorite place for skating. He lived here in splendor for ten years, with Theodosia presiding at the head of his table. She was evidently a graceful and gracious hostess, and her youthful charm and vivacity made a deep impression among many noble guests, including Louis Philippe, Talleyrand, Volney and other famous French exiles. It was from this house early one morning in 1804 that Burr stole away to the memorable duel in which he killed Alexander Hamilton. He returned soon after and sat reading in his library. At 8 he sat down to breakfast with Theodosia and an unexpected guest, neither of whom knew till afterward the fatal morning work which he had done and which shadowed his career ever after. Theodosia married and went south to live. Returning to visit her father the vessel in which she voyaged was supposed to have been captured by pirates and Burr's daughter is supposed to have walked the plank. (Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

Ox Proves He Can Come Back

After nearly fifty years' retirement from active service, the faithful, patient ox has again come into recognition as a motive power in the lumbering industry of northern Minnesota and northern Wisconsin. The ox is also coming into favor among the frontier settlers of these states. The reason for their "keep" during the winter the settler feeds his animals on root crops he has raised during the summer or logs them to the woodmen for their board during the winter. With the exception of feed for the winter months, when he is getting value received in labor, the lumberman has little expense compared with that of horses. These need care and feed the year round and cannot well subsist on the wild vegetation on which the ox grows fat. It is estimated that there are now in northern Wisconsin and Minnesota 2,000 yoke of oxen which have replaced high priced horses and which are used in hauling logs. This is nearly double the number that was employed a year ago. The ox is always worth his weight in beef and there is no loss from injury or old age. So satisfactory are these patient animals proving in the cultivation of land from which the timber has been cut, it is likely their use will become general and remain so for many years, or until the roads become much better than they now are and until the farmer reaches that point where he may raise his own hay and grain on which to support horses.—L. E. Cavalier in Chicago Tribune. Scotch Forestry. Dugald was ill, and his friend, Donald, took a bottle of whiskey to him. Donald gave the invalid one glass and said: "Ye'll get another yin in the morning." About five minutes elapsed, and then Dugald suddenly exclaimed: "Ye'd better let me hae the ither noo, Donald; ye hear o' sae many sudden deaths nooadays."—Tit-Bits. A Good Business. "Ruggles, you ought to go into the business of raising chickens by hand, it's great." "I believe I would, Ramage, if I could buy a good incubator cheap." (With eagerness) "I've got one, old chap. I'll sell you for a third of what it cost me."—Chicago Tribune. The Key to the Situation—See Want Ads.



"She gave her husband a pocket-case for his birthday." "Anything in it?" "Yes, the bill!"

"Mary, if any one calls, I shall be back in ten minutes." "Very well, and how soon will you be back if no one asks for you?"

"Have a good time at the dinner last night?" "No; through some mistake they seated me next to my wife."