

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Dottie Dialogues

Wild Throws and Some Right Over the Plate.

Speaking of the opening game, are you going to take anyone to the diamond?" asked Dottie, innocently.

"I'd rather take a diamond to— Very dangerous weather we're having. I compromised, lamely.

"You don't enthuse about the bleachers," she accused.

"I prefer brunettes to remain as nature made them," I avoided.

"One might almost consider your attitude a grand stand-off," she remarked.

"I carry accident insurance only. It doesn't cover pneumonia or drowning by rain," I explained meekly.

"Then I can't consider you a fan?" she questioned, raising her perfectly penciled and stented eyebrows.

"A fan is indispensable to a coquette," I observed.

"But you think—or do you think?" she ended, abruptly.

"Occasionally," I replied. "Answering yours of recent date, would say that the weather is hardly warm enough to warrant the presence of a fan."

"It does seem cooler," she retorted, icily.

"I see the Japanese have engaged a base ball coach," I began.

"Coach and four?" she asked.

"Coach and nine," I corrected.

"I suppose there will be a new style of Japanese fans," she mused.

"Anyhow, there will be plenty of policemen at the opening game," I offered.

"To prevent players from stealing bases?" she giggled.

"Nobody steals tenors, even though the Black Hand threatened to kidnap one," I murmured.

"Meanwhile you will be 'spiked at home,'" she queried.

"I never could throw a pop bottle with any degree of accuracy," I apologized.

"Referring to when the ump is caught in the throes of anger?" she demanded.

"I suppose the spirit of the mob needs a pop-off or safety valve."

"But is it safety for the ump?" I countered.

"Occultists have certified that the umpires have first-class eyes."

"They'll have first-class black eyes before the season is old," I predicted.

"When they ascend for altitude we can quote 'Upward the course of umpire takes its way,' can't we?" she interrogated.

"You'll have to excuse me, I'm a stranger here myself," I demurred.

"I suppose if a flat fight were held on the ball grounds you could refer to the arena as a diamond ring," she supposed.

"You keep bringing the subject around to that every time," I complained.

"You don't find it an engaging topic?" she queried, coldly.



"POP BOTTLE."

"Entirely too engaging," I objected.

"Of course. In case of rain, the diamond would be in soak," she added.

"The pagan tongue speaks a strange language to me," I lied.

"You wouldn't comprehend what happened if a swatman binged a lawnmower to the right garden?" she exclaimed, shocked.

"I wouldn't even guess what was going on if a willow-waver bashed the cone for three," I admitted, "or if a timber swinger ampled into a pair of new shoes."

"Then you didn't get tickets?" she mourned.

"No, I bought the rain checks outright," I confessed.

"Why are you different from the Chicago Nationals?" she riddled.

"Be it Evers O' humble, I've no place like home," I compromised, knowing well what the real answer was. "Home is where the scores are."

"Home would be overcrowded with half a dozen," she informed. "The correct answer to this baffling puzzle is: 'Because you haven't.'"

"Oh, say not so!" I pleaded, trying to head off the crash.

"Got a Chance?" she finished.

"Not even a Miss Chance?" I asked, wistfully.

"Well, of course, if it was some nice, forgiving Miss"—she amended.

"Of course the opportunity to ring in that play"—I hinted.

"It was a hit with me," she admitted.

"A base hit?"

"Say no more," I chirped; "I will delay that home run."

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## PUDGE PERKINS' PETS



## The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book



This is the Day We Celebrate

April 13, 1911.

