The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Tired Business Man

BY WALTER A. SINCLAIR

Tells Friend Wife We Are Tolerant to All We Can Tolerate.

"Odd that a prime minister would bother with so small a thing as stopping a play like that one in Paris," observed Friend Wife. "Just imagine our secretary of state closing a play!"

"Many plays have been stopped by knocks," replied the Tired Business Man, dwelling on the last word with double meaning. "Of course, not Philander Chase, but others of the knocks family. And I've heard of performances in this land being closed on account of ministers, although they may not have been prime or even primed. Usually when they do so it is in some one-night stand, and the press works the incident for packed houses in the next big town. But the mayor of New York did not disdain to tell one show to roll its 'whoop' away.

"It seems, however, that the trouble with this show wasn't so much the play as the audience. Few managers care how bad the audience is if it gives up two dollars and upward at the gate. But this audience was the worst production ever put on and they had to give it the hook.

"Of course it's well nigh impossible to rewrite an audience if it isn't right in the first place. A manager or author can't change its acts, to say nothing of its climax and denoomong. The Bernstein play, 'Apres Moi,' couldn't compete with the rival attraction 'The Men in the Boxes,' for the simple reason that every night they put on new stuff. I think the management could have solved the whole thing simply by closing the stalls, thus cutting out the horse-play, but they kept the barnstormers working until the government closed the theater.

"I would like to know how far any clique would get away with any of that rough work here, say at a Broadway theater. Imagine the heroine just nestling up against the hero's manly soft white shirt front and artist's cravat when a bunch of, say, stand-pat republicans would hop up in the stage boxes and commence howling remarks about the dramatist's past life and adventures, interpellating a few tin-horn solos!

"If the ushers and the policeman on the beat weren't quick enough to dust up the carpets leading to the boxes with the goatalots, I believe an indignant audience which had paid its money to see the show, including the song boosters, would hurl the noisy ones through the front and side exits impartially.

"But supposing somebody squared them or they got away with that and sat down until the scene came where the villain or the other man was about to play a tune on the triangle and when everybody's nerves were tense, some, say Tammany hall follower, would rise and set off a bunch of parlor fireworks. Would the disturber ever look the same again, or would he resemble a jigsaw puzzle after he had been put together?

"Over here we don't use such violent methods to kill a play. There are several easier ways. Why should volunteers work themselves into a lather when they can have it done for them by deadly critics, who, armed to the opera hat with hammers, can beat every spark of hope out of a playwright and his play? Or, if they don't do it, there is always a lusty band of ruffians at the door beating back timorous persons seeking to enter. They are called speculators, because it is a matter of general speculation why they are allowed to exist.

"Oh, we do it much better here. Of course, my memory, not being in training, accommodatingly refuses to run back to the time when we mobbed the Sherry sisters and rotten-egged the 'Irish comedians' with the green whiskers.

"Also that some states have laws which prevent our venerable avuncular friend, Thomas Shalby, be of the primitive log domicile, from going too far south to die and see the angels descending in red fire and pink tights. We are a calm, well balanced people, and when our box holders don't approve a production they don't pay to hoot it, but merely order the piece thrown out, as was 'Salome' not so long ago. We are a tolerant people—to everything we can tolerate."

"I thought maybe it was something wrong with the play or the title," said Friend Wife. "What is 'Apres Moi?'"

"The deluge—if I remember rightly," said the Tired Business Man.

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Revival of the Eton Jacket

NEW YORK, March 10.—In the illustration herewith is shown one of the smartest of the new, short coats. It was part of a pongee suit designed for a trip to Bermuda. The body and sleeves of the coat were cut in one—a significant indication of the continued popularity of the peasant blouse. The closing was outlined with a band of blue satin and this material was used to trim the skirt and for the cuffs.

Of course, in the matter of coats, no style departure has come with quite such startling suddenness as the revival of the Eton jacket. Ever since early last fall the fashion authorities have been predicting the return of the waistline coat, but milady has accepted the prediction with a grain of salt until within the last few

weeks, and now she suddenly finds that her neighbor and her neighbor's daughter are wearing Eton coats. So she immediately procures one of the new models and registers a mental vow that "next time" she will not disregard her modiste's advice.

The present style of short jacket with a coat and skirt costume absolutely precludes any possibility of ever wearing the coat of the suit with one of the other gowns in the outfit, and makes essential the providing of a long wrap in the wardrobe decided upon for the first days of spring. When it is within the range of the dress allowance to buy as fancy dictates, the well gowned woman will select at least two and perhaps as many as five or six wraps of different weights and styles for her spring costumes, but she who must order with greater care will purchase a long semi-fitted wrap of black satin or lightest-weight cloth fashioned in such a model that it will be suitable for day or evening wear, as occasion demands.

