

The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Dottie Dialogues

Just One Blamed Thing After Another.

"Forward, march!" exclaimed Dottie, daintily tripping February off a cute art calendar in the living room.

"Queer time for a vacation," I mused, just to draw her on, you understand.

"Vacation?" she echoed, being absorbed in her own cleverness. "Oh, you—"

"Taking a month off," I explained hastily. Fearfullest she should beat me to it, as it were.

"When Adam was a baby"—she began, wearily.

"I know, but you hit," I chortled.

"I expected you to have new lines," she reprimanded, sorrowfully.

"I haven't seen my tailor yet," I replied, I mean words and music and you know it," she accused. "Why the tailor?"

"He's gone to the training camp with the base ball club," I explained.

"What do ball players need of a tailor?" she inquired.

"A stitch in time saves the nine," I enlightened.

"I was afraid you were going to mention the harem trousers-skirt," she fluttered appreciatively.

"Why does the harem stare 'em?" I queried. "The new style doesn't seem to trouble 'em."

"Assistance!" she murmured, faintly. "Really, you change your sketch or back to the woods."

"Wood's sketch?" I chattered.

"Reminds me that a French dramatist insisted that the leading comedienne substitute a different skirt for one of those because it gave the audience more laughter than the play," she observed.

"That's a sneaky thing to do," I interjected.

"Have a care, Jack Dalton! Remember a Jerseyman dislocated his jaw by fawning the other day," she observed.

"If women would occasionally yawn hard," I sighed.

"A yawn to the wise is sufficient," she observed.

"And it's usually the wise who are yawned to," I retorted.

"You ought to go to that Kansas Agricultural college where they are teaching a course of table manners," she sniffed.

"Course work," I sneaked.

"Maybe they teach parlor manners, too," she added.

"Also, if you read it carefully you would have noticed that there were to be no 'call downer for bad breaks,'" I returned. "There are all kinds of table manners, including dining table, card table, time table and table of contents."



"Why does the harem stare 'em?"

"Also marble-topped table manners," she contributed, crisply.

"I wouldn't mind talking that course if it's a co-ed college," I faltered.

"Why?" she inquired.

"They teach the proper choice of spoons," I murmured.

"Don't you?" she began.

"Well, I have a pretty good idea, but I may be wrong," I admitted. "One has to keep well informed on such subjects or be a back number."

"Times do change," she asserted. "Did you read about the trouble of that Magyar Princess who hired a parlor car to ride to New York. Only one car, while in ye olden times a Princess was accompanied by her train. She at least ought to have had a dining car."

"And for why?"

"For her gentlemen in waiting," she diagrammed.

"Isn't it nice now, the days are getting longer?" I enthused, after silence.

"Oh, is it the days?" she asked, wearily. "It seemed like the nights were getting longer."

I thought it a good time to depart.

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

Rather Likes It.

"Jones is an awful grouch. He's so darned touchy."

"Nonsense. He's one of the best natured chaps I know. You know that awful homely baby of his? Well, I told him last night that the kid looked just like his father, and he didn't get a bit sore."—Toledo Blade.

POOR JAKE

WHEN YOU GET YOUR WORK DONE, COME HERE, I HAVE A JOB FOR YOU!

SO JAKE HAS GONE, EH?

UM! RAN AWAY! I'LL FIND OUT WHERE HE WENT THOUGH! HUH! I'LL HAVE TO GO OUT NOW AND DO HIS CHORES. I SUPPOSE I DON'T CARE!

YES, I WILL GIVE YOU A SANDWICH IF YOU WILL SPLIT SOME KINDLING, CARRY IN SOME COAL, CARRY OUT SOME ASHES.

SAY, SONNY, IF YOU'LL GO UP TO THE HOUSE GET THAT PAIR OF STUFF AND FEED THE PIGS FOR ME, I WILL GIVE YOU A PENNY!

I'VE GOT AN OLD PAIR OF SHOES I WILL GIVE YOU, SAM. IF YOU'LL FEED WATER AND CURRY OFF MY HORSE AND CLEAN OUT THE STABLE FOR ME TODAY!

TASSA!

YES, MAM!