JULIAN L. HARRIS  
815 South Twenty-second Street.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Elizabeth Backer, 911 North Seventeenth St.	Kellom	1905
Mamie Barowsky, First and Spring Sts.	Bancroft	1904
Arthur Biesdorf, 320 North Twenty-sixth St.	Webster	1901
Lots Baxter, 816 South Twenty-second St.	Mason	1906
Victoria Clendlin, 222 North Thirtieth St.	Cass	1897
Gretheen L. Childs, 812 South Twenty-fifth Ave.	Mason	1897
Max Corenman, 805 South Seventh St.	Pacific	1904
Ernest Cathro, 1703 South Tenth St.	Lincoln	1894
Bert W. Creswell, 2944 Arbor St.	Windsor	1895
Earl H. Cathers, 1703 South Tenth St.	Lincoln	1896
Henry Drexel, 2032 Elm St.	Gastellar	1899
Herbert B. Bedding, 2417 Decatur St.	High	1882
Roy P. Flesher, 915 North Twenty-second St.	Kellom	1906
Izbie Fanger, 2623 Seward St.	Long	1897
Nafie Ferris, 1122 South Thirtieth St.	Pacific	1906
Ray Garbers, 514 South Nineteenth St.	Central	1900
June B. Gunter, 5916 North Thirty-third Ave.	Central Park	1902
Thomas Grady, 3518 Mason St.	Columbian	1904
Willie Haarman, 2430 South Twentieth St.	Gastellar	1896
Julian Harris, 515 South Twenty-second St.	Central	1901
Ellie M. Harrington, 814 South Fifteenth St.	Leavenworth	1905
Willie Hogarty, 1813 Paul St.	Kellom	1904
Walter Johnson, 415 South Nineteenth St.	Leavenworth	1896
Walter Johnson, 1146 North Sixteenth St.	Kellom	1896
Mabel Kitcher, 2614 North Eighteenth St.	Lake	1897
Frieda Komrofski, 2424 Oak St.	Vinton	1900
Anna Klostermeyer, 2709 South Sixteenth St.	Gastellar	1896
Ruth Leitler, 1924 South Seventeenth St.	Gastellar	1904
Beattie Morton, 811 North Fortieth St.	Saunders	1897
Hazel M. McClure, 1624 Pratt St.	Lothrop	1897
Arthur P. Miller, 3125 Mason St.	Park	1897
Orin J. Miller, 5012 North Forty-second St.	Monmouth Park	1896
Leslie Noel, 2420 Ellison Ave.	High	1894
Henry Newman, 2811 Davenport St.	Cass	1896
Carl Olson, 1527 North Twentieth St.	Kellom	1900
Pearl Palmer, 3015 Oak St.	Windsor	1901
Heleen A. Parish, 3616 Lincoln Boulevard	Franklin	1899
William L. Rice, 3620 Grand Ave.	High	1894
Edwin Radinsky, 3716 North Nineteenth St.	Lothrop	1901
Patey Rubert, 2230 Pierce St.	Mason	1905
John Reddan, 4416 North Thirty-first St.	Monmouth Park	1896
Eme A. Roberts, 2218 Binney St.	Lothrop	1901
James D. Smith, Thirtieth and Marcy Sts.	Park	1899
Clara Schneider, 3122 Burdette St.	Howard Kennedy	1900
Mercedes Spong, 2221 Dodge St.	Central	1903
William Stepanek, 3130 South Sixth St.	Vinton	1896
Edgar Thompson, 2717 Bristol St.	Lothrop	1898
Ross Wolfbauer, 3410 South Thirtieth St.	St. Joseph	1905
George William Young, 2853 Miami St.	Sacred Heart	1901

## Increasing Popularity of Short Coats

NEW YORK, April 11.—From the exaggerated eccentric French fashions introduced during the early part of this season are gradually being evolved costumes suitable for the more conservative American woman. A clever adapting of line here, a deft lengthening of the sleeve or waist where this is needed, an added fullness in between pleats in the walking skirt and the American dressmaker turns out a gown up to date, but not portraying the fads of the moment which live for so short a while that the gown upon which they are adopted looks old-fashioned before the season in which it was made is past.

Among the French models which are brought into this country in such great numbers there is a steadily increasing number of short jackets on the elaborate afternoon costumes of silk and embroidered linen, as well as with the simpler coat and skirt suits of serge, mohair and the dark blues. Some of these models are on the order of a long bolero—long, that is, as compared with the regulation small Spanish bolero. The Eton coat is seen in many variations again, and for warm weather this is a serviceable and comfortable style of jacket. The Eton coats have considerable braiding and there is on most models a wide sailor collar. On the summer suits the newest collars are of mousseline or sheer lawn. The collar is, of course, separate and fastened to the jacket by small lace buttons so that it can be easily removed and laundered. In hot weather these wide white collars look delightfully cool and fresh, but there must, of course, be two or three such collars provided, since, if not perfectly crisp and fresh, they had far better be dispensed with altogether.