The long half-fitted wraps fall either quite to the hem of the skirt or are but a few inches shorter, while in addition to the eton, there are also separate jackets trimmed fancifully and reaching no further than the hips, but for separate coats there are no in-between lengths. In some models the back is plain, in others there is a high empire belt of soft folded or rolled satin. The front of this coat generally fastens over loosely with a large buckle or flat button about at the waistline. The majority of these wraps are fashioned with the sleeve in one piece with the rest of the material, and it is necessary to leave the arm opening wide so that the most delicate sleeve will not be crushed beneath it.

The sailor collar in all imaginable widths and lengths is the favorite finish for all coats, and even a long wrap shows no exception to this rule. On a black satin coat, white is most often used for collar and cuffs, but a bright shade of blue or a deep gold yellow are seen on a number of the newest models, and when the lining corresponds in color, the effect is undeniably smart. When the coat is of a decided shade, as sapphire blue, scarlet, green or one of the fashionable tints of purple or mauve, black satin collar and cuffs are sometimes seen, while again a lighter shade of the color of the wrap is employed and it is difficult to say which is the more effective.

So Considerate

He was a fussily important society man, and he had no use for women of college education. But on one occasion he invited a young college graduate, the daughter of an old friend, to his house, to take afternoon tea. It was a windy day, and the girl arrived at his suburban home with her skirts blown about and her hair tumbling over her ears, a state of affairs of which she felt guiltily conscious for the whole of her visit. The lady of the house, Mrs. Society, poured tea and discoursed of girls in general.

"I agree with dear James," she said, "that a college education is not the best preparation for the future life of a young woman." She peered into the cups to see if the maid had left them in good order, and glanced at her guest, who cowered in her seat, feeling intensely her disheveled condition, and dimly wondering if it were due to her college education.

Mrs. Society, seeing that the offending maid had left dust in the cups, frowned. "I think a college education usually unfits young women for the finer duties of domestic life," she said, and blew first in one cup, and then in the other, to remove the dust.

At that the college girl felt her spirits rise to the skies. "For," as she explained afterward, in telling the story, "we did sometimes blow the dust out of the cups, when we gave tea parties, but we usually did it before the guests got there."

