

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Undoing of Mr. Uplift

"When Money Talks," Argued by Father vs. Son.
BY LAFAYETTE PARKS

"We went to hear a lecture last night by a preacher and he talked about money," announced Mr. Uplift as Mother's Wren came for the daily heart to heart talk between father and son.

"That's all those boys ever talk about when I go to church," languidly retorts young Mr. Uplift, feeling for a match to light up his usual "coffin nail."

"There was no collection taken after the address," Father remarks, frowning that his offspring has misunderstood his motive.

"Well, he's the first dominie I ever heard of who didn't have his mitt out for the maunsa," declares Son, spurring smoke spirals ceilingward, as he slides further down on his neck in the Morris chair.

"He was merely describing the many uses to which money may be put," continues Father by way of explanation.

"I know more ways now to separate myself from the long green than I can make good on with 'one week's pay envelope,'" moans Son.

"I don't think I ever fully appreciated before the responsibility that great wealth implies," confesses Father.

"Same here!" agrees Son, "but believe me, your little Willie is ready right now to take a chance on getting experience along that line. Willing is my middle name when it comes to toying with great wads of dough."

"I really felt sorry before he got through his lecture for the wealthy men who are obliged to work so hard to look after their billions," says Father in a sympathizing vein.

"At that," argues Son, "I guess those ginks would rather have their cash than your sympathy. Kind words might cheer 'em up a bit if they felt real sad, but they couldn't get any terrapin or grape juice at Rector's of Shanley's if they didn't come across with the simoleons."

"He told how anybody in America who is industrious and thrifty can easily accumulate a fortune," resumes Father.

"I always like to meet those boys who can dope out a set of rules to get rich quick," observes Son; "it makes me feel good for a little while, but I notice they pass the buck to me when it comes to paying the carfare when we go home. They know all about how the coin ought to be gathered in while the days are fitting by, only they forget about that industrious and thrifty string when it comes to themselves."

"It seems to me that we are fortunate to have men who can point the way to wealth, even if they do not accumulate it themselves," insists Father.

"I'm from Missouri, and they've got to show me," Son asserts. "The guy that hands out that work-hard-and-save-your-money dope doesn't make any kind of a hit at all with yours truly. But I certainly do love to listen to the boy who says he knows where there is a piece of change and he'll help me pry it loose. I just say to him, 'lead me to it.'"



IT ONLY SAID GOOOBYE.

"There must be some general rule which a man can follow on to fortune," argues Father.

"If old General Rule had to wait for me to enlist in his army before he could march, there'd never be any war for wealth," declaims Son. "I need the keit, but I'm not very strong on that follow fortune business when she's so far ahead that I can't see the color of her lamps."

"The preacher said he felt sorry for persons with tastes that their incomes couldn't gratify," remarks Father.

"That'll help a lot," skeptically suggests Son.

"He did admit in closing," Father adds, "that in this country money talks."

"It certainly does," concludes Son, as he starts for the Great White Way, "but the only word I ever heard it say is 'goodbye.'"

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Caught Him Quick.

"I know what's passing in your mind," suddenly said the maiden as the habitually silent caller stared at her.

"I know, too, why you are calling here night after night, appropriating my time to yourself and keeping other nice young men away. You want me to marry you, don't you?"

"—I do!" gasped the young man.

"—I thought so. Very well, I will.—Chicago Tribune.

Irreligious Hint.

A millionaire lay dying. He summoned his lawyer.

"Mr. Tape," said he feebly, "draw my will and make it brief. (I want my money so left that not one penny of it shall ever leave this country. How shall I manage that?"

