The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Dottie Dialogues

BY WALTER A. SINCLAIR.

This Time it is Pink Circus Lemonade Piffle.

"Spring is profanely heralded by the Cus Twins—Cir and Cro," observed Dottie, as we wended our way through the menagerie toward the big show.

"I suppose the sawdust is furnished by the clown's old saws," I chirped.

"Here we have the leopard, with a private detective constantly in attendance, to keep him spotted," she continued.

"And yonder is the camel, of which the farmer said, 'There hain't no such animal!'" I added.

"To the right, the fee-ro-cious Bengal tagger, the only vegetarian tagger in captivity," she announced, in her circus voice.

"Likewise the roaring Nubian lion, captured in the wilds of Hamburg, Germany," I interposed. "He is called a roaring lion because his Brooklyn attendant feeds him what he calls 'rawr' meat, in place of his usual Hamburg steak."

"Ah, the keeper steaks him to a roar," she comprehended.

"Here we have the celebrated dik-dik, a name some would like to condense to a dix, found in the jungles of Africa and Albany, training with tigers," quoth I.

"And to the left the bandarlog, in their bandarlog cabin," she hinted. "I grow athirst for knowledge."

"Well, I'll negotiate for two gourds of pink lemonade, but mind you, don't try to bite, bend or injure the lemon, as it is placed in the glass purely for ornamental purposes," I sighed. "I am going to patent a plaster of paris lemon slice for circus lemonade."

"Be sure you use fast colors or you'll be guilty of plaster of parlside," she warned as we slipped.

"Mayhap you feel goobernatorial?" I insinuated, feebly.

"What's a circus without peanuts?" she countered. "By all means."

"I'll not buy all, only two sacks," I retorted, indignantly. "What kind of a shell game are you proposing?"

"I thought maybe some of that sticky pink popcorn which adheres to one's fingers and chin would furnish local color," she cooed, hopefully.

"Pop-corn sounds so suggestive of proposals," I demurred.

"Evidently you are not a buffalo," she intimated coldly.

"I don't quite get that," I admitted. "Why buffaloes?"

"The buy sons," she explained, wearily.

"Let us hasten past the baggage room," I cried.

"Old stuff about the elephants' trunks?" she inquired.

"WHILE, TO THE RIGHT—"

"I'm looking for the Mexican hairless dogs of war," I remarked.

"They're now on Chi-wow-wow having a close shave," she snickered.

"After that I'm too faint to stand," I asserted. "Let us hasten in to the main arena in time for the grand entry, presenting a pageant of parading, promenading paragons, a glittering galaxy of gorgeous gayety, a stunning, scintillating sunburst of surprisingly superfluous satiety, a"—

"You don't get paid for that, do you?" she asked, anxiously.

"I was merely sketching a miniature," I expounded.

"Sounded like you were painting the larger canvases, speaking artistically."

"Let us in to see the equestriennes and trapeze soubrettes in their harem skirts, considerably shrunken," I suggested.

"Would you call the damsels who perform on the horizontal bars 'barmaids?'" she queried.

"I might, if I was a bit foggy," I replied. "Hark! The band, again playing that familiar 'umpah' theme. How it takes me back!"

"Just when I wanted to go forward," she said.

"Have you no sentiment when you go to the circus?" I demanded. "What character is your favorite?"

"The ringmaster," said she, emphasizing ing ring and looked into my eyes with the most innocent glance.

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A TRIP TO MARS

THE BEE'S JUNIOR BIRTHDAY BOOK

This is the Day We Celebrate

RALPH REDFIELD,
2004 Binney Street.

