The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Undoing of Mr. Uplift

BY LAFAYETTE PARKS.

"Welcome to Our City, Hiram," Argued by Father vs. Son.

"See that a Chicago banker blames the city girls for luring young men from the farm," observes Mr. Uplift, when the apple of his eye wanders in for the regular social duet.

"Welcome to our city, Hiram!" exclaimed young Mr. Uplift, as he reclines on the tufted leather couch to puff his cigarette.

"He says the young women school teachers direct the thoughts of the boy pupils toward the cities," explains Father.

"I can see little Bright Eyes from Broadway telling her boys to gather around her knee while she tells them about the sights of a great city," imagines Son. "After a few lessons in how to look at the bright lights without blinking you can bet even money that all of dear teacher's pupils would cry that the old homestead was never like that."

"I dare say," ventures Father, "that a young woman school teacher might have considerable influence over pupils in a country or district school. I know that when I was a boy on the farm and went to the little old red school house we thought a good deal of our teacher."

"Do we love our teacher?" queries Son. "If she comes from New York—certainly we love our teacher. And believe me, when the school is closed in the good old summertime, and the schoolma'm hikes back to town, every Rube that can raise the price will go down to the city, b'gosh, to call on dear teacher."

"This banker avers that these young women paint in glowing colors the life of a great city," continues Father, "thus working on the imagination of her boy pupils."

"Some of those gay young schoolma'ms are some painters, too," declares Son, "for your only son has had the honor of aiding a few of them to embellish dear old Broadway."

"She tells the farmer boys of the great sums of money they can make in the big cities, I suppose," thinks Father.

"Probably doesn't mention the large wads of dough that they can spend, provided they've got it," surmises Son. "If they only knew that a month's pay as a hired hand on the old homestead would probably buy about three rounds for the bunch doing the great White Way, they might not run so fast to catch the first train out of the village."

"As a matter of fact," argues Father, "there are many young men who would be better off raising corn on a farm than they are working in city offices."

HIS THOUGHTS ARE DIRECTED TOWARD THE CITY.

"At that, the city chaps raise considerable corn, but it's mostly in liquid form," retorts Son, "and will never do the starving millions in India much good."

"Our country school teachers ought to be warned about this danger," remonstrated Father, "so that the farms will not become entirely deserted by the youths."

"If a merry little skirt—harem or otherwise—got upon the schoolhouse platform and told the boys that the city is no place for a farmer's son, do you think that even a bunch of Hirams would fall for that advice?" demands Son of his honored parent. "Even a rube doesn't like to be told he's a dead one."

"Perhaps it could be done somewhat more diplomatically than that," suggests Father. "They could be shown how the high cost of living can be reduced only through the farm."

"If I were a rube that surely would make a hit with me," says Son. "If I thought I could reduce the price of lobsters in Broadway by sticking to the old farm for life, would your little Willie be a hero? Yes I would—not!"

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A TRIP TO MARS

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The Bee's Junior Birthday Book