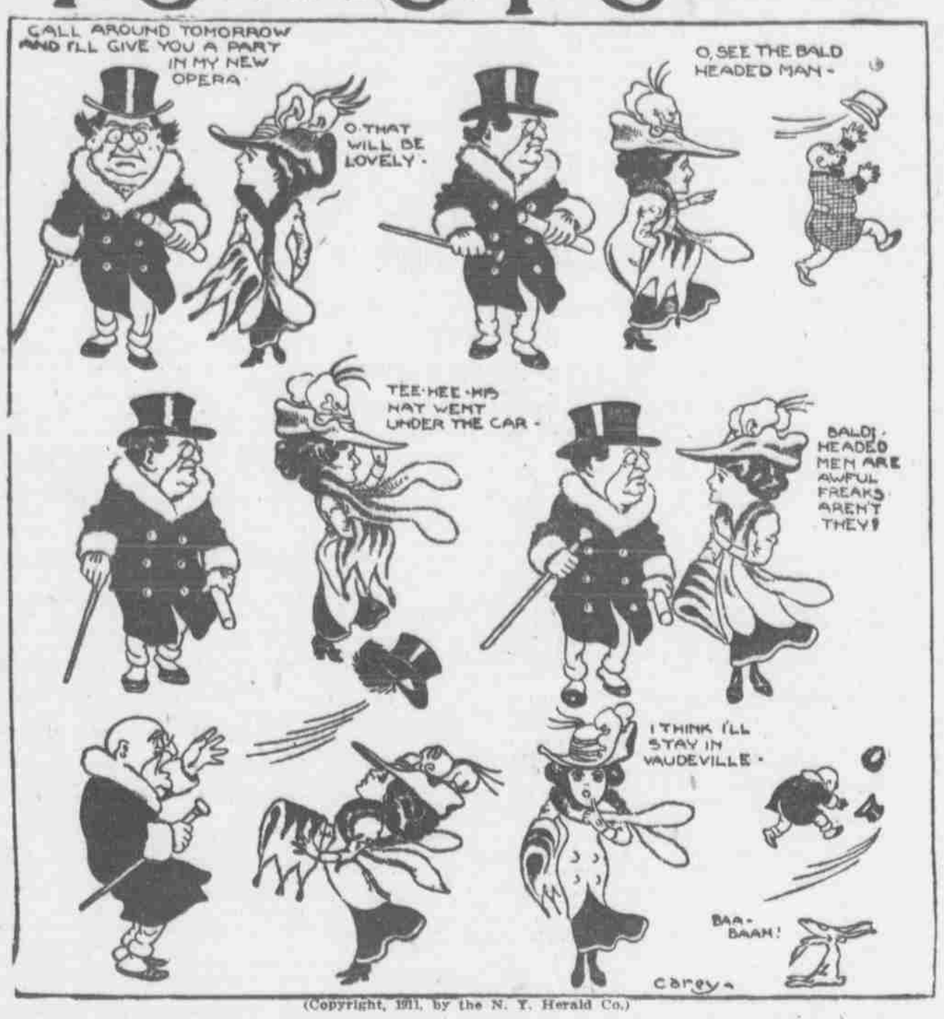
Liver Seat of Hunger

Is your liver hungry?

Recent scientific investigation indicates that hunger appetite does not start from the stomach, as all believe, and as we all feel when hungered, but the call for food really comes from the fleshes of the whole body, mostly from the liver. This is held to be proven by the fact that people who have had to have their stomachs taken entirely from their body still have the absent old stomach growl and yell three times a day for meals—something like people having finger pains and pleasure in a hand that has been cut off for years.

It is silly to deny that a good many people often drink not because they are thirsty, but for the same reason that they too often eat when they are not hungry, because the food and beverage are so palatable. There are occasions, of course, when it is desirable to take with the beverage a stimulant or a substance which relieves fatigue (beef tea), but for the purpose of satisfying a mere thirst pure water is all that is needed. But stopping a thirst is such pleasant pain, says the New York Press, that we stop it and stop it and stop it again. In Berlin plain water is never drunk—never.

Ye Getting Of Ye Goat



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Annals of Angelica

A Just-Out-Girl By M.F.

Dear, me, Lent is here and I shall have to sew for the poor. (Just the thing for me, as I do such poor sewing). I told Johnnie about it and he said he thought it was a very good idea and he'd bring around some things for me to mend right away. Mrs. Dangerfield is getting up a sewing society and Agnes and I have decided to join it. Elsie Thompson advised us to. She said last year she belonged to two or three and found Mrs. Dangerfield's

"MAKE A LITTLE PETTICOAT FOR AN ORPHAN."

the best. Cousin Anne has a sewing club meet at her house every season and Elsie said she belonged to that one last spring. She said if she were me she would have French lessons the days cousin Anne proposed having the meetings this year. She said they really had to sew.

There was absolutely nothing else to do. If you neglected to bring thimbles, and needels, and thread, they were handed to you with your work, that was ticketed in some horrible way so it couldn't be lost. I told her I should never have risked going to a single meeting, anyway. Why, you could tell by one look at Cousin Anne that if she got up a sewing bee the members would slave.

Elsie said at Mrs. Dangerfield's they played bridge and took some of the dues and bought the duckiest prizes for the real game they had on the day of the last meeting. They considered they owed it to themselves as a reward for their hard labor. If the members didn't feel like bridge, she always had the latest papers and magazines on a center table. Then at 5 o'clock she had tea and sandwiches and punch and a few men were asked to drop in.

Agnes said a lot of men were scared to death at the mere suggestion of coming to a sewing society, but after they were persuaded to give it a trial they came in droves. Mrs. Dangerfield said there was no use in intruding their work or talking shop to outsiders, and Elsie said no man would have dreamed of how busy they had been. She said the only trouble was that toward the end of Lent nobody came at all before 5 o'clock, except two sisters, the Mayhew girls. One wears glasses and the other has something the matter with her face. They're dandy girls and live out of town, and Mrs. Dangerfield said, although it was an awful inconvenience, she stayed home at two meetings, as she didn't quite like to leave them all alone the early part of the afternoon. And then they had to take the 5 o'clock train home.

She isn't going to ask them again at all. I asked Agnes what they made and she said that Mrs. Dangerfield had bought some awfully pretty striped flannel and lace edge, and if a girl wanted to she could make a little petticoat for an orphan. A different asylum every year. Last season the asylum they made petticoats for sued them, as four children had got their limbs caught in seams that had ripped or something and had broken their legs.