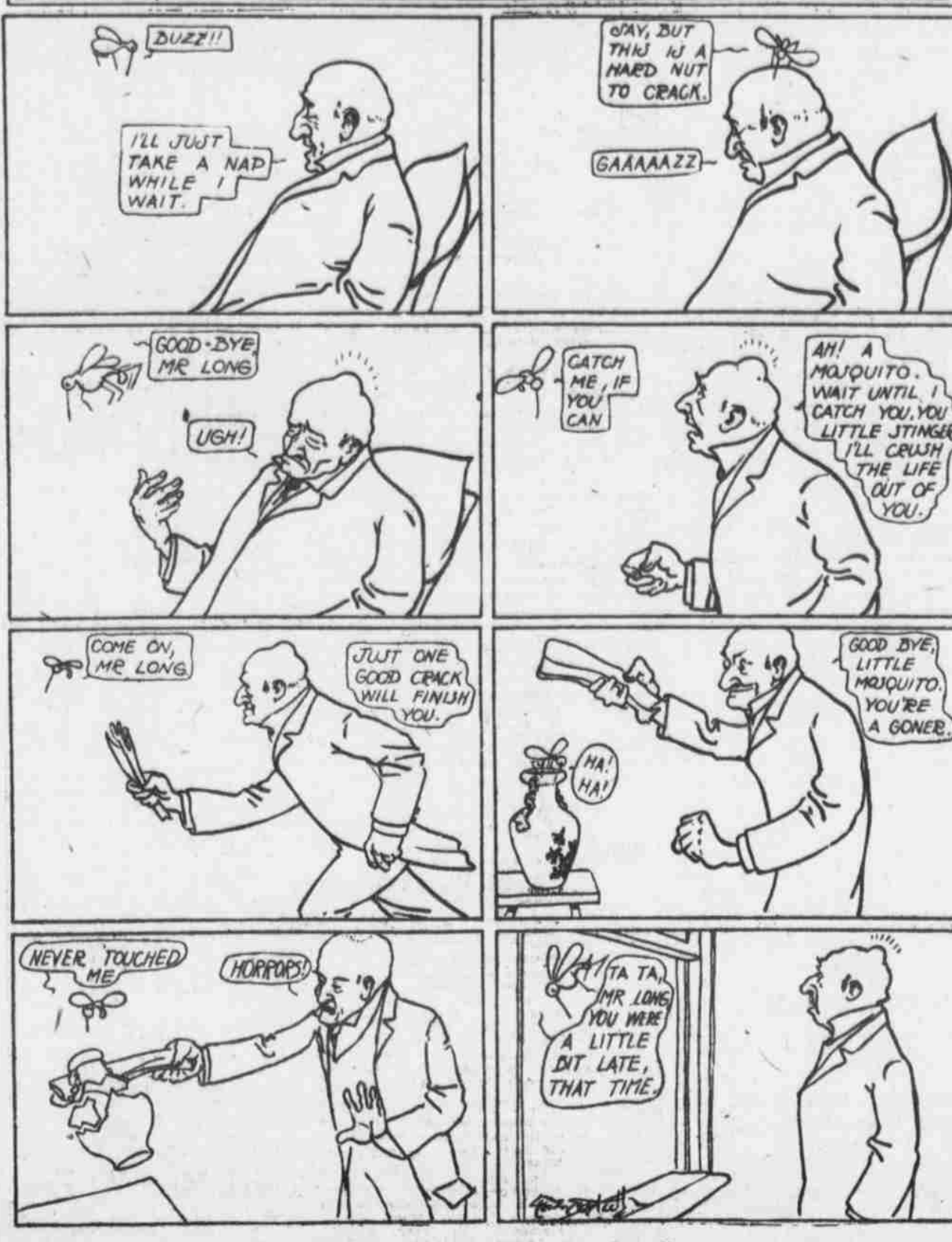
"Easily enough," answered the lawyer. "Leave it all to foreign missions!"—Hope.

The Call of the Wild.

"What is your favorite wild game?"

"Foot ball."—Toledo Blade.

THE LATE MR LONG



The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book



This is the Day We Celebrate

April 24, 1911.