Mohair is a good weight for a coat and skirt costumes all during the summer, and for any sort of traveling a mohair costume is excellent. For a commuter who must spend a part of each day in the train, a mohair suit made with plain skirt and short coat will prove most serviceable. Deep purple, navy blue and black are the favorite colors in mohair, while there are many new striped, check and figured mohairs which are smart.

Wide braids, the color of the material is the best trimming on a short mohair coat, with collars and cuffs in white or cream mohair.

A particularly smart little suit showing the popular short jacket or coat is illustrated in the figure above. This was fashioned of a deep purple serge with rows of narrow black braid for trimming. The

braided outlined the collar and cuffs and trimmed the lower edge of the skirt. The skirt was an especially desirable model in that its construction allowed of perfect freedom in walking and yet did not depart from the becoming and stylish straight, narrow lines of the season.

A useful style of dress from now on is



SUPERSTITIOUS

"But why did she marry him?" Superstition, my dear. She noticed that she always won when she met him at a bridge party, so she took him as a mascot.

## Sir Almroth Wright Attacks Hygiene

The English people, whose pet vanity it is still to think that they are the only really clean nation in the world, read with pain Sir Almroth Wright's attack on the most cherished popular notions of hygiene. Washing, fresh air, physical exercise—all these and many another cherished principle he scoffed at.

Sir Almroth Wright is not a nobody. Other members of the medical profession speak of him as "undoubtedly one of the cleverest men living." The lives of countless thousands of children are said to have been saved by his advocacy of increasing the coagulability of the blood, and the master achievement of his life was his discovery of the Oponic index and vaccines.

According to Sir Almroth, the washing idea is very much overdone.

"People say you must have had exercise, a certain amount of washing and a certain amount of fresh air," said Sir Almroth, "but I am persuaded that these rules are quite wrong."

Talking of washing, he said: "There is a belief that by washing people wash off the microbes. We do take off a certain amount of microbes, but we also destroy the protective skin which is all around our bodies like the tiles of a house. When one has a horny hand no microbe can ever get near the skin. A great deal of washing increases the microbes of the skin, so I do not think cleanliness is to be recommended as a hygienic method."

Fresh air fared no better.

"The religion of fresh air," he declared, "has all sorts of dangerous sides to it. The fresh air treatment for consumption I hold to be a dreadful superstition."

At the London hospital not long ago certain men were put in a glass cage. Finally the air became very hot and the men became very sleepy. Then the doctor, by a cunning arrangement, without letting in a drop of fresh air, stirred the vitiated air up and the men became lively again.

"The whole of the doctrine of fresh air requires revision. It is awkward to be in a crowded room because it gets hot, but that upon these effects a whole theory should be built up and large amounts spent on fresh air is deplorable."

After disposing in this ruthless fashion of both cleanliness and fresh air, Sir Almroth attacked the doctrine of prevention being better than cure.

"I have noticed," he said, "on the circulars of the Health society the phrase, 'Prevention is better than cure.' I would like to stamp that out. We should wait until we are infected and then take steps to kill the microbes. An Kruger said, 'Let them wait till the tortoise puts its head out and then kill it.' Hygiene is a question of fighting microbes. The program has been to kill the microbe outside the body. That is very difficult to do.

"Against this policy we have the policy of killing the microbe inside the body, and that can be done if we take the trouble to study it. The body has preservative and destructive substances and these can be enlisted in the fight. Research is necessary.

"It is no good filling hospitals with people we do not know how to treat. I have seen twenty-one doctors around a rich man's bed and not one of them knew anything about him."

Elsewhere in this heterodox pronouncement Sir Almroth Wright said:

"I do not feel that with regard to public hygiene, domestic hygiene or private hygiene we have reached any valuable knowledge and if we never apply that which we have we shall not be much worse."