Johnnie suggested the other day that I

"I SHALL HAVE TO SEW FOR THE POOR."

get up a sewing class, and be the only member, and he'd drop in to keep me company. I believe I'll do it. His gloves need mending awfully, and he's an orphan, so it makes it all right. As long as I'm going to work so hard for the orphans, I don't care so much about Mrs. Dangerfield's. I think I owe it to myself to work for one. I—Oh, well, I like Johnnie a little. Goodness; I've known him all my life."

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Our "Remnants"

The "ductless glands"—thyroids, parathyroids, thymus, pituitary, pineal and suprarenal tissues.

The "vermiformis appendix," a curious survival of the age when man was more herbivorous than he it at present.

The "third or wisdom tooth," of no use to any human being, still appears as a relic of an age when we had longer and more powerful jaws.

"Gall bladder," useless to the human machine, but a fruitful source of cancers, inflammations and serious disturbances.

"Harelip," a frequent deformity, that dates back to those fishlike and reptilian days when the jaw was built in five pieces.

"Hernia," a dangerous accident caused by weak places in our abdominal walls that are echoes of the days when men were quadrupedal to a very great extent.

Hundreds of trophied and useless oily or "sebaceous glands" can be found over the body. They are useless now.

The "little" or "fifth toe" is another vestige of prehistoric life.

The "coccyx" or queer "tail bones" at the base of the spine form a striking relic of a previous existence.

"Eustachian tubes" are remnants of the "gill slits" that were a part of the make-up of our fishlike ancestors.

The "tonsils," a peculiar tissue whose growth and increase in the middle throat leads to that distressing affection known as adenoids.—St. Louis Republic.

An Expert Opinion.

"What do you regard as the two most desirable features of a first class car, Jinksby?" asked Harkaway, as they inspected a number of models.

"A well-trained chauffeur in the driver's seat and a nice girl in the tonneau," said Harkaway, without any hesitation whatever.—Harper's.

Latest Kink in Titles

"We Americans," said Simeon Ford, the famous after dinner speaker, at a banquet in New York, "are justly famous for our titles.

"I used to think that the finest of all our titles was that of Colonel Abraham Hardgrass, who told a questioner that he was neither a regular nor a volunteer colonel, but a colonel by marriage, having wedded the widow of Colonel Harrison Pike of Pink creek.

"But I came across the other day a still better colonel than this. He was rather seedy, and, handing me a soiled visiting card, he asked me in a low voice if I could lend him $2.

"I glanced at his card. It was inscribed Colonel William Melcher Dana.

"'You are, I presume,' I said, 'a colonel in the army?'

"'Yes, sir,' said he.

"'Regular or Salvation?' I asked.

"'Neither, sir, he answered. 'Army of the unemployed.'"

Daily Health Hint

It is better not to drink water until an hour or two after eating. Water taken immediately after meals is liable to wash the food from the stomach into the intestines before the action of the gastric juices is completed.

Morals of Marcus O'Prutt.

If you would rise above the mass
To lofty and commanding station,
Your fondest dreams will come to pass
If you will take up Aviation;
But have a care the more you rise
Above earth's rude and noisy revel!
'Tis he alone who wins the prize
Who's always on the level!—Harper's.

School Boy English

"What is the most incorrect sentence any of your children ever get off?" asked a school teacher recently at the Schoolmen's club.

"One of mine got this off not long ago," responded a teacher: 'It ain't hisn like, but yourn.'"

"My best," another teacher, "ran something like this: 'Rare roast beef if meat what there ain't none what's any underdunner.'"

The best one of the afternoon was furnished by a third teacher. "Here is one," he said, "which has the old classic: 'He seen his duty and done it noble,' beaten forty ways: 'Lewtenent Grant hearn the enemy in his bed, but he snuck up on him and killed him without knowin' who, where or what he was.'"

Puffing Prunes

Charles H. Fullaway, assistant superintendent of the division of finance in the Postoffice department, was on a Chesapeake & Ohio railroad train on his way to Washington from Chicago. When he went to breakfast in the dining car he was delighted to see that one of the items on the bill of fare was stewed prunes.

He looked up to beckon to his waiter and tell him to bring an order of the prunes. But he did not have to give the order, for the waiter was hurrying down the aisle with the saucer of prunes on the tray.

"How did you know I wanted prunes?" asked Fullaway in surprise.