IF YOU'LL MILK THE COWS FOR ME YOU'LL DO ME A GREAT FAVOR! I CAN DO THE REST OF THE WORK! MY MAM JAKE LEFT ME IN A LURCH! I CAN'T DO ALL THE WORK!

HUH! WHO ME?

YOU ARE BILL STYKES' BOY, ZEKE, AREN'T YOU? WELL, SAY, I'VE GOT SOMETHING I WANT YOU TO DO FOR ME! I WANT YOU TO SWEEP OFF THE SNOW ON MY PORCH AN' EARN A NICKEL!

YETH, THIR!

DID YOU JUST COME FROM TOWN? WELL, GO BACK AN' MAIL THIS LETTER AND I WILL LET YOU LISTEN TO OUR TALKING MACHINE!

HOW'D YOU GET ALONG, ARE YOU TIRED?

TIRED OUT, DEAR, BUT I STUCK TO IT! I MAILED A LETTER TO PERKINS, I THINK JAKE WENT THERE TO WORK! I'LL GET HIM BACK NEXT WEEK!

SILAS

The Bee's Junior Birthday Book



FANNIE LOOMIS, 1500 Wirt Street. March 1, 1911.

| Name and Address. | School. | Year. |
|--|-----------------|-------|
| Hazel M. Barber, 2566 Evans St. | Lothrop | 1903 |
| Albie G. Brown, 4113 Fort St. | Central Park | 1902 |
| Charles Bly, 3120 South Seventh St. | Bancroft | 1903 |
| Henry Bwarley, 2421 South Seventeenth St. | St. Joseph | 1899 |
| Edward Barnett, 1712 California St. | Cass | 1903 |
| Mae Brock, 1420 North Eighteenth St. | High | 1894 |
| Robert Curry, 2525 Seward St. | Long | 1905 |
| Lucy Coe, 3217 North Twenty-fifth St. | Lothrop | 1896 |
| Vincent P. Chiodo, 214 South Eighteenth St. | Central | 1895 |
| Paul J. Davis, 217 North Twenty-fifth St. | Central | 1898 |
| Clara Edmondson, 2032 Elm St. | Castellar | 1902 |
| Theodore A. Filipp, 1472 South Fifteenth St. | Comenius | 1904 |
| Marie O. Frogge, 318 North Fifteenth St. | Cass | 1896 |
| Ruth Greenberg, 1902 Dorcas St. | Castellar | 1905 |
| Ruth Gorey, 2121 Seward St. | Kellom | 1903 |
| David Greenberg, 2015 Paul St. | Kellom | 1900 |
| Nettie Hollander, 1107 North Eighteenth St. | Kellom | 1898 |
| Emily Hug, 1246 South Sixteenth St. | Comenius | 1903 |
| Charlotte Huntley, 2420 Leavenworth St. | Mason | 1902 |
| Anna Helgren, 2801 Central Boulevard | Webster | 1899 |
| Bert Hanson, 2319 South Thirteenth St. | Bancroft | 1905 |
| Myron B. Hochstetler, 416 South Thirty-eighth St. | Columbian | 1903 |
| Albert K. Higbee, 2011 Maple St. | Lake | 1905 |
| Melvin D. Higbee, 2011 Maple St. | Lake | 1899 |
| Howard Jensen, 3710 Webster Ave. | Central Park | 1897 |
| Everett Joseph, 6110 North Thirty-sixth St. | Central Park | 1904 |
| Anna M. Johnson, 2554 Spalding St. | Lothrop | 1900 |
| Margaret Johnston, 1503 Binney St. | Lothrop | 1901 |
| Louis Jacobsen, 2421 Hamilton St. | Kellom | 1905 |
| Peter A. Koley, 1202 South Twenty-seventh St. | St. Joseph | 1904 |
| Frederick Kleibs, 2123 Burdette St. | Lake | 1896 |
| Marie F. Kreile, 3705 Woolworth Ave. | Park | 1904 |
| Nabel C. Loomis, 1920 Wirt St. | Lothrop | 1897 |
| Kai Lorentsen, 1711 Ontario St. | Vinton | 1897 |
| Fanny Loomis, 1920 Wirt St. | Lothrop | 1899 |
| Thomas Mathews, 3025 South Twenty-third St. | Vinton | 1902 |
| Donald Munroe, 3420 Seward St. | Franklin | 1903 |
| John McGill, 3034 South Eighteenth St. | Vinton | 1903 |
| Neil M. Nordquist, Thirty-first St. and Stone Ave. | Monmouth Park | 1898 |
| Viola Overhauser, 3338 Manderson St. | Monmouth Park | 1899 |
| Roy E. Perry, 3156 Ames Ave. | Monmouth Park | 1904 |
| Royal Peterson, 1819 North Twenty-first St. | Kellom | 1895 |
| Alby Pavelec, 4014 South Tenth St. | Forest | 1902 |
| Harold E. Poff, 4727 North Fortieth Ave. | Monmouth Park | 1896 |
| Wilbur C. Reed, 4423 Brown St. | Central Park | 1903 |
| Charley Ries, 813 South Eighteenth St. | Leavenworth | 1903 |
| Hime Rubenstein, 3117 Burdette St. | Howard Kennedy | 1905 |
| John T. Russell, 1732 South Seventeenth St. | St. Patrick | 1902 |
| Elmer Seycott, 310 Bancroft St. | Bancroft | 1900 |
| Katherine Swickard, 2027 Elm St. | Castellar | 1900 |
| Frank Seidl, 2696 Decatur St. | Long | 1900 |
| Ruth Seaton, 2856 Ames Ave. | Saratoga | 1897 |
| Ernest George Steinetz, 848 South Twenty-first St. | German Lutheran | 1900 |
| Rose Shapiro, 2306 North Twenty-first St. | Lake | 1904 |
| Arthur Sonpre, 2425 Lake St. | Lake | 1900 |
| Minerva Trowbridge, 2723 Burdette St. | Long | 1902 |
| Edith Tennebaum, 1441 South Sixteenth St. | Comenius | 1901 |
| John Timm, 4104 North Twenty-fourth St. | Saratoga | 1902 |
| Clarence Trummer, 3068 South Twenty-eighth Ave. | Vinton | 1901 |
| Harry Welthous, 2923 South Twenty-third St. | Vinton | 1898 |
| Arthur Watkins, 607 North Thirty-second St. | Webster | 1902 |
| Harold Whitney, 3710 Cuming St. | Long | 1895 |
| Estelle M. Wagner, 1908 South Thirty-fifth Ave. | Windor | 1897 |
| Elmer Wheeler, 2517 St. Mary's Ave. | Mason | 1894 |
| Ella Zeidman, 707 North Sixteenth St. | Cass | 1895 |