## King George No Slouch

The present King George in his younger days visited Canada in company with the duke of Clarence. One night at a ball in Quebec given in honor of the two royalties, the younger prince devoted his time exclusively to the young ladies, paying little or no attention to the elderly ones and chaperons.

His brother reprimanded him, pointing out to him his social position and his duty as well. "That's all right," said the young prince. "There are two of us. You go and sing 'God save your grandmother,' while I dance with the girls."—Ladies' Home Journal.

## Mother Was Rattled

The editor of an enterprising journal in a mining town recently called at the home of the bride's parents the day after the wedding. He wanted to tell his readers all about the event, and wished to give the young couple a rousing "send off" as well. The bride's mother met him at the door.

"Good morning, Mrs. Brown," smiled the editor. "I have called to get some of the details of the wedding."

"Oh, paw! that's too bad!" replied the matron, in dismay. "They're all gone. You ought to come last night. They ate up every scrap"—Metropolitan.

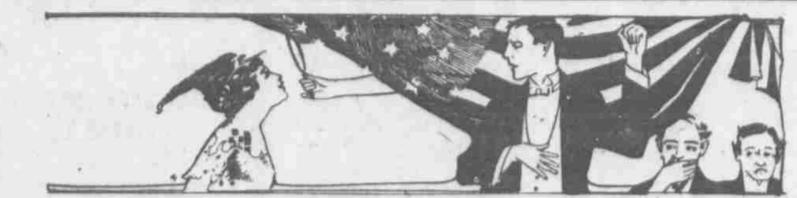
Well, hardly.

"Are you a friend of the groom's family?" asked the usher at the church wedding.

"I think not," replied the lady, yonkers.

"I'm the mother of the bride,"—Yonkers Statesman.

## Loretta's Looking Glass—Girl Who Ridicules Lover's Ambitions.



I'd like to shake you! I can't see why a girl sets up obstacles in her own road to marriage. For sheer unadulterated and idiotic blindness to your own interests, you can positively outclass any human ostrich who ever stuck her head under the sand of her own silliness.

A poisoned sword plunged into a man's breast and turned slowly against the grain of his living flesh never hurt worse than the lance of your laughter. The slow seep of the venom through the blood never tortured more than your scorn. You lacquerate his pride and paralyze his ambition, and you stir a dull, aching rebellion in him that may end in his hating you.

You seek to hear his maiden political speech. He was an oratorical failure. You saw his awkward hands, sticking from the white rim of his cuffs in red gaudiness. You watched him gulp down his stare fright and swallow his words as well. His shuffling feet looked enormous.

And, when you joined him later, and he looked at you with the tragic hope in his eyes that he had not been quite so dreadful as he feared, you laughed at him.

But no, you laugh! You do it to discourage him from making another effort. You feel ridiculous because he looked so, and you are his sweetheart. You do not like to be associated with any but pleasant, easy, well-ordered things and people.

If he cannot be a finished product at the start you want him not to make you conspicuous as he learns how. You think of yourself as his sweetheart. You do not think of him as your lover and your possible husband. His ambitions are your future as well as his. He is fired with a belief in himself, and you extract it with your laughter.

If Demosthenes had had you about he would not at this moment be sending his eloquent, soulless voice down the centuries. You would have laughed at his stammering. You would have said, with all that hatefulness which a girl can scrape up on occasions, "Dem, dear, you are a joke! Don't make speeches! Make hay with the other farmers!"

Possibly, though, he did have a sweetheart. Perhaps that is why he fled to the seashore and the waves' companionship. But let me tell you that the seashore is not the lonely place it used to be. Your sweetheart will find company if you drive him there, and the company may be feminine and sympathetic. It may know that a man's ambitions are the best of him. It's a terrible risk to let another woman get a chance to sympathize with a man you want to hold.

## History of Transportation

(Copyright, 1911, by Union Pacific Ry. Co.)  
(Compiled by Charles J. Lane and D. C. Buel for the Union Pacific School of Railroading for Employes.)

(Continued from Yesterday.)