DOROTHY HAYWARD, 302 Dewey Ave.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Robert B. Allen, 2311 Charles St.	Kellom	1903
Forrest W. Clark, 2708 Corby St.	High	1893
Ernest Carlson, 721 Hickory St.	Lincoln	1895
Frank Collins, 1106 North Eighteenth St.	Kellom	1901
Doris Duncan, Forty-second and Grover Sts.	Windsor	1904
Mabel I. Ellis, 2411 Saratoga St.	Saratoga	1896
Ivan Ferguson, 414 North Forty-first Ave.	Saunders	1901
Ellis Howts, 3220 Charles St.	Kellom	1904
Anna M. Hansen, 2875 Ohio St.	Howard Kennedy	1902
Hessie A. Hodgson, 1955 South Eleventh St.	Lincoln	1897
Anna Hageman, 4415 Parker St.	Walnut Hill	1904
Leo Hart, 2315 South Fourteenth St.	Castellar	1897
Marie Johnson, 1501 Vinton St.	Castellar	1893
Nela Jenkins, 3523 Vinton St.	Windsor	1898
George Krans, 2813 North Nineteenth Ave.	High	1891
Ethel Livingston, 620 South Seventeenth St.	Leavenworth	1900
Bernard Lintzman, 1108 North Seventeenth St.	Kellom	1905
Fred Larson, 4308 Emmet St.	Clifton Hill	1896
Robert Lowry, 2509 South Eleventh St.	Bancroft	1901
Roy Lee, 2410 South Fifth St.	Train	1901
Paul McArdle, 1397 South Twenty-fifth Ave.	Park	1899
Howard Nelson, 410 South Thirty-eighth St.	Columbian	1898
Elvira Peterson, 3722 Ames Ave.	Monmouth Park	1901
Catherine Regan, 1213 South Eleventh St.	High	1893
Katherine Robel, 2733 Charles St.	Long	1900
Many Scanlon, 3307 Sahler St.	Monmouth Park	1896
Walter Steinhausen, 2709 South Twenty-first St.	Castellar	1900
Hazel M. Steep, 4203 Burdette St.	Clifton Hill	1900
Dorothy Wilcox, 3402 Dewey Ave.	Farnam	1900

To Make Old Styles Into New

NEW YORK, April 18.—The woman who must count carefully every penny in her dress allowance has no right to complain of the present fashions. There may be objections to the scant skirt, short jackets, short waists and short sleeves of the moment's modes, but never has there been a time when the costumes of twelve months back could be renovated and made up to date with so little serious difficulty. A full-gored skirt, for instance, can easily be made narrower at each seam, while a pleated skirt need often only have its pleats stitched down to within a few inches of the ankles or else the entire distance, according to the model, to be carried out. Often a last year's skirt has sufficient fullness to make it possible to completely refect the material and with very little effort produce one of the very newest of the season's popular straight skirts. The effect of a high waistline for a tailor skirt can be obtained by attaching to the band a two-inch stitched belt of its own material.

To renovate and make up to date a 1909 jacket of cloth, silk or linen is a



The "Con's" Office

A man who actually carries his office in his hand is the railroad conductor. Usually it is a box specially made and ornamented with bright brass trimmings and brass handles and with the conductor's name neatly engraved on a brass plate.

When his trip is finished he will see him leave the train carrying his office with him. The railroad has no rent to pay for him and yet he is one of the busiest of employees, with many accounts to keep.

In this hand office of the conductor's are all the records of his trip and it is a model of neatness and compactness. There is a place in his office for all the tickets collected, an envelope for his cash fare receipts and many blank forms which he is required to fill out with particularity of the run.

Usually the conductor opens up his office in the baggage car or in an empty seat after his train has left the last station of the run. For some time thereafter he is a busy man.

His portable office when opened is transformed into a little desk having pigeonholes and writing materials, and with it open in front of him the conductor counts his tickets, sorts them among the proper pigeonholes and makes up his accounts. It is all done generally before the train gets in, and upon arrival at the terminal he takes his office with him and departs with the rest of the passengers.

Conclusion.

Wife of the Belated Fox Hunter—Oh, Perkins, what do you think can have happened to Sir John? Surely if he'd been thrown and hurt the mare would have found her way home by now?

Coachman—Oh, no, mum. A nice gentle animal like 'er would have broosed round the body until it was found—London Punch.

delightfully simple task this summer. If it is a plain semi-fitted three-quarter length coat it will probably require no further alteration than to be cut off some four to eight inches. The coat of the season reaches scarcely to the hips, and while this is a most becoming length, there are a sufficient quantity of coats which fall half way to the knees to make this length permissible.