March 29, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Ellen M. Atkins, 1739 Park Ave.	Park	1902
Elizabeth Beers, 2301 North Twenty-fourth St.	Long	1904
Elsie M. Christie, 1608 Burdette St.	Lake	1899
Leroy Cremwell, 1501 Lothrop St.	High	1896
Della Detamore, 2016 Charles St.	Kellom	1901
Fern G. Dudley, 1811 North Twenty-sixth St.	Long	1901
Algie Dilly, 1618 Ohio St.	Lake	1900
Florence Goehring, 2724 Blondo St.	Long	1899
Emily Hood, 2114 Grand Ave.	Saratoga	1904
Arthur G. Jensen, 1423 Gust St.	Sherman	1903
Marie Jorgenson, 2427 South Twentieth St.	Castellar	1897
William Lebo, 2222 Izard St.	Kellom	1897
Lena Lokololusky, 2503 South Thirty-fifth St.	Windsor	1905
Florence Moller, 2717 Meredith Ave.	Saratoga	1897
Winnefred Modlin, 3640 Grover St.	Windsor	1901
Marion Osborn, 3118 Corby St.	Howard Kennedy	1895
Margaret A. Ostrom, 1408 South Thirteenth St.	Lincoln	1904
Otis Pedersen, 2910 Franklin St.	Long	1903
August M. Proplesch, Second St. and Boulevard	German Lutheran	1898
Adelbert Pierce, 2608 Franklin St.	Long	1904
Alfred Ryder, 2560 Brown St.	Saratoga	1895
Ralph Redfield, 2004 Binney St.	Lothrop	1903
Mary I. Reed, 4339 Miami St.	Clifton Hill	1905
Harold M. Smith, 2630 Chicago St.	Webster	1900
Grace Shipman, 1416 Jones St.	Leavenworth	1903
Margaret Talmage, 2025 North Nineteenth St.	Lake	1904
Mildred Tompsett, 1613 Lake St.	Lake	1898
Dean Tinker, 311 North Twenty-first St.	Central	1900
Lillie E. Thrane, 1724 South Seventeenth St.	Comenius	1896
Nelson B. Updike, Jr., 3614 Jackson St.	Columbian	1903
Leonard P. Weber, 2225 North Forty-eighth St.	Walnut Hill	1896
Doris E. Ware, 1711 Hickory St.	Comenius	1899
Olivene Wilkins, 2726 Capitol Ave.	Farnam	1904
Hannah Zillich, 2816 Cass St.	Webster	1903
Ben Zalinsky, 2921 South Twenty-sixth St.	Im. Conception	1903

Glad to Have Bunny Back

"Bunny, let's play horse. You be the horse and I'll——"

"But I don't want to play horse, Buster. My cheeks are all hot now."

"That's the way with little sisters. Just when you want to play horse and things the most, why they won't."

"But my head all hurts," whimpered Bunny, as you gently but firmly tied the ropes about her arms and finally caressed away, slashing your whip—which was just a switch—and acting as much like a coachman as memory and circumstances would permit.

Down the path in the garden, around the lilac trees, back to the front porch you drove your prancing steed.

"Is it a minute now," gasped Bunny, sinking down on the veranda steps.

"No, no," you urged, taking her by the hand. Somehow the feel of that tiny hot hand and the queer look on Bunny's face dampened your ardor and you, too, sat on the steps close beside her. Mother came out and found you there, and when you told her you were resting because Bunny was all hot and achy, she was all in a flutter at once. First she smoothed back Bunny's bright hair that was all gold and shiny when the Sun Man peeked through the curls. Then mother looked at Bunny's tongue and felt her wrist. Before you could ask why Bunny couldn't play horse any more, she had been whisked away in mother's arms and was lying in her cool little room with her nightie on in the middle of the day.

For a long time after that you didn't see Bunny any more. There was no one to fight for you when the Jones boys didn't play fair and you couldn't drive because there was no horse. You saved the apple the Cook Lady gave you, three bites of which belonged to Bunny, for days, and were still saving it. Every day you asked, "Will sister play with me tomorrow?" And when you asked, tears would run down mother's cheeks and father would say, "Not tomorrow, my man."

Once, when you had been dreadful quiet all day, and father stayed home and you only saw him and mother once, with their faces all scared and white, you slipped up to Bunny's door and peeked through. You weren't quite sure the little girl that lay so still on the bed was Bunny—she was so thin and all her golden curls were gone. Then when you knew it was little sister you saw they had taken away Teddy, the beautiful white bear, Santa brought her to keep away the Boogie Man, and which slept clasped in her arms every night. Down to the playroom they flew. Perhaps that was why Bunny was so white—she was afraid without Teddy. You found him tucked away with Belinda doll in a play basket. Back to the room you scurried and, without asking mother or father or the woman in the white cap and apron who took care of the bottles and teaspoons, you marched up to the little pale girl on the bed. Leaning close over her shorn head, you said, "Bunny, here is Teddy come to sleep with you."

Slowly Bunny's eyes opened and the corners of her mouth smiled. "Buster—Teddy," she whispered in the weakest little voice that made your throat all tight, you felt so sorry.