The first passenger coaches carried twelve passengers and were built like the old stage coaches, and were hung on leather springs. The driver sat in the "boot" and carried the mail. We changed horses at Smith's and at Owego. Some part of the train jumped off the track, sometimes from one to eight times, on every trip. When we met freight trains we took our coaches off the track with the aid of horses and passengers, who helped us to put the coaches back on the track when the freight cars had gone on their way. Time was of no account then to passengers.

Mr. Merrill relates a thrilling, but not fatal, accident to one of the "trains" on the Illinois & Owego line during this early period. He says: "One thing ought to be given to history. I remember well a little red car which the company purchased at Syracuse. We called it a 'peach.' It had a brake of its own and held twelve passengers. One day the driver let the horse loose while the car was on the downgrade on the hill overlooking the inclined plane above Itasca. He set the brake and depended upon it, as an experiment. He didn't intend to go down the incline, but expected to stop before he reached it at a point where the village stage awaited the car and passengers. The brake failed to operate; the car ran away with its twelve passengers, all but one of whom managed to scramble off. The car kept on the rails down the inclined plane about three-quarters of a mile, bounding like a rubber ball to the bottom of the hill. An Irishman put it this way: 'The biggest piece of that car when it was picked up where it struck the level was that passenger, badly injured but alive.' His name was Babcock, and a few years ago he came back to Itasca to look over once again the place where he took the wild ride.

"In 1841 I was appointed repairer. My main duty was to follow the locomotive and spike down 'snake-heads' and put in new 'ribbons' wherever needed. 'Snake-heads' were the ends of three-quarter-inch thick iron strap-rails; the 'ribbons' were made of oak, fastened with a wooden plug, three feet apart, one on a tie.

"Our first locomotive came by canal from the north, weighed seven tons and was drawn to the summit of the hill by the company's horses. After three tons had been added to her weight with other changes, the machine was finally made serviceable for a time; then its use was suspended for a period of three months and we returned to horse-power. There was no nesting in the smoke stack, and when we started out, the fire flew up to the sky, a sight for the country people. Their horses quit their grazing as we passed through forest and field, and ran like mad animals, with heads up and tails flying. Cattle bellowed and pawed the earth and took to their heels as fast as they could go until we had parted sight of one another. There were no fences along the railroad. Horses became accustomed to the smoke and fire of our monster and were soon too familiar with us.

They grazed on the track between the rails and the train hands were obliged to jump off every little distance and drive them from the track. This delayed us each time and became monotonous and annoying. Conductor Hatch's genius arose to the occasion of the occasion. He secured an old, banded flint-lock musket and a bag of dried peas. One of the train hands always sat on the front of the locomotive, when it was running, and shot peas at the cattle and drove them off our roadway. There were no trains run in the winter. It was impossible on account of the cold weather and snow.

"Then came T rails, which were hauled by teams and distributed for use. I banded the men while tamping the new roadbed. Our tamping bars were made of oak planks nearly a foot wide.

"The first locomotive over the new T rails was the 'G. W. Scrantom.' Joe Weed was engineer, and W. R. Humphrey, superintendent. The latter built the new station on the hill above Itasca. Civil Engineer McNeill, with Calvin Bogardus, Horace McCormick, Daniel Stevens, John Miller and myself, laid out the present seven-mile zig-zag route down the hill and gained a distance of one mile, which made the 'inclined plane' a thing of the past. No change has ever been made in that zig-zag route.

(To Be Continued.)

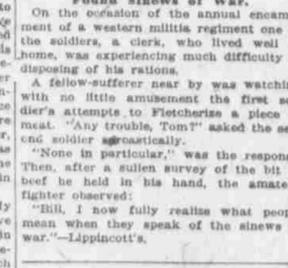
## Found Sins of War

On the occasion of the annual encampment of a western militia regiment one of the soldiers, a clerk, who lived well at home, was experiencing much difficulty in disposing of his rations.

A fellow-sufferer near by was watching with no little amusement the first soldier's attempts to Fletcherize a piece of meat. "Any trouble, Tom?" asked the second soldier sarcastically.

"None in particular," was the response. Then, after a sullen survey of the bit of beef he held in his hand, the amateur fighter observed:

"Bill, I now fully realize what people mean when they speak of the sins of war."—Lippincott's.



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