This is the Day We Celebrate

THURSDAY, April 6, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Lawrence Allen, 4709 Hamilton St.	Walnut Hill	1900
Gertrude E. Berndes, 1031 North Thirty-fourth St.	Franklin	1901
Everett Baumwart, 3412 Evans St.	Howard Kennedy	1898
Rebecca Brown, 421 North Thirteenth St.	Cass	1894
Clarence Bastian, 422 Cedar St.	Train	1904
Leota Clark, 2616 Decatur St.	Long	1897
Ivo Cruse, 1622 Elm St.	Castellar	1895
Mary Devine, 2714 Yates St.	Sacred Heart	1903
Esther Dalby, 2863 Miami St.	Howard Kennedy	1897
John K. Dirfee, 137 North Thirty-seventh St.	High	1895
Harry Frahm, 4503 Leavenworth St.	Beals	1895
Stephen J. Grogan, 2821 North Nineteenth Ave.	Sacred Heart	1901
Walter A. Gilbert, 1316 Hickory St.	Comenius	1898
Mary Golden, 2019 Pratt St.	Druid Hill	1903
Grace Mabel Hale, 2135 South Fifteenth St.	Edward Rosewater	1903
Raymond Iseminger, 3001 South Sixteenth St.	Castellar	1899
Mildred Jensen, 4111 Corby St.	Clifton Hill	1904
Junior Jacolson, 3222 South Twenty-third St.	Vinton	1904
Al Kelpin, 3028 Burdette St.	High	1895
Lena Lipsey, 1514 North Nineteenth St.	Kellom	1897
Mary Lorig, 3179 South Thirteenth St.	Edward Rosewater	1899
Abe Lemper, 1705 North Twenty-fourth St.	Long	1903
Elsie McLean, 419 South Nineteenth St.	Leavenworth	1899
Fred W. Merriel, 2606 South Thirty-second St.	Windsor	1900
Eddie Minardi, 1042 South Twenty-second St.	Mason	1896
Willie Pblinger, 2420 Hamilton St.	Kellom	1903
J. Wesley Poff, 3115 Franklin St.	Franklin	1897
Richard F. Pravitz, 1328 South Twenty-sixth St.	Park	1895
Clara Rolen, 1107 South Twelfth St.	Pacific	1900
Charles Sheppard, 1519 Charles St.	Holy Family	1900
Joe Swoboda, 42 West Arbor St.	Windsor	1903
Frank Schutz, 2608 Hamilton St.	Long	1904
Annie Segelman, 1903 South Eleventh St.	Lincoln	1896
Leonard Scheibel, 4116 Farnam St.	Saunders	1898
Mildred Valentine, 2236 Farnam St.	Central	1902
Roswell Weeks, 3508 Jackson St.	High	1893
Esther Workman, 531 South Thirty-sixth St.	Columbian	1901
Roy Heath Warren, 814 South Thirty-eighth Ave.	Columbian	1897
Harold Zweifel, 2245 North Twentieth St.	Lake	1903

History of Transportation

Charles J. Lane and D. C. Buell of the Union Pacific railroad staff have just finished the compilation covering the history of transportation from the earliest times to the present day. The work is copyrighted, but The Bee has arranged to print an installment of the work each day, on this page. The first installment deals with the beginning of water transportation:

The history of transportation evidently began with man's discovery that wood would float on water.

While hieroglyphic records and illustrated tablets flash an occasional suggestion of seaworthy ships as far back as 4000 B. C., and while later records touch incidentally upon the barge traffic on the Chaldean canals and the Tigris and the Euphrates rivers, the first real awakening to the necessity of transportation as a stimulus to an improved civilization seems to have come to the ancient Phoenicians centuries before the Christian era.

The publications of the Grolier society and the researches conducted by others interested in Egyptology have revealed prehistoric inscriptions, convincing to a degree, of many astonishing achievements in navigation and in business accounting, as well as an alphabet to represent human speech. However, careful readers are left to the conclusion that not until several centuries later did the "Phoenician spirit" of activity make itself felt.

This great Phoenician people must be credited with the mastery of the arts of money coining, metal working, glass making, dyeing and weaving, and with the invention of the first alphabet comprehensive enough to meet the requirements of communication, accounting and recording. The distinguishing enterprise and business acumen of this great people marked unmistakably the first progressive step taken in the direction of a new commercial life. Their aggressiveness carried them far beyond the consuming markets of the eastern Mediterranean shores. Arabia, Lybia (Africa) and the orient were near, yet remote because of lack of transportation facilities. These early "trade expansionists" thereupon turned their attention to the art of shipbuilding. Their "ships of Tyre," "Assyrian roadways and "cloths of Sidon" soon put them in touch with the world's markets and gave them commercial supremacy.

These "captains of industry" left little to interest the archaeologist. They avoided wars of conquest. They were content to let others bring powerful nations to subjection, build pyramids, "hanging gardens of Babylon," temples and playhouses, while they carved an ineffaceable industrial record on the tablets of time—they carved fortunes instead of marble.

It seems fitting to review this old record to show the important part transportation facilities have played in the affairs of men since civilization began, because this Phoenician example has been an inspiration to succeeding generations. From this small beginning transportation development has gone on throughout Europe and Asia with but little interruption, keeping pace with the progress of nations—an indispensable aid to their advancement.

(To Be Continued.)

Old Toothache Cures

If it be true that ancient remedies are always the best, it may be of interest to those afflicted with dental troubles to know how the ancient Romans dealt with such ills. The Quirites recognized two types of treatment, the magical and the medical. The following—we quote "The Hospital"—are some of the prescriptions advised by the magicians:

Take the head of a dog that has died of rabies, mix the ash with oil of cyprus and inject the product into the ear of the affected side.