Then mother and father had you in their arms. "My man, that is the first word little sister has spoken in a week," said father.

"Father, Buster, she spoke to us—Bunny spoke to us." Mother was laughing and crying both together.

"She just wanted Teddy, that's all. She's afraid without him," you explained.

Dr. Brown came while you were speaking. For a long time he stood by the bed and looked at Bunny. Sometimes he did queer things, like placing his head against her and putting a silver thing in her mouth. Every one was so still they didn't even breathe.

"Roberta is better. The crisis is past," he said in a grave voice. "Something has roused her and awakened her mind to activity."

"When she comes to play with me again I'll give her all my apples," you volunteered, as mother and father each held one of your hands so tightly it hurt. And you were sorry for the Jones boys, who didn't have any little sister to whom to give their apples.

Knock—Another Knock

Women have a bad reputation in one respect. Some men wouldn't give a red cent for their chances of coming out even if they had to deal with women, and among these are men who manage those restaurants where each person helps himself. One of them expressed himself very emphatically the other day to a woman who had evinced an interest in the shortcomings of her sisters.

"If 1,000 men were to come in here and each one ate $1 worth I would have just $1,000," he said, by way of example. "On the other hand, if I should feed 1,000 women and allow them to pick out their own checks I might possibly have $500, but I doubt it. Oh, they are natural born cheats, women are. It seems to be a sixth sense in every woman's makeup to try to get ahead of the person who provides her meals. It isn't lack of money that makes them do it, either; it's dishonesty, pure and simple, that's all."

The woman to whom those horrifying revelations had been made walked away trying to evolve some plan for emancipating her sisters from the web of dishonest propensities in which they had become enmeshed. Outside the restaurant she met a man friend.

"I've just been down there for lunch," he said. "Glorious place; cheap, too. If a fellow has the knack it is dead easy to get a 50-cent meal for a quarter. I work 'em that way nearly every day. They never watch the men, but I tell you they keep a sharp eye on you women."—New York Herald.

Yawn for Your Health

Yawning may be very impolite, but all the same the doctors are now declaring that a good yawn is healthy exercise for the lungs and throat. Dr. Emil Bunzl, the distinguished throat specialist of Vienna, in speaking recently of diseases of the throat and remedies, said that yawning is a valuable exercise and should be encouraged. Morever, yawning has recently been recommended independently as a valuable exercise for the respiratory organs.

According to Dr. Naegli of the University of Luettich, "yawning brings all the respiratory muscles of the chest and throat into action, and is, therefore, the best and most natural means of strengthening them. He advises everybody to yawn as deeply as possible, with arms outstretched, in order to change completely the air in the lungs and stimulate respiration. In many cases he has found the practice relieves the difficulty in swallowing and disturbance of the sense of hearing that accompany catarrh of the throat. The patient is induced to yawn through suggestion, imitation of a preliminary exercise in deep breathing.

"Each treatment consists of from six to eight yawns, each followed by the operation of swallowing. It should be added, however, that it is quite possible for deep breathing to be overdone, particularly by persons with weak hearts, and it is at least open to question whether the obstacles to free respiration, which the yawning cure is alleged to remove, are not useful in preventing the entrance of germs and other foreign bodies."

Persistent Advertising is the Road to Big Returns.

Loretta's Looking Glass—Holds it Up to Girl Who is Domineering

"See that the things are sent at once!" the domineering girl said, with the arrogant, supercilious, self-important air that she always uses to those she considers her inferiors.

But this time she met her match in the little Irish saleswoman, who poised her pencil above her book and said, "Shall I send it care of the president at the White House or Saint Peter at the pearly gate?"

For once the domineering girl was meek. She gave her address like a lady and left the store as soon as possible. For domineering girls do not like to be reduced to their elemental ingredients by a clever "inferior."

That is the reason why the servants, the clerks, the people who are dependent and cannot retaliate for fear of losing their bread and butter jobs are chosen as the victims of the girl who domineers, the ring mistress of modern life.

Oh, but it's a hateful trait! It's just as mean as hitting a man when he is down or picking on an enemy weaker and smaller than yourself. It is doing that!

And you seem to think that you are emphasizing your own importance, impressing people with the size of yourself.

You are making the ones you abuse hate you. You are making every decent-minded person in your own set look down upon you.

The instant you domineer over one who is dependent on you in any way you have reached the vanishing point of your self-respect.