"Aw, I knowed it," said the waiter. "Ev'y man wif a healthy-lookin' haid eats prunes. Besides, I'se a phenologist."—Popular Magazine

The Bee's Junior Birthday Book

This is the Day We Celebrate

MONDAY,

March 13, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Agnes Beal, 5825 Florence Boulevard	Sacred Heart	1896
Hugh Francis Brainard, 2814 North Nineteenth St.	Sacred Heart	1900
Florence Barber, 3542 North Twenty-eighth Ave.	Lothrop	1895
Margaret Boggs, 3015 South Sixteenth St.	Castellar	1900
Marjorie Chrisman, 2509 South Twentieth Ave.	Castellar	1902
Jabin Caldwell, 630 South Twentieth St.	High	1895
Merrille Crofton, 2011 Harney St.	Central	1898
Grace K. Conlon, 2548 Rees St.	Mason	1900
Morley Combs, 4606 Dodge St.	Saunders	1901
Gladys Dulnson, 2016 Sherman Ave.	Lothrop	1901
Catherine Digilis, 1026 South Twenty-third St.	St. Philomena	1895
Jessie Graser, 106 William St.	Train	1897
William Clarence Grimm, 3316 Taylor St.	Monmouth Park	1902
Millie Gillotte, 2020 Pierce St.	Mason	1896
Ruth Harris, 1715 North Twenty-sixth St.	Long	1899
Edward Holonbek, 2585 South Thirty-first St.	Dupont	1902
Lawrence Hanfelt, 2825 Brown St.	Sacred Heart	1900
George P. Ives, 2610 South Twelfth St.	Bancroft	1902
Carrie Jensen, 1113 Dominion St.	Forest	1903
Jessie La Chapelle, 2711 South Fourteenth St.	Bancroft	1901
Melvina Lewis, 1523 North Eighteenth St.	Kellom	1899
Albert Lutz, 2601 South Thirteenth St.	Castellar	1895
Anna Lyman, 2317 Vinton St.	Vinton	1905
Harold Moorman, 1912 South Thirty-fourth St.	High	1897
Evelyn E. McDonald, 619 North Forty-fifth St.	Saunders	1899
Margaret Mathews, 2828 California St.	Webster	1900
Gladys McDonald, 619 North Forty-fifth St.	Saunders	1901
Walter Mann, 305 North Twenty-seventh Ave.	Farnam	1901
George Mathews, 2422 Sprague St.	Saratoga	1900
Edward S. Marples, 1178 South Thirty-third St.	High	1895
Anna Porter, 422 North Thirty-first St.	Webster	1900
Gerald Quinlan, 1912 Corby St.	Sacred Heart	1901
Charlie Rolli, 5209 Center St.	Beals	1902
Joseple Rylen, 2409 Davenport St.	Central	1899
Helen Riley, 2806 South Thirty-fourth St.	Windsor	1903
Sarah Ritzo, 1213 William St.	St. Philomena	1904
Rosie Rychnovski, 2934 Castellar St.	Dupont	1896
Mae Stalnaker, 2911 Bristol St.	Lothrop	1903
Oscar Sander, 5118 North Fortieth St.	Central Park	1899
George Saalfeld, 2731 Blondo St.	Long	1896
Helen Sanford, 4820 Florence Boulevard	Saratoga	1896
Carrie Strom, 2767 South Tenth St.	Bancroft	1905
Elva Smith, 3302 Blondo St.	Franklin	1900
Marie L. Schaber, 1929 South Seventeenth St.	St. Joseph	1903
Marian Turner, 3116 Chicago St.	Webster	1904
Joe Tomasec, 407 Center St.	Train	1896
Alfred Vetzu, 1517 Chicago St.	Cass	1905
Ella Francis Wright, Fifty-first and Bristol Sts.	Clifton Hill	1903
Dora Weiss, 1932 South Tenth St.	Lincoln	1905
Mollie Woef, 416 North Twenty-first St.	Central	1897
Willie Wheeler, 1413 North Eighteenth St.	Farnam	1904
Lloud E. Wagner, 4668 Marcy St.	Beals	1903

Amours of Amethyst Jones

When Amethyst Jones' eyes narrow down to almost nothing, and then open very wide, quite filled with a dreamy, opalescent light which is like the light that lies in a woman's eyes when she watches her sleeping babe, we know that he will tell us of a love that made a deep impression on his soul. He is living again some sweet experience which Time has mellowed, which years have made beautiful.

"I shall tell you," said Amethyst, "of one of the dearest and altogether the most surprising love episodes of my young manhood. I say surprising, because she was a Boston girl. Boston girls are popularly supposed to be distant and frigid. Allow me to say, that if one can get the better of distance, one may dispel frigidity. The result is as charming as the discovery of rare jewels, shimmering half hid, let us say, in a fairy drift of immaculate snow.