A water snake's vertebra will serve to scarify the gum provided that it be obtained from a white skinned snake. Or for the same purpose may be used a lizard's frontal bone obtained when the moon is full, or, if that fail, a chicken bone will do, provided that it be dried in a hole in a wall and thrown away immediately after used.

It is good treatment to inject into an aching ear oil of lemon, in which has been macerated either mallow bugs or sparrows' dung, even should this last give rise to itching.

A worm fed on a particular herb or a cabbage caterpillar can conveniently be placed in a hollow tooth, but it is equally simple to chew an adder's heart.

Prevention being better than cure, a sovereign preventive will be found in the eating of two rats a month.

Proofreader's Plaything

Hyphen (-)—A short dash indicating quality and exclusiveness. E. g., Mrs. Gobbes-Golde.

Dollar Mark ($)—A golden character placed at the beginning of numeral modifiers because all the world is after it.

Period (.)—A mark used to set off the forty-three component parts of a Henry James sentence.

Apostrophe (')—A tiny character denoting possession. Obsolete with the ultimate consumer.

Per Cent Mark (%)—A Hebraic character indicating the amount of interest the pawnbroker can be expected to take in the tale of your woes.

Etaoin shrdlu—Linotype profanity induced by assaulting the wrong key.

Dashes (— — —)—A series of horizontal marks used as a spur to the reader's imagination when the author runs out of appropriate emotion. E. g., "Heavens!" she gasped. "Why— What— Who would—"

Exclamation Point (!)—A screamer used at the close of Speaker Cannon's terse sentences.

Parallel Columns—A device used to confound a peerless leader by comparing the sageness of later years with the indiscretions of his youth. Also used as a check on plagiarism.

Quotation Marks (" ")—Apostrophe twins used to place the responsibility on someone else.

—Stuart B. Stone, in Smart Set.

Tit for Tat.

"He seems to know all the best people in town, and yet I've never seen him with them."

"No, they know him."

Evolution.

On well-flaked corn I chewed this morn—
I want no meat in mine!
At noon I'll get a wheat briquette—
That's fine!

At the close of day, of well chopped hay
My heavy meal shall be;
And I'll grow strong and dance along—
Whoopee!

My life seems new, my body, too,
Since food I've taken raw;
So now in praise my voice I raise—
Heehaw!

—Charles C. Jones in Lippincott's.

"Real Considerate"

"They may say what they please about Mabel Walloper," said old Mrs. Jimmerson, as she poured out her husband's tea the other night, while the rain fell in torrents outside. "She may be frivolous—indeed, I know she is frivolous—and one of the worst little flirts in town, and the way she treats poor Hiram Winkletop is all that anybody who chooses to criticise her for it may say about her. Then she is the bossiest woman from here to Skowhegan—there isn't a pie in this town that she isn't eternally trying to get her finger in; and I don't wonder the minister's wife hates her, the way she goes in to run everything from the Sunday school up to the Sewing society; but all the same she is a considerate woman—mighty considerate. I don't know another woman who would do what she did today."

"What did she do today?" asked Jimmerson, who had his own opinions as to the lady's good points.

"Why, when this perfect deluge of rain started in this afternoon she remembered that the last time she was here at our meeting of the Browning club she had borrowed our umbrella," said Mrs. Jimmerson enthusiastically, "and without hesitating a minute, she put on her hat and waterproof coat and came all the way over here in that raging storm to return it. I think that was mighty thoughtful and nice of her. Don't you?"

"I certainly do," said Jimmerson. "I shouldn't have thought it of her."

"I guess we've done her an injustice," said Mrs. Jimmerson, "but hereafter I shall know better. I don't think I should have ventured out on a day like this on such an errand."

"Well, I'm mighty glad she did it," said Jimmerson. "Mighty glad. I've got to go back to the store for a little while this evening, and that bumbershoot will come in handy."

Mrs. Jimmerson's face flushed, and she coughed in an embarrassed way.

"Why, Tom, I'm sorry, but you can't have it, dear," she said.

"Why not?" demanded Jimmerson.

"Why," said Mrs. Jimmerson, "it was raining so hard that I had to lend it to Mabel again to go home with. I couldn't do anything else after she had been so thoughtful as to bring it back."—John Kendrick Bangs in Lippincott's.

Daily Health Hint

Children should be kept in the open air as much as possible, and not artificially impeded in any way. Let them act out their nature so far as possible.