ANNALS of ANGELICA



Kitty Chaseborough certainly does look something like the new Agnes gave her. We are thinking now of taking up a collection and getting her some new slippers and stockings. Kitty's such a corker and so good looking it does seem a pity she hasn't got a good at spending it. She's so good at spending it, anyway, even though she hasn't got any.

And as for bills—well, Agnes can treat one flippantly, but Kitty doesn't even do that. I've seen her look over her mail in bed in the morning and, picking out a few, just put them in the wastepaper basket unopened.

If she gets one from a milliner in less than six months' time after purchasing a hat she is perfectly furious. Ogoe Anna Anna's imagination would never go that far, but Kitty was so upset by it that she made us go up with her, and I was really sorry for Anna—she was so mortified about such a thing happening. She apologized humbly and Kitty finally said she'd overlook it and condescended to buy a most adorable little theater bonnet—I mean take an adorable little theater bonnet.

However, I will say for her that she hasn't got a bit extravagant this year. She's had a single new frock or anything. Been playing auction bridge. And if you play a great deal you don't find time to go shopping. No, indeed.

After losing three rubbers sometimes, which have taken about six hours to play, you are apt to feel slightly wearied and not at all in the mood for shopping. Strange how the score can add up, even at very little a point. But we decided that Kitty could not go on wearing that old green dress any more, so I decided to give her my old blue and Agnes said she'd give her her old pink.