"I first met sweet Mary Dean in a library in Boston. I saw, first of all her slender and dainty and irreproachable feet, as she stood on a little step ladder placed beside shelves of books. Mary was like an angel, as she reached for a book. It was too high for her to grasp easily, and she had but seized the coveted volume when it fell from her hand and, but for me, would have struck the floor with a dull, sickening thud. I chanced to be so close to Mary that I dexterously caught the volume at the precise instant, and restored it to the lady as she stepped lightly down, her wonderful cheeks suffused with gratitude and blushes. And I knew why. My eyes had caught the title of the book:

"'Love in a Library,'

by

Septimius Garcon.

"I say the lady blushed. The blush of a demure Boston girl is fairer, more delicate than crimson, more radiant than lilies in the sunlight. The most glorious colors of the universe—soft scarlet and matchless white.

"As I handed back the book I slipped my card between its pages. In those youthful, halcyon days I was apt, inventive, quick to conceive, rapid in execution. She placed the book securely under her arm, her lovely eyes looked into mine. Their violet glory caused me to believe that until that moment I had lived in vain. 'Thank you,' she said.

"Her voice was soft as the murmur of a woodland brook. In those two simple words there was music sweeter than I had ever heard. 'You are welcome,' I answered intensely.

"We hesitated, each of us. The New England temperament is judicial, deliberative, and always as calm as possible under the circumstances. The eyes of New England see. She had seen my card.

"'Mr. Jones,' said she, 'Miss Mary Dean would be pleased to have you call upon her at 1714 Summit avenue at 4 tomorrow afternoon, if you are at all bookish. I may add that Miss Dean and myself are identical.'

"I bowed. Never had I bowed more perfectly. The native grace and dignity of Miss Dean was an inspiration. The next afternoon I called upon her. There was no east wind in the abode of Mary Dean. She had been graduated from Wellesley the year before and knew how to keep out east wind.

"We talked, not so much of books that afternoon as of the pretty chance that had made us acquainted. I well recall that when it grew dark we began sitting on the sofa. When it became quite dark her head was upon my shoulder. Neither of us had ever loved before—like that. It was sweet, entrancing, wonderful! Speak not to Amethyst Jones of Boston maids that are too wise, too cold!

"Mary Dean became the love of my life. For the sake of Mary Dean I would have been willing to live forever in Boston. It was but a cruel chance that took me for a little time away from Boston, and Mary."

Amethyst Jones' eyes grew dim. He sighed deeply. At last he overreached himself. He introduced Mr. Garcon to Mary Dean. Of the result he said:

"Now, you know, the chiefest thing in the New England character is a keen, undying, undeniable sense of justice. When Mary Dean met Septimius Garcon, the author of 'Love in a Library,' she was so overwhelmed with the thought that she was indebted to him for having been the primal cause of the great love that—that—she decided at last that it was her duty to marry—Septimius Garcon. Which I may add, was accomplished without resistance on the part of Mr. Garcon.

"But Amethyst Jones possesses, to this day, a farewell letter from Mary Dean which is so sweet, so noble, so just, that his eyes sometimes grow wet when he reads. The memory of Mary Dean is like a faded rose clasped between the leaves of a precious book. We all have such a book."

The Retort Natural.

Judge E. H. Gary, at the steel men's recent dinner in Chicago, said:

"There has sprung up among us a class of demagogues who seem to think that a rich man is necessarily a bad man—that a millionaire is as non-moral as the Altoona schoolboy.

"Tommy, his teacher said to this boy, do you know the difference between right and wrong?'

"'Naw,' Tommy replied.

"'Well,' said his teacher, 'suppose you took your little brother's cake from him, what would you be doing?'

"'Eatin' it,' said he."

Preponderance of Evidence.

"Sorry," said the constable, "but I'll have to arrest ye—you been drivin' along at the rate of fifty miles an hour."

"You are wrong, my friend," said the driver. "I say I wasn't and here's a $10 bill that say's I wasn't."

"All right," returned the constable pocketing the money. "With eleven to one against me I ain't goin' to subject the county to th' expense of a trial."—Harper's.

Pressure Applied.

"It is said that you gave money to the legislature."

"Another untruth!" replied the man who was being investigated. "The legislature took it away from me."—Washington Star.

EXPLAINED

"Why is Claude getting round shouldered?"

"I think he is bent on marriage."