And you make things hideously uncomfortable for those who are inclined or determined to treat servants and clerks and elevator boys and street car conductors as they should be treated.

Wherever you pass you leave a trail of insolence and indignation. The poison of your arrogance puts a kink in the dispositions of perfectly well-disposed people. And an unoffending individual gets a snappy 'step lively.' A demure little lady who does not shout out the number of the floor where she wants to leave the elevator is carried past, and the elevator boy sends "Why don't you say where you want to git off?" hurtling after her. A polite shopper asks to be directed to a department, and the cash girl continues to chew gum as she yells a reply to the stock girl about the location of the milliner's pincers.

The girl who domineers has so abused their natural, justifiable sense of equality that they have to give themselves a few concrete illustrations just to be sure that their independence is in working order.

And the domineering girl talks about her inferiors. She has no inferiors. There can be nothing inferior to the base spirit she manifests.

She has gotten down on the bottom stratum. She is cipher minus in value. There simply can't be anything under her.

Pituitary Gland Potential

Prof. Arthur Keith at the English Royal college of Surgeons, believes giants can be raised in these days. He asserted this belief in a recent lecture on the fossil remains of a giant.

"So far," he said, "we have only unlocked the door of the unknown. We do not know exactly what the room will contain when we enter it, but we think that when we have done that, we shall have the means of regulating the size and stature of body at will. Modern research has proved that the growth of a giant is due to a diseased condition. Recent discoveries relating to the cause of giantism have shown that the key to the growth was found in what is called the pituitary body at the base of the skull.

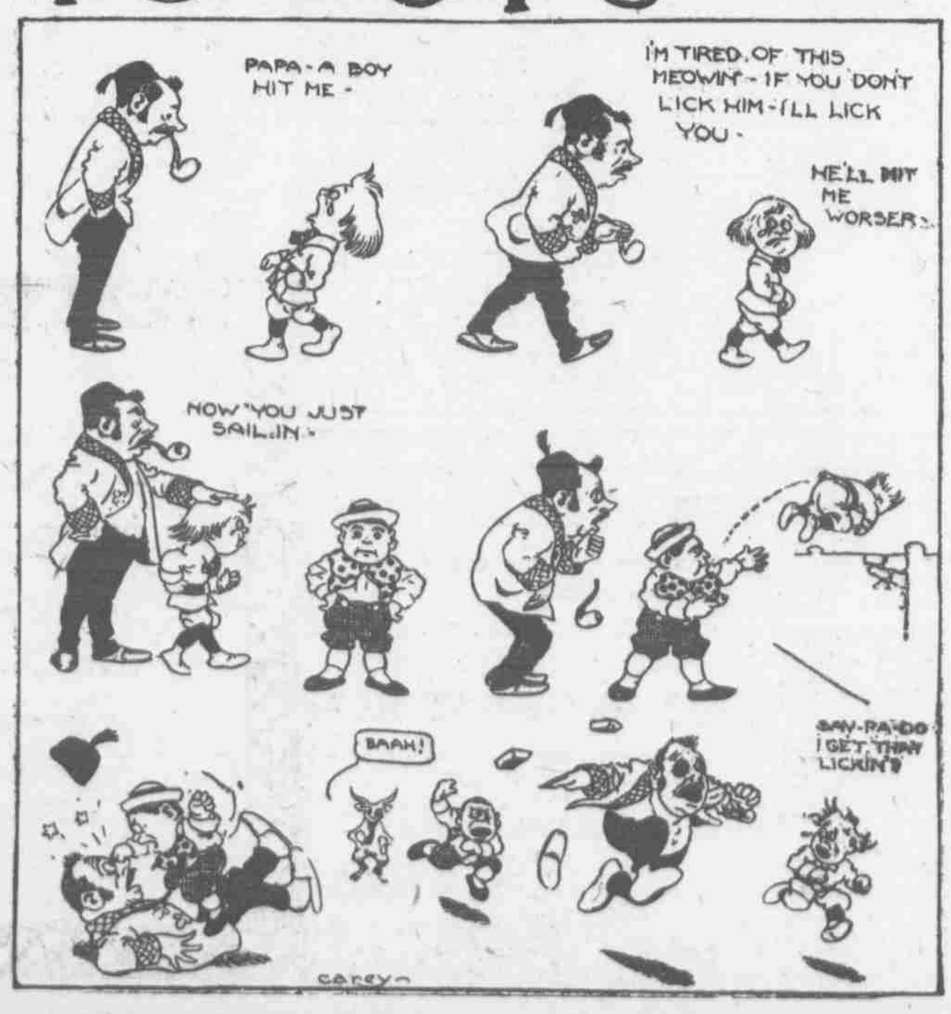
"It is a little thing which would not fill a teaspoon. It is smaller than a grape, and yet we know it to be a thing of very great importance. It was discovered by a French physician, Pierre Mart, who found also that in cases of abnormal growth this small body had entered. He jumped at the idea that it must secret something which somehow affected the growth of the body.