Is a structure which usually consoles the architect for a hovel on earth—Dulcimer Dawson.

Loretta's Looking Glass—She Holds it Up to the Girl Who Grafts

A hornet's nest with its occupants in active hostility would be only a mild suggestion of the state of your temper if any one were to accuse you of appropriating what did not belong to you.

Yet you are constantly doing it. Only yesterday you worked with the subtlety, the quiet and the precision of a safebreaker to secure your spring suit at a reduction. You know the manager of a certain large wholesale suit house. On him you practiced your clever wiles. No ward politician ever connived and schemed with the singlehearted devotion that characterized your treatment of the manager. Gradually you placed him in such a position that, without seeming niggardly and discourteous, he could not avoid offering to get you a suit at wholesale.

You were engaged in the ungentle art of grafting. You were getting what commonplace and inelegant people call a "rake-off." Besides forcing the man to sell the suit at cost, you complicated his position by saddling on him the responsibility of a special order for which you paid the wholesale price. But did you care? Do you ever consider, in your mania for getting something for nothing, the trouble, the embarrassment and the expense in which you involve your victims?

You are the girl who goes shopping with a girl friend and lets her pay the car fare. You always protest, but you always consent.

You have a cosy little habit of settling down about lunch time in the office of some man friend. Of course, the clock gives undeniable evidence that it is time to eat. If left to himself, he would save time and money by visiting the nearest dairy lunch, but his courtesy and his pride forbid his taking you to the practical, but inelegant, lunch counter. He invites you to lunch with him. It costs him $3. He spends an hour and a half of his time.

And you go on your way rejoicing. You have gotten your luncheon for nothing.

You have an acquaintance who is a dressmaker. You inveigle her into letting you do your shopping on her account, getting the discount allowed her.

You know a man who has charge of the box office at a theater. In spite of the sign prominently posted above the window, "No free list," you sidle insinuatingly up to him and suggest that if there are any vacant seats "I would love to see the show."

Men are weak creatures where women are concerned. I do not profess to know all the kinds of men extant; but this I do know: There is not one man in fifty who can refuse a woman anything for which she asks, if he is in a position to give without actually losing his place. So, of course, you get a seat for the matinee.

You are the one exception that proves the rule—something is never given for nothing. Your whole day is a succession of detailed evidence that you get about everything you want without paying the price that others have to give.

Of course, you pay your self-respect. You give your dignity. You achieve first place on the list of public nuisances. But you do not value self-respect and dignity. You do not mind being a bother if you get what you want. So—you go on grafting.

The Monte in the Eye

"Are you looking for Alexandria?" Alfred Rice, a stout, fair, prosperous man, discontinued his third time around the deck to stop beside the Rev. Eugene McCord.

Still sweeping the line of sea and sky, the minister replied: "Well, when we passed the Crete mountains yesterday I knew it would soon be time to look. Can't see anything, though. Have a look?" Passing the glasses to Rice, he sauntered over to his steamer chair. The Rev. Eugene McCord was dark, and handsome in an intellectual way. The firmness of his mouth was partly youth and the positiveness of its convictions; even more, a bequest from Covananter forbears. He lounged in half-conscious grace, and glanced at random through a book he had picked up. "How's this?" he said to Rice, who had dropped into a companion chair, and was lighting a cigarette.

"To my wife,
Whose creed is her life.

"Yes. That's good." He turned to the name on the back of the book. "Ah, Craig—Stafford Craig. I know his works. A man with a heart and a soul."

"Mac," asked Rice suddenly, "can a woman have too much religion?"

"I wish one had more," growled the young parson.

"Absent treatment a bit out of your line, I take it?" jollied the other.

"She was a California girl. I see her now"—closing his eyes dreamily—"in white, her arms filled with poppies that nearly matched the gold of her hair—a twisty live oak for background—green against the burnt yellow of the fields. Ah, California!" he sighed. "But her religion was all wrong—rather, she hadn't much at all. I don't know how it is in those English colonies in Africa, where you have lived; but in the states, if you're of the east, you can't dodge it; you've got to take sides for or against religion. Something impels you. But out there—well, it's different. They can let it alone. A physical exuberance, outgrowth of their glorious climate, carries them along. They don't miss the peace of faith."

Rice walked to the rail and tossed overboard his cigarette. "My turn! I met her in Honolulu. She was ravishing—the kind that has a fluttering coo in her voice; but down deep she required a religion. I had none. She was the kind that could get you into heaven through her smile—but I wasn't cad enough to go that way."