Even a coat of two years ago with a fitted back or added skirt piece at the waist can be made up to date this year by converting the model into a fashionable Eton jacket. This, of course, is not

Loretta's Looking Glass—Held Up to Girl With the Pretty Hand



Some progressive woman thief has just accomplished a "hold-up" with an automobile. But you can rival her. You can acquit yourself of many hold-ups without the aid of expensive accessories. For your hold-up is performed with your own hands. You raise them and demand the admiration of the spectators.

They are pretty. Soft and white, long-fingered, blue veined and pink palmed, they would win the approval even of a man who did not aspire to possession.

But you make them ridiculous. Yes, you do. You fiddle with your barettes. Your hair is not out of order, and you know it. The barettes is not unfastened, and you know that. But you want to keep your friends reminded of your beauty dower. You want to show off your lovely hands. It is a pity you cannot watch your own digital activity. You would notice that, after the first few moments of admiration for the shapely members, a feeling of disgust for the vanity of the individual to whom they are attached—which is YOU, remember—would begin subtly to destroy the beauty.

In ten minutes, or even less, you would be fascinatingly watching the hands as they fumbled with the necktie, manipulated the teaspoon or supported the head in a well selected pose. It would amuse you—in the way that is not flattering to the cause—to see how absurdly numerous were the pretexts found for showing off the shapely hands.

There is no beauty that can stand con-

She Was Unconvinced

A woman stood in front of a department store show window, apparently glancing over the display, but looking at nothing in particular. Another woman stopped by her side and occupied herself in the same way. The first woman said something in an undertone and added:

"But I always raise mine with saleratus."

"Well, what of it?" came from the lips of the other woman a bit defiantly.

"Did you address me, madam?" the first woman asked, facing the one beside her.

"I did not," replied the other. "I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance, but I overheard you say that you always raised yours with saleratus."

"I beg your pardon," was the rejoinder.

"I had not said anything, but you accosted me rather sharply with 'Well, what of it?' I will admit that I had been thinking of a conversation I had just had with a friend in which I told her how I made biscuits."

"You are certainly mistaken," insisted the other, "about my having made any impertinent remark to a stranger concerning her way of making biscuits, but I will acknowledge that at the moment of your speaking of raising 'em with saleratus I was thinking what I should say to my husband's mother if she should criticize me for buying an unnecessary piece of cut glass I have ordered sent home."

The conversation went on for a while longer, but neither woman was convinced that she had uttered the words that helped to start it. Apparently agreeing that neither could change the mind of the other, they went away in opposite directions, each talking to herself.—New York Sun.

Tabloid History of the Presidents

John Quincy Adams, the sixth president, was the son of the second president, John Adams, and was the second president to hail from Massachusetts, all his predecessors, save his father, having come from Virginia.

John Quincy Adams was a much traveled man for his day and generation. He was a boy of eleven when he accompanied his father to Paris. Later he was with him in Holland, where he went to school afterward, entering the University of Leyden. When Francis Dana was appointed minister to Russia, the young John Quincy Adams accompanied him as private secretary, and afterward spent six months traveling in Sweden, Denmark and Germany. Then, believing an American education the best preparation for an American career, he returned to complete his training at Harvard.

President Madison sent the young man to Russia, where, as American minister, he was courteously received by Alexander I. and spent four and a half present years. Among other important diplomatic and political services, Adams was secretary of state in Monroe's cabinet and succeeded him as chief executive in 1825.

There had been four candidates nominated to succeed Monroe and none of them had a majority of the electoral votes. As a consequence the election went to the hands of representatives for the second time, and John Quincy Adams was chosen



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

Jefferson was elected in this way in 1801. John Adams lived to see his son in the presidential chair only a short time. On July 4, 1828, the fiftieth anniversary of American independence, he and another venerable former president, Thomas Jefferson, departed this life.

During John Quincy Adams' administration a subject engrossing much of the president's thought was the subject of American manufactures. It was in 1828 that a tariff law was passed, based on the principles of protecting home industries by imposing heavy duties on imported articles of the same kind. The policy was then known as the American system.

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A TRIP TO MARS