When we told Kitty about it she was up in her room wearing an old lace wrapper that Mrs. Dangerfield had given her, and some awfully dirty striped slippers that Elsie Thompson had given her.

She wanted to know what was the matter with the dresses. Kitty seems to be developing a sort of suspicious nature. Agnes and I both remarked about it. My old blue is a lovely gown. It is a trifle worn, perhaps, but can be fixed up easily. With a new underskirt and sleeves, and perhaps a new waist lining and belt, and I guess a new back and trimming, it can be made to look like new. Agnes' old pink, I must say, was a trifle shabby. I don't see how she had the nerve to offer it to any one. Kitty looked at them and said she'd have them thoroughly disinfected and then see what she could use them for.

At times there is a slight coarseness in her way of expressing herself. Agnes and I both remarked about it. She was reading a note from Barty Morris. Kitty is his latest. I believe she could marry him if she accepted him and hurried the thing up.

He's really fearfully keen about her. Cousin Anne says she thinks it's Kitty's duty. He's got six millions, looks like a corker, and is sort of half-witted. I think

HE'S GOT SIX MILLIONS.

Marie sent her a bill three months after she got a toque there and Kitty went right up and complained about it. She said it was perfectly outrageous. She said the first thing you knew, Anna would imagine she was going to be paid. We assured her that

Englishmen Handsomest?

Lina Cavalieri's recent assertion that Englishmen, and especially English officers, are the handsomest and generally the finest specimens of manhood in the world has caused a German writer to take up the pen and make answer to the Italian prima donna.

Writing in the Berliner Tageblatt, the German admits that Englishmen may be entitled to international laurels for beauty, "because for the reason Signorina Cavalieri puts forward—they battle often than other men." But opinions differ radically, he asserts, on Signorina Cavalieri's deduction that English officers are especially useful members of human society.

"We men of other nationalities are duly ashamed," he says, "but we console ourselves with the reflection that men are not expected both to be good looking and to strive for glory of another kind. Important men are never handsome. Goethe and Alexander the Great, who combined genius with a beautiful exterior, were the exceptions which prove the rule.

"The other notabilities of history if they could be lined up would resemble a collection of Barnum's freaks. Yet they are the men who achieved things and left the imprint of their personalities upon their epochs. One limped, like Bryan; others were crooked, like Schiller or Leopardi; still another was bald, like Aeschylus. Another, like Socrates, was frightened by horses.

"And not one of them was fond of abstruse exercises, not even the Apollo-like Goethe, who semi-annually entered in his diary with unmistakable relief: 'Bathed today!'

Novelties in Belts.

In neckwear and belts there are a few little novelties. The enameled effect has crept into belt decorations, and in neckwear Irish crochet, embroidery and nain-sook combine to form graceful models, though pinosee lace and net make a newer combination. A smart muffer of oriental silk crosses and hangs below the waist line, making a waistcoat front, and adjusted by a clever band arrangement.

A Million Marys

Since the movement began to have all the British Marys unite in giving a coronation present to Queen Mary, the number of women, children and men bearing that name is proving to be astonishing. Already it is being predicted that 1,000,000 Marys will contribute.

Those who know declare that there must be at least 1,000,000 women who bear that name or its variants in England, Scotland and Ireland. And there are few among them, according to the London Queen, who will not give their penny or their pound to the offering to be made to Queen Mary at the time of the coronation.

It is only by careful reckoning that one can realize the number of Marys. There are several in the royal family. First comes Princess Mary of Wales, Princess Victoria and Queen Maud of Norway are both Marys, and Princess Henry of Battenberg is a Marie. And two cousins of the king have the name of Marie. These are the crown princess of Rumania and Princess Marie Louise of Schleswig-Holstein.

Then several of the duchesses can be counted contributors. The duchess of Norfolk and the duchess of Bedford are both Marys; the duchess of Newcastle is May; the Duchess of Rutland Marion and the dowager duchess of Grafton Marie. In Scotland the reigning duchess of Hamilton and her predecessor, the former duchess, are both Marys, and the duchess of Roxburgh is May. The duchess of Abercorn makes another Mary, and she represents Ireland.