"Now it has been found that in the pituitary gland are secreted a number of liquid substances which are deposited in the blood. Possibly at a future date, scientists may be able to extract that one unknown essential substance and by feeding the subject with it will be able to make the growth go on continuously. Now, normal growth occurs in stages. There are weeks when a child stays the same size. This is followed by weeks when it grows, for the pituitary body is only active by fits.

"When the unknown secretion is too plentiful in adults, it causes unusual stoutness, but in the young, who have not yet finished their growth, an abnormal growth, or giantism, results. Science therefore holds out the hope that people may be able to regulate their heights, and that beauty doctors may be able to work on strictly scientific principles.

"If a lady, for instance, did not think that her nose was symmetrical a doctor could bring it to the shape required by means of a pituital sandwich."

Ye Getting Of Ye Goat



When Nova Scotia Flirted with Uncle Sam

At this time, when certain British colonies are so touchy, apparently, on the possibility of annexation, it will be interesting to read certain resolutions introduced in the Nova Scotia legislature forty years ago. At that time the settlement of the Alabama claims was pending, and some brave spirit put the Nova Scotia sentiment in these words:

"Whereas, The joint high commission appointed by the governments of Great Britain and the United States of America to consider the Alabama claims (so-called), the fishery question and other matters in dispute between these two governments, will shortly sit at Washington; and whereas, it is conceded by the British government that England may be liable to the United States for a large amount on account of the Alabama claims aforesaid; and wherdeas, this house is most desirous that the burden should fall as lightly upon the imperial treasury as possible; therefore,

"Resolved, That this house do immediately, through his excellency the governor general, intimate to her most gracious majesty, the queen, that should she be graciously pleased to cede this province to the United States as payment in part of in full of such claims, sucs cession will meet with the cheerful consent of this house; provided always that the United States will admit this province into the union as a state, with all the rights and privileges now held and enjoyed by any of the states comprising such union containing a like population, and upon such terms, financial or otherwise, as may be agreed upon by such joint high commission, the terms of such cession to be sanctioned by the governments of Great Britain and the United States, and to be ratified by the people of this province at the polls."

Nothing ever came of the movement.

Man Still Gropes Darkly

Prof. T. D. A. Cockrell of the University of Colorado, in Popular Science Monthly, write in interesting fashion of the social conditions likely to exist in the future. He says that in the garden of Eden, at the very beginning of his career, man acquired the sense of sin and was henceforth to be a wanderer in a spiritual as well as a physical sense Hence it comes that we, in this year 1911, think proper to inquire anxiously about the future of our species, an inquiry which would certainly never occur to any other species of mammal.

"Along with the development of the medical and agricultural sciences, we may hope for great advances in social organization, reducing to a minimum the tremendous waste of life and property which goes on today. It is not too much to expect that every individual will be assured all the air, food, clothes and shelter necessary for a normal existence, and will find ample opportunities for exercising such talents as he may possess.

"Liberty will be curtailed in so far as it permits anti-social activities, but it will be tremendously extended, in the form of practical opportunities, to develop ordinary or special abilities.

"All this may be a long way ahead, and there may exist great differences as to the program for the near future; but I suppose that few will deny that such outcome as that indicated should logically follow from indefinite advance in the direction we are even now taking."

A Tearful Recital.

"Gentlemen," said an American, who had been listening to some "steep" stories, "you have all done your best, but I think my yarn will make yours look small. I was once treed by a most ferocious bull moose. To make matters worse, my ammunition gave out. As I thought of the loved ones at home tears came in my eyes, rolled down on to the palm of my hand, and froze hard as marbles. A happy thought flashed through my mind. Taking the frozen tears, I rammed them into my gun, blazed away, killed the moose, and then, gentlemen, and then—"

The story-teller's audience filed out.—Tit-Bits.