Next day the two men met in Cook's at Cairo. They were both bound for the Uper Nile valley. While waiting their turn, they fell into conversation with a pleasant-faced fellow who, having just returned from there, gave them timely suggestions. They were speaking of him that evening as they sat at dinner in Shepheard's red upholstered dining room, and listened to the music from the back room.

"Nice chap," said Rice. "I liked his way."

"Yes. Very obliging. He must have"—The Rev. Eugene stopped short in his sentence. His eyes were fixed on a lady in white, and a gentleman who advanced the length of the room with her. The orange of poppy fields in far-away California gleamed in her hair. Rice followed his glance, but, missing the lady as she passed behind a post, saw only the man.

"Well," he said, "speaking of angels—our friend at Cook's." Suddenly he, too, stopped.

The lady, now abreast of them, started, hesitated in uncertain recognition, then, as each sprang to his feet, unconscious of the other, extended her hand in gracious greeting.

"You here! Both of you! And you know each other?" she fluttered coingly.

"Alicia—Miss Noyes," began the little minister, his eyes speaking where his tongue left off.

"When did you arrive?" asked Rice, the lazy nonchalance gone from his voice. "I did not see your name on the register."

"Perhaps you did not know when you saw it," bantered the lady archly. "Let me introduce my husband. Stafford, you must meet these two old friends of mine. Mr. Rice—Mr. Craig. Mr. Rice was with us on the Doric from Yokohama to Honolulu. And this is the Rev. Mr. McCord, whom I knew in California. But your soup is growing cold. You have just come? Then you will go with us tomorrow at 10 to the pyramids and the sphynx? And lunch with us out there at the Mena House? Until tomorrow, then." Alicia Noyes Craig passed on with her husband.

"The 'sphynx,' indeed," commented Rice.

McCord amended softly, "'Whose creed is her life.'"—Gertrude Morrison in Lippincott's.

Handy Definitions

Genealogy—The art whereby the coachman is put inside the coach by his wealthy grandson—provided the old man has been dead long enough.

Dot—The sum set aside by the bride to pay the expenses of the divorce.

Proprety: Real—Anything sufficiently stable to support a mortgage. Personal—Anything you successfully hide from your wife. Unreal—Your umbrella, the instant it is out of sight.

Bill—An unwelcome statement of a disagreeable fact.

Hangings—Textile articles strung around a room for the purpose of retaining the odor of tobacco and thus providing a gentle stimulus to breakfast table conversation.

Vanity—A purely personal opinion that is pathetic because it is so lonesome.

Virtue—A costly foible that we spend more time praising that practicing.

Modesty—Keep your right hand behind your back while your left hand drops a button into the plate.

Forethought—Making over your property to your wife a sufficient time before the crash to prevent the court from setting aside the transfer.

Sealskin—See cat.

Wisdom—The ability to wear a pair of spectacles impressively and to get people to tell each other how much you know.—D. B. Van Buren in Smart Set.

Willie Listen!

The neighbors of a certain woman in a New England town maintain that this lady entertains some very peculiar notions touching the training of children. Local opinion ascribes these oddities on her part to the fact that she attended normal school for one year just before her marriage.

Said one neighbor: "She does a lot of funny things. What do you suppose I heard her say to that boy of hers this afternoon?"

"I dunno. What was it?"

"Well, you know her husband cut his finger badly yesterday with a hay cutter; and this afternoon as I was goin' by the house I heard her say,

"'Now, William, you must be a very good boy, for your father has injured his hand, and if you are naughty he won't be able to whip you.'"—Lippincott's.

We shouldn't always judge by appearances, but it's hard to make a pretty girl understand this.

WHAT HE COULD DO.

"Do you want work?"
"What kind of work, boss?"
"Can you do anything with a shovel?"
"I could fry a piece of ham on it."

SURPRISING.

"I hear she is quite a sculptress."
"Well, she doesn't cut much of a figure in society."

MAIN REASON.

"What is their main reason for wanting a divorce?"
"The fact that they are married."

NO SPARE ROOM.

"Do you live within your income?"
"I do. But I'm awfully crowded for space."

WHICH?

"Look, Edna! Here comes Mrs. de Style. Now, shall I please her by complimenting her on her new costume, or please myself and tell her what I really think about it?"