Mary is a name that, of course, stands high in favor with Roman Catholics. Most of their women bear it; indeed, if it is given to a few of their men, as in the case of the late lord Arundel, the duke of Norfolk's son by his first marriage, who had the names of Philip Joseph Mary. It is of interest to note that the name of Mary was rare in western Europe until the time of the crusades. After that, however, it came much into favor, and every Christian country has now its roll call of celebrated Marys and Maries.

By the way, when this welcome scheme was announced several variants of Mary were included; but one wishes that a place could be given to the Irish Maureen, to the French Mariette and to the Spanish Marians, and also to the old name of Miriam, which first appears in Bible history.

Remember This.

"How did the fatal accident in the air omnibus happen to Dr. Jenks?"

"It was due to stepping off the street car before it stopped, and tried it with the air bus."—Pilegende Blaetter.

RESOLUTIONS

"I'LL LEARN TO SKATE - IT LOOKS EASY"

AMBITION

PREPARATION

CONSOLATION

DISILLUSION

Oh, You Darling!

"I never know whether you are serious or in earnest," he said in a tone of distinct annoyance.

"No?" she responded with almost a sneer at his confessed inability to analyze her.

"No," he replied, sullenly, as he threw his cigarette into a Sevres vase so darkly, deeply blue that it might have been of royal blood.

"Why not, pray?" she asked with provoking persistence.

"Because you are never the same."

"Indeed?"

"Quite indeed."

"And why am I never the same?"

"Because you are so different."

She rose and went to the window, where she stood looking out upon the gay throngs on the street.

"Really, Mr. Shoimondely," she said, "I do not understand."

"I said, Miss Thornycroft," he replied slowly and inclusively, "that you were so different."

"But why, pray?"

"Because you were never the same," he explained with precision. "Anything that is not the same is different, isn't it?"

She came away from the window and stood over him threateningly.

"That is a negative argument, sir," she said savagely.

"I thought it was quite positive. Miss Thornycroft," he said with dallying deference.

"It is negatively positive, perhaps," she admitted thoughtfully.

A softer light came into his eyes and he stepped over near to her. He almost touched her, but she did not shrink from him.

"And you," he said with a hopeful's longing, "are positively negative."

She trembled as he looked at her and her eyes could not lift themselves to his.

"Why?" she whispered in a low, incoherent voice.

"Because you said 'No' when I asked you to be my wife," he said despairingly.

"Darling, darling," she cried, putting out her arms to him and he held her to his breast.

The light of day was fading into the purple and amethystine hues of evening in a broken collar-bone and a bullet in my leg," said the first man.

"I carried a message across Death Valley and was without water for five days," said the second man.

"And I braved 600 policemen, twenty whippers, six screaming bridesmaids and a runaway father and set up my flashlight apparatus in a fashionable church," said the pallid photographer.

And without further question they handed him the medal.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Keeping Tab on Ties

To tell the ordinary person that railroads are now adopting a system for keeping a close record on every tie along the line would most likely bring an incredulous smile. Yet one railroad, the Lehigh Valley, has already adopted the plan, which will enable the company to determine with mathematical accuracy the relative efficiency of the different woods and the value of the creosote preservation treatment.

It is done in this way: First, dating nails are manufactured; with the proper numerals on the heads, indicating the year; for example, "11" meaning the year 1911.

Then one of these nails is driven into each new tie as it is laid on the track. Thus in the future the maintenance of way experts will be able upon the replacement of a tie to know just how long it has lasted.

The steadily rising price of lumber com-

pells the railroads to use wood that has undergone "treatment" to prevent decay. It is expected that the injection of creosote oil into the pores of the wood will double its life.

The Supreme Test.

They were talking of bravery.

"I crawled up the hill of San Juan with a broken collar-bone and a bullet in my leg," said the first man.

"I carried a message across Death Valley and was without water for five days," said the second man.

"And I braved 600 policemen, twenty whippers, six screaming bridesmaids and a runaway father and set up my flashlight apparatus in a fashionable church," said the pallid photographer.

And without further question they handed him the medal.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Demonstrating.

Street Vender—'Ere y'are, gent; now's yer chance—the grite pernochie ale-shury—Funch.